

The Frenchman's cafe day begins with breakfast in the simple form of a glass of black coffee. A friend from the country drops in in the morning and is entertained at the cafe over a glass of white wine. By noon our Frenchman is back for his before luncheon "appetizer." After luncheon by the aid of a tasse de cafe noire he enjoys a pleasant game of dominoes. Later finishes off a game of billiards as well as a small cognac.

Stringent Measures of Gen. Gallieni to Curb Soldiers--Drinking Works Great Hardship

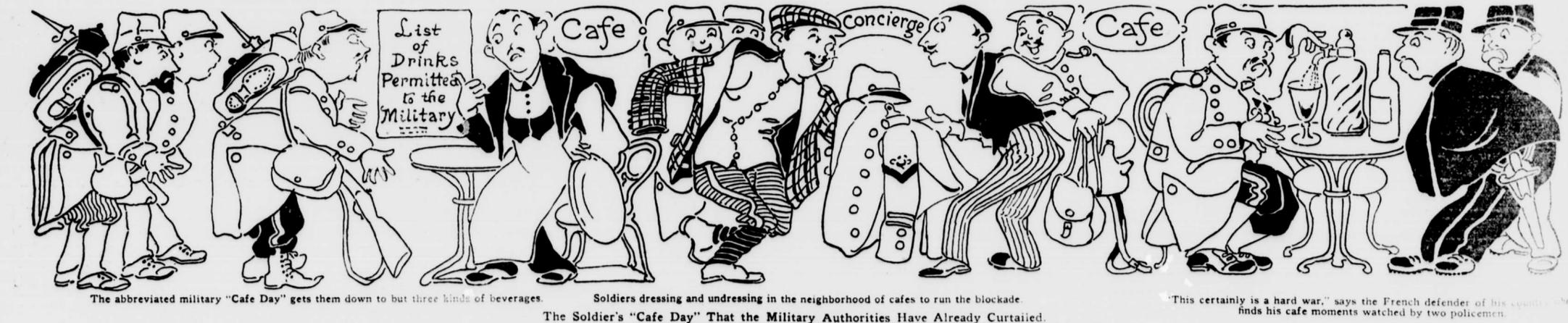
By BLANCHE McMANUS. THAT famous French national institution the cafe faces the danger of becoming a war victim. Just the other evening we went into one of the most popular cafe restaurants of one of the liveliest of the Parisian boulevards at an hour when the quadruple rows of tables on its sidewalk terrace as well as those of its spacious rooms were usually encircled by a cloud of the horizon blue uniforms of the military. This night it was deserted except for a scattered dozen of more or less "ambushed" civilians. The waiters stood about, tiplessly idle. The moral atmosphere had fallen to the zero of gloom. "Any one been killed?" we anxiously inquired of a melancholy garcon—the usual war time question. "Not yet, but the cafe is in 'volontaire,'" he whispered significantly into our ear. For a cafe to be put in "volontaire" corresponds to having an army's first line trenches temporarily occupied by the enemy and involves a financial defeat of prime magnitude. "It will mean a loss to us of 20,000 francs during the period of the 'volontaire,'" confided to us the cashier at her raised desk, blinking away a tear from her eye. Her well coiffed head had lost its marcel wave, her very diamond earrings seemed lustreless. It was Gen. Gallieni, the Military Governor of Paris, who hung this sword of Damocles, the "volontaire," over the heads of the cafe proprietors when he launched his proclamation prohibiting all the military of whatever grade as well as all workers in munitions, all persons working in any capacity for the army, from entering a cafe on a cafe restaurant (a place where food and drink are sold) throughout Paris and its suburbs except between the hours of 5 and 8 A. M., 11 A. M. and 2 P. M., and 5 and 9 in the evening. Furthermore no drinks may be served to militarized clients which contain more than 15 per cent. of

