

The "Empire" State



A New York State Glove Factory.

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A RECENT census report reveals that New York state has 89 cities with a normal population of more than 10,000 each, of which seven stand in the 100,000 class and six in the 50,000 class. New York city has more than half the population of the whole state.

Buffalo, the metropolis of Erie county, with its splendid system of parks connected by drives, boulevards and parkways, ranks ninth among the industrial centers of the United States and is one of the ten leading ports of the world, although it lies at the foot of an inland lake.

No one could visit Rochester, with its falls, its beautiful parks, and its busy industries, without agreeing that here is one of America's most livable cities. Rochester makes enough "movie" film every year to belt the earth eight times. Kodak park has to "cook" four tons of silver every week, transforming it into nitrate of silver to make the emulsion for the films and photographic paper Eastman produces. Nearly 7,000,000 pounds of cotton lint go into the making of film, and there is a saying that on the smooth side film is first cousin to cotton and on the emulsion side cousin-german to sterling silverware.

Cleanness must be next to godliness when motion-picture film is made. A speck on Greta Garbo's nose or a smudge on Mary Pickford's cheek would ruin a picture. So the smokestacks of Kodak Park are among the highest in America, and 20,000,000 gallons of water a day are pumped out of Lake Ontario. The gelatine on your film is as chemically pure as that in the dessert on your dinner table.

A pitiful remnant of a once mighty nation they constitute. Their reservations are islands in the jurisdiction of the State of New York.

Yonkers Comes Fifth.

It is doubtful whether one person in ten would guess the fifth city of New York. It is Yonkers. Adrian van der Donck, who once owned its site, was a young Dutch nobleman, or Jonkheer, and it was an easy transition to Yonkers from Jonkheer's land. The city has some of the largest carpet factories, sugar refineries, and elevator plants in America.

Few states have capitals so fortunately located or capitals with as rich a history. Four of New York's six Presidents have been governors of the state—Van Buren, Cleveland and the two Roosevelts—and have lived in Albany. Another son of New York who won the presidency by vote of the people, but lost it at the hands of the electoral commission, was Governor Samuel J. Tilden.

Utica, a fair city of the Mohawk valley, is a center of the knitgoods industry in America.

Schenectady made a bold bid for position among the cities of the state in the 100,000 or more population class, under the 1930 census, and came only a few thousand short. As the home of the General Electric company, where Steinmetz, Coolidge, and Longmuir have delved so deeply into the mysteries of matter and have made many an apparently unfathomable secret arise to serve the needs of every day life, Schenectady has become a household word in America.

Binghamton, which is strikingly located astride east branch of the Susquehanna, is making a bid for a place beside Rochester in the manufacture of photographic supplies. The shoe factories of the neighboring town of Endicott turn out footwear known far and wide.

Troy is a mild-mannered city; but, for all that, it makes America and much of the world wear its collars.

In one factory there one finds a museum of autographed collars with the signatures of such notables as Theodore Roosevelt, Ramsay MacDonald, the Prince of Wales, Woodrow Wilson, Georges Clemenceau and Admiral Togo. Four-fifths of all of the collars made in America are manufactured in this city at the head of navigation on the Hudson. Troy is also noted for shirts.

Mark Twain's Resting Place.

As one of the homes of Mark Twain, Elmira has made the world its debtor. Quarry Farm is a shrine of New York as much as Cooperstown and Irvington. Mark Twain's ashes rest in the local cemetery, but his spirit roams wherever people love humor.

As the home of the American-La France fire engine factory, Elmira has given protection to almost every city in the land and has quickened the pulses of small boys who have watched fire apparatus answering an alarm. Jamestown is a famous center of metal furniture manufacture. A large colony of Scandinavian metal workers has settled there, and the annual output of the furniture factories of the city and surrounding country was valued at \$27,000,000 by a recent census.

Chautauque county, of which Jamestown is the principal city, is at once New York state's major grape-producing area and its most historic meeting place of summer religious and educational assemblies. On the shores of the beautiful lake of the same name, the Chautauque idea was born. It swept to the ends of the nation before its growth was arrested by the modern competition of motion pictures and automobiles.

Poughkeepsie, with her boast as the Queen City of the Hudson and her

ington repelled the idea of a crown, and for its Hasbrouck house, now a state shrine, where he bade his army farewell.

It is pleasant to wander up to Rome, where old Fort Stanwix stood, for here the American flag received its baptism of fire under circumstances that will be forever heroic in the hearts of the American people.

