

# Main Street Meditations

BY ELEANOR CLARAGE.

## Automotive "It."

A group of young business women sat at a nearby table, discussing the odd coincidence lying in the fact that all had recently purchased automobiles.

A spirited discussion arose, regarding the relative merits of each make and each model. Naturally, each young woman claimed that her own choice was the wisest and best. One of them talked a bit louder than the rest and was more insistent. She named one reason after another why her car was the most desirable, and then, as she saw that her friends were still unconvinced, she cried:

"Why, doggone it, that little car has got sex appeal, that's what it's got!"

## No Mean Trick.

We stopped at a gas station the other morning and were waited on by a young man who was celebrating the coming of spring by whistling lustily as he worked. What he chose to whistle was Rube Bloom's "Song of the Bayou," without a single mistake. And if you don't think that's hard to do, just try it.

## The Young Intellectuals.

Don Marquis, in his new book, "Off the Arm" (Doubleday-Doran) gives a perfect description of the freaks who sit around the left bank cafes of Paris, panning the world in general. Here 'tis:

"Cass' satellites were the same in Paris as if they had never left Greenwich Village; they sat about at the Cafe du Dome and La Rotonde, speaking bad French to waiters who understand English well enough, and acted superior to all creation on the strength of the fiction that they were great artists.

"But the sculptors never sculped, the painters never painted, the poets never wrote verse, the musicians were all beyond instruments, the novelists never produced novels; none of them ever worked."

## We All Need Some.

A line I like from this same book is the remark of the Negro mammy who rescues Cass' wife from starvation and deplores her lack of culture.

She says: "Maybe yo' ain't too old yet, Miss Sally, to go to one of these here behavin' schools and learn complete ladyness."

## Very Gentle Scorn.

Continuing about the American expatriates: "They talked, they theorized, they condemned; principally they condemned people who worked or were Americans. Perhaps some of them had ability, but they were too wise to employ it in any way that might give the measure of its quality.

"They had elected themselves and each other geniuses by acclamation; to doubt the genius of one of them was as great an insult as to impute conventional morality to him; they all held tightly to the dreary convention of unconventionality.

"But they were having a good time in their own fashion, and it is pleasant to see immaturity at play; even if it is playing with nothing more than the second-hand ideas which it cannot vitalize into fecundity."

## There Are Plenty.

One of the city's most exclusive shops was looking for a new manager.

A feminine applicant who went to apply was told by the proprietor: "What we want is someone who can high hat customers who try to high hat us!"

## Pick of the Season.

Feeling somewhat bookish today, I might as well go right ahead and ask if you know what books, published in 1929, the library recommends as worth while?

"The Dark Journey" by Julian Green; Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms"; "Scarlet Sister Mary" by Julia Peterkin; "All Quiet on the Western Front" by Eric Remarque; and Sigrid Unset's Trilogy. Simply that and nothing more.

It might be well to get caught up on these, in case you've missed any of them.

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