

## The Art of Bulgaria

To Nicholas Pavlovitch belongs the honor of having been the father of modern Bulgarian art. He graduated at the academies in Venice and Munich, and after visiting the various museums in Dresden and Prague, exhibited during 1899 in Belgrade two pictures whose subjects had been suggested by ancient Bulgarian history. He then went to Petrograd and Moscow. In 1901 he returned to his native country, where he endeavored, by means of his lithographs and pictures of subjects both ancient and modern, to stimulate his compatriots to political and intellectual life. He also tried to reform and modernize church painting in accordance with the requirements of modern artistic technique, and made two unsuccessful attempts at opening a school of painting. He painted portraits, and in the palace of the Pasha of Rousschouk, he illustrated a Turkish history of the Janissaries.

## The Conquest of Space

The Atlantic, in the time of Columbus, was a sea of unknown terrors, extending to the very brink of nothingness. Yet today we sail or fly over the ocean, and by the cables that lie beneath it, and through the ether above, we transfer our thoughts and orders from continent to continent almost instantaneously.

We have acquired, as a result, a planetary, instead of a provincial outlook, the whole earth is our home. It is but a single step from this, to the acquisition of an interplanetary mind, and an extension of our concept to include the solar system. If we can grasp standards beyond those merely terrestrial, envision millions, instead of thousands of miles, and appreciate the immense, but perfect harmonies of our solar system, an understanding of the conquest of space will soon follow. We will perceive then that an interplanetary journey can be achieved through the medium of the same laws of physics and chemistry that gave us the airplane and motor car. We will see that a journey to the moon can be planned with the exactitude of an airplane flight around the earth. There is nothing, in short, in our reaching out to the untrodden heavens—David Lasser, in "The Conquest of Space."

## Up-to-Date Monks

Living as they do apart from mankind in a little world of their own, monks are not usually thought of as go-ahead people. The little country of Luxembourg, though, can claim a monastery which is thoroughly up-to-date. These monks were expelled from France thirty years ago, and they have since built a monastery which is as modern in its comforts and appliances as a luxurious London office building. The monastery is connected to the railway station by a light rail way along which all supplies are brought. Other railways connect up the various buildings, and save labor. All the heavy work is done by electricity. Electricity operates the central bakery and supplies the heat needed in the great ovens of the communal kitchen. Cooking is done on the most scientific lines. Every shelf of the ovens can be hermetically sealed, and by means of special devices all kitchen smells are done away with. Milk and butter come from the monastery's own dairy, which again is electrically operated. The cows are milked by electricity, while electricity separates the cream and churns the butter. The monastery publishes many books, all of which are printed by the monks with the help of electrical machinery.

## Insect-Eating Plant Studied By Botanists

Botanists in increasing numbers are studying the plant life of Glacier National Park in Montana and find that one of the few remaining regions where lives a plant that feeds on insects, the Sundew. Since the plant lives in soil containing little nitrogen so essential to its growth, it has adapted itself so that it may extract this necessity from the bodies of insects which fall into its sticky leaves. The leaves of the plant are covered with a tiny hair-like process, each of which is capped with a drop of honey-like substance that glistens in the sunlight—hence the name Sundew. Insects are lured and retained by this sticky substance and while the victim of the plant struggles to free itself, other "honeydew" laden hairs bend over, clasp, completely envelop and soon smother it to death. Certain juices are then secreted which digest the insect so that the nitrogen can be used by the plant.

## That's Where You're Wrong

She had felt so sure of him. True, she had not known him long; but, relying on her woman's intuition, she had made the first advance. But this time her feminine instinct had failed her.

"I cannot accept you," he had said. A look of consternation crept into her eyes. Then disappointment turned to anger. "You cannot refuse me," she cried. "I have chosen you. You are not engaged." "I am married," he retorted, with a slow, cold smile. "You shall suffer for this!" she panted, her voice charged with all the bitterness of a woman scorned. He was already moving away. "Constable!" she called to an approaching policeman, "take the number of that taxi! The man refuses to drive me to Brixton!"

## Behind the Scenes In Recording Studio

By Van Phillips, in Britannia and Era (November, 1931)

The gramophone's faithful reproduction of music no longer seems a marvel. Records of infinite variety are so easily obtainable that we have come to accept them as commonplace—like bread or matches. Yet there is a most fascinating industry behind the recording of a singer, or of the music of a mighty orchestra.

In the recording rooms of the larger companies there are three or four separate studios, in all of which recording of different kinds may be going on simultaneously. Each company has the exclusive use of one or more concert halls, for the recording of large orchestral or choral works. The working day is usually made up of two sessions of three hours, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. A privileged visitor may see in one day a half dozen of the most famous artists under the most informal and interesting working conditions.

