

## Music



### ►► Torch and Dance Records

AS PRESENTED in the show, the music from George White's *Scandals* is far from genteel, but there is a certain amount of restraint employed. Victor Young, the brilliant Brunswick conductor and arranger, has brought out a double-sided twelve-inch disk of tunes from the *Scandals* that beats anything of its kind for heat and general rowdiness<sup>1</sup>. In addition to the Brunswick Orchestra, the Boswell Sisters, Bing Crosby, Frank Munn, the Dorsey Brothers, the Mills Brothers and (anonymously) Everett Marshall are all involved. How's that for talent all on one record?

Speaking of the Mills Brothers, they are a quartet with guitar who use no other instruments except their hands and their vocal chords. What they do to two old favorites, *Tiger Rag* and *Nobody's Sweetheart* is not only astounding, but eminently danceable<sup>2</sup>. I had thought the *Tiger Rag* field pretty adequately covered, but these lads have added several new notes and new ways of making them.

*I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal, You* started it, but now there is another delightfully vindictive colored ditty about. *They Put the Last Clean Shirt on Bill Today* is the tale of a bad man who messed around with his pals' gals until one of them got him and now he's in a wooden kimono where they can find him Decoration Day. Clarence Augustus Williams chortles it, although he is listed as The Whispering Baritone. On the reverse he advises us *Don't Let Love Make a Fool of You* and if you listen to both of these songs and take heed you'll have lots of fun and keep out of trouble<sup>3</sup>.

A gentleman of color who couldn't do anything about that but who has gone frightfully British on us as to accent is Leslie Hutchinson. Never convinced before, I must admit that his *Time on My Hands* is much the best to date, well backed by *I'm Glad I Waited*<sup>4</sup>.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick 20102.  
2. Brunswick 6197.  
3. Columbia 14628-D.  
4. Parlophone R 925.

## ►► Prose and Worse ◀◀

Most figures in the public eye  
Make me either laugh or cry.

I do not think that Mr. Hoover's  
Done very much to win approvers.

It always makes me snicker some  
To look at Mr. Wickersham.

As for the greatness that is Ford's,  
I like his works, but not his words.

Nor can I say that I'm one who's felt  
Enthusiasm for young T. Roosevelt.

Alas, the only man that I'm for  
Is one I cannot find a rhyme for.

I do not mind, however, tellin'  
You that it isn't Mr. Mellon.

Things that far off enormous loom  
Grow small as you get closer to 'm.

You never shout: "They are the  
berries!"

When viewing your contemporaries.

For those whose ties and table manners  
Fret you, you seldom sing hosannas.

I wonder if the Greeks thought Plato  
A rather tasteless cold potato.

Perhaps if living in Angora  
I could think well of Mr. Borah.

And possibly great Mussolini,  
Viewed from the Vatican, looks teeny.

I think behind this lies the truth  
Of why men shun the voting booth.

The man who begs me for my vote  
Quite often gets, instead, my goat.

He may be capable and wise,  
A foe of grafters, crooks and drys,

But if he wears bright pink suspenders  
Or goes on periodic benders

Or has long hair, or bulging eyes,  
My interest in him quickly dies.

Is it, indeed, too much to ask  
That all our great men wear a mask?

Without a mask, the non-essential  
Becomes at once too influential.

A close-up of a president  
Has saddened many an honest gent.

A movement to protect our national  
Heroes seems to me quite rational.

I hope this plan appeals to you:  
To ship them off to Timbuctoo

Where far from platforms, crowds and  
cameras  
They will again seem great and  
glamorous.

They'll not be here, of course, and so'll  
Govern us by remote control,

Which as a scheme of government  
Is not without its precedent.

Ah, how I could admire our mayor  
If he lived on a Himalaya!

How joyously I'd think of Hoover  
If he but dwelt in chilly Newfou-

ndland. And with how meek and lovin' a  
Gaze I'd look up to a governor

Who lived in Bechuanaland.  
Won't you give this scheme a great big  
hand?

