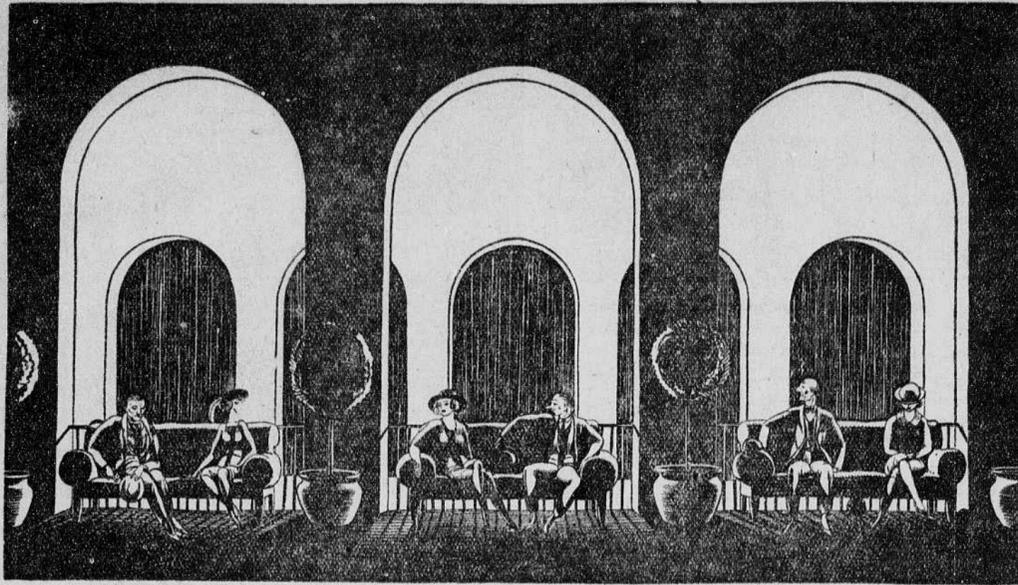




CITY CROSS-SECTIONS

by George S. Chappell

with pictures by William Hogarth Jr.



Along the comfortable lounges of the high-ceilinged halls one may sit and watch the development of many an interesting affair, sometimes the dawn, sometimes denouement, the beginning or the end of a quarrel

EVER since they were first invented hotels have been exciting places. This remains more than ever true to-day, particularly in our great metropolitan hosteleries. Would my reader like to join me in a stroll through some of our public palaces? If not, he has simply to skip this article altogether. But I hope he will accompany me—at least as far as the lobby, for, once in, I am sure the spell will grip him, the fascination and animation of these enormous social hives. Hotels have always fascinated me. They are so lively and vivid. They stand in a peculiar relation to life. They are the point of contact of a city with all the outside world. Under one roof the ends of the earth are brought together. On the hotel register Pinky Gist, the cow puncher, rubs shoulders with the Rajah Singh Pooch, of Singapore. The divans of the lounge, the tea tables and dining rooms assemble representatives of every race. We know what the village hotel means in the rural community. We know that its proprietor is a privileged person, a man looked up to, the keeper of keys of the city, in a way, for through his portals must pass the stranger who enters the local gates. It is he who knows the name and designation of the slick-looking city feller who is even now picking his teeth on the front porch. The hotel proprietor is a power. He may stand in league with the law and be a close confidant of the sheriff, thus protecting the community from the depredations of suspicious characters. His back room, with its erstwhile open bar, may stand for strict legal interpretation or be more humanely administered. I have known few inn keepers of this simple type who seemed to have suffered from dryness. Their resorts remain the meeting place of the joyous and convivially minded. But the drama and movie have sufficiently exploited the "hick" hotel.

I never discovered the kitchen of the Baker House, but presumed, from the fearful shoutings in the pantry during the course of a meal, that it was located at an incredible depth in the basement. The aura of broiled chops was wafted up the elevator shaft, wherein a single car, after a number of downward pulls on a cable, moved slowly and none too surely upward, distributing a foody aroma in all parts of the building. This peculiar dominance of broiled chops is also true of dining cars. All dining cars smell of broiled chops. No other food seems to have the same olfactory punch.

