

# MADE ON SINS OF SOCIETY WAGED BY ARTIST IN LONDON

### Baron De Paszthory's Picture, The Tempter, to Be Followed With Six Others.

### CARD TABLE DEVOTEES MERCILESSLY REBUKED

### London Smart Set Flocks to See Itself as Father Bernard Vaughan and the Artist Whom He Has Inspired See It.

(Journal Special Service.) London, Nov. 17.—Baron Arpad de Paszthory, who has just painted one striking picture of smart set sin, and who is going to paint several more at the suggestion of society's pulp magazine, Father Bernard Vaughan, says in a new aspect of "The Tempter," his complete series some time before Christmas. This will consist of six representations of aristocratic depravity, and judging by their title, and the single example of the baron's power of depicting fashionable frailty which is now on exhibition here, the complete cycle cannot fail to make a small sensation.

Meanwhile Baron de Paszthory's original smart set picture, "The Tempter," is drawing great crowds of fashionable and other folk to the art gallery in Kensington, where it is being shown.

The baron himself is already known to some extent in the United States, where he spent some months seven or eight years ago.

**His Wife Is His Model.**

The model for the society sinner in his much-discussed painting, "The Tempter," is his beautiful, golden-haired wife. She is German and was formerly an opera singer. She was quite a stage favorite in Vienna when the baron met her. He was a young painter of distinguished Hungarian ancestry studying in the Austrian capital. It was love at first sight, but his marriage with an actress angered the baron's family and hurt him socially. So he and his bride tried their luck in that promised land, America.

There the painter had a fair share of success, but he soon realized that he needed the stamp of a better society to make a fortune painting portraits for millionaires of New York, Chicago, Pittsburg and elsewhere. His best known picture in the United States is "The Wife of Nymphaus." His father Melba's portrait and on her advice went to Australia. There he was advised to make London his mecca.

**What Inspired "The Tempter."**

The baron and his wife reached London in time to notice the agitation in society over the lashings of Father Vaughan. They attended the remainder of the sermons. The baron was inspired. He sought Father Vaughan and then he began his first picture.

"The baron says that 'The Tempter,' which is life-size, was directly inspired by the following paragraph in one of Father Vaughan's sermons:

"The doctor and the family lawyer can tell you better than I can the number of innocent and beautiful English girls who have been ruined at the card table—ruined and brought to the verge of the grave. And a girl with this curse on her—what can she do? She must



Baron Arpad de Paszthory, Who is Painting Sins of the Smart Set.

pay her debts. Does she ask her mother or father? No; she is too ashamed. She runs from one to another—she knows not whither—until at last some devil in human form, who had laid the trap, makes his bargain. He gives her money, and the debt is paid; but the poor girl feels she can never be herself again. And this is going on every day!"

**Tale the Picture Tells.**

"The Tempter" tells the story with vivid force. It is a strong, marvelously lifelike painting and is creating ever more of a sensation than did the Hon. John Collier's famous Academy picture of "The Cheat," for it is not merely the representation of an incident but of a hideous tragedy.

Leaning her arms on a deserted bridge table sits a woman, terror and utter despair in her face. She is staring, frozen with horror, entranced at the awful revealing of her future. Cards sprawl at her elbow. Behind her, with the light from a tall piano lamp streaming on his face, is a middle-aged man. His eyes glaze on the woman. The smile of possession is already curving his lips. In the far background are a score of men and women, laughing and chatting, totally unconcerned at the tragedy of a woman's soul; being enacted a few feet away.

Father Vaughan delighted with the picture. "It will do a great deal of

# New Books

### MADE IN HIS IMAGE—By Guy Thorne. This is a book of striking individuality and strong purpose.

It takes up the problem of the unemployed, and in an original way works out its solution. The story opens when Charles Bosauquet is minister of industrial affairs in a government who is described as "one of those men who have a personality—owing nothing to mere wealth or celebrity—that is like a shining sword. These great ones of the world bring suffering and disaster with them into the room, but nevertheless something very real and disturbing. They are superhuman, one might say, for they radiate from them a force which is not of this world. The currents—they have the personal dynamic that we are told Napoleon had. Bosauquet was one of these." The hero had received tutelage from a certain Mr. Brendon, which was destined to develop into strong and radical ideas, which are later set forth in a conversation between Bosauquet and Brendon.

"Years ago you pointed out to me what the future meant for England would be. You said that the question of the unemployed—really the unemployed—was snuffing the national wealth. No one quite saw it as you did then. No one realized the growing danger of what one might call the troglodyte class.

