

# CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Wide World

THOUGH THE WORLD IS SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY, ROYAL PROCESSIONS  
ARE STILL SEEN IN EUROPE

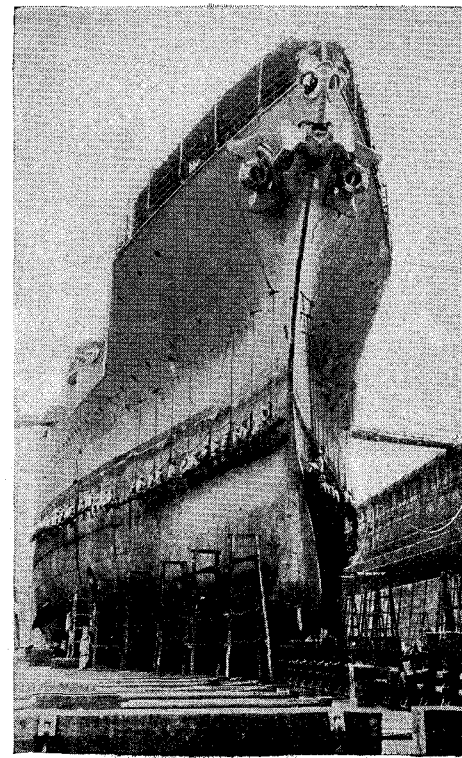
Here is King Christian of Denmark on his way from Parliament in Copenhagen after its opening session recently. The photograph shows the Danish King and Queen and their two sons in the royal carriage, in the foreground. The King is on the right, in the rear seat, with his hand at salute



(C) Underwood

# PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING ENJOYING HIS VACATION IN FLORIDA

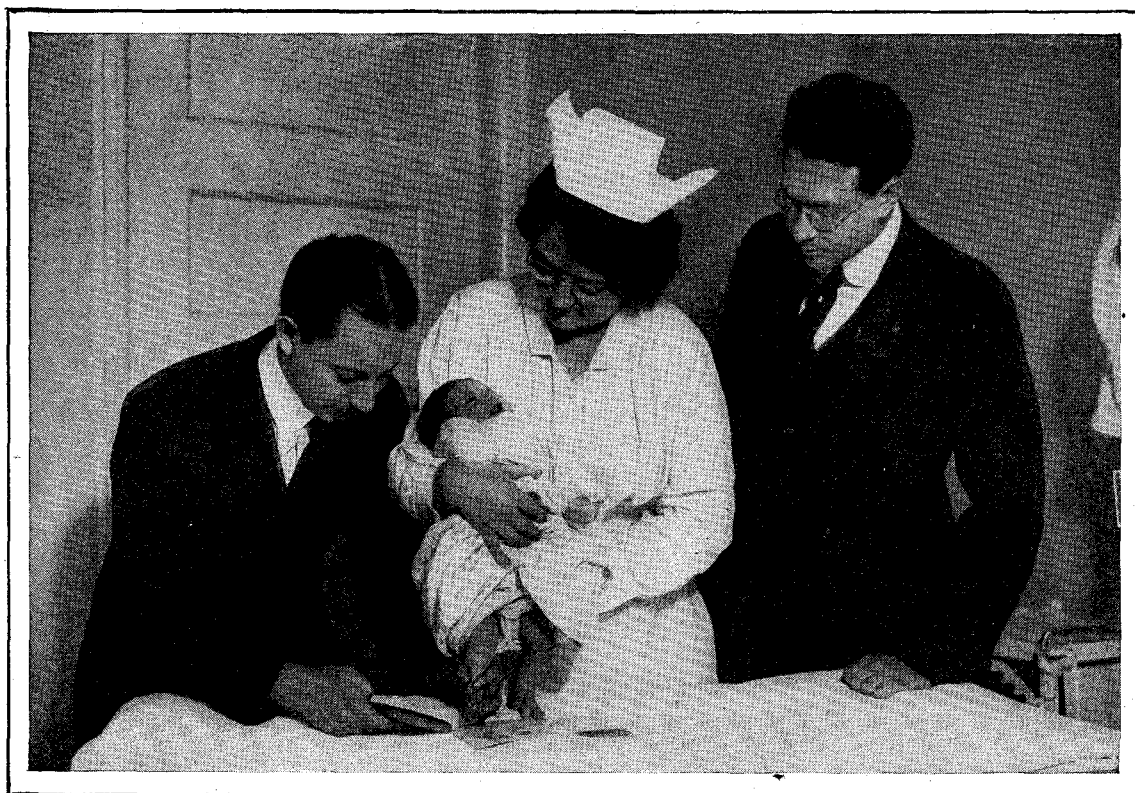
Guesses as to what paper is proving so absorbing to Mr. Harding are futile, though his second choice seems to be the "Sun"—but of what city?



