

That "Zero Hour" of Booze

How New York's White Way and Other Ways View the Real Situation of the Universe at That Awful Moment When the Clock Strikes Twelve on June 30 and Certain Kinds of Revelry Have to Admit That the Jig Is Up.

Of course there are many White Ways, but there is only one that regards itself as the very center of everything. New York's White Way has been brought up to think it is a gay dog, and then some. It is very sure about what it has and what it knows. Sometimes it seems to be very sorry for the rest of the world. Anyway, it is THE White Way, and when it feels aggrieved it expects the rest of the world to go into mourning.

Just now the White Way is appalled at something that is going to happen. To be precise, this something that is going to happen will happen at the stroke of 12—midnight in fact—of June 30, present year of grace. That is to say, present year of no grace. Twelve o'clock. Unless they set the clocks back the way they do in congress. It is to be awful.

But here is a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker's view of just how awful it is to be. He just pictures, in imagination, that cataclysm.

BY JULIAN D. GORTON.

A HUNDRED tables crowded into a space where only 50 were intended; a dozen at a table where there is room for only six; waiters rushing helter-skelter and fairly falling over each other in the excitement; ribbons of multi-colored paper like painted cobwebs streaming from the chandeliers; the hoarse shrieks of men, the shrill laughter of girls—colors that would rival the rainbow, noise such as Babel never knew!

It is Broadway, dying with her slippers on—the final flicker of the old flame which has burned for years—the butterflies for the last time singling their wings. It is the revel of revels,

the riot of riots, the last bacchanalian debauch, the acme, the apotheosis, the complete triumph of gay confusion. It is Broadway putting on her mourning togs and celebrating her sadness as she never celebrated her joy.

Too many days and weeks and months have been planned in busy preparation for the great event, and the years that stretch out ahead are too long, for Broadway to disappoint her denizens on a night like this. The cabaret entertainment goes by the board—too tame! Besides, who wants to hear somebody else sing, or see somebody else dance? We sing ourselves, lest sorrow overtake our mer-

riments; we dance to forget; we laugh to keep laughing; we drink—we drink!

The Weeks and Months Ahead.

"Good heavens! Eleven-thirty already. Waiter, drive in another truck of wine and pay no attention to the speed law."

Over in the far corner, after trying desperately for hours, a long-faced individual, who doesn't "belong" and who is now thoroughly convinced that he doesn't "belong"—a wizened creature with a smile frozen on his face, lost in the impenetrable wilderness of gaiety, succeeds at last in getting a waiter's attention.

"Two orders of roast beef," he says

in a mild, frightened voice, "some hashed brown potatoes—" He gets no further. The waiter turns his back in disgust. He flushes as he hears the snickers from the neighboring tables. The idea of ordering food when drink is dying! How did he ever get an invitation to the deathbed?

There are others like him scattered around; men who never saw a cabaret before. "Antis" who didn't think there would be any harm in spending one night, the last night, to see Miss Boozie die in the bosom of her family, and who frankly were curious to know the real nature of the cock robin they slew. They don't understand—they never have and they never will. Least of all can they fathom the quaint philosophy of the "midnight sons" in their mad race against the hands of a clock which will not stop; the philosophy of the good fellow, "Broadway's own," who laughs this minute, though he knows the next will find him weeping with the last choking rattle from the throat of the bottle of good cheer still ringing in his ears.

The Fatal Night.

But enough of these interlopers; it is not their night—the days belong to them.

The hands of the clock move on. The bedlam of noise is intensified with each passing moment. A tall figure, collar wilted, hair mussed, shirt wrinkled, comes up like a cocker from his table, holds a bottle unsteadily the full length of his arm and shouts:

"Eleven-fifty, boys!"

From a nearby table some one pulls a line from a popular musical show.

"We took this country from the Indians. They can have it back in 10 minutes."

A group of chorus girls wander in with their hair, and some magical way, known only to head waiters, place no time in getting under way.

"Nine or ten gallons of 'extra dry,' garcon," shouts a husky voice from one of the center tables.

"Not unless Wilson calls an 'extra dry' session of congress," responds one of the irrepressibles.

