NEW YORK TWENTIES

SIGNED

300

for my
wonderful
friend —
Paper Spring.
In remembrance
of glorious dinners
and my love
Mark Rothko

THAT'S NEW YORK!

by

MORRIS MARKEY

and

JOHAN BULL

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My Dear Ross:

I remember the Sunday morning that I called upon you for the first time in the office of *The New Yorker*—and that was a day when the establishment was not far removed from shabbiness; before the rugs and the astonishing settees were acquired, and when a quiet place to work was always difficult to find. We talked, then, about some pieces on New York life that I might write. There was quite a lot of enthusiasm I believe for a certain story or two that I might track down, and we were somewhat elated over the prospect of seeing them in print.

But, as it fell out, those particular stories were never written. I don't know why, unless I quite forgot them in the fever of remembering something else you told me, which was to be honest at whatever cost. It was entirely novel to be told such a thing. I had written for newspapers, and newspaper writers can never be wholly honest, no matter what their editors say, for the reason that they can never allow themselves to be bored, or indifferent, or excited, or angry, or to forget the caution instilled into them by the fear of violating good taste.

You have never retreated from that position—of honesty at whatever cost—and therefore it is plain that such truth-telling as I have ventured upon in these pieces is just as much to your own credit as to mine. So the least I can do, in return for the support you gave me in the assumption of an attitude which I have found both pleasant and stimulating, is to print your name here and murmur my appreciations. The business

of dedicating books, except for the purpose of pleasing wives and parents and such, is a greatly overrated gesture. It implies so much that it really does not mean at all—either the payment of a debt or the pursuit of favor. It is no honest payment of any sort of debt, and it is a rather stupid way of flattering a potential benefactor. Yet, I shall address this one to you, because I have respect for established custom, and because there is no one else whose name could possibly fit into this place.

Yours sincerely

M. M.

To HAROLD ROSS
NEW YORK
1927

THAT'S NEW YORK!

Our Gangs

A day or two ago an anemic youth in a fifteen-dollar suit walked out of a candy store down in Delancey Street and shuffled over to stand at the curb, bending his face disconsolately upon the concrete sidewalk. He had been there about ten minutes when a crowd of men drove up behind him in an automobile and killed him. They killed him rather thoroughly. Without bothering to stop the car, they poked three or four pistols through the curtains and emptied them in the general direction of the youth's back.

No pedestrians were struck by the flying bullets, for the very simple reason that most of the pedestrians in that region knew enough to steer clear of the youth. He was, in the phrase which Delancey Street has gotten out of the penny thrillers, a marked man. Delancey Street has grown accustomed to making adjustments to provide against an emergency of this kind. To preserve life, one always listens to the chatter one hears in the candy stores and the cafés. And when one discovers that Abie Cohen is about to be bumped off, one simply crosses the street whenever Abie crawls out of his tenement flat for an airing.

But, at any rate, the youth lay there dead, in the midst of a great deal of splintered plate glass, and in

a little while the newspapers announced that the gang wars of the East Side had claimed another victim. The body has hardly been removed to the morgue before the detectives are tramping up and down Delancey and Clinton and Rivington Streets, shooting close glances into every face, whispering among themselves. It is hopeless to interrogate the tradesmen at the scene of the murder. All of them, one may be certain, were prodigiously occupied at the moment of the crime. What business is it of theirs to peer too closely at automobile license plates?

At the moment of this writing, nobody has been arrested for Abie's slaughter. It is unlikely that anybody will be arrested, or that any satisfactory motive for his death will be discovered. For the police themselves, it is quite enough to know that Abie has been friendly, of late, with the members of the Little Augie gang—and to remember that not long ago the Augies brought about the death of the very leader of the Dropper gang, no less distinguished a person than The Kid Dropper himself. In the seclusion of their precinct station, the police say, "One more loafer gone. Who cares?" And the gang war moves along in its slow, careless way. Pretty soon, one of the Dropper

boys will be flung down against the pavement with his body full of bullets and an automobile will go flying away down the street. The participants in this rather sanguine amusement have a name for it—Cowboy and Indian stuff, they say, with their faint, sneering smile.

There has been a curious evolution in the gang strife of our lower East Side. In the middle of the last century, that whole squalid region was occupied by Irish immigrants. They were the days of the Gas House Gang and the Rabbit's Foot Gang, and the weapon of their conflicts was a length of lead pipe. When two gangs had differences to settle, they could not restrain themselves to the slow, certain method of the vendetta, of reciprocal killings brought off at safe intervals to the despair of the cops. They simple got their cohorts together, armed every man with a ten-pound handful of pipe, and gathered for the tourney in some convenient street. The cops came in regiments when the neighbors screamed. There was a terrific mêlée; everybody swinging at everybody else's head, and everybody getting hurt at least a little bit, just for the honor of the thing.

These Irishmen did not care greatly about killing each other. The sound of a hearty smash against a flaming thatch was happiness enough. Pistols were expensive and money was scarce, and since politics was the chief reason for fighting at all, the actual death of one's enemy was not considered essential. Frequently they contented themselves with the use of their fists. As for their effect on society at large, the Irishmen were not particularly bad. Their crime was burglary, simple burglary, and they were not very good at it. In actual money, they did not cost the community very much. And in at least one respect they were praiseworthy. In the draft riots of the Civil War, two of the big gangs threw their lot with the police, and found vast delight in socking the heads of draft dodgers who showed inclination to resist when the police came after them.

Toward the beginning of the century, the Italian immigration began. The newcomers were a little poorer than the Irish, who had been here for a time, and consequently there was an economic push against the Irish occupation of the lower East Side. The Italians crowded into that region, drove the Irish out, and started up their own gangs.

By this time, the police force itself was becoming a large and important element of city life. And the Irishman, getting tired of his street fights and his dubiously successful burglary, joined up with the cops. In the police force, they actually paid you for fighting, and besides, that was a very natty uniform,

what with its tall helmet and brass buttons. So the Irish began to take the side of law and order, and cast down their defi to the newly forming East Side Italian gangs.

The Italian weapon was the stiletto. The street fights stopped. Obscure killings became more frequent. The paid assassin became a more important factor in metropolitan life. And there was a great deal of talk about the Black Hand. The Irish cops were wholly baffled.

However, the Italian domination did not last very long. They were hardly established in the East Side before the Jewish influx began, and since the Jews were even a little poorer than the Italians, they demanded the East Side and got it.

That first generation of Jews contained very few natural criminals or natural fighters. But in the second generation there were factors of environment, and poverty, and unsteadying personal freedom which produced an immense criminal class. These factors are quite too much for any uncertain psychology. I am not sure how they worked to bring about the results—but the results themselves are plain enough.

Here were poor, violently ambitious Jewish boys coming along—with modern life as we know it just beginning to assert itself—and with nothing on which they could lay their hands to labor toward their ambitious goals. So they started their gangs. And their weapon was the automatic pistol.

There is one curious circumstance which hampers the police in their conflict with the Jewish gangsters. The Irish and the Italians concerned themselves rather wholeheartedly with women. Wherever there are women involved in a criminal population, the police have stool pigeons ready-made for them. But there have been few cases of Jewish women criminals, and few cases where girls were involved in the gang fights.

As a matter of truth, the very motive for these wars is not entirely clear. The police have explained the motives, but the explanation is not quite satisfactory. One may consider the Dropper gang as an example.

The leader of this crowd of young desperadoes was named Kaplan. When he was about eighteen, he gained his reputation by pouncing upon groups of crap-shooting youngsters, scattering them with his fists, and picking up the stakes. Thus he earned his sobriquet, The Kid Dropper, signifying that he made a practice of dropping kids.

The Dropper got his gang together after a while. They earned some money by hiring themselves out as strike-breakers. It is doubtful if they used their organization for the perpetration of planned robberies. All of the members of the crowd except The Dropper had jobs at least part of the time—taxi drivers, waiters in cheap restaurants, workers in fur and garment factories. They drifted along with their casual crimes and their strike-breaking—but

their chief occupation was the war with the Little Augies. The latter gang was almost precisely similar in the type of its members and its occupations, except that its leader was a harder, keener sort of youth, called Little Augie. The chief job of the Augies was to fight the Droppers. In their whole system of living, they never once considered the police. Occasionally they made certain concessions to safety. They would deign to run after a shooting, of course. But the cops were not really a part of their scene. For several years they killed each other, one at a time. Until finally Little Augie hit upon a daring notion. He decided to kill The Dropper himself.

The way this death was brought off is quite typical of the Jewish gang wars; their fixation of purpose, their contempt for the police, their detachment from any idea of net profits or specific commercial benefits of any sort. The Kid Dropper was arrested, and taken for arraignment in the Essex Market Court. The police were aware of the gang enmity and took precautions. Fifty police and detectives were ordered to the scene. The block in which the court stands was closed to all comers. And in a curious silence, The Dropper stood before the magistrate and heard his case stated.

An agreement was reached, there in the courtroom. Kaplan was tired of gang wars. He wanted to go West, to meet his brother. And the police assured the magistrate that they would take him from the

courtroom directly to the train, put him aboard, and see that he never returned to New York.

With this much decided, Kaplan came downstairs. A taxicab was waiting at the curb, with a policeman in the seat, and forty-nine other policemen scattered up and down the sidewalk. Captain Cornelius Willemse, of the Clinton Street Station, walked at The Dropper's side as they entered the cab.

But before the driver could start off, a rat-faced youngster appeared from nowhere at all, pulled a revolver out of a folded newspaper, clambered up on the back of the cab and shot The Dropper twice through the head. One of his bullets went through the straw hat of Captain Willemse.

Of course, the boy was caught. His name, too, was Cohen. And he was a member of the Little Augies, what time he was not driver of a wagon for a wet-wash laundry. He had a perfectly simple explanation. The Dropper had threatened to kill him, and he was very much afraid. So he had decided to kill The Dropper first. They convicted him of second degee murder—and he will spend about fifteen years in Sing Sing.

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Black Bottom

It was getting on to three when our taxicab swung away from Lenox Avenue and cut into a narrow, fitfully lighted street which my companion assured me was the heart of Harlem.

"There was a place . . ." he said, peering through the window. "I remember three boys that used to sing . . ." And he shouted suddenly to the driver, who brought us in against the curb before a narrow, brownstone house with a high stoop and a faintly illuminated transom on which were painted dimly the words—Music Club.

"Now this is a quiet place," my companion explained. "If you are new to this part of town it's best to take the quiet ones first, and then sort of work up."

The Music Club was quite empty when we entered, passing through a narrow, bare hallway and a double door to come upon a simple little dining-room with a square of polished floor left free of tables in the middle and a few lights shining from a fixture overhead. But a neatly dressed young Negro man came forward to announce that he was Dooley Mason and the proprietor, and that entertainment would be provided for us directly.

"This ain't a jazz palace, understand," he said with his glistening white smile. "Just a little of the oldfashioned music—a little sweet fiddlin' and a song or two if you're minded that way."

Chairs were pulled back for us at a table just under the orchestra's dais, and presently several men came wandering up from the cellar to tune their instruments drowsily and talk in bored monosyllables among themselves.

But Dooley Mason was not concerned with either monosyllables or boredom, and he explained with expansive pride that he and his boys were from the Chicago of the old days —unhappily gone forever—when rag-time

was the music of the honky-tonks and the white women who came drifting in were white women that could be understood. But, he said, he was done with those giddy, rousing ways, and the music that went with them. He had found that he could always keep a houseful, on Saturday nights anyway, by giving them some of the old songs—"Old spiritual songs, you know, pretty and sweet."

The huge fellow that was sprawled over the 'cello slid his bow down languidly, and the orchestra began to make its music, slowly and only half wakefully. Dooley Mason beckoned to two in waiters' coats who hung about the stairway, and they wandered over to lean

above the table. They sang very softly, with the 'cello and the fiddles and the muffled piano murmuring behind them.

"What kind o' shoes you goin' to wear?
Golden slippers!"

They were three tenors, and yet they could manage the effects of harmony by singing softly in thirds—half-resolved phrases that caught in their throats—rather like the reverberating memory of a song than a song itself. We munched sandwiches made from fried ham and sipped at the liquor we had brought, and listened.

"Yes—yes, my Lord!
I'm gonna climb those heav'nly stairs . . ."

Yet they weren't singing Negro spiritual music. They were three Chicago Negroes, shifting for themselves from babyhood in the black belt of Chicago, brought up on ragtime and the crashing roar of traffic. And they had learned spirituals of late because there is a vogue for them. "Yeah, we got a whole book of 'em," confessed Dooley Mason. "Learn a new one every week, too."

Four or five generations ago, the wild chants of grandfathers dancing before some hideous god along the Congo had put rhythms in their blood. And a bitter voyage across the Atlantic, roasting in the 'tween-decks of a stinking slave ship, somewhere back among those generations, had driven melancholy into their souls. The rhythms and the melan-

choly still were there. But the nameless religious fervor that gave birth to the spirituals, long, long ago in the mysterious southern moonlight, was not. They sang of golden stairways into Paradise—with a faint grinning on their faces and with no ears whatever for the words that they uttered. Singing spirituals, if your face was black, was a good racket. It was sure-fire stuff for the maudlin Saturday nighters. . . .

My companion's face too, after a little while, gathered an expression of pain, and we paid our *adieux* to Dooley Mason.

Mr. Jack Brackett's Club Exclusive, some blocks further along that dim street, proved more stirring. The doorman demanded a card. He even found it necessary to march with us to the corner, and inspect us beneath the violet radiance of the arc-light. But we passed the examination to his satisfaction and presently found ourselves threading uncertainly along a narrow and twisting corridor, badly lighted, which broke suddenly at intervals into a short flight upward or a short flight downward. Until at last we found ourselves before a heavy oaken door, with a heavily scented black girl clutching at our coats and hats.

The door swung open, when we had made surrender of these items, and we pushed into a garishly lighted room whose cheaply perfumed heat reached out and grasped us like some palpable thing. A jazz band was bawling with sensuous agony, and a

biscuit-colored girl with high black shoes, and half-hose, and a pink undergarment was dancing before a mirror for her own amusement. She subsided, and watched our passage across the room under the guidance of a tall, shambling Negro.

At first we seemed the only white people there. But after a time, when we had become accustomed to the changing light, we grew aware of two couples sitting uneasily in the most shadowed corner. All down the edge of the dancing floor gaily dressed Negroes were sitting, men and girls. It was pleasant, at least, to observe that they seemed to take no account of our entrance.

The ceiling was very low. All about one end of the room were mirrors, and here most of the Negro guests were sitting. Then came our table, at the angle of the wall where the room abruptly widened and almost directly opposite the little niche which held the five-piece band. Over towards the door were two tables that were filled with girls. Eighteen or nineteen they seemed, almost white in color, with thin dresses of red and bright green and yellow covering their slender limbs and with miraculously flashing eyes. They chattered among themselves, patted their feet to the music, and suddenly leaped up, one at a time, to dance furiously for an instant or two before subsiding again into their chairs. They seemed to do this for their own delight, or because they were momentarily carried beyond themselves by the fierce cadences of the horns and fiddles.

There was a blare, the lights went down, and the girl who had been dancing when we entered came out to mid-floor to repeat her performance. She still preserved, however, her preoccupation with her own writhing image in the mirror, and even when she danced before all eyes she seemed quite unaware of them.

Two tables away, a wraith-like girl, with hands that were not graceless and only a vagrant drop of dark blood separating her from pure whiteness, left her two black men escorts and took up the place of the dancer in the center of the room. The tune swung away from the hot jazz to a wailing ballad, and she came forward singing.

There was a sleepless passion in her heavy eyes. There was inexpressible sensuality in the movement of her legs and arms. Her lips were blood red.

She sang in a harsh, haunting monotone, high pitched and unlovely but singularly memorable:

"You may laugh at my ways,
I will still sing your praise,
I'm in love with you."

For "laugh" she said "lawf." She interrupted her singing, as she hovered over the table, to whisper in a grotesque caricature of coyness. She moved her white hands, and the paper money that we had tossed upon the table cloth seemed to vanish. She touched my companion's face with her fingers, and flung her head about to laugh mockingly toward

the two Negro men whom she had left. They grinned.

She slipped away, and that racking, insinuating tune went on and on:

"You may lawf at my ways . . ."

She sat down at last. And couples moved out to dance upon the floor. A tall, handsome Negro wandered over toward the table in the shadowed corner where the downtown guests were seated, and touched one of the white girls on her arm, bowing politely. It was amusing to watch her sudden panic, but after a breathless moment of hesitation she arose, and danced with the man across the floor. He danced well, courteously. He did not talk. And very swiftly the girl's discomfort wore away. Yet, when she returned to her table, her companions were already on their feet, and they left the place quickly.

Their going was not even noticed. The cluster of girls at the doorway went on with their chatter and their sudden, unaccountable bursts of dancing.

In all that place, with its heated smell, and its drumming cacophony of music, and its depth beneath the earth, there was but one sinister thing: a slender girl, all but white, with pale hands that were not ungraceful, moving with wraithlike undulations across the floor and singing in a high, harsh monotone. It is impossible to explain why she was sinister. It is impossible to give even a suggestion

of the effect that she left. But I think that those words of hers will ring perversely in my mind forever:

"You may laugh at my ways . . ."

We emerged. There was the faint suggestion of dawn in the air. The music of the Club Exclusive buried so far beneath the earth was lost. And the streets were filled with a listening hush.

We were getting into our cab when a slim Negro in a plaid suit ran purposefully toward us across the paving.

"Don't hurry, boss," he importuned. "Ain't you gonna make a night of it?"

What, we inquired, did he suggest.

"Oh, I could take you to a swell place up the street. An' believe me I don't mean no dump. Nice. Nice an' quiet, an' broads that have got real, sho' nuff class. I wouldn't take you to no bum joint."

We pleaded the lateness of the hour, and closed the door.

"Well, boss," he called after us, "If y'ever up this way again jes' ask aroun' for Duke. Ever'body knows Duke. I c'n take care of you any time. Don' forgit, now!"

Glancing back, I caught a glimpse of him, flinging his legs in the gyrations of the Charleston as he recrossed the street to the doorway of the Club Exclusive.

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The Blackstone Revels

Of all the fantastic entertainments which modern culture has paraded before us in late days, the case of Browning *vs.* Browning is, in all conscience, the most richly amusing. Rhinelander cases, Hall-Mills cases, Stokes cases—all the familiar catalogue—appear dull and stodgy beside this magnificent and crowning opus from the hand of that fecund genius—The Law. For here, indeed, the composer has abandoned, as if for a holiday, his customary realism for a flight into fancy. The *mise en scène* is not tricked out with the time-honored mechanisms—shots in the dark, love-nest trysts, the surging conflict of blood against blood. We are beguiled, instead, with such piquant novelties as African honking ganders, spoons that bend in the middle, rubber eggs, little clay puppies and mechanical cigars.

One chuckles inordinately over the stupendous nonsense, struck with the notion that all is

not amiss in a world capable of producing such sturdy laughter. And then, with his hunger for merriment still unappeased, one ventures into the courtroom at White Plains—to make an uncomfortable discovery. For one discovers, sitting among the silent, staring crowd, that the thing is not pure comedy after all. There is, it appears, a touch of the grotesque, a touch of the sinister, more than a hint of the revolting behind the playwright's intent. Soon enough, one suspects that the entire farce was conceived in the spirit of satire—a snarling satire against The Law itself, against that elusive quality known as the dignity of justice. And, reluctantly, one's amusement undergoes a change. Innocent laughter is foregone in behalf of the thin smile that has its roots in cynicism. And a journey that was planned as a pleasant holiday becomes just another day of questioning, of examination, and of wondering. For it becomes unavoidably apparent that here, whether it be pure comedy or burlesque or satire, is the Great American Play. Here is the performance that the citizens of this matchless land applaud more vociferously than all others. They had rather see, if only for a fleeting glimpse, one of its actors leaping into a waiting automobile than to see Duse and Bernhardt and all the Barrymores acting at once in "Hamlet." One precious day of actual attendance in the courtroom is worth a lifetime of make-believe dramas. One moment of vicarious participation in the wan adventures of the

protagonists strikes romance into their mean lives. What is it that they see, you may wonder, those who are lucky enough to get into that crowded court-room? Well, in their own elegant phrase, I hope to tell you.

The day began, for me, in the train to White Plains, when a kindly newspaper reporter presented me to Mrs. "Peaches" Browning, also a passenger. I sat and talked to her for a moment or two. Her eyes were large, and gray, and utterly flat, she was undeniably fat, and her voice seemed weary. But these details of her person were quite overshadowed by the frightful scars upon her face. There is some mystery about the scars. They were made by acid, plainly enough, and Peaches has told a vague tale of the manner in which she received them. But she has not told the full truth. Everybody knows that she has not told the full truth, but nobody knows what the truth might be.

About her manner there is no suggestion of innocence. But neither is there a suggestion of depravity, of the scheming or the lustful mind. She looks, indeed, to be a victim—of c i r c u m-stance, perhaps, or of the rather horrible person whom

she married, or perhaps even the victim of a mother who is cunning, and who knows the worth of shrewd intrigues. She said the familiar things: She was tired of it all; she despised the crowds; she wanted to go away forever; she felt confident of winning her suit for separation. She was neither flippant nor bold nor nonchalant. Rather it seemed that she was somewhat frightened, and having no will of her own was being driven into adventures she could neither perceive nor understand.

At the station in White Plains there were a thousand people waiting for her—a long line of gawking voters who smirked at her passage, and even lifted a half-hearted cheer. But the great crowd was at the courthouse: a swarm of children and women and butcher-boys and town burghers who streamed across the snowy lawn at first sight of her taxicab and pressed forward to stare at her. While they were greeting her, the automobile of her husband arrived. And the crowd rushed off to him, tumbling over each other, shouting gleefully, smirking toward the battery of newspaper photographers who worked their shutters furiously from the courthouse steps. The ring-

leader of the photographers suddenly doffed his cap and waved it furiously. "Let's have a big cheer for 'Daddy' Browning, now! Everybody up! Hip-hip-hurray!" and the obliging throng shouted in football fashion while Mr. Daddy Browning bowed with gracious and smiling appreciation of the signal honor. His face beamed. Flanked by his lawyers, he marched slowly up the granite steps, bowing to right and left, lifting his hat in salutation, reaching out his hand now and then to grasp that of the nearest reporter, or butcher-boy, or sedate matron.

In the courtroom, Peaches sat down quickly, masking her face in the collar of her coat and receding at once from the general picture. But Daddy indulged in no such shameful shrinking. He supervised the arrangement of the great cases of documents, conferred sagely with his lawyers, tapped his fingers against his chin meditatively, and avoided sitting down until His Honor the Judge of the Court had entered and called the case to proceed. Peaches walked to the witness chair. The thirty newspaper reporters bent over their pads. Behind me, the tiers of faces leaned forward with moist lips, their eyes hungry and sharp and ugly.

Peaches answered the questions: profoundly important questions, of course, for they were being propounded in the name of justice, and upon the austere honesty of the answers depended the upholding of that high and noble integrity which is the Dignity of the Law.

"What else did he make you do?" "He wanted me to eat breakfast with him without any clothes on." (His Honor the Judge, sitting with closed eyes, stirred faintly in his seat.)

"And did you?" "Yes." (His Honor the Judge opened one eye and cast it for a moment upon Peaches' face.)

"What else?" "He said he wanted to buy me a Japanese princess. He said he could get it cheap and it would be a good companion for me. I told him I didn't want it and wouldn't have it."

The audience tittered. And the questioning went on. She told of quarrels, she identified various pictures in the *Graphic* as those for which she had posed, and various stories bearing her signature as those written for her under contract. She described one or two incidents which do not lend themselves gracefully to printed words—but they were not much, not very exciting, even if the audience did lean forward more eagerly, smacking its lips in happiness.

She was cross-examined. Mr. Browning's attorney, evidently caught with some of his client's curious fervor, mouthed a few blunt words that brought the red to a few cheeks in the audience. It seemed rather useless to fire those words at the head of the girl sitting there a few feet from His Honor the Judge. But it was all, no doubt, a part of that custom known as Due Process of Law.

Peaches wept when Judge Mack, Mr. Browning's

lawyer, asked her to identify certain letters which she had written. Her tears brought indignation to her own counsel, and he fought so sternly for the exclusion of the letters that they were barred from the record. A half-hour later the *Evening Post* reporter, sitting beside me, received a telegram from his office which it was impossible for me to avoid reading. It ran: "Will we get Peaches' letters?"

When the girl's mother took the stand, there was a subtle change in the atmosphere of the room. One heard her smooth, ingratiating voice—and remembered that it is always the villain of a piece who has that disarming manner of mouthing words. "Oh, yes, sir," she sighed. And she explained the domestic tiffs with the sedate and slightly hurt accent of an old beldame who was not accustomed to such display of emotion in her youth. But, on the whole, she was not reticent. Indeed, she displayed a remarkably keen memory for details of the most trivial sort. But after all her story, on the face of it, was merely a repetition of the story Peaches had told. While she talked, Mr. Browning sat with pursed lips, his unpleasant face slightly flushed. Betimes he whispered with elaborate secrecy to the lawyer sitting next to him. But his whispering was ignored.

A girl of seventeen or so testified in behalf of Peaches that Browning came to her one night and promised her ample reward if she would testify that Mrs. Heenan had once lived in a house of call, that Peaches herself was wont to give nude parties

and to drink unsparingly of whiskey. She said she had denied the request. A young man, sitting behind me and near Mrs. Heenan, whispered to her hoarsely: "I'll go on the stand if you want me. I'll say anything you want—anything at all." She thanked him, and said she would call on him if he were needed.

