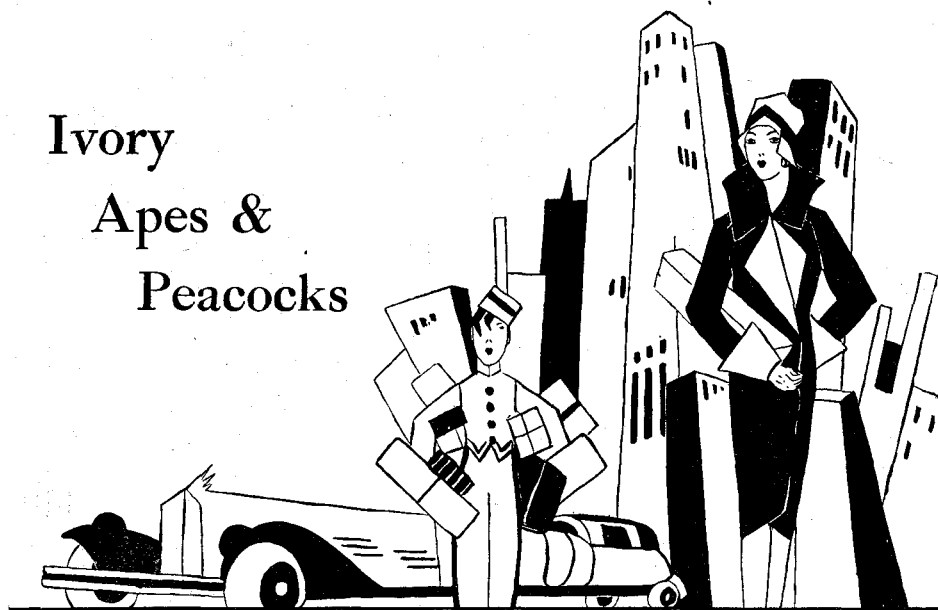


Ivory Apes & Peacocks



The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE citizen who carried a horse chestnut around in his pocket as insurance against rheumatism and who drank celery tonic for his nerves is almost extinct. We no longer believe all we hear and all we read. Advertisers of quack nostrums have been probably the first to discover this. A little education may be a dangerous thing, but it induces a healthy skepticism, and the gentleman who used to wear an electric belt next to his skin, and who went to bed with a contraption buckled around his ankle, the other end of which rested in a glass of water, now demands some sort of scientific proof that he's really getting what he paid for. This is all to the good for the man who makes something of real value. The window glass, for instance, which admits the ultra-violet rays of the sunlight. There is scientific proof both of the value of these rays and of the fact that this glass, unlike ordinary window glass, transmits them. We pass the greater portion of our lives under glass, like hothouse plants, and until recently we haven't realized what we have been losing.

Certain bacteria can live quite happily, increase and multiply, under glass. For them to creep out into the open sunshine is to commit swift suicide. Under the ultra-violet rays they at once lose their animation and then curl up and die. Moreover, the ultra-violet rays

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

stimulate growth. Children in schoolrooms furnished with this new glass improve in health and grow nearly twice as fast as those in rooms furnished with ordinary window glass, as any doctor will tell you. For these reasons many people are using the new glass in their homes. It is also

being used in schoolrooms, office buildings, and wherever people—children particularly—spend much of their time. Another development of the same idea is the wire mesh coated with a translucent material which admits ultra-violet rays. This is used for plant frames and chicken-houses, as both plants and chickens grow much better when exposed to direct sunlight.

Speaking of glass, the non-shatterable glass for automobile windshields should interest you if you drive a car and plan to run into any trees or telegraph poles or rival motorists during the coming season. This glass will break, but it won't shatter. Hit it with a hammer and it cracks into tiny pieces, but the pieces won't fly.

WE came hurriedly downstairs the other morning and took an unexpected toboggan ride out through the front door on the small rug that lies at the foot of the stairs. Since which we have shown great interest in the linings that are made to give rugs softness and to prevent them from slipping. One of

these that we have seen, Ozite, is a hair lining with a honeycomb surface which sticks to the floor closely. It is said also to mothproof the rugs, and unquestionably makes them lie closer and flatter, and wear longer. They are pleasanter to walk on, too.

