

Rip Van Winkle Jr. Finds Altered World

Amendments Take All the Joy Out of Life

By W. O. McGeehan

WITHOUT going into any discussion on heredity, we will start by admitting that the descendant has not as strong a stomach or as hard a head as the ancestor. Whether this is scientifically correct or not, we will assume that it is and go on with the story. Rip Van Winkle Jr., being a mere descendant, slept only for a period of two years after Hendrik Hudson had watered his schnapps out of consideration for the youth of his guest and, perhaps, out of contempt for the drinking ability of the descendants of the New Amsterdam Dutch.

It remains only to be said that when Young Rip went to sleep in practically the same spot where his somnolent ancestor took the celebrated snooze the Constitutional amendments had stopped at the seventeenth and the eighteenth was merely in process of contemplation. Otherwise, he would not have parked his runabout in the Catskills and chosen a resting place

get them sooner or later." Then he proceeded to step into his car. It was a bit rusty and stiff, but it worked and Young Rip descended through the morning mists of the Catskills, observing to himself that he certainly had one good time with those old birds on the evening previous.

Arriving at the first village Young Rip could not recall ever having seen it before, but he did not consider this fact at all curious.

A Fatal Blowout

The people who were awake stared at him somewhat curiously, and this, naturally, annoyed him. He was about to speed away in defiance of the road laws when he had a blow-out. He might have tried to proceed on one flat tire, when the second rear went out with a loud report. Two years in the Catskills had rotted the rubber.

That left Young Rip stranded in a strange village, being stared out of countenance by some dejected-looking villagers. He abandoned the car and walked into the town to try to find a bar and a telephone. With a gin fizz or two under his belt he felt that he would be able to face the situation and might even get a few laughs out of it. Little groups of



"SOMETHING tells me I am being followed," said Young Rip. Everybody in town seems to have joined the Department of Justice, even the children are watching me"

I am about to have an acute case of the willies."

The little groups still followed him and he observed other little groups preceding him, ducking behind hedges, after the custom of private detectives trained by the correspondence schools.

"Something tells me that I am being watched," mused Young Rip Van Winkle. "For some reason or other the Department of Justice, William J. Burns, Richard Enright and the local town constables are shadowing me."

Young Rip saw a man observing him through the window of a cottage, and the man was wearing something that looked like the ghost of a long departed smile.

"At last," said Young Rip, "here is something that looks like a human being." He pushed open a gate and knocked at the door of the cottage. He had hardly knocked when the door opened quickly and he was pulled in and the door quickly closed after him by the man, who had watched him from the window.

"I'll take a chance," said the man with the ghost of a smile. "They are after you, all right."

"I don't know what for," said Young Rip a little peevishly. "I will admit that I was a trifle soused last night, but I don't recall that I rolled any rocks down on the village. I usually am full of good nature when I am soused."

His host looked at him pityingly. "Poor fellow," he mused. "Evidently he is recalling the old days in his delirium."

"What's the matter?" demanded Young Rip. "Speak out. Have I really got the jimmies?"

"Hush!" admonished his host. "Remember the law. Remember the Eighteenth Amendment. It is unlawful even to recall those days."

"Plainly, I don't get you," declared Young Rip, somewhat peevishly. "I was soused and I admit it, but you needn't rub it in."

His host looked at him suspiciously, then pityingly.

"I see," he said. "A case of aspha-

sta, and a remarkable case. He even cannot recall the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. He still lives in the dim past.

"Sit down," said the man soothingly. "In this the year 1922 the Eighteenth Amendment has been in effect two years."

Young Rip felt his heavy growth of whiskers and muttered something about "Atavism."

The man nodded understandingly. "You begin to get me," he said.

"Then they actually passed it and put it into effect?" asked Young Rip.

"Policemen Everywhere"

His host nodded sorrowfully.

"Not only that one, but they followed it with a whole flock of them, and they are enforcing them all. It is lucky that you stumbled into this house. Every other person in the village is connected with the Department of Justice, either as a paid preventer or a volunteer. Even the children."

A sad-faced young woman came into the living room. "My wife," said Rip's host. "It is her week to be home."

Rip raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, I forgot," said the man. "You know that the Twenty-seventh Amendment permits the wife to remain in the home of her husband only one week out of the month. Oh, well, it is lonely without the children, so it does not matter so much."

"Are they dead or sent away?" Rip could not refrain from asking.

The woman burst into tears.

"That is little Jimmie," said the man sadly as he pointed to the photograph of a seven-year-old boy.

Across the breast of the child was stamped a number, such as they use to mark the pictures in rogues galleries.

