April 20, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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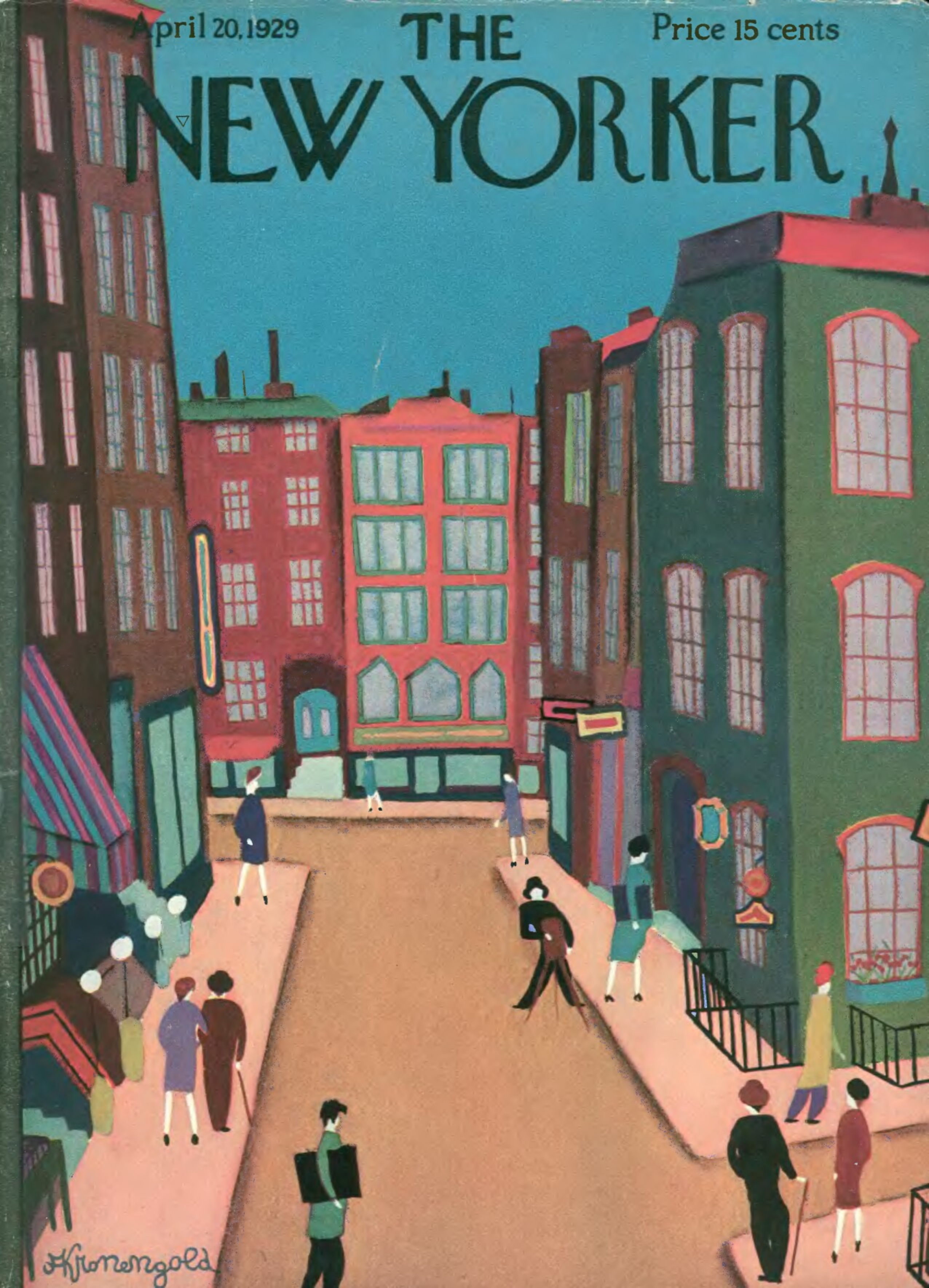

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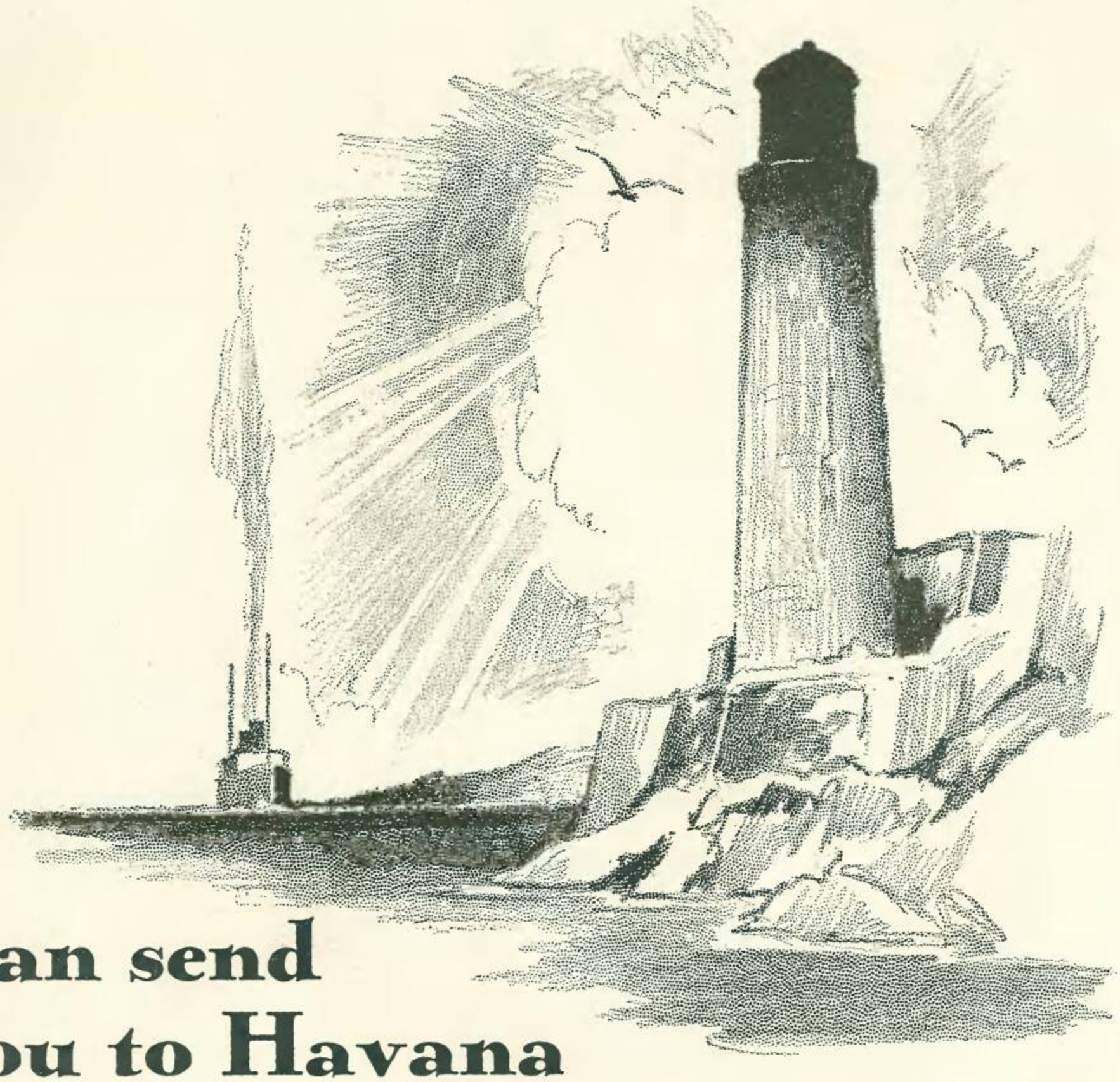