Hither came Colonel Peter Gansevoort to defend the Mohawk valley from the invasion of the British, Tories, and Indians, who were marching to the Hudson for a junction with Burgoyne under St. Leger. Out of a commandeered white shirt, a drafted red petticoat, and an impressed blue blouse, they were able to fashion a flag of accepted design.

Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, and White Plains, tripe towns of Westchester; Auburn, Ithaca, and Geneva, a triad of gems that bedeck the Finger Lakes; Corning, with its plants specializing in high grade glass; Gloversville, with its hundred glove factories; Oswego, with its dreams of becoming the Great Lakes gateway to the Hudson; Oneida, with its striking organization that has made Community silver famous throughout America; Cortland that overlooks most cities in the state in point of elevation—all of these municipalities bear witness to the versatility of the Empire state and prove that the esthetic and the industrial can march hand in hand.

Nor can one forget Seneca Falls, where bloomers first bloomed, where woman's rights exponents held their first convention.

There are literally scores of other live communities like Auburn and Batavia, Canandaigua and Dunkirk, East Aurora and Fulton, Geneva and Hornell, Ithaca and Johnstown, Kingston and Lockport, Malone and Norwich, Olean and Penn Yan, Rye and Salamanca, Tonawanda, Valley Stream, and Whitehall, that are pleasing stars in New York's galaxy of municipalities.

Howe About:

How War Starts A Typical American Family Quarrels

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By ED HOWE

THE lower animals fight on very slight provocation, but I have not seen two men fight in years. I wonder where the war spirit comes from. Surely not from ordinary citizens, who get along reasonably well with each other. Does it come from the professional soldiers we support from generation to generation by means of public taxation? If a man devotes his life to soldiering, of course he must believe in war. He must invent new methods of attack and destruction, and tell how effectively they will work in practice. He writes in the free spaces of the newspapers about his trade, and of his inventions: How he will fly over an enemy country, and destroy cities with a special kind of bomb he has thought up; how he will place germs in a special shell to be fired at the enemy, and cause the women and children, as well as the men, to die of plague. . . . Then the soldiers of other countries make reply by telling what they have thought up in the way of destruction. Finally we hate the Germans because of what their military men are willing to do to us, and the Germans hate us because of the terrible things our military men are willing to do to them. A dispute between nations arises, and as the professional soldiers want a chance to use their new maneuvers and shells, they swagger around and boast, instead of "getting together," as sensible men should. Then some one steps on a cat, and millions who never had a fight in their lives spend years in killing men they do not hate, and have no wish to harm.

A man who wanted a loan was asked: "How do you spend your income?" And he replied: "Oh, about half for the car and the house; another half for food and clothing, and a third for miscellaneous things." "But that means your outgo is a third more than your income?" "That's right—that's what I spend."

In quarrels between husband and wife the main trouble usually is that one party to the quarrel is a man, and the other a woman. Partners in business frequently quarrel, and tell hard tales on each other, but the details of marriage are more complicated than selling butter and eggs; its disgusts more difficult to get over.

One of the oldest incidents related in history is that the gold of a rich man was melted and poured down his throat. The essence of every party platform is hatred of rich men, and our religion teaches that the heaven we hope to achieve finally will not be polluted by the presence of such offal. I have never known anyone asked to give his philosophy of life, who did not mention the unequal distribution of wealth as a great wrong. Yet it is unequal distribution of wealth we are indebted to for civilization. It is not wrong for a man to work hard, save his money, and build a house with three chimneys, although a neighbor may be willing to hunt and fish, or play games, and carry off his smoke with one.

A fair consideration of history seems to indicate that it was hatred of the rich that inspired every enormous destruction of human progress in the past. It was poor and unprogressive barbarians warming themselves at campfires, who looked with hate on beautiful Athens and destroyed art work that has never been equalled and never will be.

One of the old men who frequently annoy me with memoirs once wrote: "The history of the human race has been shame!" . . . What have we just cause to be ashamed of? So far as I am concerned I blush most because of opportunities neglected. I have annoyed and harmed more people than I should have. I could have been more comfortable and prosperous myself had I behaved better to others. I began in a poor rural section, and thus learned slowly, but, in the most modest surroundings, finally learned the great lesson: that men must better support the civilization their ancestors found an improvement on the savagery from which they sprang.

It has been charged against me that I have peculiar notions. One of them is that during times like the present, it is more important to feed the hungry than it is to buy memberships for young men in the Y. M. C. A. I so told a solicitor today. No doubt he went away thinking ill of me. . . . My next caller was a ragged old man with a wooden leg. This solicitor did better with me; he said I provided for his necessities for a week.