We saw also rugs woven to imitate the old hooked rugs which have been so much in demand along with the rest of the early American house furnishings in the past few years. Many of the old patterns have been used in these rugs, which are not expensive, and can be had in all sizes. Altman's, where we saw these, has also a splendid stock of the genuine hooked rugs.

We saw here, too, a new broadloom chenille carpet in a two-tone leaf pattern which can be had in widths from nine to thirty feet. Patterned carpets have not before been available in these widths. The design is quiet and dignified, and there is a good variety in color.

We learned also that the old Victorian carpet patterns are coming back—large bunches of flowers on a colored background, with a border to match. We saw several of these, and it seemed to us that they were much less garishly obtrusive than those over which many years ago our battalions of lead soldiers marched and counter-marched between the sofa and the fireplace and the table. And there's a sort of elegance about them, if you know what we mean.

Spanish rugs are not as well known as they perhaps should be, although so many country houses have been built of late years in Spanish style that a good many are being used. One set of hand-tufted rugs which we saw,¹ with a design taken from the ceiling of an old Spanish cloister, and worked out in soft browns and greens and blues, was distinctly interesting, and of exactly the character to fit rooms furnished with the spoils of old Spanish houses.

WE have always wanted to own a crystal ball—partly because we think crystal balls are nice to look at, and partly because they have been used for so many centuries in divining the future. We would like to have one of our own, and put it on a black-velvet cushion and gaze earnestly into its depths. We feel that we might perhaps foresee the course of coming events, and then we could set up as a fortune-teller and advise you concerning your investments.

We saw a huge nine-inch crystal ball among the Chinese things which Wanamaker has recently imported. We gazed

¹ Wanamaker's.

into it for a time, but the conditions weren't right and we didn't get anything, so we tore ourself away and looked at some of the other things. There were two jade screens—small oblong slabs of milky jade, beautifully carved and set in carved bases. There were intricately and delicately carved snuff bottles, and a set of jade palace bowls, and two figures, perhaps eighteen inches high,

each carved from one piece of coral. Then there is a set of palace furniture in cinnabar lacquer, and a little figure of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, in the rare Imperial emerald jade, and many agate and crystal and rose quartz carvings. These things, while they would be called museum pieces, are very beautiful, and should interest any one who cares for beautiful things. W. R. B.

Our Prejudices

(Continued from page 365)

our accepted machinery for ascertaining fact and thus administering justice, that procedure and its findings must be accepted as final and adequate to the task. Such assumption is in many ways unscientific. Since other countries use modified or quite different procedures, which in this instance might well have led to a different verdict (especially if "not proven" were an alternative and unanimity of the jury were not required), we must be prepared to question whether this procedure is effective when feeling runs high. I find in The Outlook's letters a cited statement of an "able legal authority" that is the most specific I have met. It reads:

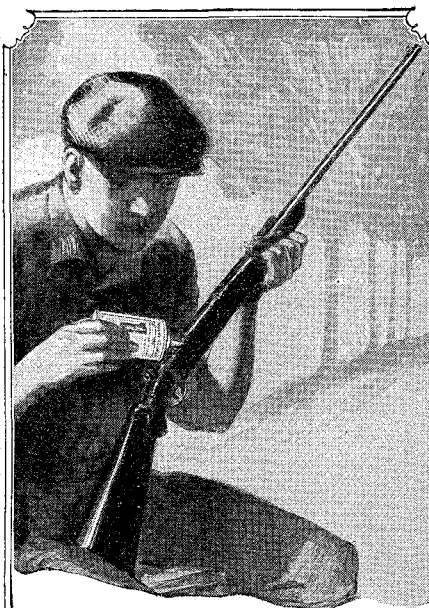
There is no system of procedure in the world that *could* not have been and *would* not have been, all other circumstances being the same, used for the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. There is no procedure in the world that could not have been and would not have been used to free them, if that had been the will of the community, and this refers not only to what Judge Thayer might have done but to what the Supreme Court of Massachusetts might have done.

