

The Cute Menace

By W. E. Hill

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The cute apartment. These modern two-room-kitchenette-bath-and-dinette apartments are getting smaller and cuter by the minute. Cute brides and grooms furnish them in the cutest ways imaginable, with gift shop ship models, electric imitation coals in the fireplaces, and department store make believe maple secretary desks that are really radios disguised. (This living room, as you have probably noticed, is done medieval-colonial, and the bride will tell you, "Curtis and I think it is really quite cute!")



Cute radio broadcast. "Now, folks, at the close of this broadcast, offered by the Alphonsive Spaghetti Rascals, courtesy station OYOY, Corliss G. Whimsy announcing, I hope when I say 'good night all,' you will answer 'good night, Corliss,' and even though I can't hear you, I will feel as if I knew each and every one of you personally. And each of you who has enjoyed the Alphonsive hour, will, I hope, write me a nice little note telling me of your enjoyment. This is Corliss G. Whimsy announcing. Good night, all!"



The cute tearoom. "The ham pot pie is out, all we got left is the minced pork on toast." The cuter the tearoom the less food there will be, as these two lovely ladies, who had heard that Rose Lillian Horrigan's Dixie Grotto Tearoom was as cute and quaint as any place in town, are discovering to their sorrow.



Cute news reel stuff. News reel fans dearly love that portion of the world's activities which shows a dancing class practicing on the roof of a tall building, with all the girls being as cute as cute can be. (This class is composed of society girls—each wears an "S" for "Society" on her uniform—who are studying tap dancing.)



The cut up doctor. This doctor is being right cute to good nurse Connelly this a. m., telling her he's going to discharge her and one thing and another. Nurse Connelly will tell her friends that the doctor is "an awful cute old thing," which is high praise from a graduate nurse.



The cute suburb. Like everything else, suburbia has gone cute within recent years, and even those homes with hardly any frontage to speak of go in for midget formal gardens, weather vanes, and stepping stones. It will be a great day when the people who dwell in them look as cute as the suburban homes.



"Some fun, hey, kid?" says the modern girl, being just as cute in her 1930 way as the sweet young thing of 1903 was when she made believe peek through her fingers at her swain. O, well, other times, other customs.



"Cute and Sixty" has taken place of the old "Sweet and Twenty" of grandma's day. This quartet of roguishness belongs to an insurance convention—wives of trusted executives, to be specific—and they are being very impish for the benefit of a tabloid photographer.



Nothing is cuter than a plump girl in pink flowered chintz overalls, walking along a garden path.