

SPEAKEASIES CASH CHECKS TO OBLIGE THEIR CUSTOMERS AND WARD OFF DEPRESSION

(New York Sun)

If there is such a thing as financial depression it is not to be found in a certain string of speakeasy restaurants that are now making a fight for supremacy. One man owning five of them in a few blocks recently gave orders that no business was to slip away and drift to some competitor. He is an old timer in the game, and he figured it all out before he issued sweeping orders to "cash a check if you think the man is good."

The order did not require the manager of the place to decide whether the check was good. It was whether the man himself seemed good, and if he did, to take a chance. But there was a string to the liberality of the owner of the place. His orders were not to take a check for more than \$5. If manager or bartender did, and it should snap back, the amount would be taken from his pay envelope.

It is now a matter of four months since the plan was put in operation. It took some time for the good news to spread, but finally it became noised about that Tom's places would take paper. One morning the manager of one place got back sixteen checks out of a total of twenty-four deposited. It made him mad, but he remembered that practically every cent advanced on the bum checks had been spent in the place by the makers. It was one way of doing business, and it was proving a bit profitable for many of those whose checks had been returned. He felt a little guilty and came in with the cash and took them up.

"I find there is much honor among such men," said the manager. "A professional check kiter cannot get enough money on his check to make a set for our place. Five dollars is a small amount to pay to find a man out, and usually he has to be more or less down to us, before we will give him even the five-spot. It seems strange that men who eat in our res-

taurants and take a drink look upon us as their bankers. They do not go to their banks to get cash, but call on us to do their running. This we are glad to do, especially when we find the men are in business in the neighborhood and are not in the rubber check game.

"I will admit we got hit pretty hard when the market slump came, and by men who had been our best customers. They were working long hours and needed a stimulant, and they signed for food and drink as well as having checks cashed. When the big count-up came we were behind, for many of these men were cleaned and could not pay their bills. I am happy to say that some have got back on their feet and have paid off from time to time much of their indebtedness.

"We expect to get stuck on this present plan of giving credit, but most men are honest and the best one can stick us for is \$5. He cannot get a second five until the first has been paid, and the man who knows he can't pay five seldom has the nerve to try for another touch. It's an experiment, and so far we feel we are ahead, even though some of the boys have failed to come back to redeem the paper they wrote on a bank, and in some instances where they had no account. Such men are easy to handle. In fact, the whole scheme I consider a good one.

"Give the man up to five freely and he will usually come back with that five and another to go with it to prove that he is good when he writes his check. But we are on the watch for the rubber check that fly back and hit you in the eye when you least expect it. New York has plenty of these operators, but they do not get into our places. They know we are on to them and they look for their suckers elsewhere."

BOARDING HOUSES OF THE '50'S DISSECTED AND DESCRIBED BY A DIVERTING SATIRIST

(New York Sun)

Seventy-five years ago there was a satirist in New York who left a diverting book that every enthusiast over old New York ought to have—"The Physiology of New York Boarding Houses," by Thomas (Butler) Gunn. It was published in 1857.

Gunn knew his boarding houses, and he described them all, down to the last scrap of meat on the platter. There was the cheap boarding house, the fashionable boarding house where you don't get enough to eat, the dirty boarding house, the hand-to-mouth boarding house, the mean boarding house, the boarding house where the landlady drinks, the boarding house where you're expected to make love to the landlady, the family hotel on Broadway, the artists' boarding house, the boarding house frequented by Bostonians, the boarding house whose landlady is a southerner, the boarding house which gives satisfaction to everybody, and finally a chapter on different sorts of boarders.

The theatrical boarding house seems to have been one of the more entertaining places in the late '50s.

"Generally," wrote Gunn, "One's earliest experience was in connection with the subject of loans. As surely as rapidly, you glided into the anomalous and unnatural position of creditor to your landlady. She borrowed five or ten dollars on you on the day subsequent to your arrival, and henceforth you vainly struggled against destiny.

Our meals, taken in a sort of whitewashed schoolroom of limited dimensions in the rear of the premises, were mostly of a carnivorous description, from which circumstance we infer that the pie-vendors of that vicinity are inexorably opposed to the credit system. Occasionally dinner was totally ignored. On such crises, Mrs. — would be invisible. Our impression is that she locked herself in a

subterranean cupboard or closet till the evil hour had passed.

