

Ninety-Four "Sergt. Yorks," All Czecho-Slovak Heroes, Here to Be "Rebuilt"

Every One Maimed, and Each One a "Story" of Personal Heroism in Battle, They Lived Up to Czecho-Slovak Tradition That, Though His Body Be Hacked to Pieces, a Czech Cannot Be Made to Moan or Whimper.

By Zoe Beckley

NINETY-FOUR war-scarred Czecho-Slovaks, becrutched and empty-steeved, some wearing eye-patches and some with lost voices, but every one of them happy. And every one of them a Sergeant York! There is scarcely a whole man among them. Yet the smallest chap of the company—that one over there on the other side of the table, third from the end, with his arm in a sling and his left trouser-leg pinned to his hip—is more a man than your six-foot athlete who puts the job "up to the other fellow." They are having their daily one o'clock dinner at two long tables in Sokal Hall on East 71st Street. They arrived in New York last Sunday, via the Pacific to the west coast and thence cross country. They are the fellows you used to read about, in desperate conflict with the Bolsheviki, who mowed them down by thousands in Siberia. And they have been sent to this country by their government to be re-limbed, and especially to be overhauled by good American dentists. Then they are going back home to their newly-freed little country to live in peace forever after—let us hope.



So much for the bare facts. But Czecho-Slovaks are facts plus something that makes them stand forth now among the picturesque and gallant figures of the war: Picturesque they certainly are, from the tops of their worn khaki caps, down their medalled Russ tunics, to the toes of the stubby boots. As for grit and gallantry, well, it seems to be of the sort that crashes unarmed against machine gunners, and then sings aloud as the surgeons do their grisly work without anaesthetics in the numbing cold of North Russia.

"Is it true," I asked one Paul Kurutz, who went from his farm near Bohemistady at the beginning of the war to take his Austro-Hungarian whack at Russia, "as I have heard, that a Czech cannot be made to whimper or moan, though his body be hacked to pieces?"

The big fellow smiled. "Czechs be human being," he said briefly, in his interrupted English. "Me no say they God. But they no cry much." His jaw unconsciously stiffened. "We not like Austro-Huns," he went on. "We KNOW WHAT WE FIGHT FOR! And we willing suffer all—all—so long as we get what we fight for. We have to go with Austro-Hungary first. But after that, Litovak we not. Then we fight for OUR land, OUR people, OUR language. As we fight like hell, excuse me, lady."

Next to Paul was his pal, Josef Koharn, both of whose hands were shot away when he tried to hurl a

"GREY FRINGE" FAD OF LONDON WOMEN FOR 1919 COSTUMES



THE above photograph shows the "Grey Fringe Costume" so evident among London's better dressed women this season. The picture was snapped at the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap meeting at Hurst Park, England.

grenade back from his trench into the enemy lines whence it came. I murmured some sympathy or other, but Kurutz stopped me with a stern, "Do not pity him. He not like. He get the hands of rubber. He work. He not want sadness. Look! See him eat his food. And drink from his glass!"

I looked—and tried not to show what I felt.

Josef, interpreted by his messmate, said the equivalent of "I have no complaint. I still live. And I am lucky, for I shall see my country free, as we have struggled to make it for hundreds of years. I shall not work as I used to work—in a factory, perhaps—but I shall find something to do. So long as we are free and no longer under hated rule, what does anything else matter?"

That is how they all feel. Further along the table sat a chap with a row of medals on his breast, a patch over one poor eye, and a crutch at his side. Thoughts of Sergt. York and his notable exploits flashed to mind. This man, perhaps, was the Sergt. York of the Czecho-Slovaks. I asked Paul Kurutz about him.

"He? Oh, fine soldier! He got wounds when we go up into Russia. We have one rifle to ten men. This man he go after the Russians without gun. He get hurt. We all get hurt. But no more one brave than other. We all do BEST WE CAN." "Nevertheless, I still sought my 'Sergeant York.' There must be some one special hero, some outstanding giant of bravery. So I asked Anthony W. Ches, born Iowa of Czech parentage, who was a famous athlete and football coach when he decided that the most important business in the world was 'other side the ocean.' So he went over three years ago as a 'Y' secretary, and served as hut manager, medical officer, nurse, interpreter, guide, philosopher, friend, brother and general aide, specializing in Siberia, where work was hardest and helpers fewest, until the present consignment of Czech heroes was shipped to America for repairs.

