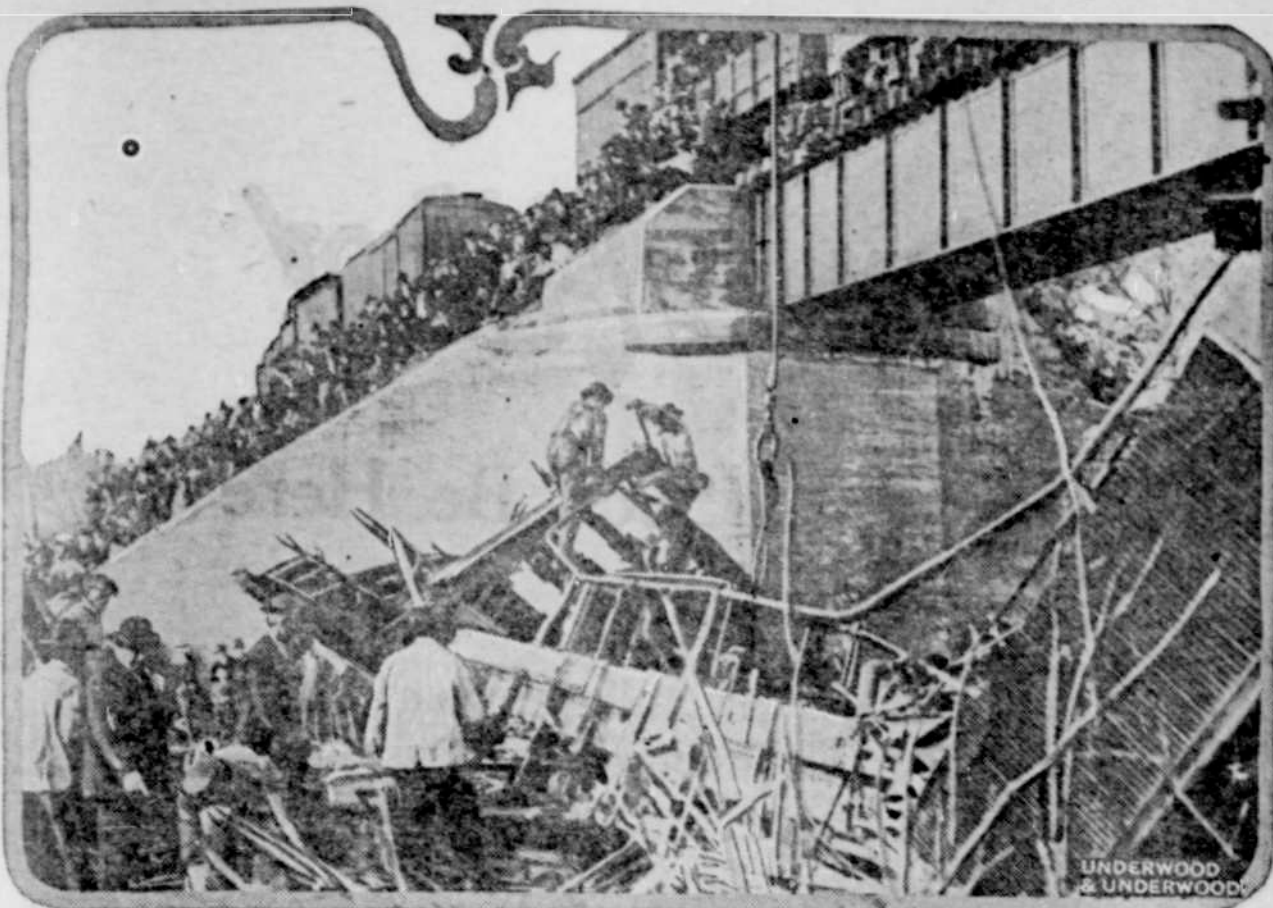


Seven Killed When Coach Leaps From Bridge



A close-up view of the wreckage of a wooden coach splintered by a fall from a trestle, 50 feet in height, at Union City, Ga. Seven were killed and 16 injured.

FAREWELL TO AMERICA

By H. W. NEVINSON

[Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian at the arms conference.]
[From the Nation and the Athenaeum, London.]