☆☆☆☆☆

For the benefit of those who wish to make a little money by the practice of some easy and genteel employment at home, but who find that the only things they can think of to make bring them into competition with the five and ten cent stores, we wish to suggest several articles described in *The Girl's Own Book*, published in 1832. Engraved eggshells, we think, are not now on the market, nor are fly cages, made of bristles fastened together with beeswax ("which look very pretty suspended from the ceiling"). Then there are feather baskets and melon-seed baskets, and baskets made of allspice (but you have to soak the allspice in brandy before stringing), of moss, alum and rice. Or you can take up poonah painting, an art much neglected of late. Just what a poonah is, unfortunately, is not made clear. In fact, all the directions in the book leave a good deal to be desired, and in several cases the author has altogether, though not very gracefully, dodged them. As, for instance, with various things made of cut and folded paper. "They are very difficult to describe, and any little girl who wishes to make them can learn of some obliging friend in a very few moments." But we did learn how the fly cages are made, and if you'd like to prepare a few to send to your relatives for Christmas, we'll be glad to send you the directions.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

# How T. R. Took Panama

(Continued from Page 435)

friendly arrest early on November 4; he was very close to the revolutionists and was living in Amador's house. A few more citizens would be arrested, as a gesture, and a rocket sent up by the Fire Brigade. To prevent the possibility that the troops bound for Colon could cross the Isthmus, it was arranged that all rolling stock on the railroad would be sent to Panama City. This detail was the work of Colonel J. R. Shaler, Superintendent of the Panama Railroad.

Behind all this, in influence and in power, was the United States. Roosevelt insisted, probably truthfully, that he had no idea what assurances might have been given by Bunau-Varilla to the revolutionists. The Roosevelt Administration had concluded, and Bunau-Varilla knew it, to make the Treaty of 1846 with New Granada an excuse to assist the revolutionists. This, of course, was distinct from Dr. Moore's plan, now obsolete, for the seizure of Panama by the United States.

THE DECISION of the conspirators to delay the revolution until November 4 was very nearly fatal to the cause of liberty. The *Nashville* arrived at Colon at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of November 2. That same day the Navy Department sent instructions to Commander John Hubbard of the *Nashville* and to the commanding officers of the other vessels steaming toward Panama. They were directed to "maintain free and uninterrupted transit" on the Isthmus. If this was threatened "by armed force" they were to "occupy the line of railroad" and prevent any troops, government or insurgent, from landing "at any point within fifty miles of Panama." But Hubbard's cable had not arrived. He saw no disturbance nor any basis for action in the uncontested landing at midnight on November 2 of 500 Colombian soldiers from the gunboat *Cartagena*. On the morning of November 3 all remained quiet, and he cabled Washington to that effect.

On hearing that the Bogotá warriors had arrived, and that only the narrow isthmus stood between them and the patriotic revolutionists, Dr. Amador and his associates at Panama City were again plunged into gloom. This time Señora Maria de la Ora de Amador (de Guerrero), the leader's wife, buoyed their courage. It was too late to retreat, said the future First Lady of Panama. Their plans had been carried on so far that retreat was impossible. In this crisis Cromwell's men saved the day. Generals Tovar and Amaya were greeted at 8

o'clock that morning at Colon by Shaler, the Panama Railroad superintendent. He exuded cordiality, and he led them with appropriate flourishes to a special train with a single car attached to the locomotive. The troops would follow at 1 o'clock that day, the superintendent explained, when the Colombian generals asked why they were being shipped to Panama City by themselves. Then, as they still hesitated, Shaler pulled the bell-cord, hopped off and waved a genial farewell as the train rolled out. In due time it arrived on the other side of the isthmus where Tovar and Amaya received a reception worthy of their high rank.

Amador, his courage fortified by desperation, had decided to strike. Shaler telegraphed that the troops would not be transported. When Colonel Torres, the commanding officer at Colon, demanded a train, the bluff and hearty railroad superintendent said that this was impossible unless the fares of the troops were paid in advance. When Torres protested that his superior officers had all the money, \$65,000 conveniently borrowed from the Collectors of Customs at Barranquilla and Cartagena, Shaler said that he was desolated, but what could he do? Regulations were regulations; tickets must be bought for the troops. If only Governor Obaldia were present, he could sign authorizations in lieu of cash. But the Governor was at Panama City and, as Shaler was well aware but kept to himself, was hand in hand with the rebels. Thus it was Shaler, in the employ of Cromwell's clients, who saved the day. No train was supplied. Tovar and Amaya, being elaborately entertained at the Government House in Panama City, grew slightly uneasy as the afternoon wore away and their soldiers did not appear.

