

EMILE COUE IN AMERICA

Will the Americans Carry Torch of New Civilization?

Coue Believes Europe Will Not Fall, But Declares Traditions Hold People in Check—Relates Differences Noted Between Americans and Frenchmen.

By EMILE COUE.

There are political students and thinkers who see in the present chaos of Europe convincing evidence of the decline of what we call modern civilization. They believe that the war has hastened the passing of an era, and the final collapse is at hand; that the thousand-year-old edifice of western culture is crumbling to dust, as in past epochs the proud pillars of Rome, Greece and Egypt tottered and fell when their destiny was accomplished.

I am not a pessimist, and I refuse to believe that our civilization is indeed foundering already. And did I believe it I would discourage such sombre predictions, for the law of suggestion is immutable, and to disseminate them is to facilitate and hasten their realization. As I have explained and, I hope, demonstrated, every idea tends to become a reality. As the sick man aggravates his sickness by dwelling upon it, and the aged shortens his days by thinking they are numbered, so nations and races hurry their own downfall by allowing the suggestion of it to sink into their souls.

Praises America.

Yet, were the light of European culture to be extinguished, the torch of civilization would still be kept burning by America. Who can visit this country without being persuaded of its fitness for such a glorious destiny? There has been much to impress and astound me here, but one of the vivid impressions I shall take away with me will be the feeling of "having been among a new people; a new people who have begun to climb where others had stopped, and whose best attainments have far outstripped the best of other nations. Why is this? It must be because America started untrammelled by the load of "traditions" borne by the peoples of the old world, and her spirit or genius was free to develop on new and independent lines. "Traditions" in this sense are nothing but "suggestions" operating ceaselessly, automatically, with ever-accumulating force, upon the whole population through succeeding generations. Of course, the earlier generations of Americans were still under the influence of their legacy of traditions. But the chain was broken. The virgin forests were a fit cradle for the birth of a new nation and a new mind. Autosuggestion would continue to mold them and their destinies, but it would flow from a fresh, unutilized source emanating from the untamable mystery of life to supply humanity with the elements of progress.

New Civilization.

That America has built a new foundation for her spiritual home, nay, for a new civilization, is proved by her political and social institutions, and by her whole trend of national thought today, although this is not the place for a proper analysis of them. Reminiscent as they obviously must be of older ones, they nevertheless differentiate widely from them in essential elements. There are certain superficial resemblances, but nothing like the fundamental sameness of principles which strikes one in all European countries.

Compare the social conditions existing in America with those pertaining to other countries. They bristle with differences. My beloved country led the world with its revolution and its declaration of "Liberty, equality, fraternity," and for a time they became absolute realities—as absolute as conditions then prevailing could make them. And France still is a good land to live in, for the principles she fought for are still a living force. But America has carried those principles further, has given them a new meaning and breathed into them a vitality that renders them proof against all passing shocks. In Europe they are subject to eclipse, because in the subconscious mind of the people centuries of suggestions have not yet been obliterated. Europe has, indeed, solved many social problems, but has not had time to forget the difficulties, the obsessions of which disturb them still from time to time. For instance, the struggle between Democracy and Autocracy. America, on the contrary, has been freed of all such hampering autosuggestion, and has therefore been enabled to move forward with swifter strides.

Freedom of Discussion.

I might also point to the position of religious thought as an illustration of my argument. A fresh breeze of freedom of discussion blows through every avenue of thought, preventing stagnation and dogmatic decay. Nowhere in the world, to my knowledge, is there such a lively interest manifested in church matters as in America; and nowhere is there such a tolerant liberalism. Here the church, or religion—call it what you will—is an active element in the life of the people. Consequently it lives and develops. Without going into the present controversy raised by Dr. Stickney Grant's challenge of the divinity of Christ, I may mention it as an admirable example of a vigorous national spirit, eager to push away every obstacle to the march of intellect.

The ideals of America are new. The idea of the League of Nations could only have germinated and developed in the minds of a people who themselves constitute a family of states. Europeans welcomed it, but, tainted by traditions, their conception clashed with the fresher one of the United States; so the latter withdrew, thus obeying—unconsciously—the imperious call of the spirit of a new civilization, seeking to build upon an old foundation.

Nations Live Together.

