

'Neighbors in New York? No Such Thing!' Amusing Results of a Real Investigation



No Reason Why Neighbors in an Apartment House Shouldn't Be as Friendly as the Neighbors in a Small Town, Thought This Pioneer.

No, Wearing His Most Ingratating Manners, and "Just to Be Sociable," He Makes a Few Calls, With Results Here Recorded.

By Roger L. Lewis. "There is no such thing as a social life in New York unless you have loads of money..."

"I have felt that I ought to know a few things about this matter of social life in a big city. In my five years in New York City my social life has consisted of an occasional call on a cousin who lives in Williamsburg..."

"I read encouragement in the small glistering eyes of my host. I had found some one who felt as kindly toward the idea as I had thought of it myself. I became very enthusiastic..."

"I took the elevator to the fourth floor and went to the fourth apartment on the left. The number was 44. The door was unlocked favorably. I decided I would adopt a manner that was less professionally buoyant..."

"I got just as far as this when a woman's hand seized the lapel of my coat and drew me into a small reception room. My plan was looking up..."

"I was sorry I made such a clumsy debut in the P. E. C., for it cost of panache me and made me as shy that I didn't dare ask my neighbors half the things I wanted to know..."



hurried and undignified exit while the girl exclaimed: "Good! It's time for the music to be back, and if she ever found me entertainin' callers when I say that I tried one more apartment..."

The Very Newest Thing in Hats on Broadway

It's Just the Cutest DARLING, and Mile. Lydia Lopankowa Pays Personal Taxes on It and (Secret) Here's Just How She Got It.

By Eleanor Schorer.

There seems to be no difference in styles, be she just ordinary, every-day, cunning creature..."

"I was a dream of a hat. Oh! she clasped her hands in ecstasy as only Mademoiselle can. She MUST have it!"



having a design worked in blue, green and white. Laid lightly on the brim reposed three tiny apples, one red, one blue and the third green and each little apple had its own two little leaves..."

And You Say a New York Alarm Clock Has No Soul? Read This.

Who says that inanimate objects do not possess a soul? What bogus philosopher or student of unhuman nature dares declare that mere "stocks and stones" or alarm clocks, for that matter—are not possessed of the finer and more subtle attributes of the human intelligence?"

He is the pink of punctuality, the soul of honor in giving to his employer every minute of the time for which he receives a weekly envelope. But he is constitutionally a "heavy sleeper," whatever that may be, and he has to rely upon an alarm clock to rouse him at exactly 7.55 o'clock each morning...

Alas, alas! There is no post to sing the homely heroism of an alarm clock. But here is the epic fact: Next morning promptly at 7.55 the silver voice of the old watchdog on the shelf called out with not a quaver, not a sob, even, to betray the agony of a swan song...

'If I Must Be a Suffragette,' Says Meg Villars, 'I'd Like to Be a Nice, Helpful American One'



She Lunches at the Suffrage Restaurant and "Most Emphatically Removes Her Bonnet to the Luncheon"—There's a Helpful, Encouraging Atmosphere in Mrs. Belmont's Political Equality Club and No Red Eyed, Fanatical, Shrieking, Criminal, Crazy Females of the English Militant Suffragette Type in Evidence.

By Meg Villars.

I've lunched at the Political Equality Club. I've given a penny to the cause, because I thought it wouldn't hurt either the cause or me, I've been reading some yellow hand bills, and now I'm wondering if that makes me a member of the brigade or not. If I am, I refuse to live down to it in England. I don't feel up to marching around and, because I'm a woman,



committing crimes for which a mere man would be transported for life! No; if I've got to be a suffragette, I think I'd like to be a nice, helpful American one. I most emphatically remove my bonnet to the luncheon arrangements of the P. E. C. even if I did feel as shy and clumsy as during my first day at school, when I was in the sock and holland "pinny" stage of life...

All's Well in Montclair.

Montclair, proud suburb of New York, long has plumed itself upon its self-imposed appellation "refete," and even has proclaimed itself New York's wealthiest suburb against all comers. Street cars between Newark and Verona Lake and Caldwell pass through the main street of Montclair, and on that main street is the Y. M. C. A. building. All year long the announcement board before the building has told of courses in elementary, bookkeeping, stenography and the like, and Montclair has looked and wondered. The idea of a Montclairer needing anything so crude. They hid their heads as they passed.

But all has changed now. Here's the announcement on the board: KNOW YOUR CAR. Special Course in Automobile Mechanics Will Start Here Soon.

All's well in Montclair again. Montclair citizens hold their heads high as they pass the Y. M. C. A. and veterans from New York and other parts of New Jersey are sure to have the sign pointed out to them. "Know Your Car" is the announcement. Montclair takes it for granted you own one—otherwise you wouldn't be bringing Montclair...