

LAD WITH BIG IDEA STARTLES BACK YARDS OF BOHEMIA

Differences Between the Geniuses of the Mining Camp Restaurants About Washington Square and Those of Murger's Paris Garrets



FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

POLLY'S and the Mad Hatter's tea shop (which is in a cellar under a plumber's place and has a capacity limit of ten wicker chairs), the Liberal Club, the Dutch Oven restaurant and the other tableless resorts, where the long haired males and short haired females of the Washington Square neighborhood gather of evenings to put the new bag on, are all to and fro just now because a real genius has wedged himself into the vicinity.

This lad actually is gifted: Whether or not the idea that over night made him famous in a neighborhood which reethes with emotion is his own matter; what is of moment is the fact that all the Square and the "Village" folk who love art and scorn mere (which, of course, includes about all the Square and "the Village," as the Greenwich Village studios call their part of town) are uproariously applauding his idea and consequently lam-applauding so rancorously in fact that the uproar started Newspaper Row, far to the south, during the past few days to the extent of causing the post to send reporter persons who have dropped to the depths of writing for money to visit the Square in order to try to find out what all the uproar was about.

Night had fallen. Within sound of the roller skates near Washington Square one came into a drab back yard, Jake, who was coatless and sweating,

something which caused her to become a minor celebrity in the Square here. He had housed her on one of the cross streets in a hotel with no rooms in sight except the lone bedroom—and therefore no bath. In the back yard restaurants she had met girls of her own age who at least could boast of the use of a bathroom. The husband who is holding out for \$150 a week and therefore is loafing delightfully in the meantime encouraged her to visit these girls for an hour or so a day after she had complained again and again that the absence of a bath was becoming unbearable. Thus she bathed.

About ten days ago she decided that she could score the genius into going to work by having him arrested for non-support. Therefore she told him that he must give her at least \$2 before nightfall or she would leave him. He went to the alleged "Mayor" of "the Village" and borrowed the \$2, so insistent she was, and handed the two dollar bill over to her.

Thereupon she used the money to swear out a warrant for his arrest for non-support. The genius told bohemians ruefully how he had borrowed the money for his wife and what his wife had done with the sum. The Square thought the idea so delicious that the Square has almost decided to accept the poor little half starved drab wife as the coequal of her eminent husband.

When friend husband floated into view the other night he was temporarily wifeless, which is a phenomenon not considered a rightful fault in "the Village." He wore an unpressed suit, a floppy cap, a gray flannel shirt and a flowing Windsor tie, which was a combination of clothes—common to the self-conscious bohemianism of the Square—the Liberal Club Square Companion, just back from roughing it in the North Woods, to fruitful observation and comment.

"His makeup is typical of the whole darn place," said the Companion elegantly. "This guy, like the weighty thinkers of the Liberal Club square, the corner, think they wear sloppy suits and soft shirts because the shirts and suits are a defiance of the conventionalities."

"But when you come to think it over this guy and the Liberal Club men think more of their makeup than the Fifth Avenue clubman who puts on evening clothes at sundown. The Dick Davis suit of gentleman changes his clothes automatically; these guys do it consciously."

"Up in the woods I wore a flannel shirt because nobody was looking. This bird at the next table and the rest of his kind wear flannel shirts because they think everybody is looking. Did you ever see Jack London coming un-conventionally to the guest table at a big dinner in a Broadway hotel wearing a business suit and a soft shirt? He wants to make you—and himself—think he abhors dressiness. Jack and his wrinkled collar are the dressiest things around the whole banquet hall—among the quiet folk wearing eve-

ning clothes who surround him Jack gives the impression of being all dressed up like a broken arm.

"And I want to tell you something else along the same lines," the Companion continued. "This whole alleged bohemianism around the Square and Greenwich Village is the bunk because it's self-conscious. For instance: On the way over to this dump we passed a little corner building labelled 'Bruno's Garret' in ostentatious letters. Bruno is by way of speaking the Hank Murger of this neighborhood. Bruno gets out a weekly paper which is nominally the organ of the district.

"But Bruno and Hank's stuff are different for a lot of reasons. One of the important differences is that Murger wrote his stuff in a garret because a garret was the best he could get, whereas Bruno elects to work in a garret and advertise the fact. If Murger could have got a suite of

rooms in a Fifth Avenue hotel in which to live and breakfast and dine and write he would have given three rousing cheers—and something tells me his stuff would have been a bit better. But Bruno selects a garret and prints the fact on an outside wall, when for the same money he could rent a flat with an open plumbing bath tub up in Washington Heights and spend his spare time going around the corner listening to free lectures at Columbia University which, naturally, might be beneficial.