There is more evidence of this new spirit in the harmony in which offshoots of a score or more of different races live together on this side of the Atlantic. They are being welded together in the making of a nation—a God-like achievement. Contrast this with the pitiful strife and futile jealousy that tears Europe, simply because its inhabitants do not happen all to be of what is called in our still purile language the same "nationality," or creed!

We see the same differences in everything, even in the little details of everyday life, even in America's worst manifestations of materialism. There is always something to show that she had a new starting point. Her skyscrapers could not have originated in the mind of a European architect.

America is young, but from a necessarily cursory survey I gather an impression (I wonder if it would be confirmed by more qualified observers) that in most manifestations of intellect, in art, in science, in industry, in social progress, the foremost Americans have reached a further point than the foremost of other continents.

THE DEBUTANTE

By JULIA HOYT

Mothers of young daughters are often perplexed as to how to go about introducing them to society. There are many ways, from the most elaborate ball to the cosy little afternoon tea at home. Which of these a mother should choose depends first upon the family and the daughter's preference. But one must bear in mind that it isn't the amount of money parents spend on a daughter's coming out that makes her a success. It is the combination of her personality and character that counts.

On the other hand, for the girl of today a coming-out party has little or no flavor, because the young girls go about in large place look every bit as uncomfortable as too many in a small one.

Such an entertainment can usually be given in a large place look every bit as uncomfortable as too many in a small one. The thing for us to do now is to run and run and run so as to get as far ahead of Shadow the Weasel as we can. We must do so as to give the blessed little snowflakes time to cover up our trail.

Old Jed Thumper started off lip-slippingly and Peter kept right at his heels. The snowflakes were falling thick and fast now. It wouldn't take them long to cover the grass. Old Jed Thumper fairly kicked his heels for joy. "All right now, Peter," said he. "These blessed little snowflakes will save us, yes, they will save us. That is, they will if they come fast enough. The thing for us to do now is to run and run and run so as to get as far ahead of Shadow the Weasel as we can. We must do so as to give the blessed little snowflakes time to cover up our trail."

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Country and city halls vary somewhat as to the matter of supper. At very large city balls supper at tables is served at a definite hour—12:30 or 1 o'clock. This supper is usually rather elaborate, with a printed menu, and the courses are served at a dinner.

In this country supper is generally served continuously from 12 or 12:30 to 2 or 2:30. Small tables are placed about the room and the guests go into supper when they feel so inclined. The supper is kept on the sideboard, the hot things being kept in chafin dishes.

At less elaborate city dances the supper is usually served at a sideboard, but at a certain hour. In this case there may be small tables, or it may be what is called a "stand-up" supper. At large balls, both in city and country, which last until 3 or after, a breakfast is usually served. This is always served from a sideboard and consists of scrambled eggs and bacon, sandwiches and coffee; sometimes chicken hash. Where the supper has been served at small tables the breakfast is, of course, also served there. But the formality of the supper no longer exists.

At a sit-down supper the debutante usually occupies the center table and may ask whom she pleases to sit with her. It is probable that her most intimate friends and their partners will share it with her. This table is decorated in the same manner as the others; in fact, it differs only in size, being, as a rule, larger than the rest.

The afternoon reception. At present the afternoon tea and dance reception is popular in New York for introducing debutantes. It is only slightly different from the evening reception, being not quite so lavishly, but it may be of equal size. Here, too, decorations may be simple or elaborate, but instead of supper, tea, chocolate and punch are served with other things appropriate for the occasion and which I have already told in my article on afternoon tea.

The next article in this series, to appear Monday, will be Part II of "The Debutante."

MEN'S FASHIONS



Using Polka Dots to Advantage.

By A. T. GALLICO.

NEW YORK.—(Special Correspondence.)—Much of interest may be done with a few polka dots, and a careful blending of color. The man in the illustration, whom I observed as he sat across from me in the street car, had used tans and black and polka dots to great advantage. A tan overcoat went well with his tawn colored silk finished hat. His muffer was a tan cashmere square with small black polka dots, which he had cleverly matched with a black bow tie with the same size tan polka dots. The black band on the hat carried out the black theme, making a finished effect. Light chambray gloves and tan spats completed the costume. Another case of polka dots I noticed the other day was in a blue setting. A dark blue bow tie with lighter blue dots was combined with a solid blue shirt, a navy blue suit, and dark blue silk muffer. This sounds like an excess of blue. But blue is a color which one can stand in large quantities better than most other colors. It is quiet and yet cheerful at the same time. A preponderance of brown or black is cheerless, and needs a bright tie or something to lend variety. In this case, it was the light blue polka dots that gave the touch of bright color that was needed. A solid blue tie would not have done as well.