But it was not merely this sensory appeal which drew me in my younger days to the Baker House. In itself it was a gay, diverting place. It represented the come and go of life. In the evening its large rooms were the scene of balls and the then popular "germans." On a holiday, and more especially during the week marked by the college boat races, its lobby was crowded with exciting people, collegians in vivid blazers, vendors of flags and souvenirs, professional gamblers! Oh, thrill of thrills! I actually saw betting going on, and once in a while a drunken man, over whom I gloated rapturously. Whatever can replace the keenness of our simple joys, joys made the more delightful by having a tang of the wicked and forbidden about them. There has always been that smack of the devil about places where people convene to have a good time. It is very noticeable in hotels, which is probably why I like them.

A Mid-Victorian Widow, Trying to Look Young

Many of us have doubtless watched the gradual passing of an old hotel, a hotel we have grown to think of as a friend, a member of the family. I felt quite pathetic about the Baker House. During a four years' absence from home some large, impudent interests from New York sneaked in and built a new hotel, with three elevators, instead of one, and white marble in place of black walnut, and, worst of all, no odor of broiled chops—just a queer, antiseptic smell, a sort of effeminate smell, I thought. It wasn't the same at all. But the Baker House's nose was out of joint and it had had to take a back seat. I believe it has slipped into the class called "com-

mercial" in spite of having torn out some of the black walnut. The last time I saw it looked like a mid-Victorian widow, trying to appear young.

Just about the time the Baker House began to skid I moved definitely to the metropolitan area, just at the beginning of the decade of lavishness which suddenly flung itself on New York. The tragic Buckingham fire and the tearing down of the old Grand Union were isolated examples of the gradual ending of the old bowl-and-pitcher period. What followed in the way of hotel architecture is almost too terrible to be described. Various piles were erected for hotel use, bearing the names of illustrious Knickerbocker families which the designer sought to glorify in terms of red and yellow marbles, bronze, gold, mahogany and other colorful compounds. The net result almost everywhere was chaos. Probably nothing ever set American taste further back on its haunches than this riotous outbreak of a style which has been described as being that of Louis the Limit.

Hotels at that time began to increase enormously in size, occasionally finding their limits only with those of a city block. They took unto themselves interior streets. But they never lost their fascination. Wide-eyed, I used to walk the length of Peacock Alley, drinking in the intoxicating atmosphere of luxury, the soft, sweet perfumes, the distant strains of music, the soft glances of sirens, which

warned me that, as of old, an element of danger lurked at my side. Once I even witnessed an incident of theft and capture under my very nose. It happened in the cafe. A very swagger young man laid a \$20 bill on the counter and asked for change. As the cashier counted out four fives the youth seized them with his own twenty and quietly but swiftly made for the door. He was captured at the street entrance by a stone-faced house detective. How the cashier gave the signal I do not know. The whole matter was attended to with splendid, silent precision. I saw the thief dragged back and subjected to a rough preliminary search, which yielded nothing more valuable than a flower-shaped cut glass vase. I remember that at the time this struck me as an absurd thing to steal and I could only account for it by presuming that the poor chap's taste had been hopelessly perverted by the bronze cat-o-nine-tails with electric bulbs, for cats or whatever it is you call the fuzzy part, and the malachite tables with gold legs which surrounded him in all parts of the hotel. Considered in that light, the act of stealing anything as sensible as \$20 seemed positively meritorious.

The only historian who could ever describe fittingly the gorgeousness of that particular period of New York hotel design would be that eminent author, P. T. Barnum! Alas! he lived too early to do it justice, but in his autobiography, in describing the glories

of his visit to Windsor Castle, when he presented Tom Thumb to Queen Victoria, he gives us some idea of his descriptive powers and his sensitiveness to material splendor. The very chairs, he notes, "were incrustated with pearls and emeralds, and the entire room blazed with jewels of every description." It doesn't sound comfortable, but it sounds exactly like the early attempts at magnificence in our local palaces.

