

ASIATIC CRISIS SEEN BY ARTIST-EXPLORER

Tibet and India on Verge of
Upheaval, Nicholas Roerich Thinks.

Behind the pallid and towering peaks of Tibet and Sikkim, far beyond the desert wastes of an almost inaccessible Mongolian desert, and in portions of India seldom penetrated by travelers, a social, economic and religious upheaval is under way that soon may shake the entire world, Nicholas Roerich, artist, writer and explorer, declared to-day.

Here on a mission connected with the expansion of an international art movement, in which is associated with Zuloaga, Maete Tagore and other equally famous Roerich talked of his recent trip to remote portions of Asia and his determination to return there in six weeks. He, perhaps, has delved more deeply into the so-called mysteries of Asiatic religious cults than any other white man. At the Art Institute, where Roerich is making his headquarters during his second visit in six years to Chicago, he is holding a series of informal receptions, at which professors, painters, teachers, writers, art students and men and women in many other walks of life are visiting him. Art authorities here agree that he is one of the most interesting painters of to-day and easily one of the strangest figures in the realm of art.

Steeped in Oriental Atmosphere.

Years of travel in the orient and long association with mystics and philosophers have steeped Roerich in the peculiar atmosphere of Asia so much that even he has come to resemble nothing so much in appearance as a Buddhist teacher. But he is far from being a mystic or a magician. He makes no such claims and he detests the words.

"Many times I have seen the so-called magic of Tibet and India and I have studied the religions and philosophies of the far east," he said. "Many travelers have seen this magic in some of its most elementary forms. I have been privileged to witness it in some of its more complicated phases. It really is magic and mysticism only to the ignorant. Most of these strange things have a simple scientific explanation and are scientific facts. Our telephone and radio and many other things science has invented are magic to the natives in Tibet.

"But there is throughout Asia an unrest, a longing for a renaissance, an expectation that a Messiah is coming, a determination to throw off shackles and fetters imposed by more civilized portions of the world, and this spirit of unrest has its origin in a spiritual development."

Painted Tibetan Scenes.

The Tibetan trip afforded Roerich an

opportunity to combine his interest in travel and esoteric philosophy with a desire to paint. The result was that he turned out a number of interesting pictures in Tibet and painted some scenes that, it is said, no artist other than a native ever before was privileged to look upon. Some of these paintings are now on exhibition in New York.

"On my trip I could discern many forms of magic, although they were carefully concealed," he said. "It is not easy to conquer the paths to the ancient monasteries with their beauties and mysteries. For instance, the approach to Tashi-Ding, one of the most ancient of the monasteries, is upon the summit of the White mountain, girded by two rivers. The passage there is over a narrow, suspended bamboo bridge.

"It was here we observed the ancient mystery of the self-filling chalice, the rites of which are exemplified during the annual festival of the first full moon after New Year. Since ancient days this rite has been observed. From a certain spot in the mountain river a small vessel of water is drawn and poured into an ancient wooden chalice. In the presence of witnesses, representing the maharajah of Sikkim, the chalice is hermetically sealed.

"A few days later, at sunrise, during the full moon, the chalice is unsealed and the quantity of water is measured. Sometimes the water has diminished but sometimes it has increased. In the year of the great war the water tripled in quantity, which, the teachers said, meant war, and the last time the water had diminished, which meant famine and social disorder."

Sees Methods of Prophets.

At one stage of his journey Roerich was permitted to see the actual methods being used by religious teachers and so-called prophets to bring about the long-desired freedom and the coming of the Asiatic Messiah, known as Maitreya-Buddha.

"Under Kinchanganga are hidden caves in which are resting many treasures," he said. "These treasures may see the light of day when Asia decides to restore its former greatness. In stone coffins there cave dwellers are praying and torturing themselves in the name of the future.

"In fact, in full sunlight, one may see the worship and perceive the expectation of the coming of Maitreya-Buddha. Three years ago the Tashi-Lama solemnly and publicly dedicated the great image of the coming one at Tashi-Lumpo. Here has been raised the first image of the coming Messiah, and here great and secret work is going on designed to strengthen the people of Asia spiritually so that they may arise when the hour comes.