alcohol. But a single infraction of this ruling, one drink served out of hours or one drink of a single degree of alcohol more than the prescribed regime, and the cafe is put in "volontaire" for a month. This means that the military and military workers are debarred from the cafe during the period proscribed. A second offense puts the 1d of the "consigne" down hard for three months, while for a third offense the cafe is likely to be closed for all time. At this time when all men of France between 18 and 46 are serving in the army establishment and almost all other males are militarized in some way this boycott of a cafe by its soldier clientele means practically an empty cash till. In consequence of the new drink law all Paris cafes with its eyes glued to watches. The once tranquil, soothing hour of the cafe has become an abbreviated period of nervous jumps for the clientele, while the garcons are becoming cross-eyed trying to keep both the clock and the customer in the same line of vision besides broken-hearted over having to spurn enormous tips for surreptitiously served drinks. Furthermore this militarized clientele must sit inside the cafe as much out of sight as possible during the day and is only allowed outside on the attractive sidewalk terraces in the evening. So with both clientele and profits restricted and the streets plunged into inky darkness as a precaution against aircraft raids the gay, brilliant cafes of the Paris boulevards are suffering a blight that threatens to strike in deep. "Is the new law strictly enforced?" we asked the sad proprietor of the cafe in "consigne." "Ma foi, oui," he sighed. "The safeguarding of the law is left to the Paris policeman. A brace of them patrol the front of every big cafe, and the traps we have to guard against in attempting to make us serve drinks out of hours! "It is now the rule for many women to come to a cafe who never came be-

fore; officers, generals even, come with their wives and daughters. The officers order the prohibited liqueur for the ladies and they themselves gulp it down on the sly. The garcons are bribed, but the favorite ruse and the most difficult to detect is the soldier who takes off his uniform coat and cap and leaves them around the corner and puts on a civilian coat and hat which he borrows from some nearby concierge. The soldier hastily undressing or dressing is a common sight in most cafe neighborhoods. "What are the prohibited drinks?" we asked curiously. Whereupon the rotund proprietor got really excited. "Mon Dieu! imagine the trouble it has given us to find out!" he cried. "There is no official list of prohibited drinks issued; on the cafe proprietor rests all the responsibility of determining what drinks contain the permitted degree of alcohol. We are obliged now to possess the expert knowledge of the wine growers themselves, of chemists, distillers." The Paris index expurgatorius as finally defined has scratched almost to obliteration the French cafe's long list of famous and varied drinks and chromatic system of beverages. The prohibited drinks are divided into five classes. First, natural wines containing more than the permitted 15 per cent. of alcohol; second, the "vins de liqueur" that is wines brought up by the addition of a moderately high degree of alcohol into the class of near liqueurs, producing the numerous popular and supposedly harmless aperitifs and soothers taken before and between meals, such as muscat, maitai, port, banyais and dozens of others. In the third class are the "eaux-de-vie." Here are lopped off completely the Frenchman's famous after dinner digestives, without one of which a dinner is not to him a dinner, of many varieties from the great brandy distilleries of the Cognac region. The "mares" or Burgundy, the "salvados" or elder brandy of Normandy and the sweet caramelized "Armaignacs" are among the examples with so high a percentage of alcohol that no strategy could possibly save them from being struck off the list of army nourishment. In the fourth category the liqueurs were attacked. Liqueurs are essentially a French product, made usually according to a secret formula, handed

True Parisian Now Lives With His Eyes Glued to His Watch Waiting for Drink Time

comes back the wall from 280,000 cafe proprietors and wine dealers in the army indignantly asking if their country wants to beggar them in their absence while fighting its battles. Now we real secret hidden behind all this turmoil about the alcohol crisis in France is not the curtailment of alcoholic drinks, but the curtailment of the Frenchman's "cafe day." The new liquor law is in reality the first crusade in France for business efficiency, intended for the protection of the working day, which the Frenchman's cafe habit is eating into in an astonishing and startling manner. The French cafe is the people's club, where the only fee is the price of one modest drink, which entitles one to its privileges for an indefinite time. Nor is it a men's club only; the French family makes use of its club privileges. One of the loudest protests against Gen. Gallieni's new ruling was that the military element when out walking with their families would not be able to rest their children at a cafe if they happened to become tired out of the staid hours. Here is the Frenchman's cafe day. It begins early. As breakfast is always a casual affair the Frenchman, even when at home and always when traveling abroad, goes to a cafe for his glass of black coffee, his substitute for the meal. Being an early riser this he between 7 and 8 o'clock. Then to business. If a friend drops in about 10 o'clock or so he takes him to the cafe to be entertained over another black coffee, a glass of white wine or even a cognac. After which he gives his business, preoccupies attention until 11:30, when he goes to his cafe for an "aperitif" before luncheon. He takes a bottle of wine with his luncheon, perhaps splits half a bottle of brandy or burgundy to top off with, and at 1 o'clock is again seated at the cafe table for a cup of black coffee accompanied by a tray glass of brandy or some of the well known brands of eaux-de-vie. He meets his cronies here at the same hour, for a cafe's clientele is always faithful at which time they relax over a game of backgammon or dominoes or billiards until 2 o'clock when he reluctantly takes up his threads of work. If he has a business deal on in the afternoon it is to the cafe that he brings his party to put it through by the aid of it, may be, only