A highly excited Colombian colonel demanding transportation, a puzzled American naval officer wondering whether he had made a mistake, and a regiment of soldiers encamped at the railroad station, naturally attracted attention in sleepy Colon. Malmross, the American Consul, felt it wise to report these unusual activities to the State Department and his descriptive cable was received at Washington at 2:35 o'clock in the afternoon. He said he knew very little of what went on across the isthmus, but certainly something was under way. His cable inspired F. B. Loomis, the first assistant to Secretary Hay, to send an unfortunate inquiry. He controlled his patience for an hour, and at 3:40 tele-



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graphed to Felix Ehrman, the consul at Panama City: "Uprising on the isthmus reported. Keep Department promptly and fully informed." Ehrman, who was also close to the conspirators, replied that as yet there was no uprising but that one was due that night.

A final change in plans by the excitable revolutionists scheduled the revolution for 8 o'clock that night, November 3, during a band concert on the plaza. Generals Tovar and Amaya were to be invited to the musical feast and then arrested. The rebellion, however, got out of hand. At about 5 o'clock the Fire Brigade began the distribution of weapons to the crowds in the streets. The two generals were escorted to police headquarters while a great crowd assembled, shouting, "*Viva el Itmo libre!*" "*Viva Huertas!*" "*Viva el Presidente Amador!*" and shot off their guns, to the extreme peril of spectators. The hour of freedom was exactly 5:49 o'clock on November 3, 1903. Ehrman reported the revolution to Washington a few minutes later.

ON THE following morning Dr. Amador, soon to be President of Panama, directed that the troops which had taken part in the revolt be drawn up at the barracks. Somehow during the night funds had been obtained; according to one rumor by backing a mule cart up to the sub-treasury in the city. In front of his expectant men stood General Huertas, and there was a moment of hushed silence.

"The world is astounded at our heroism!" said Amador. "Yesterday we were but the slaves of Colombia; today we are free . . . . President Roosevelt has made good . . . . Free sons of Panama, I salute you! Long live the Republic of Panama! Long live President Roosevelt! Long live the American government."

Then the president-elect suggested that each of the heroes be given the \$50 in gold which had been pledged. It was done, amid further cheers for America and Roosevelt. Later that day a demonstration was held in the plaza of Panama City. The parade wound up at the Century Hotel where Huertas was nearly drowned as bottle after bottle of champagne was poured over the warrior's head. Nor did his countrymen deny to Huertas more substantial rewards. He was immediately paid \$30,000 in silver and later received \$50,000 additional in gold. Most of the junior officers received \$10,000 each.

At Colon on November 4, while these jollifications went on across the isthmus, there was a moment of gravity. It was, however, as brief as the interval in Pan-

ama on the evening before when a Colombian gunboat had tossed a shell or two into the town and had killed a Chinaman. Colonel Torres was still outraged because he had been denied transportation to Panama City. He announced that he would kill every American in Colon unless his generals, still languishing in police headquarters, were released. Thereupon Commander Hubbard, no longer in doubt as to his function, landed some Marines and announced that the troops could not, in any event, use the railroad. Torres calmed down. He assured Hubbard of his deep



## Through a Glass Darkly

*From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of December 5, 1951*

In pardoning William Jones, convicted in 1950 of manslaughter, Governor Harris of Illinois declared last week that he had taken into consideration Jones's activities in the successful campaign in 1932 to liberate Mooney from St. Quentin Prison.

The Pictorial Newspaper Editors Association, assembled in convention at Metroburg last Monday, pledged its members—"in the interest of the public"—to print during the year 1952 no photograph of any one younger than two or older than sixty-five years.

President William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, conducted the ceremonies at the Phi Beta Kappa clubhouse last Thursday at which James J. Tunney, Jr., of the Class of '52, eldest son of Professor Tunney of the English Department, was inducted into the Society.



friendship for the United States and on November 5, in return for \$8,000 advanced by Shaler, he consented to withdraw with his men. They sailed on the S.S. *Orinoco* as Shaler, always gallant, sent aboard two cases of champagne for Torres. On November 6 the Panamanian flag was raised at Colon.

