

FROM A PARIS GARRET

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Butchers are a curious race of men, and one can not help speculating occasionally how and why they came to choose their profession. Often there seems a contradiction between themselves and their way of earning a living. Most butchers I have known have been kindly, hearty men, good fellows who, one might have said, wouldn't hurt a fly. And, I understand, that they are the best of husbands. The percentage of wife-murders amongst butchers is practically nil.

One has heard the same thing of executioners. The family life of the Sausons who had been royal executioners from father to son for over a hundred years, till the last of them beheaded Louis XVI, was beyond reproach.

EXECUTIONER DANDY

This last Sauson, who assisted the aging father in the arduous business of the guillotine during the Terror, was notoriously polite and even gentle in his administrations. Also, he was no little of a dandy, never failing to be punctiliously attired in the height of fashion, with satin waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps with silver buckles, for his sacrificial work on the scaffold. It is said that at times he wore a red rose in his mouth. 'It may be that this was his way of showing his traditional respect for the aristocrats whom it was his duty to usher from Time into Eternity.

Some who looked on may have wondered—as some of us looking into butchers' shops today—at his choosing to be an executioner. But, had the question been put to him, he might have answered that he merely did as he was ordered by the society who employed him; that, in fact, not he but society, as represented by the gloating multitudes surrounding the scaffold, was the real executioner.

"YOU ARE BUTCHER"

So, if you ever, in a moment of imagination, shudder as you pass a butcher's shop don't forget as you sit down to your English mutton chop, or your steak, that, at least, you are accessory after the fact, and that the butcher is doing his best to disguise from you and his other "patrons" that he is merely the servant of a carnivorous society—that, in fact, you, not he, is the butcher.

Everyone knows what wonderful artists the French are in window-dressing, from the exquisite perfume shops in the Rue de la Paix—the most exquisite of all, by the way, being that of a famous American firm—to the butchers' shops in the Rue Mouffetard, and the Rue de Seine, and it was in passing one or two butchers' shops in the last named street this morning, that I was struck by the curious distinctions we make (We Anglo-Saxons particularly) between the murdered animals we eat without a thought, and others that we shudder at the very idea of eating.

Passing one of these shops my eye was caught by a bowl of bright Autumn flowers placed on a slab next to what seemed a particularly fine "roast." A sudden misgiving made me look up, and over the stove I saw the gilded head of a horse. It was a "boucherie chevaline"—a horse-meat shot. I shuddered and shrank away. Why? I have eaten innumerable beef steaks with equanimity—why should I shrink from eating horse steak?

HORSE MEAT COSTLY

The reasonable French people see no reason why not—and I may add for the benefit of those Americans who are afraid of cheap restaurants that they should be given horse meat to eat unawares, that horse meat is far more expensive than ordinary "butcher's meat," and that it is regarded as a delicacy only to be found on the high priced "menus."

Here is a racial distinction, a question of taste, outside argument; but there is another that seems to go deeper which I found in the decorations of another butcher's shop, advertising a fall in the price of poultry—garlanded festoons looped across the shop front, which, on looking closer, I saw to be composed of small birds, the tiniest of little birds, with scarcely a mouthful to eat in any one of them, little wild singing birds which in England or America we should consider it a crime to shoot.

In England, for example, a man who would kill a robin, robin "red-breast" (quite different from the American robin) would be regarded as a cad at least, somewhat as one who in the middle ages had committed sacrilege; the robin being indeed protected by traditional religious feeling. But the man who would shoot a lark mounting in his spirals of song into the sky would be equally inconceivable.

WHERE TO DRAW LINE

In France and Italy, however, mighty huntsmen, accoutred in all the regalia of the "chase," return with "a bag" of such tiny songsters (which, curiously enough, they tend so affectionately in cages) with all the airs of a man who has shot a lion. Such was Tartarin of Tarascon immortalized pilloried by Daudet—whose name, by the way, it is advisable not to mention in the city of Tarascon, as long ago I was unwise enough to do.

Anyone interested in this subject should read the wonderful book "The Story of San Michele" by Axel Munthe, the famous Swedish doctor who once fought a duel with a "sporting" French nobleman because of this very brutality. And incidentally it was hardly necessary to remind the readers of the beautiful idyll entitled "The New Robinson Crusoe" in Bob Davis' latest volume, "Hither and Yon."