FASHIONOTES.

P. L.: With a brown suit a white shirt, solid blue, pale green, or light tan shirt goes well. Not a gray one. The cravat depends upon which shirt you choose. Anything that goes well with the brown suit will go with the white shirt, and vice versa. You would not want to have a brown suit, blue shirt and green tie, for instance.

What matter, then, if the general level in America is yet on a lower plane? Surely her destiny is to be the guardian of civilization.

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1,754,928 LBS. MORE "SALADA" SOLD.

This tremendous increase in the sale of "SALADA" Tea is reported for 1922, over the year 1921. This increase alone in Tea is sufficient to supply the entire Dominion of Canada for nearly three weeks.—Adv.

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

McGraw's Wide Open Contract—Christy Mathewson As a First Baseman—Roger Bresnahan, Pitcher—Rebuilding a Team.

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

ARTICLE 25. When I took charge of the Giants there were twenty-three players on the payroll. Their contracts were turned over to me by Mr. Freedman. The club at that time was in last place by fourteen games—a good, safe margin. The attendance was almost nothing.

When I first walked on the field to see my team I found Christy Mathewson playing first base. "Mr. Freedman," I said to the owner, "with a club in last place by fourteen games in the middle of the season, there is little chance of us doing much this year. We've got to build for next season. I will center on that and do what we can with what we've got."

In front of me I had a list of the twenty-three players. "You can begin by releasing these," I said, and I marked out nine names with one stroke of the pencil. "But you can't do that," he said in astonishment, "those players cost me a lot of money. Those nine men represent nearly \$14,000."

"Well, what of it?" I retorted. "The club couldn't be any worse off without them. Their salaries for the rest of the season would amount to more than that. We will really be saving money."

"But—"

"Don't forget, Mr. Freedman, I am the manager of this club. I will decide who I want. You can have those players if you want them for your own amusement, but I won't have them on the club."

He threw up his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"What will you do for others?" he asked.

"I'm going to get 'Kid Elberfeld,' 'Fleider' Jones, Ed. Deleahanty, George Davis—"

"Stop right there!" he ordered, "I won't have George Davis on my club."

ROGER BRESNAHAN, great catcher, who started as a pitcher.

He's been here and I don't like him. I wouldn't give him thirty-five hundred dollars a year. I won't have him."

"But I'm going to have him, Mr. Freedman. He's a great player and I need him. I am the manager, you know."

"All right. I can do nothing," he finally said. "Go ahead."

In the meantime I took Matty off first base and put McCann there. We knew Matty to be a great pitcher and did everything to encourage him.

Soon we had a fighting spirit in the club and, though we ended the season last, we managed to win half of our remaining games.

That fall I set about in earnest to put together the club that I wanted. I got Mike Donlin from Cincinnati; George Browne, who had been released by Philadelphia, and I traded Charley Babb and Jack Cronin to Brooklyn for Bill Dahlen. That, by the way, I consider the most successful deal that I ever made. It gave me just what I wanted—a great defensive shortstop. There were mighty few better than Dahlen. I also got Jack Warner from Boston. Remember, I already had McCann, Mertes and Billy Gilbert. On the New York club I had inherited Mathewson and Bowerman.

To prevent confusion, let me explain that Bresnahan was a pitcher then. Our conversion of him into an outfielder, an infielder and then a catcher is one of my most interesting memories of baseball. I will take it up in another chapter.

With Elberfeld, Jones, Deleahanty and George Davis ready to go in I had the makings of a formidable team. These men, as a matter of fact, though never played with the Giants under my management though I got them signed to contracts. Under a subsequent agreement between the two leagues I was not allowed to play them. They were sent back to other teams in the redistribution of players.

Just the same, I kept two or three of them on the bench for some time and paid their salaries.

I'll never forget the expression on Andrew Freedman's face when I came back from a raiding trip with George Davis' contract in my pocket. I tossed it on the table. It called for a salary of \$6,500. And this was the man Freedman said he wouldn't give \$3,500.