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—A painstaking dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel of New York society in the eighteen-seventies heightened by Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

BIRD IN HAND—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (Booth, 45, W.)

CAPRICE—Complete triumph of acting and direction over unimportant material. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are superb. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne. Last two days of season—"The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in Tchekov's exquisite play. (Fri. Mat., Apr. 19.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," light comedy from the Spanish. (Fri. Eve., Apr. 19.) . . . "Twelfth Night," Shakespearean revival. (Sat. Morn., Apr. 20, at 10:30.) . . . "The Cradle Song," touching and tender. (Sat. Mat., Apr. 20.) . . . "La Locandièra," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Sat. Eve., Apr. 20.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Closes Sat., Apr. 20.)

CONFLICT—The saga of a wartime misalliance told with humor and tenderness. (Fulton, 46, W.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden in his most popular rôle. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M. Closes Sat., Apr. 27.)

HARLEM—Melodramatic goings-on in darkest Harlem played with great gusto by a colored cast. (Apollo, 42, W. 2:50 P.M.)

HOLIDAY—Much fine nonsense, and wisdom too. Philip Barry's latest comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JONESY—The turmoil of a college-boy's vacation exaggerated into a diverting farce. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—The jerky but amusing farce of an incorrigible know-it-all who knows practically nothing. (Royale, 45, W. 2:50 P.M.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore plays a disturbing divorcée in an entertaining comedy by Rachel Crothers. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Proving that fathers have their feelings, too, even if they're not married. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

MAN'S ESTATE—Young love and marriage in the Middle West, beautifully acted by Margalo Gillmore, Earle Larimore, and a Guild cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—The revival of an old success which is still an ideal vehicle for Mrs. Fiske's incomparable comedy. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne provides the best detective play in town. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—A nine-act work now nearing the end of a long run. Eugene O'Neill assisted by the Guild. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and extremely important play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

THE WHISPERING GALLERY—Good enough to satisfy that low taste for comedy mysteries. (49th Street, 49, W. Closes Sat., Apr. 20.)

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS—A colored revue and a good one, with some swell tap dancing by Bill Robinson. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FIORETTA—Sword-play and passion in Earl Carroll's Venice of the eighteenth century. With Fannie Brice and Leon Errol. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good music and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and attractive. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 19.)

LADY FINGERS—An entertaining crook farce transformed into a fair musical show. (Liberty, 42, W.)

MUSIC IN MAY—Shubert operetta at its floweriest and most tuneful. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

PLEASURE BOUND—Phil Baker and some other good specialists almost make up for the vulgarity surrounding them. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf in pleasant enough musical swashbuckling. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Second season of one of those hits that should run until everyone has seen it twice. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, and Jerome Kern's best score make it that way. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

SPRING IS HERE—Youth, horseplay, and romance shaken into an extremely pleasant cocktail. With Glenn Hunter. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by Eddie Cantor. A tremendous hit. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—Only a week more of a one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 19 and 20, at 8:50; Sat. Mat., Apr. 20, at 2:50; daily Mats Tues. through Sat., Apr. 23-27, at 2:50; Sun. Eve., Apr. 28, at 8:50, last performance.)

CECILIA LOFTUS—In her remarkable impersonations. Also, Marion Kerby and John J. Niles in negro songs. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Sun. Eve., Apr. 21, at 8:50.)

