

In his Preface to *Types from City Streets* Mr. Hutchins Hapgood says his purpose is to "throw light upon the charm of what **A Sindbad from** "Low Life" from one point of view is the 'ordinary' person—careless, human, open, democratic."

As such it includes not only Bowery "bums," ex-thieves, Tammany men and "Spieler" girls, but bohemians and artists—anybody who for one reason or another has nothing to do with the private and esoteric.

Mr. Hapgood has strong literary appetites and much skill, but he has no knack whatever in giving an account of his purposes. He is as likely as not to poison the reader's mind in advance by a solemn, sociological, and, as it turns out, quite irrelevant preface to a book of much variety and charm. He did so last summer with his *Anarchist Woman*, which in no wise justified the apprehensions of a text-book or a sermon which he roused at the start. There is no purpose discernible in this new volume of light and agreeable sketches except perhaps the occasional attempt of a rather rickety philosophy to catch up with swift literary impressionism. He makes one of his bohemians exclaim—

There is no animal like a philosophic animal. He has a reason for liking any old thing he likes, but he wouldn't like it to begin with if he didn't have a very unphilosophic joy in life. The philosopher who explains into beauty the gothic unreasonableness and functional exuberance of commonplace human nature is more and perhaps less than a philosopher.

He is an extraordinarily self-conscious literary person, no other than the author of these sketches, with his finger on his own pulse, feeling for "copy." Side by side with every observation of character or incident goes a calculation of its literary value, and this is usually given in the text. Apparently Mr. Hapgood has never entered a saloon without vindicating subsequently his literary purpose.

The little man ordered another beer and the dull-eyed man of energy sipped his whiskey and soda. The sentimental man began to talk of Rome, when he and the little man were there together. And the snow continued to

lighten the darkness of the night to warm the cold of it.

He had had the luck to find there these three men talking from the bottom of their souls. "Each one put nothing but himself into what he said." He is always lucky in so draping or posing an experience that he will later like the look of it in print. Two of the men had been talking in this wise—

"Well," at last said he who was going away, "this is like the funeral of what we have done together. The blue smoke of your cigar," addressing the man of thirty-two, who wanted to live more than the universe and his own body allowed, "as it curls up along your long and significant face, past those eyes dulled with severe experience and the troubled passion of prospective years, decorates the hearse of this café with forms suggestive of the past—beautiful complexities of our common life. It is like the Egyptian tombs, an application of art to the external symbols of death."

"When you," replied he of the passionate dull eye, "talk constructed poetry, when you leave facts and get hazy and talk even about decoration, it is a sign that something is troubling you. It rejoices me to perceive that you regret leaving us. Once you said, and you meant it then, that all the plastic arts that are in the universe were not worth the lustrous curl of one dark-eyed lass. And yet now you talk about decoration. It's a clear case. You're sad."

One would think he might find them a little absurd, these rather effusive literary-minded young men, with their Murger measles caught in some Black Cat café or Black Cat magazine, but if he does he gives no sign.

He refers often to the essential aristocracy of the "bum" or "tough."

To say that the Bowery is distinguished may seem a violent paradox, and yet the Bowery comes nearer to distinction than it does to vulgarity. To say that the Bowery is vulgar is, if not an untruth, at least the flat half of the truth.

It is not rare to meet a "tough" in the unsavoury resorts of the Bowery who is much more nearly related to the chosen aristocrat than to the clean and ordinary citizen of the comfortable middle class. . . .

The "tough" who remains embedded in the enjoyment of a few instincts has the eternal calm of the aristocrat; for there is an independence in getting down to bed rock. There is repose involved in reaching the limit. The nervous effort to avoid the fall, the fear of temptation, gives a hesitancy to manners. But the "tough" is sure. He does not hold off from satisfaction. He reposes on the firm bosom of the early need of the race, where is no tremulousness or uncertainty. His footing is as firm as that of the aristocrat.

From neither can you take away his quality. But the middle-class person may lose what he has. It is of yesterday, and may not be of to-morrow. He has not the air of tranquil permanence which distinguishes the aristocrat and the "tough," for money may go and position may go, but the repose of completely accepted instinct remains to the "tough"; and the repose of finely worked-out temperament to the aristocrat.

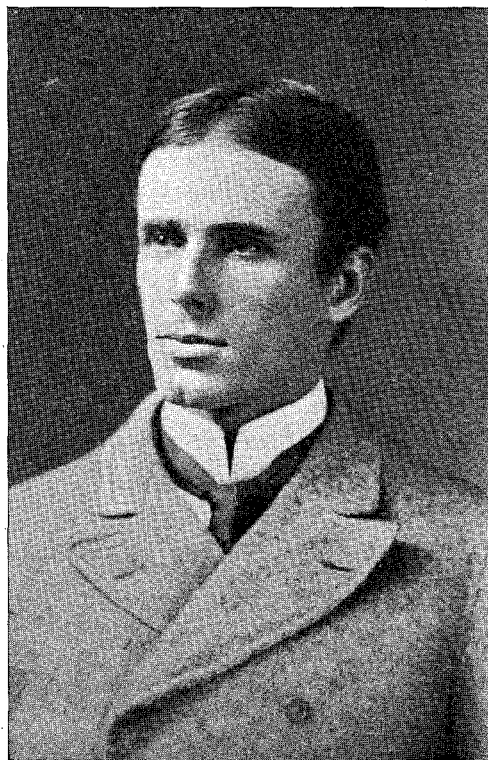
The calmness and self-confidence of the "tough" result in a set of perfect manners. He knows the traditions of his society so thoroughly that he is comparatively exact in etiquette. He is quick to perceive that a stranger does not act right in small ways, and quick to cool in his friendliness in consequence. The style is the man, and no one feels this more quickly than the "tough." . . . The most civilised aristocrat feels also the significance of small manners. . . . "I think I could turn and live with animals," said Walt Whitman. "Not one is respectable or unhappy." The "tough," by definition, is not respectable, and, by nature, he is not unhappy. The aristocrat lays little stress on respectability, and he has not the unhappiness involved in the storm and stress of active mediocrity. . . . The "tough" hates pretension, cant, and inflated rhetoric, and, like the aristocrat of words, he has a succinct way of expressing his likes and dislikes.

This illustrates the author's use of this literary material, but gives little idea of the variety of his impressions or the mobility of his point of view. It is an uncommonly interesting and clever book.

In the great tessellated court which fronts Columbia University and lies directly beneath its classic Library, there has been placed a large slab in honour of

the late Charles Follen McKim, who was the architect of some of Columbia's buildings. This is the most

A Lost Sense of Proportion conspicuous place anywhere within the University's grounds. Directly above it is the bronze statue of Alma Mater and the noble flight of steps which lead to the Library. On either side is a stretch of mosaic terminating in beautiful terraces set out by greenery and gleaming at night with clustered lamps. Much wonder has been expressed that so



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unusual a place should have been selected in honour of Mr. McKim, who was a respectable though not remarkable architect, who was not a graduate of Columbia, and who was connected with this work simply as a member of a firm of architects. The greatest historical figure whom Columbia ever enrolled upon her records was Alexander Hamilton. His statue is hidden away in a part of the grounds separated from the University Court. If Columbia should ever produce