

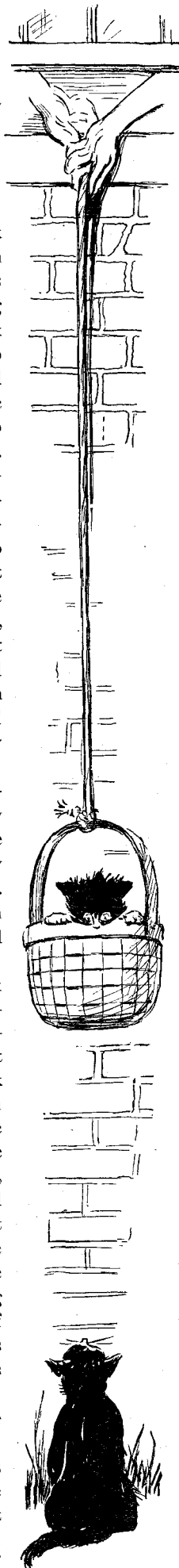
## Prose and Worse

WE HAVE in our home what we believe is the only cat elevator in the city, run and operated solely for the convenience of cats. The window of our apartment being some fifteen feet above the level of the back yard, our cat, Bitte Schön, was forced for the first week of his stay with us to remain indoors. He spent most of his time on the window sill, gazing longingly down into the back yard where there was grass to roll in, flowers to stamp on and bugs of various kinds whose habits it was impossible to study from so great a distance. We were sympathetic but helpless, and Bitte Schön was confined to the house until it occurred to our brighter half to tie a cord to a bushel basket and lower him to the yard. He rode down without protest, pursued for a time with great absorption his botanical and entomological studies, then curled up in the basket and went to sleep, when it was easy for him to be drawn up again.

The basket has become an institution. Several times a day he climbs into it, and sits there patiently crying until somebody notices him and lets him down. When he becomes bored with Nature, he gets in again and howls to be pulled up.

He has a friend in the back yard, a somewhat older cat belonging to the people downstairs. For a time this cat watched the elevator at work with an air of boredom which masked, we were sure, intense interest. At last one day he took his courage in both paws, jumped into the basket and was himself pulled up and let down several times. Indeed, he liked the trip so well that we had some difficulty in getting him out. The novelty wore off after a while, but he still comes up occasionally, though it is evidently just for the ride and not to pay a social call, as he goes right down again.

Once or twice the two cats rode up together, but Bitte Schön behaved so badly that we had to put a stop to that. He is the kind of cat who if



you took him out rowing would think it great fun to rock the boat, and he nearly upset the elevator in midair.

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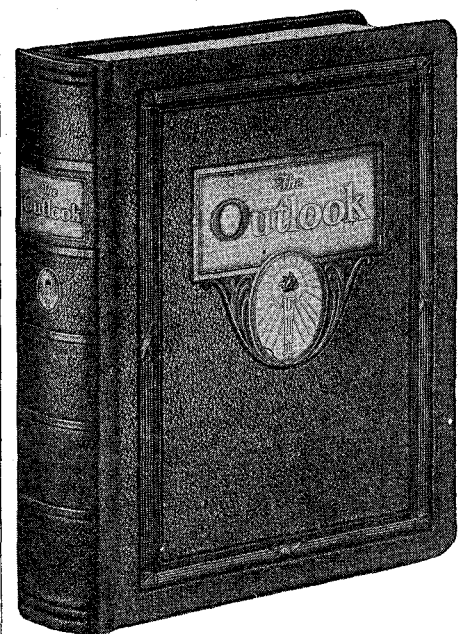
We have had several inquiries regarding H. Meadowcroft. The reason we have been unable to print any of his recent communications is that as a result of our write-up of his raid on an uptown speak-easy, he got a job doing undercover work for the prohibition forces. He writes us very freely, but "I'd rather," he says, "that you didn't print any account of my work in your column. When we've got the town dried up, as we hope to do by fall, it'll be time enough to publish my letters. Maybe you could sort of throw them together into a connected story and sell them to the *Outlook* as *The Memoirs of a Prohibition Agent*, or something like that. Boy, it's a great life, though! Did you ever have any Bristol Milk? I've got a couple bottles set aside for you. And I'm on the track of some Chateau Margaux, 1899. A shipment came in the other day and as soon as I locate it the boys will put on a raid, and I'll send you a few bottles. This prohibition is a great thing, all right. I didn't realize it until I got to working for it. Depression means nothing to us. Good salaries, plenty to drink, and clear consciences because we're doing our duty. There are just three things this country needs: more respect for law, an end to the depression, and the prohibition question settled. And I've figured out a way it can be done. The Meadowcroft One-Year Plan, I call it, and I'm going to send it to Mr. Hoover, as soon as I have time to write it out. Roughly, it amounts to this: Appoint every citizen a prohibition agent. You see how it works? Suppose you're appointed. You get a good salary; you have respect for the law because you're enforcing it; and you won't be putting money in the bootlegger's pocket because you'll be drinking the liquor you confiscate. You'll say

this is too much like the dole in England, which hasn't worked out well. But it's not like the dole, for the dole takes away a man's self-respect. This is a salary, for which the citizen has to work. Pleasant work, too. Some people, I suppose, will object that it will take a good deal of money for all those salaries. But I haven't a doubt that lots of people would be willing to pay for the job, once they realize its advantages. There's no reason why it should cost the government a cent."

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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## Music

## Notable New Recordings

GOOD organ recordings are all too rare, due principally to trouble caused by echoes in the buildings where fine organs are installed. It is therefore pleasant to call to your attention the *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor* of J. S. Bach as played by Alfred Sittard on the organ of St. Michael's Church, Hamburg.<sup>1</sup> The tone is excellent in every way and the organist himself is evidently most talented.

