

The Super-Man in the Street

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and would be peeved in all probability if you assured him that a little enthusiastic Frenchman named Rousseau first started this rights business, and that his own Revolutionary forefathers who wrote the sacred national documents got a little bit out of the Social Contract.

The Ordinary Layman, as he sometimes likes to call himself, insists that the stenographer come down on time, not that he thinks the business is going to ruin because she arrives at seven minutes after, but because of the "principle of the thing." And a dry little professor called Kant, by whose daily walks the people of Koenigsberg used to set their watches, took nine or ten impossible volumes to make the same point.

The M. in The S. doesn't know, of course, but he has a hunch the war's going to last a year yet, the same kind of hunch that M. Bergson has when he gossips about the Vital Urge.

There is again the heckler on the street corner, whose patron saint should be Socrates, the husband of Xantippe, who irritated the good people of Athens by pestering the outdoor orators of his generation. It would have been just like old Socrates to have insisted, "Yes!" or "No, Mr. Hughes!"

Nor is the point of all this a protest against the Man in the Street as a philosopher. He is the press agent of the great traditions, the walking delegate of the great minds of the races. His apt comments on the top of the bus, his "mark my words" in the subway, and his obiter dicta between the acts sound like quotations from a Dictionary of Philosophy. I used to think one had to read the masters to find out What Life Really Meant. Now, I leave my apartment, after I've unearthed all the Aristotles afloat in the family, and go a block or two. On the way I meet all the thinkers in history. Indeed, before I am out of the elevator I am greeted by a kinky-haired Epicurus who tells me what a big time he's going to have on Election Night, but it's no use having too good a time, or you'll be sick for a week. The super-intendent is a surly middle-aged Aristotle, and at the news-stand a dependent young son of Seneca holds down the job.

Under the political babble at the office I detect the tag ends of thoughts that are as old as the first curious savage who found the tribe wasn't always right, and at home the arguments over the respectability of the neighbors sound like echoes of the History of European Morals.

He is rather the Super-Man in the Street, this nebulous person who shouts the slogans of ancient motto writers he has never known. Some day it might be worth while to make an Anthology of Manhattan Thoughts, to make a collection of Folk Lore Philosophies of, let us say, the great West Side. I once tried it, but the first Man in the Street I met told me he never thought of philosophy once in a blue moon; "It's all bunk." Which is exactly what all the modern philosophers have been saying about each other.

SWEEPINGS FROM INKPOT ALLEY

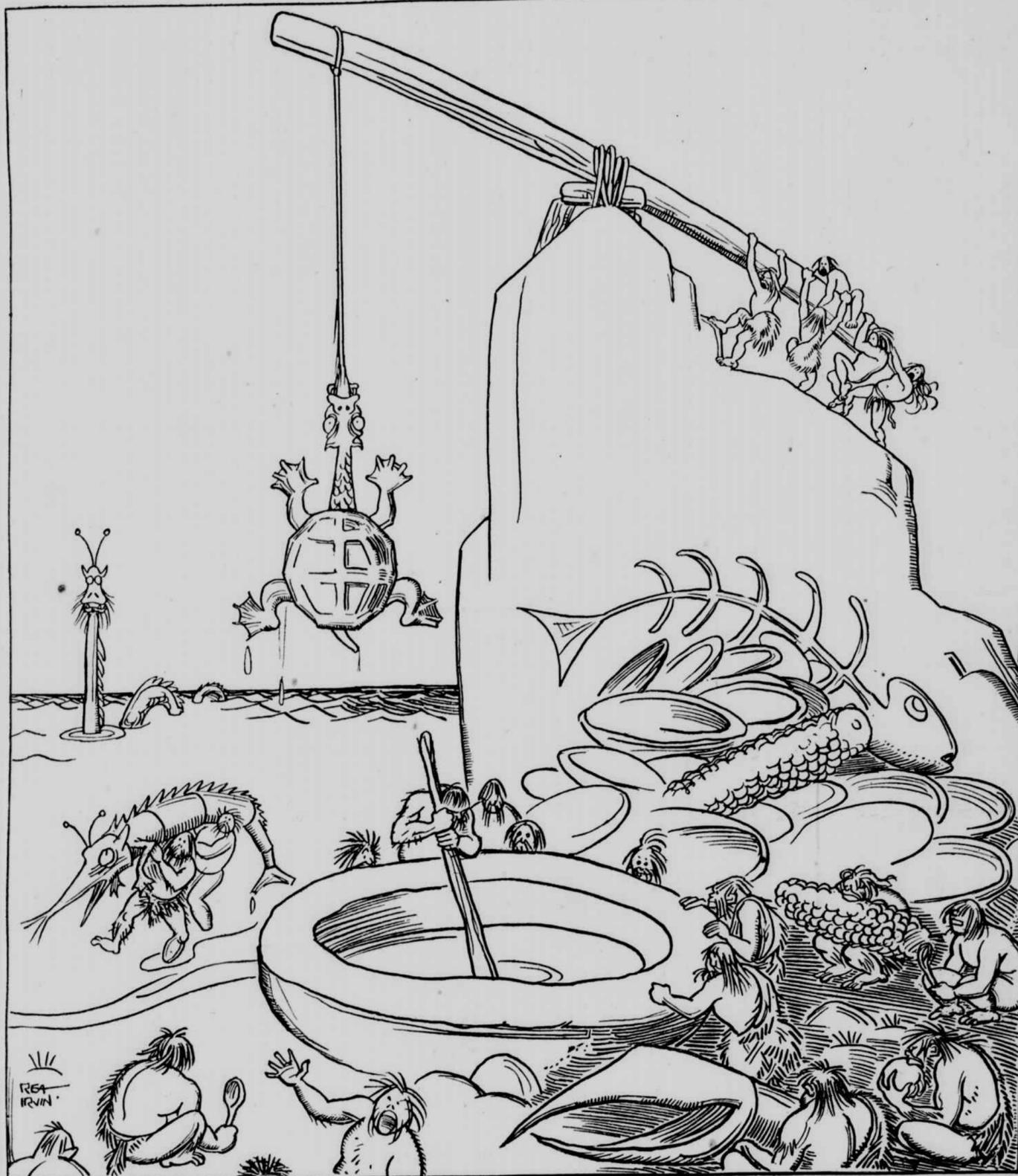
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"Mr. Polly," Stephen Whitman's "Pre-destined," and Galsworthy's "Fraternity."