This goes beyond what the psychologist would venture in estimating the rôle of cumulative private conviction (or taking sides through sympathy) as against the objective procedure of the courts, which can never be more objective than the psychological frailties of judge and jurors permit. Here is an opinion to be pondered seriously in all such controversial issues.

DEMOCRACY is committed not only to freedom of opinion, but encourages and sets store by the participation by the people in all matters of public concern. It cannot make an exception of legal trials. It is not a well-considered view to hold that we should try cases only in court, and not in the newspapers

and wherever men do congregate. There will be judgments wherever there is interest; and with the constant clashes of interest that modern political life provides there will be occasions for strong feelings that may easily get out of hand and induce violence in the irresponsible, unwise repression and aggravating lack of consideration in the controlling majority whose will is law. A workable *modus vivendi* of diverse interests and views implies tolerant discussion. "It is futile," writes the editor of The Outlook, "to fight ideas, even wrong ideas, with the knout, the gun, the guillotine, or the electric chair." There are far more effective and tolerant ways of serving the cause of justice in a democracy. I still entertain the hope that in the next issue that excites sharp differences of opinion we shall be prepared to employ them.

There is some ground for this prospect in the case reviewed. The many delays, though in the main to be ascribed to unsuitable procedure, may be interpreted as a desire to give the defendants every opportunity that the law permits to prove their innocence. In this, as in many another issue, there is a majority, well-intrenched popular position, and a minority, struggling, unpopular, often rebellious protest. Prejudice is rarely evenly distributed. The obligation of the finer example rests upon the advantaged group. The intolerance, often more properly the unwisdom and fanaticism, of the radical temperament is a definite factor in the clash of opinion that this batch of protests registers. The radical clientele, as I have encountered it, contains a deplorably large proportion of ill-balanced, neurotically aggressive, or suspicious minds; it is not an easy body, political or social, to assimilate. It must depend (and in this it is not exceptional) upon the wisdom of the responsible leaders. That in this instance the cause appealed to many of literary and artistic tendencies naturally intensified the hostility that sets the



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A Watertown, Conn. sportsman writes he was hunting partridges. On one flush his friend got five and he got—a jammed gun. Investigation showed that dirt had collected on the inferior oil he had used. His friend used 3-in-One. "Since then, I have used 3-in-One altogether, and my gun has never worked smoother."

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tough-minded against the tender-minded; this psychological reconciliation is equally a problem in democratic adjustment which suspects even as it lauds education. Every generation makes as well as follows tradition. My school history pictured the Boston Common as a grazing ground for freedom. The use of it on Sunday afternoons for all sorts of propaganda seemed a wholesome avenue of escape for repressed emotions and distressed opinions. Its harsh closure to the case of the nameless ones, scattering an orderly crowd by mounted police, seemed out of harmony with the tradition. Yet the tradition remains and represents the bigger and better Americanism.

A Word More About Cats

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN a moment of carelessness I recently poked a little fun at cats in these columns. My misstep, like all fallings from grace, has been well punished, for more correspondents have pointed out my ignorance of the biography and charms of *Felis domestica* than have ever protested at my erroneous opinions on art, politics, or even religion. It appears to be as dangerous—if one wants to avoid broken friendships—to talk about cats as to talk about prohibition.

In the article in question (entitled "Feline Culprits and Canine Companions," in The Outlook for October 19) I expressed surprise that Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, one of the most accomplished of contemporary men of letters, should entertain the laudatory estimate of cats which he does when the weight of literary testimony is against the cat and for the dog as a domestic pet. Giving a very brief and inadequate sketch of the place of the dog in literature, I asked, with the innocence of ignorance, I fear, if Professor Phelps could furnish an equal list of essayists or poets who are advocates of the cat?

PROFESSOR PHELPS has not yet had time to reply, but other defenders of the cat have stepped into the breach, and I record below some of their all too accurate thrusts, parrying these thrusts, as well as an awkward fencer can, whenever an opening discloses itself. The first stroke comes from a lady in Pennsylvania, who wields a slender but pointed blade:

Dear Mr. Abbott:

Did you forget Kipling's "The Cat that Walked by Himself"?—the most perfect appreciation and description of cat nature and cat behavior in the language, I suppose.

