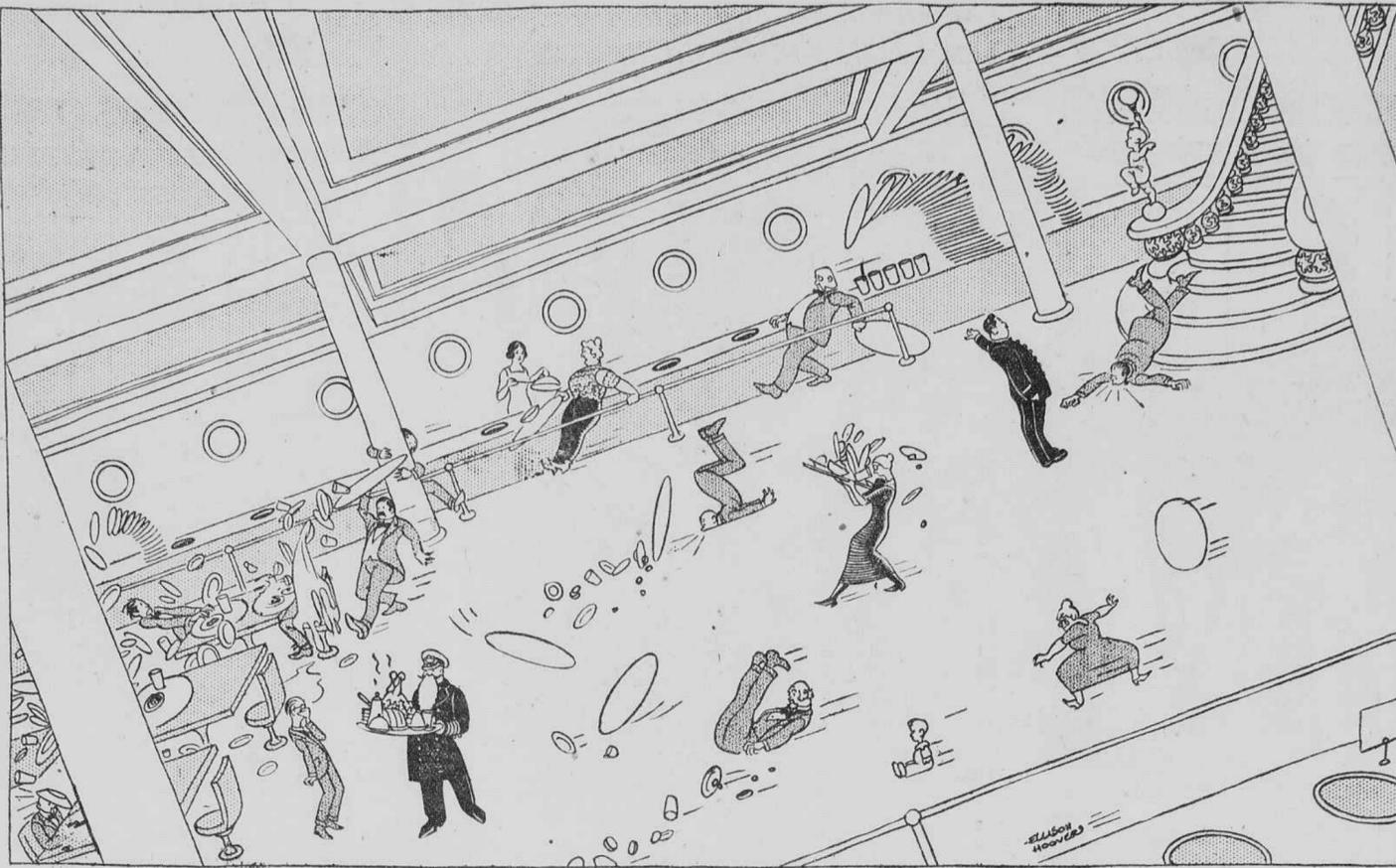


ON THE GOOD SHIP "CAFETERIA"

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Action-Picture by ELLISON HOOVER



Carrying one's tray in a heavy sea should perfect a person in all the graces promised by the dancing masters

If a little more grace and abandon are noticeable in the cafeteria technique of the New York multitude a few months hence, the reason should be ascribed to tray-carrying practice on stewardless ships. The cafeteria ship seems to be numbered among the things impending, like shorter skirts, jazzier dances, higher taxes and taxis, and other items which are too much in the certainty class to appeal to Lloyd's as betting propositions.

