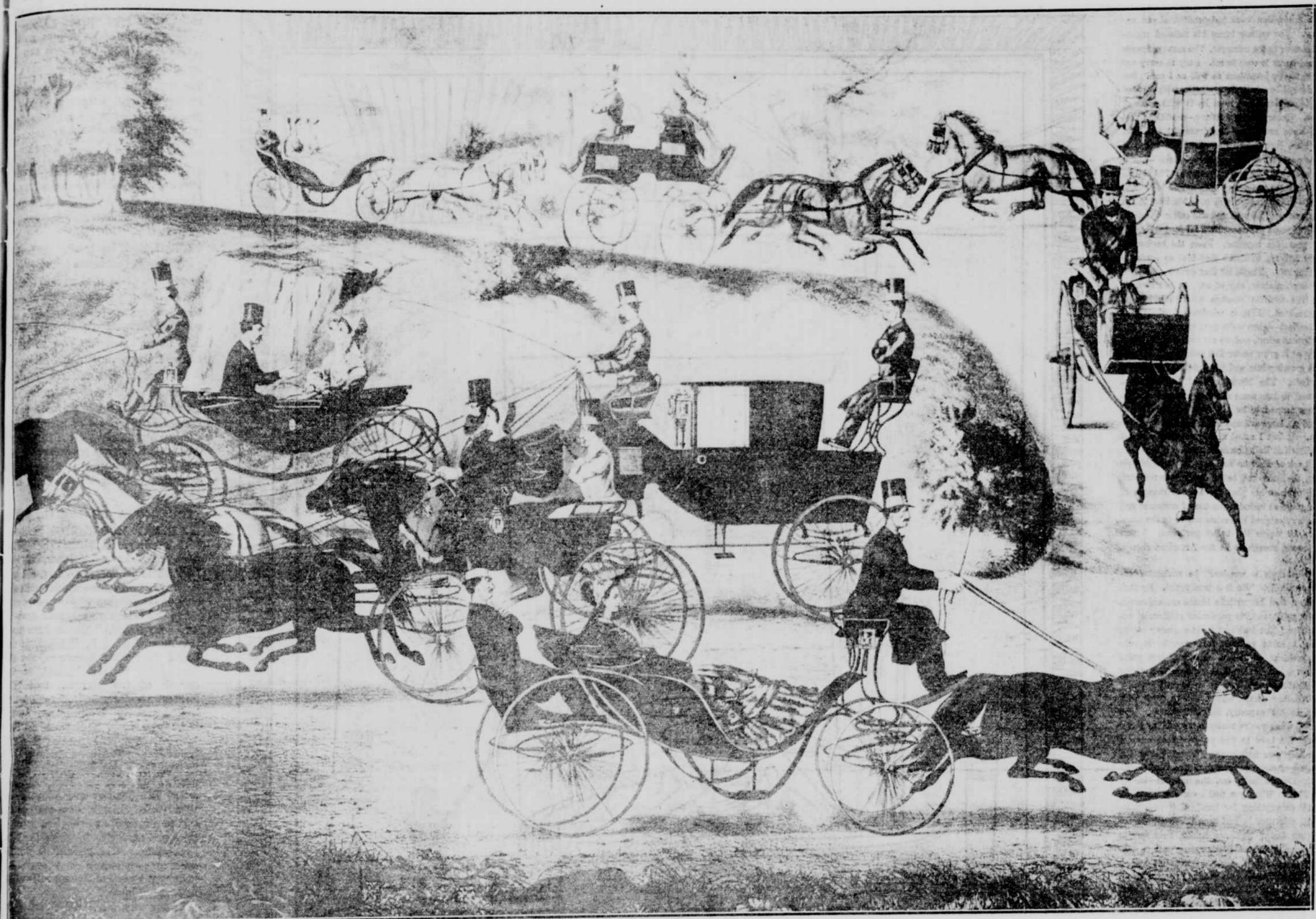


# THE VICTORIAN ERA IS COMING BACK. THIS IS IT



From a Print by Thomas Worth, 1869.

## Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central Park

There has been a sudden shift in popular favor from the hired automobile to the old-fashioned victoria as a pleasure vehicle. City-bred swains, instead of paying a taxi-cab driver so much per bump as a method of entertaining their guests, have taken to the much less expensive and far more easy-riding method of their grandfathers and are now rolling noiselessly along the paths of Central Park in open carriages like so many Queen Victorias and Prince Consorts. One cabby, the driver of a plum-colored turnout formerly in active use on this continent only in Montreal and Quebec, said that where a year ago he had spent his time seated on his box in the shade of the fourth tree down from the entrance to the Park, carrying a square-rigged ship out of a spool, he is now kept busy from ten A. M. until late at night driving patrons hither and yon, and vice versa.

In this connection it is interesting to note the accompanying print depicting the conditions existing during the last epidemic of victoria-riding. From this it will be seen that a curfew to prevent-day officials might be in order. Extra forces of traffic police will be necessary to curb the frantic speed at which it is evidently necessary to drive a victoria in order to get any pleasure out of the ride. It is a curious point to be found in old-time prints that all the horses went at break-neck speed under all conditions. Even in the most congested districts of the city you will see geldings and truck horses, sleek and unkempt, all charging along with the license of a modern mail truck driver, with all four feet off the ground.

Here, for instance, we see a crowded path in Central Park with a procession of evidently respectable people who are tearing along at a speed which no official

would tolerate to-day. And what is worse, they don't seem to be at all conscious of what they are doing. Imperturbable faces and mild eyes look calmly to the front, seemingly oblivious to the fact that their horses are violating all regulations. What, except a frightful crash, can happen at the curve, when the equipages on the upper level attempt to turn? Mr. Hughes, with the foreshortened horse, seems to have escaped by a miracle, yet we dread to think of what will happen to him at the foot of the hill. Arabian steeds cannot tear along like that indefinitely without running into each other somewhere along the line.