Suddenly the case was adjourned over the week-end, and the crowd streamed out. As the contestants left the building, the high school of the town was dismissed for the day. Several hundred school children gathered about the automobiles at the curb, and Browning bowed to them from his running board, his face red and smiling and vastly happy, his hands sweeping out in charming gestures. That was all. I give you my word, it was all. There was nothing even vaguely exciting, and there was not even a good morsel of healthy pornography.

There seem to be two attitudes to hold concerning this celebrated case. One may be a humanitarian, a fellow with a touch of social philosophy, and aver that it is a hideous spectacle: the sight of a man of late middle age, the most advanced student of applied ostentation of our time, fighting with a commonplace little girl over the continuance of their married life, while the suggestive figure of a mother lurks in the background, clutching up such opportunities as come her way. One may invoke bitter epithets against the tabloids, naming them out for their filth, cursing them for the debauchery they

practice upon the public mind, upon public taste and the esthetic tone of our nation.

Or one may be amused. And this, after all, seems more fitting. Look into the bank of faces staring toward the witness stand, and I vow you will lose all taste for improving such people.

One may say, "The sight of the human herd rollicking amid the cheap and filthy is a spectacle for the amusement of the intelligent. Let us watch them build their ethos and their dreams upon the textbook of the tabloids, and chuckle deeply." But even so, one must occasionally hold his nose.

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Hosanna!

After the bright sunshine of Fifty-seventh Street, the foyer of Dr. Straton's church seemed very gloomy. But there were soft, persuasive voices urging me to come in and feel at home. And as I grew accustomed to the light it was possible to read the printed card which was being held out to all comers. "Old Fashioned Revival!" it read. "Holy Ghost Preaching! The long looked for and much desired revival is at hand. Great crowds and wonderful results. Come and hear the Famous Child Evangelist!"

The gaunt, ugly auditorium—all harsh browns and grays under the light of unshaded electric bulbs —was nearly half filled with people. And the first glance at them aroused a curious impression: they were all precisely alike, men and women. Their identities were lost in the rustic clothing that they wore and in the spell which the place had cast over them. They sat motionless, almost without breathing it seemed, staring at the vacant altar, with its huge white cross fixed against the wall. Far to the other side a baby began to cry, and every face turned as if a mechanical lever had been thrown. The wailing stopped abruptly, with a gurgle, and

the faces swung back to the normal positions again.

There was a movement at the door leading from the pastor's study to the platform, and two very tall men came through. One of them could be recognized as Dr. Straton himself. A moment later, a resounding chord was struck upon the piano, and the congregation settled into even a more deathly stillness. Dr. Straton's companion spoke briefly. He recognized, he said, many familiar faces. It was a source of happiness to him, deep happiness, that the meetings were so well attended. He would ask the ladies to come forward and take the collection.

The pianist struck another chord, much more earnestly now, and began a solo which drowned out the clink of silver coins in the plates. He played "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," with variations in the vaudeville manner, magnificently dexterous in the treble: harp effects. chime effects, mandolin effects. It seemed that he had twenty fingers.

He was nearing the end of the selection when the small, white figure of Uldine Utley, the child evangelist, appeared at the study door. She dropped to her knees, her long white cape falling gracefully over her bent body, and did not move again until the last note of the music had died. When the silence was once more complete, she arose swiftly and stepped to the pulpit.

"It is wonderful—" She gestured toward the pots of flowers grouped along the chancel. "It is wonderful to see all these lovely flowers. Roses—

beautiful roses, and beautiful is just the only word to describe them with. Well, we thank God for them, for giving us these beautiful things—"

Her voice was astonishingly deep and clear. Until she spoke, she seemed a somewhat pathetic figure, small and virginal in her white dress and white cape, with cropped blonde hair and a quiet smile. But her voice changed the impression instantly. It did not seem possible that she was only fourteen. And it was faintly disturbing to find in her manner such poise, and such assurance. These qualities were imitative, it is true. Her speech, her sharp flinging gestures, her elaborate rocking back and forth from toe to heel—these had been learned. Yet, it was faintly disturbing—

"Many believe that Jesus has changed, that He is not the same Jesus who healed men and made men happy so many hundreds of years ago. But he is still the same, still the healer, and to tell you this is my message. The thought cheers us, it enables us to go on through life, knowing that happiness can be found." She broke off suddenly, as if she had just remembered something.

"Now," she said. "Now lift your hands, all of you who have been here three times, all of you who have been helped by these meetings."

Forty or fifty hands were lifted, and she smiled again. "That's fine!" she said evenly. During the course of the meeting she used these two words a hundred times, I think. And not once did their

inflection change. She spoke them with the benign, slightly indulgent manner of a parent to whom a child submits a creditable school report. "That's fine—" without any profound emotion.

She opened a worn Bible. "We take for our text today," she said, "the VIII chapter of St. Matthew, the 16th and 17th verses. 'When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick. That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sickness.'

"I take this beautiful text because of its beautiful picture, and because it shows the impartiality of Jesus. He 'healed all that were sick.' Do you see? Not just one. Not two or three. But all! All that were sick. And there were many! 'When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils—' And Jesus didn't say, 'I'll heal this one, and that one.' He healed them all! All! They came to him expecting to be healed, and they got just that. And that's the way it is today. If you go to Jesus expecting to be healed, you will get just that. They tested him and proved him. And you remember that God said 'Prove me now.' We should go straight to Jesus and prove Him.

" 'They brought Him many that were possessed of devils.' And he healed them at once. That is

Jesus' way, to work with the swiftness of the two-edged sword. His way is—is—quick! There is no better way to describe it than to say 'quick!' "

A heavy voice cried "Amen!" And there was a chorus of cries that boomed up against the brown rafters. "Amen! Amen!"

Miss Utley was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which she controlled after much difficulty. In front of me, a woman whispered to her companion, apparently her husband, that the child had been suffering from a throat affliction ever since the meetings began.

"The Devil was with me last night," said the child evangelist weakly, "but I conquered him!" There was a resounding chorus of Amens. Apparently the coughing had been particularly bad the night before. "But then," she went on, "Jesus was with me, too." Several men jumped up in their seats, crying "Amen!" fervently.

"Come in simple faith to Jesus!" she cried, "and you will be healed. And that is not the power of mind over matter. That is not suggestion! It is the living power of Jesus, pouring through your body. It seems strange to some of you, no doubt, that I am standing here and preaching of the healing power of Jesus, and still the Devil has hold of my throat. You ask what that means, and maybe you won't come to listen to me preach God's word. But you do come, all right!"

The Amens were accompanied by nervous laugh-

ter this time, and they redoubled in intensity when she shouted, "Choose Jesus as your physician and trust in Him!"

Another paroxysm of coughing seized her, and when she was recovered from it she shook her head. "Dear Hearts," she said, "I can't speak any longer. But let us have some testimony. Let all who have been healed by these meetings stand and give the verse from the Bible that helped them."

One by one they stood up, nearly a score of them, repeating the words of a Bible verse. And "That's right!" she would respond, or "That's fine! Let everybody that believes that hold up his hand." A few hands went up.

The giving of testimony was interrupted by Dr. Straton, who stepped forward to offer evidence on his own account. He had worked so hard in his Baltimore pastorate, he said, that he had suffered a nervous breakdown and was forced to go out into the country.

Some years later, working in Norfolk at a beautiful church, he felt the same affliction coming over him again. He felt resentful toward God, wanted to rebel against God's command. But one morning he read the 24th verse of XI Mark: "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever you desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." He made, he said, a covenant with God, promising to work with all his strength if God would heal him. His prayer was answered instantly,

he said. He felt well at once, and in a few weeks gained forty pounds.

During his speech, the child evangelist sat in an attitude of prayer, and when he was done she hurried to the pulpit, falling on her knees. "Let us pray!" she cried.

Until this moment, the meeting had been quiet, emotionally quiet, that is to say, but for the sharp exclamations that burst up now and then from the crowd on the benches. But when the child began her prayer, passionate, shaking, one saw at last the enchantment that was upon her. She sobbed and wept, begging her God to come down among the assembled people.

As she cried out, there were sobs and moans from the bowed heads, and one saw that tears were streaming down many faces.

"Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" she pleaded. And over all that church there grew an atmosphere of almost unendurable melancholy. The sadness and the helplessness of all these supplicating souls was a thing that became palpable.

"Come and fill me now!" she moaned. "Breathe upon me, Holy Spirit!"

The place was caught in the hypnotism of impotence. Just outside the door was the bright sunshine and the moving street, but within these people seemed as if they were caught in a nightmare. Devils were pursuing them, and they could not lift a hand. The more bitterly the child cried

out, the deeper grew the anguish among her listeners, and when at last she was done, spent, weak, coughing again, it seemed as if some baleful creature had been moving among these men and women, scourging them with a whip. They tottered to their feet.

In the sunshine again, one's memory of the depressing spectacle grew less vivid. Just across the street was the house in which Dot King was murdered. Along the sidewalk, boys were selling the tabloids, with the latest news from Peaches Browning. In a few moments, the business of living had become once more amusing.

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The Somerville Follies

Somerville, N. J.—The leading player in this ironic comedy—which persists in being comedy even while a pale woman and her two brothers sit disconsolately in the wings and contemplate their mortal destiny—is a little five-foot man with a bad disposition and a sharp tongue who is having the very time of his life.

He has just made his entrance for the day's performance, stepping with debonair unconcern through the dense crowd at the doorway to the accompaniment of bellowing, official voices: "Make way for the Senator, there!" And the press of women, gaunt from their eagerness and their fear lest they be locked out, and their day's sport ruined, stepped back upon each others' toes to regard his passage with admiration and something of reverence. Three minutes before they had stood utterly immovable before the muscular efforts of a former half-back, who happens to be an attorney for the defense. The gentleman had to use another door.

The little man is named Simpson, and he is presenting the case on behalf of the State. Without

him, there is danger that the trial would be dull. Without him, it might even be dignified and solemn —which, of course, would spoil most of its amusing qualities. The country folk who pack themselves into this high, vaulted room every day admire him hugely. They murmur to themselves, "It's a real education to watch that little fellow, ain't it?" And such of them as are witnesses for the defense, and therefore, thinking of the moment when they shall sit upon the witness stand, tremble at the anticipation of his cross-examination.

The presiding Justice regards him curiously. The jurymen prepare to chuckle discreetly at the biting sally which he might produce at any moment. And as for himself, he sits in a big chair with his feet hardly reaching to the floor, unsmiling and intent, waiting for the first witness of the day.

But before we observe the gentleman more minutely, let us cast a glance or two about the stage which he occupies. It is really a pity that you cannot be here—that you cannot hope to worm your way past the women packed at the door, and move cautiously down the sloping aisle to settle yourself in one of the highbacked open chairs and stare down into the well where the action is carried out. For one who is here, it is an absorbing thing, and yet it seems not quite real. It is not quite palpable—the thought that this square room, not very large, with its tiers of dull-faced people banked from the edge of the well itself up the sharp slope

to the white wall beyond, is the center of attention for a whole race of humans.

And yet it must be true. There, in three long, curved rows of chairs, sit a hundred newspaper people, writing furiously most of them, sending thousands and thousands of words out to a country which is hungry for them. A dozen telegraph messengers hover about, grasping handfuls of penciled sheets, scurrying downstairs to the roaring telegraph office in the basement. All about the edges of the crowd the cameramen are poised, lifting their black boxes, holding them still a moment, then lowering them again.

Tucked away in a corner of the well sit twelve men in rows. They are the jurymen, and they are bored and probably stupid, as most juries are. Across from them, hidden by a crowd of lawyers, and witnesses who will testify soon, and court attendants who move about sedately, are three who sit quite motionless. But they are only the accused ones. They fade quickly out of the picture, and they do not appear again, for of all the people in this courtroom they receive the least attention. Indeed, they seem wholly unimportant, and one wonders if any would notice if they quietly arose and walked out into the sunshine. Behind the high desk of yellow oak, decorated with two tall lamps, sit the Justice of the Court and his consultant judge.

So, then, the scene. I am quite aware that my words do not give a very clear image. I am not

sure that any words would do that. But if you have ever been in a trial courtroom, anywhere, you know the atmosphere that hangs over the scene. It is utterly commonplace. It is pitched as low as any event possibly could be, with so many people watching. It seems utterly incapable of producing that emotional quality called drama.

While my pencil has wandered on they have started. Barbara Tough is sitting easily in the witness chair, and Mr. Simpson is warming up.

I see that I have implied a promise which I cannot keep. It was suggested, in the beginning, that we should examine Mr. Simpson's method. But that will not be possible. For such an examination is a matter of detail, of inspecting the immense flow of minutiae which combine to form that thing which is called a murder trial. There is no space here for such a thing.

He badgers his witness, a witness that he himself has called. He sneers at her and expresses his contempt for her—he pounces furiously upon the lawyer for the defense when an objection is entered. And he is doing nothing more important than finding out the name of the street which ran at the side of the Hall home in New Brunswick. They spend seven minutes finding out the name of that street. And then the presiding Justice does not quite yet understand, so it must be gone over again. It is ridiculously unimportant.

They spend seven minutes finding out the name

of the street which ran at the other side of the Hall home in New Brunswick. The jury nods. Mr. Simpson ends his questioning. And Mr. McCarter begins his cross-examination.

Mr. McCarter is clumsy. Perhaps it is his clumsiness which makes Mr. Simpson appear adroit. He asks no questions in his own behalf that Mr. Simpson has not already asked, and the answers are the same. The witness has consumed more than an hour of time, and has contributed nothing whatever which might make clear the guilt or the innocence of the defendants.

A newspaper reporter is on the stand. He says that he met a man, one day, at the New Jersey end of the Erie Ferry connection. He makes this statement during cross-examination. And Mr. McCarter spends fourteen minutes by the watch demanding that the witness tell him the precise location of the Manhattan end of the ferry connection. The witness repeats a score of times that he does not know, never did know, and doesn't care. Why anybody else should care is a mystery.

But that is the essence of the trial—of any trial at all, indeed. Hours of dull questioning go by, the steady stream of voices pitched in the interrogative and voices pitched in the period. A half-fact emerges here and there, and the jury must decide whether the witness is lying or telling the truth. Such half-facts are buried deep beneath the storm of words, and one wonders whether all twelve of

these stolid-looking fellows are analysts enough to find them.

The day is gone—and one sits down to wonder what has happened. There is but one clear memory, at the last. And that is of a little knot of lawyers bickering and muttering among themselves, giving vent to every peevish emotion that stirs them, parading before the courtroom and the world, and polishing up their bad manners. The jury is faded out. The accused three are faded out. The stream of witnesses, too, is faded out—with one exception.

This was a tall girl who used to be a servant in the Hall ménage: a sharp-faced and sharp-voiced girl named Louise Geist, with a curl to her lips and quick, expressive gestures in her hands. She distinguished herself, in the mind of this chronicler, at least, by making the most intelligent remark ever delivered of a witness in court.

Under Mr. Simpson's examination, she said that on the night of the murder, Dr. Hall received a telephone call from Mrs. Mills.

"I looked over the banister from upstairs where I had answered the phone," she said, "and saw Mrs. Hall lift the receiver on the instrument downstairs. I said to her, 'The call is for Mr. Hall. He is answering it.' And Mrs. Hall put down the receiver and went away."

Mr. Simpson was perturbed. He got a stenographic record of Miss Geist's testimony of four years ago. His questions went in this manner:

Q. You were asked about this telephone conversation: "How do you know she was not at the 'phone?" And didn't you answer "I am not positive about that"? A. I presume I did, but the question was put to me altogether different.

Q. But you said nothing at all to that Grand Jury about Mrs. Hall putting up the receiver? A. They undoubtedly did not ask me.

Q. Whether they asked you or not, you told them nothing about it, did you? A. I try to tell you things and you don't let me tell them, so therefore I probably tried to tell them that and they would not let me tell it.

Mr. Simpson sat down and there was unholy, if silent, laugher in the courtroom.

The young woman spoke profoundly. There is really no honest effort to find the truth in this murder trial—or any murder trial that I have ever beheld. There is only the effort of the lawyers on both sides to produce testimony that will help their respective cases. If a witness insists upon telling some mordant truth, there is a very simple expedient for making the jury miss its impact: The lawyer who is injured by the truth raises an objection and enters into a long controversy concerning the admissibility of the testimony. His opponent, never loath to hear his own voice, responds with voluminous rhetoric. And the poor, shrinking truth is utterly buried under a tidal wave of highly legal words.

On the whole, it was slightly ridiculous. In the

twenty trial days, these twelve jurymen listened to nearly 2,000,000 words whispered or shouted into their ears. Two-thirds of these words were spoken by the lawyers, and therefore could be of no importance whatever in helping them to arrive at the actual facts involved. Of the remaining 700,000 words, spoken by witnesses, ninety per cent were utterly trivial, without the slightest bearing on the case at all. The remaining ten per cent were compact of assertions that one thing is the truth, and almost equally credible assertions that another thing is the truth. One grows slightly dizzy, but hangs stubbornly to the notion that the modern murder trial, of which the Hall-Mills case is a singularly fine example, is something less than perfect as a means of establishing the guilt of accused men and women. But as a spectacle, an ironic spectacle full of juicy chuckles, ah! For there, leading all the others, is Mr. Simpson, who does not even have to hire his hall. The hall is provided out of taxpayers' money, and the taxpayers—even though they mistake this modern circus for a bit of fine Greek tragedy—pay him for appearing there. And since we must pay for this amusement, whether we witness it or not, why refuse to attend?

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Scene: Wall Street

On the second day of that curious episode which, doubtless, will be known to future generations as the Great Market Convulsion of 1926, I stood in the gallery at the Exchange and observed the affair as it proceeded. Plainly enough, something very impressive was happening. Crowds of men raced about the floor with that same seething, purposeless terror which one observes in bacteria which, glancing up through the brass tube of a microscope, discern a large and hellish human eye staring down upon them. The noise was constant but not monotonous: it had a thousand tones, blended into one stirring shout that boomed eternally against the high marble walls. You could never have told, without long experience in the noises and sights of the Exchange, whether those fellows on the floor were winning or losing. You would simply have known that something immensely important was going on, and that they were terribly excited about it.

A gong began striking for the last minute of the day. It bellowed and the figures on the floor scrambled more madly than ever, as if doom itself

hung upon the bell's final stroke. At three o'clock, precisely, the gong was hushed. And the traders rushed for the door. Perhaps they were going home. Perhaps they were going to jump in the river. Perhaps they were hurrying off to officiate at a champagne party. They left several million scraps of paper lying about the floor, but I was assured none of them was important. It seemed inconceivable that so many slips of paper could go from hand to hand—slips representing nearly 4,000,000 shares of stock that day—without a few getting lost in the rubbish on the floor.

What I had seen, standing there between the hours of ten and three, was another of those Gargantuan shearings which Wall Street administers, when the fancy strikes it, to the dear little lambs of the world. The lambs—and a few jackals—went down to the tune of something like a billion dollars in those five short hours. And the wolves of the Street sat back contented, if a bit worn out, to watch the lambs shiver a little while in the cold until they grew a new fleece and came back dutifully to have that shorn too.

The convulsion was both a simple and a very complex affair. A paradox whose meaning is: complex for those who did not understand, ironically simple for those who did. It was deliberately and neatly planned. It was deliberately and neatly checked, though by other hands. The analysis may

be set down with the simple certainty of a problem in mathematics.

There is a fiction drifting up and down Main Street that Wall Street is a game of the Public *versus* the Insiders. That is hardly true. The real game is between the two factors, so to speak, that make up the Inside: the pool operators, clever and resourceful dealers in chosen groups of stocks, against the real giants of the business, men of genius, of illimitable financial backing and superb courage. These last, naturally, are few. The public enters into the calculation only so far as it provides the money with which the game is played. It loses always, because its ignorance and stupidity and cowardice in matters of gambling—which is speculation—make it fair game.

These things happened to precipitate the break:

Pools had been working on various groups of stocks over a long period, buying them in, inflating their prices by publicity, false tips, and all manner of tried devices, and selling them as the price soared and the public flocked to the party. But the pools reserved considerable portions of these securities, pushing them higher and higher, and intending, when the peak was reached, to unload. So the fatal Tuesday found them with quantities of holdings, all priced at the very top figure. Every one of them was just about ready to let go.

Element No. 1 enters at this point: The public failed to show up at the party. The stage was all

set for the suckers to rush in and take the high-priced stuff—but the public missed its cue. The reasons are obvious. The terrific period of jazz trading which has lured in everybody from boot-blacks to bootleggers in the last thirty-two months had at last left the crowd breathless. The available public cash was all sunk into Wall Street's pretty paper, and the amateur speculators were ready, instead of buying more, to cash in on their paper profits. The pool men cried their fancy wares, and the crowd passed on unheeding.

Enter Element No. 2: The masters had been watching for this very moment, seeing it as the time when they might give a terrific thrashing to the pool managers—with the public caught in between. They had watched the jackals on parade, had seen them flaunt their banners a bit too highly, and were ready for the feast. Once or twice before, during the past six months, the big fellows had thought that the moment had arrived. They had started their play, tentatively—saw that the moment was not just ripe, and although taking considerable losses, had withdrawn to bide their time. The great Tuesday proved to be the day.

So when the suckers declined to be tempted by Tuesday morning's prices, as they had so diligently been tempted month after month, the masters struck. The gong rang for trading, there was a moment's lull, and a flood of short orders swept out onto the floor. Jesse Livermore, let us say for example, offered for

sale 10,000 shares of one of the pool crowd's choicest holdings.

To preserve their market, the pool operators had to buy. They were already in to the hilt, and at a prohibitive price, but they had to buy Mr. Livermore's offering or let it go begging, which in a few minutes would have the stock panting on the floor. So they bought—as long as they could. Soon enough, they couldn't buy any more. The short orders increased until they were a torrential tide. And when nobody could buy, the prices went down and down and down. And the stocks—a good many of them—were panting on the floor. Positively gasping.

The suckers—which in Wall Street's language always means the public—were wiped out almost before they knew the game was on. The pool men hung on a little while, until their banks began snapping at their heels. Then they gave in too. You observed the debacle that ensued.

Within two days, as you saw, the situation had been steadied. The banks did that. The little group of wizards who precipitated the crash had taken their profits and retired. And more than one pool manager, more than one brokerage house, was facing bankruptcy. The banks, naturally, could not do much business if half their customers went bankrupt, or if the business of the entire country were frightened and subdued by a prolonged depression. So the banks came forward with cash to back the

necessary buying orders which strengthened everything all along the line, and ultimately caused the rally.

But in that short space of time, worlds crashed about the shoulders of many poor fellows. Such a number had made neat little fortunes out of Wall Street since the sustained flight had been under way. They had bought in when it seemed incredible that the market could go higher. They had seen it go higher, and with jubilation and prodigal buying of limousines and summer homes, had decided that the high market was a permanent thing. The crash wiped out the limousines and the summer homes, and left thousands mortgaged to their banks.

Wall Street, in general, is a good loser, but in the brokerage offices, one could not help but grow sympathetic with the helpless, inexperienced boom-traders who had lost. There they stood: clerks, owners of insignificant shops, ancient maiden ladies —their dreams broken, their precious bankbooks worthless, their brave plans for tomorrow's opulence gone all awry. Occasionally one was weeping. But most of the time they moved about uneasily, with dumb, puzzled faces, waiting to be told what could be done about it. And always they were told, nothing. There was none of the usual knowing, half-excited, hopeful questioning of clerks. When they left at last, after confessing that they could not cover their margins and would have to be closed out,

they went off with heavy feet, to stand a little way down the corridors and watch the others as they emerged.

In one of the downtown clubs, a man fell dead as he watched the ticker. It was presumed that the jerking tape had told him of his ruin. Physicians inform me that always, in such a crisis, their duties increase enormously, and that this episode was not the melodramatic exception one might have thought it. It is quite the usual thing, they said, for unsuspected nerves to grow suddenly jumpy, and for heads to ache and digestion to collapse.

During those two days, many a stenographer pecked at her typewriter red-eyed and desolate The faces of the very boys you passed in Wall and Broad and William Streets were long and gloomy. Reading your papers the Thursday night after, you saw with contentment that the market had survived the punishment, had rallied, and was strong again. But in the meantime, the innocents had taken their drubbing. They took it solidly between the eyes and it was a stunning blow.

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In Rehearsal

All along Broadway these mornings—that part of Broadway which runs through Times Square and spreads itself, as if it were overflowing, into a dozen streets that fall away to the east and west—you may observe a hastening crowd which moves with a marked singularity of purpose. Its members appear on the sidewalks about eleven o'clock. For an hour the street is filled with them: disturbingly pretty girls, well preserved old fellows with queer whiskers, fancily dressed young bloods, creatures of all shapes and sizes and ages—most of them with thin bundles of papers under their arms. They are the proprietors of Broadway for a little while. Their ownership is plainly evident in their carriage, their careless glances into the faces that flow past them. And then by noon they have disappeared. The street is once more given over to messenger boys, and ballyhoo men for the rubberneck wagons, and goggle-eyed youngsters listening to Papa explain the sights.

The actor folk have made their morning passage through Broadway, on their way to rehearsal. By twelve o'clock they have gathered by dozens and by

hundreds on the stages of every theatre and lecture hall that can be hired or begged. And they have begun the laborious process of learning by heart those pungent lines that will win our laughter or our tears within a few weeks, of acquiring, with precision, those poignant gestures which will make us nod knowingly to ourselves and say, "What a fine, careless toss that blonde girl gives her head!" and "The fellow is utterly spontaneous!"