The abbreviated military "Cafe Day" gets them down to but three kinds of beverages. Soldiers dressing and undressing in the neighborhood of cafes to run the blockade. The Soldier's "Cafe Day" That the Military Authorities Have Already Curtailed. This certainly is a hard war," says the French defender of his country, "but he finds his cafe moments watched by two policemen.

ICELANDIC DRAMATIST HERE

A YOUNG playwright has come out of Iceland to present the life and traditions of that melancholy fog-steeped island of geysers and volcanoes, of nocturnal winters and diurnal summers and to carry forward the progress of the Scandinavian dramatists Bjornson, Strindberg and Ibsen. Gudmundur Kamban arrived in New York recently for the purpose of publishing his works in English. After two of his plays had been produced throughout the States and in Denmark he was invited by German publishers and managers of literary theatres to carry his work into Germany. The war broke out and the German theatres were given over entirely to the production of national and patriotic dramas. America seemed to offer the next best opportunity for publishing and producing his American theatre. "I have found the eighth wonder of the world," was his brief statement. "New York has no great literary theatre." "The Icelanders with their cold and almost impenetrable reserve," he said in describing his countrymen, "are more like the Norwegians than any other Scandinavian group, but in their passions, unlike the suave and more social Danes, America seemed to offer the next best opportunity for publishing and producing his American theatre. Mr. Kamban was born in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, twenty-seven years ago, and when 18 he began writ-

ing his first play, "Hadda Padda." After three years, when it had been published in Iceland, he went to Copenhagen to attend the university. Having learned Danish, a language very different from his native tongue, he translated his drama and offered it to the Royal Theatre of Copenhagen. It was accepted and produced in 1912 and since then has been played in fifty theatres throughout the Scandinavian countries. The play, constructed around the passions and spiritual travail of the heroine, Hadda Padda, is a revelation of Icelandic character. Here is a brief outline of the plot: Hadda Padda, in love with an Icelandic youth, Ingulf, follows him to Copenhagen, where he is a student, and lives with him there. Later they return to Iceland, and Ingulf, infatuated with Hadda's younger sister, Runa, wishes to break away from his first love. The second act takes place in the black lands where Hadda is tortured with jealousy, goes to fight off her despair. Her anguish is interrupted by a flower woman and there follows a dialogue expressive of the stoical philosophy of the North—the insignificance of human emotion compared to the eternity of nature. Hadda dwells on the words of the flower woman and resolves to free herself from her love for Ingulf. She schools herself in this new found philosophy, rereading Ingulf's letters, revisiting their old haunts. At last she is convinced that her love is dead. The thought of Ingulf pains her no longer. The setting of the last act is very remarkable and so indicative of Icelandic landscape that Mr. Kamban had to design the scenery himself when the play was produced in Copenhagen. The scene takes place on a plateau in the mountains, an old wishing place of Hadda and Ingulf. Wishing to assure him that the wound he has given her is healed, that he may love her sister with a light heart, she has asked him to meet her there for the last time. The two stand looking over the edge of the plateau, save them from being struck off the list of army nourishment. The production of this play secured unstinted recognition for Gudmundur Kamban, the young Danish dramatist. Kamban's second play, which was also accepted by the Royal Theatre of Copenhagen and was produced a few days after he left for this country, has been described by Scandinavian critics as an epic of modern Iceland. It is entitled "The Royal Glima." "The Glima," he explained, "is a stirring athletic contest to-day only in Iceland. When a king visits the island a royal Glima is held in his honor at Thingvall, the ancient seat of government, where Eriq the Red and Lef Eriqson beheld similar contests over a thousand years ago; a sort of wrestling match in which the contestants are not allowed to use their hands, but must throw their opponents by the dexterity of the legs and body. It is as beautiful as a wild landscape." The plot of "The Royal Glima," constructed around the last great Icelandic festival in 1907, when Frederic VIII. of Denmark visited the island, is a story of the political intrigues of