"Although Tibetan mystery is very great, it is known that recently the Tashi-Lama, head of the religion, left Tibet and crossed to Mongolia through Sikkim and Calcutta by way of China. Such an event is unprecedented and the ancient prophecy is that when the Tashi-Lama leaves Tibet great things are at hand.

"Some things which the western world may well ponder over are these: Where did Tashi-Lama disappear? What military maneuvers proceeded on the Chinese border? What transpires on the Mongolian line?"

NEW LOONEY CHARGES ARE LAID TO VICE RING

Final Attempt to Frighten
Better Element Now in Control of Town Seen.

BY O. L. SCOTT.

Special to The Chicago Daily News. Copyright, 1924, by The Chicago Daily News Co.

Rock Island, Ill., Nov. 14.—The last feeble flareback of a broken vice ring, once all powerful—that's the explanation most readily found here for the sudden issuance of warrants on complaint of convicted slayers charging four of Rock Island's most prominent citizens with conspiring to commit murder.

Running through the move is seen the hand of John Looney, Sr., for years a directing power in the underworld forces, whose son, John, Jr., the four men are charged with having conspired to kill.

These men are John W. Potter, publisher of the Rock Island Argus; John M. Colligan, Potter's managing editor; Thomas Haeger, clothier and former republican county committee chairman, and Jake Ramsor, prominent jeweler. The complainants, A. W. Billburg, former lord in the vice clique, and George Holsapple, his henchman, have been convicted and sentenced for the killing of young John Looney, slain Oct. 6, 1922.

The whole story of vice rule and corruption that held this river city in its grip for nearly thirty years under the domination of Looney and his Rock Island News, a weekly newspaper alleged to have been devoted exclusively to blackmail and questionable scandal, was outlined to the writer to-day by those who broke his power. They see in the warrants a flimsy last attempt to frighten the better element now in control into relaxing its rigid attitude toward vice, and at the same time to save the former underworld leaders from the penitentiary.

New Charges Are Discredited.

There is little thought by the better element that the case will get much beyond Monday's preliminary hearing on the murder warrants. Two grand-jury investigations have failed to connect in any way with the killing of John Looney the men now mentioned in the warrants. The present charges come out of a clear sky two years after the killing and a year after the trial of the convicted slayers.

But the charges have brought an echo of old times when Looney rode rough-shod over all who opposed him in his domination of city affairs through gang control. Those were times of murder with nine persons killed here in 1922 alone, before he was crushed and the underworld rule broken. They were also the times when Rock Island was a wide-open town in every sense of the word, a river-front settlement as tough as they are made.

This man had come to Rock Island

FEARS HE WILL BE MURDERED.



JOHN LOONEY, FORMER LEADER
OF THE ROCK ISLAND (ILL.) UNDERWORLD.

thirty years ago, starting his Rock Island News. Through its influence as a scandal publication, he gained prestige among the operators of illicit enterprises. Soon he was controlling vice patronage, which included toll in 1922, according to a state investigation, from over 100 resorts. He had control of the police force, the courts and city officials, and, the writer was informed, used these agencies to promote blackmail.

Retaliation by Citizens.

In 1912 the citizens, outraged at conditions, had stormed the city jail and on order of the mayor had shot into it, killing three persons. At that time, the mayor, Harry M. Schriver, openly announced that he would kill Looney, and he did beat him so one night that he was expected to die. But he recovered and again in 1918 came into the limelight when the federal government took a hand in attempting to enforce prohibition. Then in 1921 his newspaper plant was dynamited.

About that time two of his editors

were sentenced to prison for a year for criminal libel. Looney was against the wall. Then came the big 1922 flareup. The government sent federal men here to investigate conditions. Bill Gabel, one of the lords of the underworld, who tired of the life, opened up to the inspectors. He was killed.

The Rock Island Argus opened an attack on Looney and his cohorts, who were then in control of local affairs. Later Looney and his son were attacked while in their automobile front of a local hotel and the son was shot and killed, while the elder Looney escaped to his 20,000-acre ranch in Mexico. Five men were then killed here and troops were sent in to restore order.