Ches is a huge person with a ruggedness of face and figure that distinguishes him from the others. He says his tunic had to be cut by a tent-maker, and I believe it. Ches never found anything that could get the better of him in his life until he ate seventeen versts of "kolbasa," which is a breed of Russian sausage. The seventeenth link gave him stomachic poison, but couldn't keep him down long at that. Ches says, and he knows, that Paul Kurutz is right about there being no special "Sergeant York."

"They are all Sergeant Yorks," he corrected. "After three years of war, perhaps you don't see special acts stand out from the rest like you do when you first begin. Things all merge together into one awful business of combat, and you lose the high lights."

"But I'll say that I never saw such game fellows as these men are. In the fight with the Bolsheviki, when the Czecho-Slovaks were trying to get through to join the Allies on the west front, in October and November, 1918, whole lines of them were cut down, most of them dying and the rest horribly hurt. I've seen doctors operate on men out in cold such as you can't dream of, with no anaesthetics. And never a squeal or a howl."

"In Russia they had almost no vegetables to eat, only meat. Scurvy threatened. And they are practically all in need of medical aid. But we've had one complete cure already—a chap whose vocal cords were paralyzed by gun shock suddenly recovered his voice on the transport. But they all feel their troubles are over now. They're craky about Central Park. And they're having the time of their lives!"

On With the Dance—

But Shun the Shimmy and Curb the Clinches

We've Come to "Close Ups" from the "Distance" Views of Our Forefathers—and Now Madam Grundy Is Saying, "Watch Your Step"—She Has Visited Coney Island—Will She Drop In at Broadway Next?



By Will B. Johnstone

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WATCH your shoulders. The moral wave that is sweeping the country is aiming to engulf not only intoxicating drinks and intoxicating songs (with two per cent. music and eighty per cent. lyrics), but aims to swamp the Shimmy (two per cent. dance and 88 per cent. intoxicating eyes).

If you have synopating collarbones or clicking ribs, don't rattle the skeleton, because the police will hale you before a Magistrate. A slight knock in your shoulder blades will be your ruination.

You can shake hands, you can shake your head, but you cannot shake your shoulder! "Them's orders."

Our forefathers "viewed with alarm" the waltz, the first of the contact dances. "Whither are we drifting?" they exclaimed. "It is indecent for a man to touch the hem of a six-foot hoopskirt and actually come within three feet of his dancing partner when endeavoring to encircle her waist with his finger tips. Outrageous!"

Forefather might have used an egg-cup, but he had some sense. He knew that once an American gets a new idea, development follows.

The precedent of "contact dancing" was established, and see what happened. The waltz was a three step. Hoopskirt distance between the dancers. After a few seasons of this the women changed the cut of their dresses, eliminating the hoop in front. They got it out of the way by hanging the excess draperies over a bustle in the rear. This excess baggage disappeared just before the 365way Pilsnasse drew thousands of shocked visitors into the Streets of Calro to see the World's Fair dancers. Most of these indignant visitors never did get to see the Transportation Building.

This touch of the East had its effect on the dance. We went from the three step to the two step. We became reckless and there were merely puff sleeves between the dances.

Then the women took all the fullness out of their dresses and the slit skirts permitted only the one step instead of the old two step. You see the progression. Three step—two step—one step—what next?

Why, we gradually reduced the movement of the feet until the one step gave way to the half-step or fox trot, and then at last the movement of the feet stopped and the shoulders took up the cadence of the jazz (music also having stopped). Shifting the hooping from the feet to the shoulders might be easier on the shoes now that they cost more than the talcum powder that is dislodged by the shoulder shimmy, but the fact is that the shimmy is not dancing. The Tarantula didn't bite in the vicinity of the vaccination marks. Anyway, your next step will be the lock step if you persist in the shimmyfication of Tarsiphore's art.

