



"Miss De Prado phoned, sir. She thanks you for the yacht, and wishes you another prosperous year."

in which the Great Liberator happened to be sitting when he met his doom.

Auctions give us a creepy feeling anyway. The tension of sitting still, lest a raised finger be mistaken for a bid, induces a feeling of religious awe somewhat out of key with the unholy desecration that is going on all around. We never cease to be annoyed at the idle rich who buy relics, in most cases to satisfy a desire for power or distinction. Neither do we ever fail to marvel at the plenitude of a country in which the market value of a letter that Lincoln wrote to the *Times* is seventy-eight hundred dollars. It's a great little country. Maybe people who write letters to the editor are not so dumb after all.

Lapse

THE National Broadcasting Company, at its headquarters, has pages who dress like movie-cathedral ushers and are supposed to live up to the very highest ideals of Radio. Two of them, descending in an elevator last Tuesday, fell into argument, and one said, "Yeah, and how would you like to have a smack in de mouth?" With that the

elevator operator turned on them severely. "You forget you are in uniform," he admonished.

Model Makers

IN 1925 four gentlemen, still interested in the mechanical toys of their youth, got together to play with miniature railroad locomotives they had made. They founded a society which, to justify their taking so much time off from business and family life, they gave a highly dignified title: The New York Society of Model Engineers. The group has grown to about ninety now and includes men who make other things than railroad engines, and avows a lot of serious purposes, such as "demonstrating the difference between so-called 'commercial models' and actual scale-built models." This fools the gentlemen's wives into thinking the whole thing is pretty important. What it really comes down to, though, is playing with choo-choo trains and such. The society holds meetings once a month in a back room in the Engineers' Club, where they take up the rugs, move the chairs aside, and show off their models. The locomotive

builders lay down tracks and demonstrate the prowess of their respective creations. Most of the engines are coal-fired and steam along like big ones, throwing off sparks. These are considered much superior to electric locomotives. One member put in three thousand hours making an electric locomotive and the coal-and-steam men just turned up their noses

at it. Conservative members believe in still-life models and stress the importance of making exact replicas in miniature of big engines, or ships, or skyscrapers, or most anything, but the radical element likes models that have works in them and will throw off sparks. The society also holds an annual exhibition. This year's was held in a room in Broadway and, as usual, the engines were most conspicuous. Tracks ran all about

the room and the members cheered and shouted over their locomotives and trains.

SOME startlingly interesting models were displayed at the show. One locomotive, built to scale and about the size of a fat dachshund, had everything a big locomotive has and bore a sign saying it had pulled eight people. Vincent Astor, who is a member of the society, had one of the largest and best models, but it didn't make the show, because workmen dropped it in loading it for shipment. Mr. Astor's locomotive is eighteen inches high. He has a track for it on his estate on Long Island and makes it pull things and people. Once he made it tow a Ford. Another time he rode on top of it, in a cramped position, towing cars bearing a load of a thousand pounds. This time he was out for an endurance record. Fuel and water were handed to him in buckets and pitchers as he rode around the tracks. The engine could have gone on indefinitely, apparently, but he had to give up after forty-five minutes because his knees got tired. Other prominent members of the society are H. O.

Havemeyer, Jr., who has a B. & O. mountain-type locomotive and a model of a thirteenth-century man o' war, and Joseph T. Lozier (locomotives, freight cars, ships, etc.). Most model builders are businessmen; there is only one real engineer in the lot.

Minton Cronkhite, another member, is building a miniature railroad system, very elaborate, with cars, engines, switches, signals, stations, and all, which will be used by the Pennsylvania Company as an exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair. There is money in making and selling models. A replica of the Berengaria was sold to the Cunard people for twenty-five thousand dollars. The society now includes both professionals and amateurs, although the latter don't believe much in professionalism.

In summer some of the members race model gasoline power boats. F. C. Zimmer holds the record, his model having made thirty miles an hour. The boats are tied by long cords to a stake stuck in the mud of a pond, and they circle around this stake. Making models of skyscrapers is becoming popular. Mr. Berthold Audsley recently did one of the Chrysler Building. Mr. Chrysler, and the architect of the building, were invited in to look at it. The architect became bemused and

began to get new ideas about added decorations for the roof. At this point, Mr. Chrysler got down on his hands and knees, put his ear against the floor, and looked up. "No use adding any fancy stuff up there," he said. "You can't see it from the street down here."

Welcome

A PHYSICIAN of Providence, Rhode Island, drove down to New York the other day, placidly, and expecting nothing to happen. Proceeding down Fifth Avenue, he was amazed when a squad of mounted motorcycle policemen noisily put out from the curb as his car drove abreast of them and formed themselves into a flying wedge before it. He was amazed, but it was all right with him as, with a blare of noise, he was whirled through the traffic and past red lights all the way to Thirty-fourth Street, which was where he was going anyhow. His chauffeur pulled into the curb there. The police, who hadn't expected this, doubled and came back. Well, the explanation is that the Governor of Rhode Island was expected in town that day and the escort had been sent out to pick him up. The doc-

tor's license plate bears the number 1, and when they saw his car they unquestioningly assumed he was the distinguished visitor and took him in tow. The Governor, whose number is 200,000, came to town, but quietly.

Vice, Etc.

MR. JOHN SUMNER never asks us to tea and what we learn about the Vice Society we have to pick up from more favored people. One of them gives us some facts about Mr. Sumner's mail. Although the Vice secretary seems to have dropped pretty much out of the public view, he still gets as much mail as ever. Every morning he receives correspondence from all parts of the country calling his attention to this or that obscenity. Most of the letters contain excerpts, a paragraph or two, a couple of pages. Sometimes a whole book comes in, heavily red-pencilled. He has received at one time or another photographs of almost every famous painting or piece of sculpture in the world which depicts a nude. Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" turns up about once a month. Some complainants want Titian jailed. Rodin's "Spring" and the Venus de Milo are pretty good repeaters. Literature from



"I'm so happy. Dear Elbert tells me he's found a suitable position at last. He's on the jury."