HOBOKEN—Rowdy and unruly audiences may prevent your complete enjoyment of "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook" revival, now cut to normal length, is at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

BOWERY—"Under the Gaslight," another excuse for clapping and hissing, if that is what you want. (People's, 201 Bowery at Spring St. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

VAUDEVILLE—The Marx Brothers are now at the Palace and will no doubt be there through Sat., Apr. 27; performances at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—An intimate revue. Opens Tues., Apr. 23. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

BEFORE YOU'RE 25—A new comedy by Kenyon Nicholson. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—Philip Moeller's adaptation of a play by Frantisek Langer, produced by the Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Ethel Barrymore in a play from the Hungarian of Lili Hatvany, adapted by Zoë Akins. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:50 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Fannie Brice and Chick Endor.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Where everyone seems to know everyone else. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with Murphy and Johnson dancing.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Featuring George Olsen and his music.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Nice food and Eddie Davis' jazz. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—A Ziegfeld show and Paul Whiteman's band.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Regent 4500)—Striking decorations and Vincent Lopez' orchestra. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Dancing to Rudy Vallée's band.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting of this type—there are many others: Casanova, 151 W. 54, has Ohman and Arden and the Yacht Club Boys; The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, with Clayton, Jackson, and Durante; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, has Jack White and Tommy Lyman.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive, are: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will

(Continued on page 8)

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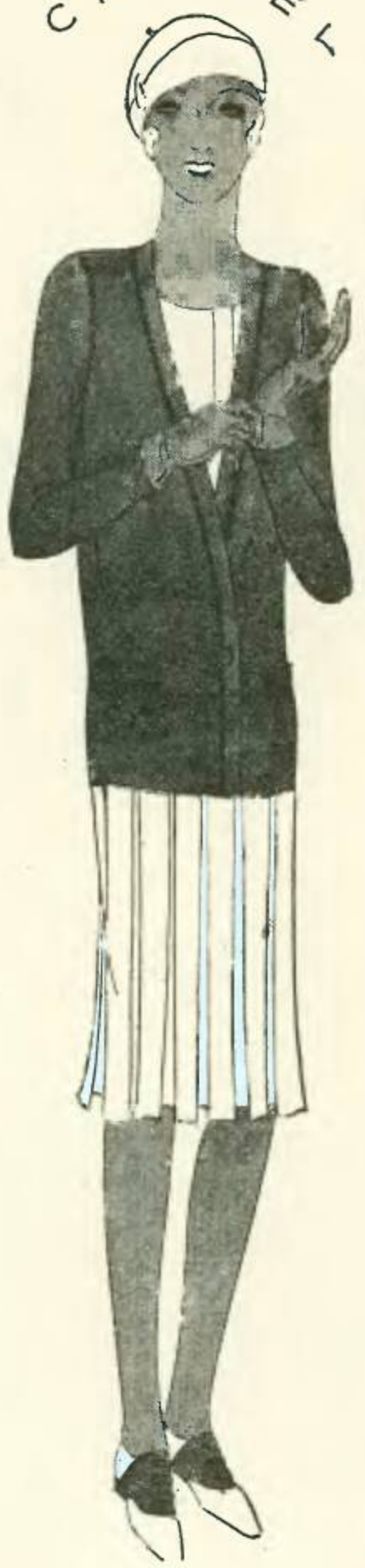

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 27]

(Continued from page 6)

enjoy Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is entertaining, particularly on Saturday nights. . . . Yar, 9 E. 54, is small, attractive, and rather expensive.

NOTES—The Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000), is now open after the theatre Saturdays only; Larry Siry's orchestra.* . . . The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIBI—The underworld and its ways again. Expertly and dramatically photographed and exciting enough for anyone. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—A talkie of theatrical life which is drawing the crowd. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE CANARY MURDER CASE—A competent movie version of the Van Dine mystery. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 20-22; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Apr. 27.)

THE DIVINE LADY—The saga of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson very attractively pictured with the aid of Corinne Griffith. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN—The trying but entertaining adventures and mishaps of a pretty lady, played by Dorothy Mackaill. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE IRON MASK—Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan again, in a characteristic picture which the star's public will enjoy. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 20-22; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE LETTER—Jeanne Eagels gives a beautiful performance in a very good talking picture of Somerset Maugham's play. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Closes Sun., Apr. 21.)

MY MAN—Fannie Brice Vitaphoning some of her best songs. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Apr. 24-26; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC—The French film which is the subject of much enthusiastic discussion about town. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson, almost in person. (Harris, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. Closes Sun., Apr. 21.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Norma Shearer tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth in an all-talking picture of the popular melodrama. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Hearts in Dixie," a negro all-talking picture that has successful dialect and pictorial charm; "Lady of the Pavements," Lupe Velez in an agreeable picture of the Paris of the Second Empire.

OPENING OF NOTE

Opened too late for review in this issue:

SHOW BOAT—The talking picture of the Edna Ferber story. (Globe, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

ART

AMERICA—Effort to show one hundred most representative native painters; should be worth seeing. At the Architectural and Allied Arts Exposition: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 1:30 to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 27.

CONTEMPORARY DECORATION—Enormously successful exhibit of American decorative art: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . A home-furnishing project in the modern style by a number of present-day designers: American Designers' Gallery, 145 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DAUMIER—Lithographs and wood engravings by a famous Frenchman: Room 316, Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DOVE—One of America's truly inspired poets painting the best stuff of a full life: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

FRENCH—Moderns, Derain, Matisse, etc., in a

group show for the summer: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GRAHAM—Former cavalry officer of the Czar takes American name and French method and turns out some neat abstractions: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Paintings by the masters who invented the thing we call modern: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MASTERS—Eighteenth-century French, including Fragonard, Chardin, and Largillière; benefit showing for Paris College of N. Y. U.: Wildenstein, 647 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

SALONS—Yearly show of a selected sort of Independents, numbering among them the town's best: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SOYER—One of the younger men comes into the big-time field via the Whitney Club: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

ROLAND HAYES—Return of an artist who happens to be a negro tenor. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 21.

LOUISE HOMER AND EFREM ZIMBALIST—Benefit concert by two of the best of current musicians. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 26.

ORCHESTRAS AND BALLETS

YOUNG MEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Apr. 21.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Benefit performance. Stravinsky's opera ballet "Les Noces," and Monteverdi's chamber opera "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e di Clorinda." Stokowski and Josten conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 25, at 8:45.

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—Sokoloff conducting, in conjunction with The Neighborhood Playhouse company of dancers and actors. Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," Griffes' "The White Peacock," and Enesco's "Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1" will be presented: Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of B'way, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 26 and 27, at 8:45.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 20 and 27, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

CABINET—Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture, and Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, will speak Sat., Apr. 20, at 10 P.M., over WABC. . . . William D. Mitchell, Attorney General will speak Fri., Apr. 26, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

FRANCIS MACMILLEN—Violinist; and Clara Jacobo, soprano: Sun., Apr. 21, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

HOOVER—Speaking at the annual luncheon of the Associated Press at the Waldorf-Astoria: Mon., Apr. 22, at 1:45 P.M., over WABC. . . . The President, also Secretary Mellon, speaking from Washington: Thurs., Apr. 25, at 9 P.M.. over WABC.