It was all set forth with pikestaff plainness between the lines of a news story the other day, describing the sailing of a ship from New York with a collection of picked-up stewards, replacing employees who had struck. Likewise, wireless dispatches have told of the misadventures of student-stewards on liners headed this way. These brave but foolhardy young persons accepted the stewarding job without knowing whether nature had equipped them with sea legs. As nature distributes sea legs among individuals in proportion of about one to 1,000, the number of effective stewards aboard ship at the time of meeting with the fourth real wave can be imagined.

Under such circumstances it is not going to be long before the steamship companies fling all pretense aside. Instead of hiring stewards who immediately collapse and are carried as passengers, though drawing pay, no doubt the companies will turn to the cafeteria idea as a matter of relief.

The name Cafeteria undoubtedly will be carried by the first stewardless boat. It is a fine, resounding name, and has been suggested as the geographic title of the proposed new state which Southern Californians are fond of talking about organizing. Los Angeles, in the proposed state of Cafeteria, where the cafeteria idea first bloomed and where the annual imports of trays, if piled one on another, would attain an altitude somewhere between the height of Mount Lowe and Mount Whitney, undoubtedly would do something handsome for the cafeteria ship. Perhaps the city would present the ship with a nice pile of trays or with an equipment of silverware to be wrapped in napkins, cafeteria style.

But even if such bounty fails, the cafeteria ship, with the plainest of equipment, will be a thing to attract attention. Life abroad such a ship will be a great introduction to the art of tight-rope walking. Carrying one's tray at mealtime should perfect a person in all the graces promised by the dancing masters. Further proficiency could be secured by means of tray-carrying contests. The person who carried his tray, loaded with eatables, from one end of the ship to the other in the shortest time could be rewarded with a suitable prize, the value of which would vary in accordance with the roughness of the weather under which his test was worked out.

Amusements need never lag on a ship given

over to the cafeteria notion. Children in the dining room could make a cheery clatter by thumping on their trays while waiting their turn in line. Tray-sliding contests on deck could be arranged for everybody, replacing the restricted and too aristocratic game of

shuffleboard. Trays would prove convenient for individual dice-throwing parties, as under present primitive conditions the motion of a ship often tends to make the dice roll altogether too far.

One of the chief elements in favor of the introduction of the floating cafeteria comes in

the help that is promised our fiction writers who specialize in sea stories. It has been felt for some time that the average sea story is getting somewhat attenuated. New atmosphere seems to be called for—and such atmosphere the cafeteria ship promises to provide. Any novelist can see the possibilities of the

thing at a glance. Here, for instance, is a great ship, discovered floundering, deserted and helpless. The lifeboats are gone, and near the davits from which those small craft once swung are found piles of trays—great heaps of them from the cafeteria below decks. Then come several chapters of Conrad-like

description and also the inevitable triple period, indicating mystery.

The hero, alone on the ship Cafeteria—alone with these piles of slithering trays, which give him gooseflesh on account of their almost human way of sliding back and forth across the deck, getting into the scuppers and gliding along the promenades—studies in vain over the problem. Then come more triple periods, indicating more and deeper mystery. (If typographical style did not impose its limitations the author could use whole flocks of leaders, thus, indicating intense mystery and general indefiniteness.)

At last, when the hero brings the good ship Cafeteria into port, without aid, he gets the solution of the mystery, in which he is far more interested than in the salvage. The novelist would like to keep the reader in the air some twenty or thousand words more—assuming that the first serial rights were sold on a space basis—but even a story about a sea mystery must end some time.

It is found that the trays were flung down and the steamer deserted when it was learned that the Cafeteria was within speaking distance of a ship conducted on the old-fashioned lines, with a regular dining room and regular stewards instead of the serve-self system.

What a scene that must have been—the announcement that a ship with a dining room and plenty of stewards had been sighted; the rush to the lifeboats, and the tremendous clatter as the trays were flung on deck! Then silence, with the good ship Cafeteria heaving and yawning about on the seas—if those are the exact nautical terms—in that sort of lonely atmosphere which only Conrad can describe!

