

# SAYS 30 YEARS IS NEEDED TO REBUILD EUROPE

## High British Official Sees Little Chance of Quicker Return to Pre-War Stability.

London.—It will probably take 30 years for Europe to regain its pre-war stability and settle all the various disputes and conflicts going on in Europe today as a result of the world war.

That was the considered statement of the International News Service of a highly placed official at the British foreign office in a discussion with all European developments today.

As to Russia he ventured the statement that it would be at least two years before trading on any worth while scale could be established with Russia, presupposing there was today an acceptable allied plan which could be carried out.

"If all the freight cars in all the European countries—England included—were gathered together and then sent into Russia they scarcely would be enough transport to meet Russia's immediate needs," he stated.

"If all the European railway wagon works started working overtime today and kept it for 10 years then Europe's transportation service would begin to be satisfactory.

"In Russia, for instance, but six out of every 100 locomotives are in condition to be of any service, parts have been removed from the others for repairs. Practically all the locomotives are burning wood fuel. Similar conditions exist in Poland, Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Austria and in large areas of Germany and some sections of Belgium and France."

This official was pessimistic about an early termination of the intermittent and prolonged meetings of the allied supreme council.

"It looks like they will be meeting for years trying to settle or keep settled such things as boundaries, mandates and superimposed international decisions.

"The situation is quite different from that of 18 months ago, when the allies had huge armies to carry out their decisions."

# MASCULIZATION OF 1920 GIRLS DISTURBS HER

## Dr. Arabella Kenealy Describes Modern Costumes of Feminine Species as "Lax and Decadent."

London, England.—Take it from Dr. Arabella Kenealy, the modern female of the species is becoming increasingly lax and decadent in tone and manner, in dress and no more is to be compared with the Victorian maiden "whose ennobling influences did so much for her generation."

Such is the theory developed at length by Dr. Kenealy in her book, "Feminism and Sex Distinction," just printed.

"For the most part," she says, "the faces of our handsome women are pre-eminently pagan—bold sophisticated, clever, without sweetness, softness, imagination, sensitiveness—in a word, without soul."

Jumps from 16 to 26.

Dr. Kenealy declares that girls brought up on modern strenuous methods skip the years between 16 and 26 at which latter age they approach the 40s in constitution and temperament.

"At 20," states Dr. Kenealy, "they are even keen on politics, cards, finance, resorts, pre-eminently of materialistic middle-age."

This, she says, has led to development of those young coils known as flappers, with ungainly movements, crude mental and manners and without charm. Dr. Kenealy is shocked by the hearty manner in which English girls' colleges have taken up sport, which, she declares, makes women have a combative habit of mind and develops girls into being half men.

Engage in fierce contest.

"Here are seen," she says, "absorbed in fierce contest during the exhausting heat of summer afternoons, grim-visaged maidens of sinews, build, hard and tough, and set as working women in factories; some with brawny throats, square shoulders and stern looks that would do credit to a prize ring."

Dr. Kenealy declares this type of woman does not bear manly boys babies but, instead, become mothers of neurotic, emaciated boys. She maintains that unless the masculinization of girls is halted the race will become physical and mental degenerates.

# Woman, 60 Years Old, Develops High Kick To Reduce Her Flesh

London, Eng.—Another of the many methods for flesh reduction which crop up from time to time is high kicking.

This practice has been seized upon by many members of the fair sex and the women's clubs and Turkish baths are giving special facilities to women who are taking up the fad in the hope that their too solid flesh will melt.

In one woman's club there is said to be an old lady 75 years who has succeeded in kicking to a height of five feet one inch.

Another member, to whom the committee complained because she disturbed people by her gymnastics, said she had reached four and one-half feet and that she had lost two pounds in weight.

This latter member admitted to 60 years and said that she was out to beat the record attained by the 75-year-old member.