modern Iceland, "where every sin is a political sin," according to Mr. Kamban. After the first production of the play the Copenhagen newspapers proclaimed the author a dramatist worthy of the great Scandinavian school. WHITE PLAINS'S NAME. I SPENT the week end recently with a friend in White Plains, a downtown city man, "and do you know he thinks Westchester county was transferred from the Garden of Eden before the apples got ripe enough to eat. I never was in White Plains before, though I had heard of it somewhere, and I was asking all sorts of questions about it. "Incidentally I asked him how the town got its name, and quite irreverently, as I thought, he asked me if I had ever heard of the Gnaphalium polycephalum. I never had of course and right off I asked him what kind of an animal it was and did it roam the woods of Westchester and was it carnivorous or deciduous and had Col. Roosevelt ever hunted it, and why the dickens didn't they have a specimen or so in the zoo and a few more questions like that in a string, and he just looked at me and laughed. "When he had laughed until I became huffy about it, he told me that the Gnaphalium polycephalum was the botanical name for the white balsam. It grows, or once grew, in great abundance in that section and from which White Plains took its name. But, say, why didn't they name the town Gnaphaliopolis or Polycephalumville or something like that with a classic tang to it? White Plains is no fashionable name for a town. Anyhow, in Westchester county. Is it?

NEWS OF THE WINTER RESORTS

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va., Dec. 4.—The autumn season at the Greenbrier has been one of unusual brilliancy and many Thanksgiving parties added to the gaiety, over three hundred people celebrating the holiday. Many of them attended the fancy dress given by the Colonial Hill Tennis Club at the evening before Thanksgiving in the ballroom of the old White. The judges awarding the prizes for costumes were James A. Blair and Frank H. Davis of New York, George W. Stevens of Richmond and J. Howard Sloum of the Greenbrier. Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson and Mrs. Ooten Godek dined together on Thanksgiving Day, and in Frank Trumbull's party, arriving from New York to spend the week end, were Mr. and Mrs. P. J. McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Harris and Commodore and Mrs. Dallas Roche Pratt. Col. Samuel Pomeroy, Capt. Madison here for luncheon on Thanksgiving Day, entertaining Countess Maroni of Rome and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Henry of London. Louis Sherry also entertained a party of friends at luncheon. Sir Richard Crawford, counsel at Washington for the British Embassy, has come with Lady Crawford to spend three weeks and take the cure. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Polks, who were married on Tuesday, have come here to spend their honeymoon. Mr. Polks is Commissioner of Public Works in New York. The Evangeline will alternate sailings with the Quebec Steamship Company's which latter steamer holds the record of 29 hours and 20 minutes for the Bermuda route—a record made on the occasion of the steamer's last voyage to the island by the Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Greenbrier. The Evangeline will leave New York on Wednesday, December 22, returning on December 31, sailing thereafter will be on a weekly schedule each Wednesday from New York, beginning January 5, for the remainder of the winter tourist season. The Evangeline will begin the Bermuda service at midnight, Friday, December 24, returning Sunday, January 2, in order to give tourists an opportunity to leave New York after the closing of school and to return again in time for school or business. LAKEWOOD. LASTWOOD, N. J., Dec. 4.—Visitors here have amused themselves this week with walking, horseback riding, playing golf and shooting. Every one seemed willing to suspend the social activity of the winter season. There have been several informal dances and teas at the Country Club, but not until this evening was any large event scheduled. Weather conditions have been conducive of vigorous outdoor exercise, as the mercury dropped to the freezing point for the first time this season early Tuesday morning. The bright sunshine tempered the cold during the day, and since then it has been ideal. The first meeting of the Alliance Française will be at Miss Walker's 8-10th, Hingwood, next Thursday afternoon, December 9. Louis Lefebvre will deliver a lecture, his subject being "France at the San Francisco Exposition." ASHEVILLE. Asheville, N. C., Dec. 4.—The weather was so good today that many visitors in the city and in the mountains were out for a walk. The Asheville Country Club has a number of members who are out for a walk. The Asheville Country Club has a number of members who are out for a walk. The Asheville Country Club has a number of members who are out for a walk.