No doubt it will take a season or two of ocean travel to accustom travelers to the cafeteria idea. Seagoing folk have been unduly pampered for a great number of years. They are accustomed to having stewards on every hand as soon as they hit the deck planks. There are room stewards, bath stewards, dining room stewards and other varieties of stewards, and they have tended to deprive the first class passenger of such shreds of self-assertiveness as seasickness may have left.

The serve-self idea will correct all such wrong social tendencies. Carrying one's own food tray in rough weather may seem to be harsh discipline, but anywhere from five to nine days of it will either eliminate or cure the weakling.

Consequently, let there be a general welcome for the good ships Cafeteria and Traymore, which are even now in the offing. There is room for the cafeteria ship—oceans of it—and any person who takes such a trip can see at least two additional countries, and perhaps a province or a duchy, on the tips he will save.

THE ISLAND OF "NO COMPENSATION"

By Henry Becket

WHAT do you mean—no compensation? This question, or a direct inquiry as to what the compensation is, recurs so often in the hundreds of letters which Edward Hatch, merchant, receives every year when he advertises for somebody to hold down his little island up in Lake Champlain that it has begun to annoy him.

His stock advertisement plainly states that a man is wanted to live alone on an island, eight miles from shore, and that he will have transportation, food, clothing, shelter and a boat, but "no compensation." Within a week after it appears Mr. Hatch receives scores of replies asking how much he intends to pay.

His mention of no work also bothers the applicants. They get suspicious and "want to know his game," and occasionally ask pointedly how many hours a day they must work, although he has announced positively that there will be "no work." One of this year's candidates was really indignant about this. "What is the idea," he wanted to know, "putting in the paper 'no work'?" On the other hand, a real soldier of fortune, inferring that where there is no work there must be crime or wild adventure, had offered "to go to the heart of Africa" in addition to sitting on the island.

Altogether, Mr. Hatch believes it is the soldier-of-fortune type that prevails among the volunteers to pass the summer on his island. It is not what he offers that appeals to this type, but the adventure which the applicant thinks he reads between the lines. Otherwise how could there be more attraction in an advertisement stating "no compensation" than in one that held out \$30 a month, as was the case before Mr. Hatch learned better?

He tried that in vain—no one replied, so just to see what would happen he decided to offer nothing at all in the way of wages and the response was immediate. It goes to show, in his opinion, that the line of adventurers has not died out and that some hundreds of people

care more about a step in the dark than they do about a sure thing.

This discovery was a vast relief to Mr. Hatch. Since then he is not worried at the prospect of a tenantless island and the consequent theft of gulls' eggs, whose protection is about the only duty of the caretaker.

The real why of Mr. Hatch's interest in these gulls is something that has never been told. It is not a matter of natural history, but a story that begins in the fashion of a tale that one has heard as a child and has remembered long after the book and periodical stories are forgotten. This is the story:

Once upon a time there was a small boy who lived on the shore of Lake Champlain, in sight of "The Four Brothers," which were four islands.

The boy had three brothers, and thought that the islands were named for him and his brothers, and that his was the smallest, because he was the youngest. The thought was pleasant, and he used to dream of buying the island when he grew up, and building a house there and living in it.

Instead of doing this he came to New York, walking much of the way, and went to work in a store, and worked so hard and so well that he became the head of it, and was known as Edward P. Hatch, of Lord & Taylor's. Yet he never forgot "The Four Brothers." He returned to them every summer and studied the ways of the gulls, getting to know some of them quite well, and to learn that each year's young went elsewhere to colonize, and did not come back, but that the old ones came again every summer, and always recruited a strange gull for every one that died.

He told all these things to his son, Edward Hatch jr., who grew fond of the gulls likewise, and when his father died and left to him both the store and the islands with their gulls, the latter were accepted as a responsibility equally grave.

Thus it was first for the sake of his father and because of his own boyhood there, that the present Mr. Hatch loved the islands, but

now his affection is still deeper, on account of his own boys, Lyle, Boyd, Livingston and Van Nott. He assigned an island to each of them, as his own father had done with the earlier brothers, and taught them also to care for the strange white birds and to watch the new gulls clip their shells in half and then step out into the big world.