An era of simplicity has set in. It invariably does after excesses. Hotel architects evidently have decided to lead better lives, with the result that we see the old gold-and-glitter school falling by the wayside. This is for the public good. Our most recent hotels are refreshingly simple. They are not all cluttered up with jars and electroliners. There is more wall space, more plain gray plaster and less onyx and marble. However, do not think for a moment that this atmosphere of refinement has done away with any of the delightful deviltry of the old regime. On the contrary, hotel life in the present era is more complicated and exciting than ever before. The managers apparently realize that if the architectural surroundings are to be more simple they must furnish diversion in other forms. This they do in abundance. Little by little all the activities of the city are being absorbed by the hotels.

Theater, Concert, Dance, Golf, All in His Hotel

A friend of mine from Little Rock, Ark., wrote me recently that he had a swell visit to New York, spent a week, went to the theater, concerts, dances, played golf, etc., and never went out of his hotel. It was literally true. Gardens are brought to roof tops or even within doors; golf links are planned with amazing ingenuity amid the roof spaces between light shafts and pent houses. Even foreign countries are cleverly simulated by fancy and assorted tearooms, the Corean Garden, the Turkish Garden and so on. We used to wonder what was going on in the city. Now we only have to consult the morning bulletin to learn that all sorts of entertainment are within our reach inside the very walls which house us. At 11 a. m. Mme. Yelpe will give a recital in the Blue Room. At the same hour the serious-minded may attend a lecture given by the Home Builders' Association on the subject of

"Stucco as Applied to Clients." Free music will be dispensed during luncheon and tea hours, meals extra. The hotel library offers a choice supply of standard works (I have often wondered who came to New York to read Trollope). In the evening there is a choice between dancing with professional interludes, a dramatic performance by the Harvard Sock and Buskin Club, twenty-two assorted banquets and moving pictures of "Wild Animals I Have Dodged," by Dr. Walter E. Traprock. Every day there is a similar feast.

And all the time there is romance. Today more than ever before our hotels are the meeting places of soul mates, the rendezvous of romantics of all ages. The halls are discreetly lighted. A dim atmosphere is the modern mode, artistic and conducive to petting. And they are so vast, these edifices, that in them a young lady may easily lose herself, nay, worse, she may easily lose her mother, or so I am told, at times her husband. Along the comfortable lounges of the high-ceilinged halls one may sit and watch the development of many an interesting affair, sometimes the dawn, sometimes the denouement, the beginning or the end of a quarrel. My friend Hogarth has drawn a typical frieze illustrating what goes on every day. His drawing is particularly interesting to me, because some of the people in it happen to be friends of mine—the men, that is. The young man in the middle, who is looking so alertly at the cute kid in the sailor hat, is my country neighbor, Wiggins. The older man on the right, who is faying Wiggins so severely, is Mr. Platt, his father-in-law. But Mr. Platt is not thinking of going over and speaking severely to Wiggins. Not at all. He is wondering how he can get himself and his own little friend out of that corridor without attracting son-in-law's attention. I am constantly seeing just such little domestic comedies as this taking place amid the hustle and bustle of our fascinating modern hotels.

A Medley of Music, People and Canaries

I love to frequent them, to taste their food, smell their strange odors, hear their confused babel of music, people and canaries, watch their ever-changing casts in the daily acts of the "Comedie Humaine."

Of course, I don't know any of the ladies of the company, such as Mr. Hogarth has depicted. I am a strict observer of the curfew hour, and at promptly 9 o'clock I go straight home—nearly always.

The Broiled Chop Motif Was All Prevailing

I happen to have been brought up in a somewhat larger community, in which there were several hotels, dominated by the Baker House, a red brick structure, which smelled strongly of broiled chops. In every part of it, from the black-and-white marble floors lobby to the walnut-trimmed reception rooms and deeply carpeted corridors, the nose was constantly assailed by broiled chops.