There are nearly a hundred plays in rehearsal now. They are learning the new songs and the new dances. Somewhere, some actor is repeating methodically every time he hears his cue—perhaps a hundred times a day—the flashing *mot* or the Gargantuan wise-crack that we shall roar over a month from now. They are getting ready, in short, the season's crop of smiles, and guffaws, and furtive tears, and thrills and pensive nods which we have learned to find vicariously in the theatre because life itself does not hold quite enough of any of them.

The lads and girls who tramp the boards, with their contracts safely tucked away, are coming out into Broadway with new spats and new canes—new frocks and new millinery. Because most managers are kind about salary advances. The new playwrights, with their first precious pieces actually in rehearsal, are sitting in the dark theatres and watching their fame and glory slowly form itself down yonder on the stage, and casting critical eyes into the show windows along Automobile Row. The

producing gentlemen are taking on that harried, anxious look, and calling in trusted friends to glance over the new play as it grinds through the hours. The opinions of even the producing gentlemen's chauffeurs are being cagily sought. And all along Broadway you may hear the decision, repeated over and over again like a refrain: "Well, it's going to be the biggest hit or the biggest bust in town. No telling which."

None of them will consider the likelihood of a sedate six-months' run.

I went, one fine morning at about eleven, to the Plymouth Theatre. Our first jazz opera was in rehearsal there, they told me, and one is naturally curious about the first of anything. It was to be called "Deep River," they said. It had been written by Laurence Stallings and Franke Harling, and Arthur Hopkins was producing it. And although it was certainly not the general thing for visitors to be allowed at rehearsals, perhaps—

So I went in. Inside the theatre, it was immense, and dark, and full of gloom. There were the long rows of empty seats, faintly visible in the light that filtered down from the stage, stretching away in long, dim curves to walls of thick shadow that lay on every side. Overhead was the vaulted roof, far off, full of oppressive darkness. And there was the stage, huge and bare, with one brilliant electric bulb depending from an iron stand. I stumbled and found a seat. It creaked noisily.

The stage was occupied by a little crowd of men and women. They sat in chairs, and on a long, bare bench marked "Hamlet I," in a semicircle looking toward the empty orchestra seats. It seemed preposterous that these were actors and actresses. Such people should have a glamor hanging over them—a silken robe or two, or at least an immaculate evening suit; suave lights falling upon them, space, and graceful movements, and imperious manners. But these were simply men and women, sitting very quietly with their eyes fixed on the folded papers that they held, and facing a gentleman at a table. He was, for all the world, like a schoolmaster. His back was toward me, but even so his professorial attitude was entirely plain. He was, I understood, the stage manager—who is also the assistant director.

He rapped a pencil, and shuffled his papers. "Let us go right ahead," he suggested politely. "Beginning of Act I."

Three women, sitting a little to one side, began to talk. Their words came in a quiet, conversational tone, as if they had simply met, decided to sit down for a moment or two, and begun to talk because there was nothing else to do.

Occasionally one of the women glanced down at her folded handful of papers. And occasionally one of them ventured a slight gesture with her hand. Across the stage from them, the other men and women sat quietly, not listening at all.

But after a few moments, one of the men sitting

on Hamlet's bench stirred and began reading from his script. He was holding a handkerchief in his hand and even as he read (it was a very hot morning) he mopped his brow. When he paused, after a dozen words or so, somebody else began to read. And suddenly another young man, who until now had seemed quite asleep, burst into a hearty laugh. Nobody even looked at him, but apparently his laughter was a part of the procedure, for the next words that I heard—read from the script by a studious-looking young man with horn-rimmed spectacles —seemed to admonish him for his levity.

A gentleman in a gray suit, with a ruddy face, strolled across the stage with his hands in his pockets. His way took him, as if by chance, to the actor who had indulged in the laughter. He bent down, whispering in the ear of the amused one, and when he straightened up he gestured idly toward the man at the desk. The latter rapped his pencil. "Beginning at Jules's speech there," he suggested affably, " 'He is a big man'—let's try that again."

And in a moment or two it came time for the actor who had laughed to repeat the gesture. There was quite a different tone in his voice this time. The sound came ringingly and clear, and he glanced up as if to catch the eye of the gentleman in gray. But this gentleman, who was Mr. Hopkins indeed, was strolling up and down the gloomy aisles, all alone, and apparently he had not heard the repetition.

Once, a rather restless member of the company leaned over and whispered to his neighbor. Instantly there was a tap on the desk, and he straightened up with a bow of apology. The reading went on, quietly.

Four times, the schoolmaster person mopped his brow and said amiably, "All right, from the beginning now, right on through again." And four times they went through what, apparently, was Act I. During one of these readings, Mr. Stallings walked across the stage with a paper in his hand. He sat down beside two of the company and whispered to them, indicating sections of their scripts with his pencil and watching them write from the paper that he held.

The next time that point was reached in the reading, there were new words. One or two of the others looked up from their preoccupation and chuckled.

All through the reading and re-reading, distant music was drifting into the empty auditorium from somewhere above stairs. A piano could be heard, snatches of singing from a soprano voice and a baritone. And men and women were gathering in the promenade at the back of the orchestra seats, daring occasionally to whisper among themselves. From their whispering, it seemed that they were members of the chorus.

Presently, the group sitting on the stage got up from their chairs and wandered off. The schoolmaster person gathered up his papers and dis-

appeared, too, through the shadowy green flies banked at the edges of the platform. Two men began rearranging the stage, putting two pianos toward the front with their backs toward the auditorium and hauling out a little platform from a pile of "Iolanthe" scenery to place between them. The little platform, with its chair and table, looked more than ever like a school teacher's eminence.

The chorus arranged itself in rows of chairs facing the pianos and Mr. Harling came in, taking up his seat on the platform. Two young men began running chords on the pianos. The chief singers came in leisurely: two pretty girls, a corpulent negress, a young man with an extraordinary chest, and and a huge, handsome negro.

Mr. Harling tapped his baton, and they were singing—the pianos thumping behind the voices and the theatre suddenly filled with sound. But there were many interruptions. The baton would rap sharply, and the voices would die out raggedly. "This way now—one, two! one, two!—right on it!" And a half-dozen measures were repeated twenty times. The chief singers, sitting in their chairs looking out with boredom into the empty rows of seats, did not bother to listen.

But there were arias for the principals. They stood up to sing, bending toward the empty house as if, even then, the first-night audience were listening, and singing with quite as much fervor. The half-dozen who sat in the auditorium applauded

when the arias were done, and the chorus, too, applauded. For which they received a bow.

The luncheon hour came late in the afternoon. And after it had passed, the proceedings continued without change. The company was asked to appear at the theatre on Sunday, since opening date was not far ahead. And the last of them did not leave the place until the scene-shifters for the evening's performance of "Iolanthe" were strolling in at the stage door and had begun to haul off their coats.

Even then, they lingered on the sidewalk, talking, talking, talking about the play. They were excited, and vastly confident of the play's success. Each of them—even the most obscure members of the chorus—wanted to hear everybody else's opinion, not once but over and over again.

They were tired. They must have been tired. But when the little groups broke up and they started down the street by ones and twos they called back to each other, with eagerness in their voices, "Tomorrow at eleven!"

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Deus ex Machina

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment was to meet at eleven o'clock sharp, at the City Hall. In case you are not quite sure what the Board is, it will be enough to say that it practically runs New York City. Of course, there are the Aldermen, too. But they only pass laws and such. It is the Board of Estimate that spends the $300,000,000 the city collects in taxes every year. And anybody that spends so much money is just about running things.

The Board has one trait which marks it plainly as a democratic concern. Whenever it meets, it allows any citizen who is so disposed to step forward and complain of the way the Board is managing its affairs. And on this particular morning, there were a great many who had come down to the City Hall to speak their minds. They were crowded into the assembly chamber, some three hundred of them, most of them women and most of them quite obviously excited at this participation in great public enterprise. As the finger of the big clock drew closer and closer to eleven, the excitement seemed to grow. And every eye in the room was fixed on the vacant chair at the Board table where presently Mayor James Walker would appear and set the wheels moving.

His chair, as it happened, was the only one vacant just then. The chairs belonging to the other members of the Board: the Comptroller, the President of the Board of Aldermen, and the five Borough Presidents, were amply filled by Irish appearing gentlemen, deeply engaged in the shuffling of important looking papers. Everything was waiting on the Mayor, because of course the meeting could not start without him. And—there! Eleven o'clock was striking.

But, singularly enough, the Mayor did not appear. The Board members at the table went on shuffling their papers. There was a lull in the whispering of the three hundred. The newspaper reporters went on with their jokes and subdued laughter.

After fifteen minutes of this, a friendly reporter whispered that I must not be impatient. "Jimmie is always a little late," he confided. "He generally shows up, all right. But he isn't any worm-chaser."

Thus reassured, I determined to indulge a growing fancy to inspect the ancient little building in which we were met. The chamber where we sat, despite the distracting elements of the crowd, and government itself champing at the bit, had already impressed its chaste beauty upon me.

Barring an old, red-gold canopy of silk that sheltered the chair in which, after due time, the Mayor would sit, the room is pure white. It is somewhat long for its width, with high windows down the

side and overhead a curved ceiling that old New Englanders would call a barrel. At each end there is a semi-circular alcove, guarded by six fluted columns with capitals that are deft combinations of Corinthian and Ionic. The very benches, stretching backward from the half-moon desk at which the Board sits, are white. In the corners are old paintings, rich and dark against the soft white walls, representing old gentlemen in white satin breeches and fawn colored hats. Fine gentlemen those, the old time governors of New York City.

I wandered out into the corridor, crowded with secret fellows who whispered in the corners, in search of more beautiful rooms. And I encountered, by the greatest of fortune, a lady who could show me. She was very small and gray, and I think the city employs her to talk about this old building that she loves.

The building was designed in 1803 by John McComb, she said. But it took nine years to build it, so that De Witt Clinton was the first Mayor to set up his office there, in 1812. Since then, for 114 years, New York's mayors have occupied Clinton's room. All of the building is marble except the northern wall, which is brown stone. The old lady laughed when she retold the story of that northern wall: "They thought," she said, "it would be extravagance to put up a marble wall there for the pigs and cows to look at. Nobody lived beyond the hall in those days except farmers."

She was very angry, still, at Mayor McClellan. Twenty years ago, it seems, he had the building sandblasted. It cut all the polish from the marble, and left it looking rather more like simple granite.

She grew lyric over the great, curving stairway. And well she might. It is a curious construction, but not so curious as to lose its astonishing grace and sweep. Architects from every end of the world, she said, come here to marvel at it, and copy it.

We prowled among old, quiet rooms, regarding the carved marble and carved wood and adroitly wrought iron railings. And we quite agreed, she and I, that here, without doubt was the most soothing and the most romantic building in all New York.

But there was a commotion down the hall. Perhaps the Mayor was coming, at last. I hurried back to my seat in the council room. They were still whispering, although the faces of those women who were standing in the aisles seemed a bit weary. The clock said it was then exactly twelve fifteen.

Sure enough, a few minutes later, Mayor Walker came in. A trail of followers wound behind him as he nodded, debonair and not in the least apologetic, towards his fellows of the Board and the audience. He smiled at the waiting crowd, and they forgot the long wait.

My reporter friend whispered to me, "You see? Hylan used to chain himself to his job. He never was late. But everybody quarreled with him just because he took it all so seriously. Jimmie never

quarrels with anybody. He can get by with anything."

And, surely enough, I remembered that Hylan, who worked from nine to seven every day, was scourged and bitterly reproached for his winter jaunts to Palm Beach. While Mayor Walker comes to the City Hall when he fancies, and goes down to watch the baseball teams train when he fancies, and nobody minds.

Three hundred and twenty items were on the calendar. And Mayor Walker had, being the chairman, to speak a minimum of fifty words to dispose of each. He drummed off the routine phrases with swift precision, frowning. It was his frowning, doubtless, which gave such contrast to his occasional mild witticisms that the crowd roared with laughter.

Once, for example, a Borough President remarked that a street extension would be paid for by the city and the property owners, half and half. "Fifty-fifty," he phrased it.

"Fifty-fifty," repeated the Mayor, adjusting his glasses. "Sounds like a famous practice!"

The Board listened, amiably, to the speech of Mr. Stewart Browne, avowed friend of the capitalist and avowed enemy of renting tenants. He is a feline gentleman, who appears at every Board meeting, objects violently to something or other, is upbraided by his opponents because he is an Englishman, and generally loses his points.

Several ladies came forward to address the Board.

Mayor Walker was profoundly courteous. He smiled at them, and at the end of each speech, he thanked them graciously for their appearance.

There was one very large delegation which approached the bar, confident and loaded down with briefs. The Mayor suggested with all the good nature possible that they go away and come back in three hours. Already, they had waited two hours, most of them standing up, for this opportunity. But they took his suggestion with entire grace, bowed with happy friendliness, and filed out of the room to sit on the steps downstairs until their moment should arrive.

With an added modicum of gravity, the Board—directed of course by the Mayor—appropriated $7,482,600 for the building of schools in New York. Such an event called for a speech from the Mayor. He delivered it boldly, in the true manner of a *deus ex machina* (*machina politica*, of course). A very pat speech.

"He probably spent at least an hour studying the school problem before making that speech," observed my reporter friend, smiling. "You could probably spend a year on it, and not make such a good one."

The meeting broke up, and Mayor Walker hurried away. Behind him there remained a faint flavor of laughter, and entire good humor. Only one voice was heard that had a sardonic note, and that belonged to an ancient relic of the Hylan days.

"Wait," he said, "until Jimmie gets a real prob-

lem to solve. He's had smooth sailing this far, but I want to see him up against a knotty proposition."

There was a chorus of laughter from a crowd of minor politicians.

"Sure," they cried, "just wait. He'll get off one wise-crack and one solid shot, and the solid shot will hit the bull's-eye square in the middle."

And New York had been governed one more day.

Obituary

A few nights ago, a crowd of Federal police swarmed through the dingy and odorous hallways that give off from Pell and Mott and Doyers Streets. And what they achieved, after ten hours of cuffing and quarreling and bewildering uproar, was the end of that recurring romantic episode, the Tong War. The highbinders they arrested that night will be sent back to China. And if we repeat in this land of the brave the history of England and Canada, deportation will mean that the end of the fighting is at hand.

Henceforth, then, the brilliant lecturers of the rubberneck wagons may relate only glowing history, and must refrain from chilling the spines of their charges with baleful suggestions of present danger. Old Mock Gunn, high in his lonely tenement, may caress his polished automatic and indulge in vain regrets for the days that have passed. Ourselves, we shall miss from the front pages of our newspapers the good old bloody tales of the hatchet men.

For England and Canada ended their Tong Wars years ago by the simple expedient of sending the warriors back where they came from. If the signs may be credited in America, the institution is on the

point of vanishing. And nothing will remain but its traditions.

It was a fascinating thing: this fantastic and earnest killing which has proceeded with such delightful calm, and such wide-eyed unconcern for the threshing, nosey civilization amidst which it was pursued. And through their sporadic campaigns, the fighters have reserved for their white spectators a charming amiability. Tong Wars have appeared to us strange, and exotic and hugely glamorous. And yet, the causes of the warfare were quite as simple, at bottom, as the causes of any other warfare: indeed, the only difference which I can discern between it and other worldly animosities is the small size of the armies engaged, the fact that not even the tong presidents thought of floating liberty bonds, and, as far as can be learned, no devout prayers were issued for the victory of the side obviously in the right.

Chinamen in this country have killed each other for the simple purpose of gaining economic superiority. Of course, there were embellishments to that basic cause. Without national sports or national drama or romantic fiction through which to take his adventures vicariously, the Cantonese coolie had little choice but to take it personally. A lot of the fighting was done for fun. But the chief reason for their throat-cutting is quite the same as that ascribed to trade barons and maritime nations. It is only because of their boyish simplicity that the Chinese

proceeded with the matter in a strictly literal fashion.

Unwise in the western ways of spoliation, they could think of no way of thieving a comrade's business prestige and yet leave his body and soul intact. They went to the root of the situation, therefore, by killing him. Deprived of this naïve expedient, they no doubt will learn our manners, for surely the human yearning to do the other fellow will persist. We may expect, then, a decided break-up of the fine moral fibre of the artless, throat-slitting Chinaman.

The Tong and Tong Wars are no more indigenous to China than chop suey. At the time when throngs of the yellow men began to emigrate toward America, their government was a despotism, headed by an emperor who kept his subjects honest by the trick of beheading them for a lie or a theft. Brought up under such influence, the Chinamen arriving in this country naturally found themselves whipped at the outset. They could offer no competition whatever to the shrewder, if less explicit natives. They had, in short, not a Chinaman's chance.

Faced with this situation, they organized themselves into protective societies, which they called Tongs, and which at the outset were much similar to our own Chambers of Commerce. From this simple beginning grew the bitter feudal orders whose enmities have cost perhaps 250 lives during the last ten years.

The first great Tong Wars were waged in the twisting streets of San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast. The participants were members of Tongs whose names are not familiar to us in the East: the Suey Yings, the Bing Kongs, the Four Brothers, the Jung Yings and the Suey Dons. A misplaced seed in a fantan game, seductive glances bestowed upon a slave girl, or, amusingly, the use of the homely epithet "boob," were enough to send an infuriated Tongman home for his razor-edged cleaver. And once he had delivered his ferocious chop-stroke, the thing was on in earnest. Back and forth they fought, each Tong attempting to keep its tally always one ahead of the others.

In the East, Chinese affairs have been centered in but two Tongs: the On Leongs and the Hip Sings. They, too, started out peacefully enough. The latter was the first of the great Tongs. By 1890, it was the lodestar of Chinese life in America. It furnished an active protection for its thousands of members, mostly laundrymen, against the depredations of their fellow countrymen or Americans. But it had no reputation for violence, and generally minded its own business. Its power augmented year by year, and finally with its immense authority, came arrogance. A series of disagreements brought the birth of the On Leong, which attracted to its membership merchants of every sort: proprietors of curio shops, small restaurants and even the great silk emporiums.

The chief cause for the formation of the On Leongs, however, was the discovery, about 1900, that Americans had acquired a growing fondness for chop suey. The restaurant men resented the monopoly of trade locations set up by the Hip Sings, and threw their numbers, together with their immense wealth, into the On Leong.

The first Chinese shooting affair, directly traceable to Tong membership, occurred in 1901. It created a considerable stir in the press, aroused the Tong members to the notion that they were missing a great deal of robust amusement, and the blood feud was on.

From the very first, however, the canny fellows preferred to hire professional bad men to do their shooting for them, having absorbed no doubt something of the American spirit which gives us a predilection for watching paid hands play our games.

A few desultory murders, and their gorge was up. Hatchet men were imported from China in everything from empty packing cases to royal suites on the steamers. A definite scale of prices, not puzzling to our modern gunmen, was established for killings. As much as $15,000 was paid out recently for the doing in of an active leader.

At the outset, there were two chief motives upon which Tong killings were hung: interference with slave girls and gambling quarrels. Women have always been the difficult part of Chinese life in America. They were prevented by law from bring-

ing their native women folk to this country. And they were confronted by racial prejudice when they approached white girls. Such Chinese girls as were smuggled in, such native beauties as took the bold step past the barriers of the Chinatown, were handmade pretexts for a row. Most of them were kept stern prisoner. But there were kidnappings, alienations, barterings which brought many a keen-ground cleaver swinging from a gloomy doorway.

The Chinatown of old—I refer now to *circa* 1912—was immensely different from the ratty little alleys of nowadays. Not a cellar, then, but had its oak and steel door, behind which were teakwood tables whose inlaid tops were the field for the ebb and flow of fortunes in gambling. The gambling privileges were guarded with life blood. Head fees were paid to the controlling Tongs. And fees of a quieter sort were paid to the police to avoid interference. For the Chinese is the greatest gambler of all earth's creatures, and no law can stop him. He invented the put and take top. He invented dice. He invented cards. He probably invented, I suppose, Wall Street and Saratoga Springs.

At any rate, there were many killings which grew out of gambling, and out of the retaliation doggedly bestowed upon the Tong whose membership contained the original slayer. The fighting swelled and diminished in tidal waves, reaching its peak with the wholesale killings of 1912, when gunmen stormed a theatre in Mott Street, shooting wildly

among the audience and killing more than a dozen men.

The war which began last Fall, now ended, was a periodic outbreak. It was caused, immediately, by the expulsion of fourteen members of the On Leongs who, instead of retiring quietly, lifted $40,000 from the On Leong treasury and at once became members of the Hip Sings. The strife, during a spread of sixteen months, has resulted in the sudden death of sixty-eight Chinese.

Incidentally, the latest war provided the brave police laddies with an entirely new form of added increment. The robust coppers, sighting an honest penny, hired themselves out as guards for the more timid of the Tong members, each of them harvesting from three to five dollars per diem for physical protection. For this reason (if you must have a scandalous suggestion) the police may not have been so assiduous in their efforts to stop the war. They made no arrests. Indeed, when a new man appeared on the beat, some weeks ago, and distinguished himself by unearthing a case of automatic pistols and 1,000 rounds of ammunition, it is told that he was severely upbraided by his comrades. The next day, it is said, the guns and cartridges had found a safer and more secret resting place, high in a Mott Street apartment.

But even diligence on the part of the police will not preserve the Tong Wars. They are ended, and not without the approval of the Chinese themselves.

Of 80,000 Chinamen in America, barely 10,000 are Tong members. They have deserted the societies in swarms during the last three or four years. They are becoming Americanized. They are taking correspondence courses. They are joining civic clubs. And they are discovering that the blunt diplomacy of a pistol bullet is kid stuff when ranged alongside the subtler methods of American business.

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The Champion

"Dempsey," said Mr. Gene Tunney, "is inarticulate. He has a very good intelligence, I think. But he has never had much chance to develop it. And when he has an idea, it is difficult for him to express it clearly." With that much said, he resumed the mopping of a small abrasion on his elbow with a bit of cotton soaked in alcohol.

Watching him at this occupation, one received a singular and lasting impression. We were sitting in his dressing-room, at the Broadway vaudeville house where he has lately been appearing, and there were several men comfortably established in chairs about the wall. The champion sat at the dressing table, naked above the waist, with a bright light shining down upon his curly hair. And as he mopped at the little wound on his arm, one became aware of an immense detachment existing between his mind and his physical person. Tinkering with his elbow, he seemed for all the world like a man tinkering with his Ford. He treated it quite impersonally. And, likewise, he seemed unaware of the rub-

ber who was working over the muscles of his back with alcohol and talcum powder.

Perhaps it was because of this detachment of his that his fine body failed altogether to fill the little room with a sense of power. One had no feeling of being in the presence of a mighty man, the greatest fighter of his day. However charming his quiet, restrained manner—however pleasant his open, handsome face—his presence was not dynamic. There was none of the sharp excitement that Dempsey's restless person gives a room. . . .

But we were chatting, and he had been asked what he thought of his championship. The question, I remember, went something like this: "Now, Mr. Tunney, you are an intelligent man—" (He interrupted to say "Thank you.") "—you are an intelligent man. What does such a man think of the pugilistic championship of the world, once he has attained it?"

"Well, after all," he answered, "superiority of mind or character is all that is worth striving for in life. Of course, physical preëminence, is not to be despised, but neither is it a matter for undue pride. I think it is a fine thing to be champion. But I expect to get most of my pleasure out of it about thirty years from now. Man, you know, is wont to get most of his happiness from life by looking backward, indulging in memories of the triumphs of his youth.

"On the other hand, I feel like Alexander the

Great. I am looking for new worlds to conquer. And the chief thing I want is to learn, to know what it is all about, to improve my mind as I have improved my body."

You may decide that I have stiffened his words, getting them down into type. I assure you that such is not the case. He talks like that, precisely like that: formal, careful, in cool phrases that might have been remembered bodily out of some book. "I find the championship," he went on, "is taking up all of my time. There are social and business demands that keep me constantly occupied. But I like it. I think it is valuable to meet all of these people, to learn what they think. I believe I can learn something from almost everybody, and that is what I want now—to learn.

"But don't think that I despise the profession of boxing. Anything that can catch and hold the interest of 500,000,000 people is a valuable institution. It must be. And there were fully that many people who were interested in the bout in Philadelphia. Even today, I get eight or ten letters a day from India, Africa, Germany—all the far corners of the earth. It is very interesting."

A heavy-faced man came up the stairs from the stage door and interrupted to say that a Mr. Blake was waiting below. "Says he wants to see you, Gene."

The champion's face grew clouded. "Oh, I can't see him. Tell him—listen! Tell him you didn't

see Mr. Tunney. You saw his secretary. And Mr. Tunney is very busy now. He will have to come back later."

I wanted to know what he thought of Dempsey. "Jack," I said, "took everything that Firpo could give him, and everything you could give him. Is it possible for the fellow to be knocked out?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "It can be done. It is merely a matter of hitting him with exactly the right force in exactly the right place." And then he talked of Dempsey, as coolly and impersonally as he mopped the little cut on his own arm. Dempsey did not talk in the ring.

"I doubt if he is capable of talking while he is fighting. He is simply a man of immense physical energy, with an unusual capacity for storing that energy up and then releasing it all at once against his opponent. If his first burst is ineffective, then he is beaten. But he is a queer fellow. He got a sort of pleasure out of being champeen that I can never get. You remember, everybody around him referred to him as 'The Champeen' all the time. 'Good morning, Champeen.' Or, 'What will you have for dinner, Champeen?'