Wide World

# AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF ONE OF THE GREATEST WAR ENGINES EVER BUILT

Here is the U. S. dreadnought New Mexico in dry dock at Balboa, Panama Canal Zone. Hundreds of the great battleship's crew are engaged in repainting her



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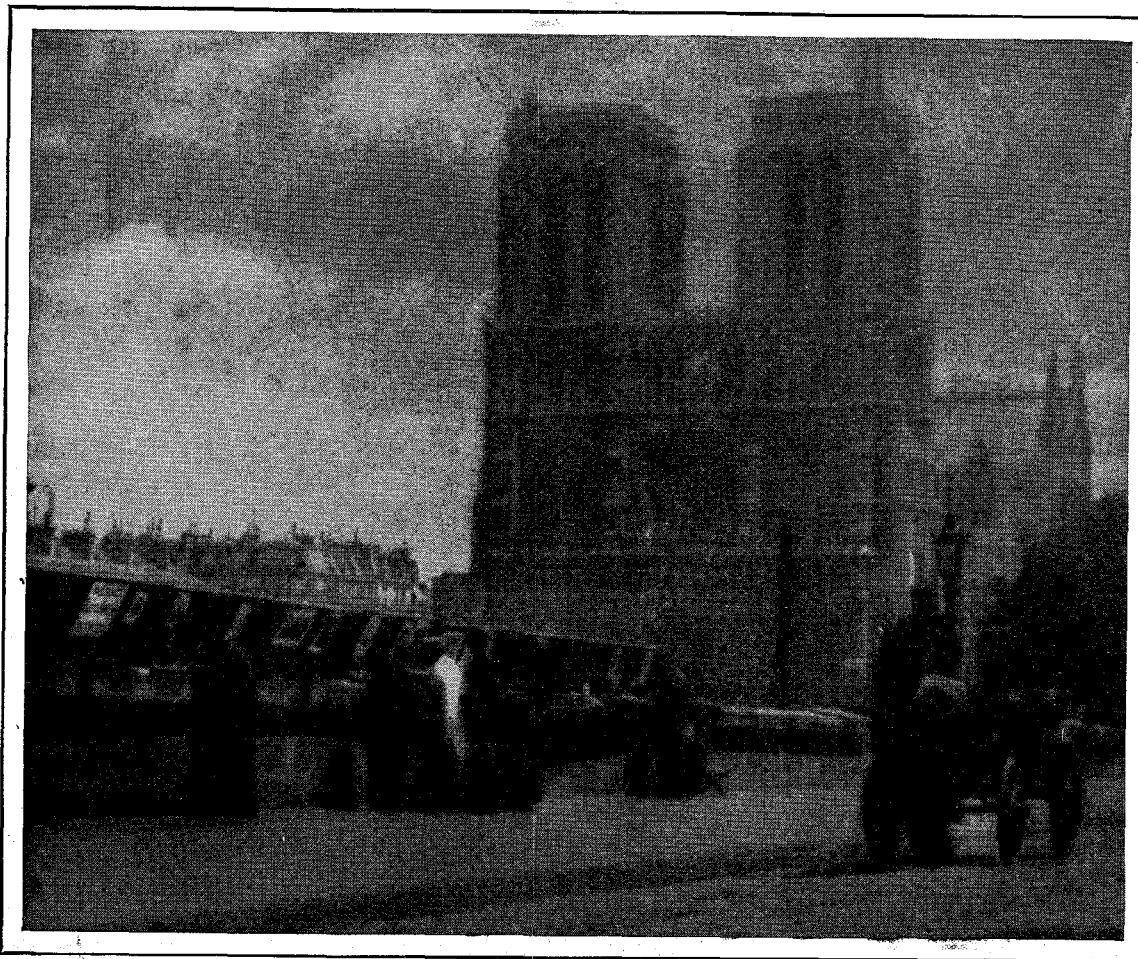
# THE "FOOTPRINT" SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION INTRODUCED INTO A MATERNITY HOSPITAL

