

# DIMPLED KNEES, AND OTHERS TOO, WORRYING DAN

By DAN CAREY.

Now, having written something recently about knees, female knees, we naturally, with our well known modesty, thought that the subject had been exhausted. But no, we were wrong. A lady printed a card in THE SUN the other day in which she said that men would be compelled to become accustomed to seeing the knees of women and that those who could not see them without going crazy had better prepare themselves for a residence in the insane asylum.

So it seems the subject isn't exhausted at all. Frankly, we had not thought about this feature of going crazy, but it does present possibilities. As a matter of fact, we did not feel fully capable of understanding the lady's viewpoint because of our unfamiliarity with knees, except our own, so we decided to make an inspection in order that we might be more familiar with our favorite topic and place ourselves in a position to pass judgment.

We visited a swimming pool—a large swimming pool—in the centre of Manhattan Island, and there we made our study. We had been attracted by a particularly alluring picture of a young female person in a red bathing suit who appeared about to dive from a springboard. So we paid our fifty cents willingly and went inside.

Then was revealed to us the secrets of the sex, and we knew what the card writing lady had been talking about.

It reminded us of the story of the wealthy old gentleman in the South who became so ill that his physician requested a consultation with some specialists of the community. They came, examined, consulted and withdrew. In vain he requested that he be informed of his condition. His own physician was silent and the specialists were as dumb as clams. A second time they came and did the whole thing over again, with the same results.

Finally they said a third consultation would be required. Meanwhile the patient had grown worse and somewhat irascible. He called Uncle Tom, his body servant, to his bedside.

"Tom," he said, "the doctors are coming to examine me again. They will not tell me what my trouble is. I want you to go in the room with them when they are holding their consultation and pretend to be dusting or something of the kind. After they have gone you tell me what they said. I simply must know what is the matter with me."

Uncle Tom agreed, and after the physicians had completed their examination he went into the living room to overhear what they might say.

When the specialists had departed the sick man called for his servant.

"Were you in the room, Tom?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, I wuz right dar," he answered.

"Well, what did they say?"

"Course, Marse Dick," he said, "yo' knows dat dey talked er lot er words dat I never knowed de meanin' of. I listened des as good as I could, but I didn't know what dey wuz talkin' about. Finally one of 'em riz up, dat one wid de long white whiskers, and it looked ter me like he wuz mad. He walked up an' down in front de fireplace a few times an' den he said: 'It des ain't no use arguin' 'bout it any more and wastin' my time an' yours. De autopsy will reveal.'"

AND so we had things revealed to us when we went to the swimming pool.

In our ignorance of the matter we had always supposed knees to be rather entrancing, little dimpled effects, well rounded and attractively gotten up.

It isn't true. We agree with the lady who wrote the card. Any man who would go crazy over what we saw the other night deserves a place of honor in the insane asylum.

Now, there were several girls who were not in swimming and who did not have on bathing suits. It may have been—however, we do not know.

The chances are that an investigation would show that women with desirable knees do not go in swimming while those with knees of lesser attractiveness remain on shore.

The whole subject might well be referred for final decision to that heroic official of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy who has issued an order abolishing rouge, red lead general stockings and short skirts in the general office of the road. Here is displayed a fearlessness in the male sex that is as unusual as it is commendatory.

MEANWHILE, now that the subject of women and their rights has arisen, we note with pleasure that the Woman's party now proposes another amendment to the Constitution of the United States. This one will insure that "equal rights to women shall not be denied because of sex or marriage."

Good. Go to it, girls. We are with you.

We admit that women do not know what they want, except that they want to get the advantage of the men and do not know just how to go about it. For goodness sake, do not misunderstand our attitude on the question. We think they ought to have the advantage. They need it.

Recently we had the pleasure of dining with a charming lady who is perfectly serious in wishing to see the condition of women improved by lowering them to the level of men. We told her of a State which formerly had a law that made men and women absolutely equal in one respect.

