

ENGLISH WOMAN NOVELIST SAYS SHE ADMIRES AMERICAN MAN BECAUSE HE IS SO BRUTAL

Well Known Writer and Sociologist Talks Entertainingly of Her Experiences During Her Secret Tour of London's Slums.

"The American man is ducky," says Mrs. Harold Gorst. "He's so brutal. I like brutality in a man."

Now, of course, there is nothing that makes the ordinary American citizen, habitant U. S. A., sex male, more pleased with himself than to be told that he is brutal.

Every man who interviewed Mrs. Gorst, that one of Great Britain's novelists who has most recently paid us a visit, was subtly flattered by the charge. Even the writer of this article, generally the mildest of men and not one to hold out even a quarter on pay day, has ever since the Gorst invasion cherished a secret ambition to go home and beat his wife.

For the women interviewers Mrs. Gorst had an equally alluring method. "Are you an American?" she queries, raising innocent, questioning eyes to the interlocutor from this newspaper.

The interviewer confesses that she is. "I shouldn't have thought so," says Mrs. Gorst, filled with a charming amazement. "American women usually have such dry and dead looking complexions. How do you manage to live here and not have an American complexion?"

So there you are, you see, with the woman interviewer neatly fixed.

After this, of course, it isn't surprising to learn that mingled with Scotch and English blood in Mrs. Gorst's veins there is also a perfectly good Blarney stone Irish strain.

Mrs. Gorst dresses like Carmen and has the insinuating manners of a French woman. So it isn't surprising either to discover that French and Spanish ancestry as well as English, Scotch and Irish have a place on her family tree. The Carmen costume, black with Spanish lace, flowing lace veils and red flowers in the hat and corsage, is immensely becoming to her richly-colored beauty. Her handsome eyes and hair are dark and she has plenty of deep English roses in her cheeks.

Like Mr. Arnold Bennett and most of her literary countrymen and countrywomen who favor us with their presence

for a brief spell, Mrs. Gorst has made her trip here a voyage of discovery. She has found out wonderful things.

"You have such remarkable education over here in America," she says, "and such culture; especially I am astonished at the culture of the American women. I go to places and hear women talk so intelligently on such subjects as the inner meaning of the Greek drama. Isn't it surprising?"

"Aren't you ragging a bit?" asked the interviewer. "Oh, not at all. I really mean it. But there's one thing I have noticed. I have happened to go to other places later where those women who had made the greatest impression on me before said the same things over again. No perhaps you American women learn little set speeches to say on these cultured subjects and keep on repeating them wherever you happen to go. Do you do that?"

Mrs. Gorst leaned forward eagerly and fastened her dark eyes on the interviewer as if she would wring the secret from him, but for the honor of his countrywomen he returned a stout negative.

Mrs. Gorst paid the usual tribute to what is technically known as American hustle. "I thought things went pretty rapidly in England, but we don't seem to move at all in comparison with you," she declared. "Your American women have so much vivacity, they are so quick. We English women are so slow about everything."

This generalization doesn't apply to Mrs. Gorst herself, whose little daughter has very properly likened her to a cinematograph. She speaks more quickly and thinks more quickly, walks more quickly and climbs steps more quickly than any American woman who ever lived. In fact when she first begins to speak it is as difficult for a poor slow Yankee to find out what she is saying as if she were speaking Choctaw or Chinese.

Presently, however, one gets the swing, as they used to say in the White Fields days, and then the full flowing language turns into English again, and very beautiful English at that.

Mrs. Gorst has discovered strange things about our educational methods. "Your education is wonderful when it is in earnest," she said, "but sometimes it isn't. I have dined at one of your fashionable private schools where all the girls came down in full evening dress and received me callers. I was told it was a regular institution called 'society's night.' All very well, perhaps, but not so interesting as throwing notes over the wall.

"I believe that this modern notion which we have adopted from you of allowing men and women to see as much as they want of each other and to go around together unaccompanied is one of the reasons why men and women aren't so angry



Disguised as a Tramp, Mrs. Gorst Spent Many Nights Walking the Streets in the Slums of London in Search of Material for Her Novels.

to marry as they used to be. It makes the association between the members of the opposite sex less interesting. It's the same old story of forbidden fruit. Mrs. Gorst doesn't think that the women of England are so deeply interested in suffrage as they imagine themselves to be.