THE FINE ART OF POISONING

By ROBERT B. PECK

"I'LL BET that Scotland Yard chief is glad he ain't goin' to croak this trip," remarked Marty McMahon, the retired bartender. "It woulda been awful embarrassin' fer him to die of eatin' poisoned candy that was sent him in the mail. He'd feel like a motorcycle cop that got run over by a hearse."

"As it was, he got a lotta advertisin' out of it that he wouldn't never be ordered an' probly won't do him no good. Candy-eatin' is a vice a cop had oughta try to hide if he's got it an' here the cables have been spreadin' the news all over the world that the head of Scotland Yard is a candy addict."

"It ain't only that, but poison candy is in the same class with the gold brick; there don't nobody that pretends to be a dope artist try to poison anybody with candy any more. Why even the poor, ignorant foreigner that was out to kill an innocent old bird of an archbishop a few years ago didn't risk tryin' poison candy on him."

"Either it was a plain nut or else an awful clever crook that had his nerve with him that sent them chocolates to the Scotland Yard chief. If it was a crook it musta been one that was wise to the man's secret vice. He cert'n'y musta known he had a yen fer chocolates."

"He musta had it in fer him somethin' fierce, too. He didn't aim just to kill the man, he aimed to kill his reputation. He is the sort of a bird that would have gone out to the cemetery at night wit' a cold chisel after they had buried the cop an' cut on his tombstone: 'Died of Eatin' Poison Candy.'"

"If they don't catch him, it's a cinch that they'll announce he was a nut. If they ever catch him, it's good night nurse fer him—he'll be a desperate criminal wit' a long record and an awful grouch against the cops. At least, if it don't turn out that way, cops is different in England from what they are here."

"Crooks is a good deal the same everywhere though, from what I've seen of 'em, an' some slick New York guy is likely to take a leaf outa that Britisher's book an' lay fer Enright or General du Pont or some of our other prize cops."

"You couldn't catch Enright probly wit' poison candy—not after all that's been printed about the Scotland Yard case, anyhow, but some wise guy might get to him, at that, wit' somethin' that would be just as embarrassin' to die of."

"They might send him almost any kind of a gift labeled 'From the King of Denmark' or some of them other birds he pals around with an' he'd probly tear it right open an' wear it on the lapel of his dress suit at every dinner he went to till it poisoned him."

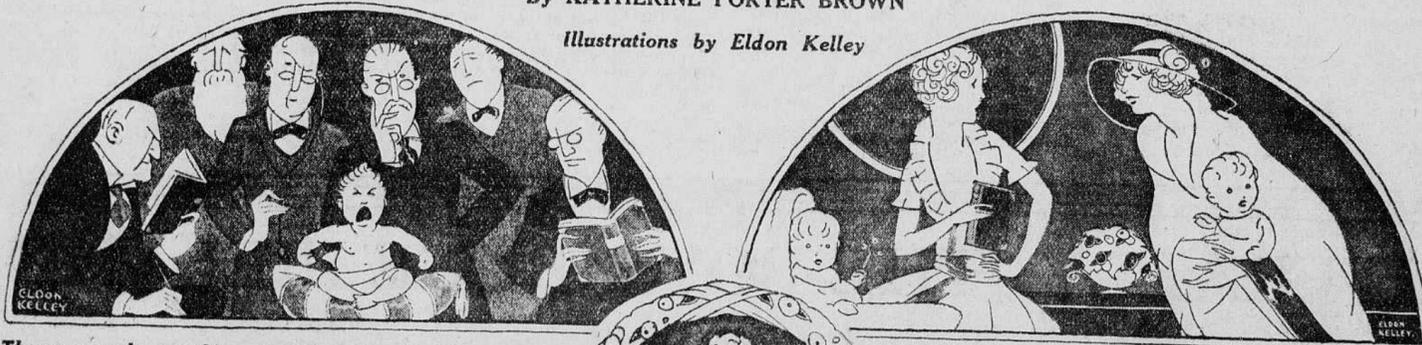
"Or, if they could find a millionaire that hadn't been appointed a Special Deputy Police Commissioner, they could inject smallpox or some pinguo or somethin' like that into him an' just sit back an' wait for Enright to pin his gold badge on him."

