

New York Letter

by
Lucy Jeanne Price



NEW YORK, May 9.—Edward Roshie Hardy, 12-year-old prodigy of Columbia University, is the happiest boy in the freshman class. All because he is still sore in every muscle from some rough treatment he got a few days ago. Young Hardy defied the sophomore rule against freshmen wearing neckties that were not either black or green. A class riot was the result, in which the sophomores triumphed over the first year boys to the extent of kidnaping the prodigy and bearing him away for discipline. He was blindfolded, thrown into a taxi, and locked up in a safe deposit vault over night! Oh, all the thrills dear to a freshman's heart were his! And his happy grin hasn't faded since! He's now "one of the boys." And he was afraid he never would be. His youth and the publicity given his remarkable mental achievement would be too much to live down, he felt despairingly. "Still right," he declared, in un-prodigy-like English. "I'm strong for this rough stuff."

Ten hours a day isn't a minute too much to work—if one is hale and hearty and 105 years old. So says James Murray, gatekeeper at Trinity cemetery. For 60 years he has held the job, and has rather got in the habit of it, so it has never occurred to him to give it up or to ask to be retired for age.

"Bite-bars" are the latest. They are just quick-lunch counters, but because so many of them are transformed bars, New York has given them the more reminiscent name. New York likes the sound of the new name better.

Scene shifting by means of light instead of husky shoulders is soon to be the fashion, in at least three New York theaters. Nicholas de Lipsky, Russian artist, has taken the long-known fact that light of certain colors will wipe out certain other colors, and has applied it with remarkable results. Two designs are painted on the same canvas, each in colors which may be eliminated by light of the other colors. Both designs are visible under ordinary white or mixed light and appear as a confused mass of lines and color. Under the proper colored light, however, the colors of one become invisible and those of the other take on new shades and appear vividly. Madame Pavlova danced, in consequence, the other evening, in a room of a palace and then in the garden outside without ever a scene being shifted; just an instantaneous change of lights. The idea has been snapped up by Hugo Rosenfeld of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion theaters and will be developed there by de Lipsky in all its possibilities.

It's difficult to get over the idea of letting men bear the burden of expense, isn't it? Women have been rather swanky about the fact that they could take men into their women's clubs for lunch and the men couldn't pay for it. Club rules didn't allow anyone but members to sign the checks. But apparently it was the novelty of it that appealed to the newly emancipated sex. For the new Woman's National club to be erected here shortly has taken definite steps to overcome that situation whereby "the woman pays." "Exclusiveness is all very well," they explained, "but

we're going to have a guest membership for men. Otherwise women who invite men here will have to sign the dinner checks and later on pay them. We limit active membership to women, but there must be some sort of check-paying membership for men."

There must be something particularly annoying about having one's own property used in attacks upon one. A renting company tried the other day to get possession of 200 pieces of porcelain valued at \$2000 to satisfy a judgment against Mrs. Claudia Windsor Tartoue, who is suing and being sued by her husband, Pierre Tartoue, for divorce. "My wife never owned those porcelain sets. They were mine," said Mr. Tartoue. "What do you mean, 'they were?'" asked the deputy. "Ah, they are no more," sighed the artist. "My wife she breaks them over my head."

One of the most wonderful people in all New York, to me, is Agnes Stafford. When she was five years old, she was stricken blind and has been completely so ever since. And what do you suppose she does? She weaves! Beautiful patterns in the most exquisite color combinations. Never picks the wrong colors for her weavings which she shades from the most delicate of pastel tints to the deepest. She thinks that she may remember the primary colors from infancy and constructs her "mind-sight" of the countless hues from that memory; but she isn't even certain of that. She just "feels" them, and if anyone ever suggests a combination that isn't good, she knows it. Last year, the Metropolitan Museum of Art adjudged two specimens of her weaving the best submitted in a large textile exhibition in their respective classes. She was the only blind exhibitor.

Baltic, Olympic and Adriatic they were christened; and no one broke a bottle of even near champagne over them. "They" means three babies born on the liner Adriatic which arrived the other day from Cherbourg. They are the children of three steerable couples; and Captain Hambleton, being appealed to for help in naming them, did his loyal duty to his line of steamers.

The female butcher is the latest

New York developments of a feminist age. In a shop in the market district girls have taken the place of men behind the counters. "Much better than men," says the owner of the place. "They don't waste as much meat and keep their chop blocks cleaner. I don't see anything radical about it. I lived on a farm when I was a boy and mother could do this work a good deal better than any of these girls."

