

The Good Pal Girl the Diana of Broadway's Chase in New York

Mr. Conner Writes of This Dangerous Person Who So Artfully Lures Her Prey to Capture.

By OWEN CONNER.

New York, Saturday.

Amid the ever moving throngs under the glow of Broadway's lights there swings along with swag and artfully artless carelessness of manner the most dangerous of all the dangers of that thoroughfare of the chase. She pursues by appearing not to pursue—she baits her game by so skillfully camouflage her traps so that even the wary fall into them. Her victims often remain in ignorance of the fate that has befallen them for a long, long time.

She spurns the better known tricks of her set, going so far as to pretend that she is indifferent to the magic of smart clothes. Nothing so shallow as mere attractiveness of appearance, or being well groomed, or cleverly made up or coiffed would do for her. She is too deep by nature for that and the game she plays calls for far more finesse. In summer she swims, in winter she skates. She is expert at tennis and does her golfing just well enough to let men think they beat her by only the hardest kind of work. Athletics is a necessary part of her campaigning and she learns it, as she does everything else, thoroughly. She is the kind of person who is always ready for the informal invitation, be it to tea, dinner, theatre or dance, and she is half-fellow-well met at any of them. Being half-fellow-well met fits into her scheme of things beautifully.

Sometimes the game she stalks is a husband, but not always by any means. Her tribe includes many of the ambitious young women who pick New York for their battle ground. If she be of this branch of her type it will be an angel that she seeks and not anything so cumbersome as a husband. The least dangerous of her number are the plain and harmless grafters who have scruples against paying for their own dinners.

The Artful Ones Escape.

Curiously, it is this latter who usually comes in for the condemnation, while her deeper and more artful sisters escape. But whatever her game, she stalks her prey with a clever intuition that would rival the uncanny precision of the bloodhound. She sets her traps for the good natured, happy-go-lucky type of prosperous mankind, and the funny part of it is that when the chase is all over and she has gained her point she not infrequently leaves the victim grateful for the incursion she made into his life.

Men who don't know any better call her their "good pal." Now, there are bright, delightful, unaffected girls even in Broadway who are genuine good pals. And these really and truly good pals never lack for honest, sincere men friends. They are unaffected and wholesome, and when they play tennis or golf, or swim or skate they do it because they like those sports and not as a means of inveigling a poor, gullible male into paths that he doesn't want to tread.

The dangerous good pal imitates her genuine sister only in the outward seeming. When she takes up a tennis racket or a golf club she is doing it just as so much of her daily work. She is as much of a professional on the athletic field as is a ball player in the uniform of the Giants. She doesn't care a sou's worth whether she wins or loses on the court or the links, but she does care a whole lot whether the man she is stalking is pleased with her. If she figures it out that he would be the more appreciative of her if she beat him at golf, why, then, she beats him, for she learns to do all that she does with skill. Or she will let him win if that seems more likely to make a hit with him. They do say that most of her victims are warmer hearted if allowed to win, and far be it from her to chill them by wounding their vanity.

Her Brain and Bridge.

Also she plays bridge. In that game she displays a cool, calculating brain, a perfect mastery for the cards and a studied adherence to the rules, characteristics in which she is said not to be quite true to feminine form at the card table. Her partners bless her and her opponents respect her skill. But cards are only a side line with her and she smoothes the temptation to win too much money that way. Her voice is always for the small penalty game.

When she dances there is none of the amateur vampire tactics in her. Her partner feels that she is just a good fellow. She doesn't give him the impression that she is luring him nor that he must be on guard against her familiarity. She studiously avoids permitting any one man to monopolize her, keeping the one man she has marked for a victim quite as much at his distance as she does the others. She is quite feminine enough to believe that keeping them guessing means the same thing as keeping them interested. As long as they are interested they are in a fair way to walk right straight into the paths that will lead to their undoing.

When the good pal starts out to stalk a man with the purpose of leading him to the altar she loses no opportunity to impress upon him what good friends they are and what a splendid and beautiful thing a friendship such as theirs is in the lives of a man and a woman. That sentence really ought to have been in quotation marks, for they all use that line. No do some of her sisters who are not of the good pal kind, but it is the good pal who lists it as their number one in her book of strategy. She knows it is good stuff, she she has

THE GREAT MATANIA'S LAST PICTURE OF THE GREAT WAR



SAVING AMIENS—THE GERMAN THRUAT AT VILLERS-BRETON-NEUX IN MARCH, 1918
DRAWN FOR THE SPHERE, LONDON. © IN THE UNITED STATES BY THE N.Y. HERALD CO.