It is seen like this that we must take measures to avoid if the reckless victoria is to take the place of the regulated, comparatively docile taxi in our public parks.

THIS is the story of the Perfect Censor.

By the year 2000 the general level of cultural intelligence had sunk to rock bottom. Virtually all creative writers, sculptors and painters had been censured out of existence. The job of censor had become an uninteresting chore. Tammany hoodlums, dreaming of holding down highly paid easy chairs, would say to one another, "How'd you like to be the vice man?"

About this time the office of the late Comstock became vacant. The position fell to a reformer with a Stone Age forehead, and one of the longest noses in captivity. He was the original old George W. Proboscia, and there was a feeling that if any spark of artistic creation arose he would sniff it and stamp it out with his No. 11 E. He was a natural born stamper.

He had originality without intelligence.

His first day on the job he took hammer and shears and went up to the Metropolitan Museum. First he smashed the Mæcennas "Bacchante" and the copies of the Venus of Milo and Rodin's "Thinker," and cut Susanna out of the canvas with the elders. By nightfall he had not left much except the hammies and some old furniture.

## SWEEPINGS FROM INKPOT ALLEY

By TANSY M'NAB

The next morning he went to the zoo. "This place is a shambles of indecency," he said.

"Whadd'ya mean, indecency?" asked the director.

"All these animals without a rag of clothing to the lot," he said. "When I think of the innocent children that come here by thousands day after day my heart bleeds. Cover 'em up immediately."

"The children?" asked the amazed director.

"No, the lions and tigers. Don't you dare exhibit so much as a field mouse hereafter without trousers, or, as the case may be, petticoats."

He also decreed that all horses, cats and dogs must be adequately clad. Nor did he forget the squirrels in Central Park.

The bare limbs and trunks of trees bothered him. On the third day he ordered that all trees must be decently swaddled or cut down.

On the fourth day he decreed the destruction of all flowers. "This pollen business is unspeakably disgusting," he said. "It has a demoralizing effect on the Young."

On the fifth day he decided all birds

must be killed. "No decent mind," he said, "can contemplate without horror the obscene orgies of another mating season."

The naked forms of motor cars filled him with a vague uneasiness. On the sixth day he ordered that all auto bodies must be draped.

Instead of resting on the seventh day he abolished the Bible. "Incidents like that of the Woman of Samaria are beyond the pale," he declared. "As for the Song of Solomon, it is a veritable holocaust of sensuality."

During his second week he turned his attention to domestic affairs.

He ordered that any householder who served at his table an undraped leg of lamb should be stuck in the cooler for six months. Ten days was the penalty for each potato that appeared without its jacket. He also decided that morality demanded the abandonment of the practice of serving peas stripped of the pods.

"What is more horribly suggestive than a bathtub?" he next inquired. "And what could be more immoral than our habit of getting into such a recept-

acle and sitting there absolutely in a state of nature? Think of it! A state of nature! I understand there are some abandoned persons who indulge in this lascivious pastime every single day. In the interests of civilization the bathtub must go."

It went.

After that the Censor was silent for a whole week. He was wrestling with the Big Idea. Finally he issued a pronouncement.

"The root of all indecency is a certain element of our population which must be destroyed," he said. "These persons persistently show their limbs without shame. They spend most of their time flopping about in abandoned poses with insufficient clothes. They are hopelessly depraved. They even have their pictures taken in a condition of nudity. They have no more morals than filthy beasts. There is a pretence that they are brought by the stork, but I know better. They can't pull the wool over my eyes. I am confident that if we do away with them we shall have, in the next generation, a Perfectly Moral Earth. We must abolish babies."

Unfortunately his baby ukase was never issued. While conducting some experiments to determine the proper clothing for house flies he caught typhoid and died.

"Down!" said Rhadamanthus; and down he went.

In his descent he protested loudly against the nakedness of the attendants.

The next morning the Arch Fiend looked up from his breakfast of grilled bones and sniffed the air suspiciously. He summoned the Chief Tormentor.

"What," asked the Arch Fiend, "is that Awful Odor?"

The Chief Tormentor wrinkled his nose and grinned.

"It's the new one, Boss," he replied. "We put him on the griddle this morning, and I'm afraid he's a bit gamy."

### THE OVERWORKED P. G.

ONE of the magazines devoted to the alleged interests of the gentler sex has been receiving from its readers, and printing, a number of letters protesting against the inevitable pretty girl on its covers. They are tired of her, and they want something else. Is

this a sign that the worm is turning? Has the reaction against the pretty girl set in at last?

Ever since the "Craker" vanished into thin air the pretty girl has held the magazine field against all comers. She has covered thousands of pages. Hundreds of authors and illustrators have been grinding out legions of pretty girls, creating a world where no female creature was by any possibility over twenty-two, where the real business of life was flirtation and the climax of existence a kiss. The magazine pages have been plastered over with pretty girls in party gowns, pretty girls in motors, pretty girls in boats or on desert islands, pretty girls undressed for the opera, pretty girls in bathing costume, pretty girls in nighties. Fewer and better clothes for pretty girls seemed to be the motto of our magazines. Oscar Wilde once pointed out that Thomas Hardy was the first Victorian novelist to discover that ladies had legs under their dresses, and he was profoundly disturbed thereby. During the last few years our magazine illustrators have been striving to forget that young ladies have dresses over their legs.

The rivalry among our pretty girl

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