

The Perplexing Problem of Getting the World to Go to Bed

For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night.

I Thesalonians, 5:7.

How the German Empress, Like the Mayors of So Many American Cities, Is Trying to Find a Way to Make Humanity Sleep at Night, and to Check the Growing Practice of Reckless and Ruinous Revelry in the Dark Hours.

THE historian of the future, writing of the development and the decline of our wonderful civilization with a profound appreciation of its complex forces, must furnish posterity with an interesting study of the 20th century problem of getting the world to go to bed. This sounds strangely in the ears of the rational, well ordered man and woman who go serenely through life according to the good old method of dividing the day into three equal periods—eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work and eight hours for relaxation.

Edison, through whose transcendent genius the night has been transformed into day, tells us that this comfortable division is purely artificial and not vitally essential to the efficient operation of the human machine; that it is the result of the absence of light during the early days of the world's development, when, with the coming of darkness, general labor ceased.

With the birth of the electric sun these old divisions ceased, swept aside by a magic wand of radiance, so that the day of activities may be prolonged the entire 24 hours, providing one could dispense with sleep.

The wizard, while he has opened up a broad, brilliant highway to the world's achievement of big things and increased the productive period of man—"blessing humanity with light," as a recent writer put it—has, at the same time, illuminated the way to evils which he may not have foreseen.

Opening Pandora's Box.

His "blessing of light" has opened Pandora's box, from which are escaping figures and forces no less sinister than those of the classic legend, though they be seemly to the sight and alluring in their soulless, frivolous activities. Gay night life, at last, has become a menace of the city and of the nation as well—night, only the courtesy of custom, but in reality a period filled with the white radiance of luxurious pleasure.

Had Babylon been diamonded and inundated with this subjugated lighting glow, she must have gone more quickly to decay and wreck. And it is just this thought that has caused the German Empress to make a vigorous protest against the glowing canker of night life in Berlin and other cities, and, figuratively speaking, endeavor to put down the lid of Pandora's box.

The small town man and the dweller in the country may decide that the

night problems of the city do not even remotely concern him and his family, only in as far as they may dip into it in visiting the metropolis. But as good and evil alike follow in the shining wake of light, and as "White Ways" are flashing into being in hundreds of ambitious small cities, and as these cities are naturally emulous of the larger centres, the problem of proper restriction of the night life cannot lightly be put aside.

A big city, with its outstretching nerves of rapid communication between far removed points, and the thorough spread of information by the daily and the illustrated newspapers, is like an immense power house which sends its energies, good and bad, throughout its area of influence. It may be a healthful inspiration to well being and well doing; and it may be anything but that.

Perhaps you may recall one of the most educational passages in Daudet's "Sapho," in which the country boy, who has gone to the wonderful city, returns home debased and degraded, all of his wholesome spirit sacrificed to pleasure. When it is suddenly revealed to Aunt Davionna how great has been his degradation, she turns in the direction of the French capital, and, shaking her clenched fist, cries, in effect:

"Oh, Paris, what do we send to you and what do you send us back?"

And yet, today, Paris, famed in fiction and repute as a city of exceedingly hectic night life in comparison with Moscow is like Skaneateles after the curfew hour. Where it is not studiously naughty, it is merely stupid.

Parisians and Sleep.

And then, again, the Parisians are growing in the custom of getting a normal amount of sleep. The city, in fact, is awfully wicked only to those who are seeking to be shocked. After two or three seasons of tourists, during which companies of "sunbathers" from New York's Great White Way gave hilarious demonstrations of how "never to go to bed," even the most sufficient Parisians, who prided themselves on their "speed," raised a general alarm over the threatened Americanization of Paris.

Some of the resorts in Berlin do not open their doors until 2 o'clock in the morning, the very hour that the mayor of New York is contemplating extending the hour for closing down the lid—the very limit of official tolerance, the inflexible deadline of dance, feast and song.

The German Empress, Differing from Pandora in the Legend, Is Trying Hard to Put Down the "Lid" on the Night Galeties of Berlin.



Scene in a New York Park, Showing Men Who Have No Bed to Which to Go.