# The ANSWER by E. Charles Vivian

"Bruin," he told himself, "you're a fool," and with that went on. A bundle of some sort lay half in shadow, among the trampled and broken down greenery beside the way. Hastings moved over to inspect, and Margeson's face showed white and puff in the moonlight. Hastings bent down to shake him, and, grasping his shoulder, found it motionless—the man was stiff.

"O, child," said Hastings to himself, "who'll care for you now?"

Yet in his heart he knew that Angie had done most of the caring. He lifted the body to get some inkling of the cause of death, and down by the right ear found a tiny puncture that was coated with the pus-like face, there went about the bush snake, generally less than a foot in length, of which the bite was certain and quick death; but what had brought Margeson out here, within range of the snake and its bite, would have been hard to say. Hastings would have reckoned on finding him in one of the drinking places that were inevitable in such a place as Tramp's Landing.

He laid the body out in the moonlight—and set off back rapidly. Arrived at the hotel, he found that Hendrikson was still smiling at Angie, and he beckoned to the Swede. Hendrikson left Angie without a word of apology and came over.

"I want you to leave that girl to me for a few minutes," Hastings said. "I have some bad news for her."

Judging by appearance, Hendrikson had been drinking. He thrust his face forward and stared hard at Hastings.

"Why, you herring gutted interloper," he said, "I'm talkin' to little Angie. You get for tonight."

Unmindful of all who might be in the room to witness, Hastings clutched the Swede by the throat, getting him off his balance sufficiently to run him out of the room. Outside the door he gave a final push that sent Hendrikson clattering to the ground, quite undamaged, and then he waited. Hendrikson got up, got his breath, and rushed. Hastings' fist caught him on the point of the chin, lifting him clear off his feet, and he went to the floor again and stayed there.

Hastings bent over him. "Don't come back yet, Hendrikson," he asked, quite placidly. "I'll come and settle with you after, if you like, but first of all I have to break it to Miss Margeson that her father is dead. You get me?"

She stood at him in silence, and he longed to take her in his arms and tell her that, so far as a man might, he would compensate for the great loss that had come to her. While she stared, and he saw fear growing in her eyes, he reached out and grasped her hand.

"Miss Margeson," he said. "I don't quite know how to tell you. 'He is'—she made a long pause—'dead.' She did not ask, but stated it, and Hastings could only bow his head in response.

She stood up, not attempting to

draw away her hands, and breathed heavily, and Hastings stood up beside her.

"There's not a man or woman in Tramp's Landing but would wish to help you bear it," he said.

"I know," she answered. "Tell me—what you know."

He told, as briefly and gently as he could, how he had found Margeson's body with the mark of a snake bite in the neck. Whether, she listened or no he could not know, but at the end she sat very still for a minute, and then:



She struck the box from his hand with all her force.

"O, daddy—my daddy!" Hastings bent over her, took her up in his arms, and carried her out and up to her room. There he laid her on the bed and left her, shaking with sobbing. Down in the corridor he met the hotel proprietor's wife, fat and placid.

"I want you to go up to Miss Margeson's room," he said. "I've just told her of her father's death, and she ought to have a woman with her."

"I shall miss you rather badly," Hastings said. "This sort of life has a hardening influence, and a woman can counteract that."

"I'm going back—back to a man I practically promised to marry. He's a cousin"—she spoke rather nervously—"and I'm not quite sure if I shall keep the promise when I get there."

"No?" Hastings asked.

"One grows, you see," she said, "and it seems to me now that his interests are rather small."

"We shall all miss you badly here," Hastings assured her.

"It's best to go—I can't forget—daddy easily. And"—she laid her hand on his—"I shall never forget your kindness—your great kindness. I'd like to write to you."

With an effort Hastings refrained from begging her not to go. "I was glad to serve you," he answered.

By one of the dining tables sat Hendrikson, glowering moodily at them both and whittling at a forked stick with a clasp knife. He seemed to get the fork of the stick to his liking at last, and jabbed it down on the table, trapping the handle of a spoon. The action was so suggestive of catching a snake by the neck that Hastings could not stand it, with Angie there. He went over to the Swede.

