NEW YORK IS MOST POLITE IN MINDING ITS BUSINESS

By DAN CAREY.

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fellow to attend to his."

THERE has been a lot of writing in the papers recently by the graphomaniacs who have been arguing with each other about the particular degree of politeness that exists in New York.

The discussion seems to have been started by a California man. He was backed up by a Virginian. Writers from other sections joined in the attack on the City of the Six Million, and the New Yorkers have replied valiantly and vigorously. We regret to note, however, that about the best the New Yorkers could do was to inquire as to why those who dislike New York visit the metropolis at all, but that is a retort that is common in all sections of the country and has about as much punch in it as that famous bit of repartee known as "you're another."

Of course, it is always true that the guest who attends an afternoon tea or a party in the evening and then engages in a general criticism of the entertainment, the furnishings of the home, the dress of the hostess and the character of the host, is himself exhibiting a lack of breeding that would disqualify him as a social director almost anywhere. However, let that pass.

No City in the World Shows So Much Politeness

The truth of the matter is that New Yorkers exhibit a degree of politeness that is unusual. We doubt if there is another city in the world where the people are so polite. Of course, we have not been yet to Singapore, Calcutta or Hongkong.

Now let's prove the statement. We will begin by deciding what constitutes politeness.

Of course Webster and Wooster and several others have furnished rather adequate definitions of the word, but as there is no dictionary handy (a fact which will be readily recognized by the proofreader), let us decide for ourselves what politeness is. It is probably the better course anyway, because the accepted meanings of words of this kind are changing constantly. Take the word "apology" for instance. An apology now means a retraction; it means to say that one regrets having offered an insult. The real meaning of apology is "explanation" and it need not be accompanied by regret; one may apologize for calling one's neighbor a scoundrel by undertaking to prove that he is a scoundrel, thereby reiterating the insult.

Therefore we will have our own definition of politeness and argue with the assumption that it is correct.

Let us say, then, that politeness consists of an unselfish regard for the desires of others.

Understand that such things as lack of breeding, ignorance and a failure to have been taught the finer social amenities do not constitute impoliteness. A man may fail to rise when a lady enters a room, or keep his hat on or do numberless other things that he would not do if he were well bred, but he is not necessarily impolite. He may merely be ignorant. If it were the proper thing to remain seated when a lady entered the room and he arose, he would then not be well bred.

Now take this mooted question of removing hats in an elevator, about which one of the correspondents grows so excited. Well bred men keep their hats on in elevators in New York city. Why? Here a story that illustrates:

Down South a man who had grown ambitious enough to put up a building of his own, who was wealthy enough to have his own name on it and who was independent enough to operate it the way he thought an office building should be conducted, had little brass signs made for each elevator, saying "THESE ARE BUSINESS ELEVATORS. GENTLEMEN NEED NOT REMOVE THEIR HATS." Well, he might as well have put up a sign in a restaurant announcing that gentlemen were permitted to eat green peas with their knives. No one paid any attention to him. Now this wealthy man of whom we write had grown accustomed to having things done his way. He was nettled just a little. One day he was riding in one of his elevators. Ladies were in the car. He kept his hat on. When the car reached the first floor he stopped a young man who had removed his hat.

"Young man," he asked, "would you take off your hat in a street car just because ladies got on?"

"Why, yes," responded the young man, "I would take pleasure in doing so if it were a custom among gentlemen."

The signs were removed from the elevators shortly afterward. Now even the owner of the building removes his hat when ladies board the cars.

The point is that the young man was correct. The proper thing is to follow the custom among gentlemen in every section of the country. The man who removes his hat in an elevator in New York is not doing as gentlemen do, he is making himself conspicuous and he may possibly cause some embarrassment to the ladies who are in the car.

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THEN there is the street car discussion. It seems that some of these visitors have been offering their seats to ladies who have taken them without saying "Thank you." What of it? Why shouldn't they? If a man offers a lady a seat in a street car he does so with only two possible motives. The first and the most natural motive is that he desires her to have a seat. He expresses that desire by offering her the place where he is sitting. He is amply rewarded when she accepts his place and sits down. She has acceded to his wishes. She has done as he desired. He is the master of the situation. There is nothing more to be said upon the subject. There is no occasion for conversation.