"But the establishment had its pleasanter aspects. Where else, we ask, should we have been allowed to sit wrapped up in blankets and bed-clothes on deathly cold winter nights while scribbling a comic story on the edge of the washing stand?

"You could send out for beer at any seasonable or unseasonable hour. You could call fellow-boarders by their nicknames, cut jokes and fraternize with everybody. At our boarding house they punned, laughed, talked slangy and stogy, drank ale or champagne with equal good humor, and got up the jolliest of supplementary suppers.

"Unquestionably the Honess of the place was the tradienne. She was a handsome, jolly woman, with a deep, rich voice, and would ask you how you did or make an observation about the weather in such heartfelt, cordial tones as imparted quite a glow to the recipient.

"A brother actor of our tragedienne's having borrowed a pair of nether habiliments from her for 'light comedy' purposes on one occasion was, by the lady, encountered in the passage and ordered back to his apartment, there to immediately disengage himself to them, she not approving of the loan. And the voice we had overheard in Juliet's love-impassioned speech was exalted in wrath, even to letting dwellers on the upper floor know that 'Bill'—shouldn't have them pants—they had been purchased with her money and she'd burn 'em ere his request should be granted!"

"Whenever I see that girl I always think of grapefruit."

"Why grapefruit?"

"Because every time a fellow squeezes her she hits him smack in the eye."—Everybody's Weekly.

CELLULOSE CIGAR SHEATHS BASIS OF CORNELL ROUGHAGE DIET TESTS IS DISCOVERY

(New York Sun)

Ithaca, N. Y., July 7—Science may teach man how to eat the transparent wrappings of his cigars in a diet experiment which will begin at Cornell University this fall.

The glass-clear, paper-thin stuff will be few to human beings to learn whether its food value as "roughage" is superior to that of bran. Evidence that for rats at least this new product of the synthetic laboratories is better than bran has been established already in more than two years of experiment in the animal nutrition laboratory by Dr. C. M. McCay, assistant professor of animal nutrition.

Recently there died in this laboratory the last of the rats which ate the stuff and all of which thrived upon it. They all died of old age. That means the novel food seemed completely good for them. The last one was two and a half, a ripe old age for a rat. One-fifth of his food was this wrapper material. He ate a volume about equivalent to a well packed bushel basket, and it weighed six pounds. The rat weighed one pound.

The wrapping material was bought from scraps at the factory. Its only preparation was washing in water to remove the glycerine, which is a harmless food. That, says Dr. McCay, is likewise all the preparation anticipated as necessary for human feeding.

Just put the cigar wrapper under the water tap for a moment and it is ready to eat. Whether it is good to eat only the experiments will determine, but the effect upon rats is a fairly reliable index, because among animals their metabolism is closest to that of human beings.

Present roughages for human consumption, Dr. McCay says, have occasional unfavorable effect upon diet, even though they may be fine for the majority of persons. The cigar wrapping material is not really a far cry

from the most ordinary foodstuffs. It is made of cellulose, one of the principal compounds produced by plants and trees.

In Germany cellulose is used successfully in laboratories to be converted synthetically into a fairly sweet sugar. Commercially it has been made into food for animals in that country. It is the basis of artificial silks in this country, and of many other commercial products, so numerous that chemists have coined the phrase "the cellulose age."

GOOD PROGRAM ON THE AIR FOR WEDNESDAY

The radio program for Wednesday night as follows, Atlantic Standard time being used:

CFNB FREDERICTON

8.20—Weather Forecast, News Columbia Records.

12.30—Columbia Records

1.15—Stock Market Report.

7.00—Weather Forecast, Stock Market Report.

8.30—C. P. R. Crusaders.

WEAP, NEW YORK

7.30—Gene Austin, Tenor.

7.40—Back of the News.

6.00—Listerine Program.

8.15—Mae Questal.

8.30—Mable Concert.

9.00—Halsey Stewart.

9.30—Palm Olive Hour.

10.20—Coca Cola.

11.00—Radio Digest.

11.30—Orchestra.

WJZ NEW YORK

7.00—Amos 'n Andy.

