

SHADES OF WARD M'ALLISTER

By O. O. M'INTYRE.

Not so long ago some touch of human perversity gave me the urge to become a sort of social lion—a Ward McAllister or a Henry Lehr. It was puerile vanity. Hitherto it had expressed itself in loud socks or scarves whose colorings could not by any means be classed as trivial.

I wanted to hot-dog it among the social swanks. Through a mistake in names, chance gave me my opportunity. I received an invitation intended for another to one of those glorified bal-masques where ladies wear ropes of pearls around their necks and the men filigreed silver things on their hips.

The guests sometimes come to these affairs in grand limousines and are carted away in patrol wagons—feet up. O, yes, New York society at times is rough.

I thought of costuming as a Casanova. That old bird seemed to be popular wherever he went. I had in mind a black Venetian suit—with brocaded stockings hiding my skinny legs, limbs or whatever they are, lace falling about the cuffs, a black turned up hat with a cockade, wig and other things that were the kitten's meow in a dead century.

Quick, Watson, the Needle.

A theatrical costumer outfitted me and, if I do say it myself, I was somewhat of a dandy. I knew I couldn't stay for the unmasking for society would welcome me just about as much as the kaiser would Lloyd George.

Anyway, I dolled all up, hired a taxi that must have been a wonder about the time Napoleon was a cadet, and fared forth on my first adventure among the four hundred.

Outside the street was roaring with handsomely equipped vehicles—horse drawn and motor propelled. There were necklaces of lights stretching across the street. Sidewalks were carpeted and flanked on either side by flowers. A major domo in high fur hat with gold chin strap and more gim-cracks on his bosom than John Philip Sousa acted as carriage starter. He was certainly gorgeous.

He took a look at my taxi and the beetle-browed fellow who drove and I think he expected Gyp the Blood to step out. But when he saw my short pants with silver buckles, well, they got him. He inspected my handsomely engraved



"Ladies and gentlemen; There is a person in the room who does not belong here."

invitation and bade me welcome. I walked up to the grilled entrance with my knees imitating a brand new set of castanets just in from Spain. Awaiting me was the host togged up in the manner of a Moorish Prince. He had rings on each finger and his costume was of that lustrous silk that must have made it tough sledding for silk worms. I had to reach up to shake hand—one of those kind.

In the reception room was a scene of splendor such as I had never beheld. Not even in the movies where I get most of my idea of splendor. It was decorated with exquisite tinsels, spider-thin silks embroidered in gold and a great fountain rose and fell under soft colored lights.

It was no place for the son of a hotel keeper.

But there I was, although any moment I expected to be counting the stars in the middle of the car tracks. Other guests were fussing around, bowing and scraping and I was meandering about in the manner of a step child.

Finally a bugler—who had pants not a whit better than mine—appeared in a suddenly opened doorway and sounded a few notes. I didn't know whether it was a signal for food, dancing or an acrobatic act, but I fell in with the rest—nonchalantly chewing my wad of gum.

Those Who Can—March.

It happened to be the signal for

the grand march and for those who could walk straight it seemed all right. But it was easy to see what they had been serving in the reception room was not pink lemonade. I would never call the march grand. Still, it was their party, and I as an unbidden guest would not do one thing to mar it. I'm that way—ever thoughtful of others.

After they untangled from the grand march, two jazz bands—one at each end of the room—played in unison. I selected as a partner for the dance a woman who was also in Venetian costume. At least we had something in common in our costumes. She was tall, stately and like one of those Longhi paintings with a tricorne over one ear.

"Do you shimmy?" I asked. And the quick shrug she gave to her shoulders would have made Gilda Gray bust right out crying. "I certainly do not," she said with a hauteur that would shame a London bell hop.

"Well, anyway," I said, "let's dance. And so we whirled away. I know there was something about me she didn't like. I think it was those brocaded stockings—or what looked so bent and warped beneath them.

"A beastly season at Deauville," I ventured.

"Really," she drawled.

"Where did you spend the season?"—from me. You know society does everything by seasons except its drinking. That's an all-year-around event and quite two-fisted."

Just Like a Drummer.

"Here and there," she said. And somehow I got the idea she might be a traveling salesman.

But the music stopped and I started with her to one of those long low divans where if you don't watch yourself you'll sink in up to your neck.

"A delightful dance," I said, bowing.

"Really," she drawled again. And I fret she was spoofing me. But that was unnecessary. Professionals have worked on me in that line.

So I left her, not caring if I ever saw her again. I almost hoped she'd break her fan.

I idled about for several dances and nobody talked to me but a lackey and he merely asked me to get out of the way while he opened a window.