The Columbia Studios in Westminster, London, are among the largest. They are situated in what appears to be an ordinary office building, but which is quite different inside. There one hears strangely disordered and intermingled sounds of music. Over the door of the first studio a red light is glowing. Beneath it is a sign reading: "Silence. Recording in progress. Do not enter while light is on. When the light goes on, the visitor may enter through two sets of heavy swinging doors. The room is bare except for a grand piano, a microphone, and eight or ten chairs. There are long grey hangings, stretching from ceiling to floor against the walls. These are called "dampening," and may be drawn to give more or less "room tone," as desired. In this first studio two well-known figures are recording, Layton and Johnstone, both famous American songsters and prime favorites among record buyers. There is a third figure present, a man holding open the door of the little recording room at the far side of the studio.

"I'm sorry," he says. "We'll have to have one more of that 'Chipped wax.' This means that a flaw has been found in the surface of the wax after recording, although it could not be seen before. It is useless to send it to the factory for production purposes, however good the performance of the artist may have been."

"Well, can you beat that," says Johnstone. "The best one this morning, too!"

"Let's hear it anyway," says Layton. "The play-back might give us some ideas."

The recording room walls are crowded with mazes of electrical apparatus and wires. The recording operator has a large disc of which appears to be yellow candy. It is larger in circumference than a record, and about an inch and a half in thickness.

"There's the chip—see?" and the operator points to an almost invisible pin-point on the wax. Irreverently the operator jabs two small holes in the grooved surface.

"That last note was a little too heavy, Mr. Johnstone," he says, "the high one, and the piano was a little too loud in your solo, Mr. Layton."

He can tell simply by looking at the grooves whether there are any dangerous places—that is, places that will "blast" in playing the finished record. A recording operator of long experience can even distinguish between various kinds of music—piano, orchestral, vocal, etc.—by the appearance of the grooves. As he plays the newly made record over a lock knocking is heard as the needle passes over the first of the small holes which he made. Layton and Johnstone look significantly at each other, realizing that this and the next hole represent the places where the piano was too loud and the last note too high.

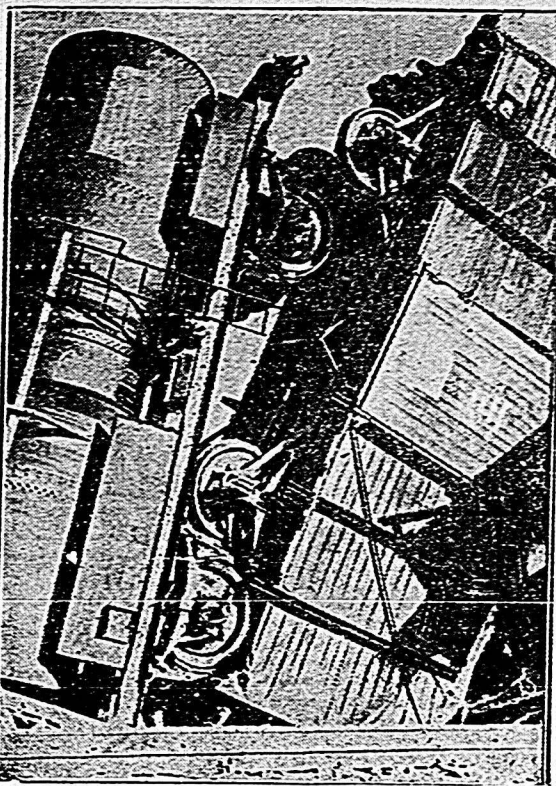
Upstairs in the next studio the visitor comes across a fine, solid fanfare of brass. No warning sign is up. Evidently this is a rehearsal. The room is large and high. A well-known and popular dance orchestra is preparing to record a number. They play different parts, over and over again until the conductor considers the number sufficiently well done to record. A buzzer sounds—long ("Ready?") two short ("Get set!"), and then a red flashes ("Go!")—and the band starts. When the number is finished perfect silence is maintained until a final buzz indicates that the recording operator has lifted the record from the wax. The record may be slightly too long or a few bars too short. That means another recording.

Then, the visitor may go over to the Central Hall—a large auditorium—where the multicrophone is in use. A recording of "Rio Grande" is in progress. There are three separate microphones—one in front of the orchestra, one at the piano, and one before the chorus. The studio manager very carefully adjusts each one so as to get the proper volume of sound required to mix the principal musical components on the record.

Records are made of successful shows at the theatres. Many of the London theatres have proved to be excellent studios. But in spite of the fact that theatre recording has become an accepted thing, it always seems strange to see famous theatrical stars singing away on the stage in an empty theatre—not to crowded stalls, but to a little red box on a pedestal.