Overzealous cops may not stop at mere dance shimmying. The shoulder gyrations of amateur horseback riders certainly stimulates the shim-

THE "SHIMMY DANCE," WHAT THE DANCE CRAZE HAS LED TO



THE EVOLUTION OF THE DANCE

Ignorant Essays

DANCING

By J. P. McEvoy

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DANCING is wrestling set to music. As in wrestling, the first requirement is learning the holds. The rest is easy, because you merely hold on and keep on moving. It doesn't make much difference what you move so long as you move and that you pay no attention to the music except to applaud when it stops. You applaud when it stops because that is the best part of it.

Fashions in dancing change almost as fast as feminine waistlines and in about the same manner, for, like waistlines, dancing has been revised upward. For instance, it used to be that we danced with our feet. Then along came "Ballin' the Jack" and we danced with our knees. The waistline was about there then, too. The Hulu Hulu babies, all dressed up in necklaces and synopated shredded wheat, then introduced the gluteal gambol and the waistline rose accordingly. And now we have the Shimmy, which is danced with the shoulders. Next year we shall have the Head Hop. Those who master it will be known as Hop Heads and a dance will be billed as a Bean Ball.

For a time the new dances were named after the animals, such as the Grizzly Bear, the Giraffe Gallop, the Pelican Prance, &c., but this cruel practice was stopped by the S. P. C. A. The poor animals were getting an awful reputation, and unjustly, too.

It is very easy to dance, especially for the men, for they have not only the floor to dance upon, but their partners' feet as well. And, incidentally, it is in the dance that many a husband gets even with his wife for dragging him out of his easy chair that night—he walks all over her feet.

Married couples cannot dance well together, except when they are not married to each other.

Modern dance music is very fascinating. It is called Jazz and is produced as follows: Five fellows who cannot read music are given five different pieces to play at once. They are equipped with a Razzoo, a Bazzoo, a Blam Blam, a Wahoo and a Wheezer. They are then filled with Jamaica ginger, barbed wire, rough-on-rats, rock salt and T.N.T., and turned loose. The noise that results is Jazz. When people hear it they say "they could just die dancing." Many of them do.

Fifty years ago the waltz was something awful. If our dear old forefathers could only see us do the Shimmy!

Hot Dog!

The First Family Hotel

THE first "family" or "temperance" hotel in London, the forerunner of tens of thousands of such hostels in all parts of the world, was opened in Covent Garden 145 years ago.

An inn for the more or less permanent accommodation of families, and minus bar, was an undreamed of thing, and other hotelkeepers laughed the project to scorn. Despite their derision, the scheme was successful, and made a snug fortune for its founder, David Low. London now has hundreds of family and temperance hotels, and before long the United States will have thousands of them.

The edifice in which Low started his hotel is still standing, and is now used for the boxing matches of the famous National Sporting Club. The building was erected early in the seventeenth century, and was originally the home of Sir Kenelm Digby.

Trans-Atlantic Records.

THE first steamship to cross the Atlantic in less time than six days and ten hours, which had been the record for several years, was the Cunarder Umbria, which arrived off Sandy Hook thirty-two years ago, only six days and three hours out of Queenstown. It did not long hold the record, for the following year the Eturia made the trip in a little less than six days and two hours. The first vessel to cross the Atlantic in less than six days was the Majestic, which in 1891 lowered the time to five days and eighteen hours, and in 1908 the ill-fated Lusitania came in under five days, her time for the trip being four days and fifteen hours.

Where Can I Live?

A Question All the World Is Asking.

The Housing Problem in Canada

Under New Housing Law, Government Will Lend to Provinces \$25,000,000 at 5 Per Cent. Interest for Building Houses—Provinces Will Lend It to Towns and Cities or, Under Certain Conditions, to Building Associations, but First Province Must Prepare a Scheme for Improving Housing Conditions Within Its Area.

FIFTH ARTICLE OF A SERIES

Written Especially for The Evening World.

By Charles Harris Whitaker

Editor Journal of the American Institute of Architects.

