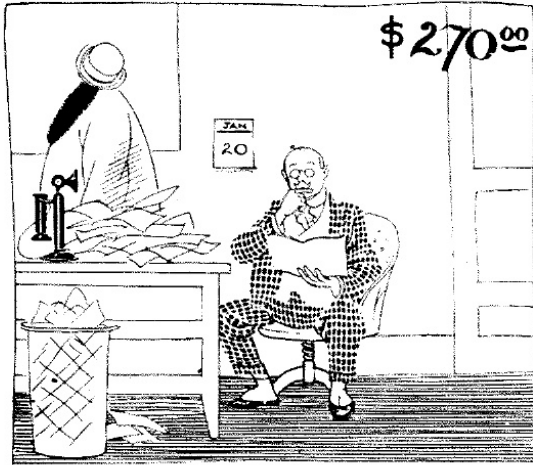
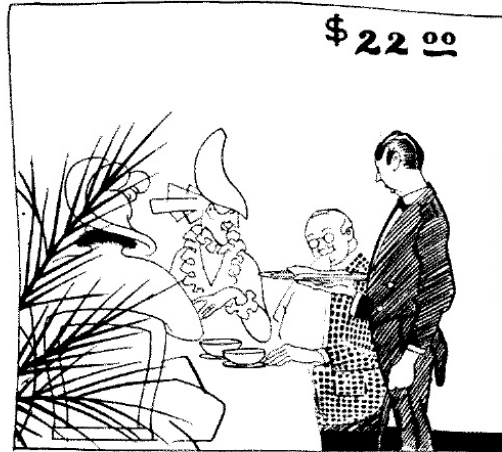


Vanity Fair; February, 1915
It Costs Money to Love the Belgians



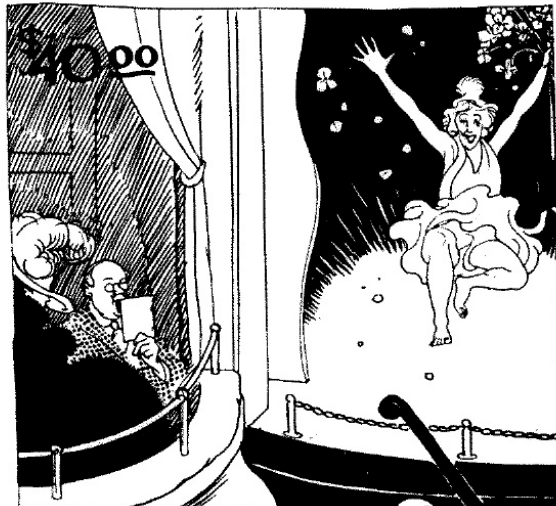
10 A.M. At the office. Mr. Goodhart is mightily stirred by the various Belgian appeals in his morning mail and impulsively signs checks to the tune of \$270.00



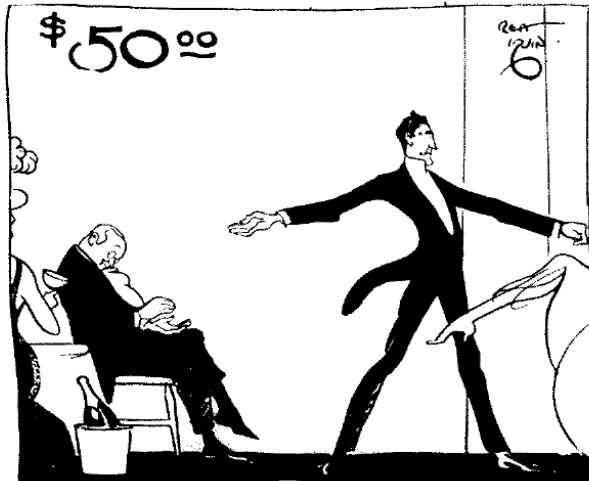
2 P.M. Showing Mr. Goodhart in the act of paying for a charity luncheon at Sherry's. The receipts are, of course, for the Belgians. Mr. G. contributes \$22 for caviare, and sundries.



5 P.M. The parade home. Unfortunate encounter with a damsel engaged in collecting funds to buy abdominal bands for the Belgians. Gross outlay, \$5.00



9 P.M. In an unguarded moment Mr. Goodhart has subscribed \$40.00 for a box at a Belgian benefit. Our artist has shown him under the spell of the Russian ballet.



12 P.M. The opening, for the alleged benefit of Belgian women and children, of a popular roof-garden cabaret. Table reservations \$10.00 each. Total damage, \$50.00.



12.30 A.M. Time to turn in! Mr. G. examining the \$480.00 gem entitled, "Arrangement in Yellow and Green," which he purchased—impulsively—at a society picture auction.

A Few Atrocities, Committed at Home, and Sketched by Rea Irvin

THE cruelty is not all in the war zone. The suffering of the soldiers in the Belgian trenches isn't a circumstance to what is going on daily, as a result of all these benefit and charity performances, in

New York. If you love little Belgium you have got to stand the gaff. Our artist has shown the average day of the average man in his average misery and anguish. Total damage for the day, \$867.00.