

# MANHATTAN HOT WEATHER HUMORESQUES NEWS OF THE WEEK IN RHYME

By DANA BURNET.



Summer humoresques at Long Beach.

**By JANE DIXON.**  
**W**HEW! Page us a flock of fans and something in a nice tall glass with frost on the outside.  
 This tropical stuff sounds great along in January with a first class blizzard swirling outside, but when it is actually with us—well, the talk about the fans and the tall glass goes, that's all.  
 The man who lives across the brick walled chasm from me is busy right now trying to knock out old Sol Heat. If Sol had a sense of humor he would

man across the chasm. My attention was attracted to the bout by the strains of that plaintive hot weather ditty "By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea."  
 It was being blared forth by a victrola with a falsetto voice. There was a crack in the record. When each wave came a-rolling in there was one awful rasping moment when it sounded as if the surf was about to be spilled all over the place. But the danger passed and all went well until it came to the delightful passage "Oh, how happy we'll be." Right in the

an aperture in the seventh level of the brick cliff I looked over into an aperture on the seventh level of the opposite cliff. A good jumper could cover the distance in one leap.  
 So that was it, eh? The man across the chasm was kidding himself into believing he was at the seashore. He occupied a coga of vantage on a low, broad couch between two electric fans. The fans were of the revolving type and were placed opposite each other at a sufficient distance from head and feet. They were turned on full blast and were blowing as good a kale as the most ambitious fan can blow. On a tabouret to the right, just where the hand could drop without effort, was a tray holding something with mint sprouting out of the top.  
 Our hero wore a pink and white striped suit, strictly indoor model, supplemented by a set of bath sandals. Alternately he read and stuck his nose into the mint bouquet. Again he would be back, revel in the artificial breezes and give a correct imitation of a man rolling on the velvet sands of a beach.  
 Was my imagination touched by this picture of cool comfort by the seaside, or did I really hear the swish of waves interwoven with the watery theme of the plaintive ditty? The voice ceased. Only the rasping was left—the rasping, and as sure as the Atlantic, the surging voice of the surf.  
 The man across the chasm half rose, looked in the direction of the burring victrola, changed his mind, sank back and hid his face in the mint. He seemed oblivious to everything but the tall glass and the swishing waters. From somewhere out of the range of vision a voice broke harshly across the delicate fabric of his dreams:  
 "For the love of Mike, turn off those faucets in the bathroom! I'm tired listening to that phony surf. Coney Island is nothing like this."  
 "You can bet your limit it isn't," retorted the man across the chasm from between sips. "It's about twenty degrees hotter than this. For a combination of coolness, comfort and economy give me the beach at home, sweet home. As a summer resort this room makes Atlantic City look like a school for stokers."

Whereupon the man across the chasm returned to his julep.  
 Speaking of hot weather humoresques there is no place where they are more prolific than Long Beach, which is located on the south shore of Long Island just far enough from the asphalt acreage to be difficult without the aid of an automobile. Thither go the classes of the city, having left the masses to their five cent fare resorts, to parade the beach or the boardwalk like pet peacocks out for a holiday.  
 Here, strutting saucily to and fro, are the doggy boys in the belted ponzees, the violent heliotropes and

## Page a Flock of Fans, a Tall Glass or Two, Then Keep Cool and Listen

the polka dot ties. Here are the pampered Panamas with the ultra bands, more like millinery than men's hats. Here too is the tired business man, dragged along by his pleasure seeking family and looking distinctly out of the picture in a sane sack suit. Here are the swarthy skinned Romeos of the beach, beautiful of their two weeks' tan, blissfully conscious of their scantiness of attire, harboring the hope that maybe they look big and strong.

Prevalent on the shining sands is the fearless sylph of some 200-odd pounds who splashes into the sea and foals the rest of the bathers into thinking the tide is coming in. Close by is the equally fearless string bean standing three times in the same place to see if she can cast a shadow. Dotted in all directions are the beauties of the Pollies, the Winter Garden and all the galaxy of summer shows. They wear bathing togs designed by their agents, who hope thereby to start the rot and so crush into the public prints. Just one peek for the National Board of Censors and that august body would burst into bitter tears.

Picture to yourself the old fashioned bathing suit built of alpaca and gathered around the waist by their agents of a nice fat bolster with a string tied around the middle. Those were the good old days when bathing suits lived up to their name. Women actually wore them in the water.  
 Then go to Long Beach. Get a vision of Dottie Dimples, stage siren, toast of the sophomore set and of the grandpas too. Dottie is wearing a flame colored confection of taffeta built in tiers from a few inches above the knees to a little way above the waist. That is about all there is to Dottie's seagoing frock except a bushel bunch of orchids caught carelessly at her breast.

