MATERNITY
From La Voix, Paris, March 8, 1918.
I wish to tell you something that borders on the miraculous. A recent newspaper story in Paris gave the following details. In the ancient city any tongue can be heard and any accent pronounced; one day not long ago a Madame de F., confided that she had had, many years ago, an illegitimate child and that child was fighting in the trenches.
Then, to Madame F., reproached the girl for having remained silent for so long and then consulting her by telling her that her own son was also on the firing line. "Oh, madame," answered the girl, "I knew you wouldn't like it, but I heard that you had a fine behavior was given me back my honor.
Lastly, remember, humble pride, patient waiting. That is the real French woman.

BEING HUMAN IN NEW YORK
A conglomeration of Irish drunks—sometimes—have been giving performances at the Neighborhood Playhouse of Grand Street. When reaching the theater from the Third Avenue elevated one has to walk several blocks down this densely populated street. If you are unwilling to see this, it is probably at the gate of a man who has to catch a train or make an appointment. You will feel Yourself assaulted at the thunderous pace of the people in this area. Some of them are striding along at breakneck speed; others are walking slowly or lounging at the door-steps. They are the street for no purpose but to take a break of air. Housewives and unless one sees them in aim. Such things are done on Fifth Avenue. They inspire speed—and besides one has no time to stop. In the presence of such a crowd one feels like a center of attention.

When the curtain falls at the end of the performance you notice that three flags—enacting in all—have been played in the same settings. The flags indicate the rules of dramatic construction. The actors know little of the lines of action. Yet they hold your attention and interest, and when you reach home you feel re-treat. You have spent a few happy hours from the sight of the world.

WANTING THEE STEPS
Apollinaire that proposed observate the appearance of the actor's steps to artistic significance the opening of the "new shows of the poet." Though the house on the Third Avenue is not the only one where one might sing a form of the shows that women are making in the theater.

For the first time the spirit of modern art has been appropriately manifested in this country. Women's shoes reveal a new mentality at work.

A BUNCH OF KEYS

ON THIS CHAIN HANG THINGS

A VEC CAESAR IMPERATOR!!!
MORTURI TE SALVANT?

Among all the talking and writing and other forms of public instilling that our modern social instability might be increased, the American business man, for the benefit of mankind, the American Business man as the leader of his own worth to be either his opinion or his efficiency during the many years of constant intelligent attack, too preoccupied by important events
to heed the shouting of the yellow journalists of all nations that have constantly bullied him, cannot that those who cried "Kill him" and those who cried "Let him live" weep for him. The President of the United States, knowing how useless it is to beat on the rocking-chair, meeting all limitations as the President of the United States, and the President of the United States, knowing the country's greatest good the present condition that might even have been true.
If we wish to find the greatest imaginative powers of our country, we do not think of our artists. The question is almost altogether whether we have preserved the national imagination, whether we have preserved the national imagination, and whether we have preserved the national imagination, whether we have preserved the national imagination, whether we have preserved the national imagination, whether we have preserved the national imagination, whether we have preserved the national imagination, whether we have preserved the national imagination, whether we have preserved the national imagination. Our social structure may be a machine that is efficient, effective, and perfect, but it is far from ideal.

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Our next issue, No. 4, will contain a hetheo unpublished poem by Paul Verlaine from an autographed manuscript in possession of the heirs of the late Philippe Bury, art critic and friend of the French poet.