"Why, if I was called 'champeen' twice a month I would be bored to death."

But, under considerable verbal pressure, he was induced at last to talk of the Philadelphia fight. And then, for one brief instant he dropped the tight

curb which he holds upon his thoughts, his emotional reactions, his speech.

"Along in the fourth round," he said—instinctively his fists doubled and his vast forearms began to pump back and forth rhythmically—"he came into me and swung his left. I rolled, and took it—" he gestured sharply, to demonstrate the action, "and swung my right up against his liver." His face, for a moment, became a fierce, hard mask. His jaw tightened and his eyes glittered. "Well, Dempsey's jaw dropped four inches with that punch, and he hung on. I said, 'Ho, that's the one, is it? It will be easy after this.'

"You see, that is a blow that I have studied for years: an upward swing against the liver, that drives it against the heart. It is very punishing."

"Was Dempsey hitting hard?"

"I took one sock—you know, they call it a sock—I took one punch on the jaw that stung me. I saw it coming, and managed to roll with it slightly. But I was in no position to get up a defense. It was a hard blow. Dempsey can hit hard. But it did not seriously upset me."

It would be an easy thing to dislike this new champion. It is always easy to dislike a man who fails to accord with his accepted type: particularly a professional pugilist whose words are studied, who so persistently acknowledges the intellectual superiority of his newly found friends and tries to imitate them in word and manner. The newspaper report-

ers, carrying their gullibility to new heights, have heard him use an unfamiliar word or two and branded him a highbrow. It would be easy to dislike him on this account too: both because he fails to live up to the newspaper estimate of him, and because he tries.

But it is not easy to dislike an earnest, handsome youth, whose grave eyes reveal instantly that he has no notion of being a fraud. Along with his fine body he was endowed with the sort of mind that makes a college sophomore grave and subdued and faintly melancholy, coming face to face with the fact that there is a staggering amount of knowledge in the world. In the presence of so much earnest sincerity, it would be folly to mock.

His difficulty is that he has come upon this consciousness of world-knowledge too abruptly. He is so eager to learn, so eager to change himself with all swiftness from a champion prize-fighter into an urbane and philosophic gentleman. The result is two-fold. First, it has spoiled his manner of talking and thinking, taking all the salt and pungency from his words and leaving them cold, and sterile and formal: making him timid of his opinions, and timid of expressing any thought at all since he is so sure that those around him know better. And second, it has made him easy prey for the second-rate philosophers who are clustering about him, intent upon improving him.

He will believe nearly anything that is told him,

so long as it is expressed in learned phrases. His sense of values, properly neglected in all those fine, active years when he was courageously fighting his way to the championship, is not at hand now to tell him what to accept, what to reject from his learned advisors. Sit and talk with him half an hour. And before you leave he will be repeating at least a half-dozen of your phrases.

During my own visit with him, another gentleman was present. This gentleman rid himself, during the afternoon, of an almost incredible amount of drivel. And Tunney accepted it all as gospel, ostensibly at any rate. He nodded, unsmiling, and seemed to approve.

This is regrettable, not because it lifts one more dubious intellectual into the world. There are so many now, that one more doesn't matter. But it is regrettable because it keeps this charming, likable fellow from enjoying his championship. It makes him an interesting champion, but it will never make him a magnificent one.

Certainly, I do not wish it to appear that Tunney is a foolish person or a person that anyone could dislike. He is simply filled with the vast hunger toward truth, toward the pursuit of meanings and reasons which had bedeviled inquisitive minds since the beginning of time. The possession of this hunger is not enough to distinguish him from other men. The heavyweight championship of the world is. I

wish he would pay more attention to his championship and less to his philosophy.

He was born in Greenwich Village, and the curse of the place, however lately discovered, is still upon him. But he is, for all that may be said of his present curious state of mind, an intelligent being. And it is likely that his intelligence buckled to his good right arm, will yet save him from his birthright.

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The Fight

In the gathering twilight the throng swarmed out of the subway holes and debouched into a series of sprawling, half-built streets that were cluttered along their edges with men and boys, shouting and gesticulating with frantic earnestness. They were selling everything conceivable, from ringside tickets to toy balloons, and their noisy excitement provided that first note of frenzy for which I had been listening since I set out upon this, my first prize fight.

But the crowds swept past the hawkers, with eyes fixed upon the jammed entrance gates ahead, where policemen flung the weight of their shoulders against the press and called out passionately that there was no need of hurrying. Inside the grounds, however, an astonishing calm seemed to descend. Even the soda venders called their wares languidly, with only half their attention held upon prospective customers. The other half was held upon the low platform, still unlit, which occupied the center of the enclosure.

I sat on a bench with my feet in the grass and watched the people. There were all believable kinds of people, and I wondered if this were a typical fight crowd. If that were true, then it was a

typical crowd of any other sort. Some of them seemed merry, some of them seemed brooding, and some of them seemed bored. Under the light of a half-moon, they seemed contented, once they were inside the park, to sit quietly and forget their excitement in the sure knowledge that events would occur in a little while to whip it up again. They were just a great many human beings who lost, as the throng flowed and stirred and settled down into seats, all their individual entities and became that vast, indescribable entity, a crowd.

A cry went up behind, "Hats off!" and a spirited discussion ensued concerning the status of the young woman sitting two rows ahead. There were those who held that she should be approached forthwith and requested to conform to male usage. But an-

other, and in the end winning, faction, held fast to the rules of courtesy and forbade any such uncouth action. A man immediately in front of me, however, found a humorous phrase and at intervals he interrupted whatever he was saying, to shout it earnestly at the young woman's head. The phrase was, "So's your old wild oats!" And with every repetition there was an outburst of delighted laughter in the vicinity.

The man next to me was almost overcome at the size of the crowd. He seemed unable to think of anything else, and every minute or two he would touch my arm. "Holy hell, brother, ain't it a mob?" And I would agree, but hardly in a manner to satisfy him. He wanted a more downright enthusiasm.

The lights over the ring blazed suddenly, and there

was scattered cheering. A moment later two lads were swinging their fists at each other's heads quite earnestly, but nobody seemed to care. Even when one of them was proclaimed the winner there was only mild applause. Two more came out and then two more. They seemed singularly oblivious to the throng watching them, and the throng itself appeared quite unmoved by their earnest milling except for one explosive moment when a gigantic Italian smashed his opponent to the floor and stood over him watching his ridiculous efforts to get up.

These were the preliminary bouts, and I thought them rather tame. And the crowd was tame, too. I remembered the cliché of the sporting pages, the phrase about good-natured fight crowds, and I thought this gathering carried its good nature to the point of positive ennui. Watching the lads at their fighting, I remembered two heroic chronicles of fisticuffs. And I wondered if Vergil and William Hazlitt had allowed their enthusiasm for a stirring flight of prose to carry them beyond the justifiable facts of the case. Unless there were an almost inconceivable difference between preliminary bouts and championship bouts, it seemed depressingly likely that such was the truth. And such a difference appeared hardly probable.

But it was there. It was there, magnificently. And it was quite enough to make me understand why the placing of two men face to face in an enclosed space with instructions to use their fists is the most enduring of human games.

About Delaney, the moment that he stepped across the ring and lifted his hands, moving his feet with prim grace and staring down from his erect head at his opponent, there was something superb. In the very blankness of his face there was a suggestion of sardonic contempt. And there was all the stunning precision of rapier play in the thrust of his gloved hand.

About Berlenbach, crouching, heavy of shoulder and leg, there was something of Teutonic permanence. Moving with his schooled grace, which was graceful only by reason of its limitless power, he seemed inexorable and profound. His feet danced heavily. He shook his head to rid it of the sting left there by his antagonist's almost invisible hand. And he swung out ponderously against the pallid body stepping back erectly before his onslaught.

I can not describe the fight of fifteen rounds. The details of its progress were lost to any inexpert eye, but there was a movement to the thing, a coherent rhythm that left, at the end, an impression that was coherent. And that impression is of dazzling white bodies slowly reddening with the exertion and the impact of savage blows, of lean arms darting out like lean rapiers, and heavy arms plunging like the pistons of some miraculously perfect engine—the impression of a precise and sardonic duelist practicing his art with flair and a feeling for graceful attitudes—of a splendid Teutonic castle reduced to a ruin by blows that could not be seen.

Blows that were struck moved in so short an arc

and were absorbed with such scant evidence of the effect that they wrought, that it was difficult to see them. Indeed, it was impossible to follow the nuances of the encounter. And the crowd could only perceive the broad movements. There would be a sudden rush to the ropes, with Berlenbach's shoulders pressed against them and Delaney moving his fists almost imperceptibly. And the crowd would know that Berlenbach was being hurt and would rise, shouting wildly and inarticulately like an animal at the smell of blood.

About me, there were several who attempted to keep the scores of the rounds. But quite none of them agreed. The opinions of all within hearing were sought. A lean fellow who boasted that he had attended every fight in the last seven years even forgot himself so far as to ask my inexpert opinion. When I favored the round for Delaney, he seemed convinced, and put it down so upon his card.

But nobody could tell just what was happening in that square enclosure a hundred feet away. Even the sporting writers, with all their experience of such things and sitting on the very front rows, could not agree as to what they saw. I picked up the newspapers next morning and encountered a most vivid lot of descriptions of the last round. But none of them quite agreed. Reading them, I confess I was astounded to know that so much had happened in that short three minutes. I didn't see half of it.

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Presto! Fame!

We have lately been able to observe a most fascinating spectacle: the making of a celebrity. As a general thing, such an enterprise as the acquisition of fame does not play itself out on so small and public a stage that it may be seen clearly. It generally involves itself with what we call a career—a long flight of years given over to passionate labor and the pursuit of elusive dreams—and then at last the capture of those dreams, an emergence from obscurity with the bands playing and a slightly ironic smile on the face of the famous one. He, with his ardent toil behind him, perceives that the throng is not applauding his labors at all, but only their result. And the result, in his own opinion, is something less than he intended it to be.

In the case of Miss Gertrude Ederle, however, no such complex facts were involved. She was not called upon, after the fashion of Miss Peggy Joyce, to go through with a series of distasteful marriages in order to have her name on every lip. She did not have to marry even one husband and then shoot him over the morning coffee. She merely went swimming. It is a sport that she has always liked. And

one day she swam across a particularly rough stretch of water, about twenty-two miles broad, and came out on the other side to find herself the most renowned woman in the world. A day or two later, of course, she had to share her fame with Mrs. Corson, but there was plenty to go around.

It was really as simple as that. And because of its simplicity, it provides us with a remarkable opportunity for examining the elements of fame. What are the methods by which fame is made certain? How is the public clamor brought off, once the famous deed is done? And what are the circumstances under which riches may be gained from celebrity? Miss Ederle's performance, when we search for the answer to these questions, fits neatly under the microscope.

When Lord Byron swam the Hellespont, the event was not known for a good many years afterward, and even then it added little to his fame. But then there were no tabloid newspapers in Lord Byron's lifetime—and perhaps that is the answer to more than one of our questions.

For Miss Ederle's first action after

putting her destiny in the hands of a lawyer, when she began her preparations for the long swim, was to sign a contract with the *Daily News* of New York whereby she would write, for a large sum of money, the story of her success in the event success came to her. It was only natural, then, for the *Daily News* to begin its ballyhoo against the day when Miss Ederle's story would appear. A young woman reporter was sent abroad with the swimmer, to follow her every movement and to be on hand, if the swim actually was accomplished, to write the personal account in the name of the swimmer, since Miss Ederle has never posed as a literary person.

Other newspapers followed the lead, and soon Miss Ederle was a front-page story every morning, in nearly every journal of the land. This, of course, before she was ready to set out on the long grind across the Channel.

The newspapers were doing nothing reprehensible. It is an instinct of humanity to practice hero worship. We are living in a democracy, with no heroes of royalty before whom to bend the knee. Politics is in bad odor, and nobody can get very much excited

about the President. The church is moribund. The stage and the movies have given us, of late, no great idol except Valentino, and he was not credited as such until his death. Nobody expects the mob to be interested in literary or artistic triumphs. And so the mob has nobody, literally, to worship except athletic prodigies.

Even that is not without its precedent. The Greek crowd thought more of its wearers of laurel after the Olympic games than it did of its philosophers. The original Marathon runner was honored more for his physical triumph than for the news he brought to Athens. On the racing days at the Circus Maximus, the winner of the chariot race was a more important man than the Emperor himself. Physical preëminence is more tangible than mental preëminence or even the preëminence of birth. It is also the last thing over which humanity becomes envious.

So the newspapers said: "Watch Miss Gertrude Ederle. She may be great." And the crowd, ever on the lookout for greatness to admire, obeyed. The effect, thereafter, was cumulative. The newspapers perceived that they had aroused the public curiosity over this girl and strove with might and main to satisfy it. The public, with the fact of her existence and her coming test constantly held before it, fixed its attention upon her more whole-heartedly than ever.

Then she swam the Channel. There was an immense uproar of excitement for one day. "Gertrude

Wins!" And then, human nature being what it is after the passage of a climax, men and women began to think once more of the boss and their own swimming in the Coney Island surf, and the movies.

But fame, in this country of ours, has a money value. And no sooner had the young lady stepped out of the water at Dover than a great many people realized that profits might be gained from her achievement if only the public clamor could be kept up long enough. She was coming home soon. Well enough then, let's have a reception for her that will shake the sky. The Governor was consulted. Not because there was anything much that he could do about it, but because it looks well in print to hold a consultation with the Governor. The Mayor was consulted, too, but for a much more practical reason.

It is the Mayor who calls out his special committee for the reception of distinguished guests. It is the Mayor who gives away the keys to the city. And it is the Mayor, too, who controls the movements of the Fire Department Band.

And while the Mayor was confessing his willingness to do everything in his power for the honor and glory of this young lady, another conference—indeed, a great many conferences, were going forward in the office of Miss Ederle's lawyer, Mr. Dudley Field Malone. On the day of her victory, no fewer than five of the major theatrical producers of the city dropped into Mr. Malone's office to congratulate him. They brought their contracts with them.

Most of them covered a period of about twenty weeks at $2,000 a week. One vaudeville producer was willing to count on her popularity lasting a full year. But of course he would take her on tour.

There were literally dozens of manufacturers who sought her indorsement to various articles of trade, everything from patent medicines to brassieres. The total of all the contracts offered her, according to the lawyer, was $900,000. Of this amount nearly $700,000 either was impossibly foolish, or involved duplications of effort. But Miss Ederle stands to make almost a quarter-million during the next year.

Her reception was rather splendid—what with the Governor's approval, the Fire Department Band, the march up the Avenue, and the speeches of the chairmen of the German societies. And she conducted herself rather well during the whole of it. Indeed, it was perfectly apparent from the moment we first saw her coming out of the hatchway in the side of the Berengaria and stepping across the deck of the reception committee's boat, that she would bear up well.

The whistles of twenty or thirty craft that clustered about were tied down, and raising an awful din. Her mother charged down upon her and almost smothered her with kisses. But she got clear of her mother's embrace and waved her hands to the watching crowd, laughing merrily enough. Her poise was undiminished when she sat in the saloon of the reception committee's boat talking to the reporters.

"Are you glad to get back?" they asked. Well, the answer to that was easy. Most of the questions were quite similar. She was required to repeat the things she said at Dover when she landed—all of which had been cabled over days before. One young lady reporter, struck by a sudden spark of ingenuity, wanted to know if Miss Ederle had done any shopping in Paris. The answer was a look of scorn. The interview died out, after most commonplace questions and answers.

She did seem surprised when the boat landed at the Battery, and the immense crowd that was waiting became visible to her. Her eyes widened, and her smile became rather fixed. But beyond that the process of becoming a celebrity did not seem to move her. The procession up Broadway was rather fine, much more picturesque than the Fifth Avenue parade. The scraps of paper were fluttering down in the sunlight, and the long streamers of ticker tape, caught on window ledges and electric wires, waved brightly. All along, the throngs of people were cheering, laughing, having an extraordinarily good time.

Such occasions—the arrival of a countryman who has won fame abroad or the arrival of a foreigner seeking our approval of his religion, his art, his deeds of war or his political opinions—such occasions provide New York with its only opportunity to indulge in a community demonstration. It is only when a parade is marching up Broadway, and

the Fire Department Band is playing, and the ticker tape is flowing out of the windows, that New York catches anything like the carnival spirit. Boys were playing in the street. And if they were consumed with curiosity for a glimpse of this celebrated young woman, they were also consumed with the desire to have a hell of a good time before they had to go back to the office. Anyway, the tabloid magazines, with their two million circulation, had practically demanded that Miss Ederle be given a swell reception. "Get Out Confetti," the headlines read, "Trudy Is Coming Home!" Even the *Times* caught the fervor.

They cheered her. And every cheer they lifted added to her fame—that material, profitable fame that will make her a fairly rich young lady by and by. She waved at them, and smiled, and seemed to think it was all very fine. It was. For it was gay, and gayety on the streets of New York is a thing to be cherished.

In observing this phenomenon, a celebrity in the making, one fact became more and more apparent: If the newspapers have lost their power to guide public opinion on earnest matters, if they can no longer direct elections or sway the public thought concerning foreign affairs, or persuade anybody to take seriously their economic programs, they can at least create fame. Miss Ederle might have conquered the Channel a dozen times over, and if there had been no excitement in the newspapers she might

have landed with the other passengers at a West Side pier and had trouble over her baggage just like the rest of them.

Certainly, this is no disparagement of her excellent performance. It is merely a fact. And she may thank the methods of modern journalism for her little year of splendor as devoutly as she thanks the Australian Crawl.

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The Pretenders

By any acceptable code of ethics I suppose they are entirely contemptible, those chaps who appear in our society at intervals beneath the aura of some exotic title they have borrowed for the purpose, thrive for a time upon our credulity, and finally make their exit under police escort when their gaudy names are proved spurious. But I fancy that most of us envy their magnificent irresponsibility. And if the thing could be analyzed, I believe we should discover that there is more fun in pretending to a dukedom than in possessing one outright.

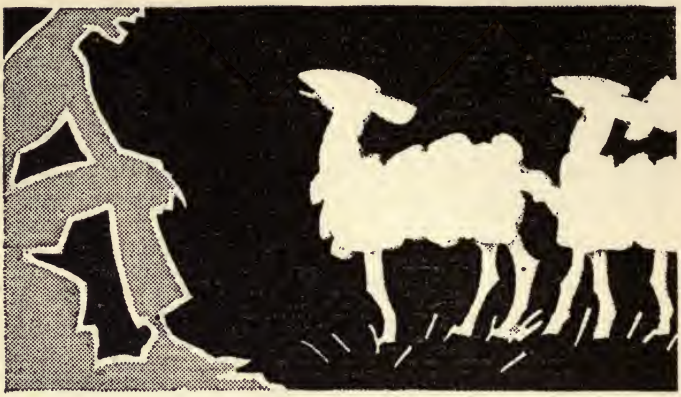
I am not referring, in these presents, to the rotating crop of Russian princes. Most of such currently among us, I am told, came by their titles honestly, and they will themselves confess, when hard pressed, that a mere prince was no great shakes even in the old Russia. Rather, I have been thinking today of three or four other noblemen whom our papers have described in late days: the Right Honorable Lord Beaverbrook, for one. And, more remotely, the renowned Prince Zerdecheno, heir apparent to the

throne of Turkestan, Prince Louis Henri de Chateroux de Bussigny de Bourbon, and one or two others of that stature. Fame has accrued to these several gentlemen as the most impudent pretenders of recent years. Each of them fooled us just a little bit, during his heyday.

Lord Beaverbrook, taking his sentence under the prosy name of Frederick B. Stanley, was sent off a few days ago to the Philadelphia jail, where his debonair identity will be further submerged, during the next year, beneath a simple number. Prince Zerdecheno, clinging still, with dogged persistence, to his royalty, presses pants these days in a Paris hotel. He was sent away from America and told never to return. Prince Louis Henri de Chateroux de Bussigny de Bourbon (born Harold Schwarm, of New Britain, Connecticut), has gone back to his shop bench.

But since these fellows amused us, it seems that they—or their wild dreams—might have a little better epitaph than that provided by the exultant press; that chronicler of the commonplace which ever chases dreams and smashes them to the ground. Let us give them, though they of all persons on earth would scorn it, a little understanding!

I have not quite the same feeling toward Lord Beaverbrook that I have for Prince Zerdecheno. Perhaps that is because I had the inestimable privilege of acquaintance with the Prince, and knew Lord Beaverbrook simply as a name out of the news-



papers. But I think my prejudice lies deeper than that. For Lord Beaverbrook, if you remember the recent stories, employed his assumed nobility as a device for defrauding gullible ladies. With his charming Mayfair manner, he induced some fifty maids and matrons to believe that they were being positively careless with their money or jewels unless such things were given into his hands for safekeeping. Of course, he did this with a becoming air. And his undeniable talent for the strange profession which he followed is plainly apparent if you scan the list of names he successively bore: Baron Beaverbrook, Karl Edwards, John V. Wiedemeier, Arthur Brooks, Sigmund Engel, Sigmund Runne, Sidney Renne, Wallace Siegfried, and Karl von Edwards.

But it cannot be denied, even after observing such evidence of praiseworthy resourcefulness and a real feeling for romance, that my Lord gave a deplorably

commercial taint to his practice of the earnest art of imposture.

Now Prince Zerdecheno was moved by no such material principles. Of course I do not presume to say that he did not manage a neat living out of his elegant attitude. But I am positive that he pursued no cash-in-hand profits. He wanted, most of all, to receive the deference due to a Crown Prince.

Zerdecheno was married. His wife was a pretty Kentucky girl, and wise. But I never knew certainly whether she believed in her husband's royalty or not. Together they lived in a furnished apartment in the fashionable East Sixties, and they paid their rent promptly. But the only suit of clothes the Prince owned was a London cutaway. He could afford, too, a fresh gardenia for his lapel every morning. But generally when he accepted invitations to fashionable teas he went alone. The Princess, it seemed, had great difficulties in the delivery of her gowns. They never came on time.

He made no secret of his genteel shabbiness. Indeed, he usually introduced the subject himself, diffidently and in a manner that bestowed resounding praise upon his wife—and upon the custom of marrying for love. The last time he explained this situation (the versions rarely agreed) was at a gathering in a rather fashionable lady's house. There was quite a crowd, but when his drawling voice turned to his affairs, nearly everybody stopped to listen.

"I am going home before long"—invariably he introduced the story in that fashion. "I am going home before long. My father"—nodding here, ceremonially, and pausing in his speech. "My father is growing old, and I think perhaps that he will forgive me as he realizes he must die soon, and some one must take over the government.

"You see, he never forgave me for marrying an American. He had placed seven hundred women in my private palace—and from these I was to select as many wives as necessary. The notion of marrying just one woman, and taking her by the Christian ceremony, staggered him. Coming to America staggered him, too—giving up all the magnificence in which I lived, to dwell in a little apartment with only one valet.

"Are you bored? Well, well, well—" His eyes became reflective, and he put the tips of his long fingers together. "Perhaps you would like to know what I gave up for this American Princess of mine, and to live in America?

"You see, the blood of Egypt's Pharaohs runs in my veins. My lineage extends back four thousand years. And all of my fathers lived only for the luxury they could gather about them. In my private palace, for example—Remember, it was built for me when I was a baby, or I never would have allowed it. Well, it was all of white marble. Three hundred and fifty rooms and a courtyard of twenty acres. In the stables were six hundred camels and

six hundred horses, and my servants numbered four hundred, all seasoned soldiers.

"In my early days I never dressed in any cloth but white satin. My favorite robe, I remember, was made of twenty yards. Thirty men were killed in a battle as they brought it in a caravan over the hills from Paris, where it had been made especially for me. In my hat was a ring of diamonds supporting six ostrich plumes. And the hilt of my sword was one huge emerald. I will not tell you of the seven hundred wives. It would bore you. It bores me. I—I am in love!

"And all that magnificence is gone. For my father refuses to send me money. Yet I am a philosopher; a philosopher in love. And what could be more delightful?"

I did not blame Prince Zerdecheno, that day, for quietly slipping into his pocket the $100 bill which a deeply impressed spinster lady gave him. Why not? She had been amused and thrilled. It was at least a hundred times better than the movies. And the movies cost a dollar.

As it fell out, however, some earthbound tailor or other complained to the courts about his bill, which Prince Zerdecheno seemed determined to forget. The tabloid papers spied a story. And pretty soon there were dispatches from Europe saying that the territory known as Turkestan had no local government, had no king, and certainly had no crown prince. The palace, too, seemed hard to locate.

So they came down heavily upon Zerdecheno's head. And finally even the government got interested. Some disposition, they felt, must be made of such a fellow. They could discover no crime that he had committed in this country, and for a little while it appeared astonishingly as if nothing could be done about him after all. But then somebody remembered that he stole an overcoat in London one time. He was deported.

The next few weeks were rather tragic for the poor fellow. When his ship reached England the authorities would not let him land. He threatened, of course, hinting at the power of his arm and even threatening to call out a troop of camels. But the Britishers were stern, and back he came to America. But America, officially, was rid of him, and would not hear of his putting foot on our sacred soil again. And so, for a time, he simply traveled back and forth between the two continents. At last France took him and made, so I hear, a good pants presser of him.

But I don't believe he will stick to his job long. The sense of kingship has gotten into his blood. Almost certainly he has an actual belief in his royal prerogative. And some day—who knows?—he may march proudly into St. James' Palace, his Kentucky Princess on his arm, offering brotherly respects to his Majesty the King of England. I shall certainly continue to expect that much of him.