G. W. S.

I did indeed; I clean forgot it. But I remember "Garm—A Hostage" and "Giving your heart to a dog to tear." The story of the bull terrier Garm and of Stanley Ortheris, one of Kipling's "soldiers three," is unsurpassed as a portrayal of the mutual devotion of a man and a dog. Kipling must be counted among the dog lovers.

ANOTHER lady, this time from Washington, writes as follows:

My dear Sir:

Writers have told me of their gratification in receiving letters of appreciation from strangers, and so it may give you "harmless pleasure" to be told of my enjoyment of your articles in The Outlook, and that I often turn to them first of all when my copy arrives. . . . But it is regrettable that you cannot discover spiritual qualities in cats. I could easily make you "sensible of feline charms" if time permitted.

A. W. S.

You certainly could, dear madam. I have almost succumbed to your flattery as it is. But I resist. I will not be corrupted by a compliment! *Vade retro, Satanas!* Though I burn, I will not retract. Down with the cat! Long live the dog!

ANOTHER correspondent, a man and a New Yorker, deals me, alas! a blow below the belt:

Dear Mr. Abbott:

I was very much interested in your current article "Feline Culprits and Canine Companions," inspired by the column of Professor William Lyon Phelps. While I hold no brief for the cat as a companion, much preferring the dog, it seems as though you had omitted certain considerations of the cat in order to strengthen your argument.

In recalling my scant knowledge of early art and architecture, I remember no instance where the dog has occupied the exalted position of the cat. It needs but a turning to the Valley of the Kings to find the cat as a sacred emblem of the early Egyptians. In fact, it ranked on a par with the bull and with the sacred ram of the Byzantine Empire. . . .

True, as a friend, staunch companion, defender, the dog seems far preferable, but in art, mythology, and architecture the cat reigns supreme.

All this is by way of interested comment, nor is it intended to be critical of the article. Your articles are always a source of joy to me, and often as you have made a point I have exclaimed, "Bravo!" I look forward to them eagerly each week.

R. E. W.

Now wouldn't that jar you? A man professing devotion to the dog and loyalty to me thus, with short shrift, casts me over to the feline mercies of the janizaries of the cat! But I can still argue. I have been in some of the tombs of the kings in the Valley of the Nile. Although it was seventeen years ago, I distinctly recall some beautifully carved friezes with many figures of hunting dogs of the greyhound type, but not one cat. In my four folio volumes of Theodore Davis and Flinders Petrie, describing the excavations and discoveries in the Valley of the Kings, there are several references to carvings of dogs, but not a mention of cats. Pythagoras, who got his doctrine of the transmigration of souls from the Egyptians, said that the qualities of the dog make that animal the most suitable to receive the spirit of man. I do not want to be transmigrated into any animal, but, if I must, let it be Kerry, an Irish setter, whom I know and love.

TWO more ladies are to be heard from, and then I am done. Says the first, writing from Texas:

Tut, tut, Mr. Abbott! How can a man of your standing in letters ask the question, "Can Professor Phelps furnish an equal list of writers or poets who are advocates of the cat?" Professor Phelps may be too busy a man to furnish the list, and so I answer—impolitely, perhaps—the question directed at him. Not only writers and poets but leaders in other fields of endeavor are advocates of the cat.

Do you really mean to say that you have never read or heard of Agnes Repplier's "Fireside Sphinx"? Hie yourself forthwith to a public library for a glance at this gem of literature. Make the acquaintance of Agrippina and other famous felines. I promise you much enjoyment and some correct information. . . . I believe if you were to read the "Fireside Sphinx," Carl Van Vechten's "Tiger in the House," or Winslow's "Concerning Cats" your fairness would lead you to correct your interpretation. . . . See if you can get a translation from the Danish of the exquisitely sympathetic "Grey Puss." . . . Have you never heard of "Puss in Boots"? Nor of

(Continued on page 380)