The other possible motive is that the man desires to be smiled at and thanked and pointed out on the street car as a very courteous citizen who rushes to the aid of ladies in their slightest distress and even goes to the extent of offering them seats on the street cars when he observes them to be standing. In that event the man desires a return for his little act of courtesy. It is not an unselfish act. Therefore he is not polite. If occasionally such a man is badly stung by a lady who does not care to smile at him or engage him in conversation who, but he, cares? Let him try again. Better luck next time, old top.

There is a reason, by the way, for not offering a seat to every woman who stands in a street car. The subway and the elevated trains travel very rapidly. The passengers are constantly boarding and alighting at every station. If one offers a lady a seat the chances are that a minute later, five or six blocks further on, the car will be half empty and one realizes it was unnecessary. Therefore well bred men, courteous men, act toward standing ladies in street cars just a little differently from men in other sections, where long rides are the rule and where cars travel slowly. There is a decided difference.

But you will note one thing, and that is that not only women but men also who are carrying infants are at once offered seats. We have never seen an old lady standing in a street car in New York.

New York is polite. Its people are generous and kind and considerate.

We said once that one of the chief charms of New York is the fact that one may fall in a fit on the street or burst into tears in a cafe, but so long as one does not block the traffic or interfere with the service one remains unnoticed except by the proper authorities. That is only another way of saying that New Yorkers attend strictly to their own business and allow the other fellow to attend to his, which is carrying politeness to a very gratifying degree of intensity.

* * *

THE most polite men we have met since coming to New York are the bankers. They seem to be a perfectly dandy crowd of fellows, who go out of their way to do a favor for a stranger. Every now and then we take them a little old check which in comparison with the hundreds of millions they have in their vaults must look to them like pocket change for the janitor's youngest son, but they have all treated us as if we were the millionaire we expect to be and had dropped by not to take out but to put in.

Recently a man from the West walked into the Atlantic National Bank on Broadway, right across from the City Hall. He talked to Mr. H. M. Garretson, the assistant cashier. This man had a cashier's check from a city near his farm. It called for number of hundred dollars, enough to bury the remains of a kinsman who was to be interred in New York. The check was good, but the man had to be identified before he could get the money. The bank had to know it was paying the money to the right man. There was no one in the city of New York who could identify him.

A cashier with no politeness, no courtesy, would simply have stated that identification was necessary and turned his attention to other matters. Not so with Mr. Garretson. He telegraphed to the bank that had given the cashier's check. Tha
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gan a walk around the block.
round he became so tired that he leaned against a lamp post and took off his hat to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, which had gathered there from his exercise, despite the fact that the weather was still cool.

Mr. Gentry held his hat in his hand, closed his eyes and probably there was a look of pain on his face.

There came a thud in the hat.

"God help you, old fellow, that is the best I can do," said a kindly voice.

Mr. Gentry opened his eyes and saw a man walking rapidly away. The combination of the empty sleeve, the crutches and the look of pain had touched his heart.

The last time we saw Mr. Gentry he still had the silver dollar that he found in his hat. We doubt if many more like it could have bought it from him.

* * *

WHICH means, of course, that Mr. Gentry was a diplomat on that occasion as well as the recipient of a courtesy. He did not have the heart to tell the stranger of his mistake.

It reminds us of the story told us by a former friend in New York about the foreman of a gang that was doing some heavy ditching in New England, many years ago. The side of the ditch caved and one of the workmen was buried beneath the rock and dirt. The foreman was chosen because of his well known diplomacy to inform the widow of the deceased of the accident. He accepted the commission and went to the house.

"Mrs. Brown," he said, "is your husband here?"

"Why, no," she answered, "you well know that he is at the ditch. Why do you ask for him here?"

"Well, you see," he replied, "two tons of rock just fell on him and I thought maybe they had got here with the remains."

Thrilling Tales of Our Indians' Ga

Continued from Third Page.

dian, rolling over, fired and shot one of the Hun snipers dead.

"There were, then, two of the German marksmen left and they were firing from a range of about 300 yards. As Ward still lay at full length he got the second bullet through the starboard side of his helmet, aft. Again he was unhurt, but in telling the story, he said he began to think it was about time for him to hunt better cover. Leaping to his feet with all an Indian's panther-like agility, he swung his rifle and fired twice in rapid sequence. He brought down both his enemies and each shot was mortal. That is how Ward, who is a Cherokee, won his D. S. C."