OPERA—"Lakmé," by Delibes: Mon., Apr. 22, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Apr. 23, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

LOUISE GROODY—In popular songs: Wed., Apr. 24, at 8:30 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Mon., Apr. 19-22; games at Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 23-25; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., Apr. 26 and 27; games at the Polo Grounds at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Con O'Kelly vs. Jim Maloney, Fri. Eve., Apr. 19 (preliminaries start at 8:15): New York Coliseum, Tremont Ave. at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177.) . . . Tony Canzonieri vs. Bud Taylor, Fri. Eve., Apr. 26 (preliminaries start at 8:30): Madison Square Garden.

CREW—Navy vs. Columbia, Sat. Aft., Apr. 27, Harlem River course. The race starts about 3 P.M., and can be seen from the Harlem River Speedway. The finish will be near the Dyckman St. end of the Speedway. (Take B'way subway to Dyckman St. Sta.)

HORSE SHOWS—Essex Troop Horse Show, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 19 and 20; Sat. Aft., Apr. 20: Armory, 120 Roseville Ave., Newark, N. J. (adjoining Roseville Ave. Sta., Lackawanna R. R.) . . . Brooklyn Horse Show, Tues. through Sat. Eves., Apr. 23-27, and Sat. Aft., Apr. 27: Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Flatbush Ave. at Grand Army Plaza. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Grand Army Plaza Sta.)

RACING—United Hunts Racing Association, spring meeting: Bowman Park, Rye, N. Y., Sat. Aft., Apr. 20, at 2:30. (Special train leaves Grand Central at 1:15 P.M.; other trains for Rye leave at 1:24 and 1:45 P.M.) . . . Jamaica Track: Opens Tues., Apr. 23; races weekdays thereafter at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TRACK—Annual Penn. Relays, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 26 and 27. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at 11 A.M. and 12 noon.)

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUS—Only three days more to see this year's big show: Madison Square Garden; performances at 2 and 8 P.M., through Sun., Apr. 21.

ARCHITECTURAL EXPOSITION—The Architectural League of New York presents the annual show of Architecture and Allied Arts: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 1:30 to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 27.

BENEFIT—The annual N. V. A. show. Well-known stars of stage, screen, and vaudeville will appear: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Eve., Apr. 21, at 8:30.

DANCE RECITALS—Return of Irma Duncan and the Duncan Dancers: Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of B'way; Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 19 and 20, at 8:30; Sat. and Sun. Afts., Apr. 20 and 21, at 2:30. . . . Von Grona and his group of dancers: Hampden Theatre, B'way at 62, Sun. Eve., Apr. 21, at 8:30. . . . Don Oscar Becque, modern dancer: Booth Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 21, at 8:45.

PUBLIC BALL—Annual Butterfly Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Wed. Eve., Apr. 24, at 10.

MASK AND WIG SHOW—"This Way Out!" presented by the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania: Metropolitan Opera House; Sat. Aft. and Eve., Apr. 27, at 2:15 and 8:15.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—Oriental art and oil paintings, from the Reifsnyder Collection: Sat., Mon., and Tues. Afts., Apr. 20, 22, and 23, at 2:15; Tues. Eve., Apr. 23, at 8:30. . . . The famous Reifsnyder Collection of early American furniture: Wed. through Sat. Afts., Apr. 24-27, at 2:15. . . . Books and prints, historical engravings and lithographs, from the Reifsnyder Collection: Wed. Eve., Apr. 24, at 8:15. . . . At the Anderson Galleries, Park at 59—Duncan Phyfe and other early American furniture: Sat. Aft., Apr. 20, at 2. . . . Ship models, marine paintings, and prints: Tues. Eve., Apr. 23, at 8:15.

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Offices may be beautiful as well as businesslike . . . and cost no more

THE day of the drab office is over. A few brilliant examples from the country's ablest executives—a few cautious experiments—and good taste came to the office to stay.

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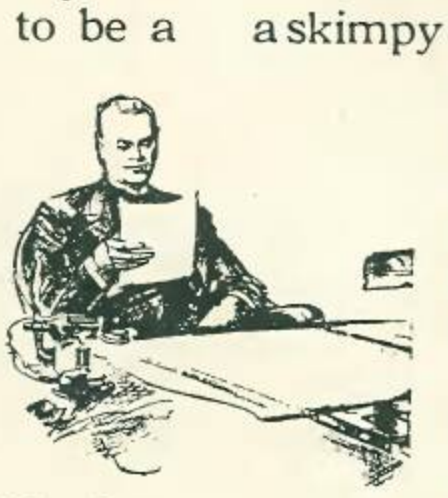

True, an attractive setting reflects pleasantly upon the prestige of any firm. It speaks well and favorably to strangers. But the decisive factor remains—individual efficiency. A good-looking chair is usually more comfortable than an ugly one. A broad, well-proportioned desk is more business-like than a skimpy one. Harmonious colors, balanced spaces, comfortable fittings give a fine sense of uncluttered effort to the room in which you work.

You can, of course, spend thousands of dollars to achieve this end. But you can also work modern miracles with a modest sum. Flint & Horner have made a special study of office interiors. We have given over an entire floor of our great shop to a series of model offices and installed a staff of trained decorators.

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A Thought On

Country Clothes

THE Major is often amused by the exaggerated air of nonchalance which so many men affect in the country. His personal preference runs to apparel which, while frankly more carefree than in town, is nevertheless impeccable for the occasion.

