

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Pictorial Review of People

MORE DRINK AS RESULT OF DANCE

Craze Causes More Drinking, Even Though There Is Less Drunkenness.

WOMEN AND MORALS. OUR crowd filtered back to the table and left again to dance. Reed and I were once more alone.

"A while ago," I reminded, "you said something about men drinking more. How do you account for that?" "This craze of dancing crazes," he said. "If you dance in New York you're expected to buy, and as you can't stuff yourself with food all evening you drink. You dance and drink and dance and drink, and while there may be less drunkenness there's more drinking among girls and men alike."

New-Fashioned New York.

"Fairly, I imagine," he said, "because you dance it off. Four or five years ago New York would have held up hands of horror at lots of the stuff it swallows now. Look at the songs. Would you read one to your dear old grandmother in a lace cap and mitts? Not on your life! Yet girls like Joan and I buy them and sing them in a crowd."

"It's my opinion that a man need only remember some line of a popular song to hum indecency to a girl whenever he has the notion. And the plays and the books and even the newspapers—everything, everybody prints stuff that wouldn't have been tolerated a decade ago. Didn't I take Joan to see a play the other night that absolutely made me uncomfortable it was so badly indecent in spots, and she never winked an eyelash? Though it was wonderful. And when the least decent of two men won back a girl with no thought of marrying her, Joan's sympathies were all against the decent fellow who wanted to hear the wedding bells ring. It was more romantic, she said, and besides the good fellow was a stick. 'What do you think of that?'"

"It's in the air," I said. "There's a tawdry glitter about your great metropolis that upsets values, blurs ideas, and amputates old-fashioned notions of right and wrong."

"Anything old-fashioned gets the laugh in New York," said Reed. "We're getting more luxurious and more Roman-like every day. We're frivolously indifferent to most responsibilities save the big one of making money, and we make money so we can be frivolous at night. We pay fool prices for our enjoyment and think we have a bang-up good time."

"Yet," I suggested suddenly, "there isn't a spot in the world where you can find more genuinely good things bunched than in New York. Look at your winter symphony concerts, and every artist of note gives to New York his best."

The Old Moral Teacher.

"And what does the flotsam and jetsam of Broadway know about that?" we asked. "We mistily all interest in that side in the bubbles of champagne glass and the glitter of the bright lights. And our women are a beautiful, and our men are a terrible, smoking, rouge-pot-loving, cocktail-sipping crowd, sexless in their repudiation of the big natural job nature meted out to them, overcast in their attitudes, sensual pandering to worse side of men."

"But men are bad enough, the Lord knows," I hinted. "You place the whole burden of responsibility on women."

"Men were bad enough," admitted Reed, "without having women popularize their vices. It was better to fall from grace and feel decently ashamed of it, than to be a part of the face of women who merely laugh. A man goes a little slower, I think, when he knows he's going to shock some woman for whom he cares. But if every woman he knows doesn't care a hoot and laughs, he toboggans along the wrong route to rapacity and vice. "You can't tell me that a girl like Joan Arbeck is the best influence for a sex none too given to goodness. The better your women the better your men. It's inevitable. A girl like Joan Arbeck is a bigger factor in general immorality than you and I as gentlemen would care to admit."

New Fashioned Grandma Causes Speculation As To Her Real Happiness

Wouldn't She Like To Give Up Her Smart Clothes and Tango Teas For Seat By Fire?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

I MET Grandma on the street yesterday. Grandma was shopping—looking for bead chateleines and queer earrings and odd bracelets. No, not for her grandchildren; for the other grand-

And Grandma, herself, was dressed in a bright blue silk with ruffles to the waist, and the bottom ruffle didn't come an inch above her shoe tops, and she had on high-heeled shoes with yellow tops and long yellow gloves, and a hat that looked just exactly like a mustard-pot—mustard spoon and all. And her waist was made of chiffon and was open half way down to her belt.