"Some of them are very much in earnest," she said, "but of course great numbers of them are in the movement because they have nothing else to do. I don't believe it is a question of their not marrying. I know statistics show that there are so many more women than men in England that many women could not marry even if they wished, but among my friends I see nothing of that. Of course I have heard it said that the discontent of the women of England arises from the fact that so many of them must be single and for that reason they turn to suffrage hoping that such an outside interest will fill their lives. But I find that many of the women whom I know don't want to marry. They have offers of marriage which they refuse, so it can't be that which sends them into the suffrage ranks."

"Then what do you think it is?" "I think it's because the men of England are deteriorating," said Mrs. Gorst. "It isn't that there aren't enough men to go around, but such men as there are are impossible. Often one wouldn't touch them with a large pole.

"Now the American men are quite different, but the trouble is that I can't find them. Those that I have met are charming, but they seem to hide themselves away so. They don't go to their wives' parties, that's evident. Where do they go? Where do they hide?"

In addition to discovering the American man in small quantities Mrs. Gorst has discovered Atlantic City, which she says is a vulgar edition of the British Brighton.

"And I wouldn't ride in the rolling chairs. One would feel for all the world as if one were riding in a perambulator. All that is needed is the bottle."

"You haven't any poor," she said; "you don't know what poverty is. I could laugh at what you call poverty. You should see the London poor. There every garbage receptacle is raked over by the poor wretches who are in search of food. Neither a banana peel nor an orange peel is ever left in the streets. The children snatch them up and eat them—and they are very glad to get them, too. I have seen in your cities cigars and cigarettes which have been partly smoked lying in the streets and in other public places. In London these are instantly snatched up and smoked. In the lodging houses they are sold. The poor live in the most horrible places, sometimes sixteen or seventeen in a room. Even then the room does not belong to them. They can lie down and sleep for two hours and then they must go out on the streets for the rest of the time while the next shift of sleepers occupy their places."

Mrs. Gorst has written principally of the London slums and in search of material she has spent many nights walking up and down the Victoria Embankment or wandering through the darkest slums of London disguised as a tramp.

"When I put on my tramp clothes," said Mrs. Gorst, "I have also to make up my face and hands in harmony. You wouldn't believe how dazzling clean you look when you have put on dingy tramp clothes. The color of your skin would at once show that you were not a tramp. When you have been out on the road tramping for weeks and months you are all alike, faded to one dull tone. First I give a red coating to my skin, then a brown coating and then I go to the hair and rub my hands over the black lead.

"This I brush lightly off on my face, hands, arms and neck. Then I put a bandage over one eye, usually with a little lip salve to make a red spot on it. To be perfectly frank this bandage is not necessary, but I like the dramatic effect."

"My make-up is an art and an order. No one has ever taken me for anything but a tramp or a woman of the slums when I have had it on. I have stared out on the Victoria Embankment many a night walking up and down or snatching a little sleep here and there until I was moved on by a policeman. Now they will not let us stay there all night. If we have not been able to find a lodging before two o'clock we are taken up by the police and put in the city lodging house."

"One time I followed a drunken tramp who was playing a guitar. He finally went into a four ale bar, the poorest kind of a public house. I wanted to go in there, but I was a little afraid. Finally I also went in, and I was richly rewarded. For I got wonderful copy in there. I sat roused against the wall, my head in my hands, apparently seeing nothing, but

in reality watching everything. Of course, I had to buy something, so I chose cheese and a glass of stout, but I could only pretend to taste them. The place was crowded with men and women of the lowest class. I stayed there until twelve o'clock, when we were all turned out together.

"My daughter, who is also interested in writing, can do a step girl better than I can, because she is more the age for it. A step girl in London is a young girl—I have seen them of all ages from nine to eighteen—who comes around to clean the steps. She gets from one penny to fourpence, and often gets old clothes. When she comes she wears a sack apron and usually her mother's jacket. My daughter often goes out with me on the bank and to other places, and sometimes I take friends, but I find it very difficult to take amateurs along because they are never willing to be quite dingy or dirty enough. They always want to add a touch of bright color to their costume, something that is sure to give the thing away."