Indians Did Not Like To Take Prisoners Into Lines

Commenting upon Captain Simpson's remark that the Indians did not believe in taking prisoners, Dr. Dixon said he had heard of no instances of Indian soldiers scalping their victims or otherwise reverting to the traditional practices of savagery. "But it must be admitted," said he, "that they did not take kindly to the gentle art of making prisoners. In that same Ninetieth Division was a Southern Cheyenne Indian named Chilucko. Some German trenches and dugouts had been captured. Many of these subterranean dugouts were believed to be still swarming with Huns. Chilucko's Captain posted him at one possible exit from a cavelike excavation, while the Captain himself and some of his men attacked the main entrance bent upon a mop up of the enemy.

"The exit at Chilucko's end was only large enough to permit one Hun to emerge at a time. Unfortunately for them, they chose Chilucko's exit for their escape, and the Indian, as each emerged, plunged his bayonet into the German's vitals. Chilucko had killed about seventeen enemies when his captain stopped him, horrified.

"'You must not kill these men,' he expostulated. 'Don't you know it is your business to make them prisoners of war?'

"The Indian scowled and scoured his bayonet in the sand. Saluting respectfully then, he replied: 'Down at Camp Travis, sir, they teach Chilucko how to use bayonet. That's what I came over for. What use show us how use bayonet, then stop us? Me take no prisoner!'

"Cain Ross, better known as 'Chief' Ross, is a Cherokee who won the D. S. C. He was attached to G Company of the 111th Infantry, of the Twenty-eighth or Pennsylvania National Guard Division. Major George Ross, who was transferred from the 111th Infantry to the 103d Ammunition Train, told me he had taken from Doylestown, Pa., six Indians, one of whom, Cain Ross, had been in the Carlisle Indian School and from there had gone to Doylestown to work on a farm. The Major vouches for this story of the Cherokee:

"'The "chief" was always marvellous in his scouting work, especially at night. But his greatest test came during the American advance beyond Fismes across the Vesle. A machine gun was holding up the advance with a most harassing fire. It was broad daylight—3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the task of silencing the gun was left to the scout commander. The men selected were Private "Chief" Ross and three others. The patrol disappeared into the underbrush, with the Indian leading, his Luger pistol ready, the pistol for which he had formed a great attachment, having captured it in a German trench, and with two grenades bulging his hip pocket.

"'It was discovered that the machine gun emplacement was in the high windows of a stone building in advance of the American line. Two men were left in front to draw the fire from the nest, and Ross and the fourth man advanced, one from either side. It was Ross who got within range first. He crawled to within a few yards of the building, and he could see the muzzle of the machine gun protruding through the window. An instant later a well aimed grenade hurled by the "Chief" burst inside the window, killing one of the two Germans and demolishing the gun. The surviving German ran to a back window and slipped to the ground at the rear, where he could be protected by still other German machine guns farther in the rear.

"'The Boche was cunning, but not nearly so cunning as the Cherokee. Ross found a way to the roof, swung himself catlike to the ridge until he had a commanding view of the fleeing German. A shot from his Luger pistol finished all that was to be done.'"

Indian heroes were not lacking in the Seventy-seventh, the gallant New York State Division which distinguished itself in the Argonne advance. In Major Whittlesey's "lost battalion" of the 308th Infantry, H Company, was Robert Dodd, a Piute Indian from Nevada, 26 years old. Dr. Dixon interviewed many survivors of this company in Camp Mills. "They all told me," said he, "that Dodd, who was the life of the party, stuck to it with a grin on his face. He had a big German bowl, into which he would stuff handfuls of dry leaves and grass. With these he would make a smoke screen as he fired his rifle, the smoke protecting the men immediately around him from the fire of the Boche snipers. On the second day in the hole Dodd was wounded by shrapnel above the ankle and again in the shoulder. Pent in as they were, he had no medical aid, but he went right on shooting until his piec was too hot to fire.

"Lieutenant Colonel William J. M
rissey was in command of the Second B
talion, 142d Infantry, Thirty-sixth
vision. He had one company comp
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ous tribes and included many very i
gent graduates of the Carlisle and B
schools. This is what Colonel Mo
said:

Set Out to Lick Germany Single

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at the War Department refused the Indian his chance—a chance given so freely to the black man. If I could have had the proposed regiment of Indian cavalry in the drive to the Meuse, the orderly retreat of the Germans would easily have been forced into a rout. It was lack of cavalry that permitted their orderly withdrawal.'