Now, however, there are only three brothers, for Lyle, the eldest, was killed in the service, and it is for this that Mr. Hatch prizes the islands even more, and also inclines with such favor toward the former service men who make up a high percentage of the applicants to take care of the gulls in the nesting season, when a few of the natives always try to steal the mottled green eggs which they can sell for 50 cents apiece.

The employment of a man to prevent these thefts has become an annual event of importance in Mr. Hatch's life, first on account of what the islands mean to him, second because of what the islands have come to mean to the men who lived on them during the last fifteen summers. Literary works of consequence have been put together there, pictures have been painted, men have recovered their health and forgotten the bitterness of hearts that led them to take the job. There is one Wall Street broker who went to the islands desiring "never to see a petticoat again," and came back cured of his evil wish. The broker does not know that Mr. Hatch is the man who owns the islands, although in business here they are friends.

The letters themselves are a yearly delight to Mr. Hatch, and no wonder. Consider these fresh samples, a bit different from any that have been made public heretofore:

"I am not a physical wreck, but indoor work has made me drop from 190 pounds to 150 pounds. I have a good education and have written a couple of books, including Canada's Wonderful North Land, which has been a very popular seller in New York."

"Of danger, my desire to go would only be increased at whisper of it. As to your purpose, I am a good listener. If you desire to unfold yourself, well and good. I do not betray a confidence. But if I go in the dark as to some things which would be better told, I go trusting, for my strong sense of right compels me to do justly with men or women, and carry my belief in them until it is conclusively crushed by truth."

"For last eight months have insisted upon being a Bull in a Bear market, and believe an island eight miles from land is where I belong."

"Would you care to let me know why the poor guy is to live alone on the island and where it's located?"

"I'm not much of a writer, but I'm a pretty good scholar, mah folks are both dead and I don't know much people in this city and I ain't got no funds to get back to the woads in mains where Ise work a lot, so Ise thought I would try youall for this job."

The list of this year's applicants, 1,500 strong, included a butler unable to endure his work since being in the service, a former adjutant to Kerensky, and a group of scenario writers, poets, campers and invalids, some willing to go under any conditions, others demanding everything from tobacco to a piano.

THE WHITE HOUSE—ADAMS TO HARDING

(Continued from page three)

his white coat, scarlet breeches and vest and white silk hose, fit to figure on a Watteau fan."

How these two great personalities—Washington and Jefferson—dominate this room as the heavy gold frames of their portraits glow on the rich, red velvet walls! And, as one glances through the deep doorway into the State dining room, with its wonderful oak walls and frieze of American game, how one's thoughts are transported to the dominating personality of another century—Roosevelt!

From the dining room, down the long corridor, can be seen the East Room, where White House brides from Hester Monroe to Eleanor Wilson have pledged their faith; where martyred Presidents have lain in state; where christenings have taken place, and where thousands of citizens, of every race and rank, and national and international notables have rubbed shoulders.

Fair ladies with powdered hair and hoop skirts have danced the minuet or Virginia reel in this great room, while the candles from the chandeliers dripped grease on their bare shoulders and on the satin coats of their cavaliers. The beautiful Harriet Lane waltzed here sixty years ago with a future King of England, when he was a young Prince and came a-visiting her uncle, President Buchanan. Washington Irving and Dickens and Thackeray have attended the great levees, and the voice of Jenny Lind has poured its volume of melody and held statesmen spellbound in this historic room.

In the upper rooms, the romance of the past is even more closely linked with the reality of the present. Here, at one end of the long Colonial corridor (one of the most beautiful architectural features of the White House) the intimate family life was lived, while history-making went on at the other end. For, until the restoration of the White House, the whole east end of the upper floor was devoted to the executive offices.

The President's study, at the head of the stairs, was the old Cabinet Room, dating back to the administration of President Johnson. It is a delightfully sunny room, with hangings of mulberry. Four tiers of bookshelves line the room. On the top shelf is an interesting display of the President's personal souvenirs and photographs. There are two portraits on the walls—one of Washington and the other of the signing of the peace treaty with Spain.