In the German capital, until the Empress voiced her complaint, no cause was afforded the night butterflies to complain of opportunities to keep awake, for there were places that opened after the dance halls and the cabarets were closed and continued until daylight. A recent observer says that during the small hours of the night—morning the Friedrichstrasse is scarcely less crowded than during high noon.

As a result of the Empress's protests the night licenses will be most rigorously reviewed; but there has been heard no statement to offset her belief that the general deterioration in public morals may be traced to the raised "lid."

Alarming Facts.

Here are some of the facts that influential Germans in various cities bring forward in their support of the Empress's protest and with a suggestion that, as night revelry unrestrained will eventually undermine the national strength and be widespread of numerous collateral evils, the government should take the question in hand: During 1901 to 1911 the percentage of divorces to marriages was doubled. During 1912 4 per cent. of the marriages in Prussia ended in divorce. In all the Prussian towns the percentage rose to 1 in 18; Berlin showed 1 divorce in every 10 marriages. "If the present increase in divorces continues," remarks a Berlin statistician, "in 1927 there will be no married persons who have not at one time been divorced except those who have just been wedded."

All this, the solid, thoughtful German says, has grown contributing causes in the strength of luxury, the

increasing immorality and the raised lid at night, especially in Berlin.

It may be some comfort to those who deplore conditions in the German capital—also to New Yorkers who see ugly things at the end of the brilliant night way; to the Englishman who calls his famed London "modern Babylon"; to the Frenchman who fears the night blight of Americanization—to know that the "gayest, liveliest and naughtiest city in the world" is not among theirs. No, indeed!

It is Moscow, in Russia, where recently made oil and mining millionaires buy champagne by the case and the spending of 500 or 600 rubles is not an excessive expense for a little diversion, while the shrieking night, kicked into tatters by Pleasure, awaits its emancipation by the morning.

Night in Merry Moscow.

Moscow has nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, but the number seems more than that at night. It is the wealthiest city in Russia and soon will be the largest. A red-blooded millionaire is always a foe to proper sleep, as New York and certain European capitals can testify in the cases of opulent newly-rich visitors. When millionaires do not make the night ashamed of itself, it is the men who are making noises like millionaires. Moscow has so many millionaires that to amuse them the day has been turned into 24 hours of continuous song and dance.

In the principal restaurant music hall the cabaret begins at 2:30 A. M. The tango room opens a half-hour earlier, and when things get under way, with average speed, the stranger in town will be forced to admit that Pandora has held prisoned some speciously seductive as well as unblushingly frank things.

In a little theatre whose doors open at midnight, on an average of 30 plays, some of them musical skits, are given until the broad day marks 5 A. M.

The pressure of the "lid" is maintained with characteristic British firmness in London. New York will continue to grapple with the proposition, it is safe to say, through many municipal administrations. Berlin will go through a period of adjustment, and Paris, like a capricious woman, will and will not; but, despite a development like Moscow, and others that may follow, the alarm has been sounded by thoughtful people. Emphatically and humbler thinker alike, that the lifted "lid" is a menace not only to the city, but to the entire nation.

This Midnight Scene in a Fashionable London Restaurant is Repeated in Most of the Big Cities of the World.



For a Real Linen Wedding

ONE of the prettiest country weddings is the linen wedding. The bride wears a gown of white linen, may be as elaborate as the bride desires. A small white rose toque or a white chip rose trimmed hat, white shoes and stockings complete her costume, and she may carry a bouquet with which to shower her bridesmaids after the wedding; or a white prayer book or a long-handled white linen and lace parasol.

The bridesroom should wear white linen or flannel to complete the picture. The bridesmaids, white linen tailored skirts and coats, lingerie blouses, low cut white satin vests, white felt country club hats, buckskin shoes, and may carry flowers or parasols, whichever they like best.

Ushers should wear white, as well as the best man.

This is a practical wedding for all. The gowns may be used afterward, which is not always the case. The house and table decorations should be in white roses and ferns.

The breakfast or buffet luncheon is best served at one large table, rather than small tables, if there are not too many guests. This may be followed by an informal reception, say from 2 to 4 P. M., at which the latest fad is to serve only punch and wedding cake.

The confetti for the bridal party is tiny silver horseshoes, arrows, hearts, rice and wedding slippers, in little white felt country club hats, buckskin shoes, and "alley-gaiters" of former days.

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