

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Thoughts while strolling: George M. Cohan is crowd sick, too. Rarely seen any more. That quick, dry grin so pe-



culiar to New York. Like the flash of coral. Add taffy chewing names—Jack Pulaski.

What a lesson Lindbergh taught of the dignity in self-effacement! Alice, celebrated Ziegfeld telephone operator. She knows all the Follies secrets.

O. O. M'INTYRE Will Rogers likes to prowl around old barns. Frequent buddies: Billy Leeds and Norman Kerry. The shy producer Sam Harris.

Wanted: A gag to end all Mae West gags. Who remembers what was on the site of the new Waldorf before it went up? Few know as many authors as Bill Lengel. To chorus girls Ned Wayburn is "High Pockets." Elizabeth Arden's whirlwind manner. Aptly named poet: William Rose Benet.

The writer most writers want to know: Theodore Dreiser. And the artist all artists want to know: Percy Crosby. The priests who saunter meditatively along St. Patrick's side yard at sundown, heads down, hands folded behind. There's no stopping that publishing phenom: "When Rome Burns."

And in one of the avenue book stores when you ask for a reading suggestion, the clerks inquire: "Have you read Tom Sawyer lately?" One book that never fails to satisfy. The last stronghold of avenue aristocracy—Tiffany's. Memory: Getting rid of the sad iron for, hot ziggedy, an electric.