"The State of Texas," we said, "formerly had a law which provided that in the event of a divorce everything that a man had was taken charge of by the court and placed with whatever property the woman might chance to have. The two lots were put together and divided equally, half going to the woman in her own name and half was given to the man. Then they started life over, each with an equal amount. That was a fair law, wasn't it? That made them equal."

"Yes," she answered, "that is fair. Now, that is the kind of law we want passed in all the States."

"Well," we answered, "we had a man go from Georgia to Texas. He fell in love with a widow who had been left about a million dollars by her husband. They were married. Several months later they were divorced. All the man had, which was nothing, was

Revelations at Swimming Pool Give Him New Understanding of Alluring Subject, but He Gains Knowledge Only at Cost of Shattered Ideals--He Also Gets More Light on the Woman's Rights Question and Wins an Argument



taken from him and put in the pot. Then all the woman had, which was \$1,000,000, was taken from her and put in the pot. It was divided between them, and they each started life over again with a half million dollars. That was fair, wasn't it?"

"No," she answered, "that wasn't fair. That was outrageous. Women ought to be protected from such men."

"Well, that is what the men thought," we answered, "so Texas men changed that law and men and women are not now on equal footing there any more."

She remained silent and thoughtful, and as this was one of the few occasions upon which we have had the better of an argument with a lady we hastily changed the subject.

OF course, the whole feminist movement is caused by the fact that labor saving devices have been perfected to such an extent that the entire time of women is no longer required in household duties, and it is perfectly natural that they should seek something to occupy their time and their minds. Every human being must have something to occupy the mind. Old Uncle Aaron had the right idea about it.

Uncle Aaron was a prince of the Church Triumphant and the chief singer in the choir on Sundays and prayer meetings nights; on Tuesday evenings he was treasurer and assistant presiding officer of the Sons and Daughters of the Lily of the Valley. During the daylight hours he was the disturber of weeds in our garden, the playmate of our baby, a regular attendant in the kitchen at meal times and our own personal friend, adviser and household sage.

One afternoon we placed the record of Paderewski's "Minuet" on the phonograph. Just as the last strains died away Uncle Aaron stuck his head through a window. He had been listening.

"Key of G," he said in a manner which clearly intended to imply that he wanted some conversation on the subject.

"Why, Uncle Aaron, do you know music that well?" we inquired.

"Does I know music? Does I know music?" he answered, with the repetition that is characteristic of the race. "Why, man, ef deir is one thing I does know hits music."

We waited for him to continue. We knew he would. The old man laid down his rake, deposited his hat on the steps and came up on the porch.

"You see," he said, beginning with his narrative voice and using a decidedly rising inflection on his first two words, "back in dem days when I wuz a valet to young marster dey sent all de niggers to school on de plantation. Atter I had done learned to read and write and while de rest er de niggers wuz des foolin' 'round wid die learnin' dat anybody can git, I says to young marster one day:

"I feels dat I'm ambiguous enough ter go higher. I wants er higher education."

"What does yo' want ter learn, Aaron," he says.

"I had done thought what ter say when dat come, cause I had done been singin' 'round de quarters and I knowed what I could do. So I told him dat I wanted ter learn music."

"He des laughed at de time and went on back in de house, but I crope under some vines at de parlor window and heard him and ole Miss talkin' it over. Atter a while he come out, and dar I wuz waitin' for him at de front porch."

"Very well, Aa'on," he says, "I am going to have you taught music, and hereafter yo' shall be known in dis neighborhood as de 'singing valet.'" So dey graduated me in music, and atter dat I went to all de white folks parties and got myself a considerable reputation in dat settlement."

"What did you study, Uncle Aaron?" we asked him.

"Why, harmony and melody, man; har-

"We decided to make an inspection in order to place ourselves in a position to pass judgment."

"Key of G," he said in a manner which clearly intended to imply that he wanted some conversation on the subject.

"Why, Uncle Aaron, do you know music that well?" we inquired.

"Does I know music? Does I know music?" he answered, with the repetition that is characteristic of the race. "Why, man, ef deir is one thing I does know hits music."