And the wind howled in from the sea, and the clouds scurried before the blast, and the men in the street turned up the collars of their storm coats and thrust their hands deep into their pockets, and looked like illustrations in the magazines.

But Grandma wasn't cold. Oh, no! She looked cold, she looked freezing. Her nose was blue and her poor wrinkled neck was purple with the most astonishing high heels of raw red in it. But she wasn't even chilly.

I had the bad taste to ask her and she said, "Why, no! I'm perfectly comfortable." And I could see that she was cross at the very idea.

And all the time that grandma kept telling me about the tango tea she had just left and the late supper she was engaged for that evening, I kept thinking over and over a very reprehensible song that I heard once in a London music hall.

Struggling To Keep Youth.

A woman sang it—a big, brassy, red-checked English woman, a little past middle-age. She wore a queer rusty old frock, an impossible bonnet tied with outrageous strings, and carried a huge green umbrella.

She sang all about her "man," and about muffs, and cups of tea, and wrinkles and other English things, but the refrain always came back something like this:

"There was none of your highy-tighty girls, Or high-liddle-de-lighty girls like me for a wife. We've sailed both fair and stormy weather, Taking the whole of life together; Fancy me doing the altogether, At my time of life."

And all the time that Grandma sim-

pered and giggled and shivered and clinked and jingled and rustled, I kept thinking over and over again: "Fancy me doing the altogether at my time of life!"

"Toll me, grandma; tell me true," do you really enjoy doing the altogether at your time of life? Do you love to be one of the highy-tighty girls, and do you fancy yourself so well as a high-liddle-de-lighty girl, that you really can't give it up?"

I wonder why? I keep wondering and wondering, there's only one happy time in life, grandma; only one time of joy in living?

Don't you ever long, honestly now, grandma—cross your heart and tell us—don't you ever long for a seat by the fire and a comfy house gown with plenty of wadding in it and a book, and some quiet music and a memory or two for company?

Don't you ever think how nice it would be to let your hair stay gray, and not get the dreads every time you catch anyone looking too narrowly at the yellow curls under your mustard-pot of a hat?

Comforts That Are Denied. Wouldn't you love a nice pair of comfy shoes and muff? And what would you give to let out your corset and have a good-old-fashioned riot—on some hot gingerbread and cheese and a glass of new milk?

How about a cookie party, Grandma, with an old friend for each kind of cookie?

You've pretended so long—there have been so many years of make-believe, why, when your last grandchild died, the one that looked so much like his grandfather that it made your heart leap to see it—you couldn't even have a good cry in company, because crying, they say, makes wrinkles!

I saw you at the theater the other night, and you wanted to cry, grandma; you know you did, and the tears would have done you good, too.

Nice, comfy, sentimental, softening tears, over somebody else's troubles. But, pshaw, you had to blink and wink and choke. Tears are death to rouge. Do you really like it all, Grandma, the teetering walk, the empty talk, the foolish cavies, the crude ambition? Don't you ever long to be just a nice, kindly, sensible, interesting old lady—for a while?

I do wish you'd tell us, honestly. It would be so interesting. Really it would.

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COOKING DEPARTMENT - MISS LOU LOMBARDO (TEACHER) & VERA CLAMPITT



SCENES AT NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE

MISS HELEN GOOD WITH FINISHED RUG



MISS HELEN GOOD AT SWEDISH LOOM -



SEWING SCHOOL - MISS HELEN BOYD (TEACHER) - MARY MILLS - ETHEL PHELIPS

DAILY EDITORIAL For Women Readers

Vocational Training and Minimum Wage.

TWO QUESTIONS which are being asked separately in Washington but which have a distinct bearing upon one another, are: "Do we need a minimum wage?" and "Should we have vocational training in the schools?"

Some people seem to think that Washington is such a terribly queer little, strange little, politically sexless village, that it need never be treated as a real city, and that its inhabitants, since they are not permitted the joy of breathing the smoke of a Booth Parkington, "Turmoil" city, are different from the inhabitants of all other cities.

