

BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON? WHY, EVERYBODY



The G. A. R. button and the preparedness button.



Some Fifth avenue decorations.



"My wife's gone to the country" button.

It's the Latest of Nationwide Fads of the People and Amounts Almost to Madness

By JANE DIXON.

IT'S strange, isn't it, how folks love to wear emblems? The man whose fraternity pin I lost a couple of years ago asked me if I had ever noticed this proclivity of persons for decorating themselves. He said it amounted almost to madness, this button wearing business.

That set me to looking out for pins and badges, and since then the habit of studying emblems on coat lapels has become one of the obsessions of my life. It is like the habit of scanning faces to see what animals they resemble, or studying hands to see if you can guess their occupations.

Do you remember the "On You Kid" buttons affected by the set whose colors are wont to rub ragged around the upper edge? This informal greeting was extended from the most unexpected lapses. As often as not it was uttered out of keeping with the appearance of its wearer.

And here we have the peculiarities of the emblem wearing business. The emblem a man wears may have nothing whatever in common with his character. In the case of the fraternal orders where there is an underlying principle the emblem is a mark of brotherhood, calling forth the hearty hand clasp and the kindly word.

For a few buttons advertising a brand of baking powder or a new clear or a fireman's parade the early settlers bought hundreds of acres of the far west land on earth from the Indians. Give a big chief a blue ribbon badge with gold letters telling about the policemen's picnic at Glaston Grove and he will beg you to accept in return the section of land given him by the Government.

Yes, you get what I am driving at exactly. Emblems are a survival of the cave man. They liked them then and they have liked them ever since. Sew up every existing lapel buttonhole and the result would be a thoroughly unhappy and discontented race of men.

The emblem proclivity manifests itself very early in life. The first symptoms come with the child of potential candy or lollypop, the wily candy-maker having discovered that even the tender age of three is tempted by a button attached to a pin, and so increasing the sale of his wares.

During the next stage, which is from six to fourteen, a button bearing a flag or a four leaf clover is more precious to the owner than the Queen's crown jewels. A boy will fight for such a button at the drop of a hat.

and woe betide the young bandit who tries to place it among his plunder! Now we come to the class, club and fraternity pin frenzy. At this stage the emblem wearer goes quite mad. He learns to fasten his high school class pin on the lower point of his waistcoat in plain sight of the students and grasping proletariat.

The oddest thing in life to him is a gold plated shield bearing "M. H. S." with "19" beneath. Such grandeur! Next year those figures will signify that he is a sophomore. Then let freshmen beware. In his exuberance he comes out and paints the white stone pillars of the high school building with his class colors, barber pole fashion. For weeks he revels in the delicious fear of being found out. And so on to commencement day.

That autumn, the evening before he leaves for college, he pins the precious class emblem on the pink party dress of Pansy Perkins, the sunny haired toast of the school, and makes her swear with her right hand resting on the pin and her left hand over her heart, that she will cherish it against his return.

Maybe Pansy takes this vow seriously and maybe she doesn't, depending upon Pansy's sense of humor.

Which brings us to the serious stage of pins.

Arrived at college our hero begins to puff with pride over what he believes is his popularity. The Copra Pica Pica invite him over to the frat house to a little spread. He gathers around the piano with the bunch and learns to howl the "Aim Mater," not knowing that the little spread represents the sum total of the finances of the entire fraternity, and that if he runs out on them after all this layout it is going to put a frightful crimp in the frat menu for a while. The next evening the Gamma Delta Umpis stake him to a show and afterward to a supper in the Umpis house.

Here he is, torn between two pins. By a flank move, quick but classy, he is roped, tied and thrown by the Sierra Salva Sues. With chest expansion three inches above normal he dons the fraternity pin, placing it firmly on his

walrus' just to the left of his heart, goes for his daily life and he must be a tolerant and completely gay as instructed by the head Sue. He carries the pin under his tongue. A lighted cigarette against the toy told the pin must never leave his person. After he has mastered all the rules, he discovers the son under penalty of death. When he governing the wearing of the emblem he is only one of four or five hundred

boys also in college. Of course only the Sues count. The others are a nondescript lot, not in the same class with our set, as witness their pins. The Sue pin won him.

Toward the final semester of his freshman year he fastens the three precious pin, as Winnie, the college widow, and the gossip goes about that Winnie is engaged again, this being her 44th performance. You understand when a man asks a girl to wear his fraternity pin it is the same as a proposal.

The pin is a busy worker during the college course, having as many as a dozen homes during the college year and goodness knows how many more in the summer vacation. The first time our hero hits the old town prepared to knock it senseless he meets Larry coming out of the Boston Store, where she has changed of the ribbons and laces. He bows stiffly and makes a hasty survey to see if that foolish class pin is plastered on her, breathing a sigh of relief when he finds it gone.