I thought maybe if I walked over to the other side of the room someone might at least talk to me. It seemed almost as far as a "sleeper jump," and when I finally arrived, a lady asked me to fetch her a glass of water. I think she thought I was some of the help.

All I seemed fit for was to stand around. And I wasn't any great shakes at that. After two or three more dances there was a clash of the cymbals. Somebody had to make an announcement. I never went to a party yet that amounted to anything that somebody didn't have to make an announcement.

But I never expected one like this. I know how a person feels when he skates into an open hole. Br-r-r!

Page One-Eyed Connelly.

The host stood on a platform and said quietly but firmly: "Ladies and gentlemen: There is a person in this room that does not belong here. I shall ask him to leave quietly or request detectives to use force."

There was a murmur of conversation, then a buzz. Who had crashed the gate? I knew I wasn't going to tell. I was going to keep that secret. It looked as though everybody was looking at me, so somebody must have been telling, but it might have been imagination. It plays strange tricks, they say.

If it were me, one thing was sure my debut into society was a hefty flop. I walked around the room looking for some sort of exit but the only one I could see was all crowded up. So I decided to sit down and accept my fate. After all I had in the old days thrown out of a lot of places so one more wouldn't hurt. It couldn't spoil my social career. It was already spoilt as carrion.

Then a man got up and started out. They didn't mean me after all. He was a tattle-tale for one of the society weeklies that prints the carryings on in high circles.

That was that. But I didn't tarry much longer. When a dance struck up, I ambled out, leaving the four hundred flat on its back and went straight home, changed my clothes and dropped into Jake's cafe where the customers bring their own sawdust and where men are men even if eggs are not always eggs. My social career had ended. I'll stick around with my own gang from now on.

(Copyright, 1923.)

GOSSIP IN THE GAY CITY.

By Basil Woon

Paris, Oct. 20.—Strange sciences, whereof few men wot, exist in the shadow of modern achievements. Two ladies in France, eminent graphologists, have lately announced that, because modern handwriting tends more and more to the vertical, young girls are becoming less sentimental and more inclined to materialistic life.

"What," says Gabriel Reuillard, essayist, writing in Excelsior, "will young girls think of this? The rising feminine generation is less disposed to accept the domination of the elder and is more resolute in the firm intention to be independent and to regard life without a mirage.

"Romance is departing from the life of the average girl in her teens. Never had more than a poetical This is a good thing, for romance used to tend to make girls morbid and distraught. Often it was not healthy.

"The rising generation of young women is discarding romance for the realities of life, especially sports. Soon the 'clinging vine' type of French girl, and the type which yields to the first ardent lover, will be extinct."

"What a prospect," concludes Reuillard, "for the romancers of the next century!"

"With the banishment of romance as the absorbing element in young girls' lives shall we see also the death of sentiment—or even the doom of love?"

"The doom of love"—queer phrase from the pen of a Frenchman!

And while we are on the subject of love, here is another cherished illusion shattered by those professional pessimists, the statisticians:

Love, say the gentlemen of formulas and figures, is no longer the main reason for suicide.

Four thousand recent suicides were examined in order that the above startling fact might be brought to view. How many of these do you think were caused, directly or indirectly, by unfortunate love affairs. Just precisely 306!

Domestic sorrow is the main criminal. Three hundred and sixty-one suicides were its toll. Money, fatal money, came in second with 311. Poverty and ruin accounted for 277 each, remorse for 154 and dissipation for 121.

But this isn't all. The love suicides have been classified themselves, and only 11 of the 306 were the result of lovers' quarrels. Still fewer—five—were the outcome of infidelity.

But "unrequited love" came to the bat with 117 tragedies, and desertion by a loved one caused 88 suicides. Fifty-eight persons, mostly women, killed themselves because their marriages did not materialize and 16 because their fiancés died.

Are men more morbid, more neuroathenic than women? In Europe they are, if we are to believe statistics, which show that only 37 per cent of the persons who took their lives were women.

"Why is a fat man jolly?"

"Why does a fat man wear light-colored clothes?"

These are among a series of questions put by the French Two-Hundred-Pound club, which counts among its members some of the most prominent fat men of France.

This club, by the way, insists that fat men are not lazy, and to uphold its contention rejected a candidate because he did not move quick enough.

Members are organizing a swim around Paris in the Seine. The swim will take a month, and each section will start with an aperitif (French for cocktail) and will end with a banquet.

The bulkiest member of the French government, Henri Beraud, who wrote "Le Martyre de l'Obese," called the "Fat Man's Classic," is a patron member of the club.

A great argument has just been

settled by a court in the department of Aveyron, France.