"Jimmie," continued the man, "was caught playing marbles for keeps. He got ten years in the Juvenile Penitentiary, but he may be home sooner with good behavior; and I always felt, that, in spite of

the fact that he was caught red-handed in this crime by the juvenile police of the village, Jimmie was inclined to be good. The Junior Department of Justice set a trap for him and they caught him, that's all."

"And that little girl?" asked Young Rip, pointing to the picture of a child of four with the numerical placard on her pinafore.

The man's lip trembled somewhat.

"We tried to bring little Helen up to be a God-fearing, law-abiding child," he said. "We explained to her all about the law forbidding girl children to play with dolls or to have dolls. But one day"—The man sobbed huskily.

"One day the Girl Scouts, which have now been drafted into the Bureau for the Prevention of Dolls, caught little Helen in the back yard playing with a rag doll, which she had made. There was absolutely no defense, of course. She is now in the Junior Misses' Reform School, and they hope that she will be able to live down the past."

"Surely not the baby?" demanded Rip, pointing to a third picture. The man nodded dejectedly.

"It was our fault, perhaps," he said. "We left the little fellow in his cradle and somehow or other he picked up a paperknife, and he was shaking it as though it were a rattle when the lady investigators burst in and placed him under arrest."

"The Baby Guilty"

"We had a good lawyer, and he made quite a fight in the court. But the evidence showed conclusively that the baby was using the paperknife as though it were a rattle, and the law says, 'or any other instrument or device which may be shaken like a rattle.' I will admit that the judge showed some consideration and let the baby off with a light sentence. He got only five years, as it was his first offense."

"Were there any other children?" asked Young Rip.

"One," replied the man. "But,

of course, that was an extra child, and it was taken away immediately by the Department of Eugenics."

"What?" demanded Rip.

"I forgot," said the man. "You do not recall that the Thirty-first Amendment prohibits any couple from having more than three children. Perhaps it is wise, but when one's children are so likely to be sent to jail it looks as though a man ought to have a little leeway."

Instantly he lowered his voice and trembled.

"I must control myself," he explained in a whisper. "If any member of the Patriotic Persecutors of Persons heard what I said he would report it and I might be sent to the chair. You're not a detective, are you?" he asked. "Most everybody seems to be these days."

Young Rip now assumed the rôle of consoler.

"Kisses Forbidden"

"Turn around for a minute, please," pleaded the man. "My wife has to report to the probation officers."

Young Rip turned, and there was a noise suspiciously like a kiss.

"You can say that you heard me break the law," said the man, "but it wouldn't go for evidence, even if you are a detective."

The woman slipped out of the cottage.

"You'd better lie down for a while," said the man. "You can slip away to-night."

For some reason or other Rip felt sleepy again, and he had hardly thrown himself upon a couch when he fell into another deep slumber.

He awoke in his own room in New York. He felt his face, and the beard was gone. The morning paper lay near his bed. He picked it up and glanced at the date line. Then he burst into half hysterical laughter. When he recovered he suddenly became very serious. He picked up the telephone and fretted until he got his number.

"One passage to Cuba," he shouted. "And only one way."

A Woman Executive Who Manages Men

The Feminine Boss Wins a Place in Business

REPRESENTATIVE New York business woman has been quoted as believing that if the doors of executive jobs are closed to women they should kick them open.

That may be true and may have been done. On the other hand, there are in New York and in all parts of the country, in fact, many women holding executive jobs which they slipped into quietly without the melodrama that the "kicking" must produce.

Although women now hold many executive jobs in all kinds of business, their staffs are usually women. Occasionally a man holds a place in the department. But the woman "boss" of men is an unusual figure—that is, in business.

Camouflaged under names that do not indicate sex, there are a number of women holding jobs of great importance in the business world. They started at a time when "Mrs." or "Miss" would have been a liability to their progress. And the names are still camouflaged, although the women themselves no longer show diffidence toward admitting they are women.

Ray Wilner Sundelson is the name

consisting of one poorly lighted room. Moreover, her plan hadn't sounded particularly imposing. The insurance business had been confined to big business almost entirely up to that time. Miss Wilner had seen what she believed would be an immense and growing business in the small business men of the city. Her first policies were written for small amounts, but she wrote so many of them that the company soon recognized that she was bringing in business worth while.

In the twenty-five years that Mrs. Sundelson has been in insurance her agency has grown from a "staff" of two until it now numbers more than one hundred.

Mrs. Sundelson ascribes her success to her love of work and her belief in herself. Never did she waver in her faith to make her agency a "big" thing. After the first few years she found the company shared that faith in her ability to make good. Only persons coming in contact with the woman manager for the first time were skeptical, and this skepticism comes down to the present time.