"Hendrikson," he said, "don't do that in here, or I shall have to thrash you again."

Hendrikson glowered up at him.

"You want," he said, and put the forked stick down on the floor beside his chair.

Hastings came back to Angie, who had heard the brief conversation. "I should advise you to watch Mr. Hendrikson," she said. "He looks murderous when he looks at you."

"Fortunately looks don't hurt," said Hastings.

Hastings' steam navy was away beyond the cutting now, he usually went out from the hotel in the morning and stayed away till night, but on the day following that evening he came in at lunch time and smiled across the room at Angie.

"Bruin's Miss Angie," he said. "Hastings about anywhere?"

"I don't know," she answered coldly.

Olaf went out, toward the bedrooms of the hotel. As he left the dining room he took from his pocket a little oblong parcel—it looked like a box carefully wrapped and tied, and Angie just caught sight of it in his hand. She heard the Swede tramping along the bare boards of the corridor—his room was at the far end. But absently she seemed to realize that his steps did not go on to the end of the corridor. She pulled a chair back from one of the tables and sat down for lunch.

Hendrikson, returning very quickly, said no more to her, nor did he attempt to go near her. After lunch he went out, presumably back to his work, and Angie went to her room to get a hat in order to go out to her father's grave—it was her last day before leaving Tramp's Landing. She passed what she knew was Hastings' room and saw that the door was ajar—that door had been closed when she came down to lunch, but still she thought nothing of it. Somebody might have been in the room cleaning up.

At nightfall she watched when the residents came in. Hastings was late, far beyond his usual time, and there was no sign at all of Olaf

Hendrikson. This latter was strange, for Hendrikson usually well on time for the evening meal.

"I waited till you came," she said when he came over to her. "I want you to have dinner with me for the last evening. Will you?"

Hastings looked at her hungrily. "It's—it's very good of you," he stammered. "I'll be very glad if you'll wait just a minute while I go and scrub myself."

He went out and along the corridor toward his room, while Angie sat down to wait. She faced the table at which the Swede had whittled at his stick the preceding evening and remembered how he had glared at Hastings. She remembered the little oblong parcel he had taken from his pocket at noon.

And the door of Hastings' room had been mysteriously opened. Hastings had been there, come together in her mind with a faint shock. As she got their import she sprang up and crossed the room so hastily that she hurt her wrist in knocking a chair over. She ran along the corridor and burst into Hastings' room without knocking. He was sitting at a little oblong parcel in his hand, from which he had cut the stick, and torn away the paper, and still holding the box that had been within the wrapping, he stared at her blankly.

"Eh?" he asked.

She struck the box from his hand with all her force, and its impact on the floor burst the lid open. Something small and black came out and whirled its way swiftly under the bed.

"Oh, thank God! Thank God!" Angie uttered, half in prayer.

Hastings stood staring—and then he, too, remembered the forked stick that Hendrikson had prepared so carefully. He moved a step forward and grasped Angie's hands.

"Why?" he asked, and again, "Why?"

"It was to have been his revenge, don't you see?" she said. "My father died gave him the idea—that stick he had last night was to catch a snake with, and he packed it so for you to open. Oh, it's too horrible to think of!"

"Yes," said Hastings very quietly. "I know that now, just as I know my life belongs to you. But why—why?"

"I—I—" she said, and nothing more.

"Angie," Hastings said—he had never called her by that name before—"my life belongs to you now. You say so, and I want to give it all to you. I don't want you to go away tomorrow. I want you to live to serve you and go on loving you."

She looked up at him, smiling, making no answer.

"Angie," he asked again. "You must have seen—I must know—haven't you any word for me?"

Still she looked up at him, smiling, and said no word.

"Answer me, Angie—won't you stay?"

She spoke with a little catch in her voice that thrilled him:

"Bruin, she half whispered it, "won't you stay?" your answer? It's waiting for you."

BRITISH ACTORS HELD SNOBS BY THIS PRODUCER

## C. B. Cochran, English Theater Man, Stirs Up Tempest of Indignation Among London Stage Folk.

By EARLE C. REEVES.