He threw up his hands. Later, after he had left the club, Mr. Freedman told me that I was right; that he had been wrong from the start in thinking that an owner could successfully decide on players for his manager.

So, when we got ready to start the 1903 season, I had the following nucleus for a real team to represent New York:

McGann, 1b.; Gilbert, 2b.; Dahlen, ss.; (third base was in doubt as I played there myself, sometimes). My outfielders were Mertes, Donlin and Browne. The catchers were Bowerman and Warner. The pitchers were Mathewson, McGinnity, Bresnahan as the leaders. I did not get Witte and Ames until some time later, when I also bought Arthur Devlin, a youngster, from Newark.

Before we got well under way several minor changes were made. At any rate we started out with a rush and ended the season in second place. The attendance had begun to increase in leaps and bounds. If I do say it:

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OUTLINES ACTIVITIES OF Y. W. C. A. IN INDIA

Miss Marion B. Ferguson, National Secretary, Addresses Meeting of Women.

Miss Marion B. Ferguson, acting secretary of the National Y. W. C. A., was the speaker at the annual meeting of the Y. W. C. A. board held in "Lenmore" Thursday evening, India and the work of the Y. W. C. A. in that country was the subject chosen by Miss Ferguson.

"After being in India with the Y. W. C. A. I appreciate all the more the fact that I belong to the largest organization in the world, and that it is a Christian one," were Miss Ferguson's opening words. She went on to speak of the various places where she was stationed, giving vivid and picturesque descriptions of each, including Ceylon, Lucknow and Rangoon.

She did not know the Indians very well, stated the speaker, "as my work was chiefly with the Anglo-Indians who are half English and half Indian, and are a very responsive and lovable people."

"These Anglo-Indian girls live and work the same as Canadian girls, holding positions in offices, also training for nurses and doctors," continued Miss Ferguson. "Just before I left Rangoon \$10,000 had been raised to build a Y. W. C. A. hostel, \$15,000 of which was given by the government, showing the interest the government takes in our work."

Speaking of the Indian women, Miss Ferguson stated that there were two classes of women with which the Y. W. C. A. works, the educated women and the simple village people. As a conclusion to her address Miss Ferguson stated: "The sense of unity brought out in the Christian church in India is going to make a real contribution to the Christian church throughout the world."

The annual reports of the various departments were given by the conveners as follows: Miss Morton, the general secretary, gave the report of the religious department; Mrs. Manning, for "Summerhome" at Port Stanley, which has been in operation for 30 years.

In reporting for the Wellington street residence, Mrs. A. E. Miller stated that 21 girls had been taken during the past year. Mrs. S. L. Taylor reported for "Lenmore," stating that there was accommodation for 47 boarders and 28 transients, and that during the past year 1,036 persons had registered. Miss Morton gave the report of the Training School, which showed that 7,329 girls and women had been assisted. Miss McCann gave a most encouraging report of the girls' work department, and Mrs. Dennis, in the extension department, stated that nine clubs had been organized in the city.

In the absence of Mrs. E. E. Graham, Mrs. Padden reported for the physical department, stating that the total enrollment of the year was \$90. Mrs. Donald McLean reported for the nomination committee. The following new members were added to the board: Mesdames A. E. Miller, J. K. McDermid, E. E. Graham and Miss Hilda Keene, and the following old members were put in for another term: Mesdames Angus Graham, E. E. Reid, S. J. Moore, Donald McLean, Frank White, Charles Glass, Mesdames Helen Gibbons, Kingsmill.

The treasurer's report, given by Mrs. M. W. Bruce, was very encouraging, showing progress in each department. The total income for the year, including current permanent and building, amounted to \$41,506.04; the total liabilities, \$12,768.51, showing a surplus of assets over liabilities of \$28,737.53. The building fund total at the present is \$5,477, with an increase of \$1,377 over last year.