Add to this a pair of high black sandals laced across flame colored silk, a black velvet hat with the circumference of a cart wheel and a purple aperture in the seventh level of the brick cliff I looked over into an aperture on the seventh level of the opposite cliff. A good jumper could cover the distance in one leap.  
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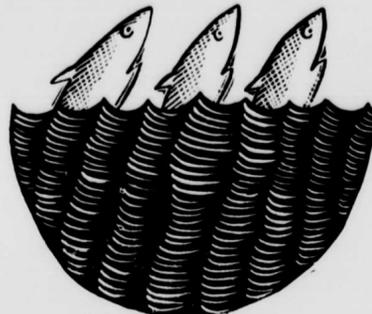
Why not the electric fan trot?

pacoda parash. If any little waiflet had designs upon Dottie it would have to chase her all the way to New York. Far be it from her to take anything away from Annette Kellermann.  
 Perhaps some one will explain why the prevailing type of sports clothes has such a tremendous appeal for wealthy women. On the boardwalk they pass in droves, the striped silk of their skirts flapping madly in the breeze, thereby disclosing glimpses of cerise, grass green, orange, bright blue and burning red, terminating in elaborately trimmed rubber soled sports shoes.  
 If these stripes keep on increasing in ferocity the visiting stranger will be compelled to wear blinders or lose his eyesight. To see a broad, low lying craft plying downstream on one of these colorful creations adds anywhere from twenty to fifty pounds to the ensemble. It looks as if some porch climber had been making a collection of awnings and had put them on the market as the latest rave in feminine scenery.  
 Then there are the beach combers. The beach combers appear on the scene early in the morning prepared to spend the entire day on the job. If there is any damage to be done in the way of hearts, any splashes to be spashed, any thrills to be thrilled, they are ready like a flock of ducks. Out of the water into the sand, out of the sand into the water, back and forth, to and fro—and oh, man, what a sunburn to-morrow!  
 Should you chance to approach a friend beach comber the day after his first beach orgy and take his arm in the gentlest of manner you will be regarded as a hard hearted murderer of the premeditating class. He will set up a bark which can be heard from Highbridge to the Battery, and the language he uses in describing the sort of fellow you are will be completely surrounded by fire and brimstone.  
 For a long time the beach comber will avoid brushing against pedestrians as if he suspected them of bubonic plague. His disposition will resemble nothing so much as a buzz saw arguing with a steel spike in a plank. All the world will be all wrong, and all the people in it either boos or bandits.  
 "Did you have a good time over the week end?" asks his friend, clapping him jovially on the back.  
 A German shell exploding in the middle of his spine would get no better results.  
 "Rotten—er—I mean great—great—a-a-t," he manages to force out.  
 "Pretty soft for you, eh?" with a shade of envy. "While we were painting here in town you were out getting full of health and fresh air. You come back feeling like a million dollars and here we poor shut-ins lag along like wet rags. Pretty soft!"

**T**HE fashionable gentleman  
 Is wearing colored collars;  
 The war has cost the British Crown  
 Some twenty billion dollars.  
 A savant found a dinosaur  
 Which caused a great commotion—  
 Three sharks were seen  
 Near Bowling Green—  
 And Gotham shuns the ocean.

The Czar has gone to Hungary  
 Without an invitation;  
 We have an aeroplane to guard  
 The welfare of the nation.  
 The Senate passed the navy bill  
 With divers new attractions—  
 The woollen trade  
 Is slightly frayed—  
 And Poland is in fractions.

three jolly sharks  
are we!



Three sharks were seen near Bowling Green.

The Gulf Stream hasn't budged an inch  
 Despite the plot to move it;  
 The Kaiser told a grateful world  
 He panted to improve it.  
 The Colonel and the candidate  
 Their troth have fondly plighted—  
 'Tis sweet to see  
 Such harmony—  
 And Bryan's hopes are blighted.

Sir Thomas Osborne has emerged  
 Triumphant from his trials;  
 Carranza checked the border raids  
 By vigorous . . . denials.  
 'Tis rumored that the bathing skirt  
 Will not be worn much longer—  
 Lord Justice Hughes  
 Declared his views—  
 And stocks are feeling stronger.

To wear a waistcoat in July  
 Displays one's gentle breeding;  
 'Tis bourgeois, on the other hand,  
 To go to jail for speeding.