"If a fella ain't in a hurry though an' wants to get all the glory there is out of it, he probly will wait until Enright has organized all the police of the world into one force an' is at the head of it an' then send him a bottle of poison perfume."

BABY IS PUT UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS

By KATHERINE PORTER BROWN

Illustrations by Eldon Kelley



There was only one thing on which all authorities agreed. They all agreed: "Let them cry it out!"

A GREAT deal has been said and a great deal contradicted upon the subject of "The Care of Children," and personally I am up a tree. I don't know how other mothers and fathers feel about it (provided the fathers feel at all), but I am up a tree.

When little Oscar was born I ran, like most modern mothers, to science. "A scientific baby" was what all babies were being, and as I was a modern mother little Oscar had no choice. He was to be a Dr. Bolt baby, and our library was increased by one small volume. I should say our library was increased by two volumes. I bought two copies. In case one ever got misplaced I would always have the other to look for.

I planned a great deal on Oscar's perfection. He would be perfect and become President in 1976. Scientific mothers have a way of knowing what's going to happen. For instance, Bolt says that teeth first appear in the baby's mouth from the fourth to tenth month. After that you can look for them most any time and anywhere. Along about the sixth year you may even find them embedded in a baseball or tied to a string.

I knew my Bolt inside and out. I could even catch Bolt in a few contradictions in his own book. For example, on page 20, in the second paragraph, upon the question of "What to do when baby first laughs," he says: "Leave the room at once. In no way recognize the laugh." And on page 66, in the first paragraph, he says, bearing directly upon the same question:

"Laugh back! Show the baby that you understand what he has done." But on the whole Bolt was so very consistent and Oscar was doing so nicely that I was not one to find fault.

Then one bright day my dearest friend came to visit with her baby just about Oscar's age, and I found that Oscar wasn't having a squeezed banana at 10 in the morning, as my dearest friend's baby was. "No banana! No squeezed banana at 10!" she exclaimed. "Your child will have rickets and colds in the head if you don't give him bananas. And they are so good for the eyes. Dr. Hurley Burley says—" And in five minutes a little book was produced a little larger than my Bolt. I quoted Bolt; she quoted Burley; we got almost mad. Then we calmed down and started all over, but I must confess that after my dearest friend went home I purchased a Burley and Oscar began getting a squeezed banana. I had noticed that my friend's Burley had been revised two months after Bolt's last revision, so I was convinced Burley was a bit more up to date.

Five weeks later my sister wrote me from Three Forks, Iowa, that all the babies in Three Forks were getting peppered tomato juice at

3 in the afternoon, as advised by Nett-net. I replied immo-ately, spoofing the idea, and quoted Burley. "Gracious," my sister wrote back to me, "the children of yesteryear were Burley babies. Nett-net is the baby man now. His book came off the press just a month ago, and babies all over the country are responding to peppered tomato juice. Don't tell me you have never heard of Nett-net. Gracious!"

In order not to appear backward to my Iowa sister I sent for a "Nett-net Manual." Oscar had done fairly well on Burley's bananas. And he did only fairly well on Nett-net's peppered tomato. It took him so long to get accustomed to the taste. Nett-net declared my Oscar would have no taste in the matter, but if I ever get the chance I'll tell Nett-net that Oscar did.

For the most part, Oscar did do well under Nett-net. By that I mean that he slept, he laughed and he cried and gained. Now and then I had to call in the nearby doctor to straighten him out with a little medicine, but on the whole he did well.