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS HOLDING THE LINE

THE first rush of the great German offensive in March of last year carried the enemy to a position in front of Villers-Bretonneux, nine miles east of Amiens, where he paused for a few days reorganizing and accumulating material to allow him to continue the advance. The position was extremely critical for the Allies, as the loss of Villers-Bretonneux would have left open the road to Amiens, there being at that time no other defensive positions east of the city. On April 4 at six A. M., following a tremendous bombardment of the town, the enemy attacked in great force. Australian troops were holding the line immediately in front of the town, and as the Germans succeeded in penetrating the line between their left flank and the Somme the position was extremely serious, but a readjustment of the line was made, and British cavalry ar-

riving at the critical moment, dismounted, dug in and filled the breach, and with the Australians frustrated the enemy's further attempts to advance. In the afternoon the Germans renewed the attack, making violent efforts to envelop the town from the south, and by sheer weight of numbers gaining some temporary success, but a brilliant bayonet charge by the Australians completely saved the situation. London troops digging in in support. The German losses in this battle were very heavy, a large number of dead being left on the field. The picture here presented, drawn for the Herald and the London Sphere, realistically depicts certain episodes that actually took place in the counter attack; a Lewis gun crew having been put out of action, an infantryman slung his rifle and worked the gun, while an unarmed Australian officer coming on three Germans strangled one with his bare hands, smashed the skull of the second with his tin hat,

the third taking to his heels. He, however, did not succeed in escaping, for at this moment the officer's batman, who is seen kneeling on the extreme left, picked off the man as he was attempting to jump down into the shelter of the railway cutting. The German machine gun on the bridge was blown up by a hand grenade. It should be stated that the whole scene has been carefully reconstructed by Matania from all available official material and the personal narratives of eyewitnesses. All the topographical features shown will be recognized by those who fought through this desperate action. The little bridge, for instance, actually spans the railway line running from Amiens and Villers-Bretonneux to Marcelcave, which is just visible in the distance. At the moment depicted by the artist the men were advancing toward this cutting, and the picture gives a very accurate idea of the number and positions of infantry when attacking.

Does It So Cleverly Her Victims Apparently Seem Grateful for Being Stung.

to destroy her faith in her abilities as a deceiver. It doesn't hurt him for her to believe that she is more than a match for him in the battle of wits.

Advice is supposed to be the most despised commodity in this world and yet there are times when the good pal has the good sense to seek it and even to follow it. More than one of them who dreamed of becoming a great actress has turned aside to another pursuit when she was convinced that her abilities did not lie in the lines that would make for success in the drama. A famous dancer is one of these. She had been taught stage dancing from childhood, but yearned to rival Mrs. Fiske and Maude Adams.

She played the good pal game with a man of keen judgment in all that pertains to the stage. He sent her to a stage manager who heard her read. The stage manager's verdict had a touch of finality in its negative that impressed the man and he told the girl to give up her foolish dreams and get to work in earnest at what she knew she could do well. She took the advice, and she needs help from no one today.

There is another great gain in the tactics of the good pal. While those who come under her spell may think of themselves as victims, the truth is that the girl of this type does form many honest friendships that endure. Men are prone to appreciate the good qualities of a girl of whom they do not have to be afraid. Once a man is persuaded that a young woman is not trying to lure him into making money or to break up his home, if he be already married, he finds a great charm in her companionship.

Whether her interest in him and in his daily life be really as deep as she pretends it is, she has little difficulty in convincing him of its genuineness, and he is grateful. She gives him the chance to talk about himself, so dear to the hearts of all men. That is a boon not to be despised, and the good pal possesses the knowledge and the skill to play upon that phase of male vanity. It is a great relief to a man to sit at dinner with a frank, free and ready sort of girl and tell her all his little worries and all his big hopes.

Broadway's Theory.

Broadway carves the good pal who sets her snare in the matrimonial chase and rather gives its approval to the girl of the same type who makes her appeal for the furtherance of her ambitions. For the third sort of good pal the thoroughfare and its dangers have only scorn. That is the young woman who deliberately makes of herself a grafter. There are all too many of these. They let a man know they have no designs on him whatever, that he need not fear being led to the altar nor be in danger of having his sympathies played upon to aid the girl in her material success. Her game is to play the good comrade stout to the limit so that she may get her dinner without paying for them and be invited to the theatre as often as she cares to go.