Bryan's hopes are blighted.

So rapidly the customs change  
 We scarcely can observe them—  
 Last year our spines  
 Were rigid lines—  
 This year 'tis smart to curve them.

The Western man who kicked the mule  
 Is slowly convalescing;  
 The ancient Babylonians  
 Were fond of salad dressing.  
 A wrecking company was formed  
 To dig for buried treasure—  
 We have a block  
 Of mining stock—  
 And meat is now a pleasure.



A waistcoat in July.



The jacket of yesteryear.

appreciate the worthy efforts of his imaginative opponent and concede the fight. But the crass old party is a hard loser, and if the signs read true he is giving the hector heat sufferer a mighty stiff battle.  
 Some new and ingenious methods of warfare are being tried out by the

middle of the word "happy" came the crack. The result convinced me the sinner was fully as happy as a man with a splinter in his foot.  
 After the sea song had been repeated nigh unto a dozen times it began to surge through my system. I was humming it, crack and all. From

give that buttonhole luster a piece of his mind? Well, I should say so. Some gall selling him a piece of goods that shrinks right up to nothing when you pack it away.  
 Poor long suffering tailor! He will probably make abject apologies and promise by the board of his father never to do it again. He does not dare tell the man the truth—that the rich food and wines of the post winter are to blame and unless he curbs himself he will surely lose his girlish figure. Even now he is approaching the last hitch in his leather belt.

He dons the Palm Beach regardless of the discrepancy in size and the half-Norfolk belt which strikes him a trail below the shoulder blades. If there is one thing a man hates to admit more than another it is embonpoint.

Up in one of the paces of midnight revelry in the hottest part of last week the oldtimers, with a smattering of sightseers, were whiling away the early hours of the morning fox-trotting, perspiring and sipping liquid coolness. All those engaged in steam-rolling around the floor were having a Turkish bath, whether they wanted it or not. Loud were the lamentations about the heat. It was unbearable—by Jove, what's that? A wait? Do you dance the old-fashioned? They tell me it is very smart now. Let's have a whirl at it.

There had been no prostrations up to 3 o'clock, when I gave it up because it looked as if the heat sufferers were there for the week. The management was using every modern device to keep them cool, and they were doing their best to checkmate these humane efforts.

"There goes a tango—and I'm just nice and cool," complained a girl in rose and white chiffon.  
 "Want to sit here and watch?" her companion suggested.

"Not if they have to pick me up with a blotter," was the reply.  
 How about the folks who gather up the remains of the weekly stipend and tie themselves to the beach in search of a cool spot? No sooner do they finish disporting themselves in the waves than they frisk merrily to the nearest temple of the dance where they cool up again and set the furnaces all a-going.  
 In these same temples they meet the city folks who boast to their playmates about how they are taking a run down to the beach to enjoy the great outdoors. They pull up in a parking space where the strains of the latest popular tune are wafted faintly to the ear. They clamor out and try not to crowd on their way to the centre of tepid-trocan activities.  
 After a heated argument a table is secured and they settle down for the

fray. The only time they leave is when they start for home.  
 "How did you find the ocean?" ask those left behind.  
 "We didn't find it," is the reply.

"Many a seaside sojourner has returned to the mountains of the metropolis without so much as a fleeting glimpse of the briny deep. It would have been exactly the same if he had stayed in town and enjoyed the trotting where home and mother are handy to the subway or the taxicab. Indoor sports are indoor sports, whether the scene of action is on the shores of shining sands or the shores of shining Broadway."

Oh, yes, you may well wonder who has become of the old fashioned who wore organza dresses with the flus galore and a floppy garden hat with a daisy wreath.  
 The New York summer girl of the hour sweaters in a tailored suit of serge with hat in harmony, or a daisy tufted of the lagoon model. No matter what happens in the way of heat, she never removes her coat. It is not quite the correct thing, you know. Vanity is ever a painless ailment.  
 And the joke of it all is, of the day this story appears in The Sun, we will probably be wearing our top coats and complaining because the weather man hands us such a chilly deal in the middle of summer!

## THE FABLE OF THE COUNTRY HOME

By John Held



Once upon a time there was a city chap who had a nice, cool apartment,  
 The last word in needle showers and bathroom luxuries,  
 And could sleep at night.  
 So he bought a farm in the country; got his papers a week late;  
 Found his bathing facilities inadequate;  
 And as for sleeping—well, there were mosquitoes.  
 Moral: He's a wise man who knows when he's well off.