I have dwelt with sympathy upon the life of

Prince Zerdecheno and his fellow artists for the simple reason that I sympathize with them. How, indeed, can you fail to sympathize with a man who sets out, overtly, to defy the presumption that life is a dull and workaday affair? Cursed with some such commonplace name as Smith or Jones and born into some obscure, gossipy corner of the world, he refuses to bow to his fate. Nor does he content himself with mawkish daydreams in which he is dramatized as a brilliant, plumed favorite of the world. He sets out to be one. And if he is lucky he will be one, for a little time anyway. In short, he defies the turn of destiny which tossed him down on earth a nobody. And he defies the failure of mere living to serve as an adventurous occupation. If he is sent to jail or doomed to pants-pressing, there is philosophic recompense in the reflection that all men who pursue their dreams are scorned by the world, and often scourged by the world.

The artistic impostor cares not a whit whether anybody believes his tale, so long as he convinces himself that it is true. It is rather cheerful to remember that Zerdecheno has never confessed anything. And if he is the artist that I think he is, his indignation is just as profound as if he really were the prince of those rugged mountains in Turkestan.

As I write this, another royal gentleman from abroad is making his bow—under some difficulties—to New York. I hesitate, thus early, to classify him, since the only accusation against him appears

in the *Daily News*. And that is not quite enough authority for bestowing the accolade which would admit him to the select company of Beaverbrook and Zerdecheno—of Cagliostro, and Mesmer, and Casanova, and the Man in the Iron Mask.

The gentleman is Don Luis de Bourbon, Prince, and he demands obeisances on the ground that he is halfbrother to King Alfonso of Spain. He answers his challengers cryptically, returning, it seems, question for question. When reporters asked him:

"How do you explain your relationship when you claim you are younger than Alfonso, and yet admit that he was born after his father's death?"

Don Luis replied: "Do you dare me to reveal why Queen Catherine went away with her two daughters in 1883?"

Which is a somewhat new technique, requiring meditation before coming to any judgment as to the gentleman's standing. However, one circumstance is much in his favor. He told reporters he would reside at the Ritz-Carlton, and never thereafter appeared at the hotel. That is more orthodox procedure among our best impostors, and invokes my cautious belief in the newcomer's admissibility to the ranks. Let us, however, watch further developments.

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Orgy: American Style

No article of household furnishings has demanded our attention quite so emphatically in recent days as a certain bathtub, the property of Mr. Earl Carroll, which became indeed such an important item of current events that a Federal court and jury were compelled to take notice of it. This particularly unwieldy plumbing fixture has remained shielded from the public eye since the days when Miss Anna Held used to call in the reporters to stand and gape while she laved herself in Grade A milk. But, despite the modest retirement of all these years, the bathtub has justified the contention that it can provide a good story whenever it is called upon.

The present exciting circumstances grew out of what is termed by the popular press, an Orgy. Mr. Carroll is a dramatic producer, and the proprietor of a theatre which bears his name. For some years it has been his custom to hold a reception in the theater on the night of Washington's birthday, and with the obvious means at his disposal to provide unique entertainment for his guests. Since it is the fashion among our Broadway merrymakers of the moment to pretend to that quite devilish state of

mind known as decadence, Mr. Carroll determined to please his guests after their own taste.

But he did not bother to conduct research into the curious and esoteric devices that the old Romans employed to snare the jaded fancies of their visitors. He contented himself with a sort of mauve decadence. He remembered, I suppose, how Mr. James L. Breese, entertaining once in honor of Stanford White, arranged for a nude young lady to bounce from the pie after it was borne to the table on yeomen's shoulders. And, too, he doubtless remembered the famous party of Mr. Herbert Barnum Seeley, at Sherry's. Mr. Seeley employed a young dancer named Annabel Moore to enter the hall clad simply in a few ludicrous signs, and another dancer called Little Egypt to perform what was then thought a violently wicked figure, the hoochee-koochee. Mr. Carroll may even have recalled that Police Captain Whiskers Chapman raided the Seeley reception at the behest of Miss Annabel Moore's outraged mother; that Mr. Seeley was arrested, and that much publicity accrued to himself thereby.

At any rate, Mr. Carroll must have liked the girl-in-the-pie notion. But, being a modern and therefore a realist, the next idea that entered his head was a bathtub. He struck upon the fancy of filling a tub with what the jury says was not champagne, and of inducing a comely maiden to

bathe therein before the eyes of his delighted company.

And so it went. The party had been under way for some hours before the bathtub scene was performed. During the early part of the evening the guests drank such liquids as were served to them, listened to the jazz music, chatted, and munched hot dogs from the little stand set up at the edge of the stage. In short, they were enjoying a regular Orgy. But the great moment came well after midnight, when suddenly the music was stilled, and the bathtub rolled out upon the stage.

While the company watched, men began pouring something from bottles into the tub's glistening porcelain depths. When it was almost full, Miss Joyce Hawley, née Theresa Daugelos, scurried across the stage beneath the protection of a green overcoat. Beside the sparkling pool, she slipped off the wrap, and plunged in.

Mr. Carroll himself dipped the first bumper from the swishing eddies, and shouted, with a nod at Miss Hawley's submerged body, that the line would form on the right. A few, very few, came forward. And as they stood around, dipping from her bath, Miss Hawley began to cry. This display of emotion cast a damper upon the proceedings, and the bathtub was wheeled away forthwith. The party went on.

Considerable mystery attaches to the events next ensuing. Mr. Carroll certainly made one of two

mistakes. He either was guilty of deplorable carelessness in making up his guest list, or he succumbed to the alluring offer of a large amount of sensational publicity. For, among those present was Mr. Philip Payne, managing editor of the *Daily Mirror*. And in Mr. Payne's editions of the next day there was a breathless account of the reception, with full descriptions of Miss Hawley's public toilette.

Granted, however, that Mr. Payne was truthful when he said that Mr. Carroll told him to display the story for all it was worth, it becomes clear that the producer overlooked one other vastly important circumstance. He neglected to remind himself that the office of United States District Attorney for New York is currently held by a gentleman who is, no less than Mr. Carroll himself, a genius in the matter of publicity. Mr. Emory Buckner, as it is now revealed, reads the *Daily Mirror*.

When his padlock schedule nicely up to date, Mr. Buckner encountered the story of the bath—heralded in those early days as a genuine champagne bath, no less. And at once his furious energy perceived another outlet. He announced that he would have the bootlegger's head who provided the fluid in which Miss Hawley sat. And he invited Mr. Carroll to call upon the Grand Jury and make known the source of his supply.

Mr. Carroll responded. But he was quite firm in his denial that there were vinous liquors in the

tub. Indeed, he went further, saying that there really wasn't any tub at all, there wasn't any Miss Hawley, and certainly, no young ladies of his acquaintance indulged in baths upon his stage. Whereupon the Grand Jury found six indictments against Mr. Carroll charging him with perjury.

Which, perhaps, too lengthy, recital brings us at last to the subject of this chronicle, which is the trial in the grimy old Federal Building, where Mr. Carroll was adjudged guilty on two of the indictments.

If you missed following this trial as it unfolded, episode by episode in the public prints, you missed one of the most thoroughly delightful entertainments which have been vouchsafed, on Broadway or off, in late days. It is rare for any public event to catch the spirit of farce-comedy even briefly, much less to sustain such a spirit over a period of days. But the famous Bathtub Orgy Trial certainly was such an affair. Here was justice being dispensed—and on every side faces were red with suppressed laughter. Sometimes the laughter escaped with a roar, and only then were we reminded that the dignity of our glorious Republic was involved.

Federal courts, for some reason, do not adorn themselves with all the heavy-handed pomposity which narrower halls of justice affect. There was, indeed, a certain noisy boisterousness that lingered in the immense room where Judge Goddard and his jury and all the lawyers and all the spectators sat listening to the tale of wanton gaiety that didn't

quite come off. The flunkies themselves did not bother to dress in ceremonial blue. The Judge was robed, of course. But there was no American flag. And whenever anybody had anything to say, whether lawyer or attendant or dissatisfied spectator, he bellowed it at the top of his lungs.

The room where Mr. Carroll was tried is almost inconceivably ugly. The railed portion where sit lawyers and the press, occupies most of its floor space, with the Judge's bench rising dustily at one end, and a few benches for onlookers ranged in tiers at the other.

Matters proceeded slowly at first. Mr. Buckner, of course, was conducting the case himself in behalf of the United States Government. And he contented himself at the outset with the production of certain of Mr. Carroll's guests to swear that Miss Hawley did take a bath and that the bath contained liquor. There was some disagreement as to the exact quality of the potation. Most of the witnesses, having grown into the American habit of including all alcoholic beverages under the simple generic title of "booze," were not quite prepared to make nice distinctions.

For example, the color of Miss Hawley's bath, after having been described by various witnesses as yellow, light brown, dark brown, pinkish and red, was compared by them to the colors of the following objects: a yellow lead pencil, another yellow pencil, a third yellow pencil, the top of the Judge's

desk, a tan brief case, and a piece torn from the buff edition of an afternoon paper.

But these were merely the preliminaries. The peak of the proceedings came with the entry of Miss Hawley herself. She is a tall girl, with a pretty face and, as she confessed during her testimony, possessed of a beautiful figure. When she first came to the stand she seemed much depressed. She even wept during those moments of her testimony which boomed the newspapers with their stirring headline: "Naked and Drunk, Says Beauty." But presently the involved mechanism of court procedure became beautifully clear to her, and she promptly decided that it was all very silly.

Plainly, scorn was in her voice as she answered the repeated questions concerning the lingerie show in which she had participated, marking her début to Broadway. Couldn't her hearers understand, her manner disclosed, that gentlemen went to the lingerie show who wished to make the acquaintance of a young lady? Of course, the ladies wear tights in the lingerie show. . . .

But there is no better way of revealing Miss Hawley's perfection as a witness, and as a disciple of that school of thought lately memorialized by Miss Anita Loos, than by including in this account her testimony itself. Fancy the ensuing answers delivered in a voice deeply contemptuous or inwardly disturbed, as the mood seems to fit:

MR. SMYTH: At the time of the party your hair was dark, wasn't it?

MISS HAWLEY: Yes, it was.

Q. Well, it looks blonde now. A. Yes, it does.

Q. Is it your own hair? A. No, it isn't. It's a blonde transformation. But my hair is naturally blonde.

Q. When were you born? A. March 3, 1909.

Q. What is your parents' address? A. I don't think that's necessary.

Q. When did you leave your parents? A. Two years ago.

Q. Why? A. They wanted to know too much.

Q. What do you do to support yourself? Do you sing or dance? A. No, I don't.

Q. How do you earn your living? A. I wanted to do posing.

Q. Have you ever gone by another name than Joyce Hawley? A. Yes. Whenever I didn't like a gentleman I'd tell him any name I thought of. I don't remember what the names were myself, now.

Q. Where did you live when you first came to New York? A. Various hotels.

Q. What were some of them? A. I lived in hotels, yea-a-a, but I don't remember their names.

Q. Who is Tomadelli? A. Juan Tomadelli. He's a very good friend of Mr. Carroll's. He calls Mr. Carroll and everybody by their first name. He's a good friend of mine and I like him very much.

Q. Did you take a drink the last time you dined with him? A. Yes, well, I don't know.

Q. Which do you mean? A. You ask me such foolish questions you get me all balled up.

Q. You are posing in the nude in this picture I show you, aren't you? A. Well, the day I signed my contract the publicity man said I would have to have some photographs taken. So the wardrobe woman there fixed me up so I looked absolutely nude and then they took two pictures.

Q. What salary are you getting now?

During this examination, Miss Hawley had opportunity to become familiar with courtroom tactics through the frequent interruptions of Mr. Buckner. And now she determined to make use of her newly gathered knowledge. Quite belligerently, she shouted: "I object."

Q. Are you getting as much as $500? A. I'm not going to tell you!

JUDGE GODDARD: This witness, particularly since she is a young girl, is entitled to the protection of this court. I don't believe this question pertinent.

MR. SMYTH: Do you really believe she needs protection, your Honor?

Q. Did your lawyer, Miss Hawley, go to the Grand Jury with you? A. No. He said he wouldn't have anything to do with the District Attorney—the Government. When I realized what a bloke I'd been to fool with him, I gave him the air.

Mr. Smyth attempted to interrupt, but Miss

Hawley stilled him. "You're hollering so much," she said; "I can't hear what you say."

The lawyers became quite fierce—persuasive, as the occasion demanded—in their final addresses, and the jury went out to find the verdict. Presently the twelve men returned with their decision that Mr. Carroll had been something less than truthful when he denied Miss Hawley's adventure in the tub. But he told the truth, said the jurymen, when he swore she was immersed in nothing more powerful than ginger ale.

Thus Mr. Carroll struck against his first penalty in the pursuit of that remarkable talent he possesses for making the newspapers print his name. As this is written, sentence has not been pronounced upon him, and there is no telling whether he will be sent to jail or merely fined for his offense.

It will be unfortunate in many ways if the bath-tub affair should cool his fervor for publicity. For all of his exploits have been amusing. Not since Anthony Comstock, perhaps, has New York harbored an individual with so rich an aptitude for notoriety. Of course, Mr. Carroll approaches the situation from the opposite pole. Mr. Comstock bellowed for goodness and Mr. Carroll bellows for badness. The spectators' amusement, in both cases, grows out of the eagerness with which the newspapers leap at the bait. And, once having committed themselves, the newspapers generally see to it that a good story is produced. To that extent, he can be relied upon.

Mr. Carroll's first major enterprise, long ago when he was arrested for plastering his theatre lobby with photographs of naked ladies, showed how far the press would go to help him. If I am not mistaken, there were even some editorials written deploring the few days he passed in the Tombs as an outrage against free speech, or the liberal mind, or something of the sort. Since then, he has managed to keep pretty well in the public press.

And even now, if he is sent off to prison, he will doubtless be recompensed for the indignity in the payment which he likes best. For surely our energetic journals will not overlook so vastly important an item of news as Mr. Carroll's daily breakfast menu. It is even likely that some enterprising paper will contract with him for a daily dispatch on prison life. And that would be more valuable as publicity material than half a dozen chorus-girl parades on Broadway. Already I envision the headline "Carroll Directs Vanities Show from Jail Cell."

Jail

The Tombs, considered as a name for a prison, is not wholly pleasant. They call our city jail so, I discover, not because commitment behind its high walls involves the finality of interment (indeed, its inhabitants are only transients awaiting trial) but because the prison which stood on the same site before it, was built after the fashion of some Egyptian mausoleum or other. That curious old jail was officially called The Tombs. And the name, with all its melancholy implications, must have hung in the minds of the builders when the present edifice was built.

For its somber towers rise with forbidding ugliness. Whatever luster might once have been in the gray stone of its walls has died. And even the brightest sunshine, encountering those walls, seems to lose heart, allowing itself to be quite absorbed in the pervading, dingy gray. The Tombs invokes the impression of life suspended, or life sunk deep in gloomy meditations. Faces never appear at the windows, barred and dusty and permanently closed.

But the Warden, meeting me hospitably at the door, dispelled quickly enough any notion that he might be the sorrowful keeper of a grave. Wardens

everywhere seem to be distinguished by a manner of subdued geniality, as if aware of the burden which society has thrust upon them, but determined not to let it get the best of their natural good spirits. And the Warden of the Tombs was of the fellowship. Behind his grave face, his torn, unbuttoned coat and his husky voice there was a suggestion of tremendous vitality. In his eyes there was a habitual wistfulness, as if he would say: "Observe: I am the chastising parent of the world."

On this day, I think he was oppressed by more of that wistfulness than common. For it appeared that some newspaper—or inspector or reformer—had but recently brought off an attack upon his prison, cursing it for a filthy hole and describing its horrors with blasting earnestness. But you can't, he said, get sentimental about jail. His husky voice was touched with grief.

"See for yourself," he demanded. "Come on see for yourself. That's the best way, now ain't it?"

We walked along the sidewalk, around the corner to another entrance. On the way we passed groups of people, gathered into little knots and lounging along the iron rails. Most of them were women, although a few were men, and there was a child or two playing boisterously. Beyond an occasional

whispered confidence, they refrained from talking —standing motionless and dumb, as if in the face of some breath-taking catastrophe. They were waiting their turn to go inside and visit the black sheep of their respective families, and they could not talk for thinking, I suppose, what they would have to say in the half hour that was allotted them. Some of them bowed with curious foreign curtsies to the Warden, while he explained to me that a prisoner could have only one visitor at a time and that members of a family must go in separately.

Through a door that was marked Visitor's Entrance, we came into the prison again. At once, there was the most astonishing noise that came from some hidden depth. It is almost impossible to describe that sound, except to say that it was like some monstrous pot bubbling over a furious blaze. It was sustained, but it was not a drone—rather a succession of infinitely rapid noises, with an arresting, frantic quality. I thought perhaps something deplorable had happened: a rebellion among the prisoners or an insane ward aroused to excitement. But the Warden reassured me. It was only conversation that I was hearing, between the prisoners and their callers.

We proceeded into an extremely narrow corridor, and found ourselves in the midst of the noise itself. It was quite an uncomfortable feeling, I assure you, to be present at this desperate effort on the part of people who were free, to convey sympathy, or

courage, or faith, or anger, or recrimination to other people who were imprisoned. There was sadness in the scene—but such an uproarious sadness: and the observer admonished himself that it was absurd to grow sentimental or to deplore with too much fervor the strange affairs of life.

The right side of this narrow corridor was merely a gray wall. But along the left side partitions of steel divided the space into little stalls, the size of coffins set on end. In these stalls were the visitors, sitting on miniature stools and shouting. The light that came down from two or three grimy electric bulbs was dim, and for a time I fancied that these people were simply madmen, shouting at themselves. For surely nothing was to be seen beyond the meshed wire to which they pressed their faces.

But presently it became clear that the prisoners themselves were on the other side of the wire. One heard their voices shouting vaguely through the hubbub. They were not, of course, immediately beyond the wire. Between the visitors' stalls and the captives another corridor intervened, a two-foot empty space. Across that space, then, were other stalls. They too were guarded by wire mesh.

The Warden shouted: "See! You have to do something to keep 'em from passing in dope and guns. They can't get to each other this way. They ought not to holler so."

It would be interesting, I fancied, to catch some of the conversation between the prisoners and their

guests. Near at hand, a thin woman was crying something in Italian. Her voice was a frantic scream, and she seemed never to care for an answer, for she never paused. In the stall next to her, a dull-looking girl who nevertheless was young and not badly dressed, called over and over again: "It's all right, see? It's all right, see?" The youth on the other side of the wire nodded his head, seeming not quite convinced. He tried once to make her hear him, but gave it up, and after a time they simply stood staring at each other.

A mother railed at her captive daughter in a mixture of Hebrew and English. Her heart was broken, she protested. But when she had to repeat that phrase four times to make her daughter hear, she had given up her sorrow, it seemed, for anger at the insanity of the world about her. Farther along a burly fellow was succeeding in browbeating his girl. It was preposterous, of course, that he could ignore his own impotence and the clamor of shouted emotions all about him. But he did.

"Don't you forget!" he bawled. "Don't you forget, hear? You'll see—I'll fix you, all right!"

For all the sign they gave, they might have been quite alone and with no bars between them. For she cringed and called back to him, very tearfully: "All right, Joey. I got you, Joey!"

There was no glamour to embellish all this madness. It was merely deafening, and sordid, and vastly regrettable. Mothers to sons, and wives to

husbands, and girls to lovers—shouting out their tenderness or their sorrow or their bitterness at the top of their lungs. They seemed not to mind greatly.

A gong sounded, and uniformed men appeared to herd the visitors out. The prisoners were going to lunch, and no more visitors would be allowed for thirty minutes. There was one last, violent moment of screaming, and then quiet fell abruptly. Most of the callers, going out, wept: their tears splashing on the ledger when they signed their names at the door. For all their partnership in trouble, they ignored each other, and they seemed, indeed, quite spent from the physical effort of communicating with their friends or kinsmen.

Along the prison corridors, the captives shuffled drowsily. Except, that is, two lads who found themselves a corner and leaned against the wall. They began to sing: a maudlin, weepy song about a prisoner. They sang it mournfully and very badly. When it was at last done, one of them began crying and the other burst into merry laughter.

During all this time, I had neglected to listen to the Warden, who was doubtless explaining many interesting things. But now he asked me a question. "You might think it's pretty bad," he said; "but when there's so many of 'em breaking laws and getting sent up, what are you going to do about it?" The only answer I could think of was that human nature might be improved. And that seemed rather silly.

The Preacher

He came along Vesey Street, hatless, a rather young man walking rapidly with a Bible held open in his hands. Halfway down the block he halted abruptly, cast his eyes about him at the moving crowd, and then, with his back against the palings of the iron fence that shuts off St. Paul's churchyard from the clamor of the thoroughfare, he began to recite from the open book:

"Our text today, brethern, is from the sixtieth verse of the eighth chapter of First Kings:

> "That all the people of the Earth may know that the Lord is God, and that there is none else. Let your heart therefore be perfect with the Lord our God, to walk in his statutes and to keep his commandments, as at this day."

His voice was full and deep, and he spoke with such resonance that his lean frame shook. A messenger boy, in a soiled gray uniform, with sweat streaming down his face, halted and came to stand against the rail. The preacher took no notice of him, or of me, or of the two young women who presently stopped, too. They went on with their bag of candy, gazing earnestly at his face, while he shouted above

their heads against the trucks that thundered beyond the curb.

"What are you doing to prepare for the day of Judgment? What are you doing to make yourself ready for that awful day when all bodies will be rendered unto dust and all souls stand bare before the searching eyes of God? I want to tell you, brothers. I want to tell you how to make ready for that day, to cleanse your souls against the final judgment so that when you face God at last in all his awful majesty you need not hang your heads. Come unto me—" He gave a sweeping, embracing gesture. "Come unto me and hear the Word! Pause in your pursuit of earthly pleasures and think for a moment of your immortal souls, black with sin. Halt one moment in your busy ways and think of all eternity, the endless future that lies before you. Are you ready to begin it now?"

There was a little circle standing about now. Perhaps a dozen pairs of eyes were staring at him expressionlessly, as if he might have been behind those iron railings of the fence instead of before them, as if he might have been some curious beast instead of a man. But he still ignored the presence of his listeners. Holding the book still open, he delved into his pocket and brought out a stubby bit of chalk and bent to the pavement.

His arm swung in a great arc, and the chalk left a white circle. He drew a line bisecting the circle, and along this line he wrote the one word, "Death."

Then well toward the top of the circle he wrote "God" and immediately under it "Salvation." In the bottom of the circle he printed, very carefully, "Devil," and under it, "Eternal Torture."

He surveyed his handiwork, the drawing of which had now increased the crowd to something more than twenty people—twenty people of as different sorts as it is possible to conceive. It seemed incredible that out of twenty people each one of them should appear as a distinct human type, with no duplicates whatever. And yet it was true. There was a dapper youth with a striped silk shirt. There was a very old Jew, with a filthy beard and small, intense eyes. There was an office boy in white knickerbockers, with a pencil stuck rakishly behind his ear. And there were several young women who were quite different from each other too, except in one respect: They were all eating candy.

He brushed the chalk dust from his hands, and for the first time seemed aware of the people standing about him. He smiled, a very friendly smile that went quickly, and his eyes once more began to glisten with a sharp, suppressed excitement.

"Now, my friends—" He closed the Bible and thrust it into his pocket. "Now, my good friends, I want to have a little talk with you about the most important thing on earth: your immortal souls. You know, we sometimes forget about our souls, rushing around the way we do, thinking about that job we want, and that girl we think is pretty, and that

fellow who is trying to get the best of us. I know. Just because I am a minister of God, just because I have heard the divine call to come out and spread the Gospel of Salvation, is no reason why I should be different from everybody else. I have had temptations, too, to forget about God and go dollar-chasing.

"Do you think I am doing this just to earn my living? No! I could be a millionaire, if I wanted to. I could be rich, if I wanted to forget God and spend my days toiling after money. But God is more important to me than worldly riches and worldly pleasures. God is life! And the Devil is death!

"Listen to me!" His voice suddenly grew violent and more than a little angry. "Listen to me, I say! There is no halfway measures about this business. You are either going to God or you are going to the Devil. You have got to go to one or the other, and you had better make up your minds now. Go on like you have been doing. Go on chasing dollars. Go on running after worldly pleasures. And you'll go to the Devil just as sure as you are living this moment.

"Turn away from me now. Deafen your ears to me and walk on down the street. It will seem that you are just walking down to Broadway there. But you are walking somewhere else, too. You are walking into the arms of the Devil, who is waiting to receive you with fire and horrible torture.

"I don't see anybody leaving! No, you are awake now, aren't you? You don't want to walk down to Broadway and have the Devil touch you on the shoulder, do you?"

The messenger boy shuffled uneasily, and looked toward Broadway. His eyes fell, then, to the packet of telegrams in his hand.

"Listen to me! You can't get to heaven by just sitting around and patting yourself on the shoulder and saying, 'I'm a good fellow.' The Devil is looking for good fellows, and there are a lot of them burning in hell right this minute. No, that isn't the way. The only way to get into heaven is to work every foot of the journey, with no other thought in your mind but the destiny of your eternal soul.

"You must think of God the moment that you rise up in the morning. You must think of God all day, every minute of every day. And you must pray often for God's pity upon your sinful soul. Live with God, my friends! It is the only way to save yourselves from tortures that are so terrible that you can't even imagine them.