That marked the beginning of end of gang rule. A new city administration turned out the old rulers, sorts were closed down and conditions so changed that Rock Island to-day about as quiet a city of 40,000 as can be found.



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SYMPATHIZING WITH ART

WHAT THE FUTURISTS ARE ATTEMPTING.

Before you join in the chorus of derision against the cubists, the post-impressionists and the futurists in art, and, for that matter, before you condemn anything, you should first try to come into sympathy. Any criticism is entirely worthless which is devoid of love, for without love there is no understanding.

Ordinary photography, for instance, is not art, because there is nothing of the creative hand in making the picture; it is mechanical reproduction; all the man does is to push the button. The figures carved in Giotto's Tower at Florence, on the contrary, crude as they may be, are art of the highest type, because the personality of the maker is apparent in every line.

The highest quality in a painting or statue is not the fidelity with which it portrays all the details found in nature, but it is the perfection with which it sets forth the author's feeling. In other words, a good work of art is not what everybody sees, but what its maker thinks he sees; it is not a copy of an object, it is the expression of the artist's mind.

Art is not prettiness. Our standard of beauty is mostly conventional; it is what we are used to and can understand. Hence, most of the pictures that please the crowd are those to which the crowd has been trained.

What we call culture is merely familiarity with works of a higher order

of genius than the ordinary. We say Raphael's pictures are better than those of the artist who draws a landscape in ten minutes for you at an amusement park, because the more one studies and the keener becomes one's sense of the beautiful the more he grows toward Raphael and away from the lightning artist. The wiser, more experienced and more mature you are, the more your taste turns toward Botticelli's women and Rodin's men.

Before you cry out against the post-impressionist, therefore, you should try to see his work from his point of view, to realize this self-expression, to grasp his symbolism. Perhaps in the end you may judge him to be but a freak, a "crazy quilt" artist; perhaps you may find he has a great truth. But your judgment will be worth nothing unless you have approached his work with patience, sympathy and an open mind.

All art, in a way, is caricature. The only question is, is the caricature that of a master who has vision, a real message, or is it that of a shallow and cheap soul who is merely seeking to startle and attract attention?

And the only question about the futurists is, have they the touch of genius and the gift of interpretation, or are they but childish seekers after novelty? Go and see. And go again.

FRANK CRANE.

HELPFUL ADVICE.

At last Alice, rummaging through a stack of women's magazines, found the page she wanted. It was one of these "Helpful Advice" pages and the different titles were "How I Cured My Husband of—" and, oh, the numerous things these husbands had been cured of.

One, whose husband was constantly leaving his things here and there, had, when he departed for work, put a little nail in each sock, tie and shoe, thus bringing to him contrition for his carelessness; one had cured her husband of profanity; one—and it was this one that Alice read carefully—had cured her husband of staying out late at night.

Not that her Bill was a rounder! No, but he just—well, when he was out playing cards with the fellows he always had an idea he was getting home about 12—but instead milkmen were clinking on porches, roosters were twittering in the rear.

It was only last night and Alice had been so sure that he had been held up—but then she was always so sure; or that he was in an automobile crash—she could always see it in every detail. Oh, those awful hours of lying aching helpless, in bed, waiting!

"Believe me!" she said with grim lips, "to-night I'm going out." That was the tried and true recipe. Simple. The wife should go out the next night and stay as late—even later.

The idea was not exactly enticing. The nights were so cold now, and the last few days Alice had felt so shivery she just couldn't get warm. But after sup-



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

per she struck out. Where could she go? Maybelle always had company, and she knew that Anne was going to the P. T. A. meeting. Finally she went to see Bee Matthews. But Bee's baby had been croupy the night before and it was not hard to see the poorly suppressed yawns of the whole family. She stayed as long as she decently could in the face of them.

On her way from Bee's she examined every article in the Three Rules store windows—slowly, minutely. She studied every magazine displayed in the drug-store window. Even then it was only 10:30!

She was nearing home and again she shivered and drew her coat up to a lumpy-feeling throat. It was nice and warm at home.

She thought once of slipping down into their own basement, close to the furnace, but the dog would bark or

SHARPS AND FLATS

FROM EUGENE FIELD'S FAMOUS COLUMN.

