

# New York Letter

by Lucy Jackson Price

NEW YORK, April 22.—Such a nice large variety of human tastes there are in the world! And this city caters to them all. Especially when it comes to pets! The other day in the window of a shop in the Hudson Terminal building, I read this sign: "Baby Boa Constrictors, one dollar each."

One of the most grievous angles that have been developed in the case of "Dorian Hope," the poet whose real name turns out to have been Bret Holland, and who has recently departed for parts unknown, leaving behind unhappy haberdashers, publishers and photographers, is that of the disappointed maids to whom he dedicated poems. There is no use talking, however un sentimental one may be, it is a blow to learn that the yearning lines addressed to one were in fact written by a member of one's own feminine sex, and just taken over, as it were, by the attractive man whose name was signed. And such seems to be the case. Miss Miriam Vedder was surprised to discover just about the time "Hope" disappeared that most of the verses in his volume "Pearls and Pomegranates" were her own which had been previously published under other titles. And among those written by her were all which he had generously dedicated to fair maids of his acquaintances. Hope is said to be right now in Italy getting acquainted with D'Annunzio.

Cotton stockings are still worn. And by whom, do you suppose? Some practical woman executive or hard working policewoman. Not for one tick of the clock. By Pavlova, Russian premiere danseuse, and by as many of her Ballet Russe girls as she can influence. And she claims that because her girls are English, the influencing is not impossible. There are two reasons according to the Russian firefly, why she makes her ballet up of them rather than Americans. "One is that American girls' ankles and feet are not heavy and strong enough for Russian dancing and the other is the

matter of hosiery. Silk stockings are the worst possible things for the feet."

By the way, it is rather interesting to observe that most of the world's famous dancers make up a regular "over forty" club. Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, Maude Allen, Genee, and many others.

It is an upside down world. We are sending "English tweeds" to Australia, and Paris is sending jazz songs to New York. Truly! Within the last two weeks, the products of this latest French industry has begun to arrive here; and they are the real thing. One of the latest songs from their boulevards is "Paris Qui Jazz," which any member of the A. E. F. will tell you means "Paris which jazzes." And at least half a dozen others have begun to be heard about the environs of Broadway.

Manhattan is wondering if some terrible cataclysm is about to descend upon it; if maybe the island is going to fall down into its subways or become a victim of a subterranean volcano. For its cats are migrating to Brooklyn. Now, everyone knows that cats are loath to change their habits; they will stay with a house rather than follow a family to a new one. But for some inexplicable reason, this spring is seeing a rapid move of a seemingly large part of the island's feline population over across the way to Long Island. How they get there no one knows. But that doesn't worry Manhattan as much as why. Brooklyn citizens are complaining, too. The inrush disturbs their sleep, their babies, and their church services. They protest; and they add unkind

things about the newly arrived cats not being, as well-behaved as those which have been brought up in their midst. But the metropolitan island would welcome back even the disturbances to have its perplexity removed.

Freda Julkowska of East Twelfth street, has lost her beau. It is a particularly annoying instance of that not uncommon tragedy because of the fact that it is due to lack of judgment rather than of affection on the beau's part. John Deerski, a waiter, and according to Miss Julkowska a very good one, was so much in love that he threatened suicide if she did not marry him. Then to prove that he wasn't bluffing, the suicide took place—theoretically at least. His hat and coat and a farewell note of passionate affection to his adored one, were found on the Manhattan bridge following the waiter's disappearance. Now then—Deerski has reappeared, but only at a comparative distance. Miss Julkowska reports that he has been seen many times near her home in the last few days, but that he is afraid to return to his home or to her because his friends will "kid him." So far as she can see, unless he can be persuaded to brace up, it's one beau gone just as much as though he had lived up to that farewell note.

### WOMEN OFFICIALS PLAN TO GIVE TOWN TUBBING

By United News  
THAYER, Kan., April 21.—Being women, Mayoress Abby H. Forest and her feminine city council, have decreed as their first official act to give this town a jolly good tubbing. Sunday amusements, the town mor-

als, and such things are something for the evangelists to worry about, in the opinion of Mayoress Forest, but when a town needs a good scrubbing behind the ears, there is a job a woman executive can handle to a queen's taste.

"The first thing we are going to do is to use soap and water on our town," she told the United News. "The park is a sight, there is dust all over the city council rooms and the city hall hasn't had a real bath since goodness knows when. Then we will order the grass trimmed in the cemetery and flowers planted. We will then go to work on the other things."

"We have been given too much advice on how to run our town already by super-minds and we don't need any more. There seems to be much concern about what we women will do about the Sunday amusement and short skirt problems. We are quite willing to let the evangelists worry about those things."

Mayoress Forest does not know yet whether she will appoint a woman town marshal or not. Right now she does not know a woman in Thayer who is husky enough to handle the job.

Dr. S. Burke Massey, dentist, First National bank, rooms 307-308. Telephone main 3911, res. main 1691. Stf



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