

STRANGE EYES VIEW GREENWICH VILLAGE WITH GREAT FAVOR

Charming Impression Gained in a Tour With Playwright-Resident and Natives' Practicality Displayed

By CHLOE ARNOLD.

GREENWICH VILLAGE has that dilapidated appearance without which there is no real comfort. This is because it lies in a quaint old part of town which somehow manages to retain a respectful air of faded gentility. For the still life of the place is ideal—but there is no little of it!

Most of the Village huddles about Washington and Sheridan squares, to the south and west, taking freakish flights to Charlton street, via Macdougall, and halting on account of the turlup, workaday life at Fourteenth street. Though as far as the real estate agent is concerned, any place in New York is Greenwich Village so long as the patron does not insist that he is in Brooklyn or The Bronx, say.

Without an adequate excuse it would be ridiculous to think that a person from South Haven, Kan., could demolish the village of all its truths and present them for public enlightenment the next day.

It would take years of the infernal industry of a Balzac to do the subject justice. But if you are disappointed in what you find here it is doubtless because George Middleton, who showed the sights to these new eyes, is only a civilian, and he wears shoes instead of sandals.

Now the Village has all manner of utilitarian institutions: grocery stores, photograph galleries, little shops, a bank, a church, a hospital, a jail, restaurants, and a newspaper called the Quill. It is in this medium for public utterance that one gains courage for presenting a one night stand of the Village. For in his great column Bobby Edwards accuses persons who fuss around and experiment.

A word about the Quill. It is the current newspaper of the locality (thirty-two pages for December; it's published every month). The editor is Arthur H. Moss, who is aided by a foursome each of contributing editors on art and literature.

Before we hasten on to the people let us examine a poem in the current number of the Quill. If you are at all sympathetic you will understand the "Lord, more poetry!" attitude of respectable editors:

FAIRY TALE

BY MAXWELL BOBENHEIM.
A twig, like a drooping gray wrist,
Is tipped by a frightened rose.
Next by stands a gravely excited breeze.
He loves the frightened rose, and from
his lips
Drip pippings, like speaking tendrils of
mist.
The rose talks to the breeze:

"I strain from my twig, but it holds me.
Gently scatters, like a bird, can't it see
And swing me over the garden walls
To the wavering lips of dark blue
shadows?"

The old breeze answers:
"I shall spring into the dark blue shadow's
lips
And, braided to silence between them,
Wave to you.
Then wrench yourself free."

The frightened rose hung his head,
He knew he could fling himself over the wall.
But something held him and he somehow
felt
That the old breeze knew of it.

Greenwich Bolsheviks and Others.

Now, then, if any man would take himself to a community in which he can order wood and be burning it in five minutes; where food is still reasonable in price where he can "stare himself" by watching his neighbors banish the "poor, weary conventionality" of life, and where he may expect his landlord to give warning of higher rents every now and then, let him move to Greenwich Village.

Politically the Village has as many factions as present-day Berlin. The Bolshevik consist of men with long hair and women with short hair. The men excuse their peculiarities in this manner by mentioning Samson and Mirabeau, whereas the women find their authority in that celebrated lock breaker, Mistress Irene Castle.

People are so industriously being themselves that they are hard put to it to be anything else. If you do not belong to the Bolshevik there is no offense taken. For the Maximalists here write good books, paint good pictures and go about the art of life mostly in quietude.

Repair to any one of the numerous restaurants at a certain time of evening and you may see for yourself the violence done to personal dignity and common sense by a band of oddly habited men and women who are bent on being a bit different.

But here's the guide, all overcoated



GREENWICH VILLAGE INN ON LEFT AND A CHARACTERISTIC VILLAGE STUDIO.

and ready personally to conduct you through the Village. It is George Middleton. He is a playwright, although he says that he scarcely writes anything, as nobody cares who writes a play.

As proof of his qualifications for showing off the neighborhood a critic says: He has a remarkable faculty for seizing people at a crisis in their lives and putting their whole history before us with a few deft touches.

And presently you will know if this spot is a geographical locality, a crisis in people's lives, or only, as some say, a state of mind, remarkable for long hair and high rents. With perhaps a few "deft touches" which the critic speaks of.

It was a gusty December evening—quitting time for some, tea time for others. And if anybody was interested in the quiet delight of a city sunset one might say that a few mauve clouds edged with silver drifted above the church at the south of Washington Square. And that the lighted cross was softened and blended with the

landscape. Children still skated merrily on the pavements; people who had been a-busing alighted and set out toward. While some sparrows engaged in a spirited wrangle over a piece of bread, doubtless anticipating wheatless Wednesday.

Addresses are always difficult to find in Greenwich Village. Just as you think you are hopelessly lost in Sixth avenue trolley cars and scenery too realistic to be interesting you apply to a dapper policeman. He has a definite idea about how to reach 158 Waverley place. He points out a row of the old brownstone houses at the left.