"Managing Men"

"At first when men came to me for jobs they thought that Ray Wilner was a man," says Mrs. Sundelson. "They told me when I started to talk business with them that they wanted to see the manager, a man; that they did not want to talk to a



MRS. RAY WILNER SUNDELSON and her children. As head of a department, Mrs. Sundelson is boss of 100 men

on the door of one of the offices of the Equitable Life Assurance Company. The Sundelson agency is one of the largest in the Equitable. Besides a large number of women on the staff as stenographers, secretaries, and, of late, solicitors, there are more than one hundred men working in various lines of this agency.

And Ray Sundelson, who has been an executive for twenty-five years, who "bosses" more than one hundred men, and is part of the insurance organization, is a woman.

She is Mrs. Ray Wilner Sundelson, the wife of a successful physician and the mother of two children.

The born executive knows no barriers to his or her progress in the line of chosen work. Sex, nationality and poverty may for a time impede, but do not limit.

"Knew No Handicaps"

A little Russian girl started out a number of years ago to make her way in the world of American business. She didn't wait until she had learned the language to perfection, she didn't stick to an inferior job just because she needed the salary, although she had to earn her bread, and the fact that she was a girl never entered her head as a handicap.

After going to business college for about six months, Ray Wilner, the Russian girl, took a job with an insurance firm. She did her daily work in stenography and typewriting, and in her evenings studied insurance. In a few months she felt that she would never be satisfied unless she could get into the insurance work as an agent. Consequently she resigned from her place as stenographer and started out to find a job writing insurance.

This move was made without a realization of the difficulties that lay ahead of her. She had been in this country for only two years. For weeks she went from one company to another trying to convince the powers that were that she had a scheme worth something to the insurance world, and that she herself, a young immigrant girl, could make a success for the company that would trust her.

At length the enthusiasm of Ray Wilner won the confidence of the Equitable, and she was told to go ahead with her plan.

Late in the year 1894 Miss Wilner opened an agency in St. Mark's Place. Her office was not impressive,

woman. Naturally, they thought I was a secretary or a stenographer.

"Even after I explained to them that I was the manager, many of them were rude in their attitude toward a prospective job under a woman. Of course, I never employed any of this kind of men."

"Managing men?" she smiled. "Well, that isn't difficult if you choose the right men to work for you. I have had very little unpleasantness with my staff, probably even less than most men managers have. I have always chosen my own personnel. Each man who works for me must respect me, not only as a woman, that is understood, of course, but as an insurance manager who understands her work and knows as much or more about it than he does."

"When the war took many of my staff I employed women as solicitors for the first time. I had had women as stenographers, but never in any other capacity. I have only a few women as solicitors now. But, frankly, I prefer to staff my agency with men."

Her work in insurance has not shut Mrs. Sundelson off from home life.

"Woman's work in the office need not stand in the way of her having a true home life," she says. In fact, it makes her broader, more capable in handling her home duties and more business-like in dealing with all problems. And I doubt whether my success would have been as sustained and complete had I forsworn home life, marriage and motherhood. My husband and children have added to my ambition to continue building in my work. Youth has its own inspiration, and if I had not had my family I believe much of my inspiration would have died after the first success of youth."

The increasing number of self-supporting women in the business world has opened a new field in the insurance business. It is natural that the company should turn over to Mrs. Sundelson much of its work to insure the business and professional women of to-day.

"Practically all business and professional women are insured," says Mrs. Sundelson. "But it is harder to get them to realize the value of insurance than the business and professional man. When women do take policies they average a better record in keeping them up than men. They 'stick' better once they are on the books."

THE POET'S REVENGE—By Edmond Jaloux

Translated by William L. McPherson

(Copyright, 1920, New York Tribune Inc.)

Here is a humorous story in the somewhat rarefied but limpid and graceful manner of Edmond Jaloux.

ONCE knew an old poet.

His name was Sixte Bouvresse. He was eighty-two years old; and when I climbed to the fourth floor of his house in the Provençal city in which I then lived I found there a little man, all dried up and shriveled, his flesh stretched like a drumhead over his meager bones, his skin yellow and covered with chestnut-colored blotches. His black and still flashing eyes looked like two drops of coffee under his scrawny brow. He wore an old cloth cap. He held out to me a cold and unsteady hand and greeted me in a far-off voice, shrill and cracked, like that of a music box of a century ago.