Instead of making records of new-born children by finger-prints, the Jewish Maternity Hospital of Philadelphia has adopted the footprint method, for the first time, it is said, in the history of any institution in this country. The new plan is advocated as effectually preventing "getting the babies mixed"

# LE FRANÇAIS INCONNU

AN INTERPRETATION OF THE FRENCHNESS OF THE FRENCH

BY DORIS HEMMING



Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook staff

THE BOOKSTALLS ON THE SEINE IN PARIS, AND NOTRE DAME ACROSS THE RIVER

**A**N American banker came to Paris in the year of grace 1920, filled with charity towards all mankind and the economic opinions of Mr. Hoover. He had watched events roll in and out of the American political arena during the year that had elapsed since the armistice. He felt uneasy and dissatisfied, now with his Government, now with his superiors in the world of finance. He was sure that there was something wrong somewhere and that perhaps, after all, the Continent of Europe was being rather bullied by its sturdy young American brother. Chance sent him across the Atlantic, and he rejoiced at the unexpected opportunity to make up his mind on international subjects by personal experience, and not by adopting the opinions of others ready made.

Elated by the intoxicating atmosphere of Paris, our banker gazed with exceptional appreciation at the fine proportions of the Opera House that dominates the center of this whirling city. Not content with a superficial survey of such a magnificent building, he booked tickets for the following evening, determined to drink deep of the artistic

pleasures of this wonderful Paris. Three hours of exquisite harmony of music, color, and form passed as if by magic, and half in a dream he found himself following the line of slow-moving people down the aisle of the vast auditorium. Were there ever such musicians, such a rare appreciation of the dividing line between art and banality? These people should be cherished and fostered by the rest of the world for the sake of their inspiration. Would the New World ever attain to their discernment and originality?

In the lobby he presented himself before the *gardienne* of hats and umbrellas and mechanically held out his number. A Frenchman who pressed from behind received his hat as a matter of course. Still the American held out his ticket. Three more newcomers were served, and then another three. The dream of beauty was beginning to fade.

"Would you be good enough to give me my hat?" said our banker, calmly.

"*Comment,*" said the *gardienne*, "*un Américain! Hein!*"

The dream of music and flowers had

given way before a feeling of decided annoyance, but the American still held out his ticket. As one customer after another was served with deliberate intention, his anger began to mount.

"*Faut pas faire du mauvais sang,*" said the brazen woman, with a toss of her head. "*Vous êtes un étranger.*"

"*Un étranger, oui,*" he replied in a low voice, clenching his fists.

After the last member of the audience had departed she flounced his hat and stick on the counter with a laugh. "*Deux francs, monsieur. Non, je ne prends pas de timbres.*"

Fortunately, the American's knowledge of French was very limited in certain directions, and, after one or two inarticulate attempts to express himself, he shrugged his shoulders and stalked out.

"So this is France," he said aloud. "What a paradox!"

Three months later he surveyed the receding shores of France from the back of an ocean liner. One cannot condemn a people wholesale, he reflected, yet neither can one approve. A nation is as many-sided as a diamond which reflects and creates lights of every hue.