"The trouble with the professional bohemians of this neighborhood is that—"

"Oh, chop it, and let's go to some clean place and get some regular food," came the interruption.

"No—wait a minute," persisted the Companion, as he stirred his muddy coffee in a leisurely way that was particularly exasperating when one stopped to think that a short distance

away the best coffee in the world could be obtained at exactly the same price.

"The trouble, as I was saying, with the professional bohemians of this neighborhood is that their whole lives, from sleep to sleep, is subjective, whereas the bohemianism of Murger was artlessly artful and wholesome simply because it was artless. They stick snakes on the corners of their posters on the walls here because they think there is something devilishly uncanny and ugly about a snake. If some one batted into their heads that almost all snakes are harmless, that a snake is one of the cleanest creatures living, that a snake is beautiful in color in the same way that a pheasant's wing or Whistler's Bitterness is beautiful in color, and that a snake could not be ungraceful in form if it actually tried—if these obvious facts about snakes were driven into their heads snakes would disappear from the borders of their posters.

"To write well or to draw well means that one has worked hard to learn one's technique. Working hard means never worked hard in their lives. They never worked; therefore they are not doing and never will do anything worth a continental damn. So—"

"Oh, well, if you're going to cause and swear and everything," the reporter, who had entered "the Village" hopeful of spending a quiet evening, interrupted, "we might as well pay the tab and beat it. Let's go up town and get a regular meal."

The hour was early, so early that as we walked out into the Square and crossed toward the loveliness of the arch which Stanford White penciled the painted girls in one piece gowns and their athletic escorts who think "the Village" is the Real Thing were still coming southward to lean against the sounds and smells of sooty back yard kitchens.

And we could not help thinking of—and talking about—those other days of "the Village" when there were no mighty persons living in the neighborhood except some commonplace folk as "R. L. S." who was a visitor in Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's house in Manhattan a summer after he had written "The Circle of Love" and was on his way to Sumner, and the gentle bred Dr. Childer and John Gilmer Speed, and the late Thimstrups and William Ordway Partridge and the others of comparative later days, now almost forgotten in all the talk of the Square and therefore did not measure up to all the "Village's" present idea of a professional "bohemian" who in the presence of a map with his own wife causes kindly laughter.

"This crew around here never worked harder in their lives."

was taking orders for food from conscious persons seated around bare tables. A canvas canopy overhead shut off the air and the evening stars. Inasmuch as Jake is the lone waiter in a busy back yard it goes without saying that after picking up the dinner card—lettered in pale purple typewriting—and pretending to study it one had time then to point out himself or herself, especially herself, to everybody else. No one consciously pointed out himself or herself, of course; nevertheless that is what all were doing.

The genius with the big idea had not yet arrived. The crowd present (and the place was crowded) was awaiting him expectantly. What impressed an outsider first was that young men and young women who evidently could afford to dine normally mightly present matter; what is of moment is the fact that all the Square and the "Village" folk who love art and scorn mere (which, of course, includes about all the Square and "the Village," as the Greenwich Village studios call their part of town) are uproariously applauding his idea and consequently lam-applauding so rancorously in fact that the uproar started Newspaper Row, far to the south, during the past few days to the extent of causing the post to send reporter persons who have dropped to the depths of writing for money to visit the Square in order to try to find out what all the uproar was about.

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GERM THAT DEFILES QUARANTINE

By JOSEPH COLLINS, M. D., Physician to the Neurological Institute.

SHEER imbecility is at the root of the present infantile paralysis panic which is alarming the people of this country and debasing their intellects. It is high time that an enlightened public opinion called a halt on this wave of quarantine by hysteria which has swept all over the United States and afflicted millions with blind, unreasoning fear. Now that the time draws near for thousands of families who have been in the country to return to their homes and to bring their children with them, and as it is necessary to open schools and to begin the business of the winter and to recover from midsummer madness, it is well to consider the present situation in a sensible manner.

One cannot go in any direction within ten miles of the city limits of New York in an automobile without being stopped, it might be said, at the point of a gun, if he happens to have children with him. Those who travel have to pay this toll of terror. Communities only a few miles apart quarantine against each other. One cannot go from one township to another without encountering some meddlesome regulation. It is no wonder that parents are in a state of bewilderment and panic because of the action of boards of health which can give no reason or justification for such actions.

In a New England resort where I spent a week or so this summer a young physician was even indignant because a woman who had been on a two days' trip to New York had, on her return, refused to go into quarantine for two weeks. There are places where the stranger, on his arrival, is ordered to scrub himself all over, shampoo his head, spray his nose, gargle his throat, disinfect his clothes, or, better still, burn them.

All this is not justified. As a physician who has for many years come in contact with cases of poliomyelitis, I protest against the policy now being pursued with regard to this epidemic. Children under sixteen years old should not be treated as pariahs.