PERPLEXED MEMORY

"I'm beginning to wonder," said Farmer Cornucopius, "whether I'm not getting symptoms of this ailment they call amnesia."

"Can't you remember your previous identity?"

"Only in part. I can't remember I am the same old farmer who used to have a market for more crops than he could raise and nobody 'comin' around asking for work."

The Diplomat

"Tell me, Henry," said the sweet young thing dramatically—"tell me. Am I the only girl you were ever interested in?"

He started guiltily and did a bit of quick thinking.

"No, my pet," he said, after a while; "but you are the most charming among all the girls I have ever met in my life devoted mainly to meeting charming girls."

Mary Was Right

Mary—If you please, mum, the cat's had chickens.

Mistress—Nonsense, Mary; you mean kittens.

Mary—Was them chickens or kittens you brought home this morning?

Mistress—Chickens, of course.

Mary—Well, mum, them's what the cat's had.

Bovine Hoarding

The city dweller was reading a newspaper when he was heard to exclaim. "Even the cows are doing it now!"

"Doing what?" inquired his wife.

"Hoarding," he replied.

"Not really hoarding?" his wife echoed.

"Sure," said her husband. "I light here in the headline it says, 'Light native cow hides 7c.'"

Obsolete Word

Some one trying to be candid toward a flapper told her that her hair looked "exactly like a mop."

"And what does a mop look like?" she asked sweetly.

Tonic Stimulant

Eva—Did you enjoy your ride last evening with that young doctor?

Elsie—Indeed I did. He has a most charming roadside manner.—Boston Transcript.

SOMETHING IN THAT



"To what do you attribute your remarkable health?"

"Well, I reckon I got a good start on most people by bein' born before germs was discovered, thereby havin' less to worry about."

Defined!

"Pa, what's a matrimonial bureau?"

"It's one with six drawers packed with women's fixin's and one necktie."

Not Necessary

"Do you use chicken to make chicken salad, Mrs. Waggs?"

"No, Mrs. Taggs, I just make mine plain."

Cut to Fit

"Why the round hole in your door?"

"That's for circular letters."

SHARK ON DETAILS

Gladys—Listen, Mabel. This is what my boy friend says in his letter, "Darling, I think of you all day—your naturally wavy hair, your brownish-gray eyes, your slightly prominent cheekbones, your twenty-four-inch waist—"

Mabel—Oh, that's a queer sort of love letter!

Gladys—Oh, didn't you know? Bob writes those descriptions of missing people for the police.—Fleegende Blaetter (Munich).

Had Its Difficulties

Slowly, with a menacing look in his eyes, the bulldog approached the two street musicians.

The men looked at him out of the corners of their eyes and then slowly edged away.

"I say, Bill," said the man with the banjo suddenly, "blow 'ard on your cornet; perhaps it'll frighten 'im away."

"Yes, that's all very well," said Bill with a doubtful grimace. "But if it don't do the trick, where'll I get the wind to run away with?"—London Answers.

Bouncer

A safe deposit box holder, while signing the card for entrance to his bank's vault, said to the attendant: "Your rubber goods department, please."

"Why, what do you mean?" was the response.

"I want to go where you keep for me the coupons which, after they are deposited, bounce back like rubber balls," was the comeback.—Vancouver Province.

IN THE FISH FAMILY



"How did they weigh the baby?" "On their scales, of course."

Out of Debt

The teacher had given his class a lesson on courtesy. The following day while examining the home lessons, his eyes lit up with pleasure when he found an all-correct paper. "Jones," he called to the successful pupil, "I am very pleased with you. All your answers are correct, but why have you put quotation marks to all of them?"

"Out of courtesy to father, sir," came the reply.

Hubby's Point of View

"Several industries benefit as soon as women decide to wear their frocks an inch or two longer," declares a trade paper. If only they would wear them a month or two longer, husbands would benefit.—London Humorist.

Way Back!

She—I read a book last night that carried me right back to my childhood.

Second She—Yes, these modern books go pretty far.—Montreal Gazette.

No Sanctuary

Binks—It was a great night! But I don't mind confessing I ended up in a police station!

Jinks—You were lucky, old man. I found my way home!

Beach Chimes

"Do you think there's music in the stars?"

"I don't know about that, but I know of the sun causing a belle to peel."—Portland Express.

So She Stayed

"How's your new boarding house?" "The rooms are just tolerable, the food is so-so—but the gossip is simply great."

Where It Counted

Jack—Your father has such a funny name.

Jim—Yes, it is; but it looks pretty good on a check.

Fed Up

Mrs. Knagg—We were married twenty years ago today. Just fancy! Knagg—I only wish it was.