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CANADA is a new country, much newer than the United States, generally speaking, and yet it too has fallen heir to a housing problem. It is so vast a place, with such an enormous area of country undeveloped and largely unknown, that you wonder why it is that there should be any difficulty about having decent houses there. And yet, in 1913, the Governments of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec had to take up the question, so bad had housing conditions grown in the industrial centres. These Governments agreed to guarantee the capital stock of building associations, up to 85 per cent. of its par value, provided that the association was not operated for a commercial or speculative profit. That is, it must agree to limit its dividends to a definite percentage (probably 5 or 6 per cent.), which thus provided that all the benefits from increased land values went not to make fat dividends but to help reduce the cost of the houses, or the rentals to the workmen who lived in them.

But Canada did not stop there. She created the Commission of Conservation, and while it would generally be supposed that such a commission would occupy itself with forests, fish, water supply, minerals and ores, and such natural resources, this commission had the good sense to consider that human beings are worth conserving. Therefore it set about the study of the housing question, which led it into all sorts of fields and provided it with all kinds of facts. Largely as a result of this work, the Canadian Government has just enacted a new Housing Law, under which it will lend \$25,000,000 at 5 per cent. interest for the building of houses. The money will be lent by the Government to the provinces, and they in their turn will lend it to the towns or cities which desire to build houses as a municipal undertaking; or to groups of men who may form an association for the building of houses for sale or for rent, provided the association limits its dividends to 6 per cent.; or money may be lent directly to an individual who owns land and wishes to build a house for himself.

The Housing Act distinctly states that the Government is providing this money "to promote the erection of dwelling houses of modern character to relieve congestion of population in cities and towns; to put within the reach of all workmen, particularly returned soldiers, the opportunity of acquiring their own homes at actual cost of the building

and land acquired at a fair value; thus eliminating the profits of the speculator; to contribute to the general health and wellbeing of the community by encouraging suitable town planning and housing schemes." Under the terms of the act each province must prepare a scheme for improving the housing conditions within its area. Not alone for houses, but also showing the arrangement of the town or village, what provisions will be made for parks, playgrounds, open spaces, and how the houses are to be properly lighted and ventilated. This very much resembles the new English law, although it is not so strict; in England, if a town does not provide decent housing; for its workmen the Government is empowered to go into the town, build enough houses to meet the needs and charge the town with the cost. The Canadian law does not go quite so far, but such a provision may later become necessary, for all towns do not see the wisdom of taking advantage of a permissive law.

The provinces must repay, the loans to the Federal Government in twenty years, but the period of repayment by workmen may be extended to thirty years. But the crucial part of the whole Canadian programme is found in the clause entitled "Acquisition of Sites," and that clause is worth quoting in full. It reads as follows: "The success of the housing movement depends upon the acquisition of suitable land at its fair value, and at a cost which workmen can afford to pay. It is essential, therefore, that statutory provision shall be made by the provinces for a cheap and speedy method of compulsory taking of the land required for housing purposes. To facilitate proper planning and to secure economy in connection with housing schemes, comparatively large cities should, as a rule, be chosen so as to permit of comprehensive treatment. Such sites should be conveniently accessible to places of employment, means of transportation, water supply, sewers, and other public utilities."

Then there is one other clause which shows that Canada has learned wisely from the experiences of the older countries. In the Government's statement explaining the bill, there is a clause entitled "Planning the Sites," which is as follows: "Where housing schemes are proposed, the sites, as well as the buildings, should be properly planned so as to secure sanitary conditions, wholesome environment, and the utmost economy. The land should be sold under restrictions that will insure its use for residential purposes only, and should thereafter be desired to utilize any of the lots so sold for stores or other business purposes, the increased value for such business sites should be made available for public purposes in connection with such scheme."

It marks a long step forward when a great national government begins to talk such sound sense as that to its people, and it undoubtedly marks, as well, the beginning of a movement based upon the diffusion of simple facts among the people, when speculators and land owners will be actually prevented from wrecking and ruining our towns and cities, and our countryside as well. The Canadian law does not provide for any means of preventing those things; it simply points out that the provinces should see that they are prevented, but that will not be such an easy matter. Owners of land are seldom willing to give up the fat profits that they can suck from a community which needs land on which to grow.