"In our navy, too, I found many Indians. The official roster did not differentiate them from the whites, but when the fleet was mustered in the Hudson River I personally boarded a hundred ships and aboard five out of every seven of them I found there were from three to fifteen Indians enrolled in their fighting forces. The battleship Utah was one of those that served with the British high seas fleet. She had a Cree Indian serving as a member of her marine guard. William Leon Wolfe, a Chippewa Indian, was first loader in the gun crew of her No. 1 forward turret of 12-inch guns. He also was champion lightweight boxer of the entire American fleet in British waters. The Utah's commander, Captain H. H. Hough, said to me: 'I know but little in the individual cases of the 1,200 men on board the Utah, but the Indian, Wolfe, has forced his character upon my attention by his stalwart service and ability.'

"The composite regiment of the First Division known as 'Pershing's Own' was regarded as the *corps d'elite* of the American Expeditionary Force. In it were seven North American Indians. They represented the following tribes: Sioux, Sac, Fox, Mission, Choctaw, Chippewa, Cherokee and Chickasaw. This regiment was picked from six army divisions, two companies from each division. Its members were selected for their appearance, their height—all were six feet tall or more—for their wound and service stripes, their records for valor in battle and their general excellence of discipline and morale. All these seven Indians wear wound stripes. All have been cited in orders and have earned the right to wear the French regimental *fourragere*."

Dr. Dixon explained that in the photograph of the Indian contingent, which he loaned to THE NEW YORK HERALD, one absentee was not in line because of trouble from an old wound. "Pershing's Own" won the acclaim of Paris and President Poincaire when it paraded on Bastile Day behind the commander of the American armies. Again, when London celebrated Peace Day, this superb regiment of picked veterans and its seven representatives of the Indian tribes received the salute of King George and his staff. Before it returned home it had marched in review also before King Albert of Belgium.

Upon their return to America "Pershing's Own," striding proudly behind their victorious leader, swept under the arch of triumph that spanned New York's "Avenue of the Allies." Later they again led the host that paraded in the memorable mustering out review in the National Capital.

"When I led the expedition of citizenship to all the Indian reservations in 1913," said Dr. Dixon, "a flagstaff was erected on Indian ground at the home of every tribe and we there signed the same declaration of loyalty and raised a flag like that we had flown to the breezes over Fort Wadsworth on Washington's Birthday. The flags were Mr. Wanamaker's gift.

"Then came the war. In my pilgrimage among the camps and hospitals I met and photographed in the hospital at Camp Merritt Corbett White, an Otoe Indian, from Red Rock, Okla. He belonged to Evacuation Ambulance Corps, No. 24, and had been wounded while carrying disabled soldiers to the dressing stations. Corbett White told me that when the United States entered the war the two old warriors who for his tribe had become the custodians of the flag presented to them brought it out and hoisted it again on the tall mast.

Old Braves Sent Their Youths to Battle

"As it flew snapping in the breeze they summoned beneath it all the young men of the tribe, and said to them: 'We are old. We cannot go to France and fight, but when we accepted this flag we pledged ourselves to be loyal to it. And now we want you young men to go to France and fight for our country!'

"And did the young braves of the tribes honor the pledge made for them by their elder statesmen on that bleak February day above the gray waters of New York Bay?" asked Dr. Dixon. "Aye, they sealed the compact in their life blood on a hundred battlefields!"

Then Dr. Dixon opened a portfolio. From it he took and displayed to his guest scores of photographs of the serried rows of bristling white crosses—the bivouacs of the dead in France and Flanders. The camera told the tale of Indian loyalty. On cross after cross shown are such names as "Takes-the-Shield," "Good Bear," "Goes Forth," and "Fights-the-Enemy."

What the old chiefs, gaudy in the feathers and paint of an obsolete warfare, had pledged in the presence of the Great White Father their young men, clad proudly in their country's uniform, had fulfilled to the death. For them is was the ordeal by fire. And the test of their stoic courage they met triumphantly even in the hellish crucible of the world's most awful war.