All this excess of patriotism, flag-waving and excitement must not obscure the real reasons for the Panama revolution; to preserve untouched the \$40,000,000 of the New Panama Canal Company and to accelerate the construction of the canal across the isthmus. President Roosevelt was notified by Ehrman at 11:35 o'clock on the morning of November 6 that freedom had been finally and definitely accomplished. He thereupon acted with haste that was indecent, not to say unwise. At 12:51 o'clock, hardly more than an hour later, Hay instructed the American Consul at Panama City to recognize the *de facto* government. Identical instructions were sent to Beupré at Bogotá and to Malmross at Colon. On November 10 Amador and Frederico Boyd were *en route* to the United States to sign a treaty.

Bunau-Varilla, actually a realist despite the romantic flavor of his writings, did not purpose to wait for the arrival of the two Panamanians. The possibility loomed that the new republic, like Colombia, might grow dissatisfied with \$10,000,000 and demand part of the \$40,000,000 to be paid to the French stockholders. Bunau-Varilla did not intend to have all his labors thus undone, and he persuaded Roosevelt to receive him, as the minister from Panama, on November 13. The treaty was signed on November 17 by Hay and Bunau-Varilla, and Amador, if he had any hope of raising the price, arrived too late.

TO THE protests from Colombia, forwarded by the too sympathetic Beupré, the United States turned a deaf ear. Hay insisted, on behalf of Roosevelt, that the action had been "in the interest of peace and order. . . ." But American naval vessels, by now at Panama City as well as off Colon, had been used to prevent reprisals by Colombian troops. Roosevelt was determined that these should not take place. He gave instructions accordingly, and for a time it seemed as though there would certainly be fighting between the Marines and the Colombian soldiers. This would have been war, and Roosevelt would have found it exceedingly difficult to defend before Congress. Ultimately, however, Colombia decided that it was hopeless to obtain justice by force, and she began the long and weary task of obtaining an indemnity by diplomatic representations.

In June, 1904, as Elihu Root prepared his summary of administration accomplishments for the 1904 convention, Roosevelt instructed him to tell about "Panama in all its details." The following year he declared that the United States had shown "a spirit not merely of justice but of generosity in its dealings with Colombia." These convictions of righteousness in "the most important action I took in foreign affairs" never deserted him. Pride in his achievement caused him to make indiscreet statements, however. On June 19, 1908, he referred to "taking Panama" in a letter to Sir George Trevelyan. The phrase in his memoirs was: "I took Panama without consulting the Cabinet." Finally, on March 23, 1911, Roosevelt made the address at the University of California which was to cost his country \$25,000,000. He said:

. . . . I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it. If I had followed conventional, conservative methods, I should have submitted a dignified state paper of approximately two hundred pages to the Congress and the debate would have been going on yet, but I took the canal zone and let

Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the canal does also.

This public confession gave new impetus to Colombia's efforts, carried on since 1904, to obtain redress for her grievance. Even Roosevelt, by suggesting that Panama turn over to Colombia for ten years her annuity of \$250,000, tacitly admitted some basis for her resentment. Roosevelt would tolerate no frank admission, however, that he had been wrong. Half-hearted attempts to appease Colombia were made during the Taft Administration. Then Wilson became President and a treaty was drafted which offered an apology and \$25,000,000 to Colombia. Roosevelt, of course, was furious. He could not believe that "Mr. Wilson has so far forgotten the dictates of honor and his duty as a citizen . . . to pay \$25,000,000 or any other sum . . . Not one dollar can be paid . . . with propriety, and it would be an act of infamy to pay even a dollar to a nation which, in crooked greed, tried by blackmail to smirch the good name of America."

ROOSEVELT's friends in the Senate, among them Cabot Lodge, blocked confirmation that year. The world war postponed further consideration until Roosevelt was dead and the Harding Administration came into being in 1921. Now, new and all-persuasive influences were demanding conciliation of Colombia. In the final debate on an indemnity in April, 1921, Senator Lodge spoke at length of his reverence for the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, who had been his closest friend. It was unthinkable that he would act counter to the wishes of that friend, now dead. The treaty under consideration, he said, was not the one to which Roosevelt had objected so violently, which he had branded as countenancing blackmail. It no longer contained an apology for wrongdoing by the United States. The "amount of the indemnity," said Lodge suavely, ". . . carried no admission as to wrongdoing of any kind, but was simply a question of the . . . amount to be paid in consideration of the recognition by Colombia of the independence of Panama."