In one of these (and in the middle of the Village) George Middleton, author of "Folly With a Past," lives. While we have an opportunity we may as well look at a typical house of that section. In this particular one you whistle and wait for Kats, who is not an overworked pianist but the person who controls the destiny of the Middleton household. In short, she's the cook.

There are two cards at the whistle. Fola La Follette and George Middleton. According to equity and the Constitution, Fola La Follette is Mrs. George Middleton. But she is an actress, a lecturer, a suffragist, hence Miss La Follette. But we must hasten on.

The drawing room is also a study, with great mirrors, a luxurious divan and a fireplace. For Miss La Follette maintains an office and Mr. Middleton writes here when the humor strikes him. Which is usually at night, from 8 o'clock on.

But by this time he has donned his overcoat, and is ready to set out on a tour of the Village. It was while crossing Sheridan Square that he was trapped into a confession:

"I am leading a double life," he commenced. "See there, that's the Greenwich Village theatre; looks fine and new, doesn't it?" Which shows that in the true tourist's spirit, he wanted to jump from one point of interest to another. But while admir-

ing the manner in which he adapted his life to his surroundings, no one would have heard more of his confession.

"Oh, how am I leading a double life? Well, I'm publishing some plays and producing others. I haven't any patience with playwrights who complain that they cannot get their plays produced. Especially, as most of them write things which they know will never be commercial successes.

"Also I have no highbrow notions on reforming the public. Give the public what it wants, if you can, and you have done enough.

"The public wants many things, but among them is not advice. When playwrights commence to express themselves and write what they want to write, that's about what they give the public and expect to be paid for. In private people will not take good advice gratis. Fancy them paying for a set including war tax, just to hear a few unpleasant truths!

Playwright Meritless and Conscienceless.

"But I wonder where that place is?" he broke off. "You couldn't possibly be with anybody who knows less of the Village than I do." (He was looking for a certain tea room.) "Though I do love this old part of town and wouldn't live in any other."

But, ah, here it is, the Mad Hatter's, down the Rabbit Hole, through the Looking Glass, and across Sixth avenue, as it were. And a very low place—down in a cellar, in fact.

"Now," Mr. Middleton said, apologetically, "this may not be characteristic of Greenwich Village. You see, we usually dine at home; we have an excellent cook. But it looks interesting after all. It is rather nice to have such a place near one's house. It makes tea available, just as Mrs. Gamp would have said, so one can put one's lips to it when so disposed."

In this place the furniture is arranged in a circle, and liberal quotations from "Alice in Wonderland" are on the walls. Mine host is a woman, but what can you expect in these days of feminism? She comes to inquire how you do, and "feels" do you want tea and cakes, or perhaps it's crumpets.

And while you sit there in the cozy candle light, you feel that there are unks still, even if some of them have taken to cellars to escape from their natural enemies, the rich, just as "feels" do you want to retreat from an approaching tornado.

On the other side of the fireplace one discovered certain persons in velvet caps and ditto smocks. They were drinking tea and talking in subdued tones.

"I do not know them," Mr. Middleton said, "possibly somebody from The Bronx, as that's where they get

these are not just inanimate things, painted canvases and the like, but old friends which remind one of Alexandre Dumas the elder, and of Wilhelm Meister and Capt. Fracasse. Yes, and the parties they used to have at Mrs. Sand's.

While looking over these things George Cran Cook came in just to make sure that everything was right for the plays that night. He is a typical Villager. Also Susan Glaspell's husband, and manager (ex officio, anyway) of the Provincetown Players.

Mr. Middleton remarked in the best aside manner of the stage that "Susan" (Mrs. Susan Glaspell Cook) is writing some of the best one act plays of this or any other time.

After some informal conversation with Mr. Cook, who is one of those gray haired, vital looking, brown eyed men, the two tourists sought the street again.

"I'll tell you what," Mr. Middleton said, "Greenwich Village is going to have to move further down town. As it is, it's just too high for a good many people who read the plays and are attracted and talked of. And persons have come down here to live. They pay a great deal more rent than the houses are worth and more than the rest can afford to pay.

Just then some of the velvet clad tea drinkers were discussing an spirited argument and interrupted the line of thought. At first there was a confusion of loud voices. And one expected to hear the clash of steel upon steel, or at the least to see somebody dance upon the table. But no. There were loud culls for a Bible.

Any playwright would have enjoyed such a situation. The altercation appeared to be principally over literature. Quiet was obtained when somebody placed a Bible among the teacups and the chief haranguer set out to prove his point. He read in a pleasant voice the death of Ahab; some passages from Job and the account of the Prodigal Son. And we left them in amiable conversation.