My friend Sixte Bouvresse had never achieved fame. His numerous poems hadn't found readers beyond the circle of his personal friends. It wasn't that he lacked talent. But he hadn't any originality. Like so many others, he imitated Victor Hugo or Victor de Laprade. But the obscurity in which he lived and wrote was a matter of indifference to him. He sang for the pleasure of singing. In that respect he was a true poet, or rather a cigale, one of those cigales of the Midi, intoxicated with its warmth and sunshine. I used to read to Sixte Bouvresse the poets whom I loved. He didn't understand them very well. But he

nodded his head gently and admired them unquestioningly. If he didn't grasp the meaning of the pieces he at least recognized certain words: *Crépuscule, aurore, automne, mélancolie*. He had used them himself in his time, and was glad to hear them again.

Sixte Bouvresse might have been perfectly happy except for the fact that he was married. And I am not sure that he was altogether unhappy with his wife. She had crossed him, plagued him and tyrannized over him for sixty-five years. I suppose that he must have been very weary of her. But he never said a word about it. She was a tall, thin, over-talkative person, with a mass of gray hair. She hadn't a positively bad disposition and wasn't altogether lacking in heart. But she was very much occupied with household affairs—too much so, in fact—and couldn't imagine that any one could be interested in other things. Above all, she hated books and poetry. Sixte Bouvresse loved them to such a degree that one of his pas-

sions was to acquire a model library and then present it to the municipality of some town or borough in Provence. Since he was a native of Peynier, his first gift was to that village, gilded by the sun and lying amid pine woods and vineyards, and possessing both a pointed church tower and a ruined castle. This mania took hold of him and he pursued it. It made his wife furious and she avenged herself as she could on the unfortunate old man.

Each day the same scene was repeated.

"Virginie, where did you put my Horace?"

"You know that I never touch your famous books."

"Virginie, I demand of you in the name of all that is sacred, give me my Horace."

"The maid must have put it somewhere! One never knows how to keep things straightened out here; there are so many books and papers. If we listened to you we would never even dust them. You want us to be eaten up by the cockroaches!"

"Why do you torment me so?"

Leave me in peace for once—and my poor books! Last night I put that volume of *Horace* on the corner of the mantelpiece."

"You are killing us with your versmaking. To think that at your age you are still absorbed with such nonsense! You would better think of saving your soul!"

Then poor Sixte Bouvresse would sink into the depths of his chair, and whether Virginie brought him the book which she had maliciously hidden away or whether she remained obstinate and swore that she had never seen it, he would lift his trembling finger and say:

"Virginie! Virginie! You take advantage of me now. But I shall get even with you."

As he had said that for sixty years, I supposed that he would never get even. But in that I was mistaken.

Sixte Bouvresse died. Or rather, no, he didn't die; for dying is a tragic and violent act, which presupposes a serious struggle, a fierce and cruel combat. One night he stopped breathing. That was all.

His departure caused much grief, for he was good, gentle and patient. Virginie, especially, was in despair. At bottom she really loved her husband. Besides, it was the end of everything for her. She would never find anybody else to persecute and tyrannize over.

Mme. Bouvresse belonged to an old and prominent family in the town—the Galonards. This family owned in the cemetery a magnificent vault, surmounted by an angel of life size—if one may say such a thing about an angel. It dropped a tear in an hour-glass in the hope, no doubt, of coagulating the sand and preventing it from slipping away. Mme. Bouvresse was very proud of this monument, which she often talked about. Probably she rejoiced, when her conscience pricked her, that her family could offer her husband so luxurious a hospitality after death.

But M. Bouvresse had scarcely drawn his last breath when his notary, M. Belapange, appeared and showed the widow a will, in due and correct form, in which the testator

declared that he wished to be buried at Peynier, his birthplace.

"At Peynier? But we have a superb vault here."

"It is the wish of our dear departed."

"Sixte didn't own a burial lot at Peynier."

"Oh, yes, madame! Twenty years ago your husband bought there a perpetual burial right for one person and had a single little grave lot prepared for him."

"He never told me anything about it," the widow murmured, very much upset.

"He didn't like to talk about such things; he was very reserved," said M. Belapange, with a somewhat ironical smile.

Unfolding the testament he pointed to the following lines, written in Sixte Bouvresse's own hand: "I intend to be buried alone at Peynier, and I expressly stipulate that no member of my family shall join me there."

M. Belapange bowed and smiled again. Mme. Bouvresse turned her back on him in a fury.

As for me, I heard again the cracked and far-off voice of the aged poet saying tremulously:

"Be sure of that, Virginie; I shall get even."

Poor dear man! He got even. But he took his time doing it—sixty-five years.