There is no proof whatsoever that infantile paralysis is a contagious disease in the ordinary sense of the word. It is true that under certain conditions it is infectious, and it is inoculable, but there is much to be learned about its genesis and history. Our present state of knowledge concerning its communicability neither justifies the fear of the people of this country and the surrounding country nor the unreasonable and drastic regulations which now torment the American nation.

Half a century ago infantile paralysis was discovered. Twenty-five years have passed since we first had epidemics of it. As a matter of fact it is always present more or less in the number. There is probably not much more of it this year than in other years. Epidemically it is a seasonal disease and by the end of this month it will have disappeared. Twenty-five hundred cases were reported in New York in 1907, and in 1916 the record is officially given as about 6,000. New methods of diagnosis have devel-

oped in the nine years between the two epidemics, and no doubt many derangements which were formerly reported under other names are included in present reports. Counting the so-called atypical and trivial cases which are now always enumerated, and remembering also that lumbar punctures, now so extensively employed in diagnosis, were then not employed at all, believe that there were really no more cases this season than there were in the last epidemic.

"It is about as intelligent to quarantine against infantile paralysis as it is to quarantine against pneumonia or to stone an ambulance in which a scarlet fever case is being taken to a hospital. Precautions dictated by more frenzy should have no place in any civilized country. Would this city be justified in closing all the schools because there was an epidemic of pneumonia? And yet we have the spectacle of the municipal authorities here keeping the schools shut because of the presence of a disease within the limits of New York which is not even shown definitely to be contagious. That infantile paralysis is a germ disease may be accepted without question, yet it cannot be guarded against by herding human beings into prescribed areas. We read in the newspapers that a man who owns an extensive estate on Long Island has dismissed fifty servants and gardeners so as to reduce the risk to

his children and that he himself changes his clothes twice on his way home on his yacht so that those of his household may not contract infantile paralysis!

Surely what could be more extreme than precautions such as this, in view of the fact that there is not on record a single authenticated case of the disorder being transmitted from one person to another.

Poliomyelitis is communicated by minute germs floating in the air which find their way into the system by way of the nasal passages. One cannot put the yellow flag upon all the atmosphere. The means by which the infectious case is being varied enough, but the present measures do not have a sound scientific basis.

There is far more evidence than has been generally supposed for the theory that the fly has much to do with the spread of the infection. The Department of Health does well to issue orders that all windows be screened and that food be protected from the dangerous insects. That flies carry germs of other diseases, like typhoid, which enter the stomach through water and food, has been well demonstrated. The germs of such diseases have been identified from cultures made from substances found on the feet of these pestiferous carriers.

There is at least color for the belief that flies bred in the new subways

HINDENBURG, GERMANY'S HOPE

Continued from Third Page.

He never played cards or drank excessively and he hardly ever smoked. Hindenburg never speaks of fate or luck. He does not talk about omens, but he believes that God helped him. "God helped me to gain a victory and the Kaiser gave me the soldiers, he made me commander, he trusted me. Be grateful to God and the Kaiser, do not thank me," is what he told the officers in the most important subject "applied military tactics." Frederick the Great invented for the benefit of his army officers the "Krieges Spiel" (war game), and Hindenburg followed in the footsteps of the Prussian King by improving this war game. It is a peculiar evidence that he once worked out with his pupils how to defeat an invading army near the Masurian lakes, exactly the location where he achieved his great victory over the Russians.

The friends and admirers of Hindenburg point out that he has been for years a member of the great general staff, that he was Chief of the Department of the East, and that the general staff would not do without him. It is a fact that Von Hindenburg did great

work as chief army doctor. He invented a new system of treating diseases in the members and a special diet for the troops. He was a student at the Hindenburg and the Kaiser, but only you do not hear it any more. The story was that Hindenburg, in his capacity as chief of staff, criticized the Kaiser, who was almost a monarch in Prussia. This resulted in his resignation from all his posts and he did not call it small talk and will probably tell the fact that Von Hindenburg was appointed commander-in-chief of the army in 1914 after the resignation of the war.

In the East Hindenburg was the undisputed "boss" and the connection with the General Headquarters was kind of loose. He was not hampered by orders and received the full confidence of the Kaiser.

When Hindenburg (1847-56) was studying in the "Krieges Akademie" in Prussia, that resulted in his resignation from all his posts and he did not call it small talk and will probably tell the fact that Von Hindenburg was appointed commander-in-chief of the army in 1914 after the resignation of the war.

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A BIT OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIGHT WITHIN THE LIMITS OF GREATER NEW YORK



THE ELK HERD AT FOREST PARK, QUEENS BOROUGH.

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