THE International conference on limitation of armament brought to Washington many eminent journalists from Europe, one of the most eminent of whom was Henry W. Nevins, of England. He has been one of the best known of the British war and traveling correspondents and is the author of numerous books. Mr. Nevins came as the correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, a newspaper which holds a unique place in English journalism. Its influence in politics has given it a circulation almost general in Great Britain, and its accomplished writers and scholarly editors make each issue a piece of literature. Upon taking his departure from America, Mr. Nevins wrote the following "Farewell"—an excellent exemplification of his keen powers of observation and his broadmindedness:

In mist and driving snow the towers of New York fade from view. The great ship slides down the river. Already the dark, broad seas gloom before her. Good-by, most beautiful of modern cities! Good-by to glimmering spires and lighted bastions, dream-like as the castles and cathedrals of a romantic vision! Good-by to thin films of white steam that issue from central furnaces and flit in dissolving wreaths around those precipitous heights! Good-by to heaven-piled offices, so clean, so warm, where lovely stenographers, with silk stockings and powdered faces, sit leisurely at work or converse in charming ease! Good-by, New York! I am going home. I am going to an ancient city of mean and moldering streets, of ignoble coverts for mankind; extended monotonously over many miles; of grimy smoke clinging closer than a blanket; of smudgy typists who know little of silk or powder, and less of leisure, and charming ease. Good-by, New York! I am going home.

Good-by to beautiful "apartments" and "homes"! Good-by to windows looking far over the city as from a mountain peak! Good-by to central heating and radiators, fit symbols of the hearts they warm! Good-by to frequent and well appointed bathrooms, glory of the plumber's art! Good-by to suburban gardens running into each other without hedge or fence to separate friend from friend, or enemy from enemy! Good-by to shady verandas where rocking chairs stand ranged in rows, ready for reading the voluminous Sunday papers and the Saturday Evening Post! Good-by, America! I am going home. I am going to a land where every man's house is his prison—a land of open fires and chilly rooms, and frozen water pipes, of washing stands and slop pails, and one bath per household at the most; a land of fences and hedges and walls, where people sit aloof, and see no reason to make themselves sear-sick by rocking upon shore. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to the copious meals—the early grapefruit, the "cereals," the eggs broken in a glass! Good-by to oysters, large and small, to celery and olives beside the soup, to "sea food," to substituted viands, to bleeding duck, to the salad course, to the "individual pie," or the thick wedge of apple pie, to the invariable slab of ice cream, to the coffee, also bland with cream, to the home-brewed alcohol! I am going to the land of joints and roots and solid pudding; the land of ham and eggs and violent tea; the land where oysters are good for suicides alone, and where cream is seldom seen; the land where mustard grows and whisky flows. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to the long stream of motors—"limousines" or "divvies"! Good-by to the signal lights upon Fifth

avenue, gold crimson, and green; the sudden halt when the green light shines, as though at the magic word an enchanted princess had fallen asleep; the hurried rush for the leisurely lunch at noon, the deliberate appearance of hustle and bustle in business; the Jews, innumerable as the Red sea sand! Good-by to outside staircases for escape from fire! Good-by to scrappy suburbs littered with rubbish of old boards, tin pails, empty cans, and boots!

Good-by to standardized villages and small towns, alike in litter, in ropes of electric wires along the streets, in clanking "trolleys," in chapels, stores, railway stations, Main streets, and isolated wooden houses flung at random over the country! Good-by to miles of advertisement imploring me in ten-foot letters to eat somebody's codfish ("No Bones!"), or smoke somebody's cigarettes ("They Satisfy!"), or sleep with innocence in the "Faultless Nightgown"! Good-by to the long trains where one smokes in a lavatory, and sleeps at night upon a shelf screened with heavy green curtains and heated with stifling air, while over your head or under your back the baby yells and the mother tosses moaning, until at last you reach your "stopping off place," and a semi-negro sweeps you down with a little broom, as in a supreme rite of worship!

"Good-by to the house that is labeled 'One Hundred Years Old,' for the amazement of mortality!" Good-by to thin woods, and fields inclosed with casual pales, old hoops, and lengths of wire! I am going to the land of a policeman's finger, where the horse and the bicycle still drag out a lingering life; a land of persistent and silent toil; a land of old villages and towns as little like each other as one woman is like the next; a land where trains are short, and one seldom sleeps in them, for in any direction within a day they will reach a sea; a land of vast and ancient trees, of houses time-honored three centuries ago, of cathedrals that have been growing for a thousand years, and of village churches, built while people believed in God. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to the land of a new language in growth, of split infinitives and cross-bred words; the land where a dinner jacket is a "tuxedo," a spittoon a "cuspidor"; where your opinion is called your "reaction," and where

SWAMP ANGEL CLOCK



A clock made from an 8-inch, 200-pound Parrot shell fired in the Civil war on Charleston from Morris Island, four miles away, by the Swamp Angel, the long-distance gun. Is part of a collection from the estate of Gen. Horace Porter, to be disposed of at auction in the near future.

"vamp," instead of meaning an improvised accompaniment to a song, means a dangerous female! Good-by to the land where grotesque exaggeration is called humor, and people gape in bewilderment at irony, as a bullock gapes at a dog straying in his field!