His ideas on country clothes have been reproduced with the utmost fidelity by

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE look to the department stores almost entirely for our sociology. The stores are really closer to life and times than any other institution. What's more, they have a happy outlook and a rather diverting coverage. At Stern's window the other day, we stopped with other passersby to investigate the little sign "Proper Clothes and Accessories for the Formal Wedding." Included in the best-man's appointments was a silver pint flask, which shone gloriously against its epithalamic background. Nor had Stern's let the matter drop there—it seems, as we

learned later, that they had got Dr. John B. Watson, author of "Behaviorism," to lecture on the second floor in the school department, on the subject: "Have Parents the Right to Rear Children?"

THE waxing and waning of Marion Talley is a curiously diverting little chapter in the book of New York. Out of the West she came, cherubic, virginal, young. The populace was ripe for a Joan of Arc, but Marion had the complacency of a dairymaid and no appreciable divinity. Quite calmly she warbled her way past Gatti-Casazza, and through it all displayed neither temperament nor humor. Her voice was so-so and her acting what you might expect of a Kansas City choir-singer. She made half a million dollars. Last summer we happened to meet her in a restaurant in Paris, a pleasantly naïve lass, with her open countenance, her demure acceptance of continental manners, and her little French-English dictionary. The dinner conversation ran to neckties and places to eat—Simpson's in London was

"simply eee-mense," neckties for Father Talley, the telegraph operator, were bought at Sulka's. We felt at the time that the red plush of the Metropolitan could only be a temporary background for this dotted-Swiss young girl. Retiring to a farm seems to us a charming dénouement: there will be no mortgage on the place, and its owner will have probably the sweetest voice in rural America for the calling of the hogs at twilight.

IN cities on the Pacific Coast, jaywalking is prohibited; the obedient sons of California move with one accord across their streets, without peril and without spirit. Here in New York, because Man still scurries through like

a weasel to the opposite curb, he is admonished by the Broadway Association and there is talk of a law to make him cross only when the traffic has halted. We protest such a law. Jaywalking has come to be a fine art, and is almost our only expression of physical prowess. We are a people of dangerous intent, and courage. The superannuated messenger, bundle under arm, faces death with a balance, a rhythm, a sense of time and motion that would make an American Indian walking the forests seem clumsy. Every citizen is capable of making crossings where the slightest error of judgment or faulty timing would crush him out. And for all his artistry, there is a fine simplicity in his performance, a lack of ostentation. He survives because he is fit. This is our security, our protection against invasion by the Visigoths. Strong men from the North may come down, but they will never be able to cross our vehicular boundaries; hiding behind a phalanx of Checker cabs we will meet the enemy and they will be ours.

THE colors which women may wear this summer, as approved by the Color Committee of the Garment Retailers of America, are peach, Nile green, and sky blue. Also it is prophesied that red, black-and-white, off-white, eggshell, and the lighter tones of brown will be seen. To these facts and prophecies, we are glad to add our own prognostication, as follows: this summer women will be seen wearing, besides the above-mentioned colors, rose, écru, yellow, pink, scarlet, aquamarine, crimson, maroon, lavender, purple, orange, tan, gray, heather, jade, orchid, coral, and all those other colors for which women are so justly famous.

OUR failure to attend the Greek games in the Barnard College gymnasium last Saturday was a bitter

disappointment. The fact is, we wrote the Dean of the College and she replied

that she couldn't send us tickets because "through long experience we have found that it is much better not to have the games written up by visitors who do not understand them." We regard the Dean's attitude as hardly Greek. Our public reply is that we *do* understand Greek games, that simplicity is our watchword, and that Demeter and Persephone are our favorite goddesses. Further, we think Miss Gildersleeve ought to know that, as a result of being kept out of the games, we moped around all Saturday afternoon and in the evening went to a night club owned by a couple of Greeks.

Still Groping

THE sound effects went dead one night at a performance of Mary Pickford's movie, "Coquette," and provided a Rivoli orchestra-man with an opportunity to become a hero. Came a scene of a boy playing a guitar, and came also synchronized guitar music which, however, suddenly stopped. The boy in the picture went on strumming, but no sound came forth. The resourceful pit musician to the rescue. He tootled the piece through on a flute.

The Street

AN interesting parallel to Charles E. Mitchell's dramatic offer of twenty-five millions to steady the stock market occurred in 1907, and is told about in a book by A. Barton Hepburn, which a banking man has shown us. It proves, for one thing, that even in those days importance was placed upon publicity. (They say the biggest influence toward the recent banking combines is the increased public attention, and hence business, which a great bank attracts.) We quote from the volume:

"In the panic of 1907 it is a matter of public record that the elder J. P. Morgan, by dramatically offering $25,000,000 on the floor of the Stock Exchange, broke the wild upward flight of the money rate, which had gone to 208 per cent on call, arrested the panic, and restored confidence. The inside story of this incident was related by Hepburn to Dr. Anderson (Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., economist of the Chase National Bank) many years later, as follows:

" 'At a conference in New York, at which Mr. Morgan was not present, ways and means of quieting the situation were discussed, and it was decided that the offer of funds on the floor of the Stock Exchange was necessary. Allotments were made on the different banks, and the thing was planned. Mr. Hepburn urged, however, that the actual cash was less important than the dramatic staging of it, and the question of how to do it dramatically was raised. "Why that's easy," spoke up James Stillman, then President of the National City Bank. "At the same time that you announce this, you may announce that I, on behalf of the National City Bank, will underwrite the whole amount." "No you don't, Jim Stillman," said Mr. Hepburn, "you want some cheap advertising out of this. I could do it just as well as you can. We have got to use a name that means something. We had best use Mr. Morgan's name."

" 'The conference agreed that Morgan's name would be the best one to use. Mr. Morgan said that he was at their service and would do what they said, and the thing was pulled off.' "

ANOTHER item pertaining to finance which we found interesting comes from a broker, Mr.

"Ho hum, Daylight
Saving will be here next week."
"Will there be ice cream?"