"The police have often spoken to us, sometimes to move us on, but often to give us kind advice about where we could get a night's lodging. One can go to the doss house for tuppence. If you have tuppence you are considered to have an ostensible means of livelihood. In the doss house one sleeps in a sort of bag arrangement made of black American oilcloth which can be washed off with paraffine every day."

Her studies among the London poor furnish the serious side of Mrs. Gorst's life. The happy side is supplied by her family. Her husband is a writer of books and newspaper articles and is at present standing for Parliament. There are five junior Gorsts, three boys and two girls.

"My thirteen-year-old daughter, who is going to be an actress when she grows up," said Mrs. Gorst, "is taking charge of the housekeeping during my absence and has a shilling a week for it, of which she feels very proud. Both of my girls are being brought up to be able to do something for themselves, as we approve of that idea which you have in America."

Mrs. Gorst's oldest son is in this country at present and is a member of Mr. George Arliss' company. The family has close affiliation with the stage through Mr. Charles Raun Kennedy, who is Mrs. Gorst's brother.

"Which do you think the more beautiful, American or English woman?" asked the interviewer, eager for the very last vestige of Mrs. Gorst's point of view.

"Perhaps," said the novelist, "the English woman possesses a little more actual beauty, but there is, after all, nothing like the delicious impudence of the American face."

Which remark the interviewer decided to take elsewhere and think over.

Doll's House for Dodd City's Tiny Assistant Postmaster

Mr. and Mrs. Dug Armstrong, of Dodd City, Ark., believe they are the happiest couple in the United States. And there's reason for it.

They have just moved into their home, a house specially constructed for them. They could not live in comfort in an ordinary house, for she is forty-four inches tall and he is just forty-nine inches. He is probably the smallest public official in the United States.

The diminutive husband is assistant postmaster and takes an active part in the affairs of Dodd City.

Everything in the house is on a small scale. The home itself looks much like a doll house. The stove is built close to the floor that Mrs. Armstrong may not have to stand on a chair. The chairs, tables and other furniture are correspondingly small.

The house merely has shrunk. The couple, who were married in February, spent most of the summer superintending the workmen who constructed their home and arranging the details of construction to serve their convenience to the last degree.

Neither is supersensitive about size. But when strangers stare at them too long they grow uneasy, and then we betide the stranger, for the citizens of Dodd City are ever at the beck of Dug Armstrong.

Mrs. Armstrong has not been in Dodd City as long as her husband. She recently came from Iowa. She is twenty years old, while he is eighteen years older. The wedding came about within a short time after the couple met.

"Just because we're small is no reason why we should not have a private life," said Armstrong. "We're trying to live and be just like every one else. It's mortifying to be regarded as curiosities everywhere."



"Dug" Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong.

we go. Vaudeville agents have been after us. They have worried us to death. I would rather never have money than gain it by exhibiting myself and my wife on a stage in such a disgusting manner.

"You see, it is not hard for me to gain a living. I do not get a large salary and I will never be rich, but as long as I have as many friends as I have in Dodd City I will never lack for a job which I can fill acceptably."

Mrs. Armstrong's father weighs 250 pounds and her mother but ten pounds less. A sister weighs 150 pounds and is tall in proportion. She was born in Hancock, Iowa, where she lived for years. Mr. Armstrong taught himself most of his adequate fund of knowledge. He did not like school when a lad, being shy of the other boys in the school, who laughed at his size.

He is widely read, and he forced himself when a boy to read many books for a while.

A WORD TO THE WIVES.

None, at the beginning of my married life, says a young wife, could have persuaded me that a wife can love her husband too much. The truth is that, in common with many inexperienced and romantic girls, I had a curious misconception of love.

I imagined that in loving Jack I must necessarily absorb his every thought and feel him no room to think of anything but his wife. I wanted him to share every idea I had and to be one with me in every pleasure of life. In short, quite unconsciously, I wished him to be almost an echo of myself, and in becoming this to lose his own individuality.

Because I liked music, for instance, I thought that my husband should try to educate himself up to a better appreciation of the art. I dragged him to concerts under the vain delusion that we must sympathize with each other's tastes simply because we were husband and wife. And in return I forced myself to take an interest in golf and outdoor games, which I secretly detested, but which I cultivated in the foolish belief that Jack would be hurt if I stayed at home.