Army and navy officers are among the victims of the grafter good pal. The men in New York usually only for a short time, respond readily to the attraction of a bright, pleasantly agreeable girl who takes with them so charmingly about the folks back home and who so clearly has no other design than to pass her own time pleasantly. In doing that she lightens the otherwise heavy hours for them. Once upon a time there was a grafter good pal here who was fortunate enough to possess a trusted income of about \$5,000 a year. She preferred to live in fashionable style, so she paid out almost a third of her income as rent for a splendid little apartment. Most of the rest of her money went for clothes. She made up for herself an army and navy chain of acquaintances among the army and navy men. When one of them came to town she found it quite the reverse of his home to take her to dinner and to the theatre. The girl boasted that she didn't pay for her evening meal once in a month, and probably she told the truth. She was most adept in keeping the men away from the sentimental.

Trapped.

She succeeded in keeping up this for her expensive style of living and keeping herself entertained for seven or eight years. Then she got caught in the sentimental herself. Then she ceased to be a good pal. The man was an army officer. She persuaded him to leave the service—it was before the war—and to enter business so that he could settle the cheques for her dinners all the time.

There is another field of endeavor for the grafter good pal, and in that she seeks out women to help her in her selfish designs. That is the girl who becomes the bosom friend of a dressmaker or milliner or, failing that, of a saleswoman. She is their good pal at all times. She is the friend of whom they think when in sorrow or difficulty. She gets her pay by being put on the inside as to bargains, so that she gets her clothing at half the price others are compelled to pay for garments of the up to the minute mode. In these days when all women's wear has advanced in price to unheard of figures that is quite a saving. All in all, though, the good pal is always refreshing. Even when her purposes are unworthy she has the distinction of being different from her sisters who snare women with their eyes or languishing glances. Admitting that her casting aside of the customary modes of allurements of her sex are not genuine, still there is a suggestion of the wholesome about it that most men and many women find very welcome.

Men who are weary of the dance palaces and who are tired of nightly rounds of lovelorn and all that sort of thing are glad to meet the girl who talks tennis and golf and instead of leading up to what might be a good tête-à-tête somewhere under the glow of a pink lamp shade.

And when a weary man hears that suggestion of the open, with the green fields and trees all around, he is pretty likely to join in with whatever programme the good pal suggests. He likes her talk of canoes and turns to contemplation of his lines with a sense of relief, as compared with the more ravishing and also more dangerous lines of the evening gown of today.

Also they do say that, good as she may be or as good as she may be, the good pal has one great shining virtue. She isn't cattily. When she says, "Helen is a nice girl," she doesn't convey a creepy impression that there is something radically wrong with Helen. She says it as though she means what might be a comfortable feeling that Helen is all right and so is she.

tried it often and never found it wanting. She talks to him about his business and remembers enough of what he says about it so that each time she can talk about it more intelligently. That is such subtle flattery that few men know it is flattery.

The good pal makes it a point to cultivate a man's mother and sisters. In this she discards the uncouth, transparent gushing indulged in by the less crafty. She makes a great show of genuine friendliness and tries to give them the impression that she is a "safe" girl. More than one of the tribe have succeeded in convincing the ever watchful women relatives of a victim that she, the good pal, hadn't the slightest design in the world on the dear boy. That made the blow all the harder to bear when the dear boy was landed. She goes shopping with his sisters and she helps his mother with her Red Cross work or her parish relief ministrations.

Another of her great accomplishments, and one for which every man is deeply grateful, is that she knows how to make herself agreeable to his men friends and to make them her own friends as well. She never tells him that Smith man, who is beneath him, or with that Jones man, who drinks too much and is seen in bad company. The result is that Smith and Jones tell the victim what a wonderfully bright girl and remarkably fine comrade he has found. He didn't know he was looking for a comrade, but suddenly decides that he must have been and feels the gladness and pride of a discoverer to realize that he has found such a rare creature. After that she fits into the parties with his men cronies, where many another girl would be hopelessly out of place, and it isn't long before she becomes a part of his routine. He sees her nearly every day and comes to regard her as a pleasantly necessary part of his existence.

