

Hudson Summer Sale Will Beat Record for 1921

Sales Manager From Detroit, In Omaha, Sees General Improvement in Business Conditions

Summer sales of Hudson and Essex automobiles this year will beat last year's record, according to O. H. McCornack, general sales manager of the Hudson Motor Car company, Detroit.

Essex Sets Record. He calls attention to the fact that the fastest record for coast to coast motor travel was made by four Essex cars last year. They were carrying pouches of first-class mail by special permission of the government.

Two cars set out from San Francisco, eastbound to New York, and the other two from New York, westbound. Car No. 1 reached New York in the wonderful time of 4 days, 14 hours and 43 minutes. The other three cars each established records of only a few hours longer—all four of them beating the best previous record by many hours.

Used Regular Gas. Driven by 25 different pilots, using whatever grade of gas and oil was available, overcoming road conditions, in some cases terrible, these Essex cars established a record for reliability and endurance hard to equal.

No one has exceeded this record in the year which elapsed since the first transcontinental run.

Golfers Presented With Score Cards

The above picture represents the latest fad in golf counters. These little pastebord checks presented to the various clubs by J. T. Stewart, of the J. T. Stewart Motor company,



are guaranteed to stop all arguments and eliminate the necessity of players keeping score. There is growing sentiment on the part of golf enthusiasts in favor of settling arguments after each hole, and these little counters are a simple method of keeping count.

For the prevention of automobile thefts Michigan has enacted a law which requires that, not only must every car in the state be registered, but that a certificate of title must be issued by the owner by the secretary of state by June 1, 1922.

'Prince of Poets,' Beloved 'Skylark' of Paris Latin Quarter Leaves Cafe Home of 20 Years for U. S. Tour



By STERLING HEILIG.

Paris, Aug. 6.—Paul Fort, with his long hair tumbling negligently in graceful spit-curls over brow and ears, bid tearful "au revoir" to the Latin quarter, and sailed for the United States—on tour as Prince of Poets.

Nobody told him about prohibition. Therefore, anything may happen—were he other than Paul Fort; but, being he, before he is half parched, and desiccated, all kinds of helping hands will surely reach out to the best-liked man of all the Latin quarter on his travels. He has the heart of a boy (or of a skylark) and the charity of a saint.

One of his volumes is entitled simply "The Lark;" and you would swear, on reading its verses, that they have been composed in the midst of wheat fields or in meadows dotted with bluebells.

Yet it would be an error. He has scarcely seen a meadow or a wheat field; and to write his lark stuff requires less pious communion with nature than pious accumulation of goblets. We Americans, who cherish so dearly everything that is exceptional and rare, will be charmed by Paul Fort's singular distinction of having frequented the same Latin quarter cafe for 20 years! Will it

not be something beautiful to announce—
**THE PRINCE OF POETS—
THE ONE AND ONLY
FRENCH POET WHO HAS
PASSED HIS LIFE AT THE
CAFE!**

For 20 Years. The establishment is poetically called "The Lilac Close." It is the most calm, correct and cultured cafe of the quarter. In it, Paul Fort has led, for 20 years, an existence as regular as literary and adorned with goblets.

You should see the Prince of Poets in his home surroundings. He enters the cafe. He seats himself worthily at a marble-topped table. A deft garcon worshipfully fetches the swift goblet, carafe of ice water and two lumps of sugar. Confidentially, he pours the divine ambrosia, green in color, with a fragrance of peregrine; and the water, mixing with it, turns it cloudy-milky with opalescent glints, the dying glory of all the greens in the world. Whence the homely expression, "to strangle a parrot."

The poet gravely sips. He pours in more water thoughtfully, replacing the displacement he has sipped. He sips again. He pours again. The milky-green clears and the opal fires glint

brighter. His disciples, worshipping, draw around the Prince of Poets. Thus Paul Fort has written 15 volumes.

Turns to Bitters. When France was invaded in 1914 Absinthe was put against the wall and shot. Blameless and mild, our hero turned to simple bitters, amer picons, cremes de cacao and whatever, never doubting in his heart of a boy that the real thing would return in its good time, as it has done.

With this same optimism he now risks the parched alkali sands of the Great American Desert to lecture happily and with emotion of his beloved France, with wit and intelligence of French poetry and literature.

And when you hear him, you will not need to understand his language. You will understand Paul Fort, and it is enough. Because, kindly observe that other men in France and elsewhere have entered a cafe, seated themselves at a marble-topped table, and instructed the garcon to bring one of them things; and the garcon's face did not light up with love, and no throng of disciples gathered round to worship. It takes a Paul Fort to draw a Paul Fort crowd. Here is a man so silly, simple,

and Only French Poet Who Writes His Poetry in Prose!
In other words, he writes poetry without seeming to do so. The heart of it is poetry, but the form is skylarking. It is not what the pretentious noodles call vers libre; no, for it is art, and has real verve, real freshness of sentiment, a frank and beautiful joy of living, and an ingenious ardor to sing and laugh!

Paul Fort is typographical. He starts a new line every two lines, then hides two rhymes in these two lines, very tricky. It is not verse. It is not prose. It is Paul Fort. Praises of France. One of his volumes is entitled, "What a Pleasure It Is To Me To Be French!" His most beautiful things are praises of France. Yet, they say, he never quit Paris, all his life, except to make a trip, once, to Senlis, and, another time, to spend three days at Marolles-on-Huopois. To Paul Fort, the countryside is the Luxembourg garden, in the Latin quarter, by the Odéon. True, they say, that it is the most beautiful garden in the world.

Before he sailed, I went to see the prince of poets. There he sat, intoning verses, with his crowd around him, in that Bohemian cafe, the Closerie, which is so clean, so neat and so motherly. They were not his own verses. It is always 10 to one that they're some other fellow's verses or one-act play or song or essay on progress in art. Not to realize this is to miss the goodness of Paul Fort.

"If we hold forth in a cafe," he says, "it is because most of us have no parlor."
I have seen Paul Fort protect long-haired American boys and encourage soulful-eyed American girls—students, tense, super-sensitive, self-doubting yet all ardor, when they ask themselves: "Am I a poet? Am I a painter? Am I a playwright? Have I found something beautiful in art?"

Low-Toned Golden Voice. Paul Fort tells them yes. Or, certainly, perhaps. For fear of discouraging one single obscure genius of tomorrow, the Prince of Poets is willing to drop every business of his own, to examine, read aloud, discuss, show forth and stand by any fellow's effort. For sure he will read their stuff aloud—and he is the most beautiful reader in the world. His low-toned golden voice throws glamour. The lone lad, who feared that folks would laugh at him, hears his own work thus glorified, and thrills throughout his being!

Elected by Acclamation. Why is the Prince of Poets? He is Prince of Poets by election, ay, by acclamation! Ten years, successively, they have elected him unanimously. Who? Why, the poets, all the poets! Who's a poet? In France you are a poet when you have had a poem printed. There

are hundreds of them, deft and graceful, putting into words the songs in their hearts. If poetry be a thing of pure imagination, wherein the soul may show itself rather as it is than as it might wish to be, then Paul Fort is Prince of Poets.

And now he goes to America! I had a flush of pride for Paul, when we were taking the flashlight photograph that last evening at the Closerie des Lilas.

The sheep scabbled, yes; but the shepherd was not deranged in his mild calm, not a little bit! "We were modesty and peace," he said. "You have brought a disturbing element!"
Fame, publicity! Helas! Helas!

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