Whenever there is talk of vocational training these people say: "Why? Washington children don't have to work in factories and in-

dustries; there are none." Whenever there is talk of a minimum wage these same say: "Why? We haven't any great industrial population sweating out their lives on \$1 a week."

Just because it isn't going to benefit hundreds of thousands or be spectacular, most folks don't want good laws. They don't see the relationship between vocational training and the minimum wage.

The awakened interest in vocational training is a direct complement of the minimum wage interest. For the moment the employer gives a minimum wage he wants efficiency. If he pays \$7 or \$8 a week he wants good work.

But he can't get it, unless he has skilled workers. In order to be able to earn a living wage, the child should be trained in vocational work. In other words, if he isn't trained he doesn't work, if he doesn't work, he doesn't eat, and the State takes care of him in the end.

It looks as if it might be the direct duty of the State to save money by training the child for a job in youth.

What matter if there are just a few hundreds of overworked and underpaid girls and boys, men and women in Washington? The fact that there are so few of them, in comparison with other cities, is no earthly reason why they must live on nothing, no guarantee that they can't get just as hungry, per individual as do the factory hands of Massachusetts.

After all, there's a real Washington, of tradespeople, and commercial houses and clerks not in the Government employ, and there are so many of them that the McKinley Manual Training School and the Business High School are flooded with pupils.

They see the relationship between the minimum wage and vocational training in the grade schools. It's time all of the other folk in Washington who oppose either law saw it too.

Some Laws That Do Not Protect

George Creel tells in Pictorial Review of laws in different States where equal suffrage is not granted and shows how far short they fall in matters protecting the wife and the mother.

In New Jersey, as in South Carolina, there is no State law against the keeping of houses of prostitution. Saddest thing and most savage of all, however, is the fact that in New Jersey children born out of wedlock may not be legitimized even though the parents are married afterward. A bill to lift this curse from the heads of innocents was introduced in the 1913 legislature, but failed of passage.

Mr. Lodge and Mr. Weeks, the Senators from Massachusetts, and two others equally firm in the belief that woman has no need for the ballot owing to man's chivalrous willingness to grant her smallest wish. It took exactly forty years of begging for the mothers of Massachusetts to get a joint guardianship law; and even then it was secured only through the horrid compulsion of tragedy. A despairing wife, driven mad by the certainty that her worthless husband meant to scatter the six children in institutions and apprentice employment, killed herself and the little ones. Then the legislators took action.

Massachusetts' boasted laws for the protection of working women are without teeth. Twenty-four inspectors are provided for 50,000 manufacturing establishments, and although \$100 of the tollers are women and children, only four women have been made inspectors.

The State possesses a drastic eight-hour day for all men paid from the public treasury, and all men employed by contractors doing the work from the State, yet a nine-hour day is the best that the wage-earning woman has been able to win.

England's Work for Better Babies

Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett tells in Pictorial Review just what the English government is doing to improve conditions in the birth and raising of babies.

A group of medical men went out after the statistics. Thirty per cent of the deaths of children under one year of age, they reported, were traced to that one cause of maternal exhaustion. Then the way to begin with the babies was to begin with the mothers. And the government took immediate steps, as was announced in the house of parliament, "for the improvement of the conditions of pregnancy and child-birth and infant rearing throughout the whole country."

The thirty shillings bonus insures that there shall always be money in the house at the critical juncture to pay for some sort of care for mother and child, to be paid on the birth of a baby to every family with an income of less than one hundred and sixty pounds a year. This is but one feature of the great campaign inaugurated for the conservation of the child. It is looked upon by the Englishwomen of the working classes as a great luxury to be able to "lie up in bed" for a week, while another woman comes into attend to your



DRESSMAKING - MRS. J. P. S. NELIGH (TEACHER) LOUISE NEITZ, HAZEL BANKMONT, ELIZABETH JONES, AND SUSIE GARDNER - PHOTOS BY BUCK