

⇒ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀

By W. R. BROOKS

ONE of the most recent products of prohibition is Pix-Up, a powder which is designed "to relieve alcoholic hangovers." We have questioned several members of the staff here with regard to this phrase, and though no one seems to have any definite first-hand information to give us, we have learned that the word "hangover" refers to the state induced in the human organism by a too free indulgence in alcoholic liquors or their substitutes. This state, we are further advised, manifests itself usually on awakening. Its symptoms are a sense of malaise and apprehension, accompanied by pains in the skull, thirst, nausea, and good resolutions, which latter pass off along with the other symptoms on the patient's recovery. Pix-Up is said to hasten the return to normalcy on these occasions. To be quite candid, however, we don't see what market there can be for such a product in a dry country such as ours, where alcoholic beverages are illegal and therefore practically unobtainable. Years ago, perhaps, when people had liquor in their homes, and to "shake up a cocktail," as the quaint old out-moded phrase ran, was a frequent preliminary to a meal, there may have been some demand for such things. But today, when you or we would consider it little short of a deadly insult to be offered a drink—to use that word in the sense in which it was alas all too frequently used, as meaning a drink of liquor—a sense which shows how widely the practice of "tanking up," as getting stewed was vulgarly and flip-pantly called, prevailed among all classes:—today, we repeat— But why should we repeat? We've forgotten what we were going to say by this time. Let's start a new paragraph.

⇒ WE BELIEVE that the picture of this contraption, known as the Nursrite Nursing Bottle Holder, explains itself. It is durably constructed, clamps to the side of the crib, and the adjusting wire will adapt itself to either a round or a flat bottle. It's always on the job, and the bottle is kept tipped so that the baby doesn't begin his meal with air. We should say that the child who can manage to break his bottle when it is clamped in this holder is a genius, or else he's old enough to sit up to the

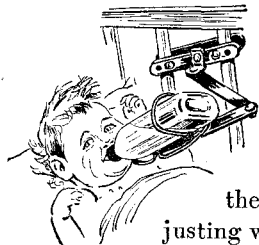


table and get beefsteak and fried potatoes.

⇒ A NEW method of getting your picture taken of which we heartily approve is by means of the PhotoReflex. There is no attendant to arrange your hands or tell you to watch the birdie while the camera clicks. You sit alone in front of a mirror, and when you have arranged your own face in the expression that seems most appropriate and flattering, you press the button and take your own picture. The professional photographer, who is responsible for so many hand-dog smirks, cast-iron smiles and self-conscious poses in the family album, is not there to trouble and madden you with his "Moisten the lips. Now turn the head just a teeny weeny bit to the left. Just a little smile, now—up with the corners of the mouth. Let the sunlight through. *That's it—now quiet!*" You do it all yourself. The first studio of this kind in New York has been installed in Wanamaker's. And the prices are reasonable.

⇒ A COMBINATION hamper-bench for the bathroom, 21 by 14 by 18½ inches, is made of a woven wicker-like fibre, and comes in white, ecru or green. The seat on top resembles mother of pearl.

⇒ WE HAVE seen some excellent flower pots—"Plantnurse" being name of same—which are made of peat moss and fertilizer. They hold the soil and the roots of young plants and fertilize them. When it comes time to set the plants in the ground outdoors, the surrounding fibrous pot is planted with them, thus sparing them the stress and strain of readjustment.

⇒ ANOTHER similar item is a tinfoil-wrapped, squarish package of moss in which lilies of the valley are planted. If you want to, you can keep it in the ice box for sixty days without growth, then put in a room which has no sunshine and presently the green shoots will begin to poke through the tinfoil and you'll have flowers in three weeks. You don't even need to water it.

⇒ A NEW type of radio is the Westinghouse "Columaire," which resembles in appearance a very modern grandfather's clock, being less than a foot square and five feet tall, with a clock, electrically operated, set in the top of the face. We have not heard it, but we

understand that due to the five-foot column of air, which is utilized in a way that is beyond our comprehension, the reproduction is remarkably good. The dials are on the side.

⇒ JOHN DAY has brought out "A Map of Children Everywhere" which, framed, makes a nice decoration for the nursery. It's a map of the world, showing the children of the various countries in their national get-up.

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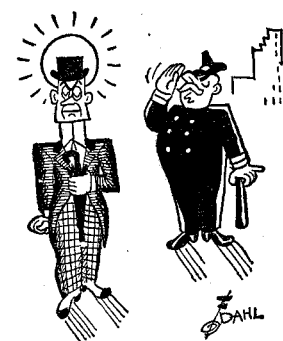
After the Brawl is Over . . .

