



The Midday Frolic. Bird Millman, of the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic," trades spotlight for sunlight to dance on a wire above the edge of The Tribune's roof, 250 feet up in the sky.

Photos by Edward L. Akers

Skylarking among the skyscrapers. Nassau Street is twenty-two stories, straight down, in the background.

Outroofing the New Amsterdam Roof. Nathan Hale missed this because (and a pity it is) he couldn't look up.



The pose isn't hard, if you know how. But the easy smile requires a rare quality (and quantity) of courage.

Five thousand gasps arose in City Hall Park and Broadway traffic ran around in circles at this breathless moment.

Simple enough without the parasol, if the tight wire keeps on being tight and nobody shouts "Look out below!"



The Woolworth Tower and The Tribune clock ought to make a back drop sufficiently impressive for the most ambitious of theatrical scene painters.



The wind blew at times. Away

went the parasol, but not the smile.



"Go get me that clock," directed the photographer. And she'd have done just that, if somebody hadn't begged her please not to.