"The whole situation became more and more alarming. You saw a prominent London newspaper pointed out in a leading article that in Germany every effort was made to assist the deserving poor, while the undeserving were not helped. They were punished. The leader struck a very significant note. It first showed the people the enormous difference between the two kinds of submerged classes. It made the upper class who are debauching the poor by indiscriminate charity, the sentimentalists on local boards of guardians who were feeding thousands of undeserving ruffians in obedience to a popular cry, wake up. Then I began to see my chance. I pulled the wires. I got every eye in England to see that there was an enormous class that was quite as deserving as the one that could not tinker with or ever cure—a class that was destroying—utterly destroying—the chance of the unfortunate but decent workman."

"At that stage the sentimentalists came in. 'No one was hopeless, the church could save; they could renew ideals in swine'—oh, all the dreary, hopeless nonsense such as that. I went to the trade union. I pointed out to them that the working class was paying for the hopeless classes. He, and he alone, had to support the prison, the workhouse and the system."

"I had the most incontrovertible statistics made. I showed that whenever the rate on property went up, the land-lord increased the workman's rent. And because the workman was taxed by a collector with a book or by a specific demand note, he didn't realize that he was being taxed at all. He paid it because he couldn't go and live anywhere else and that was all. The trades unions have all combined at last to form a solid party, an irresistible wedge which will alter the whole history of the country. The time has never been quite ripe perhaps. Be that as it may, the problem is nearly solved. The bill is prepared, the majority to make the law is assured. England shall be free from the terrible incubus of the incurably idle, drunken, criminal and vicious classes. We are going to take these people, after due searching trial in each individual case, and make them work, until they die and no more. Slavery for life in a great penal colony is what the voice of the country has decreed. All civil rights are to be taken away from men and women who are separated. No new generation of hopelessly lost and degraded shall be let loose upon the public. The dead—set, the doom begun; who shall stay it?"

And the working out of Mr. Bosauquet's bill makes one of the most interesting stories of the modern method of administrative planning.

A very agreeable and pleasing romance runs along with the theme of the story, which altogether make quite a notable book and one that will excite much interest. George W. Jacobs & Co. Price \$1.50.

**"Step by Step"**—By Mrs. George Sheldon. This may truly be called a story of high idealism and noble ethical in its nature and deals with the loftiest and best sentiments and emotions of life. It is the story of a little girl, pathetically forlorn little girl, who has his first adventure at a county fair when a good-hearted man is moved by his distressed little face and takes her to his home.

Before going to the almshouse Louis had been cared for by "Aunt Martha," a kindly, God-fearing soul, who in the year or two in which she had the boy under her wing, had instilled into him lessons of truth and honesty which lasted him through life. The boy could not long endure the environment of the almshouse, and starting out on a tramp, he sought a better state, and falling into good hands worked his way up in true American fashion—from school to college, and then to the position of a successful business man, proving that it is possible to do without losing one lot of the principles of "Aunt Martha," which were a conscientious adherence to honesty and integrity.

A romance begins at the county fair between children, and runs through the book at intervals, giving it light and color and a pretty finale. While the book has a decided tendency toward showing the reward for well-doing, it savors in no way of the insane or sentimental, but has the strong, virile atmosphere of American boyhood and is full of incidents which enliven and give character to the story.

For many years Mrs. Downs has written delightful stories under the nom de plume of "Mrs. George Sheldon," and has only recently given her own name. G. W. Dillingham, J. K. Gill, Portland. Price \$1.50.

**"City Songs and Country Carols"**—By Thomas F. Porter. This is a collection of some thirty-five short poems in a volume of about as many pages, neatly bound, and with a portrait of the author for frontispiece. The poems cover a large field, and are very appropriate for the occasions to which they are written, and many have local or personal title. A little group is given to the anti-slavery heroes, such as Garrison, Holmes and Phillips, with occasional poems to other men of earlier or later date. Like all collections of this nature, the work is rating and instructive; problem have been received from Nannie Webster, Lena; Max M. Donohue, Portland; Hal Kelley, Brownville; J. J. Merrill, Portland; J. K. Farrow, Montavilla; J. H. Moore, Portland; F. H. Isenberg, Cascade Locks; Annie Heigerson, Portland; Gordon Colgan, University Park; Nye Kern, S. W. Walker, Mrs. Williams, Fleashe, Charles Pumpfrey, Gladys M. Keaton, M. J. Perk Marbury, Edwin A. Popp, Portland. These will be published later.