Albert Ulmann, who for years sought the origin of the term "bears" and came upon it recently by accident. In an edition of Swift's works published in 1750 he found a footnote explaining that the word derives from an old proverb, "Don't sell a bear's skin before you've caught the bear." Thus men who sold short were called "bearskin jobbers," later "bears." Mr. Ulmann says he has not been able to trace the word "bulls." He reminded us of the origin of the expression, "watered stock." It goes back to the days when cattle were driven into New York and sold at the market in the East Twenties. Daniel Drew, who was one of Commodore Vanderbilt's bitter enemies, hit upon a bright and profitable idea. It became his custom to go out in the country and meet the farmers driving their herds cityward and offer to pay them as much per pound for their cattle as they would have received at the market. It saved the farmers trouble and they sold to him. He would drive the cattle into town and sell them for exactly as much per pound as he had paid for them. His bright idea was to fill them up with Harlem River water on the way. The increased weight represented his profit, and it was considerable. "Watered stock" eventually became a byword and was later applied to over-inflated securities.

Free Toccatas

CARNEGIE HALL can be crashed, an indelicate fellow tells us, by going to the rear of the hall, 161 West Fifty-sixth, opening the door, and requesting a program of a previous recital. While this is being courteously looked up, you saunter straight ahead down a corridor to a pair of double doors leading to the auditorium. At any rate, our informant heard Rachmaninoff that way, from Ravel's "Toccata" to the last encore, and says it buoyed him up a great deal spiritually.

Cannon into Ploughshares

SIGNOR HUGO ZACCHINI, who is shot from the cannon at the circus twice a day, is a quiet fellow who served as an officer in the Italian army during the war. He was a first lieutenant with a bombing squad. Musing one day upon the parabola of an especially large grenade, he hit upon the idea of projecting a man from a cannon. He proposed to his superior officers that they shoot soldiers over the enemy lines. They were to be fitted with quick-opening parachutes, float gently to the ground, and win the war. Before anything was done about it, the armistice was signed. Later Signor Hugo interested his brother Edmonde, an engineer with the Fiat company in

Italy, and they went to work on plans for a man-shooting cannon. Perfected, these were submitted to the Italian army, for the next war. The scheme was rejected as impracticable—the soldiers coming down in parachutes would prove easy targets for snipers, and it was pretty strange anyhow. It was a third brother, Bruno (there are seven Zacchini boys and two girls), who suggested the cannon as a spectacle. The gun was built, and found to work, and circus contracts in Europe were easy to get. Now practically the whole family is involved in the business. Signor Hugo's brother Bruno and one sister are with him here, as well as his wife. Bruno shoots Hugo from the gun, the sister marches in the circus tournament, and the wife stands admiringly beside the cannon. She is a German girl who fell in love with Hugo at first sight in Berlin last year. He was travelling through the air at the time. Edmonde, actual designer of the cannon, and another brother, Victor, are now down in Argentina with a circus, one shooting the other from a cannon.

Signor Hugo is completely secretive about the inside of his machine. Compressed air, people say, or a giant spring. The Signor shrugs. His contract calls for a man to watch his contraption day and night and specifies that its secret is his and his alone. It also specifies that he is to be paid fifteen hundred dollars a week—more than a hundred dollars a shot—and is to be protected against "unusual risks," such as being shot out in too cold or too hot weather. He says the trick has not affected his nervous system, but fearing that it might, he plans to retire early with a comfortable fortune. He has been in the being-shot-from-cannon business for several years and has neither lost nor gained a pound of weight, remaining firmly at 154. The cannon weighs six tons. It is the fifth he has used.

Perfidy

OUR recently published lament over the disappearance of the Gulden's Mustard signs for the tops of Fifth Avenue buses moved one gentleman to write us a letter in which he shamelessly sets forth his own malfeasance. He says it is possible to remove screws from the bus signs by the use of a thin dime, and that he finds it a pleasant diversion during long traffic halts. His best so far is three between Thirty-second and Forty-eighth, but he claims to have a friend who developed such devilish facility with thin dimes that he once effected the complete removal of a Marlboro sign between Tenth Street and St. Thomas' Church.

Gentleman Hunter

PEAPACK is saddened by the departure of Colonel Percy R. Picton, who retired last week as First Whip of the Essex Hounds over there. He was a true fox-hunting man. Born a gentleman in England and educated for the bar, he abandoned his career early to devote himself to the hunt. Without great means, he decided to hire out to packs as a hunt servant—variously keeper of the hounds, whip, and huntsman. He had ridden, as gentleman and as servant, to most of the packs in England, before coming to America. All his life here he was a salaried hunter. Seven years ago he went to Peapack. He was noted for reckless and daring riding. At one time or another he broke thirty-eight different bones. He always rode with a monocle in his eye, and no one ever saw him drop it. Before leaving Peapack last week, the veteran huntsman collected his kit and gave it to the club, saying he would never ride again. The hunt in turn graciously tendered him a banquet. Percy Picton, tall and distinguished, carried it off perfect-

ly. At seventy he retires to spend the remainder of his life on the Riviera.

Somebody

POPULAR songs come and go and people forget, but Broadway doesn't. Into a music-publishing house the other day jauntily walked a self-assured man, and a hush fell over the entire office. As he disappeared, unannounced, through a door marked "Private," a stranger in those parts asked an attaché of the firm who he was. "Him!" exclaimed the man, with a rising inflection denoting he couldn't believe his ears. "Why, he's the first man who ever sang 'Abadabadaba!' "

War Being Over

THIS is in the nature of a report to the men who marched in the Army Day parade the other Saturday. We feel they might like to know who saw them go by. Well, to begin with, several hundred people were on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Then there was Louis Wiley, business manager of the *Times*, squinting from an open window in the Vanderbilt house. Diamond salesmen in Cartier's watched from an upstairs window. Members of the University Club glanced out at the troops but remained seated (whereas the Union Club men, down a block or two, stood).

Upstairs in Sherry's small boys lunching with their mammas crawled under the tables and noted army matters from there. Members of the Knickerbocker Club were interested but composed, their placidity being partially compensated for by five old charwomen on the roof, who danced about a good bit and waved. A man in a black beard occupied Jules Bache's balcony at 814, in case any of the troops were playing Beaver. The house of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan harbored one spectator, a lady, solitary as could be. At Adolph Lewisohn's, Number 881, there were fifteen watchers, twelve of them servants. Mrs. Sam Lewisohn occupied the right balcony with a friend, and the smallest daughter with her nurse occupied the left balcony. The Schiff houses displayed everything but Schiffs—and may we award honorable mention to the Mortimer Schiff maid on the third floor, for trimness?