THE HOUSE—XIX.

(From The Daily News of June 14, 1895.)

When I discovered one morning that my young sunflowers and my tomato vines had been cut down during the night by some lawless depredator I was mightily incensed. I had not supposed that there was anybody so mean as to commit such a wanton destruction. The value of the property destroyed was not large; I had paid but 5 cents apiece for the twenty tomato vines and the young sunflowers were a present from Fadda Pierce.

Of course, the intrinsic value of these things was so small as to cut no figure in my mind; but having watched the graceful creatures wax large and come from mere sprouts it was quite natural that I should have a strong sentimental attachment for them. For the fruit of the tomato vine I care nothing, but I had with much satisfaction pictured the enjoyment which Alice and the children would derive from the luscious tomatoes which I flattered myself were to ripen upon our own vines under the genial August sun. Moreover, I had already made up a list of the names of city friends to whom I intended to send handsome specimens of these first fruits of my experiment in farming. The Reillys, the Lynches, the Chapins, the Maxwells, the Scotts, the Fayses, the Deyves, the Morriszes, the Millards, the Larneds, the Fletchers, the Ways—these and other fortunate cronies were to be made recipients of my bounty in case the fruit should hold out.

I will say nothing of the pleasing future I depicted for the sunflowers; the sunflower is a particular favorite of mine, presumably because it is one of the very few flowers I am capable of identifying.

My impulse when beholding the tomato vines and sunflowers cut down in the innocence of youth was to determine not to pursue gardening further. To this mood succeeded a fit of anger and I was so outraged by the destruction I beheld that I would cheerfully have given any sum of money I could have borrowed of my neighbors for information leading to the apprehension of the perpetrator of this brutal act of lawlessness.

As it was, I wrote an offer for \$5 reward upon a sheet of letter paper and nailed it with four large wire nails to a maple tree in front of the place where all passers-by could see and read it. Later in the day I went to tell Fadda Pierce of the trouble which had befallen me, and he consoled me with the assurance that the work of destruction had been wrought not by a human being, as I had surmised, but by cut-worms, a kind of reptile that piles its nefarious trade between two days for no other apparent purpose than that of making gentleman farmers like myself miserable. Fadda Pierce told me that paris green was an effective antidote against these destructive worms and I have ordered a barrel of it from the city. I intend to spread a layer of this paris green over all our flower and vegetable beds; the contrast thus presented to the dull, sere brown of our lawn will be very pleasing to the eye. In fact, I am not sure that it would not be cheaper to cover our whole lawn with paris green than to have it revive it with a beautiful

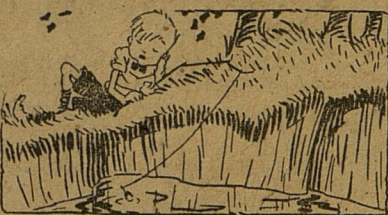
crop of popcorn sufficient to supply the Chicago market, for I never before saw anything like that corn for luxuriance and thrift. How the birds ever found out about it will doubtless remain a mystery. The birds I refer to proved to be blackbirds, although for a time I mistook them for young crows. One morning I detected about three dozen of the poaching rogues stalking through the grass in the direction of my corn patch, and, almost before I knew it, the feathered rascals had played havoc with my promising crop of popcorn. Then I remembered that I had read and seen pictures in books of scarecrows; so I dressed up a figure and set it up near the corn patch.

The result was really a very good counterfeit of a man, as indeed it ought to have been, for the clothing I used was far from ragged and Alice had been intending to send it to a poor relative of hers in Nebraska.

The night after I had set up this lay figure in the yard a policeman came along Clarendon avenue for the first time in his professional career. He espied the figure in the yard and at once mistook it for a thief who had come to steal our lawn hose. With a gallantry and with a devotion to duty which cannot be too highly commended, the intrepid policeman opened fire with his revolver and put seven holes through the scarecrow before he discovered his mistake. The cannonading awakened Maj. Ryson, one of the nearest neighbors, and that discreet gentleman set his bull terrier loose. This sagacious but vindictive animal bore down upon the scene of action and treed the policeman the first thing. Having expended all his ammunition upon the lay figure, the policeman had no means of interchanging compliments with his assailant and was therefore compelled to spend the night in a willow. Meanwhile, the bull terrier encountered the scarecrow, and mistaking it for a human being, soon tore that unfortunate object into ten thousand pieces. Next day our lawn was literally strewn with straw and buttons and remnants of what had once been a very decent suit of clothes.