College days come to a grand finale and friend here returns home to take up the real occupation of life. Scarcely has he landed when father gives him a picture of his favorite candidate for Mayor of the town. The boy draws his brows together and tries to look as if the weight of the universe was resting on his right shoulder. He spouts principles and politics and points proudly to the candidate he is supporting. He is old enough to vote. The shadow on his upper lip is no longer a sham.

By this time the emblem habit is firmly established. Lodges, candidates, movements, isms, all have their place in the lapel picture gallery.

In passing, do you remember the boy who wore a gold button with a star on it because he had not been absent from Sunday school once in three years? He was a popular little boy, was he not? Not. Also the girl who won a medal by not being tardy once from the first reader to the last?

Almost every laborer wears an emblem of one sort or another, showing he belongs to an order for the protection of brown. The anarchist who shows his contempt for smug society by cheating the barber adopts a snip of red ribbon or a red button to match his flannel shirt.

Nor is art without its weakness for telling the world where it walks. Authors have united for protection against the snares and pitfalls set by publishers, so that when a pale genius with a manuscript folder tipples into the office the publisher knows by the button in his lapel that it will take

If All the Buttonholes Were Sewed Up Men Would Be Utterly Unhappy and Discontented

At present we have no concrete any way to wear buttons about, but we are getting ready in case any one starts on picking a fight. And while we are getting ready, our sons and daughters are showing loyalty by emblem-a miniature flag done into a bow. Some of these flag bows are no bigger than the quarter part of a minute, but their size has nothing to do with their might.

Everybody has adopted the old Glory haldi—school boys and girls, professional men and women, factory hands and farmers, millionaires and hoboes, magnates, middle classes and permanent inhabitants of park benches.

In the tango trenches this week I saw an expert sharpshooter aiming for his name. He had been born and bred in a swamp, this boy, at least so you would gather from his party face, his plastered hair and his exotic clothes. The closest he will ever come to shouldering a gun is swinging a cane. Yet, there, on the left side of his curved in chest, flared the American flag. Up to now he has done all his fighting with a cover cloth, which he would be called upon to make and his flag boast he would probably never stop running until he reached the Battery and jumped off.

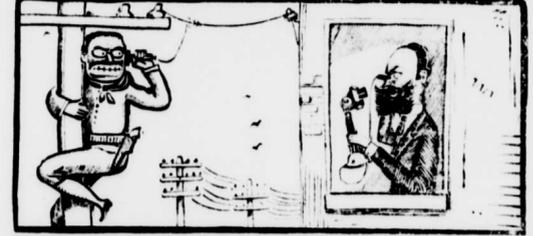
At that a war might not be a bad thing if we could pick out the material for the first trench and let the enemy take it.

There is one emblem of sight which the throat will always taste the heart grow warm the eyes will be with each passing year, but in the days of memory they go marching on, glory that crowns great patriots. We have guessed it—the Grand Army of the Republic.

THE NEWS IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.

I. THE sport of tapping telephones Is growing somewhat heated— Chicago asked the G. O. P. To enter and be seated. The Colonel has a private wire To Elihu's convention. And by and by The sparks will fly, So great will be the tension!



The Colonel has a private wire to Elihu's convention.

II. The Army Bill is almost due The Navy Bill is pending— And meanwhile Mr. Wilson's star Is gracefully descending. Sir Taft expressed the country's views On Brother Bryan's sermons. He laughed aloud— Which pleased the crowd, And Holland trusts the Germans.



We rise to greet the well known heat.

III. Lloyd George will be the doctor in The Irish complication. 'Tis said he has an antidote For that afflicted nation. Von Buelow soon will visit us According to a rumor— The stenciled gown Has come to town, And Ford is fond of humor.

IV. The Austrians are trespassing On Italy's dominion. The Battle of Verdun is still A matter of opinion. The other day an art display Was held in Jersey City. Which goes to prove The world does move— And Daniels is a pity.

V. The Mexicans are throwing stones At Funston's expedition. Such crudeness is deplorable— They should have ammunition. Professor Noyes has gone to war— May fortune crown his labors! We rise to greet The well known heat— And China fears her neighbors.

VI. The worthy Presbyterians Have placed a ban on smoking. The current price of radium Is really most provoking. A Summer madness sweeps the town. Fair Romance laughs at Reason— The cosmos blooms With brides and grooms And rice is now in season.

A FABLE IN WOODCUT

By john held



Once upon a time there were two ladies of the merry-merry.



One worked hard and went straight home after the show.



The other liked her lobster and didn't care for sleep.



Now one is a star in a White Light production.



And the other is still in the merry-merry. Moral—Make your own.