"Do you ever think about hell?" He leaned down with a sudden movement and in the lower half of his circle wrote the word "Fire." "There is fire in hell, fire that will be burning when this old wicked world is blown to dust, when all the stars have stopped shining and all the universe is just one black space. It will burn your bodies, and never destroy them, and

you will wail for help, but no help will come. God forgets the man who goes to hell!"

He wrote another word in the circle: "Thirst." "There never has been a drop of water in hell, and there never will be. You will roll in the endless flames and moan for water, just one drop of water. And nobody will hear you. Your tongue will hang out, black and dry as a cinder. And the Devil will come around and ladle out melted lead to pour over it."

The traffic booming along the street nearly drowned his voice, and he repeated his last period, elaborating upon the horror of hell's thirst while his eyes shone with an augmented glitter. He reached down with his chalk and wrote again: "Torture."

"Yes!" he shouted. "Torture! A thousand devils driving red-hot irons into your screaming flesh! And never getting tired of it. Every day—day after day—with never an end. That is hell! That is where you are headed, every one of you, because you are too busy to take a little time off for God.

"But God loves you, even if you are not worth it. 'After whom is the King of Israel come out? After whom dost thou pursue? after a dead dog, after a flea.'

"You are fleas and dead dogs in the sight of God, but he loves you still. And he comes out after you. He sends me out after you, to tell you the way to heaven. Give up your sinfulness. Come into the

fold, where God will smile on you and you will shine in his great light.

"Ah, it is a wicked world, a foul world that is a stench in the nose of God. Join with me, my friends, and make it a better place. Make it give up its devilish ways and think only of God. And you will be happier than you ever knew. As happy as I am! And nobody is happier than I am. I know. . . . My clothes are not in the latest style. I don't wear silk shirts—" He glanced harshly at the dapper young man. "I haven't got a big bank account. But I am the happiest man on earth because I live in the glory of God.

"You can be happy too, happy as I am. But you must work with all your souls to do it."

He opened the Bible, and thrust it out under the faces of those who were closest to him.

"If there are any who would like to contribute to the spreading of God's word, it will be gratefully received," he said.

Small coins dropped reluctantly, a penny here, a nickel, a dime. The crowd dispersed instantly. They turned away and were scattered among the moving throng, and he was standing alone, his face red, mopping his head with a handkerchief.

The messenger boy was one of the first to leave. He turned away sharply and marched off toward Broadway, examining the addresses on the telegrams that he carried.

A Yankee Holiday

Perhaps you feel contemptuous toward professional baseball. The game is a delightful thing, you may remark, to hold as a sentimental memory along with boyish pranks and the old swimming hole.

But the prospect of sitting still among a large crowd of people and watching experts perform for money appears as something less than fascinating. Another enterprise of the Babbitts, you will say, cursed by its profits. You will proceed to make a scornful case against professional baseball—but I am afraid your case would not be sound.

On a brilliant Sunday afternoon not long ago, I went out to the Yankee Stadium to watch the New York team play against Detroit. Generally, when I find myself in a comfortable seat in that immense enclosure, I am not vastly concerned whether they ever begin the game or not. I find a place in the full sunshine and let my eyes rove between the dazzling green of the outfield and the majestic sweep of the stand itself: watching the crowds with their commonplace, eager faces, and following the long, curving flight of a hard-hit ball.

I like my seat in the sun, and it is doubly pleasant

because there is no crush of people in my immediate vicinity. In the shaded sections of the stand, of course, you will find the enthusiasts packing themselves into the very aisles. New Yorkers, you see, have no inherent feeling for the sun. Their whole impulse is to avoid it. It does not mean to them a beneficent God who makes flowers bloom or draws bread out of long, brown furrows, but merely an unavoidable phenomenon that turns milk sour on the doorstep and increases the rate of sudden deaths during July and August.

These idle speculations, as I say, are usually amusement enough to occupy the afternoon. But on this particular day I found a sharp interest in the contest itself. For on the Detroit team there is a player named Cobb, and on the New York team one named Ruth. These individuals share, almost equally, a fame that is identified not only with superior talent but with a definite dramatic power. It would be interesting to see them opposed.

But before the game started, I was conducted by a friend to the bench where the players sit. We met a number of pleasant, brown-faced youths, and sat chatting with them for a time. And as we talked with these lads, watching their bright, eager eyes and listening to their earnest voices, I reflected upon the notion, held by not a few wise critics, that baseball players are concerned only with the money they make. It seemed a singular idea.

Of course they are paid for playing. The world

has always paid the fellows who amused it, whether they were poets or painters or gladiators or clowns.

Money is simply another tangible manifestation of applause. The payment of a salary, whether big or little, could have precious little effect, I thought, upon the native fervor of these young men for conflict, for playing a game that is to them both pleasant and exciting.

I asked one of our new acquaintances why it was that baseball players had never formed an effective union as, for instance, the actors have.

He laughed. "Hell!" he said. "This ain't a coal mine: it's a ball yard. It would be a lot of satisfaction, now wouldn't it, to sit down and read over your union card after you'd struck out in the ninth with the bases full?"

Another in the group was a recruit pitcher. And he disclosed that he was in a position to astound the world if he were only given a chance. For three years, he confessed, he has occupied pleasant days on his father's southern farm with pitching to his brother behind the barn. The result is a perfection of that deceitful curve invented by Christy Mathewson and called the fadeaway. Of course he had not cared to waste this marvel upon the minor-league batters to whom he had pitched during the last three summers. But now that he was in fast company, he was ready to cut loose.

In case you would like to inspect the result of those three years' rehearsal behind the barn, visit

the Stadium some afternoon when a young man named Braxton is pitching for New York. He is quite determined that you shall not be disappointed.

The game began. And only a citizen blessed with the most urbane indifference could have restrained his excitement, as it progressed from inning to inning. Very few of the thousands who were watching seemed concerned over the outcome. Whether they reached their conclusion by philosophy or by instinct, they made it plain that their interest was in the striving after victory, not in victory itself. And I have rarely seen such desperate striving after anything as those eighteen players displayed under the bright sun. They fortified a refreshing axiom of humanity, that man always gives his most heartbreaking efforts to matters which are of the most trivial importance—the fighting of battles, the confusion of enemies, the winning of baseball games.

Entirely apart from the game itself, there was a minor conflict, apparent every moment, between Cobb and Ruth. It was a very pretty thing to watch, and full of drama, too. A baseball field is perhaps the most difficult place on earth for one individual to appear glamorous and personally dramatic. He is surrounded by seventeen other individuals, dressed much the same way. They are performing the same movements that he performs, and nobody is concerned with providing a setting for one particular star. Everybody wants to be a star himself. On the stage, the chief actor always wears the best clothes.

He has the best lines to recite. And he has a whole flock of minor players who subdue themselves that his brilliance may be highly contrastful. A matador in a bull ring has time for posing, and the beast which he fights is distasteful to the throng.

But on this baseball field, with no trappings to aid them, I assure you that Mr. Ruth and Mr. Cobb became personally, and quite irresistibly, compelling and dramatic. Ruth came to bat. There was a man or two on base and the score was close. At first there was a throaty cheer from the multitude, but after a moment, as he stood there motionless at the plate, his bat poised at his shoulder, a dead hush fell. The air seemed to tighten, as if under some pressure which threatened to release itself in a moment with a terrific explosion. The outfielders drifted casually back against the fences. The pitcher glanced around to see that all was well. Even the peanut vendors paused in their shouting, and turned to watch.

Well, the pitcher gave Mr. Ruth his base on balls. The giant of a fellow trotted angrily down to first base, and stood there, glowering toward a laughing figure in center field. You see. The base on balls might have been an anticlimax except that Mr. Cobb had ordered it deliberately, just to confuse his opponent. The crowd saw Cobb laugh, and understood, and laughed too.

The next inning, Cobb came to bat. He is a merry figure at the plate, unlike the brooding Ruth. For

he is getting old, and he would not play at all but for the fun of moments like this. The hush fell again, except for one or two mocking cries that floated down to the batsman from the bleachers. He had placed himself in a position, you see, where he must perform well or make himself ridiculous.

And he performed well enough to bring the throng to its feet roaring with laughter and with cheers. For he swung at the first ball pitched and drove it in a long, lifting flight, fairly into the bleachers. It was a home run. And it had landed in the very spot where Mr. Ruth himself is wont to knock home runs. Cobb laughed, and gestured derisively as he loped around the bases. And a moment later, still derisive, he acknowledged the cheers by striking an absurd attitude and lifting his cap to display his bald spot.

I don't remember who won. It doesn't make any difference. But I had spent an afternoon in the sunshine, with bright green grass to soothe my eyes. I had been excited, too, and vastly amused. I had seen a game which is not without its esthetic qualities when well performed. And I had observed the spectacle of 55,000 people transformed from money-grubbing human animals, with bills to meet and bosses to please, into a holiday throng, with laughter in their voices and contentment in their eyes. For these things, I grow enthusiastic over professional baseball.

Munsey, the Journalist

The death of Frank A. Munsey set quite a problem before the editors of the better half of our daily press. Their knowledge of the man, the deep personal feeling engendered by such knowledge, and their own intrinsic honesty prevented them from heaping upon his name the encomiums that are customary in the case of death.

They compromised with an evasion. They did not say that Munsey was good or bad. They contented themselves, for the most part, with a rehearsal of his dramatic and Algeresque acquisition of immense power, and refrained from writing down their conclusions regarding his use of that power once acquired. In feeble apology for this squeamishness, one or two left the matter, with the familiar platitudes, in the hands of time.

On the very night of Munsey's death, however, I chanced to fall in with a group of these editors, fresh from the writing of their formal epitaphs. Released from the inhibiting exactions of printed words, they talked freely of him, of his strange personality, his incredible performance as a newspaper man. Towards the end of their discourse—which

touched hardly at all upon the loneliness and occasional wistfulness of Munsey, and never upon his activities as banker or hotel owner or stock trader—it was easily to be discerned that he aroused the bitterest animosities of any man who ever engaged in the business of printing news and opinions.

He was intensely disliked by the men who worked for him and whom he rewarded with such shoddy recompense. But that is a narrow field of bitterness in comparison with the prodigality of his sowing among men who look, with understanding eyes and not without devotion, upon the expansive profession of journalism.

Nobody, one decides, knew him intimately. His friends were always excessively polite friends. Nobody knew just what went on behind that austere and always gentlemanly exterior. So judgment of him, by men disposed to pass such judgment, must proceed from his actions—the tangible manifestations of his personality—rather than from any projection into the motives that lay behind them.

Naturally, his actions toward persons are more often recounted than his actions towards theories, or towards such an imponderable thing as a profession. They bit deeper, and they provide explanation enough of the more intimate animosities which he left behind. He had not owned the *Herald* a month, for illustration, before he began to reveal his attitude toward his men. One night he came into the editorial room during the excited hour just

before press time. Among the copy editors he observed three grey-haired men. Without inquiring their names, their value to the paper, or the extent of their service in the organization, he gave instructions that they be dismissed forthwith. They were too old, he said, in brief explanation.

Within a few weeks, he visited the *Herald* office again at night. His eye fell upon a youthful man, occupying an editor's chair.

"Who is that?" he inquired. And when told that the man was the night city editor, he said: "Remove him, please, at once. He is much too young."

Similar unhappiness befell three left-handed men in the office of the Washington *Times*, during the period of Munsey's ownership—three luckless fellows who, swayed by the gentle smile that accompanied their employer's interrogation, readily admitted their eccentricity. And his peremptory order that all fat men, being inefficient and probably lazy, be expelled from the *Sun* staff, cost four copy editors their jobs.

So much for his contacts with the lower ranks. His dealings with editors were only slightly different—less blunt, perhaps, but hardly less cold. When he sold the *Herald* into its merger with the *Tribune*, the arrangements were completed without consulting the *Herald's* veteran managing editor, Charles Lincoln. On the last night of the *Herald's* life, Lincoln had been given no hint that the paper had been sold. He prepared his front page as usual.

But a few moments before the presses began to run, he was handed a formal statement, with orders that it be set into large type and printed on the first page. That was the statement announcing to the paper's readers that it had ceased, with that issue, to exist.

Munsey asked Lincoln to remain with him, and take charge of the *Telegram*, which he owned. Lincoln declined. "I have regretted every moment that I worked for you," he said. "And I have no intention of continuing such a distasteful association."

Before Munsey disposed of the *Herald*, however he was partner to another incident which has a significant bearing on his character.

It was his custom to invite to his frequent receptions at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel one or two of the executives of his papers. On this night, it was an editorial writer of the *Herald* who was so honored. The affair was uneventful until the first copies of next morning's edition were delivered to the Munsey apartment. He glanced first at the editorial page and came upon an article written by his employee-guest which manifestly displeased him. He at once approached the latter.

"You will please tell me at once," he said, while the guests listened, "what you mean by this ridiculous article."

"At this moment," replied the editorial writer,

"I cannot explain the matter in detail. Neither can I remain longer as your guest or your employee."

The next day, Munsey wrote an abject letter of apology, urging the man to reconsider and come back to work. He received a curt note of refusal. Whereupon he repeated his regrets for his conduct, and inclosed in the second note a check for $10,000.

It is possible that this incident reveals a generous streak in the late publisher, a streak which he confessed in his autobiography had been ground out of him by the rigors of his struggle. It may have grown from a paradoxical recrudescence of the sentimentality he possessed in the days when he wrote the "Boy Broker." On the other hand, it may be observed that he spent most of his life striving to be the perfect gentleman and, knowing that he had been deplorably boorish in offending his guest, sought to relieve his conscience of this lapse in manners by sending off the check.

But these violent whimsies, this scornful despotism over the destinies of a few men, however devastating they may have been to individuals suddenly reft of their living, were not of immense or lasting importance. The hatreds that grew from it were sired by hot anger, and therefore of no certain stamina.

On the contrary, the enmity felt toward Munsey by his peers: the owners and editors of papers, was a cooler emotion. They were contemptuous of this man who drained the fine, mad blood from every

edge of journalism that he touched, reduced the trade of editor to that of shop keeper, reduced the fury and rapture, the fleeting victories and magnificent errors of the press to a spiritless economic problem. Men of creative energy themselves, they could feel only scorn for an editor who had no part in the line of Dana and Bennett and Pulitzer and Ochs, and yet who gained a power far exceeding theirs.

His zest was for trading, for the shrewd turning of profits and for that preposterous blight to imaginative thinking called efficiency. He loved money for itself, if his occasional ostentatious showing of bankbooks listing huge figures may be viewed as a token of that emotion. His dream was to dominate men economically, not by intellect or the powerful expression of an idea.

During his whirl through the journalism of New York City his sole notion was to lay a sound commercial base for that journalism. And events quickly proceeded to demonstrate that even in that earthy ideal, he had a faulty line of reason. It was his postulate that New York had too many newspapers, which prevented some of them from making money. The only excuse for the existence of a newspaper, in his estimation, was its potentiality as a profit winner. So he proceeded to prune down the growth.

He killed the *Globe,* the *Mail* and the *Herald*—three newspapers. With the field reduced so much, he calculated, all the rest might earn handsomely.

Yet, hardly had he put away his pruning knife before three new papers had sprouted: the *Mirror*, the *Graphic*, and the *Bulletin*.

Two, at least, of these have prospered. Prospered, that is, in Munsey's sense. He was incapable of regret that the *Globe* and *Herald* had died to make way for the *Graphic* and *Mirror*.

Of all his bartering, the only case in which he profited was the *Sun*. That paper earned $1,500,000 last year. And, for some quaint reason—perhaps because New York simply demanded an intelligent afternoon newspaper once the *Globe* was gone—he did not blight that property with his philosophy of materialism. It is his one achievement which does not draw the scorn of his fellows in the trade. Its success alone saved his newspaper career from being a great financial failure.

The dreams and labors of five thousand men made Bennett's *Herald* what it was. It was the old *Herald* that engaged upon such wild adventures as the sending of a reporter into the heart of Africa, or the despatch of an exploring expedition into the Arctic seas. And these ventures not only made romantic reading for the paper's circulation. They impressed a glamour upon the paper itself, gave it a personality as tangible and vivid as the personality of the most robust humans, a splendid pride and nervous life.

Munsey killed first the pride and then the life of the *Herald*. His manner in the latter action ex-

plains clearly his feeling and intention toward all of journalism. The *Herald* and the *Tribune* were prospering. But Munsey saw a chance, by merging them, to bring about another of his economic coups. He was not hungry, personally, for the resulting profits. He was old; he had great quantities of money; he had no direct heirs to enrich with legacies. But he was ready to kill off either of these papers to establish one more profitable business. He offered either to sell his paper or buy the *Tribune*.

He had no compunctions, in that case, and no hunger for ownership. He simply wanted to take another gigantic trick.

Such was his whole interest in the bartering of newspapers. It cannot even be said of him that he killed papers because they opposed doctrines that he burned to spread. There was no such gusto about him. He owned them, procured them, or cut them down on the same principle as that which governed his management of the chain of grocery stores that he owned in New England. In the latter business, it was his infallible rule to close the store which did not produce $100 of net profits by each Saturday night.

As it fell out, he made no money from his juggling of papers. His losses, on the contrary, were in sharp contrast to the gains, neat but not gaudy, which his grocery stores handed him each week. Which perhaps justifies the conclusion that he was a greengrocer, cast by chance into the newspaper business.

He broke men and he broke high-hearted enterprises. And his only contributions to journalism were a timidity in the face of truth, a dulling of imaginative vigor, an equivocating want of spirit, and a subservience to the stalest ideals of the mediocre. New York being what it is, this heritage will soon be spent and a more worthy practice will supplant it. But the worst of Munsey's influence is upon the press of the hither country which, slow to change or to cast off old designs, will persist for a painful time to follow his creed of commercialism, and self-satisfaction, and narrow dreams, and exaltation of the commonplace.

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Gold

The last steel door swung open on its massive bearings and there we were: Ninety feet beneath the counting rooms of the Federal Reserve Bank in Liberty Street, face to face with half the yellow gold of all the world. Across a moat of still black water it lay, floating on a motionless caisson: neat piles of glistening bars, heavy, smooth and quite beautiful.

On the way down the long marble stairways and through the brightly illumined passages, our escort had chattered amiably of billions, two billions or ten—something—some succession of syllables which aroused merely the image of a figure with a file of ciphers after it. The words, the figures, were meaningless and trivial from where we stood now, in a low, steel-walled room, too large to be called a vault, as long as it was wide and with blazing lights clustered in the ceiling. The water which lay between us and the treasure flowed sluggishly. It was there, we were told, for protection. Thieves, allowing that they might bore through the steel, would be met by a flood impossible to stem or pass.

And there it was, the ponderable treasure that somehow made huge figures seem no longer beyond

the power of conception, and somehow was breath taking. Slowly, with a suggestion of hypnotic power, it began to take hold of us: lifeless, dense, glittering beneath the many lights, it began to reach out and touch the imagination—not with a sudden shock, but with a gradual, overwhelming insistence. Half the gold in the world. Not stuff that was made in a factory yesterday. Not a symbol. But the metal itself, the eternal, changeless element, mined up out of the hardened mud through the centuries.

Gold that Solomon mined was here, its identity lost forever as it melted, mixed and cooled with the gold of Egypt and the Indies. Somewhere, in all that never changing mass, was Persian gold and gold from China—gold that once had been beaten to a pretty ring for the ear of a Tartan girl; and perhaps, somewhere among those bars, one of the twelve ringing pieces that was the price of Joseph's slavery; dull gold that an Aztec boy once wrought to a soft circle for the arm of an Aztec girl, and gold once the goblet of a Roman emperor.

". . . gold and frankincense and myrrh." Perhaps some of that gold, too, was before our eyes now. "Gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks."

Dynamic urge of life, tonic power transmuting men's dreams to men's activities. Dreaming of a handful of this gleaming stuff before our eyes, men had made war, pressed through to dark crimes, and bitter deaths—savage hatreds, and sometimes noble ends. Alexandria dead because of surfeit of it: and

nowadays the Western world dominant because of shrewd use of such a surfeit. Civilization marching—with this its tool and flag.

A trollop ambling down the street: a broker peering at a thin paper tape: a grimy giant swinging a pick in a hole deep underground: a million men harvesting wheat in a field: a field gun crashing from a pit in northern Africa: and gold, this very gold, the end of all these curious antics.

They changed the guards. Twenty dingy-coated men gave place to twenty others, and a retired Colonel of Marines reiterated the simple orders he speaks three times in every day. We drifted out, and the door clanged.

When we reached the street, the sunshine seemed pale and colorless and thin, golden only by indulgent compromise. A little way along, a ragged man shuffled across the sidewalk.

"'Scuse, Mister," he mumbled, "two bits for a soup and a flop?"

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Adventure in Phrenology

With one foot actually inside the elevator, misgivings suddenly fell upon me and I was seized with a violent inclination to bow hastily to my companion, mutter something about a forgotten engagement, and escape through the street door in a headlong dash. For I am assailed with a peculiarly Methodist uneasiness in approaching the occult. Even vaudeville magicians affect me unpleasantly. There is always the lurking fear that I shall not be quick enough to detect their mechanical devices, in which case I should never be able to shake off the horrible notion that perhaps no such devices were actually employed. Table-tapping distills a cold sweat upon my brow.

I had started out upon this adventure because I believed, at the outset, that my companion was making sport of me. When he remarked that the science of phrenology had not been abandoned, that it was, instead, currently practiced by a number of devout adherents, I chid him for reading too many of the tales about the mauve decade. He grew indignant,

the talk ended in a challenge for him to produce his phrenologist—and here I was, stepping into an elevator.

The neighborhood was slightly encouraging. I had expected, I think, to be led into nothing more elaborate than a gypsy's scarlet tent and had even suggested that we might carry a weapon of some sort. But our taxi had drawn up in Forty-fourth Street, just a step or two from Fifth Avenue. And although the lobby of the building was empty with that queer, echoing emptiness which comes upon office buildings after twilight, it was somewhat reassuring to remember that only a few hours before the place had been filled with a noisy throng.

The dynamo whirred, and the elevator slipped upward. Its door opened again at the ninth floor—and all my misgivings vanished in an instant. If I had looked forward miserably to the dark, sweet smell of incense, the hushed clamor of oriental gongs, and the stalking presence of lean, oily men who whispered remotely as they pawed my skull, then here was a scene to make my fancies thoroughly ridiculous. There was a clamor in the corridor, it is true. But it was entirely forthright and jovial. Young men and old men greeted each other familiarly, moving along the floor with merry smiles and outstretched hands faintly reminiscent of the Kiwanis Club membership, gathered for the Tuesday luncheon.

Presently I found myself in a corner, listening to

the swift talk of a paunchy fellow with horn-rimmed spectacles to whom I had been introduced as a visitor.

"My friend," he was saying, "you may prepare yourself for a revelation. Now don't think you're going to see any black magic, or any of the stuff they feed you in the fortune tellers' tents at the circus. This science of ours is devoted to the improvement of American business, through the improvement of vocational selection. Look here!" He shoved out a pamphlet which proved that the presidents and treasurers of a hundred great corporations held the Merton Institute of Scientific Vocational Guidance in high repute. The names were impressive. It was a profound shock to learn that American commerce approved of phrenology.

I inquired whether the gentlemen milling about us had come to him this evening for inspection of their skulls. He laughed indulgently. "Ah, no, indeed. These are our students. This is the Thursday night class, do you see? These men are training themselves as experts in vocational guidance. They will be employment experts and personnel efficiency experts in the biggest corporations in this country when they have mastered our system and received their diplomas." A bell clattered. "There!" he exclaimed. "The class is beginning."

Following the students I passed into a large room, lighted by a score of dazzling electric bulbs. The folding chairs were arranged in rising tiers and

faced the platform. Behind the platform was a blackboard, and on each side of it stood racks containing charts of the human head; immense drawings in the most astonishing colors, cut by black lines into segments that bore mysterious symbols. Fairly in the middle of the platform was a high-backed chair, riveted fast to the floor. And arranged so that they would play upon the chair were powerful, shielded lights, as yet unlighted.

From my obscure rear seat, I glanced about at these men who would be happily engaged, before long, in directing the careers of that great stream of workers who pour up unceasingly into commerce, pleading to be shown the tasks for which they are most perfectly suited. And I thought: How little may one judge from appearances! For most of them seemed to be just ordinary boys and men, the faintly shabby sort whom one sees bending over great ledgers in banks, or making up statistics in insurance offices, or selling vacuum cleaners to kind ladies standing in their doorways. How stirring it was to think that with a little more study of these charts they could simply look at a fellow creature and tell at once whether he should devote himself to the trade of doctor, or lawyer, or beggar, or thief—butcher, or baker, or candlestick maker!

The gentleman who had explained matters to me was mounting the platform, smiling hospitably.

"I'm glad to see such a full class tonight," he began with quiet pleasure. "I see a number of be-

ginners among you. And I have asked Dr. Merton to take my place a few moments, and for the benefit of newcomers outline briefly the purposes of the course."

A tall, languid man stepped upon the platform. He explained in a tired, diffident voice that his discoveries concerning the science of character reading which he had developed grew from the analysis of several hundred thousand individuals and as many more photographs of famous and infamous humans. These tests, he said, had convinced him that certain cranial and facial peculiarities were invariably identified with certain peculiarities of character. Everybody knew that a man with a protruding jaw was pugnacious. But that was a broad and obvious instance. His concern was with the nuances of cranial contour: the faint differences which disclosed hidden qualities. To the student who learned to perceive these nuances accurately the character of his subject was an open book. The knowledge was invaluable to employment experts, seeking the proper vocation for applicants.