Lady librarians looked out from the Frick mansion. Number 986 was filled with nurses. A man in livery did the entire looking for the James W. Gerards at 1014. The James Speyer balcony was occupied by a lady with a chow. At Mrs. Newbold Morris', the curtains fluttered suspiciously, as though the maids were excited but afraid. Offhand we should say that the Carnegie men-in-waiting were the most elegantly dressed for the occasion —they appeared in evening clothes. The Kahn servitors were next, in brass-buttoned blue coats and red waistcoats, as though they were not quite sure what war the troops were home from.

We regret that we can't end the report here, but must go on to Felix Warburg's, where in plain view in a ground-floor window stood a domestic fellow, vulgarly appraising the army in his shirtsleeves.

"Yes, Mrs. Weatherbee, magnificent animal."

Northampton Note

THE Coolidge legend now goes into Volume II. It will be quainter than Volume I. Somebody, so our Northampton courier advises, called the ex-President's attention to a newspaper item telling that Mr. Hoover had sent the White House saddle-horses back to Fort Myer to

save the people's money. "Yes," said he, "I suppose those horses'll stop eating when they get to the Fort."

Finance and Bohemia

MR. KAHN has a hand in the Hoboken renaissance, but this came about only after a silent struggle. The artistic endeavor across the river, it turns out, was practically the first groping for the Ineffable in many, many years which Mr. Kahn had not been promptly importuned to assist. When the Morley-Gribble group launched their "After Dark" and didn't come around to him for funds, he was surprised. As week after week went on, and no demand was made, he was bewildered. His curiosity led him to suggest that he would like to meet this strange quartet of young men, and he was invited over to dinner. At the conclusion of the meal, following an old old Bohemian custom, he was allowed to pay his own check. But he wasn't asked for anything beyond that. Shortly after he went back for another dinner. Again he left with his bank balance as large as before. This was disturbing. He wasn't used to such treatment. Mr. Kahn waited patiently for several days to be called to the aid of struggling Art, but he wasn't. At the end of this period he asked that one of the group call on him. Mr. Morley went. Mr. Kahn frankly demanded to know why he hadn't been approached for funds. The answer was that the first rare old *succès d'estime* selected had become a wow and that no money was needed. Mr. Kahn thereupon indicated that he was not content with being left out of the brave little venture, even if it had become a wow, and offered to donate some real estate in Hoboken, pointing out that the excitement had raised real-estate values in Hoboken and that the artists ought to share in the rewards. The offer was accepted, but about that time the impractical fellows became engrossed in producing "The Black Crook" and forgot about it. Upon being reminded by Mr. Kahn some days later, however, they agreed to let him buy the old factory recently purchased. It's his share in the little movement, and their share in real estate.

Incidentally, the hotel at which Mr. Kahn dined on his first visit—Meyers—was the place in which he ate his first dinner upon landing in America thirty-five years ago, with only fifteen or twenty million in his pocket.

Dog's Life

A LITTLE city-bred beagle, that had been beagling all by himself in Central Park, emerged from the Ninetieth Street exit into Fifth Avenue just as we happened by. Nose to the pavement, he darted out into the traffic, looking for rabbits. The cop very kindly ushered him through to the other curb, whereupon the beagle turned around and started back. Again the cop helped him safely across.

By this time the delightful animal was perfectly sure that the rabbit was hiding between the moving lanes of cars in the middle of the Avenue, and for the next five minutes he searched thoroughly, under Yellow taxis, under Lincoln towncars, in and out. The cop, a little weary of playing the Good Samaritan, finally blew a sudden whistle and a large touring car jammed on its brakes and stopped within an inch of the pup. Motioning the bewildered driver to the curb, the officer picked up the preoccupied dog and carried him over to the car.