Walters scurry to the bar to fill that last order. The great dining hall is a hurricane of confetti. The dancing floor is a helter-skelter of humanity; the jazz band sounds as if the bull had at last broken into the china shop. Souvenir horns and whistles start blowing. Shrieks of laughter are mingled with shouts of dismay—and then—

The Death Knell.

A plague of silence, a death stillness, and in slow, sepulchral tones the big clock in the far corner chimes off the

"THERE WILL BE PICTURESQUE THINGS THAT A CERTAIN SORT OF NOVELIST WOULD DESCRIBE AS A MAD SCENE. SOME OF THEM WILL BE MAD—MAD AS THE DEUCE."

even dozen hours which spell the death knell of John Barleycorn. Chorus girls climb on top of the tables and begin a wild, weird dance, while their admirers look on with never a word of cheer or a sign of approbation. As they climb down, some one is inspired with the thought there should be some physical demonstration of the downfall of drink. He jerks the table cloth from the table. Glasses, bottles, spoons rattle on to the floor and roll under the tables.

The idea is contagious and there is a wild carnival of crockery and glassware—but after all it is just a death rattle.

The policeman at the corner peers with his stick against the open door, a sign and a warning that the law is on the job. But is not on the job joyously or ardently. By now his memory is poor. Of course no cop is expected to remember anything on a night so utterly different.

The long line of taxis forms on the outside. A street urchin begins calling "morning papers."

What does it all mean? There is a sign stretched across the street which reads, "Give a Thought to Broadway."

Here is the thought of the old Broadwayite as he slowly, unsteadily, solemnly wends his way home on the saddest morning following the biggest night the Gay White Way ever saw.

"So they're trying to make Broadway go to bed, eh? Trying to cut out the illumination on the inside and the

bright lights on the outside—make Broadway behave? It can't be done; it can't be done."

But he wonders as he wanders. He is whistling to keep up his courage. He hails a passing taxi.

"Home, James—and say, James, wasn't it some funeral?"

Ah, yes! That will be a strange, sad, merry, grotesque night. So many people expect it to be so that perhaps it can't very well help turning out that way. There will be picturesque things that a certain sort of novelist would describe as a mad scene. Some of them will be mad—mad as the deuce. Think of the waiter—the waiter who will never get such tips again. Think of the waiter's woe. At least some waiters are human and in any such crisis they will act accordingly. They will drown their woe.

Think of that fateful stroke of twelve—and of after the funeral. Think of those who didn't have a chance to celebrate. And when the girl in the midnight show, accustomed to early morning suppers, realizes that it is after twelve!

Really, it might turn out to be one of the most thrilling and historic midnights in the whole course of civilization.

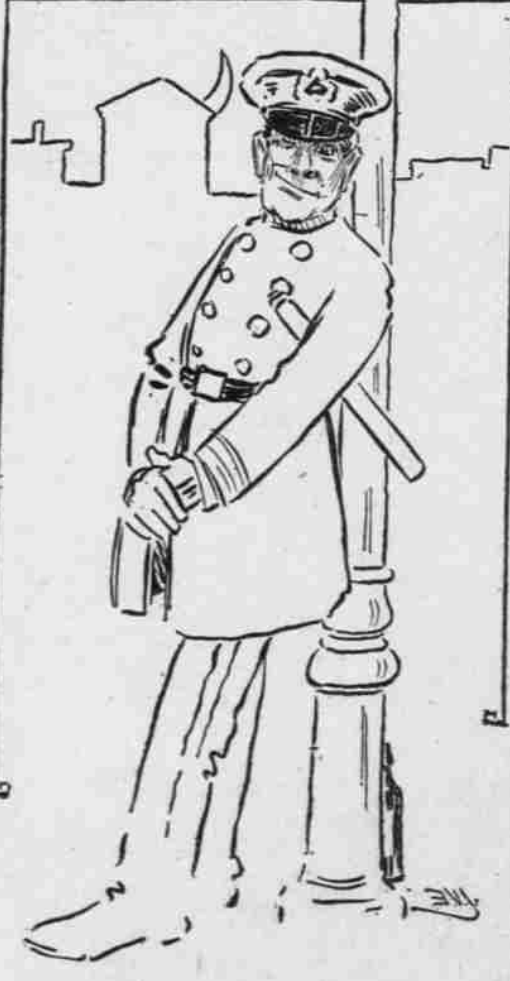
It will be talked about. Poems will be written about it. Painters (if they weren't there) will make pictures of it. History will wipe its glasses and give it a noble paragraph.