We waited for him to continue. We knew he would. The old man laid down his rake, deposited his hat on the steps and came up on the porch.

"You see," he said, beginning with his narrative voice and using a decidedly rising inflection on his first two words, "back in dem days when I wuz a valet to young marster dey sent all de niggers to school on de plantation. Atter I had done learned to read and write and while de rest er de niggers wuz des foolin' 'round wid die learnin' dat anybody can git, I says to young marster one day:

"I feels dat I'm ambiguous enough ter

go higher. I wants er higher education."

"What does yo' want ter learn, Aaron,"

he says.

"I had done thought what ter say when dat come, cause I had done been singin' 'round de quarters and I knowed what I could do. So I told him dat I wanted ter learn music."

"He des laughed at de time and went on back in de house, but I crope under some vines at de parlor window and heard him and ole Miss talkin' it over. Atter a while he come out, and dar I wuz waitin' for him at de front porch."

"Very well, Aa'on," he says, "I am going to have you taught music, and hereafter yo' shall be known in dis neighborhood as de 'singing valet.'" So dey graduated me in music, and atter dat I went to all de white folks parties and got myself a considerable reputation in dat settlement."

"What did you study, Uncle Aaron?" we asked him.

"Why, harmony and melody, man; har-

mony and melody," he answered.

We sought to entertain our friend further, so we put on another record. It was "A Furtive Tear."

"Here is one by Caruso," we said.

He listened to it attentively and thoughtfully.

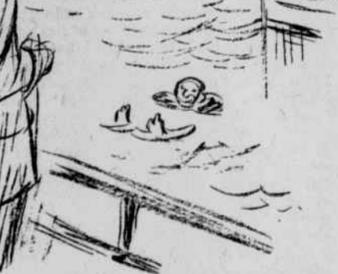
"He shore can control his voice," remarked Uncle Aaron when the end had been reached. "But he don't speak his words plain. I couldn't catch much what he wuz singin' 'bout. What did you say his name wuz, please sur?"

"Enrico Caruso," we answered.

"I ain't never heard but one man who could outsing him," said Uncle Aaron, "an' he shore has him beat."

"Who is that?" we asked.

"Why, hits Brother Amos Jackson. He leads de choir in de Utoy Church down on de Sandtown road. Why, man, he can sing 'I'm Gwine Ter Lay Down My Life Fur My Lord' till yo' plumb forgets yo're at church."



money and melody," he answered.

We sought to entertain our friend further, so we put on another record. It was "A Furtive Tear."

"Here is one by Caruso," we said.

He listened to it attentively and thoughtfully.

"He shore can control his voice," remarked Uncle Aaron when the end had been reached. "But he don't speak his words plain. I couldn't catch much what he wuz singin' 'bout. What did you say his name wuz, please sur?"

"Enrico Caruso," we answered.

"I ain't never heard but one man who could outsing him," said Uncle Aaron, "an' he shore has him beat."

"Who is that?" we asked.

"Why, hits Brother Amos Jackson. He leads de choir in de Utoy Church down on de Sandtown road. Why, man, he can sing 'I'm Gwine Ter Lay Down My Life Fur My Lord' till yo' plumb forgets yo're at church."

OUR particular job in assisting the people to govern themselves consisted of managing the department of parks and playgrounds. One of the larger parks had been presented to the city by an old citizen who also presented with the land his old body servant, Dick Kelsey, with the unwritten agreement that old Dick was to have a job at the park during the remainder of his life. As the two gifts had been made to the city about twenty-five years previously, Dick was at a rather advanced age when we were in charge and his main duties consisted of ornamenting a park bench and picking up such paper as happened to be blown within his range of vision during the odd moments when he was awake.

see motion pictures, shown privately and without charge, which illustrate many features of outdoor life. Perhaps the most remarkable is one made under the direction of Arthur H. Sutton of Pleasantville, which portrays the destructive habits and nature of the common black crow—"the feathered cannibal," as it is termed. After days of waiting Mr. Sutton's little son reported a crow to be perched in a high tree and commencing to eat the eggs of a song bird lying in an unprotected nest. Father and son and a camera man sprang into a motor and sped off as near as they dared approach the tree in a car. Then, with infinite pains, the camera man got his machine to a place where he could look directly down upon the voracious old "feathered cannibal," and the photographing commenced.