But I was disappointed. Professor Phelps did not think any of these books of sufficient importance to mention it. Or perhaps they did not come up to the high literary standard of doing him good.

Of much of Galsworthy's stuff he has a low opinion, anyway. "The much-praised 'Country House' I found dull. 'The Dark Flower' I found worse than dull." The last half of "The Freelanders" is "tiresome and pedantic." As for Wells, it's a pity he doesn't write more like Nathaniel Hawthorne. But the professor "likes" some of Wells's books. "I liked 'Marriage' much better than 'Ann Veronica' . . . I liked 'The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon' better yet." In fact, Professor Phelps is to be numbered among those who don't always recognize the good stuff, but know what they like.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY---By Rea Irvin



The Shore Dinner Is Originated, November 5, 9000 B. C.

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By Alice Duer Miller

AFTER a number of difficulties and a long wait the suffragist entered the candidate's office by appointment.

"Did you really mean what you said to us in indorsing suffrage?" she asked. The candidate paled; he stepped quickly to the door and opened it to assure himself that no one was listening. Then he sent his secretary on an imaginary errand, and then, laying his finger on his lip and sinking his voice to a whisper, he answered: "In a sense—yes."

"But, Mr. Candidate," said the suffragist, "do you not forget that this is already a suffrage state, and that a crowd of voters of both sexes are now waiting under the balcony for a few well chosen words?"

The candidate leaped to the window and throwing it open he stepped boldly out.

"Fellow voters," he said in his full, ringing tones, "I cannot remember a time when I did not believe in woman suffrage, and when I did not openly and loyally, in public and in private, support that belief!"

A RIDDLE

What's sometimes cold and sometimes hot,
Dependent on the time and spot?

What's sometimes whispered in the ear,
And sometimes shouted loud and clear?
What, on the fair Pacific coast,
Becomes each Party's proudest boast,
But is forgotten, or at least
Omitted sometimes in the East?
What's sometimes hot and sometimes cold,
And oftentimes a Brick of Gold?

The answer to this riddle will not be printed in our next issue, for the reason that it will be printed in this one; the answer is: A Candidate's Suffrage Pledge.

The United States Army authorities have advertised for "twelve girls for the U. S. Army to help in recruiting."

This action was probably suggested by the extraordinary success attained by Mrs. Pankhurst as a recruiting agent in England at the outbreak of the war.

Nowadays it seems as if men needed women's help in all departments of their work, except in that of representing women at the ballot-box.

Here many of them feel it would be unmanly to accept the slightest advice or co-operation from a woman.

