

The Bang

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Glowing, indeed, are the accounts which find their way back to us here in New York of the triumphs of Colvin Beardsley Brown in far San Francisco.

His functions at the great gathering of our species on the Californian littoral have been discharged so graciously that the whole exposition is now an object lesson in the art of human intercourse.

If Colvin Beardsley Brown had taken to San Francisco nothing but his manners, he would still be the contributor of the finest of the exhibits.

The irresistible and charac-

teristic manners of Colvin Beardsley Brown form no mere reversion to some eighteenth century politeness or other. The Beau Brummels, the de Rohans, even those grand monarchs, were all sublime enough in their setting.

A Colvin Beardsley Brown has always too fine a genius, too sound an instinct, to make the mistake of a reversion to the dead past, however glorious, for his model in deportment. He knows that in manners there may be anachronisms, and he eschews them naturally. He knows how empty is the praise that suggests a fourteenth century