Aveyron is where Roquefort cheese comes from. This cheese is made in the neighborhood of the town of Rodez and is then taken to the other end of the department and placed in the salt caves of Roquefort, the little village which gives its name to the cheese.

Only in these caves can Roquefort cheese obtain its proper flavor, its delicate texture.

Recently the company which owns the Roquefort caves declined to accept for ageing some cheese on the ground that it was not proper Roquefort, having been made from cows' milk. Genuine Roquefort, it was explained, can only be made from ewes' milk.

The dairy protested, whereupon

the Roquefort company retaliated by bringing suit to restrain the dairy from calling its cheese Roquefort. The suit has just been won, with damages. So now those who delight in Roquefort cheese are more or less protected.

One other thing about Roquefort cheese may be of interest to eaters thereof. This is the explosion of the widely current belief that the green spots in the cheese are caused by copper wires.

Their real cause is mouldy bread, which is mixed with the cheese when it is fresh.

Interesting Notes from Shop and Laboratory

The first machine gun was invented in 1775.

Sugarless sugar has been made at Liverpool university by means of the action of light on carbonic acid.

The largest submarine power cable in existence is in Japan. It is 23 miles long, and weighs six tons per 1000 feet.

Prof. Oswald, Germany's greatest chemical scientist, was awarded the Nobel prize in that division on his 70th birthday.

The world record by fliers of motorless gliders is claimed by Otto Martins of Germany. He holds the record of seven miles and 80 yards.

Glenn L. Curtiss, famous airplane inventor, says he can build a plane which would travel 500 miles an hour, but that it would be impractical.

Glenn H. Curtiss won the first speed record in 1909 when he flew in an airplane at the rate of 43 miles an hour. The present record for airplane flight is 266 miles an hour, or more than 390 feet a second.

Chief Mexican Bull Fighter Paid \$150,000 for Season's Work

New York, Oct. 20.—Those who regard Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey as the highest paid athletes in the world are invited to consider the case of Gaonita, chief of the bullfighters of Mexico, now summering in Spain. Gaonita—an affectionate diminutive of Gaona—collects more than \$150,000 for an opera-length season and is rated a millionaire.

It is declared in Mexico City that boxing and baseball are displacing bullfighting in Mexican popularity. If that is so—and there are indications that it is—and if star baseball players and boxfighters are paid on the same scale as bullfighters, Mexico may have to arrange for still further financial assistance from the international bankers.

Lesser stars, like Silveti and Frog, have made more money in proportion to the length of their careers than any of the star fighters or boxers, not even excepting the meteoric Firpo, who is certain to collect a vast pile of pesos in the near future.

Gaonita lives in a very fine and large house in the embassy district of Mexico City. He owns a number of profitable apartment houses and is a shrewd investor in other ways. He has adopted the American style

of capitalizing his fame by permitting his intrepid phiz to appear in advertisements of many kinds. When he quarreled with the proprietors of the big bull ring he could afford to break with them and build one of his own.

Imagine Babe Ruth, peeved with the management of the Yanks, building a rival ball park in New York; or Jack Dempsey setting up a ring in opposition to Rickard's big amphitheater over in Jersey! It isn't done.

Toward the end of the bullfighting season in Mexico City boxing shows were drawing as heavily as bullfighting and getting larger admission fees. Visits from such well-known fighters as Luis Firpo and Sam Langford helped to stimulate interest.

Baseball remains in the amateur stage, although admission is charged at the more important games. The rooting is frequently of so ripe and frank a character as to bring pink blushes to the cheek of the most violent American fan.

The crowds are usually more orderly at the boxing shows, although at both soldiers are stationed at the entrances to frisk the armed fan for his revolver. The Mexican sport fan is more easily het up than his

northern brother and more carelessly impulsive when armed.

Gas Mask for Trainmen

A gas mask has been invented for train crews subjected to dangerous gases thrown off by the locomotive when passing through long tunnels. By means of the mask a supply of fresh air is delivered to the wearer from a compressed air valve of the engine, the air passing from the interior of the mask through a heat-insulating chamber formed by a double wall, so that a current of fresh air is continually supplied to the mask, preventing the heat from passing through the walls.



Fine Pony For You Now

Solve This Puzzle, Get a Prize

Here are seven ponies in this puzzle. By drawing three straight lines you can put each pony in a pen by himself. You can do this if you try. When you have solved this puzzle I will send you 5 Beautiful Bird Cards and tell you how to get a Beautiful Shetland Pony, Bridle and Saddle valued at \$150.00 for your own. More than 100 boys and girls already have their ponies, and they are all delighted with them. You can get a fine pony and be as happy as they are. Send for my big plan right away.

BILL BILL, The Shetland Pony Man
615 Popular Building, Des Moines, Iowa