Electricity has brought almost limitless possibilities into the field of recording outside the studio. Animals at the Zoo, New Year's Eve at St. Paul's, Beatrice Harrison and her famous nightingales, the King's speech at some opening, the Trooping of the Colors—all these

## Two Cars Stand Up in Wreck



A unique clash between two trains on the Belgrade-Zagreb line. They must be polite in Jugoslavia even in wrecks.

## Customs of the East

Today any music, speech or sound acoustic (or "horn") recording of six or seven years ago would have been unobtainable by the artist. In spite of the fact that he may be successfully recorded, even in the open air, but in spite of the expert knowledge gained in the last few years, it is still impossible to predict recording success in the case of a singer. The quality, or timbre, of the voice may sound quite different on the wax.

The science of recording, to whatever height of perfection it may be brought, will never be without its occasional humorous moments. In the final analysis the whole thing rests on the personal element involved, and the very human nature of the work brings about many very amusing incidents.

So many records have been spoiled by artists not waiting for the "All Clear" signal at the finish, that the recording operator is constantly on his guard against it. One famous operatic star had great difficulty with the last bars on one of his selections. They tried it several times, but never seemed able to make a success of those last few bars. Finally, when they were almost willing to give up, the opera singer decided he would try it just once more. He sang it marvelously. The studio manager was in ecstasies. Then, before the recording operator had time to lift the point from the wax, he heard, forever engraved on the last grooves, "Thank God, that's over. I couldn't make a better one if I tried for years."

There is a greatly mistaken idea that making a record or having a song recorded is the "open sesame" to fame and fortune. But the truth of it is that a song is never recorded until it has been accepted by a publisher, and then one record would bring the composer or author only from ten to fifteen pounds (\$50 to \$75). The unknown singer or player is lucky to receive at the beginning five to ten on a basis (if he is lucky) of six records a year.

## Sunshine Plant

Paris—Artificial sunshine has been installed in a newspaper plant here. It is the work of Jacques Arthuis, and consists of magnifying rays of sunshine by means of lenses and mirrors, and distributing these rays to all parts of the building. The light comes in from a skylight and is reflected from a large mirror on the ground floor to smaller mirrors on each of the upper five stories.

Only a foolish man will refuse to laugh at his wife's jokes.

## Buffalo Meat Feature of Many New Menus

Two delicacies have been added to the Canadian New Year menus, and the Mounted Police will benefit from the recent slaughter of 1,599 buffalo under government supervision in Wainwright National Park, where the Canadian Government maintains the largest herd of buffalo in the world, says a recent news item from the Canadian National Railways. Buffalo tail soup and buffalo steaks graced many a table in Canada on New Year's Day. The Canadian National Railways have distributed thirty cars of buffalo meat to various markets throughout the Dominion. The hides will be used mostly to make coats and rugs for Canada's famous red-coated police force, which still performs yeoman service in the far stretches of the northland. In many cases within the Arctic Circle. The heads, in many instances, will be sold by the government to clubs, hotels and individual citizens as wall trophies.

The slaughter of the animals was necessary because there is only sufficient pasturage within the park to feed about 6,000 head of buffalo and also in order to maintain the quality of the stock, says the bulletin.

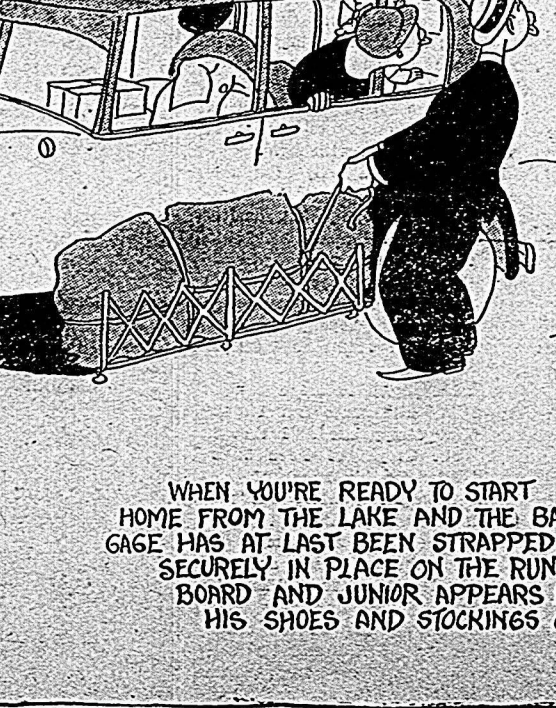
For your work's sake, for your friend's sake, for your health's sake, stop worrying.

So safe that it will not ignite even when a lighted match is applied to it, a new fuel for airplanes has been introduced.

## Friction Magnetizes Topaz

Heat or friction will render a true topaz electric. It will then, like amber, readily pick up small bits of paper.—Gas Logic.