London, Eng.—"That the a temperation seems to have shaken a generation of our women," is the reluctant conclusion of Nora A. Healy, the American actress in the success of Peggy O'Neil, Edith Day and Mary Nash, American stars in London.

"We have found actresses over the age of 35; there are a few promising beginners, but between them a sad dearth of stage genius."

"The reason for this dearth of stage genius and for the overwhelming success of the American girl," C. B. Cochran, producer, retorts, "is as follows:

"The British theater is a hotbed of snobbery."

Fire of Protests.

Inasmuch as, in addition to the above trio, Laurette Taylor, Ina Claire, Frances Starr and Conneria Ellis are soon to complete the American girl combination of the West End, the Daily Mail writer has aroused the keenest interest and discussion, and Cochran has started a veritable rapid fire of protest and contradiction.

Thus the battle royal started. In a letter to the Daily Express C. B. Cochran said:

"Our leading actors and actresses think more of a nod from a duchess or a party with Lady X than proficiency in their art. Instead of form to be emotion, they are emotion in the West End theater than in a young ladies' boarding school at Eastbourne."

"The young stage aspirant feels this atmosphere directly she enters the stage door. Instead of being taught to express her emotions she learns to keep them under."

"In a drama which I produced recently the leading lady had to play a scene in which a young man's passion overcame him and he lost all restraint. The leading lady—an English actress of distinction—positively declined to allow the young man to play the scene as I and the author wanted it played. She insisted the young man should not be too ardent, giving as her reason that she knew so many people in society who would not permit of a compromising position on the stage."

Cochran started something.

"What wattle," said Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Miss Gertrude Elliott promptly branded Cochran's letter as a "hopelessly illogical utterance."

As Many in England.

"There are as many successful English actresses in America as successful American actresses in England," Gilbert Miller declared.

"Snobishness comes not from the stage, but from society," said Arthur Bourchier, "and I do not think American actors can give us any points in acting."

"The discussion had to be closed some where, so Henry Ainley closed it with:

"I am the only snob I know on the stage."

Author of War Tank Cited; Lauds Yankee Patriotism

## General Swinton Especially Mentions Tour Through Middle West—Recalls Visits to Omaha and Chicago—Testifies to His Strong Love for America, Increased During Liberty Loan Campaign.

By FORBES W. FAIRBAIN.

Staff Correspondent Universal Service.

Signal honor has been rendered by the British government to Maj. Gen. E. D. Swinton as a result of the recent investigation into the responsibility for the invention of the tank, a war weapon which, according to military authorities, did more to determine German morale than any other single factor.

A purse of \$5,000 and a citation of praise were the reward given General Swinton by the royal commission which sat to determine the exact authorship and invention of the landship.

Stumped for Liberty Loan.

General Swinton is exceptionally well known in the United States, where he assisted the government in the Liberty loan drives in the spring and summer of 1918. From February to July, 1918, he stumped the country from coast to coast, telling the tale of the tank to vast audiences in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, Philadelphia, Omaha and other principal American cities.

The citation reads as follows:

"This officer, acting outside the scope of his general duties, made an important contribution to the invention and adoption of the tank. This included, first, the conception in October, 1918, of a machine gun destroyer of the general character of the allies, energetic and successful advocacy from then onward of the value and feasibility of the employment of such an instrument of warfare; and third, the specific definition in June, 1918, of the necessary characteristics of the general design, which must be required to satisfy:

"We conceive that the terms of reference to us do not contemplate the recommendations of awards for general services such as those secondarily mentioned above, but limit us to those which contributed to the invention and design of the actual weapons of warfare in question, and

in respect of those latter services we recommend an award of \$5,000. But beyond this we desire expressly to recognize the still greater value of that part of Major General Swinton's work for which a pecuniary reward is not appropriate."

Other Tank Awards.