Macdougall street was obscured in a deep twilight, so that it took Mr. Middleton some time to find the house, just below Washington Square and

Macdougall Alley. The studios are transformed stables.

ing the manner in which he adapted his life to his surroundings, no one would have heard more of his confession.

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FAMOUS OLD SAND MAN HITS NEW YORKERS IN MANY STRANGE PLACES

By JANE DIXON.

FAMOUS sleeping places in and about New York.

The same good friend, F. O.C., who suggested the famous trying place outburst sent along this one about the sleeps. Even if his last initials were not separated by an apostrophe you might guess he was Irish. It takes some one born to the shamrock to get the proper angle of humor and pathos, too, on the big town. There must have been a whole flock of shamrocks present at F. O.C.'s birth.

Anyway, it was he who called attention to the very obvious fact that New York does not sink its superstructure into its feather pillows every time it lays itself down to sleep. Far from it. It takes its sleep where it gets it, the same as Mr. Kipling wrote about a fox. Any time it sees a chance to snatch forty winks on the side it snatches it, and the conventions of the most proper of pastimes and goes to pounding the hay.

"What made me think of it?" said the bright young story suggester, "was this: I went to a movie the other evening. It was the kind of picture that in the technical terms of the trade is known as a thriller. The director who was turning out this bit of photographic art knew if he let three minutes elapse without a murder those scenes would be cut out and he wasn't taking any chances of wasting film.

"I do not know as the hero was falling 10,000 feet from an airplane and getting ready to land right side up on the deck of a battleship that I was disturbed by deep rumblings punctuated by moans and snatches of a distinct whistle as of an engine blow-

ing off surplus steam. The noise came from a point directly in front of me. I looked closer.

The upper half of a bald spot was discernible above the back of the seat. It was reposing lightly on the shoulder of a man to the right, who seemed to regard it with high disfavor. Every now and then this second man would hunch away from the bald spot, leaving it temporarily suspended in air. But only temporarily. Eventually it found its way back to the shoulder.

"After a while the second man grew tired of his role of chief support to a haymaker. He gathered his hat up off the floor and paged the nearest exit. Did this interrupt the snoring being given by the owner of the bald spot? Only lost a bar or so. The minute he found himself shy of support he lurched heavily to the other side of his seat and deposited his bean on the abutting shoulder.

Woman's Wrath Vain.

"The shoulder happened to be the property of a fat woman who had been getting under everybody's skin by reading the sub-titles so the folks five rows away could hear them. You know the sort I mean. Well, being a headrest stopped her.

"She was so mad you could hear her sighs. She reached over and gave what was under that bald spot a shove that ought to have pushed it off its shoulders. Then she got up and blew the works right when the heavy doll was getting ready to throw the baby doll through a twenty-second story window."

"I suppose after that the man decided to postpone his nap until some more propitious moment." was offered by way of encouragement.

"Suppose not?" He wrapped himself up in a ball and roared himself

neatly into his 15 cents worth of space. By the time the hero took baby doll into his arms for a fadeaway he was snoring in high C and the exhaust sounded like a siren horn with a cold in its head."

Another true story is of a newspaper man who has pitched his tent in a nearby suburb. He works on one of the early shifts, which means his day of honest toil is finished about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The train which trundles him to the outskirts leaves the New York station some time after 4.

He has formed the habit of dropping into a handy moving picture theatre for an hour's quiet nap after his work is done. By crossing with silver the palm of the girl who guides folks down the long dark passageways he has gained a faithful little alarm clock who awakens him just in time for a quick getaway and a speedy journey to the gate where a guard in blue demands a passport in the shape of a well perforated commutation ticket.

"Where you going?" asked a fellow typewriter tickler as the two emerged after a close tussle with the daily morning to drop over to the movies, was the reply.

"Are you a picture fan?" evincing surprise.

"No, man, but I do like my sleep."

Movies for Naps.

Observe for yourself. A hasty glance around any cinema theatre will convince you that for sleeping accommodations the movies cannot be beaten. What though the battle rages on the screen; what though ships go down, buildings blaze, hapless, helpless ladies are pushed over steep cliffs, little children are torn from the arms of their parents, villainy flourishes, love quivers under the lash, honor bites the dust! What if all of these things

happen and a lot of others only conceivable in the mind of a movie maker? Such trifling events need not disturb the peaceful dreams of the sleep snatcher. The only thing that could trouble him would be a hostile Zeppelin sailing over the city and dropping a package of high explosive bombs in his lap.

You will see them thickest in the uptown movies any evening—the tired business men, hubby no more than gets settled in his easy chair after surrounding a triple helping of roast beef with trimmings that the wife begins to set up a whine about how she has been shut up in the house all day. He knows his cue.

"Where would you like to go, dear?" he groans.