The students listened, rapt, until he had done. But before he could escape from the platform, the paunchy gentleman halted him. "I'm just wondering," he observed, "if we could induce Dr. Merton to give us a reading. We'll select a subject, doctor, if you will." The tall man nodded, lost in some preoccupation of his own. And presently a member of the class was led to the chair on the platform. The

spotlights were turned on his face and Dr. Merton moved toward him.

"Hum, yes," he mused. "Observing this slight variation of contour"—he touched a spot on the student's head—"I should say that our subject is kind-hearted. He would hardly do for the boss of a section gang. And there, the slight swelling of the brows: I read that as a definite visual talent. Perhaps he is an artist, or would do well as a window dresser, scenic designer. Now here—where my finger is. Suppose you tell me what you learn from this."

A dozen or so of the more advanced students nodded eagerly, one of them half rising from his seat. His bid was accepted, and after clearing his throat he said gravely: "The point indicates synthesis. The subject arrives at his conclusions by cool logic and is rarely impulsive. I would propose that he become a surgeon. His visual sense would be valuable there, too."

The doctor's lieutenant nodded amiably, turning a brief, triumphant glance toward his superior. The subject, too, was smiling. He had often thought, he confessed, that he would make a good surgeon. At present he was employed in a bank. It was very remarkable how aptly they had caught his salient characteristics, he said.

After that, there were mass exercises. They went over the areas in chorus. Pointing with a long stick to the brow of the skull drawn on a chart, the instruc-

tor called out: "Lower forehead!" And the answer would come in a chanted cadence: "Visual Perception, Physical Energy, Ethical Integrity!"

Perhaps I am not giving the answers quite correctly. It was rather confusing, there were so many segments of the skull and so many characteristics. And after all, I was only a beginner.

Toward the end of the lesson, the instructor delivered a short inspirational talk. He pointed out the huge benefits of thorough study of the science, and abjured reference to it by the term "phrenology." As an example of what might be done by an expert, he related a little story. A gentleman from Philadelphia, he said, who had engaged the advice of the Institute more than once on vocational problems connected with his vast corporation, had finally decided that the difficulties involved in the rearing of his youthful son might be considerably lessened by a consultation. The boy was brought to New York. After a ten-minute reading, a member of the faculty had perceived that the lad was wasting his time and breaking his heart in the commonplace life that he led. He was equipped with remarkable musical talents.

"Money being no deterrent in the case of this corporation president," concluded the instructor, "the boy was at once sent to a musical school. He is now studying abroad and promises to be a very successful violinist."

It was two days later that an idle stroll took me

along Third Avenue. My thoughts were still with that remarkable evening, and I felt a curious pity for these poor, unenlightened humans, plodding along at distasteful tasks when unsuspected talents were positively shining from planes and curves and depressions in their skulls. Presently, I came to a small, forbidding doorway which opened beside a dimly lighted show-window. The place, plainly, was a deserted store. But in the window was a raveled canvas sheet, painted over with the figure of a human head, the lines and brilliant colors of which resembled strikingly the charts I had seen at the Institute. As I peered through, a burly fellow, somewhat unsteady on his legs and with eyes that were unmistakably bleary, came out through the doorway into the street.

He caught my arm. "Great little guy in there, kiddo. Looka here!" He clawed at his hat until it came off. "Bump here, see? Know what 'at means? Means I'm gonna be a big guy, see? Banker. 'At's me. Big banker—" And he lurched off down the street.

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Day In Court

There was a rap at the door, and the clerk buttoned up his dingy coat, calling out monotonously above the heads that crowded against each other in the long, colorless benches: "All rise. His Honor the Magistrate." Feet shuffled, and the throng stood up, staring toward the bench with its hard angles or lifting their faces bleakly to the ceiling far above. There was a swishing of silk robes at the doorway and Magistrate Corrigan moved swiftly to his seat. His gavel banged.

A few minutes were occupied, at the beginning of court, with the hearing of applications for summonses. Eager and indignant women leaned forward, explaining in confidential tones, while all the crowd listened intently, why they wanted orders that would hale their errant husbands or their errant lovers before the bar of justice. Some of them were successful and some were not. And presently they had gone. The first case was called.

"Mary Phillips versus Josephine Burns," the clerk intoned, and two women advanced from opposite sides of the room, standing together shoulder to shoulder before the bar. A policeman in plain

clothes, and his badge hanging from his lapel, edged his way between them.

"Which is Mary Phillips?" asked the clerk sharply. The little red-faced woman on the left lifted her hand. Mrs. Burns was middle-aged and sorrowful. She wore a flimsy silk dress and no hat. She turned her head disapprovingly as Mrs. Phillips began her story. It seemed that Mrs. Phillips had a large apartment which she ran as a rooming house, and that Mrs. Burns was one of her tenants.

"And last night," she went on, her voice strengthening at the picture of the Magistrate leaning forward to catch her words, "last night she made it so hot for me I had to get right out of my own house. She's been drunk since Saturday, breaking up all the whisky bottles and pictures she could find, and just raising Cain. She hollered out of the window that murder was going on up there—you see, I wasn't home then—and when the neighbors came running she wouldn't let them in. Said the police had left her there in charge and nobody would be allowed.

"Why, Your Honor, all my other tenants are scared to death of her. And I'm scared too. I've

got heart trouble, and I can't have her around scaring me like that. Oh, it's just terrible."

The Magistrate nodded. He asked if Mrs. Burns had anything to say for herself. Indeed she had, a great deal! And she mounted the witness stand with a flourish.

"You see, Your Honor, I had two canary birds, and Saturday night they got sick. Naturally I was all upset, and somebody told me that a drop or two of whisky in water would make them well. It just upset me to see the poor little things suffer like that, and I went out and got the whisky.

"Well, I tried to lay down and go to sleep, but there was talking in the next room—a man and a woman, like—you know—I ain't making any accusations now. But I began to feel uneasy, upset as I was anyway about the birds, Your Honor, and so I went down and began talking to the cop on the beat."

Mrs. Phillips interrupted: "Yes, and she blamed us with killing the canary birds, too."

Mrs. Burns leaned forward, whispering: "Now, Your Honor, that's just a lie."

The policeman told his story. There was nothing very conclusive in it. And the Magistrate waved his hand with a gesture of dismissal. How soon could Mrs. Burns get out of Mrs. Phillips's apartment?

"By one o'clock," Mrs. Burns estimated, after a long glance at the clock. And Mrs. Phillips nodded

with satisfaction as the two of them turned away and trooped out of the room. Back into their private lives they went after their brief flight as public figures: creatures with problems to enlist the slow mechanism of justice. And the clerk's voice began droning again.

"Bertha Baumann versus Otto Reiberg."

Lawyers and friends accompanied this pair to the bar, and the District Attorney leaned forward to explain the facts of the case. Bertha was seventeen, he said, and in a few more months would be a mother. Otto was forty-six, a married man with two daughters. The charge was statutory rape.

There was a long chain of circumstances, set forth in Bertha's affidavit. Otto followed her one night, she deposed, and after inviting her into his taxicab practically poured a drink of liquor down her throat. He took her to a speakeasy on the promise of a real German dinner, and gave her several more drinks, after which her memory was a blank. But the District Attorney whispered to the Magistrate with deep concern. The speakeasy was torn down, and all the witnesses gone. There was no corroboration of the girl's story, and there didn't seem to be any case, he confessed.

The Magistrate recommended that another charge be filed, disregarding the rape and accusing the man simply as father of the unborn child. The District Attorney agreed. The lady from the Florence Crittenden Home, who had the girl in charge, agreed,

and the whole party drifted off to some other court. Neither Bertha nor Otto had been called upon to speak a word concerning this plight which affected nobody on earth so much as themselves.

A frightful old hag, come alive out of a Cruikshank picture, tottered up to the bench. Spasms were shooting over her frail, ancient body, and under her right eye there was a blotch of purple. The officer with her said she was drunk. As far as her trembling would allow it, she denied the charge. But she was almost inarticulate, and the Magistrate waved her off. Let her cool off for another twenty-four hours, he suggested, and perhaps they could understand what she was trying to say.

A little old Irishwoman, bobbing in a peasant curtsy and touching the brim of her little black hat in a gesture of servility with every word from the Magistrate, took her ten-dollar fine for creating a disturbance without a murmur and hobbled out.

Another woman followed her. She was a bizarre creature, not so old as she looked, perhaps, wearing a man's gray tweed coat and a man's cap to match. Her eye, too, had been marked by a well swung fist. But she was depressingly sober now, and full of terror at the prospect of a sentence to the workhouse.

"I found her sitting on a bench in that little park down by the docks," said the cop, "and she was pickled enough to refuse to move on. I tried to make her go home, but she wouldn't."

"Oh, Your Honor! Oh, Your Honor! It was this way, Your Honor. You see, my sister come home last night and beat me up. She was soused. But honest, Judge, I was cold sober. I seen she wasn't going to let me have no peace, so I beat it, and sat down on that bench."

"It was pouring down rain," suggested the officer.

"Yeah, sure, Judge. It certainly was raining. And there was a man friend of mine, you know, Judge. Mr. Jennings, his name is. And I was just sitting there waiting for him. He was going to get my clothes, see? I know I look like a bum in this outfit, but honest, Judge, I was just waiting for that Jennings guy to show up with my clothes. I was cold sober. I never have been so sober! That's just the way it was, Judge."

The cop laughed, and the Magistrate laughed, and they let her go.

There were nearly a hundred cases in all. And from the mass of them I sought some meaning, some cadence that might provide a hint concerning the movement of life among these obscure people. But they were wholly meaningless—almost wholly trivial. It was simply so much stuff thrown up out of the monotone of living: so many people unable to solve their little puzzles for themselves, coming into court to have them solved by rule of thumb. The spectacle was sordid, and stupid, and more than a little dull. It was pleasant to find that court adjourned at one o'clock.

East Side

Mulberry Bend, set down simply, so, is a charming name. Its sound brings pleasant scenes alive—perhaps a bird or two. But Mulberry Bend is not a charming place. It is a long curve of a street, with a concrete-surfaced park filling the inner arc, and with the squat tower of the Tombs prison showing suggestively past the low buildings in the background. Its only birds are tough ones. At its lower end there is a new municipal building made of brick, which stands on the ground once occupied by the saloons where foregathered the members, in good standing, of the Five Points gang. And from one point on its narrow sidewalk may be observed the spot where four men were murdered, the doorway whence successive gang leaders kept an eye on things, and the window of the room lately occupied by Chuck Connors, the Mayor of Chinatown.

Along the edge of the arc—that is to say, across the street from the iron palings which set off the park space—there are low buildings. One may enter here, for example, and have a tiny cup of coffee, laced with a still tinier glass of a foul liquid they call anisette. Or one may enter there, next door, and watch a poisonous tomato pie, paper thin, made

under his very eyes. One is supposed to eat it—pride of the chef, and so on. But there remains the evasion of putting a nickel in the automatic piano, and becoming so absorbed with music that the loss of appetite is pardonable.

Follow the curve of Mulberry Bend long enough, however, and it will straighten out into the narrow canyon of Mulberry Street. Cross Broome Street, one or two others, Kenmare Street, and you will come at last to a corner drugstore. It is very gay, with electric bulbs shining behind globes of colored water, red and green. But you will not want to waste much time on the drugstore. From the street at the very side of its entrance, a steep flight of stairs leads downwards. There are no lights to guide the way, no lights at the bottom to reveal that scenes of revelry are going forward there. But one, perhaps, has been told. . . .

In the cellar is Kid Corley's Sawdust Inn. Its doors are locked, but Jimmy (who has no other name) will open it under persuasion. And there, fairly before one's eyes, is that almost forgotten establishment, an East Side dive. The floor, true enough, is covered with a half-inch of sawdust. It is very clean sawdust, and certainly not to be despised. Of course, if one is timid, it will remind him of the butcher's shop, and he will fancy a red pool of blood spreading—but one should not be timid. From the ceiling, which is decorated with painted laths in a latticed fashion, depend several thousand

artificial oak leaves. They add to the gayety of the scene, of course.

It is quite a large room, and its walls are almost completely covered with photographs: pictures of plump chorus girls in tights, waving ostrich plume fans or perhaps holding a balloon with all daintiness, and pictures of prizefighters in strangely unbelligerent poses. In a corner there is a dais with a slender lad bending over a piano and another, almost his double, staring lugubriously at his fiddle. There are tables, a few of them occupied, but most of them empty. And there is almost complete silence, except for the sustained muttering in Italian which comes from the region of the kitchen.

Jimmy was bending over our table. He wished us to feel entirely at home, and so he chattered amiably. Yes, it was pretty quiet now, but later on things would liven up a bit. Nearly ever night, along towards one o'clock, there was a gang of fellows came down from the Elks Club, uptown. Good guys, them Elks. And sometimes a bunch of the boys from the neighborhood would come down for a celebration. But they were noisy. No manners. Why, they thought it was funny to make wise-cracks at Jerry when he was singing one of them sad songs. Jerry was sore. We'd have to wait and hear Jerry. He worked in a saloon in Newark, but got off at one o'clock and came over to entertain at the Kid's.

"Sweet singer," said Jimmy, nodding his head

gravely. "Sometimes I want to cry, hearing them songs—you know—"

But Mr. Kid Corley himself was coming forward to make us welcome, and bringing wine with his own hands. He was, to be truthful, somewhat forbidding. He was six inches under six feet, but he weighed three hundred pounds to the ounce. And the fat of his cheeks, pressing up against his frontal bone, practically closed his eyes. He was in his shirt sleeves, with no collar, and he waddled perilously as he walked.

"'Scuse me," he said. "Me laundry ain't come in this week!" And he chuckled noiselessly. His voice itself was that husky, whispering rasp that comes to a man from the Highlands, held too long at the edge of the sea. He nodded, and winked, and gestured with his fat hands.

"Vino?" he said, plunking the two bottles on the table. There were four of us, but he had five glasses. And he pulled up a chair. "Don't mind if I do," he chuckled again, and poured for all of us, filling a glass for himself. But he did not sit down at once. "Come 'ere," he beckoned, and waited until we were all out of our chairs. "Show you somep'n." And he led us to a corner, pointing up to the photograph of a prizefighter.

The boy in the picture was a lean animal, full of grace, with one sturdy leg thrust forward and his head bent down behind two thrusting fists. The face was almost concealed behind its scowl. But

there were level, balanced shoulders and a slim waist.

"Me," said the Kid. "Would you believe it?" And he burst into a paroxysm of silent laughter, coughing in his throat so that the lusty bellow that he intended might come free and shake the oak leaves overhead. "Yeh—" he whispered. "Me!" He thrust a thumb into his yielding middle. "Ain't it a joke?"

It seemed polite for us to join in his laughter, so we did. He was quite pleased at our mirth, and ordered up another bottle of wine. A moment later, he flung a husky shout toward the musicians, and they came awake with a start. "Hit it up," he ordered, and rising, he offered his arm to one of the ladies of our party. It was utterly impossible to be indignant—impossible and impolitic. The lady danced.

The Kid did very well, considering his bulk. His great feet plunged at the sawdust, shoveling it into canals and mountain ranges. He bumped once into a table, and the wine-bottle of a tall girl sitting there went skittering over the floor. The tall girl did not move a muscle, and the Kid, maneuvering himself into position with some difficulty, despatched a somewhat difficult wink in our direction.

Jerry came at last, and sang. It was most melancholy. And it was even more melancholy when he wandered toward our table, unsmiling, as the song was ended. "Wrote it meself," he muttered.

"I'm a sad guy. God never gets tired kicking me in the pants." Our gifts of currency failed utterly to console him. Even the half-bottle of our wine that he drank seemed only to drive the blues deeper into his spirit.

At the table in the corner, quite some distance from us across the room, there was a sudden commotion. A couple sat there, and I had been watching them: a slender, blonde thing with blue eye-lids, and a tall, heavy-shouldered man with a rather handsome Irish face. But there was a commotion: they both came to their feet, suddenly, and as the chairs spun back from the table she lunged at his chest, beating a tattoo thereupon with her small fists. He watched her, for a moment, utterly oblivious to the rest of us in the room. And then, slowly, his right hand came up.

The blow caught her almost squarely on the chin, and she went down into the sawdust—her flimsy, gold-colored dress falling as if it might have been dropped from a closet hook. He stood looking over her. As his arm and shoulder swung with the blow, his coat had lifted, and hanging from his belt I saw a pair of handcuffs and the holster of a revolver. I wondered then, even while the girl was dropping to the floor, why I had not identified him before as a detective. He had all the earmarks, in face, and hands, and carriage.

But the girl came slowly back to herself. She sat up, leaning on one hand and with the other feel-

ing her jaw. And after a moment she lifted her face, staring at him with her dazed eyes. The sight of him standing there seemed to fill her with an electric energy. For she scrambled quickly to her feet. She shook her head, to clear it of the fog that still hung there.

"Hit me again, Joe," she muttered. "I like it."

But he was disdainful. He gave her one scornful glance, pushed her out of the way, and crossed the room, to pass out of the door without once looking back. The girl sat down, filled her wine-glass, and drank it in one swallow, preening her ruffled gown and her hair with her slim fingers.

The Kid sat down again to chat, presently, and we advanced discreet inquiries. He seemed to have missed the incident, during a sojourn in the kitchen, but he nodded when we recounted it for him.

"Yeah," he said, with an indifferent glance toward the blonde girl. "She's got a tough jaw, all right. I doubt meself I could take one o' Joe's pokes the way she takes 'em. See that busted table there?" he pointed. "Last night he broke that with her. She hit it on the bounce." And he laughed again.

There was a rattling at the door, and in a moment a file of policemen walked in. There were ten, altogether, swinging their night clubs at the end of their thongs. They did not look to right or left, did not nod toward the Kid or give any greeting whatever, but passed through the room in single file to the

kitchen. The Kid nodded to Jimmy, and he trailed after them.

In five minutes, the squad re-appeared, marching out precisely as they had entered, with never a glance to one side or the other.

The Kid chuckled, in his husky quivering fashion. "Raid," he said, and lifted his wine-glass. "Here's how."

We waited several hours for the Elks. Jimmy assured us they would come eventually, even if it were dawn before they appeared. But it was somewhat dull after the blonde girl's detective came back and carried her away. We grew sleepy, until it was doubtful if even the merriment of the Elks could keep us awake.

"Come back," said the Kid. "You see we're respectable, an' I like to have more respectable customers. Come back any time at all. I'll get Jerry to write us a new song."

And we mounted the steep flight of stairs, with his husky laughter still clinging to the air about our ears.

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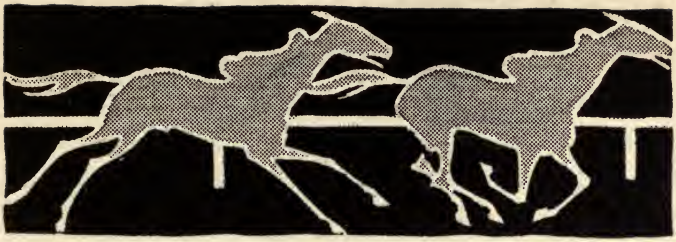

Day At The Races

The train was very crowded. But we were hardly clear of the East River tunnel before men began trooping up and down the aisles, their hands full of little folded papers printed in red and black and blue, which they hawked with a sharp word, a gesture—the very minimum of noisy effort. I bought one for twenty-five cents, and saw at once what a valuable document it was. It listed all the entries for the six races, the probable jockeys, the weights, and the distances. Indeed, it went much further than that. It told, in perfectly plain type, the name of every horse that would win a race that day.

There was a particular confidence in the prophecy concerning the fourth race, a confidence that gained in the rough and ready language of the prophet:

"Capt. Billy's Late Special," it read. "Get your roll down on Festival in the Fourth. Here's a dog that I've been watching a long time, and if Fair Play ever sired a son that could do it, this is him. Yesterday morning I watched him breeze one of the fastest miles ever run on the main course. If he

flops, blame me, and I'll fold up. But whatever you do, don't miss this real thing."

A few minutes later, however, I decided to buy another of the little papers, simply to stimulate my growing courage. This was set down in bold red letters:

"Fourth Race. Our handicapper and our track man, unknown to each other, have gotten together on this one with unusual confidence. The time is just about right for King Solomon's Seal. Throw out his last try. He was badly handled. Get set for a killing, but work fast because a big syndicate is backing this one from Chicago and the odds will go off at post time."

This was most disconcerting. But then, most of the men sitting in the car appeared to ignore the little sheets anyway. They pored, instead, over large pages filled with tables, and seemed to be working problems in arithmetic on their pads.

Among the weaving figures in the aisle another

sort of man appeared. He marched slowly—a tall fellow with weathered face, smoking a cigar—darting his bright eyes quickly to right and left, and lifting his hand above his head with every step or two. His hand was filled with hundred-dollar bills, and at intervals he would receive further contributions. A man tapped him on the arm.

"Hello, Charlie. Six hundred."

Charlie counted it, in a most careless way. He scribbled something on a slip of paper, jerked his head in a nod, and strolled on.

At the entrance to the paddock, the crowd from the train pressed forward rapidly. And there was a sudden display of money that was quite dazzling. Everybody seemed intent upon yanking hundred-dollar bills out of his pocket and stuffing them into the hands of indifferent cigar-smokers who nodded gloomily and wrote brief words on their little slips of paper. In the course of a fifty-yard walk to the stairway leading into the stands, a half-dozen young

men bespoke me. They were quite different from the cigar-smoking gentlemen, for they seemed eager and even somewhat excited. All but one of them wore horn-rimmed spectacles and looked much like a college senior.

"Taken care of, sir?" they inquired. "Are you all fixed up?"

A bell rang, and the crowd drifted rapidly out behind the stands to an acre or two of lawn set under shady trees. Horses were moving under these trees, draped all in white and walking with dainty, restless steps. The boys who led them called out quietly as they moved through the gathering crowd:

"Make way, please. Coming through, please."

A little group gathered about each of the horses, and the white robes were stripped off. They were lovely creatures, slim and trembling, with spots of bright red showing in their nostrils and tiny hoofs that drove savagely at the grass when the crowd moved too close. The handlers worked over them, loosening the white bindings about their ankles, buckling on the infinitesimal saddles, lifting their forefeet, and throwing their weight against the leg tendons—to loosen them up, I supposed.

A short, gray man with a handful of papers strolled about. And presently he began to call out in a quiet, extremely courteous voice:

"Come ahead, Mr. Smith, if you are ready. Whenever you're ready now, Mr. Conway. We'll go over now, Mr. Phillips, if you please."

The jockeys had appeared, dwarfish fellows in their bright colors and half-boots, and as the animals were led slowly toward the graveled roadway at the side of the grand stand the trainers leaned down over their riders' shoulders, whispering, and gesturing restrainedly. The crowd moved forward, too, in almost complete silence. A bugle sounded.

The horses were halted in a long line, in the order of the numbers appearing on their saddlecloths. At the head of the line was a man on horseback, dressed in huntsman's pinks. The quiet-voiced fellow began counting down the line to himself, but aloud: "One, two, three—all here. You may mount your jockeys, gentlemen."

The jockeys went up, almost in unison. And the long file paraded out toward the track, following the rider in pink. The crowd made a precipitate rush to the space in front of the grand stand—all running and all writing furiously on their little slips of paper. But in that thronging, shifting space there was an astonishing lack of excitement. For some reason, a horse called Acrostic had stirred up an almost universal fancy. Men ran from little group to little group, shouldering their way through to one of the cigar-smoking gentlemen, and asking: "How's Acrostic, Jerry?" "What you got on the favorite, Blackie?" And the answer would come out past the cigar—two to one, nine to five, finally six to five.

An immense chap came barging through with a

glow in his eyes. "Here, Jerry," he called. "Take six hundred on Acrostic?" No. Jerry wouldn't. He would take one hundred, and even that was suicide. They finally compromised on two hundred, the big chap writing down on his slip, "240-200," with a scrawled initial, and cramming it into Jerry's hand.

A gloomy voice sounded near at hand: "What the hell, I ain't doin' no business—overlayin' them bets. Look here, six slips an' all of them on this Acrostic. Might as well start up a butcher business as try to run book at this joint. I take a ride on this Acrostic, an' no other play—"

But they were at the post—tiny figures far down the track—and the groups about the cigar-smoking gentlemen began to break away. The crowd were hunting seats in the grand stand, scurrying up the steps and fixing their glasses on the distant mass of shifting horses and men.

There is utterly no way to describe, with type and paper, the stirring sound that came up from the throng at the moment the barrier was sprung, and the pack of scurrying figures began to slip along the white railing, far out yonder in the sunshine. It was a great, bursting sigh, "They're off!"—five thousand people murmuring in unison so that the words were perfectly audible. Yet there was no elation, almost no excitement. Simply that murmur, miraculously restrained, miraculously prophetic: arresting and tense beyond all telling. "They're off!"

And every soul was on his feet, straining his eyes toward that even rush in the distance, and somebody close at hand murmuring, "Sepoy's leading."

The sunlight flashed more brightly at the turn, and the jockeys' colors were clearly distinguishable. What splendid, barbaric colors they were! Royal purple, light blue sleeves and cap. Pink, black stripes on sleeves, black cap. Cerise, gold spots and cap. Green, gold sash, green-and-maroon blocked sleeves, green cap. Scarlet, white sash, sleeves and cap. Green, orchid collar and cuffs and cap.