Poor Frederick O'Brien! He made Tahiti and the South Seas famous with his "White Shadows" and now comes word to New York that he mustn't go back there—and he's already on the way. The skipper of a trading schooner down there didn't care at all—not at all, for the picture O'Brien drew of him and has been awarded by a court at Papeete 10,000 francs damage against the author. O'Brien's friends here are trying to reach him, on board his yacht, warning him to avoid the place he made so romantic to his readers.

If there remains in any mind—man's or woman's—a doubt regarding the world-wide influence of the housewife, in her one role as a housewife, that doubt would have fled in defeat from the meeting held the other day of the New York City Federation of Women's clubs. For instance, one resolution which was sent in for their consideration had to do primarily with the buying of food, but ultimately with the distribution of the world's news throughout the country. Of course everyone has been hearing for several years about the serious shortage of newsprint and the difficulties of the newspaper to be going because of that shortage. But the housewife had not thought of it as being her fault that such a condition existed. According to the communication received by the club women, however, she has considerable responsibility in the matter. Only 22 percent of all the paper used in this country, it was pointed out, is used by the newspapers. Of the rest at tremendous amount goes into boxboard for cartons and all sorts of containers in which food is sold. The deduction is that because we demand our foods in expensive, dressed-up packages, we have shouldered off the map, the country's supply of paper for the press.

A dispeveled teddy bear is occupying place of honor now in the home of five-year-old Ruth Bader, of Brooklyn. Ruth slipped on the fire escape, fell 60 feet to the stone pavement, landed on the teddy bear and walked away unharmed.

"Two Little Girls in Blue," a new Erlanger musical comedy is one of the productions just opened for the summer season. It is staged by Ned Wayburn, and is one more piece of evidence that no longer does the New York "season" end with the coming

of May flowers. Summer sees the same sort of entertainments flourishing as does any other time of year, just as good and almost as many. That is one reason why Manhattan Island is coming to be accepted as one of the summer resorts of the western hemisphere.

A New York girl travelling along the coast of South America pretty well gopped traffic down there for awhile; all because of her dog. Sanitary officials at Montevideo insisted that the dog must be killed because of quarantine restrictions due to a pest in Brazil where the steamer had stopped at Rio Janeiro. The officers, however, reckoned without the girl—Miss Muriel Cornielle. She refused to allow the dog to be killed and put up such a good fight, including the drawing in of various consuls of various countries that she won. The dog is still alive and still accompanying her trip.

Anyone who travels on a 2 a. m. train from anywhere to anywhere is accustomed to early morning music. Jazz bands going home from a dance never seem too tired to tune up a bit and every once in a while a barbershop quartet gets aboard. But this was different from the music usually heard at such times. It was on the 2:39 into the city from one of Manhattan's suburbs; and an earnest looking youth boarded the train. Carefully selecting a seat, he drew forth a paper-backed book, entitled, "Forty lessons for bass or baritone voice." Apparently unmindful of his fellow passengers he opened at the first lesson and in a perfectly clear voice ran through four exercises before his station was reached.

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By United Press
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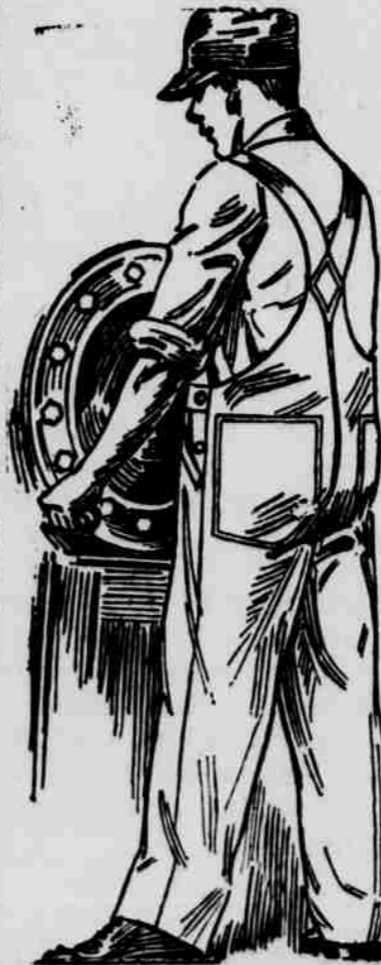
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RESERVED SEAT TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE at DONNELL'S DRUG STORE AFTER WEDNESDAY NOON. Get your tickets early. Curtain 8:15