All because—

Well, anyway it will be some funeral.



"At least some waiters are human, and in any such crisis they act accordingly."



"Of course no cop is expected to remember anything on a night so utterly different."

GOVERNMENT PROVIDES HOMES FOR ESKIMOS "UP AGAINST IT"

Unique Experiment Undertaken by Uncle Sam in Far North Proves to Be Remarkable Success

A VERY interesting and wholly unique experiment undertaken by the government in Alaska has turned out a remarkable success.

At Deering, on the bleak Arctic seacoast, was a village of Eskimos. It was not a happy village. For lack of timber (the region being treeless) its inhabitants were compelled to dwell in the semi-underground hovels of their ancestors. The killing off of the walrus and other game animals made the problem of food supply increasingly difficult.

In a word, they were "up against it." They craved a new home, and Uncle Sam decided to give them one.

For the purpose he picked out an uninhabited tract on the banks of the Kobuk river—a piece of land fifteen miles square, with plenty of timber on it and abounding in game and fish. It was set aside as a reservation by executive order, and thither the people of Deering migrated in the summer of 1918.

Mark the change. The new village on the Kobuk, built under the direction of government teachers, is handsomely laid out in streets, with neat single-family houses and gardens. It has an electric lighting plant, which is run by an Eskimo engineer, to illuminate the little town, and most of the dwell-

ings are wired for electricity. There is also a community sawmill.

But most remarkable of all is the wireless station—the northernmost radio station on this continent.

One of the teachers, named Replogle, rummaging in the shops of Seattle, managed to pick up a set of second-hand wireless instruments. It was incomplete, but he supplemented it with home-made contrivances and the army radio men at Nome cheerfully contributed a few essentials. The first message was sent through to Nome on the 27th of last November.

In view of the notable success of this experiment, the government is contemplating the selection of other suitable tracts—there is lots of spare room in Alaska—to which undesirable situated Eskimo communities may be removed, and where they can get fish and game and conduct their own industrial and commercial enterprises.

The New Arab Empire.

The British campaign in Mesopotamia completely blocked Germany in a military sense and knocked the bottom out of the "Mittel Europa" scheme. A barrier entirely Arab has already been erected, from the Red sea to the Persian frontier. The barrier consists of the potential Arab empire, an empire

to consist of four kingdoms: Hejaz, on the Red sea, with its king already on the throne in his capital at Mecca; Nejd, the whole interior, with its Emir, who is virtually a king, and its capital at Riyadh; Mesopotamia, with its capital at Bagdad and its king not yet proclaimed; Syria, which completes the empire and includes all the Arabs. With this Arab empire formed as a barrier against any more "Drang nach Osten," what will guarantee its fidelity to allied plans and ideals? One factor is that the king of Hejaz, who is under deep obligation to Britain for his present position and absolutely dependent upon her for maintaining it, is also recognized caliph of the great majority of the Moslem world. Another factor, and I think the strongest factor, which will insure their loyalty is just this, that the Arabs have within their grasp the qualities to attain them, and know that Britain has demonstrated that she does and will foster such legitimate aspirations. And here I think the second great condition will be conspicuously met. The Arab race as a whole will be redeemed to take its place in the new world after the war. A beginning has already been made. Amid the business of campaigning, and with that as the first business, the marvel is that so much had already been accomplished before the actual signing of the armistice towards clearing away the underbrush. New roads, clean streets, free hospital clinics, schools, equitable taxation, efficient police, pure water supply and above all absolute equality before the law and the law administered by capable and incorruptible men—all testify to Britain's high intention. From "War and Peace in Mesopotamia," by John Van Ess in "Asia."