This reference to Maj. Ryson's bull terrier reminds me of the visit which the Baylors' dog paid to our new premises.

The Baylors' dog is a St. Bernard about a year old and weighing 175 pounds. Most of the time this amiable leviathan is confined in the Baylors' back yard, a spot hardly large enough to admit of the leviathan's turning around in it. The evening to which I refer the Baylors made a pilgrimage to our new house for the purpose of ascertaining whether we had put in a copper kitchen sink or a galvanized iron one. I can't imagine what possessed them to do it, but they took the St. Bernard with them. The sense of freedom which this playful beast felt upon being let loose in our extensive yard proved wholly uncontrollable, and while the Baylors were investigating the sink question the amiable leviathan gallivanted about the premises with that elephantine exuberance which is to be expected of a St. Bernard 1 year old weighing 175 pounds. Adah (who is a beautiful) had planted

More Truth than Poetry.
By James J. Montague.

THE TRUANT.

When other youngsters were in school.

He dreamed all day, did Bill.
Beside the blue and shining pool
Above the ruined mill.

He loved to watch the birds and
flowers;

With half-closed wistful eyes
He'd lie upon his back for hours
And gaze upon the skies.

He knew the trail the foxes made
Across the mossy glen;

He knew where, in the birch tree's
shade,

The badger had his den.

He knew each clear and crystal brook
For many miles about,
Where one might drop a baited hook
And catch a gleaming trout.

No other boy in all the town

When came October knew
Where autumn shook the chestnuts
down.

Or where the blackhaws grew.
And in the new awakened spring,
Amid the forest dim.

The earliest robin used to sing
Its happy song to him.

Bill's hair is gray, his form is bent

Touching the Human
Side of Things.

MEASURING THE MIND.

There is a capacity of the mind which is bestowed by nature, like the shape of the nose, and there is a capacity to use the mind, which is the result of training, conscious and unconscious, as well as of inheritance. A grownup with an "I. Q." or "intelligence quotient" of 90, which means he lacks 10 per cent of the average adult intelligence, may, because of character qualities such as persistence, prudence and honesty, go farther in life than the person with an I. Q. of 130 who lacks the character qualities.

The use of the mind is much like the use of money. One person can live on a certain amount and always have enough in the bank for the emergency which lies in wait for all of us. Another on the same income may not live as well and yet never have a cent when an emergency arises. So while a couple contemplating adopting a child should carefully weigh his response to mental tests and his intelligence rating, another matter should be given consideration—the child's interest and his urge to mental and physical activity.

Recently two dependent children, a girl of 14 and a boy of 15, wards of the same organization, were given the mental tests and made practically the same rating. It amazed those who had dealt with the two. The girl had advanced only to the third grade in school and her work there was below the average. She could not be trusted to tell time, let alone the truth, and she could not be sent to the store for three articles and return with the errand acceptably performed. She does not lack the men-

СТРАНИЦА О КНИГАХ

РУССКИЙ СОВРЕМЕННОК

Литературно-худож. журнал «Ленинград». 1924. 1—4 —

Появление этого журнала на литературном горизонте — целое событие. Это первый «беспартийный» журнал, издающийся в России по широкой программе.

Несомненно каждая книжка «Русск. Совр.» станет скоро библиографической редкостью не только потому, что ходят слухи о преждевременной кончине журнала, но и потому еще, что в каждом номере есть необычайно ценные материалы.