Sir William Tritton and Maj. Thomas Wilson were granted \$75,000 for their part in the invention of the tank. These two men actually built the instrument of war, acting upon the suggestions and ideas of others, and were responsible for its appearance on the battlefields of France. Recognition was also given Winston Churchill, British secretary of war, and nine others.

In discussing the reward given him General Swinton recalled his experiences in America.

"I delighted in America, its cities and its wonderful people," he said. "I was glad indeed to give my assistance. I could in the Liberty loan drives, my tour of the United States was a revelation to me of the country and its people. I certainly want to visit America again."

"Wonderful Audiences."

"Never have I had such wonderful audiences. In the middle west especially, which was popularly supposed to be exceedingly neutral, I found a great response to the appeal of the allies. Chicago and Omaha were wonderful in their reception of allied emissaries. Typical of the receptions given me was that at Joliet, Ill., where I spoke in the Masonic hall. Joliet, as I remember, is a manufacturing town with a great foreign population, mostly from central Europe. Yet I never saw such loyalty and pro-Americanism in all my life. The hall was draped with American flags and Union Jacks. When I entered I was so touched that I hardly was able to speak. I never came nearer crying. I'll always remember Joliet and the hundreds of other cities I visited. I love America."

# Wife Claims Her Husband's Silence is Cruelty--Courts Have New Problem to Solve

## Man's Plea Is That Silence Is Golden and Cheapest Way To Maintain Peace Is to Keep Mouth Shut—Clerk Of Court Inclined to Side With Wife.

BY MARGERY REK.

By Universal Service.

Silence is said to be golden so much so in fact that it is often the easiest way to purchase peace, a common household discovery.

But prolonged quiet arising from a grouchy or peevish state is apt to cause heart-breaking tension.

In London recently one Mrs. G. J. Hill sued her husband for a separation, charging abandonment, all because he hadn't spoken to her for more than three years.

Sir Henry Duke, the "president" of the divorce court where the suit was heard, denied the charges and refused the wife's plea for a divorce, "not speaking" did not constitute abandonment in any way.

Stubborn Silence.

"Not speaking" seems cruel and unusual punishment for a wife, who, being childless, has no other companion but her husband. The Hills' life was unusual anyway. Husband Hill left for work very early in the morning. He returned late at night. Their life was not especially happy. They started communicating by notes. Finally it became the only means of transferring thoughts and wishes.

Mrs. Hill has a vast number of the marital notes, one of which dated in 1916 tells her that her husband wishes to have no further dealings with her. Yet the wife continued to cook and care for the home of her sullen spouse.

A separation suit charging abandonment on such grounds is apparently unparalleled.

And in America we fear the decision will be the same—that is, long as a husband lives under the same roof with his wife and offers adequate support, the fact of his remaining silent would not be sufficient reason for a separation.

An English Case.

Judge Norman J. Marsh, now sitting in the Domestic Relations court expressed doubt whether such a grievance would bring a weary wife relief by law in the United States.

"The English case turned upon the question of whether silence, refusal to speak, would constitute abandonment. Of course a woman can get a separation for cruel and inhuman treatment of a husband makes it impossible for her by one act or repetition of acts of extreme cruelty, to leave and then sue on the ground of abandonment, even though it was she who left.

# Chemist's Scales Are Big Enough to Weigh Milady's Frock Today

London, Eng.—Bring out your chemist's scales, my dear, pile on your latest frock, hat and unmentionables, and let's see whether you are really well dressed.

It is based on a law passed in 1919, which authorizes "tourist centers" and health resorts to levy a tax on visitors. This law, however, leaves the product of the tax in the hands of the chamber of tourist industry, to be expended as that body sees fit.

Paris visitors are to have a similar tax and to have the spending of the product of the tax in the hands of the chamber of tourist industry, to be expended as that body sees fit.

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# Tourists to France May Be Made Subject To Visitors' Tax Levy

Paris, France.—Americans coming to Paris this summer will have to pay a visitors' tax if a project to be discussed at an early session of the Paris municipal council is approved. It is based on a law passed in 1919, which authorizes "tourist centers" and health resorts to levy a tax on visitors. This law, however, leaves the product of the tax in the hands of the chamber of tourist industry, to be expended as that body sees fit.