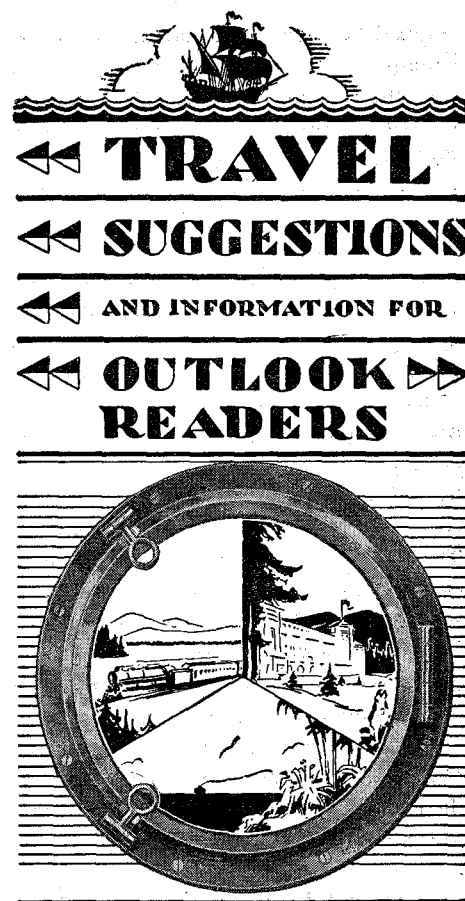
This was an obvious absurdity. Why should the United States, innocent of wrongdoing, turn over \$25,000,000 to the Bogotán "corruptionists"? When, in history, had this country paid millions to persuade one Latin-American country that the independence of another should be recognized? Other reasons lay beneath the speech of the Senator from Massachusetts, and Lodge soon revealed them. The treaty would "promote our commerce . . . our exports have been falling off," he said. But even

this was not the specific reason; it was a generality. The reason was oil, the oil that smeared the Harding Administration and stained the name of a President of the United States. Its spokesman was Albert B. Fall, the Fall who was "a faithless public servant." Senator Lodge, pleading that \$25,000,000 be given to Colombia, told of valuable oil concessions which might otherwise be awarded to the Royal Dutch-Shell, the Anglo-Persian, and other British interests. Colombia was inclined to discriminate against the United States in accepting bids, but the \$25,000,000 would result in a treaty of "amity and commerce" which would "improve our opportunities . . . of making secure these concessions."

Roosevelt, continued Lodge, would give his approval if only he were alive. He said that in 1916 his friend had done so, and he offered in evidence a letter from Fall dated March 21, 1917. This quoted a communication from Roosevelt, written in 1916, praising Harding's Secretary of the Interior, then Senator from New Mexico, as "the kind of a public servant of whom all Americans feel proud . . ." Fall's letter also described conversations in which Roosevelt had recommended improved trade relations with Colombia. None of this made the former President's position at all clear, or offered even approximate proof that he favored the treaty under discussion. But the Senate was convinced; the treaty was ratified on April 20, 1921.

Who got the \$40,000,000 paid by the United States? "Doubtless in Paris, and perhaps to a lesser degree in New York," Roosevelt admitted, "there were speculators who bought and sold in the stock market with a view to the varying conditions in the course of the negotiations, and with a view to the probable outcome." But although, in December, 1908, the President informed Philander Knox that "Mr. Cromwell has sent on to me the complete list of the stockholders of the Panama Canal Companies," no such list has ever been made public nor is there a trace of it among the papers at the Library of Congress. It is as much of a mystery today as it ever was.

No President left the White House with more regrets than Roosevelt. He was only 50 and politics savored his whole life. His regret at passing will be described next week, as well as his nervous quest for something to do. Toward the end he fought with a rebellious Congress. He corresponded at length, too, with the German Kaiser who was trying to alarm T. R. about Japan



Winter Sports in general from the Pacific to the Atlantic are increasingly popular. ❑ Skating we have always had with us, and sleds were ever the popular gift for the younger set, but now skis and toboggans appear on many a Christmas list among the grown-ups as well. ❑ Ideal conditions for winter sports are found at Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, and on Mount Royal in Montreal. ❑ The mountains of New England, Pennsylvania and New York afford excellent opportunities for learners as well as experts. ❑ Rocky Mountain National Park, near Denver, Colorado, draws winter sports patrons from beyond the Mississippi. ❑ Lake Tahoe puts winter sports within easy reach of San Franciscans. ❑ Portland, Seattle and Western Canada are all making more and more use of the deep snows once a signal for long months of isolation now welcomed as an opportunity for winter carnivals. ❑ Literature on winter sports, either in the snow or sunshine belt, together with travel suggestions of any kind desired, will be sent free by The Outlook Travel Bureau. ❑ Address Mrs. Kirkland, Director.