The crow and the camera man remained in their respective positions while every egg was leisurely eaten by the "black monster." Meanwhile Mr. Sutton at a distance had rigged a mechanical owl in another treetop, and building a screen, under which he and his son concealed themselves, succeeded by luring within gunshot forty or fifty other crows, many of which were killed in flight. This is one of the pictures made by Field and Stream for educational purposes. It has been seen at several sportsmen's gatherings in New York, but is never shown in a movie house which charges admission fee.

It is noteworthy that the Southern New York Fish and Game Association has taken every means for cooperating with farmers in the work of observing game laws and the important matter of killing destructive vermin. As a result friendly and cordial relations exist, and hundreds of farmers gladly pay their little dollar a year dues, knowing that it is to their advantage to have waters stocked with fish and swamps and their land stocked with birds.

Among the officers of the association are: E. Schirmer, Jr., of White Plains, president; Supreme Court Justice Morschauer and Tompkins, Emil P. Angot and District Attorney Lee Parsons Davis, vice-presidents; Irving W. Austin, treasurer, and Melville C. Roach, secretary, both of White Plains; Thomas E. Foster, R. P. Holland, who is vice-president of the American Game Protective Association; R. W. Powers, E. T. Townsend, State Game Protector, and E. C. Dunning, United States Deputy Game Warden.

Game Birds and Rabbits as Well as Trout and Bass Increase Amazingly Under Protective Campaign in Neighboring Counties

which was incorporated not long afterward. Within a year 1,500 members had been enrolled, almost all residing in the four counties mentioned. But now applications are coming in from New Yorkers, hundreds of whom motor out to Westchester and Putnam and Dutchess counties every week end and every holiday. Their cars may be seen parked along the shores of a dozen or more lakes in the New York watershed, while they and their families are comfortably seated in boats or casting from rips or convenient banks, adding color and life to the scene.

The county families welcome these visitors from town, taking the ground that a good fisherman or a good gunner must be a good fellow in general. It is seldom that they misuse boats, destroy young trees or leave picnic litter lying around, in contrast to some other visitors from the city. Also, as a rule, they are careful in observance of game laws, and this means everything to the Southern New York Association.

Association Continues Its Work On a Constantly Growing Scale

During its first year the association distributed more than 500,000 brook, brown and rainbow trout in seventeen streams, while other waters received lake trout, black bass and pike perch. This year it is distributing fish in forty brooks, rivers and lakes. In 1920 some 600 pheasant eggs, procured from the State, were distributed among members of the association who agreed to hatch the eggs and release the birds, while 100 young pheasants were liberated in certain swamps. This year the association has arranged for handling a very much larger number of eggs and young birds, and already 116 pairs of snowshoe rabbits have been purchased and released in different sections of Westchester, Putnam and Dutchess counties.

Prizes are offered for the largest fish caught by association members—pickerel,

Conducts Motion Picture Campaign In Interest of Game Reservation

In its campaign in this regard the association recently has been inviting men and women interested in such preservation to

He was a good old negro and every one who knew him loved and respected him. He is dead now. We assisted at his funeral. He was a sweet minded, kind old friend, worthy of trust and admiration.

Dick was a Primitive Baptist, a religion that isn't very well known in the North, but it is very strong numerically among both whites and blacks in the rural districts of the South. The Primitive Baptists are good people. They are the foot washers, of which they make a religious ceremony in commemoration of the washing of Our Lord's feet. Also they follow rather strictly the daily lives of their members and require them as a matter of religion to give faithful service to their employers.