Thus having won over his family and his

friends she feels that the field has been cleared for real action. She has won his allies, now to capture him and lead him to her citadel—the citadel she will teach him to call home. She feels that she is fairly well entangled in the trap and that she can spring it shut.

No Summer Moons.

No common, summer moon methods mark her attacks in the final drive. She becomes more the good comrade, the friendly companion. Her dress becomes more and more noticeable for its affectation of carelessness and lack of style and for its appearance of having been inexpensive. She plays upon his softest moods with consummate skill with the purpose of causing him to believe she is indispensable to his happiness. Then a judicious period of absence, with a sweetly affectionate greeting on her return, or perhaps she gives dramatic prominence to the reappearance on the scene of a previous admirer. There are a thousand methods in her notebook for the setting of the final scene, and she always manages to work out that final scene just the way she wants it to end.

When the good pal doesn't care for husband hunting, but prefers a career, she is likely to be a little less disingenuous. Then she labors under less necessity of making her wiles, for she is not required to set her trap for one man, and one man alone. In those instances where she seeks an angel for some sort of backing, financial or otherwise, the good pal may shop about a bit, as it were, and pick and choose from among the prospects that she discovers.

Some of the girls who put realization of ambition above domesticity come to New York with very little money. Many of them are endowed with brains and talents. It isn't always the stage that is the centre of their hopes, the general trend of present day novels to the contrary notwithstanding. One is surprised to

learn how many earnest young women there are here who are dreaming of glory through the art of painting or as novelists or as dramatists. All of them need help of one kind or another. If it isn't money they require then it is influence. Introductions to persons of power in the field they have chosen are not only desirable but necessary.

Surely there is nothing harmful in seeking out the individuals who can give such introductions, and the good pal reasons that it is her right to make use of her wiles to win the interest of such persons. But there are many men of high standing in the upper circles of New York who look upon her as a pest. They are harassed day in and day out by girls who are striving to find a foothold in the city's busy life. While the man of power, who has quite an active time of it attending to his own affairs, regards the good pal as a nuisance, he prefers her a thousand times to the vampire girls who try to win interest solely through sex appeal.

Therefore the girl who appears to cast aside the ordinary allurements and who makes her bid for friendship on a frank basis of comradeship gains her point more frequently than her more fascinating competitors. There is something almost boyish in the demeanor of the good pal who is not actuated by the matrimonial life in her heart and who instead is biding all her efforts to acquire the kindly interest of some man who can help her to rise in the world. When she does acquire that kindly interest the path is smoothed for her to make her way forward and upward—that is, it is smoothed for her if she really has talent. Lacking the talent she is wasting her time.

Commenting on the tragedy of it all when it is found that a girl's accomplishments are too slight ever to measure up to her ambitions, a man of wealth recently expressed himself thus:—

"The most dreaded words for any of these ambitious girls to hear is the advice from a

well meaning and sincere friend that she should marry. I have done my bit to help more than one of them. It is one of my rules, though, that the help is always given through my wife.

"Sometimes it is money, sometimes it is a sort of tutored advice together with introductions to the right people for the girl to know. If they want to be actresses they believe that Mr. Belasco will fall dead with joy at sight of them. That spirit has to be taken out of them gently. As a matter of fact, the young women who paint are just as bad. They see themselves crowding Mr. Flagg off the map within a year.

"The girl who makes her bid as a friendly, companionable person and who doesn't descend to the vulgarity of sex allurements goes ahead faster and goes further than the other type of woman. But of the many who try only a few can succeed and there comes a time when the honest well wisher has to say to them that perhaps marriage wouldn't be such a bad career after all. I always leave that sad task to my wife, for they invariably weep a little. They know what the advice means—it is the knell of their hopes to startle the world with their genius.

"There is more tragedy in it for the girl who started out by representing the natural bent of womanhood and who tried to meet men on their own ground of friendly interest. She has to begin all over again and learn how to flirt and how to make eyes and how to look languishing and all that sort of thing. I am genuinely sorry for that type of girl when her castle in Spain fades into nothingness."

This man of wealth, who takes pride in helping struggling youth to get along, both young men and young women, is worldly wise and he isn't fooled by the little tricks of the good pal. He sees through her artful simulation of artlessness, but he tries not to let her know that he does. He is broad minded enough to feel that it would be very ungenerous of him