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# Extravagant Parasites Frenchman Calls Yanks

By GUSTAVE TERY.

(Owner-Editor of L'Ouvreu).

Paris, France.—All the best restaurants, dancing places, theaters in Paris are filled with foreigners, mostly Americans. In looking about such places I find myself almost the only male specimen of the practically extinct race of Frenchmen of France.

By their reckless expenditures these Americans—who left us in uniform and have now returned as civilians, with their wives, to celebrate peace—raise the cost of living sky high for us. Our food supply is dwindling.

Wouldn't we have more bread in our cupboards, more wine in our cellars, if we did not have to share what remains with such extravagant parasites? And, thanks to the exchange rate, their pleasure here costs them almost nothing. Like trinkets, they pick up our works of art, our antiques, our historic chateaux.

I propose a tax on foreigners—on these "friends and allies" who claim to love us. Let them share our troubles, help settle our finances by contributing, by means of what one might call a "visitors' tax" to our welfare. No matter how large such a tax might be, it would still be far inferior to their profits on the exchange.

I am not forgetful of the services they rendered us—even when they were rich on our distress (for the most scandalous and greedy war profiteers were not French). Nor do I forget that they help our tourist and hotel industries. I know they do us an honor to spend the money they have made on us in France.

Therefore I do not cry "Basta!" to the whole of France for French, but simply "A little of France, please, for her own inhabitants."

# High School Graduate Gets Wife as Diploma

Terrell, Okl.—David Way got a wife as his diploma when he completed the course of the high school here a few nights ago.

Following the presentation of diplomas to all graduates, Wray was called upon to "come forward and get his."

"Before the audience 'woke up' a minister had made Wray and Ruth Hightower, one of the graduates, man and wife.

# Electric Atmosphere Stalls Motor Cars

Delphos, Kan.—Several motor cars caught in a severe dust storm here the other day mysteriously "went dead" and their drivers were unable to start them.

An investigation disclosed that the cars were in an area where the atmosphere was heavily surcharged with electricity. All metal parts about them had become electrified.

# ALL NATIONS OF EUROPE CUTTING DOWN CREDITS

## Sir George Paish, Economist, Gives Gloomy Review of General Financial Tightening Overseas.

By ROBERT J. PREW.

(Universal Service Staff Correspondent.)

London, Eng.—In spite of the large percentage expansion in her exports and re-exports, Great Britain still has to pay the United States in securities or in promises to pay to the extent of between \$2,000,000,000 and \$2,500,000,000 annually, says Sir George Paish, the economist, in a gloomy review of the credit situation.

Britain is now giving credit to Continental nations or accepting payment in securities for goods supplied and services rendered at the rate of over \$2,000,000,000 a year, he declares. But British purchasers in the United States more than counter-balance this surplus. The banks of every nation have granted all the credit they feel warranted in granting, and there is a disposition to curtail existing credits rather than to grant additional ones.

Sir George believes that the credit position in Europe is more dangerous than the coming food shortage, as it itself will be met by a high measure of altruism if the peoples of Europe are to be preserved from starvation. In the current crop reports the harvests of this side are less than 60 per cent of the amount required by the present rate of consumption, and as there is only a very moderate surplus available from the rest of the world, all the nations east of France are suffering serious privation.

# Rebuilt Lorraine Village Hails Its American Mother

Paris.—Thanks to Mr. W. H. Crocker of San Francisco, Cal., the picturesque village of Vitrimont, Lorraine, is the first in the devastated regions to be entirely reconstructed.

Vitrimont was burned by the Germans in 1914. The corner stone of the new village was laid in 1916 by the American ambassador, William G. Sharp.

On Sunday the last stone was laid and Vitrimont turned out en masse to welcome its "rebirth." The inhabitants vied with one another in decorating their new "village" houses and Mrs. Crocker's progress was a triumphal procession.