One day we jokingly accused Dick of sleeping on a park bench and loafing on the job, to which he replied:

"Why, ef I was ter do dat de Primitive Baptists would turn me out er de church."

"Thinking to start a religious argument with the old man we told him that in our opinion the Catholics were the only people who could do no wrong."

"Dar now," he said emphatically. "Des listen to him."

"De truf is," he continued after a moment, "dat dey ain't so much diffance between de Catholics an' de Primitive Baptists. Dey believe is de same, dey acts is de same an' dey works is de same. Dat's what dey is."

"Well, Dick," we remarked, "that sounds like they are pretty close together, sure enough. Now, just what is the difference between them?"

The old man took off his hat and scratched his head before replying.

"Well, sur," he answered, "ef de Catholics would des wash dey feet, dey'd be Primitive Baptists."

A MOVIE SCENARIO.

(Title: Up the Hill and Down Again.)

A neat little girl, with a dainty little curl, And a merry little twinkle In her eye.

A bad little boy, with a heart full of joy, And just the shapicest Of a sigh.

A cute little car, runs without a jar, And a tank full of gas On the rear.

A bright, shining moon, up rather soon, The kind that the lovers Call a dear.

(Several hours now elapse, and to heighten the effect the spectators should be sprayed with pacelene fumes.)

A bright, shining moon, going down soon, Will call it a night Right away.

The same little car, ran without a jar, But the tank's out of gas By the way.

A stung little lad, with a heart very sad; He merely ran the car With a sigh.

A neat little girl, with a dainty little curl, And a merry little twinkle In her eye.

Dan's Own Book Review.

LADY CLAIRE, A Poem. Lord Alfred Tennyson. London. Adam Sob & Co., Ltd., Glasgow.

THIS was the original "mixed baby" case of which there is any recorded history. Of course in earlier times there was the case where two women claimed the same child and took the matter to Solomon for adjudication. Since then women have very frequently claimed children that did not belong to them, and in some instances they have been very successful, particularly as every generation cannot produce a Solomon. It is very probable that the practice of kidnapping resulted from this custom of claiming other people's children.

We recently read of a case down in Georgia where a woman had a whole household of children which she had adopted from time to time, and which she convinced her husband were his. Frankly, we do not understand how it could be done, and we have always thought that the newspaper men of Atlanta let some detail of that story get away from them. However, it was so printed and we so relate it.

Now in this case of Lady Claire it was different. The real Lady Claire died in early infancy. Her nurse was an astute kind of person and pretended that it was her own baby who had died. This she accomplished by paying the funeral expenses of the deceased infant and placing her own child in the baby carriage of Lady Claire and rolling her up to the castle.

A long time afterward there came along a young chap named Harold, who was a lord. He decides he wants to marry the nurse's child, thinking she is his cousin, Lady Claire. Lord Harold, it seems, is the rightful owner of the property held by the child of the nurse.

The old nurse made a record for a woman on keeping a secret. She did not tell any one what she had done until she was about to "bust," and then when she could not hold in any longer she up and tells her daughter all about it. The false Lady Claire seems to have acquired some notions of false pride from her associations with the nobles of the settlement. She says she thinks a scurrilous trick has been played on Lord Harold, and that if the property really belongs to him she proposes to return it to him.

Her mother, the old nurse, begs her not to spill the beans. Quite a scene ensues at this point. It finally ends up by the old nurse saying, "The man will cleave unto his right," but when Lady Claire dramatically exclaims, "And he shall have it," her mother knows that the jig is up, because when a woman grows dramatic on you you might as well quit the argument and surrender—that is, unless you make up your mind to an all night session, with the usual "As-I-was-saying-last-night" the next morning at breakfast.

But Lord Harold was a good sport at that, and when Lady Claire, dressed for the part in rags and barefooted, told him the truth he just laughed and said "Oh, forget it," or words to that effect.

So they clinched and later were married, but our personal opinion is that Lady Claire was playing a long shot—yes, sir, she took a chance.

We don't say not to read the poem. We just tell you that there is such a piece, and you can use your own judgment.