**"The Treasure Trail"**—By Frank L. Pollock. From the beginning of the story-telling period, or the era of fiction, the lost treasure has been a search for the novel and a fascinating subject for the reader, and so often has it been used it would seem to have no new feature and all imagination to be exhausted upon it. But not so when Mr. Pollock takes up his pen and begins to relate the search for a fabulous amount of gold bullion which originally been stolen from the Boer government in Pretoria and stored in a steamer that was sunk somewhere in the Mozambique channel. Two different parties take up the search, and follow the treasure trail through stormy seas and hazardous adventure until the "rainbow road" is reached with a successful and thrilling little romance at the close. L. C. Page & Co. J. K. Gill, Portland. Price \$1.50.

**"Born to the Blue"**—By Florence Kimball Russell. No one could be better qualified to write an army story true to life than Mrs. Russell, who herself is, in every sense, an army woman, having been born at a frontier post, the daughter and sister of army officers, and having grown up and always lived in the environment of an army post. Having lived amid these surroundings, very naturally the author would draw her characters and incidents largely from life and her own personal experience, and the result is a story told she does. With the ushering in of a certain Fourth of July, as the big gun sounded reveille and the bugles rang out sharp and shrill, and the band burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner," little Jack opened his eyes to the world and gave forth his lusty, vigorous cry announcing his arrival. Jack's father was off on frontier duty looking after some restless Indians, but the mother, not wishing to be found wanting in patriotic duty, had a tiny flag put in the little flat and called old Nurse Croghan to cover them both with an old yellow flannel cape and they went to sleep, saying to the small man, "You're born to the blue, Jack! Born to the blue!"

As Jack grew up he bore evidence, if not of his patriotic baptism, of his patriotic ancestry, and became the manliest little fellow that ever found a home in a garrison, or a place in the hearts of the command. The story is full of the bravest, most wholesome boy adventures possible, and is spun along from the time Jack arrived to participate in the Fourth of July celebration until he is almost a man grown, and has an adventure of a more serious nature, when his soldier life and example assert themselves and he is the hero of the post. Jack has many chums, but among them all his dearest friend is First Sergeant Donnelly, with whom he has many good times, and at the climax it is Sergeant Donnelly who is his companion and whom he saves. Sergeant Donnelly becomes the family hero, as well as Jack's idol, and when he earns a new pair of chevrons Jack's mother deftly weaves the old ones into a frame for the picture he has given Jack of himself and underneath it is written in "father's hand" these beautiful lines:

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**"The Land of Schuyll Jig"**—By De Keller Stamey. The story which gives title to the book is a curious fancy of an imaginary country, a description of which for more properly the manuscript from which the story is told was supposed to have been found in a curious carved box studded with the most precious gems; later the material for the tale came into possession of the writer, when at an auction sale he bought some of the effects of a deceased literary friend.

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is graded with shades of good, better and best, rarely dropping below the first and at times beyond a comparison. There are also poems pathetic, descriptive and humorous, with the first two far in the lead in point of merit. Some very good patriotic poems are also given, which generally sing the praise of some particular day or incident. Throughout the book, incidentally to the England subjects, and several poems recount the joys of various phases of the New England Thanksgiving. Many of the poems would lend themselves delightfully to public recitation, and as they all have the virtue of brevity, which is usually lacking in poems for this kind of reading. Richard Q. Badger. Price \$1.25.

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# THE FAVORITE PASTIME JUST NOW IS SOLVING "SKIDOO" PROBLEM

Money talks—and everybody talks money—and, judging from the letters addressed to the editor of the Skidoo problem in The Journal, everybody writes money, too.

It does seem as if the people had been waiting to get a chance at the Skidoo problem; it was seized avidly, tackled enthusiastically, and it has been answered vigorously.

One man, who sent in a solution to the problem, urged the Puzzle Editor to forward the \$10 prize at once. This was refused on 25 grounds, 1, that the answer was incorrect; 2, that the man wanted to go to Seattle, and 3, that there are 23 reasons why no one should go to Seattle, the chief one being, of course, that there are no trains running to the place.

It is plain that everybody considers the Skidoo puzzle just as easy as falling in the skating rink; it has no terrors, and few difficulties to anyone. And, really, it seems that way. Here it is:

**Here's Skidoo for Everybody.**

A coin collector had an accumulation of pennies. He told his son he would make him a present of the entire lot if he would put them in boxes, the same number in each box. There was an odd number of pennies, so that if he put an equal number in each of two boxes there would be one penny left over. In a like manner he figured on 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22 boxes, but in every case if he put an equal number in each box there would be one (only one) penny left over. The son gave it up and told his father he thought it impossible to perform the feat. His father replied: "SKIDOO—23 for you." The son then put the entire lot of pennies in 23 boxes the same number in each box. How many pennies were there?