SCIENTIST OF HIGH REPUTE SAYS ONCE THERE WAS NO DISEASE

Conclusion Reached That Preying Parasites Developed During Coal-Forming Period.

ONE of the most curious of discussions has been started by Professor Roy L. Moodie, a scientist of high reputation, who has made a special study of the beginning of disease.

Once upon a time, he says, there was no such thing as disease in either animals or plants. But it was a very long while ago. His inquiries led him to the coal-forming period, when the vast deposits of our fossil fuel were laid down in peaty bogs from the luxuriant vegetation of regions then tropical—in Pennsylvania, along the southern Alleghenies and elsewhere.

In those very ancient times, ever so many millions of years ago, the earth was covered with water far more extensively than at present and on the bottom grew fields of "sea lilies"—just as they do today in marine shallows. They are oddly imitative of plants, though really animals; and fossil remains of them found in coal show enlargements of the stems plainly due to attack by parasitic worms.

During the coal period there seems to have been an extensive development of those forms of microscopic vegetation that we call fungi and bacteria. Nearly all plant diseases are due to attack by parasitic fungi. Most diseases of men

and animals are attributable to bacteria of one species or another that have acquired the habit of parasitism.

Minute bacteria and fungi—traces of their colonies, that is to say—have been found in the fossil droppings of extinct species of fish, embalmed, as one might say, in our coal deposits. In plant structures of corresponding antiquity are discovered natural "cultures" of bacteria, sticified.

The fossil teeth of long-extinct species of fishes have been found affected by "dental caries"—irregular decayed spots. Are we to suppose that those funny creatures of early days suffered from toothache?

Twenty or thirty millions of years ago arrived the age of reptiles, which developed the giant lizards that were the largest animals ever known in the world. If some modern whales be accepted. Some of their bones (preserved in the rocks) show deformities obviously due to disease. Certain of these deformities suggest chronic inflammation of the joints; others tuberculosis.

After the age of reptiles came the early mammals. They and their descendants (including ourselves) have certainly had a due allowance of disease ever since. But (if Professor Moodie's dictum is to be accepted)

there was no such thing as disease in the world up to the time when the coal bauxes were laid down.

Filipinos Interests Looked After.

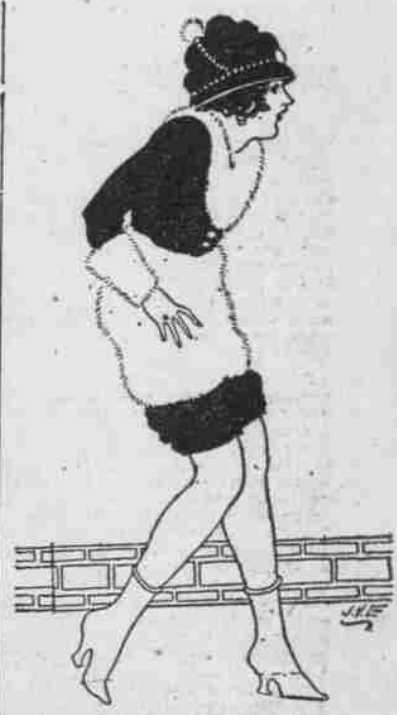
HONOLULU, T. H.—P. Remigio, special commissioner of the government of the Philippines, has arrived here to look after the interests of his people, several thousand of whom are engaged as plantation laborers and in other industries of Hawaii. Mr. Remigio is holding a series of conferences with officials of the Hawaii Sugar

Alkali in Soap Bad for the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use. One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any pharmacy; it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months. —Adv.



"And when the girl in the midnight show, accustomed to early morning suppers, realizes that it is after 12."

Planters' association. There has been some unrest among the Filipino laborers recently and their leaders have launched a movement to organize labor unions.



Avoid Trouble at Teething Time by giving baby

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infant's and Children's Favorite

By causing the stomach to digest food as it should, keeping the bowels open and by giving baby less food, the first teeth never cause trouble.

Contains no harmful ingredients—formula on every bottle. Use it and note how easy and comfortable baby is when teeth come. At all druggists.