I did not know that my husband only consented to play with me out of pure good nature. It never struck me that my indifferent play must have irritated him intensely. I thought he would understand that love was teaching me sympathy with him in all his pursuits, whereas the real truth, as he has since confessed, was simply a wretched and repressed irritation that I insisted on trying to play a game for which I had no aptitude.

At the same time I thought that I did not like, and I was quite prepared to sacrifice my own if he spoke the word. I had no idea that he was quite indifferent to too many friends as long as they let him alone. He kept an open mind on the subject, and he thought I ought to have done the same as regards his friends.

Unhappily I never could get rid of the habit of discussing and criticizing them, until one day Jack said to me, "I know my friends aren't perfect. But neither are you, and yet I am not always calling your attention to their defects. Don't you think it would be wiser if we agreed not to criticize our friends to each other unless there is some special reason for such plain speaking?" After that I let Jack's friends alone, and found that justice made for peace.

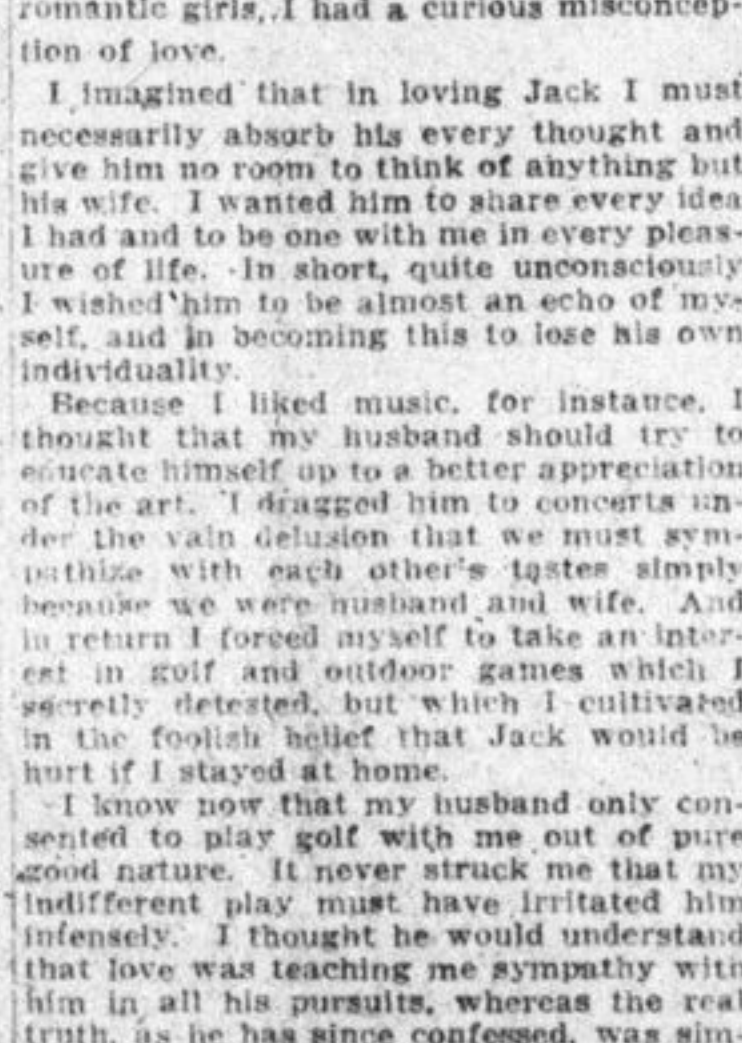
Foolishly enough, I thought that Jack never wanted any time to himself to develop his own tastes. If he sat alone in his den I was always barging in upon him to see if he did not feel lonely without me. The idea that husband and wife both needed a little freedom from each other's society at times was absolutely incredible. I forgot that two individuals, however devoted, could not be much of each other, and so retard their own growth of soul.

I began to realize that a wife can call for too much even in the name of love. I was trying to furnish Jack with ideas that would coincide with mine instead of allowing him to indulge in his own aspirations.

It was a case of selfishness masquerading as love. Both husbands and wives often make the same mistake. I learned my lesson and gave Jack more liberty and freedom to think out his own ideas and to cultivate his own individuality.

Says American Ragtime Is Based on Bird Melodies

Ragtime by an Apple Blossom Songster.