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## The Scourge of the Schools

(Continued from Page 431)

slipped suddenly from a measurable position of educational leadership to one of backwardness, charged that the school managers and teachers had lost their zest for a fight and rebuked them for timidity and lethargy when the law-making body was cutting their salaries and reducing appropriations to the higher educational institutions. Another editor began in his paper of national circulation a signed article called "Schools and Waste" by calling "boloney" parts of the presidential address of Dr. Willis A. Sutton before the National Education Association in July.

"The problem that confronts the teachers of America," wrote the editor, "is the problem of teaching boys and girls reading, writing and arithmetic. It is a whale of a problem, too, and if it were successfully solved great things would be accomplished for the nation."

He went on to charge that teachers "are content with nothing less than covering the earth. They acquiesce in, when they do not instigate, all sorts of movements to make the schools take over the functions of the home, the church and the policeman. And now, apparently, they are about to take on the duties of the Employers' Association and the Chamber of Commerce as well."

He thought it no wonder, considering the length and breadth to which modern education has spread, that "there are complaints that it is a bit thin." He expressed some fear, too, that "any and every sort of quack, pretentious mountebank and pious fraud can invade the field of education," and pointed to the difficulty of throwing such charlatans out. "The average layman knows that he is quite unequal to such a task; so he becomes an easy victim for educational 'experts' with fifty-seven varieties of expensive idiocy."

THE editor may be a trifle in error, if by layman he means the public, for in recent months it has been clearly demonstrated that the public is quite equal to the task. Never before have the teachers and their schools been so thoroughly punished. Why? Perhaps because they have been wasteful. But if there has been waste, it has been in part the result of the feverish and competitive effort of the public to have more expensive school buildings than the neighbors, more teachers and increased salaries for them, longer school terms, and enlarged educational facilities generally, into which some fads and frills have doubtless naturally come—the public being present and agreeing. But if this eagerness is a vice

of the public, which has been so lavish in expenditures for schools, the sin should not be laid at the door of the teachers.

The blame for the present sad plight of the schools and for the evil days upon which the teachers have fallen should be properly distributed. It is probable that little of it can properly be charged to debts, deficits and depression. The probability is high that a strong case could be made against some school teachers, especially those who make their classrooms as bare and desolate as their own narrow lives.

The probability may be a bit higher that a stronger case can be made against a sizable number of the professional managers of education; for, while a host of school superintendents observe the ground rules of decency and the so-called profession, too many of them are amateurs, dilettantes, medicine men, quacks, charlatans, sophists, buffoons, fatheads, and just plain mediocrities of the back-slapping, hand-shaking, "hello-Pete" variety, as well as sadly lacking in courage—miserably uneducated and at best mechanics only. Equally as high, if not indeed higher, is the probability that a stronger case still could be filed against many of the so-called professional educational experts who pin their faith so fully and blindly to what they call science in a realm that requires art. They not only set the styles in pedagogy, as already pointed out, but they train the teachers and managers of the schools. Moreover, they have made it fashionable to make high promises in the name of education and to encourage the public to look to it as a cure-all for the ills that flesh and democratic society are heir to.

Not all the blame should be placed upon the school teachers and managers and those who train them. A very large part of it falls heavily upon the public that provided the dance and got exactly what it ordered. Does it seem manly for the public to refuse to pay the fiddlers now because it believes the music was sorry? And is it wise to punish the teachers and cripple the schools when in doing so the public is punishing posterity and repudiating the debt eternal, that of maturity to childhood and youth?

But the public should be pitied as well as blamed. Although the people of the United States last year spent three billions on schools (only 2.74 per cent, however, of the national income) they have not yet learned to distinguish between schooling and education. And now the public faces the danger that the sins of unintelligent economy, aggravated by hysteria, may turn out to be as gross if not worse public immoralities than the extravagance and lack of balance charged against the schools.

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## REMARKABLE REMARKS CONTEST

For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of \$5 for the one judged best, and \$2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.