The desk on which this treaty was signed, as well as many another important state paper, is probably the most valuable historically in the White House. A brass plate bears an inscription which tells its story:

"H. M. S. Resolute, forming part of the expedition sent in search of Sir John Franklin, 1853. Was abandoned on 15th of May, 1854. She was discovered and extricated in September, 1855, by Captain Biddington, of the U. S. whaler. The ship was purchased, fitted out and sent to England as a gift to our Majesty Queen Victoria by the President and people of the United States as a token of good

will and friendship. This table was made from her timbers when she was broken up, and is presented by the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland to the President of the United States as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

Within a short time a chair will be placed at this desk which will lend additional historic value. It will be made from the rib of one of America's first warships—the Revenge, sunk in Lake Champlain by the British on October 11, 1776, and raised in 1906 from the lake bed adjoining property owned for generations by the Pell family of New York. Regarded as a "glorification of the editorial chair occupied by Mr. Harding for twenty-five years," fellow publishers throughout the country are preparing to present this chair, when completed, to their distinguished contemporary.

On the East corridor, in what is known as the Blue Guest Room, one finds another interesting chronicle of historic events. A brass plate affixed to the mantel states: "In this room Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, on January 1, 1863, whereby four million slaves were given their freedom in these United States."

It is rather interesting to note how the taste of the various inmates of the White House differed in the matter of sleeping quarters. Some preferred the south side, with the beauty and quiet of the garden and the river; others the north side, with the bustle and din of Pennsylvania Avenue. President and Mrs. Harding have selected the former, and from their southwest windows get an inspiring view of the Potomac, with the monument looming up on one side and the pillars of Arlington and the Virginia hills on the other.

Mrs. Harding's bedroom is done in her favorite color, and is a picture in blue and gold, with perhaps a suggestion of "state," due to the ponderous gold-framed mirrors and

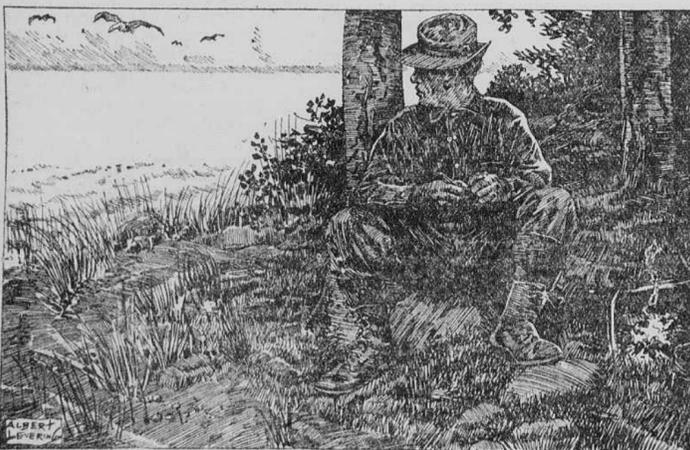
gilt window cornices with the United States seal in their centers. Hung high over the bed is a canopy such as tops the throne of a king, from which falls a sweeping drapery of blue silk poplin, lined with soft cream voile and edged with full flounce of Valenciennes lace. The hangings are of blue, with a three-inch border of rose-figured cretonne. The big, overstuffed couch before the fireplace is covered with the cretonne, as are also the wing chairs.

Even the little electric elevator that runs through the fireproof hall to the roof links up with the past and has a family tree dating back to the Pilgrims. Part of its oak woodwork was made from the roof trusses of the Old South Church in Boston, which in its day sheltered the Boston Tea Party.

I rode it in the attic, where was to end my search for historic relics at the White House. Surely one would find relegated there certain pieces of furniture that had failed to please the fancy of Mrs. Jackson or Mrs. Tyler or Mrs. Taft, and poking about its musty corners could unearth many things round which a romance could be woven.

But no, it was the most orderly attic I have ever seen, with great cupboards built around the walls to catch what the majority of attics get dumped in their middles or swung from their rafters. There were empty hamper, innumerable flower vases and a few iron beds, with a marble-topped table just like the one in grandma's parlor that used to hold the family album.

The only "human interest" object in the room was the big wheel chair used by former President Wilson and left behind because it was purchased with government funds. It made a peculiar appeal, way off there in the attic. What will become of that wheel chair, I wonder? A hundred years from now will it have found its place in "history," or will it have been condemned as "old lumber" and sold at auction, in accordance with the government's custom?



A Robinson Crusoe of Lake Champlain



A White House reception in Hayes's Administration