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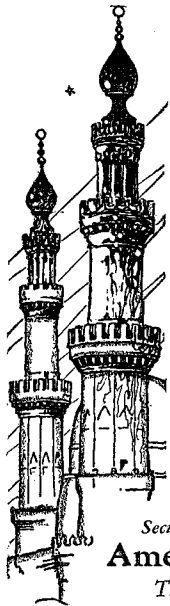
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From the Life

By **IBBY HALL**

Solomon

SHE sat on a hard bench in the courtroom and held a bundle in her arms.

She was very young—just under age, probably, and not old enough to have received the summons. No, it was evidently her mother, sitting beside her, meek and self-effacing, who had come in answer to the court's order. But it was the daughter who mattered. It was her case. One could see that much from the lifted chin, the frightened eyes, and the fierce clasp of the bundle.

The bundle was wrapped in a red blanket and seemed extraordinarily restless. In spite of being shifted, patted, and spoken to most confidentially, both ends of it and especially the middle were in a state of perpetual motion. It was to be hoped that the case would be called soon.

The young girl raised her eyes anxiously to the Judge; and at that moment she heard her name—or rather her mother's name—being called out loud, in front of everybody. Defendant. Yes, that was herself. She struggled quickly to her feet, clutching with difficulty the bright bundle to her breast, and marched to the front of the room. Her mother, whose thoughts were clearly somewhere else, rose hesitatingly and followed.

At the front of the courtroom the Judge, raised slightly above the common level of the floor, sat silent and imperious behind his desk. In front of the desk, and upon the floor itself, there stood a table, oblong, massive and bare. And upon this table the defendant tenderly deposited her bundle, dropping the blanket from the restless creature.

During the calling of the case, the Judge had leaned forward slightly and resting his arms upon the desk in front of him had gazed slowly around the courtroom. His eyes that seemed to look at nothing in particular were fathomless and unblinking and slightly green; and if it could be said that they carried any expression, it was one of celestial patience, or perhaps celestial indifference, that came to rest now on the eyes in front of him.

For, sitting raised above the common level of the floor, cool black from his nose to the tip of his tail, a crimson ribbon at his neck, his crimson mantle fallen from his shoulders, the creature stared up at the Judge and gave him look for look. Beyond a doubt this was a tomat. Moreover, this cat had evidently

seen his beginning in some obscure alley.

The Judge and the alley cat went on staring at each other while the case was made plain. Then the Judge turned his attention to the plaintiff.

The plaintiff, a large Negro, had risen eagerly and approached the Judge.

"Yo' honah," he began, earnestly, stretching a hand toward the silent animal upon the table, "they isn't no doubt nohow dat dishyah Tawm ain't belong to me. Yo' Honah I'se on'y a jaintah in de same street whah dis lady lib. An' whut I got to say is, as how she seen him an' she crazy 'bout him. An' she done stole him. Tawm," he turned passionately to the unmoving animal, "ain't it de truff?"

But the alley cat twitched one ear only and continued to stare up at the Judge.

"Yo' Honah," cried the plaintiff confidently, "tha's my cat—whut I ain' seen fo' two weeks. Want me to prove it? Jus' as you say. I's gon' prove it. When I say to my cat 'Jump, Tawm!' he nevah do nuthin' on'y jump. Now—now—" said the plaintiff nodding and smiling and approaching the cat, "Jump! Tawm, jump!" and with both his arms formed a mighty hoop upon the air.

THIS time the alley cat twitched his nose almost imperceptibly, but otherwise was still. At the second essay of the janitor, he slightly flicked the end of his tail as though a fly had lighted there. But the third, fourth, fifth, and so on through the fifteenth attempt the alley cat remained a statue carved of imperturbability. Until the black man, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead, paused to breathe.

It was the defendant's turn. She looked up, still with frightened eyes and when she spoke her voice could scarcely be heard.

"Pinky's my cat," she said, and bit her lip. "I've had him now three years. I'll just speak to him—once." She inclined her head slightly, respectfully. "Wink at the Judge, Pinky," said the defendant.

The alley cat stared up into the fathomless eyes of the Judge. The Judge stared back into the green, mysterious gaze of the animal. Between them, what hadn't they seen? What thoughts untellable and inexpressible—?

The cat winked slowly at the Judge. And at that sudden look of understanding and delight above him, the alley cat dropped the other lid and winked again.