For some of us the killers of "big game," the wanton destroyers of the marvelous vanishing animal life of the earth, are just as bad, and English "riding to hounds," shooting over his lordship's covers for pheasant and partridge, and "coursing" the innocent, terrified hare, seem very much of a distinction without a difference, when it is claimed as "sportsman-like" against other continental forms of "sport."

Still, to draw the line at singing birds, larks, thrushes, linnets, robins and the like is something; those of us who love France and know and admire her essential humanity are unhappy to come up against this curious paradox.

Let's Just Sit and Gossip Awhile

BY WILL ROGERS.

SOME GREAT COLUMNISTS on days when they have no Gossip, why they tell you things that "Perhaps you didn't know before." Well, I never did do that for I never was in any shape to tell you anything you didn't know. In other words, I always write UP to my Readers and not down. But I am going to have a crack at that kind of thing.

Now, for instance, just the other day Harold Lloyd was up to my little Ranch and he offered me a Great Dane Dog. Now, did you know that he raises the finest Great Dones there is, 40 or 50 of 'em? I didn't take him, for the Brutes eat more than I can earn.

And did you know that they (The Lloyds) have the cutest little baby Boy, and he was an Incubator Baby, and two of the sweetest little Girls? One theirs, and the other adopted. And did you know, but perhaps you did, that he is a darn great Comedian and one of the finest and best liked men in the Picture Business?

Did you know that Hal Roach was one of our Best Aviation enthusiasts? Has his own Plane, and a great Flier, Captain Dickson, Ex-Army Flier, as his Pilot, and thinks no more of flying any weekend to New York than you would of going to the corner Grocery?

They All Fly.

HOOT GIBSON is a good Pilot and flies his own Plane. So does Ken Maynard, and Wallace Beery has been flying for years. Frank Borsage, just about one of the greatest Directors we have, has just taken up flying and his Instructors said it was uncanny the way he learned. He has his own Plane now, also his wife learned to fly. Clarence Brown, the Metro Crack Director, is a good Flier. I think he got his originally in the war. Henry King, who directed "Lightning," and who has just turned out "Over the Hills," is an old-time Flier, and Hosts of others.

By the way, in this Over the Hills, Mae Marsh, who was a big star in the early silent days, and did some great things for D. W. Griffith, they say her performance in this Over the Hills is simply marvelous. You know there is many an old-timer that can really troop when they get the chance.

Had dinner recently away down in Texas with John Garner, the new Speaker of the House. His wife has been his Secretary for 25 years and will continue. She is at the office every morning at 7 o'clock to open up the mail. Alice Longworth always in her home sits in a big easy Chair or on a couch with both her feet under her, no matter if it's just a Congressman is there or Hoover.

Pat Hurley likes to "Whoop and Gobble." That's an Indian trait. The loud whoop is followed by the Gobble, or imitation of the Turkey Gobbling. If it's done directly at anyone else down in Oklahoma, it means you are crowing over him and it means a challenge to fight. Pat does it in his private capacity, and Not as Secretary of War. Incidentally, he is making a good job of it, and wouldn't be frightened to death if we did match one, which is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

Did You Know That—?

DID YOU KNOW that President Hoover had surrounded himself with a great and very promising bunch of young men as Assistant Secretaries of very high Cabinet Jobs? Three of which I will name, and there is lots of others. Dave Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aviation. I'll bet its not ten years before he is a Presidential Possibility. Not just mentioned, I mean voted on. Then there is Trutree Davidson, Assistant for Aviation in the Army, another great future. Then Clarence Young, Aviation head for the Department of Commerce. Three Young fellows who are real and "have everything" that a Public man to get far should be equipped with.

Did you know Chick Sale had Twins (not lately), but he has 'em, a great pair and a great family. I got the nicest brightest letters in answer to ones that I had written their Fathers, and they were acting as their Dads Secretaries. One from one of Eddie Cantors five Girls, and one from Will Durant, the Philosopher's 12-year-old girl. I am so glad the Fathers didn't write, they couldn't touch these Kids.

Amon G. Carter, the Fort Worth Pecan, Turkey and Watermelon grower, knows and keeps in touch with more prominent men personally than any man in America.

Did you know that Marie Dressler was not only the Fans favorite, but the best-liked Person in the Movies, among Movie people?

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