Помимо беллетристики, где перед нами крупнейшие имена современных писателей (М. Горький, А. Толстой, Ев. Замiatин, Л. Леонов, В. Лидин и др.), связанные тесно с Россией — в каждом номере мы находим отдел воспоминаний, документов, неизданных статей, дающий богатый историко-литературный материал. Тут и новые письма Леонида Андреева и неизданное из Пушкина, Тютчева, Блока и сведения М. Горького о С. А. Толстой и интереснейшие его воспоминания о многом другом; — тут же неопубликованные ранее строки Л. Толстого (о Шекспире) и отрывки из записной книжки Ф. Достоевского. Все это, кстати сказать, «пересыпано» стихами виднейших современных поэтов: А. Ахматовой, Ф. Соллогуба, Н. Клюева, С. Есенина и др. в отделе «Статьи, обзоры, библиография».

Очень много интересного о современном театре, литературе наших дней, музыке. Есть популярно-научные статьи, напр. о знаменитом «Методе условных рефлектов» акад. Павлова, произведшим целую революцию в области психологии и социологии. Есть и такие статьи, как М. Горького о Ленине..

Чрезвычайно богатая библиография. В каждом номере размещены десятки новейших книг по различным отраслям.

Очень интересно ведется отдел «Паноптикум», где в юмористической форме, часто заставляющей смеяться до слез, дается картина различных «благотворностей» в современной литературе и жизни.

7

культурный мир от Стокгольма до Нью Йорка, написано несколько книг и очень много статей.

Деятельность совершенно исключительная, по своей широте, размаху и проникновенной глубине.

Пути Рериха — от русских древностей, финских храмов до Гималаев — пути знания и искусства и благовения.

Думам и рассказам, проникнутым трепетными и значительнейшими чувствами, отражающим солнечные радости, взмывающим к небу волны религиозных устремлений, утверждающим победу красоты — посвящена лежащая перед нами небольшая, суровая и вместе светлая книга-радость Ник. Рериха.

«К молодым и новым людям» направлены ее мысли — и через тьму к тьму непониманья», говорят издатели, суждено большому человеку артисту — «приносить в Будущее не расплесканного чашу Красоты и Мудрости»..

И Русь, словно «Неотпитая чаша» живой воды и трогательные лики ценителей красоты, собирателей драгоценностей искусства, и земной поклон великим и малым учителям, и призыв к «рыцарям духа», чтобы не оставались во граде мертвых, — все это отвечает в книге многоцветными зорями..

И еще! раскрытия жар «Снегурочки» и рядом приговор — таинственным силам пошлости и тут-же индусские символы и «места священного света» — легендарные горы будденских учений..

Бто дальше и глубже проник к подножьям неба?

Разве только Тагор?

Эти восточные отзвуки и отражения, как самоцветные камни, которые хочется без конца пересматривать, делять взором и сердцем.

«Зажигаются звезды»..

И всех излучений их, воспринятых Н. Рерихом, не переисчислишь потому что мир его рассказов о странах Востока — «мир небесных ступеней»..

Красиво, величественно, мудро..

ТЕАТРАЛЬНАЯ ХРОНИКА РОССИИ.

— В московском Большом театре готовится опера Мусоргского «Сорочинская Ярмарка». Режиссирует А. Петровский. Петь будут Нежданова, Катульская, Озеров, Эрнст и др.

— Режиссер петроградского академического балета Ф. Лопухов готовит новый балет «Говор вод». Он будет открыт ко дню открытия Волховстроя. Балет изображает «борьбу организованного пролетариата с водной стихией и трансформацию последней в электрическую энергию».

— В петроградском академическом театре драмы (б. Александринском) после десятилетнего промежутка возобновлена музыка в антрактах спектаклей.

— В Москве открылась театральная белорусская студия. Она поставила «Царя Максимилиана» в белорусской версии.

— В Москве на концерте Л. Сабанеева было исполнено новое трио композитора для рояля, скрипки и виолончели.

НАУЧНЫЕ ПРЕМИИ В ФРАЦ. АКАДЕМИИ НАУК.

В конце каждого года происходило в Академии Наук распределение научных премий за различные труды. Премий этих очень много. В текущем году получили премии многие выдающиеся французские ученые.

Проф. Фурно из Пастеровского Института получил премию Перкэн за свои замечательные исследования по химиотерапии. Д-р А. Буке и Л. Негр получили премию Бреан за свои исследования по туберкулезу. Э. Рубо, заведывающий энтомологической лабора-

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