Good-by to the land where strangers say "Glad to meet you, sir," and really seem glad; where children whine their little desires, and never grow much older; where men keep their trousers up with belts that run through loops, and women have to bathe in stockings. I am going to a land of ancient speech, where we still say "record" and "concord" for "recud" and "conced"; where "necessarily" and "extraordinarily" must be taken at one rush, as hedge-ditch-and-rail in the hunting field; where we do not "commute" or "check" or "page," but "take a season" and "register" and "send a boy round"; where we never say we are glad to meet a stranger, and seldom are; where humor is understatement, and irony is our habitual resource in danger or distress; where children are told they are meant to be seen and not heard; where it is "bad form" to express emotion, and suspenders are a strictly feminine article of attire. Good-by America! I am going home.

Good-by to the multitudinous papers, indefinite of opinion, crammed with insignificant news, and asking you to continue a first-page article on page 23, column 5! Good-by to the weary platitude, accepted as wisdom's latest revelation! Good-by to the docile audiences that lap rhetoric for sustenance! Good-by to politicians contending for aims more practical than principles! Good-by to Republicans and Democrats, distinguishable only by mutual hatred!

Good-by to the land where liberals are thought dangerous, and radicals show red! Where Mr. Gompers is called a Socialist, and Mr. Asquith would seem advanced! A land too large for concentrated indignation; a land where wealth beyond the dreams of British profiteers dwells, dresses, gorges, and luxuriates, emulated and unashamed! I am going to a land of politics violently divergent; a land where even coalitions cannot coalesce; where meetings break up in turbulent disorder, and no platitude avails to soothe the savage breast; a land fierce for personal freedom, and indignant with rage for justice; a land where wealth is taxed out of sight, or for very shame strives to disguise its luxury; a land where an ancient order is passing away, and leaders whom you call extreme are hailed by lord chancellors as the very fortifications of security. Good-by, America! I am going home.

Good-by to prose chopped up to look like verse! Good-by to the indiscriminate appetite which gulps lectures as opulents, and "printed matter" as literature! Good-by to the wizards and witches who ask to psycho-analyze my complexes, inhibitions, and silly dreams! Good-by to the exuberant religious or fantastic beliefs by which unsatisfied mankind still strives desperately to penetrate beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world! Good-by, Americans! I am going to a land very much like yours. I am going to your spiritual home.

155 German Soldiers Fell Every Hour of War

Berlin.—Forty-six men were killed and 109 wounded on the German side during every hour the World war was raging, according to an estimate arrived at by Gen. von Altröck, from a study of official records.

Germany's losses totaled in dead were 1,808,548 and in wounded 4,246,779. A total of 13,000,000 men were under arms during the war, of whom about one in seven was killed in battle.

German deaths, caused directly or indirectly by the war, are estimated at 12,000,000.

Flapper Done With Shifters

She Repudiates Organization Reported to Promote Promiscuous Flirtation.

SUCH A SOCIETY NEEDLESS

She Founded the Original for "Jazz" and Pocket Money—Now Busy Popularizing "Necker" and Other Slang Phrases.

New York.—Life is just brimming over with excitement for the flapper these days. No sooner has the fame of one exploit ceased to be a nine days' wonder than another comes along to take its place. A few weeks ago she was reveling in the glory reflected by her adoption of the turned-down galosh as footwear for promenades on fair days rather than protection for stormy weather. Now it's the activities of the Society of Shifters that have again turned on her the spotlight of publicity.

She denies, however, any responsibility for the organization which, according to Gertrude Robinson-Smith of the Vacation association, under the name of Shifters, is promoting "petting parties," and flirtations. As a matter of fact, the interest of the flapper in the Shifters is gone and when the name did mean something to her it was not such an organization as that described by the head of the Vacation association, with a Fifth avenue headquarters and an ornate badge.

"We don't need badges or secret or any other kind of societies to have 'petting parties,'" said a high-school flapper after the latest version of the purposes of the Shifters, "and who would pay for the privileges of joining a flirting society when one can have one of her own? That's all junk, so far as we're concerned. Somebody may have taken up the idea and be trying to make a regular business of it, but we started it just for a 'jazz.'"

Inspiration for Pocket Money. The original Shifters, she explained, formed by a group of high-school flappers, had no officers, by-laws or headquarters except in the hands of its members. It was founded, first to provide new sources of pocket money, and secondly in the spirit of the old, familiar schoolboy game of "pass it." Her pleas for a different sweater for every day in the week and several pairs of "last hopper" shoes (those low-heeled, horse and leather sport shoes originally designed for golfers) getting beyond the resources of the parental pocketbook, the flapper was forced to evolve some scheme for providing the articles without which she felt herself debarred from association with her kind.

So she adapted the old Barnum maxim, "There's one born every minute," to the innate predilection of every schoolgirl to belong to a society and wear a badge. She took a brass clip, such as used in any business office, with the characters "O. K." stamped on it and with it fastened together the two ends of the scarf she had purloined from her father's stock. This clip, worn in that way, became the official emblem of the Shifters. The badge aroused curiosity. All the girls asked the original group of founders what it signified.