7.15—Entertainers.

7.30—Phil Cook.

7.45—Esso Program.

6.00—Adventure.

8.30—Jack Frost Melodies.

9.00—The First Nighter

9.30—Goldman's Band.

10.00—Grenadiers.

10.45—Poems.

10.30—Clara Lu and Lin.

11.00—Slumber Hour.

WABC New York

7.15—House Beside the Road.

7.30—Chiclets Program.

7.45—Daddy & Rollo

8.00—Pryor's Band.

8.15—Character Readings.

8.30—Kaltenborn Edits the News.

8.45—Lee Morse and Orchestra.

9.00—Henry George.

9.30—Symphony Concert.

10.00—Mr. and Mrs. Malt Jester.

10.30—Morton Downey.

11.00—Orchestra.

11.30—Orchestras, Nocturne.

WTIC HARTFORD

7.30—Watchmakers.

7.45—Hank Keene

8.00—Bobby Jones.

9.00—Jesse Crawford.

8.15—Sylvan Echoes.

9.30—Palm Olive Hour.

10.00—Top Notchers.

11.00—The Merry Mad caps

11.15—Weather Bulletins.

10.30—Top Notchers.

WLW CINCINNATI

7.00—Baseball Scores.

7.15—Ruckin' Orchestras.

7.30—R. F. D. Hour.

8.00—The Buddy Boys.

8.30—Sinfonietta.

9.30—Canova Musicale Novelty.

10.00—Castle Farm Orchestra.

10.30—Crosley Artist Bureau.

10.45—Sport Slides.

11.00—Estate Weather.

11.05—Night Songs.

9.30—Organ Recital from "Nova Scotia"

CNRA MONTGON

10.30—Home Economics.

2.00—Daily Potato Bulletin.

2.10—Ocean Limited Hour.

3.15—News Bulletin.

6.15—Stock Reports.

6.30—Dinner Period of Music.

9.00—Organ recital from "Nova Scotia"

CKAC MONTREAL

7.15—Chocoo Yeast Hilly Bellies.

7.30—To Be Announced.

8.20—Montrose Question Box.

7.30—Clark's Entertainers

8.05—Heure Antonienne.

8.30—St. Jean Baptiste.

9.00—Royal's Poet of the Organ.

9.30—Ritz Carlton Orchestra.

10.00—Baseball Scores.

10.30—McAloer Polishers.

ANATOLE FRANCE SHORT OF IDEAS, SAYS POLICEMAN

(New York Sun)

There have been plenty of stories about "educated" taxi drivers taxi men who write books and sing in opera and speak half a dozen languages or do something else surprising, but New York's Finest have their scholars, too.

For one cop who doesn't know that Columbia University is in New York City—it's an actual fact; a stranger who asked a downtown traffic cop the other day how to get to Columbia received the information that Columbia University isn't in New York—there are probably hundreds who know the museums and concert halls of Manhattan inside as well as outside.

Recently a young lady, parked up in the Garment Center in a spot found she shouldn't have been, found herself in conversation with a cop on duty there. Before she moved on to a better stopping place they chatted a few minutes on one thing or another.

Appropos something, the cop remarked: "Me, now, I'm a philosophical guy. I like to read; don't you?"

It just happened that the young lady had a popular but rather cheaply written novel on the seat beside her.

"Have you read that?" she asked, holding up the book.

The cop actually sneered. "I don't waste my time with that trash, lady."

"But that's the most popular novel right now—a best seller everywhere."

"Not for me, lady. When I read I read for ideas. Anatole France, now—I used to read him a lot, but he hasn't got ideas. Just style. Now you take somebody like Tolstoi or Dostoevsky or Proust—they got something a guy can think about when he's poundin' the pavement."

Nobody has ever given an acceptable mathematical estimate of just what constitutes the average man.

A lucky groom is the one whose bride makes it the helping hand when she gives him hers in marriage.



To the tune of "ki-yi, ride 'im, Cowboy"—Chuck Wilson rode a sun-fishing, bucking, squealing piece of demon horse flesh to win the North American Bucking Horse Championship for 1930. Wilson's winnings, last year, amounted to over \$2,300.00 and his successes constitute a real record for riding bucking bronchos.

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