Come into the army, Maud,
For we need your help there, too,

Come into the army, Maud,
As a woman ought to do.
For I talk to the men and they're simply bored,
But they might enlist for you.

Well, of course women have nothing to do with politics, and, as the antis say, politics has nothing to do with women's wages.

And yet it was "after an inspiring talk with the President of the United States" that Mr. Ford announced he had decided to give his women workers the same pay as the men.

Need we say that this action of Mr. Ford's was most displeasing to "The New York Times"?

"The plea of equal pay for equal work," it says, "is sound as stated, but those who make it too often forget that the equality of work cannot be assumed from its equivalence for a day, a week, a month, or even a year. Mr. Ford knows that he has and will continue to have in his employ women, who, from the standpoint of 'business' strictly and coldly interpreted, do not and can not earn \$5 a day."

If this means anything it means that the work of women, even when doing differentiated work specially selected

for them, is not worth as much as the work of men who sweep out the buildings.

In this connection we note the following news item:

"Mr. Ohmer, president of the Recording and Computing Machine Company, of Dayton, Ohio, turns out 28,000 time fuses daily from his factories. He says: 'Women have been taught in the plant inside of three weeks what skilled workmen have required three or five years to learn. Some of them turn out five and six times the product that the best workmen have accomplished with the same machines. We put our best expert mechanics on a certain machine and the best they could get out of it was 300 per day. Then we put our trained women on them, and to our surprise they were able to turn out as high as 1,300 a day.'"

Had our advice in the matter been asked by the Republican committee we should have suggested that the best campaign literature for the suffrage states would be a series of "Times" editorials on any subject relating to the wellbeing of women.

And we add with all humility that we have a complete file.

How to Succeed With Scenarios

By PARKHURST WHITNEY

REEL 1—Pay no attention to platitudes about dramatic unity when you write that motion picture scenario. Begin Zululand, jump to Petrograd and stage the lovers' fade-out in their concrete bungalow on the millpond at Coonsville, New York, if you wish.

Similarly, you may open with whatever scene you choose. If it is to be a Society Drama, you might show the Empire State Express running at full speed. You can easily link it up with the plot, if there is a plot, by explaining that on clear days the train can be seen from the De Jenkin's country home on the Hudson.

If you don't care for drawing room plays; if you intend to tell a big, vital, gripping story of real men doing real things; in other words, if it is to be Western Stuff, you might open with a tea-time scene at the Plaza. You can make the East and West meet by announcing that Bad Bill, the gun fighter, often teared there before he went to the bad and the West.

However, these are merely suggestions, not rules; for you must always bear in mind that whatever you do for the movies is acceptable. With one extremely important exception:

At some place in the first reel you must show little Cynthia chirping to her pet canary.

Reel 2—As the plot quickens or thickens, preserve the same atmosphere of unrestraint. Action is imperative; get it, whatever the method. Call for train wrecks, mine disasters, Black Hand outrages, any old outrage; the more outrageous the better, if it has a punch.

An effective scene for the Society Drama would be an historic representation of the Custer massacre. You can connect it with the plot, if there is a plot, by saying that the elder De Jenkins was living at the time. There are countless ways of getting action for your Western Stuff; for example, you might call for several hundred feet of your hero, Archie, posing in his chaps and .44. This goes big with the girls—and Archie just dotes on it. It is one of the best things he does.

And speaking of heroes, remember that this character offers limitless possibilities for action. See that he is assaulted frequently. A favorite method is to kidnap him, drive him eighty-seven miles to the abandoned house, and then blow up the house so that Archie will be hurled half a mile through the air and finally fall into a river just above a dangerous waterfall.

And don't fear that your trivial plot, if there is a plot, is hardly strong enough to stand up under all this murder, arson and riot. Remember that nothing is too trivial for the movies, and go ahead as you please. With one highly important exception:

Somewhere in your second reel you must show a basket of puppies.

Reel 3—You may think that in your concluding reel it will be necessary to reef your imagination, steer a little closer to the shore of plausibility. Dismiss the craven thought. Don't be shackled. The Papers, or whatever it is that started the fuss, may be recovered any old way. Cynthia's lap hound may salvage them from an old can in the alley; even Archie, though he has given no evidence of it in the preceding scenes, may suddenly become masculine and wrest them from the villain in a terrific encounter in which he slaps the rascal until his cheeks burn.

And if you're plot, if there is a plot, can't be solved, don't feel that you are a failure. There is just one way to end a motion picture play, whether it's Society Drama, Western Stuff or one of the other rare themes:

Just call for a few hundred feet of Old Glory waving in the breeze.