Then, by chance, one day I got to talking to a mother in a streetcar. We were sitting side by side, and I could not help looking over

her shoulder at the little red book she was reading. Instead of giving me a dirty look, which she could so easily have done, she invited me to join her in the reading. "The newest thing out in baby feeding," she confided, and at once I was interested.

"Nett-net?" I asked her, though the red cover did not look familiar.

"Oh, no! Not Nett-net! This is Plutra, and it is so sensible, so sane. Just read this," she said. And I read. It said: "It is not necessary to cook cereals five hours. In fact, the less they are cooked the better. Except in extreme cases, I would never cook the cereal at all. Then only for a minute."

"Besides being so sensible," said the lady modern mother, "think how economical!"

Plutra is now an old story. Then came Wisler, then Jones, then Itow, the Japanese wonder. Oscar is almost a year old and we almost need another room for the library. I am just plain up a tree trying to figure out how much Oscar should weigh. By mistake last night I picked up my old Bolt. Realizing my error, I went to my Burley just for fun, and finally spent the whole night jumping from one book to the other trying to sift science down. I worked hard. I used up one writing pad and several pencils, and had to put in a new electric light bulb twice. But, would you believe me, in all those books, in all those pages of all my scientific baby books, there was only one thing upon which all authorities agreed.

They all said: "Let them cry it out."

IT'S LITERALLY "THE BOYS"

(Continued from page three)

Meanwhile Ireland is learning in many directions. She is learning to organize and operate an army; she is learning how to build a police force and a magistracy; she is learning what the elements of a constitution are; she is learning about parliamentary procedure; she is even learning what the price of civil disturbance may be. Above all, she is learning to do without England—that England that was a symbol of injustice, rapine and atrocity. She has seen now what fearful blows Irishmen can deal at Irishmen and what injustices and evil-dealing can take place in Ireland that is without a Dublin Castle. Ireland, in fact, is losing her England "complex" and soon she will be able to get about her business without any particular reference to her great and much distrusted neighbor—a consummation devoutly to be wished for!

What Ireland needs at the moment (and her need will be for some time) is a number of trained and experienced men. There are various services that will have to be screwed up to a greater efficiency—railways, ports, telephones, police, new industrial concerns. It would be a great matter for Ireland if some sympathetic American efficiency engineer—General O'Ryan, say—could be induced to come over with a roving commission when normal conditions are established.

One of the difficulties about Irish organization comes from the insularity of the country, from the extraordinarily extended personal relationships in the country. Ireland is a country in which everybody knows everybody else and everybody else's grandmother or first cousin.

The late commander in chief and head of the provisional government was "Mick" to thousands of people. The new commander in chief is "Dick" to hundreds. Ask any one standing before the general postoffice (there is a postal strike here and we all have to call for our mail) about the ministers, and if he or she does not know a particular minister they know the uncle from Cork who married the girl that their mother went to school with. The "vast cousinship of the south" is reproduced and huddled together in Ireland. And it goes through every class. No one can be remote and Olympian in Ireland. The general may be a great man, but there is bound to be a private in the regiment who saw a granduncle of his digging potatoes or even his mother bending over a washtub. And so it is difficult to get a man higher up with rare enough background to impress his subordinates. And without subordinate subordinates it is hard to see how certain branches of organization can be made effective.

The paucity of subalterns and the excessive number of commanding officers give occasion to very pointed satire in Dublin. Last week a palpable hit was made in the Abbey Theater during a performance of Shaw's "The Man of Destiny." Napoleon, completely exasperated, turns from the sub-lieutenant to the innkeeper. "What can I do with this blockhead?" he exclaims. "Make him a general, excellency," says the innkeeper. He was not able to get on with the rest of his speech for five minutes. Then a remark made by Darrell Figgis is being circulated with great delight. Darrell was describing the Dublin that will be in all its grandeur and impressiveness: "And I should have a great obelisk raised in this newly-built street, an obelisk that will lift up the eyes of all beholders. And I should have just one line on it—a single inscription: TO THE UNKNOWN GENERAL."