To make the problem plain: The entire number of pennies was a number, which if divided by any number from 2 to 22 inclusive there will be a remainder of one (only one) and if divided by 23 there will be no remainder. Don't think because you start a bit late in trying to solve it that your chance of winning the prize is not as good as that of anybody else. The prizes are given for the correct and BEST solution; as there can be but one correct solution, "the best" gives everyone a chance. The first prize is \$1000 and new pennies; the next 22 good solutions will get beautiful "23" scarf pins, which are the rage just now, and there are 23 other prizes of 23 pennies each.

Here are a few answers received yesterday; please note the singular lack of unanimity that marks the effort to secure a simple little problem that Skidoo:

**Eighteen and Five for the Editor.**—Puzzle Editor, The Journal—Wonder if its Skidoo for me if I suggest 529 for the number of pennies. Eighteen and five for you. LETTIE SORENSON, 707 Savier street, City.

**With Best Wishes—23 Pennies.**—Puzzle Editor, The Journal—There were 529 pennies in each box and there were 23 boxes; the coin collector's accumulation of pennies was 12,167. This

**One Khamel Says "23."**—Puzzle Editor, The Journal: I think the answer is 23 pennies. EUGENE HAMMEL, Lents, Ore.

**Max Sommers' Guess.**—Puzzle Editor, The Journal: I think

**Isn't Fred Jostling?**—Puzzle Editor, The Journal: If it takes a two year old boy three days to chase a four pound rabbit up a hill one mile long, how many bales of hay will it take to feed a cow, to give three quarts of milk if its horns are only six inches long? This will be how many pennies in your Skidoo problem. FRED CALLAGHAN, 380 16th street, City.

**Other Answers Received.**—Other answers to this easy, exhilarating

I have solved your "Skidoo Problem," finding by lowest common multiple the answer to be 698,777,821 pennies. MAX SOMMERS, 17 East 30th street, City.

**These Figures Look Good.**

Puzzle Editor, The Journal: I find the number 1,124,909,727,777,907,690,061 to be the correct answer to the Skidoo problem, being equally divisible by the number 23, and divisible by the numbers 2 to 22 inclusive. D. F. CARMODY, 667 1-2 Hood street.

**Simple Multiplication.**

Puzzle Editor, The Journal: The answer to the skidoo problem, I think, is 20,880,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,019. ADOLPHINA PEARSON, 812 Water street, city.

**507 Pennies in Each Box.**

Puzzle Editor, The Journal—My answer for the skidoo problem, coin collector had 11,661 pennies; he put 507 pennies in each box. WILLARD BACHMAN, Lents, Oregon.

**Skidoo the Answer.**

Puzzle Editor, The Journal—By having 23 boxes and putting one penny in each box, it would make the number 23, so "skidoo" is the answer. G. A. SODERBERG, 343 East Thirteenth North, city.

**A Little Addition.**

Puzzle Editor, The Journal—Take any number from 1 to 22, add one, multiply by 9, add 14 and cover the left-hand figure and add the original numbers and you get 23, skidoo. M. A. OLLER, 290 Grand ave., city.

**Trics Again.**

Puzzle Editor, The Journal—After having carefully reconsidered the "skidoo problem" I decided to submit another solution. Seeing the impossibility of my first answer, I have taken the next step toward a correct solution, namely 23 by 23, or 259 pennies. BERT WILLIAMS, Lents, Ore.

**Quite a Bunch of Money.**

Puzzle Editor, The Journal—The number of pennies the boy had was 11,236,250,000,000.

**Expressed in United States money,** one trillion, one hundred and sixty-three billion, eight hundred thousand dollars and one cent.

This amount is exactly divisible into 23 parts, therefore the boy can place 5,060,707,526,087 pennies into each of 23 boxes and account for the whole amount. If he makes a division of the total amount into parts each division of parts, equal in turn to the numbers from 2 to 22 inclusive the boy will find one penny over in each of the 22 divisions in parts.

With infinite joy he finds a proper solution which comes to him in the form of a birthday gift to gladden the twenty-three thousand and twenty-third anniversary of the date of his birth. Twenty-three boxes each filled with 5,060,707,526,087 pennies accounting for the very last cent of his 11,236,250,000,000 pennies. TERESA A. GRIFPIN MARTIN, 591 Washington Street, City.

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