"It's the Shifters' badge," they were told. "It's a new society. Everybody is joining. Don't you want to come in? You can become a member by paying me a quarter. Then I'll give you a badge. That gives you the right to get as many members as you can."

Girls of convincing tongues and latent selling ability collected as high as \$12 a week for membership while the going was good. The membership fee ranged from a quarter to as much as the traffic would bear, but was restricted chiefly to the smaller sum. So

far as the flapper was concerned, the Geld was quickly exhausted.

Wall Street Adopts Shifter Idea. But in the meantime the Shifters had expanded into Wall street. Not for months had Wall street played a game that so tickled its fancy. The idea of getting a fellow to pay from \$1 to \$10 for a brass clip worth a fraction of a mill appealed alike to the office boy and the head of the firm, and the "stinging" process went merrily on.

Now, apparently, some near Ponzi has capitalized the flapper's idea into a commercial proposition and has invested money in printing a by-laws and making ornate badges in the hopes of reaping a huge profit. But the new society of Shifters interests the flapper only in so far as it pays a tribute to her cleverness. She is done with it. She has other and more important matters on hand, the most important of which just now is the popularizing of four new phrases, one she has adopted from the theater and three she coined herself. From the theater she has taken the phrase "I will so say," spoken by the French father who essays American slang in Irene Bordoni's "The French Doll." The flapper has discarded "I'll say so" and her "I will so say" is her most emphatic affirmative in classroom and Broadway.

The epithets she has evolved from her own lexicon are "junk," "necker," and "heavy necker." "Junk" is anything she considers unimportant or unworthy of consideration. A "necker" is a "petter" who puts her arms around a boy's neck. A "heavy necker" is a "petter" who hangs heavily on said neck. "Necking parties" have superseded "petting parties."

Behind Scenes in Radio Studio

How Music and Other Forms of Entertainment Are Broadcast to Millions.

KEEP CHECK ON APPARATUS

Every Precaution Taken to Keep Out Foreign Sounds—"Listening Posts" Established to See That Apparatus Works Smoothly.

New York.—There is much the same fascination in going behind the scenes of a great broadcasting station as is found behind the curtain at a theater.

A general working idea of the operation of wireless electricity is almost universal in America today. Almost every night the general public has suddenly become familiar with the intricate mechanism of such apparatus. The distribution of upward of a million radio telephones has educated the public far more rapidly than could years of ordinary study. The audiences which gather daily to listen in on the programs broadcasted the country over probably aggregate over a million listeners. Almost all are familiar with the operation of the broadcasting station.

An evening spent in one of the great broadcasting stations is a rare privilege.

Most of us have probably imagined the broadcasting station to be a maze of complicated apparatus with something the appearance of a factory or a laboratory. The stage from which the programs are broadcasted, to call it such, is in reality an attractive

MAKING CACTUS CANDY



Cactus candy is the latest sweetmeat to be prepared by confectioners at San Antonio, Tex. The heretofore worthless desert plant is being used for making candy, after a complicated process of crystallizing and purifying. These girls are cutting with a machine the raw plant, which is the first step in the making of the cactus confection.

Need Schools in Mexico City.

Mexico City.—More than 60,000 children of Mexico City are without school accommodations, according to newspaper reports. Of the 100,000 children of school age in the capital, it is said there is room for only 100,000. President Obregon is supporting Governor Gasca of the federal district in his efforts to supply more facilities.

Killed by Bathrobe Mishap.

London.—Tripping over the tassel of his bathrobe, a Devonshire veterinary surgeon fell downstairs and was killed.

Passion Play to Be Revived



The famous passion play of Oberammergau, Bavaria, is to be revived for the first time in twelve years. Anton Lang, whose presentation of the role of Christus has made him famous, will again be seen in that part. The picture shows Judas, played by Guido Mayer, receiving the pieces of silver from the high priest.

Ingenious Checks.

The operator now gives his directions by signs alone. At a signal an assistant winds up one of the phonographs, places a record in position and stands ready to release it. The announcer now takes up his position before one of the telephones at the desk, and, speaking clearly and distinctly, but not loudly, announces the opening of the program. It is his voice which has become familiar to tens of thousands of people throughout the eastern states. He may be said to have a speaking acquaintance with a hundred thousand people who have never seen his face.

One number follows another on the program. The greatest care is taken to have the entertainment go forward without any delay or interruption of any kind. Several ingenious checks are used to make sure that the broadcasting apparatus is working smoothly and efficiently. There are a number of observers whose stations are known as "listening posts" scattered for miles in several directions which are constantly on the alert. If they fail to hear the program, or it comes to them interruptedly or smothered in quality, they will call up the broadcasting station between the numbers of the program and report the trouble. In this way the entire field covered by the stations is kept under observation.