He was a great admirer of the old French revolutionist, Denton, and he made a speech on the anniversary of the Commune every year, speeches which show profound contempt for his Socialist colleagues. One such anniversary proved to be a raw, rainy day and only a small crowd turned out. Mussolini waited a few moments before ascending the platform, but finally he strode up to his place and began to speak. There was a frown of scorn on his face. He fixed his black brigand-like eyes upon the few hearers and began: "At daybreak on a morning which will remain famous in the history of peoples, the men of the Commune went down to their attack on the Bastille. They were not like the rabble and the chicken-hearts who make up the Italian Socialist Party, who talk about the social revolution, but are actually afraid of four drops of rain."

It is well known that his Socialist colleagues never heard anything but insults and invectives from his lips. While Mussolini was editing "The Class Struggle," one of those "leaders" who had literary ambitions proposed writing a series of articles under the same title as the newspaper. To test the man out and humiliate him once

myself, New York was again on the baseball map.

In the meantime Freedman had sold out his interests to John T. Brush, owner of the Cincinnati club. There has been much talk about why Freedman got out of baseball. Personally, I believe my signing of George Davis for that salary and putting on other players as I pleased started him. He thought baseball was out of his hands; that he was helpless in the hands of a manager who had such authority in a four-year contract. Often I have talked with him about that during his latter years and he has laughingly agreed that I had the dope about right.

John T. Brush, though, observing my start, thought that I was exactly right. Immediately he began negotiations for the club. I acted as the emissary between him and Freedman's home out in the country. I must have kept that road not going back and forth.

Finally the deal was consummated and John T. Brush became the owner of the New York Giants. He was heart and soul with me in my plan to build up a club. He didn't care what players I bought or what I paid for them as long as my judgment dictated their purchase. Right here I would like to say that not once from then until his death did Mr. Brush ever interfere with me in the slightest way. He gave me the reins and told me to go just as far as I liked.

I have related these incidents of the early days in New York in a rather scattering way. I have made no attempt to pick up the various moves in chronological order. Their places in the construction of the club was of more importance than the dates. I have, therefore, dealt with them that way.

During these interesting days the Baltimore club, as was expected, dropped out of the American League and New York took its place. Then began the rivalry—the competition—in New York that eventually turned out a great thing for the game.

The biggest move we made in the latter part of 1902 and in 1903 was rehabilitating Mathewson as a pitcher. The way he developed through encouragement was little short of amazing. With a club of spirit behind him he burst in bloom overnight. It seemed.

Another chapter is required to point out the early defects and quick growth of Mathewson.

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The Rise of Mussolini CONSIDERS IT AN HONOR TO SERVE PRISON TERM

Mussolini Delivers Fiery Speech Against War With Turkey—Spends Three Months in Lonely Cabin Reading—Great Admirer of French Revolutionist.

BECOMES LEADER OF ITALIAN SOCIALISTS

Now approaching the time when Italy went to war with Turkey, Mussolini declared himself hostile to this enterprise, and in the courtyard of the Labor Chamber at Forli he delivered a fiery speech against the war. On the same platform was Deputy Bianchi, who urged the people to throw up barricades against the government.

A detective took down Bianchi's remarks in shorthand and attributed them to Mussolini. For the second time Mussolini was placed under arrest, though the question of fact was thrashed out at the trial. Mussolini was nevertheless condemned. Asked if he had anything to say to his judges, he replied:

"If you give me my freedom, you will be doing me a favor; if you send me to prison you will be doing me an honor."

Mussolini in Prison.

Mussolini did not find prison life intolerable. For once in his life he had plenty of leisure for study. Besides he was accustomed to solitude. The old people in Predappio relate how Benito's mother once owned a little piece of land away off in the mountains with a tumble-down hut upon it. They call the place "The Vallona." On one occasion, as a boy, Benito took a pile of books and went off to this old cabin and lived there three months all by himself, lost in the passion for reading. This is typical of Mussolini; by temperament tending toward extremes, but always disciplined, striking a balance between rashness and the measures necessary for success, ready for action to the limit once he has foreseen and accepted all the consequences.

A Great Reader.

One of his favorite authors was Georges Sorel, whom he knew personally, and who, in 1913, prophesied great things for his Italian friend. In those days there was a tendency among the "soap-boxers" to stress the economic question as more important than any problem of religion or ethics. Nevertheless, Mussolini thought that Christianity was something superior to Socialism. "Who can fail to understand," said he, "that the emotions which Christmas inspires in us are infinitely superior to those we feel for the first of May? But unfortunately the economic problem is before us and we must solve it."

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