A thin woman with a pallid face and blazing eyes stood on a bench and screamed: "Ride 'im, Callahan! Ride 'im, boy! Come on, Ragweed!" And behind her shrill voice the crowd muttered. The sound of that muttering grew, with a sharp, explosive cry lifting out of it momentarily. "Watch 'em movin' up on that turn. Come *on*, Fator!"

The huddled mass came out of the turn into the level brown ribbon of the stretch, all together in a noiseless, rhythmic flight. To the inexperienced eye, it was simply a blur of brown bodies and flaming colors. Until presently they came clearer, and one could see that marvelous, swinging stride of a horse in action. It is the most perfect, frictionless movement on earth—long, sweeping strides, infinitely repeated, with a motionless little monkey in red and black, or purple and orange, sitting there and rolling with the cadence.

They were screaming: "Come on! Come on,

Acrostic!" And a boy began to swing his whip at his horse's flank. There was a last, blurred rush, a last, frantic cry—and three horses had pushed past Acrostic to leave him out of the money.

I did not hear a single recrimination or regret—and I was listening for them. The horses were hardly past the wire before the crowd was bending over the form sheets, calculating the next race to a certainty, whispering with thin young men who moved about with secret knowledge in their eyes, streaming back to the lawn under the trees for a look at the entrants in the next race.

From sheer curiosity, I hunted out the bookie who had gotten only six tickets, and all of them on Acrostic. It seemed that he would be happy, and I had an honest desire to see what happiness would do to that cast-down face. But when I found him, he was gloomier than ever. He fingered a roll of bills, muttering under his breath.

"Good day for the bookies," called a red-faced fellow, with ironic humor.

"Yeh," he sighed, "like hell it is!"

The bugle sounded, and the long thin parade—a long stream of white and red and purple and green and gold above a long stream of brown and chestnut and bay, filed out for the next race. And once more the throng rushed toward the cigar-smoking gentlemen, who spoke in monosyllables, and handled rolls of money with entire carelessness, and stuffed little slips of paper into their bulging pockets.

The Movies

They are spending fourteen or fifteen million dollars to build a couple of movie palaces in Times Square. The architecture, no doubt, will be most impressive. The marble railings that line the stairs will be suave to the touch and we shall marvel at the texture of the oriental rugs strewn about the floors. The seats will be miracles of comfort. In the lobbies they will doubtless hang a chaste Corot or two, or even a genuine Italian primitive, and there will be orchestras to match the dreams of all the celebrated composers bending an ear down from Valhalla. And yet, after the ballets are done, after the expensive coloraturas have spun their flutelike notes among the gilded columns, and the lights have faded down to a misty green for the first flash of the evening's Film Drama, I fancy that one or two uneasy souls will begin to squirm and ponder that fourteen odd million is a lot of money.

A lot of money to spend for a movie palace—and a perverse simile will stir in their minds. It suggests, they will think, devising a carved and burnished frame of virgin gold to surround a clipping out of the Mutt and Jeff series. All the approaches

to the chief item in the evening's entertainment will be restrained and elegant and soothing. And then, somehow, things will go all to pieces. It will be, after all, just another movie.

The producing corporations have gone almost beside themselves of late, using all the wit and all the money at their command to flog from their product the dispiriting curse that hangs upon it. Almost, it would seem, they have themselves become aware of the grotesque contrast that lies between a movie and the presentation that surrounds it. They have gobbled up our literary genius with frantic insistence, and set it to work upon epics for the screen. They have collared every young fellow in New York who displayed a ray of craft or intelligence and bundled him off to Hollywood. They have bought up novels and plays at stupendous prices and told their directors

with a flourish that the sky itself need not bind them down. They have even mentioned the word Art. And, surprisingly enough, they have given us one or two pictures that struck honestly at our emotions and our intelligence. But only one or two. The rest have been just movies, stupid and sentimental and tame.

The reasons for this state of affairs are not particularly elusive. Indeed, there are only two that amount to anything: (1) money, and (2) the tradition of cheapness and inanity that the movie producers have diligently kept alive since the days of the nickelodeon. The amount of money that the producing concerns squander in their sprawling competition with each other makes the trade a lure for every soul who ever put pen to paper in the hope of writing fiction. And the tradition of cheapness and inanity makes these same people feel, once they are involved with the busi-

ness, that they have put on a clown's suit, that they can defend their artistic integrity only by being ostentatiously absurd. They are like men who have been paid a staggering amount of money to ride down the street in a perambulator and cut fancy capers therein, hoping to convince the world that it is all in a spirit of nonsense.

There are authors who have profound respect for their original works, whether they are plays or novels. They work painstakingly; they eschew reprehensible tricks to gain neat effects. They believe that they are creative artists. But following the original production, play or book, along comes a movie magnate with a $50,000 check and a film contract. The author laughs to himself. He knows that his play or his book will be given into unholy hands for the writing of the scenario. He knows that stupid people, aware only of the commonplace and concerned only with box-office receipts, will carve his work until it fits the old, dull pattern. But he has made his bid with the critics. His original piece has spoken to intelligent minds. And $50,000 is a lot of money. So he signs on with a cackle.

Most of such contracts these days stipulate that the author shall provide what is known to the trade as a "treatment." That is to say, he will occupy a drawing room to Hollywood, appear at the conferences when his piece is under discussion, and offer such suggestions as seem meet. But of course nobody is under obligations to accept his suggestions.

He has no final word to say, whether the picture pleases him or not. In fact, he may stay in Hollywood until the last shot is made, chuckle to himself that his story has suffered so little from the vandalism of the box office, and then go home contentedly to wait for his first-night triumph. He may even plan to issue a letter to the newspapers, pointing out that he refused to make concessions to the inartistic wolves of Mammon.

And then on the first night he will get a jolt. Something has been done to his picture since he left it, apparently doing well. The gag men have been at work on it, fashioning belly laughs for the audiences of Akron, O., and Trenton, N. J. When he left the picture, it ended with a pensive smile. But a new ending has been laid on. It is the familiar embrace in the light of a waning moon. His name is still on it, down plainly in black and white. But it isn't his picture. He doesn't want it. But there is nothing he can do about it.

If his picture is a success at the box office, rival producers will cluster about him. The sums offered him will seem positively incredible. And after he has signed up with a competing company, he will be gently told that he must fashion as close a replica of his first great success as his brain can contrive. Nothing original is wanted, please. Your first thing was a success. Do it over again, all details properly in place.

There was an instance of a young dramatist who

made quite a success of his first picture. A few weeks after it opened, he was implored by another producing company to inspect one of their lately completed pictures. He declined a large offer for this service, but finally was prevailed upon to do it for nothing at all, out of friendship. The picture that he inspected was an exact copy of his own first-born, thrown together in haste to catch the wave of public favor. The flagrance of the theft amused him, and he thoughtlessly dashed off a subtitle or two which he intended for subtly ironic comment upon the circumstance. But the titles were used. And he had to threaten a suit to prevent the exploitation of his name as the author of them.

Even the best directors, old at the game of fighting the stupidity of the men who finance them, must bow to the critical axe of these same fellows. There is Eric von Stroheim, for example. He made, not long ago, a film called "The Merry Widow." And he perceived it as an opportunity to picture the decadence in the royal family of old Vienna. Those who saw the original picture said that it was a splendid and sardonic thing, amusing too, intelligent, and shrewd.

But after von Stroheim had put his signature upon it, the fake morality tutored by Mr. Will Hays saw it and gasped. It was cut—except in such sequences as von Stroheim had contrived too subtly for even the moralists to perceive his intention—and another director was haled in to make over the last

two reels. As we saw it here, the ending was soupy and commonplace. But it spoke in a sure language at the box offices.

Not long ago, a young man named Sternberg stirred up considerable emotion in Hollywood when he directed a picture for the ridiculous cost of $3,000. That included actors and settings and laboratory work, and the financial gods acquired a terrifying palsy. It was unorthodox for a picture to succeed if it could not be adorned with the fetching line describing it as a million-dollar spectacle. Somewhat timid of such a creature as this young director, a large company nevertheless offered him a contract.

A few people have seen the picture he made under that contract. It was a literal transcription of a Frenchman's post-war novel. It was harsh, and beautiful, and austere. But it was never presented to the public.

Of course its cost had been met and the picture was a completed thing, ready for the screen. There was little to lose, in the way of money, by releasing it to the theatres. But the company was afraid of its reputation. It did not dare risk the ridicule of clerks and mechanics and village policemen. The respect of such individuals is a precious thing in the movies, and must never be placed in jeopardy.

If I am bold enough to venture a speculation in esthetics, I might suggest, too, that the stupidity of motion pictures may be due in some respect to the

lack of ethical scruples among the men who make them. The esthetes hold, I believe, that people who touch art with dishonest fingers will disfigure it. They joke, in the movie offices, from vice-presidents down, about their own dishonesty. A dozen employees among the big companies have confessed to me that they would never submit an original story to their own bosses. The idea, if it proved worth anything, would be stolen, and its author would be fired to get him out of the way.

In this respect, there is another amusing practice among the ranks charged with the mighty task of finding stories to be made into pictures. Somebody will think up an alluring title for a movie: "Wives with a Vengeance," say. Somebody else with a hand for prose will hack out a yarn to fit the title, and one of the short story writers who linger upon the borders of popular fame will be induced, for a cash consideration, to fix his name to it. Thus sponsored, it may obtain magazine publication. And once the story is printed it is bought back, for some outlandish sum of money, and presently burgeons upon the silver screen, to the delight of divers minions who have put one over.

They do the most ridiculous things to the works of men who are dead and whose copyrights have expired. They put flappers in "Moby Dick" for example, and called it the "Sea Beast." They rendered "La Bohème" an extremely moral tale.

Of course, the producers have a multiplicity of

aids in their frenzied pursuit of the mediocre. They have the movie magazines, and the daily press—and of course they have their audiences. These three elements have arranged it so that the domestic affairs of the stars are the most absorbing matters in the whole business of making moving pictures. The boys and girls read that Beatrice Beautiful was observed leading a child, thought to be a natural, along the street yesterday—and forthwith they charge down upon the Bijou to gaze upon the naughty Beatrice's face. How could she? they inquire. Or, as the stirring drama in shadows unfolds before them, they will ignore its thread to discuss with animation the exact status of Beatrice's last divorce.

All this is amusing. It is not particularly lamentable. There is yet one vote or two needed before we are required to attend the movies. But the enthusiasts persist in calling the thing Art.

I confess that here, too, there is something to be said for the producers. I believe most of them would like to think of their trade as an art. But they are at a disadvantage. Most of the people who talk art to them are fanatics.

Picture the producer: None too cerebral at the best—except in matters of money—he sits down to get a few pointers on art. And his caller begins to talk of abstractions, and the beauty of the absolute, and the folly of the ancient notion that form or coherence is at all to be desired. He will display

a sample of art, a thing called, say, "Ballet Méchanique," which is a motion picture of spinning cake-pans and grinning faces. That, he will say triumphantly, is art!

And the producer, somewhat dizzy, will return to his old way: the way which induced him, in the days when he was filming "Without Benefit of Clergy," to adjust matters so that the romantic pair might be duly married in the first reel. And that is perhaps a good enough way, after all, for that artless art we call the movies.

In Gallia Citeriore

It is, of course, idle to grow breathless over the sundry announcements shouted over the hills from the West and South concerning the latest scheme of the Methodist Church to tear down New York. Even with the echoes of fervid denunciation ringing in our ears, as the rural shepherds thunder warnings of the evil bred along Broadway, we of New York shall proceed in our accustomed manner, content in the knowledge that the ultimate achievement of the divine crusade will be precisely nothing.

Yet the curious minded will wonder at the motives which lie behind this latest uprising of the provincial anger. They will remember, perhaps, that it was just such ridiculous travail which brought forth the monster of prohibition. And even

in their security, they are likely to grow peevish over the constant and highly moral ferment of the hither regions: to inquire, "Why do they tease us so relentlessly?"

The reason is not hidden in mystery. The movement against New York, like the movement against the demon rum, grows out of a religious revival, a cyclical rousing of the popular imagination, induced by the clerical minority to strengthen its domination over a simple people. And the ministers, intent upon catching the upward swing of this revival (which began with the Dayton phenomenon) have resorted to that wily expedient not unknown to newspaper editors, the exposé.

All of us, of course, know the value of an exposé. A horrible example, held up to the eyes of the throng is tangible and compelling, a more powerful tocsin than a century of damnatory precepts, however ringingly delivered. And so the clerical minority of the South and West, riding the rough little wave set up by the Tennessee disturbance, searched the horizon for a typhoon to quicken their velocity. The technique of the situation called for a grand exposé.

The reason for the selection of New York is somewhat amusing. Any tyro of sociology knows that vice, crime, is a constant, an element of human conduct that is quite evenly spread through a region inhabited by a single race. There is quite as much deviltry on Railroad Street in Beaufort, South Carolina, as there is on Broadway, proportionately. And

the reverend doctors had plenty of material ready at hand, in their own benighted neighborhoods, to occupy them with sermon texts for a good little spell.

But the dominating characteristic of small town American life, the Rotary movement and its outcroppings, made the use of the intimately known material utterly impossible. Most of the ministers in the ordinary city of the South and West are among the most frenzied participants in the booster trade. And even those who are not actually members of such organizations, are well oiled with their spirit. The Bigger and Better town is their shibboleth. And almost invariably any given city will have a firmly established rival city, competing with it upon the grounds of population, boot and shoe output, number of pretty girls, baseball game attendance, and moral purity.

Thus an Atlanta pastor, say, sincerely condemning the turpitude of his own Peachtree Street, would be set upon tooth and nail for giving the Birmingham papers and pulpits a cause for superior sneers. Clearly, then, the exigencies of the thrilling game of Boost prevented the ministry from coming too close to home in its exposé.

The next best, and indeed the obvious thing, was New York, ever a handy peg upon which to hang Phillipics and hellish indignation. The cis-Allegheny flocks, ripened by their evolution battles, were thoroughly primed for a moral march upon

that city whence evolution came: that grotesquely imagined metropolis to the north, whose Wall Street they knew through political cartoons, whose cunning lechery they had learned from the movies, whose outrageous goings-on were common gossip in Mr. Hearst's Sunday magazine—the city that lured them while they knew approach was impossible, that fascinated them while they envied it, that was able to amuse itself while they crawled through a life of dullness and ill content.

Against this background, the clergy held up its charge against New York—a charge that, this time, includes a new, a highly diverting twist. Intimating that there is vice even among their own folk, they blame such evil upon the periodicals, the pictures, the syndicated romance and wit that is printed in New York. The sly perambulations of girls and boys among the stacked cornstalks, under the Harvest Moon, they proclaimed, were not to be blamed upon the giddy heart of youth or the burgeoning of hot spirits, newly aware of life and hungry for its meagre prizes. On the contrary, comic strips and the magazines are guilty—New York is guilty.

"It is, sho' it is!" murmur the distraught yokel parents, eager to believe the best of their adolescent offspring.

But while these hardy souls, deeply ignorant of the city they have never seen, are pinning their new hope for a vision of the Eternal Light upon its demolition, there is another group beyond the

hills whose view of the situation is not so forthright. It is a smaller group; New York is a lesser mystery to them; they have certain secret notions in their private cabinets which never meet the light of day. But they are near the head of the pack that is howling against the new Gomorrah. They are, in short, the well-to-do citizens, spinal columns of the churches: friends and relations of yours and mine, whose annual holiday is a trip to New York.

You may have forgotten how they conduct themselves in their own home towns. But you will recall, if you have been back to the old place recently, that they know a surprising lot about New York. They can dilate amazingly upon the metropolitan stage. They know, better than the local wits, the last mot delivered along the gay street. They can tell you all about the newest insanity of Greenwich Village, the new movement in art, the tender details of a shocking literary quarrel. They are, quite often, better informed about New York than the ordinary run of New Yorkers, because they spend their long days of leisurely inactivity reading about our city, and gossiping about it over their coffee.

They come to New York, once a year, laying aside for the moment their arduous responsibilities as deacons of the church or chairmen of the building committees, and we must entertain them.

But we have learned that the task is not an overwhelming one. Hardly have they arrived before, speaking with hesitation to conceal their want of it,

they intimate that news of a certain leg show has filtered across the Hudson, and they would rather like to look it over. The rest is simple. Tickets are obtained for the shoddiest and smuttiest shows that can be found, and our delighted visitors troop off, devils for a little space, to live the gay and gaudy. They mumble, on off nights, the bones of Greenwich Village, reading its tawdriness as subtle but not unpleasant horror.

Then they go home. And they settle back to their jobs with the persistent belief that the performance they put on for a week or two is the life routine of their late hosts. With a curious wistfulness, they report regularly to the stay-at-homes: "Yes, sir, New York is a great place to visit, but I couldn't live there. I'd lose my sense of values."

But the year drags out. It seems desperately long since their last holiday, and before the next. And the thoughts of the careless romping of their New York friends begins to rankle. At such a moment, the clericals begin their exposé, and the wind of fury is let loose.

Yet, it would be a tragic thing on their own behalf if anything came of their antics. Let them blow New York to dust, and there would be the end of the one romantic vision that vitalizes their murky dreams. They would be reft of that pulsing enterprise, the pursuit of a romantic illusion. However misty and diffuse and amusingly inaccurate their notion of the New York that is, it would be lost

to them as the objective for their hate and their yearning.

This fine value of New York to the rest of the country was deliberately besieged during the late lamented Democratic Convention. The entertainment committee on that occasion formulated the theory that the respected visitors should be convinced that New York was no different, save in size, from their home towns. It was planned to take the delegates into the homes, thrill them with bridge foursomes and pictures of the baby, and thus rid them of the perverse notion that New York was in any respect superior or more vibrant with life than their own little towns.

Fortunately, the plan failed. The delegates refused to be duped out of their deviltry. And they went home with the good news (told between deprecatory sighs) that New York was wilder than ever.

It is better so. It is excellent that the preachers of the provinces, the rural worthies and the almost effete townfolk, marshal their strength and spend their bitterness in an occasional sortie against the Wicked City. Especially now that the baseball season is ended, the crops are in, the novelty of the radio has worn off, and life threatens to grow tedious.

Young Arrowsmith

The evening began quietly enough, and even with some hint of dullness. In the dingy white bedroom of the senior interne, we sat about, sipping our highballs in the green radiance of a desk lamp and the young student doctors talked of sex, of strange diseases, the quality of available whiskey, the relative pulchritude of nurses. Across the corridor in the men's ward, some poor devil was bellowing his drunken hatred of the world, and his voice rang through the building—which was an ancient city hospital down in the East Side—but presently its very monotony made it unnoticeable. In the air there was a reek of drugs, ether and formaldehyde and chlorides, and occasionally one sensed the faintly rustling passage of a nurse's starched skirts beyond the door.

"I'll tell you," said the senior after the third highball. "I've been thinking a lot about this profession of ours. It's a hell of a game. You fool around, and guess right every now and then, and save somebody's life, and get to feeling all noble about it—service for humanity and all that. Then somebody comes in with a little belly-ache, and you give him a pill or two, and the next morning you wake up to find he's dead with an appendix. You get to wondering whether you really cured that first guy, or whether luck cured him, and whether the

best part about the medicine you gave him was that it didn't hurt him any. This much you know, and that much you know. There's a pill for this one and a pill for that one. But you never can tell what really was wrong with a man unless he dies and you cut him open. It's getting on my nerves—I mean I don't know how to feel about it—whether to feel like a saint or a peddler of snake liniment."

"You're all worked up," observed the junior in surgery. "It's this bum liquor we're getting. Now as for me, I've got no delusions about this game. I'm going to specialize in nerves, because all you've got to do is talk wise to a lot of rich dames and pretty kids. The fees are big, and you'll always have the satisfaction of knowing that nothing you can do to them will make 'em any worse. You take it too seriously."

He had finished when the telephone gave a sharp ring. It seemed that a girl had decided upon gas in her third-floor tenement room in Rivington Street, and the usual formalities of calling around with a stethoscope were necessary. The lad whose turn it was to take the ambulance invited me to go along. But I declined. The discussion was interesting, and gas suicides are more than commonly depressing. When he had gone, a tall Southern lad who had been listening from his corner took up the argument.

"I've been through medical school, and six months of this stuff," he drawled. "And I know now that there ain't but three medicines in the world, castor

oil and quinine and morphine—well, if you consider iodine a medicine, let that in, too. Every time you give a dose of anything else, you're shooting in the dark. The better doctor you are, the less chance you take of bumping somebody off. The best you can say for most of the compounds is that they don't do much harm."

"But," said the senior, "you grant that they have a psychological effect on the patient. Anybody feels better after a dose of some terrible stuff."

"Sure," answered the Southerner, "good for his mind if his belly can stand it. I just mean to say, in the case of an ordinary sick man—not a definite surgical case, mind you—in the case of an ordinary patient, you know there isn't much you can do for him. If he is going to be cured, nature will do more for him than anything else. You give him a little medicine, hoping it will help nature out a little and trying to be sure it won't hurt him."

"You're cynical," said the senior.

"You're young," said the Southerner. "I don't mean that the profession is all fake. People would be a lot worse off if there wasn't any medical profession. It helps sometimes. But it's ignorance that worries you. Study medicine for six years, and you find out that nobody knows anything about it. Kid yourself, and clean up. That's about what I'm going to do."

"I would like to feel," persisted the senior in his musing voice, "that there's a little more to it than

kidding yourself and cleaning up. I don't even want to be rich."

"Wait until you get a taste," suggested the junior in medicine.

"How many of you fellows," asked the senior suddenly, "how many of you sell your liquor prescriptions?"

"I've sold a few," confessed one. The others said they had not.

"Well, there you are." The senior was almost jubilant. "There's an easy graft. They do it in most hospitals, you know. And in most places the first thing they ask a patient is how much money he's got on him. You fellows don't do much of that. What makes you hang around a patient all night, trying to do something for him? The City of New York don't pay you for that."

He stood up, apparently satisfied that the discussion go no further, and announced that it was time to make the rounds. I was given a white jacket, and told to ask knowing questions about symptoms in the presence of the nurses, so they would think I was a visiting doctor.

In the quiet, drowsing ward, with its dim lights and its faint, intermittent moaning, we chatted in whispers for a moment with the nurse in charge. She was a slight girl, hardly more than eighteen, with bright eyes and quick hands that flitted about the desk, touching thermometers and charts and a loudly ticking watch. White iron beds were stretched

down each side of the long room, occupied by women and children, and I followed the senior as he strolled along. At nearly every bed he paused and leaned down with a smile. "Hello, sweetheart," he murmured over one. And a bright-haired little girl of nine or ten lifted her face drowsily. "I feel fine," she murmured. "Fine, doctor." She would, he whispered, be dead by morning. Burns from an oil stove.

There was eagerness in most of the faces, and many of them smiled back at him, for in reality his face was sunny and full of friendliness when he leaned over them. We were half way through the ward when the clamor of a fire engine passed through the street beneath the row of windows. He laughed at the nurse.

"We'll have another one in a minute, I'll bet you the drinks," he said. My mystification amused him, and he enjoyed it for a moment. "Ten to one there isn't a fire," he explained. "These people down here have learned just enough about New York to know that they can get quick action by pulling the alarm box on the corner. Baby arriving, cut finger, belly-ache, they all go out and call out the fire department."

But on our way out of the ward we came upon a boyish fellow, very slender in his white uniform, who was leaning against the wall with a tear or two in his eyes. He began to move away, but the senior touched his arm.

"Who's been treating you wrong?" he asked amiably.

The lad shook his head. "Oh, I'm just a sap," he murmured.

"Come on out with it."

"Oh, nothing. I just lost my first one in surgery. Little kid with tonsils. Say, Doctor, did I overlook anything? Is there any technique for stopping the blood when it goes into a hemorrhage that way?"

"Not a thing, Doctor. Not a thing. Brace up. You'll lose a lot more before you're through this game."

It was always that way, he explained on our way back to the bedroom. The youngsters were always broken up over the first one they lost. "And sometimes afterward, too," he said. "You just hate to lose 'em. Hate it like the devil."

We were hardly in our chairs again, watching the others toil over their game of penny-ante, before there was a soft knock at the door. And a moment later a dapper young fellow, with a new, fawn-colored cap and a curious, hard light in his eyes, stepped into the room.

"Hello, Doc," he muttered, and his eyes shifted about among the faces in the green light. His hands were stuffed deep into his pockets.

"Hello, Mike," said the senior. "What's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing." He stood, looking about the

room, and when the senior insisted upon a reason for this late call, he seemed to brace himself.

"Is it all right, this gang?" he wanted to know.

He was assured that it was, quite all right, before he pulled his left hand cautiously from his pocket and displayed it under the desk lamp. It was almost covered with crusted blood, and he winced when the senior caught it up for examination.

"Gee, Doc, go easy," he warned. "Ain't that a neat hole, though? Right through the damn fist. How can I drive me cab with that thing, huh? I'm gonna get that bird."

They cleansed the bullet hole, and bandaged Mike's hand, making discreet inquiries which developed that the accident had happened under the bridge-head, after an argument over the price of a drink.

"I flung up me fist, see? And bingo! That guy stung me one. You wouldn't make a report of a little thing like that, would you, Doc?"

The Senior laughed, and shook his head. And an hour later, another taxi driver delivered two very handsome bottles of Scotch whiskey, which revived the discussions of professional ethics. It was interrupted once or twice. The delirium tremens case in the men's ward tried to assassinate the patient on his left, and the dark-eyed little girl in the women's ward had her baby. But they were still trying to decide whether they were noblemen or quacks when the dawn crept up out of the quiet street.