Efforts at Ragtime by a Massachusetts Oriole.

MUCH as it has suffered from its detractors, it is now declared by experts that American ragtime is an entirely natural and worthy kind of music which has been derived from the exquisite melodies of the birds.

Mr. Henry Olds, biological expert of the United States Department of Agriculture and lecturer for the Audubon Society, says that like most primitive music ragtime is based on the lovely melodies which come from the feathered songsters of wood and garden.

From the birds to the savages of Africa and the redmen of the United States, and from these more primitive peoples through their barbaric folk songs to the white man who borrowed his song motives and methods from both redman and African slave, the sweet melodies have travelled until they have reached the vaudeville houses and come to be the popular street song of the moment. The sophisticated young person who warbles the latest syncopated ditty with a full conviction that he is thus asserting his claims as the flower of metropolitan civilization may be after all, unknown to himself, owe brother in song to the tiny wild ranger of the forest which hundreds of years ago taught his music to a painted brave or supplied a wild and haunting plaint to the dark bondswoman torn from his tribe and country.

It is not contended by those who have made a study of bird music in comparison with music made by man that a hermit thrush which had just completed a song of wild and triumphant burst of song or a jay which had concluded a wonderful

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School in Pharaoh's Day

The good old pre-Pharaoh days were not all they were cracked up to be in the way of blissful freedom from work and care. Even the children who lived in Babylonia before the reign of Semiramis were haunted by the school bugaboo. In the Museum at the University of Pennsylvania are school books 4,200 years old, grammars, histories and a little gray slate covered with part of a boy's writing lesson in the wedge shaped cuneiform script of the time in which he lived. The books and writing are being translated by Professor Langdon of Jesus College, Oxford.

The textbooks, according to the Philadelphia North American, were used by students in the Temple school at Nippur, capital of ancient Sumeria in Babylonia, and were brought home by the University of Pennsylvania's Nippur expedition.

"All of this music is remarkable for its syncopated character. Look at the bars and it will be seen that the bird occasionally fails to put in an important note at the proper place or that he accents a note without reference to the time beat. In music this is called syncopation and in the popular tongue ragtime. I have never discovered this characteristic in the song of any other species than the oriole; it belongs exclusively to this bird."

"The oriole has a certain refrain, if not excited, way of singing which is a

outburst of musical pyrotechnics would be particularly glad to have "Stoody Ookums." "You Made Me Love You" or "That Mysterious Rag" suddenly sprung upon them as distant relatives of their incomparable songs. It is often only in ways unrecognizable to any but musicians that the bird songs resemble those of the human creature, especially when that human creature is a devotee of the song of the hour. Nevertheless, kinship there is, according to Mr. Olds, who has studied the notes of birds for twenty years and has many a time watched patiently from dusk to dawn for an opportunity to take down in musical notation the song of some shy creature of the trees."

Of all the birds the oriole is the one which most often produces a composition resembling the modern syncopated music known as ragtime. Mr. E. Schuyler Mathews, who is one of America's experts on bird music, not only gives the palm for ragtime composition to the oriole, but believes this to be the only bird which is actually a ragtime musician. In describing the oriole's song Mr. Mathews says:

"The oriole has a certain refrain, if not excited, way of singing which is a

LITTLE JOURNEYS INTO FASHION LAND.

DURING the last week black and white hats have disappeared from all smart heads, and brown, navy blue and dark, rich velvets in other shades have come to replace them. Dame Fashion is now, like a flash, up to the latest moment the things to a certain style as if nothing on earth will make her throw it up, and then all she wants is to see it from her as if it had never been her friend. So it is with the black and white hat.

The brown velvet, or tete de negre, as it is called, is the color up to date, but even that is bearing a eclipse, and it looks very queer as if the smart woman would choose her hat to tone with her coat, and with she not be afraid? Some like black, up to the latest moment the things to a certain style as if nothing on earth will make her throw it up, and then all she wants is to see it from her as if it had never been her friend. So it is with the black and white hat.

Only the big shops show black velvet shapes now, whether the milliner of first class, or the one who is being made to order. She cannot, because every head introduced hence, gentle waves of emerald, which when they are being said for absurdly low prices.

Mr. Armstrong's father was one of the Western pioneers, a large, hearty and strong. His mother was of medium size.