While on the subject of Bach, Brunswick has also brought out a fine *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G Major*, played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the redoubtable Wilhelm Furtwängler.<sup>2</sup> This is classic music played with respect and restraint but nevertheless with a good deal of spirit, too. For pieces of this sort it would be difficult to find a finer orchestra than the Berlin Philharmonic. The *Concerto* takes up three sides and the fourth is strangely enough filled up with Schubert's *Rosamunde, Entr'acte No. 2*, played by the same artists but furnishing a sharp enough contrast to the Bach, with Schubert's lush melodies.

However, it seems to me that summer is the time for dancing on verandas or on the decks of boats—all in the moonlight. And if you're going abroad there is no little present that your friends on the other side would be more apt to like than some late American dance records. In *Walkin' My Baby Back Home* and *I Surrender, Dear*, Louis Armstrong has done it again<sup>3</sup>—taken a couple of tunes the radio has killed and brought them very much back to life. Maestro Louis has something of a competitor, though, in Thomas "Fats" Waller and His Hot Piano doing *I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby* and *Draggin' My Heart Around*.<sup>4</sup> Another good colored record is the *Creole Rhapsody*<sup>5</sup> which the Jungle Band, otherwise known as Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, render with a great deal of spirit and fervor.

Going South American momentarily, if you like tangos *La Cumparsita* and *Farolito de mi Barrio*<sup>6</sup> are far superior to the general run. As a rule the only thing less imaginative than jazz arrangements are ordinary tangos. In these two, however, Carlos Molina's Tango Orchestra have some very interesting orchestral ideas but maintain the proper tango rhythm throughout.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, 90146.  
2. Brunswick, 90161½.  
3. Okeh, 41497.  
4. Columbia, 14593-D.  
5. Brunswick, 6093.  
6. Brunswick, 6091.

## Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

SOME time ago we told you about a porcelain enamel shelf and drawer lining paper that comes in white, peach, orchid, green, pink, yellow and blue, and can be cleaned by simply wiping it off with a damp cloth. We are now informed that thumb tacks in these colors are available. Indeed, we have seen them, and they match the paper exactly. Said paper, by the way, comes in 14 and 22 inch widths, and in rolls 75 feet long.

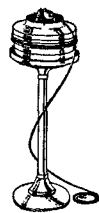
POM TONGS are just plain tongs in stainless steel, 6, 9 and 12 inches long, which will make themselves useful in the kitchen and will preserve the finger from the scorching touch of the hot potato and keep the pork chop from falling on the floor when you lift it from frying pan to plate.

If you like your eggs fried square, there's a square iron skillet with four compartments with which you can fry 'em that way. Or you can have square pancakes, fritters and such, if you care to. They'll taste just the same as the round kind, of course.

ANOTHER kitchen item is the glass cheese preserver, 7 inches in diameter, 5½ inches high. Put a little salt and vinegar in the bottom, then put the cheese on the little shelf and it will keep fresh and toothsome.

A CANDLESTICK that really holds the candles, no matter how long they are, is now on the market. It grips them tight so that they can't fall over unexpectedly and wreck the family's best tablecloth.

WE HAVE seen a small room cooler that draws in the hot, dusty and smoky air, passes it through a spray of water, and returns it, cooled and washed, to the room. It stands 40 inches high and holds six quarts of water. Comes in ivory, mahogany, walnut or dark green, is light enough to be carried around from room to room. It is possible to use it without the pedestal and the fan is a noiseless one.



If you want to go to Samarkand and visit the cities of old Turkestan, we might mention that Intourist, the state tourist agency of the U.S.S.R., is offering this summer a 40-day tour in a de luxe rail caravan across the Volga, the Urals, to Taskent, Bokhara and other

cities, then by boat across the Caspian to Baku, whence across the Caucasus and the Ukraine by way to Kiev to Sheptovka on the Polish border, where the tour ends.

A BEACH rug in gay colors which has a hole in the middle through which you can stab your beach parasol down into the sand is on sale at Altman's. It is padded, and the covering is waterproof.

HEDGE trimming is one of the duller occupations we know of, and the satisfaction of seeing the sharp shadows cast by the freshly trimmed hedge seldom makes up for the blisters and backache that result from an hour or two with the clippers. But you can get an electric trimmer now, which weighs only six pounds, and can easily be held in one hand. It works rather like an electric hair clipper, as well as we can judge by its appearance, and can be operated from any electric light socket. Much easier, too, they say, to cut evenly with it.

MAY we repeat, as we do at intervals, that we're always glad to send you further information about the things mentioned in this column? Just send us a post card. Sometimes in the past we have been rather slow about replying to inquiries, but now we clean our desk up once a month instead of annually, so that there is much less likelihood of your inquiry getting buried under empty cigarette cartons, bills, old shoes and all the other things that have a mysterious way of accumulating on a writer's desk.

AN INEXPENSIVE two-quart portable vacuum ice cream freezer is advertised as making "two quarts of delicious ice cream in one hour, without turning or cranking." Now we don't really suppose that the manufacturer means that it will make two quarts of delicious ice cream in one hour, etc., if you just toss in sugar and water and a couple of eggs and a bottle of beer and a finely sliced onion. We think his enthusiasm ran away with him when he put in that "delicious." Probably you could make two quarts of pretty rotten ice cream in one hour if you tried. It really depends a lot on the ingredients. But it will do it in an hour, and we think it is therefore a pretty good machine to take on a picnic. Or even to use as a portable refrigerator.

W. R. Brooks.