## What New York Is Wearing



Here's a jaunty dress for the college girl. It is not content with just contrasting trim, so chooses a plaided woolen in red and brown mixture for its waistcoat bodice. The skirt is plain matching shade brown woolen. It's just as snappy as can be, and so smartly appropriate for the football games.

Style No. 3337 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 22 and 24 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards of 25-inch material for skirt with 2 1/4 yards of 25-inch material for waist.

Brown diagonal woolen skirt is stunning with the waistcoat of almond green woolen with the revers and belt made of the brown woolen.

In dark green monotonous tweed, Spanish tile sheer woolen and with the skirt of black and the blouse of vivid green woolen it's most attractive.

It's so wearable and so easily fashioned and you'll love it.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Patterner Service, 73 West 44th St., Toronto.

Misunderstood

A woman sat down at a vacant table in a restaurant, and after consulting the menu, ordered some whitings. The waitress went away; nearly a quarter of an hour passed and still she did not return. At last the visitor grew impatient, and getting up from the table she discovered the girl talking in a corner with other waitresses.

"Why haven't you brought my fish?" demanded the customer.

"What fish?" replied the girl.

"Why, the whitings I ordered, of course."

"Oh!" was the astonishing answer, "I didn't know you ordered anything; I thought you said you were just sitting down waiting."

He had just stepped aboard the liner when he was handed a telegram. It read: "Heaven keep you from your loving wife."

## Turncoats of the Air

As winter approaches many animals change their dress, writes Oliver G. Pike in Tit-Bits (London). Dwellers in the snow-clad regions which hunt upon the ground would be conspicuous if they had to travel in their summer coats, but Nature has provided another the snow, not actually as white as they remain still almost any enemy will pass them by.

A large bird which comes to parts of Scotland in winter is the snowy owl. It stands almost motionless on a projecting rock to look down upon the countryside, and as its white feathers are flecked with small black spots it is difficult to detect, for these, on an almost pure white plumage, form an extremely successful camouflage. I have known an instance of this great owl remaining almost invisible while shooting was in progress not far away.

Owl Beats Gunman

Then, when a sportsman shot a bird, the owl, remaining unnoticed against the white background, swooped down and carried off the prize before the spectators realized what had happened.

Our common stoat changes its coat in severe winters, and instead of being the conspicuous little sandy-colored mammal, it is dressed in a coat of white, with the exception of the tip of its tail, which remains black. In countries farther north all stoats change in winter, and become the valued ermine. On dark nights when the ermine searches for its prey on the snow-covered ground, it is almost invisible at a distance of a few feet, and it finds hunting even more successful than in summer, when it is clothed in brown.—Tit-Bits.

Slugs in the Snow

On another visit the same eagle brought a ptarmigan to the nest. This bird, like the hare, changes its coat in winter, and instead of being dressed in the brown and grey dress of late summer, it put on a white covering, which makes it difficult to detect in the snow. A bird which can live on the ground in such bleak altitudes must be hardy, and it would be difficult to find a creature able to stand

solos on the programme was a vocal solo of some classical selection. The singer was the gifted daughter of a wealthy citizen and had received her musical education in Europe. I knew her as a rather quiet young woman with a gentle voice and dignified manner; therefore I was surprised, when the music began, to see her step forward briskly and informally, bow smilingly to the audience right and left, and then, with much facial expression, give a vocal exhibition of high trills and echoes.

In strange contrast is our classical music, which always suggests subdued colors, slow movement, and deep, mellow tones. Also, like most Japanese art, our music requires listening eyes as well as ears. Otherwise the appeal is lost.

Our classical stage is always the same. The entire back is one solid board of natural cedar wood, on which is painted a gigantic dwarf pine. The floor is of camphor wood and is bare. On this the singers, who, of course, are always men, sit motionless as dolls. Their dress is the old-fashioned, soft-lined garment of ceremony. Each one, before beginning to sing, makes a slow, deep bow, and with studied deliberation, places his fan horizontally before him on the floor. Then, with his hands on his knees, palms down, and sitting very erect and motionless, he tells in song, and with incredible elocutionary power, some wonderful tale of war and romance; but wholly without movement of body or facial expression.

At the close, the singer's face is often flushed with feeling, but, with no change of expression, he bows, then gently takes up his fan and resumes his former impassive attitude. The audience sits in profound silence. The listeners may be touched to tears, or raised to the highest pitch of excitement, but this can be detected only by the sound of subdued sniffles, or the catch of a quick sigh. For centuries repression has been the keynote of everything of a high character, and the greatest tribute that can be paid to a singer or an actor of classic drama is to be received in deep silence.

Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, in "A Daughter of the Samurai."

When you're ready to start home from the lake and the baggage has at last been strapped securely in place on the running-board and junior appears needing his shoes and stockings changed

By GUYAS WILLIAMS