"Oh, I suppose we might as well go to the movies. I don't know where else we could go."

"All right. Get on your bonnet."

As a matter of fact hubby would much prefer to doze there in the old arm chair, but rather than disturb the even course of the home life he consents to a nap in the fairly comfortable quarters offered by the nearest moving picture management. Outside of an occasional jab in the ribs when his sleep becomes aggressively audible he mows considerable hay.

Subway trains are favored haunts for a casual knitting up of the ravelled sleeve of care. A man with a sound nervous system can do considerable knitting between Brooklyn Bridge and The Bronx. If he has fixed his domicile so that he has to change from express to local or from local to express his slumbers may be interrupted, but not for long. After a few weeks of practice he gets so he can make the change for a few of the gentlemen who hunch over double sitting space while women swing pettishly from the straps in front of them.

"I've been living up in 190th street," said a man whose favorite god is Morpheus. "Nice up there, but I've decided I have to move further down town."

"Why?" was asked.

"Because no matter what time I start home at night I never get there until morning."

"How's that?"

"Well, you know how it is with me. I get through with my work around 11. Then I drop in some place for a bit or a nip or a congenial half hour. I get a subway train at Times Square. It takes me an average of three seconds after I get aboard to hit the bay. Four times last week I spent the rest of the night shooting back and forth between The Bronx and Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn.

"When I'd get up to the north terminal the guard would wake me up and ask me where I wanted to go. I'd tell him and make him promise on the beard of his grandfather that he would see I got off at my station. The next I'd hear about it a voice would shout, 'Atlantic avenue!'

"Then I'd board another train and get another promise from the guard. Finally, at 5 A. M. of the last episode I struck a conscientious guard who in some former existence must have been a bouncer in a beer hall. He wasn't wearing any kid gloves when he showed me the door of the train.

"He was an awful strong guard. I could feel his persuasive clasp on my arm for days afterward. Luckily I am not a married man. I'd look fine arriving home in the cold gray dawn and handing a hysterical woman a story about spending the night on the subway. She would probably crown me with a platter and advise me to tell my tale to the judge.

"It certainly is not a story calcu-

lated to keep down the high cost of alimony. The funny part of it is the whole thing is perfectly true. I've done it dozens of times. That is why I am figuring on moving within walking distance of the office."

The experience of this man may be unusual, but seldom do we travel on the subway without seeing a demonstration of the desirability of the train as a sleeping quarters.

For the Tired Shopper.

There is the woman who has been shopping all day and is worn out with the eternal quest of her sex, doing dutifully and clutching her few precious packages. There is the end seat hog who has jimmied his way to a corner and now enjoys the fruits of the fight, his head lodged comfortably in the angle of the side and end. There is the working girl with aching feet drawn instinctively back to avoid the pain of contact with other feet heeding in their hurry, hovering on the borderline between the oblivion of restful slumber and the unconsciousness of pure fatigue.

Across the aisle is the corpulent gentleman whose evening allotment of pre-prandial cocktails is beginning to tell. He sleeps shamelessly, with his head wabbling. There is the tired youngster who has made the round of the toy shops until small ankles bid fair to snap and who now struggles comfortably in his mother's arms.

These are only a few of the subway sleepers, the more obvious of them. There is something in the swift movement, the sway and swagger of New York's land transports which lulls the senses.

Suburban trains come in for their share of gratitude from a fagged public. Many a commuter has slept blissfully from New York to Patachogue, L. I., when his ticket called for an exit at Jamaica.

An unusual sleeping place of the city is the iron gratings close to the big buildings. Many of these gratings are just over furnace rooms, whence heat or steam escapes. Windy winds, Zero weather, swirling snow. Thin coats buttoned tight to protect and to hide the absence of garments beneath. Gnaw of hunger. Aloes of blasted hope. Empty pockets. Dank despair. Could ever gilded couch of heat or steam be more luxurious to a shivering body than the iron slats through which ooze the crumbs of warmth from the blazing fires of success? Small wonder men, yes, and women, too, fight for a berth on the sidewalk gratings on cold winter nights.

In case you use this tip about famous sleeping places of New York, don't overlook the six day bicycle man's." warned F. O.C. He is firm in the opinion that on a busy night during the springing season Madison Square Garden accommodates as many guests as one of our major hotels.

The only thing that will wake these hay bunks up is a sprint," continues F. O.C. "They seem to know instinctively when there is going to be a brush down on the tracks. You will see them jump to their feet wide awake, fan for their favorite, and when the spirit slows down, subside into their seats and go on snoring as if nothing had ever happened.

Yes, the six day races are a great metropolitan institution. They give many a ronder a chance to get his annual forty winks."

Park benches. What would the other half do without them?

The policeman with the sniffs knows the full measure of their value. He can tell you, if he will or dares, how often he has turned his back in

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