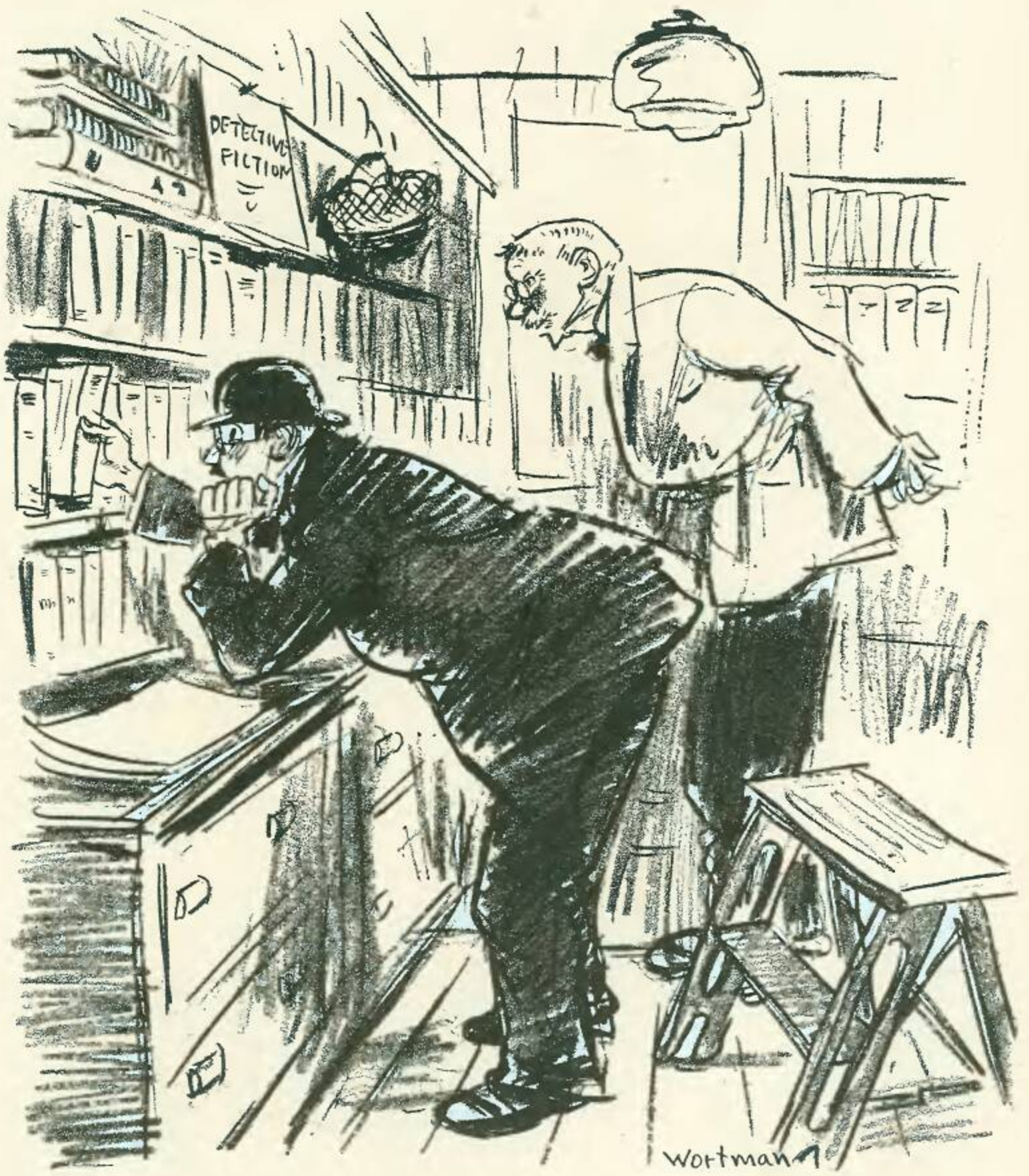
"That was mighty white of you, old man," said the cop. "I'm mighty grateful. I'm so grateful to you I'm going to *give* you this dog."

The motorist took him. You got to take dogs cops give you.

Hmm

AN assistant whom we employ and keep stationed in a nearby drug-store, has just phoned in the leading news item of the week. He reports on good authority the purchase by Mabel Walker Willebrandt of a cocktail jacket from a New York store. (A cocktail jacket is a certain kind of jacket.) What this bodes we have no means of knowing.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"That's a fine mystery. It was his wife that killed him—you'd never guess."

ICE PICK, I LOVE YOU

The ferry between Warnemuende and Gjedser on which the King and Queen of Denmark and Prince Knud were returning from the Riviera, was caught in the ice in the Baltic.—*News Item.*

(Scene—Aboard the ferry, a few minutes before the jam.)

QUEEN—I'll certainly be glad to get home and get a decent cup of coffee once more.

KING—Will I be glad to get home! Oh boy!

QUEEN—I like to visit the Riviera, I always say, but I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place.

KING—Give me little old Denmark every time.

QUEEN—Oh, won't I be glad to get my things off and take some solid comfort for a change.

KING—If I never see a dinner coat again it'll be too soon. (*Reflectively*) You know what I'd like right this minute?

QUEEN—What?

KING—I'd like some nice little old Danish pastry, that's what I'd like. Some real old Danish pastry, like mother used to make.

PRINCE KNUD—Me too, Pa.

KING—Imagine having the nerve to call that stuff they serve at Cannes Danish pastry. I'll be glad to see the boys in the good old Rigsdag again.

QUEEN—I should think you'd want to keep away from "the good old Rigsdag." You know what the doctor said.

KING—Three drinks a day and no poker. But he said I could play a little pinochle if I wanted to.

PRINCE KNUD—Papa, you had eight drinks one day at Antibes. I counted.

KING—Why don't you mind your own—

QUEEN—Let the child alone. A fine example you're setting him.

KING—Will the paperhangers be out of the house when we get back?

QUEEN—I had a letter from Igrid and she said they had finished the throne room and were doing the front room upstairs.

KING—By George, I forgot to send Igrid a postenkarten.

QUEEN—I sent her one, and I sent postenkarten to Ugrud and Agrud and Ogrud and Sigrid and Gudrud.

KING—Did you send any to the Maloneys?

QUEEN—Oh, I forgot the Maloneys.

KING—Gosh, I wish you hadn't. Olaf Maloney can throw a lot of business my way. Hilda Maloney is sensitive about those things, too. She's a good neighbor. She was nice to us when Knud had the measles.

KNUD—Ma, can I have the mumps?

QUEEN—No.

KNUD—Aw, just on one side, Ma, can't I, huh, Ma, can't I?

KING—Keep quiet and stop teasing your mother.

KNUD—Aw, gee, I never can have the mumps like other fellows. You never let me do anything.

KING—Another word out of you, young man, and you don't get that fjord papa promised you.

KNUD—I don't want an old fjord. I want a peninsula with a rumble seat.

QUEEN—I know what I'll do about the Maloneys. I have a dozen doilies I bought for Wogrud. I'll take a half dozen of them and give them to Hilda.

KNUD—Ma, papa sent that Greta Garbo a postenkarten. I seen him.

(King makes a lunge at Prince, who eludes him. Suddenly there is a jar and the ferry stops. The Queen's hat is jerked forward so that she looks a little like Queen Mary.)

QUEEN—What's that?

"Oh, I had to go. I was the guest of honor."

KNUD—Mamma, I'm afraid.

KING—It's nothing. I'll go see. Keep your shirt on, now.

QUEEN—We hit something.

KING *(after looking over the side of the ferry)*—We're stalled. We're stalled in the ice.

QUEEN—Oh Lord! I knew we wouldn't get home without something happening.

KING—Hold your horses now. Everything will be all right.

QUEEN—Hold my horses is it! Didn't I tell you we ought to come the other way. I never did see such a man. I never yet went a place with you that you didn't get us—

KING *(sweetly sour)*—Will you shut your trap, acushla machree? Is it my fault that we're stalled? Did I have the ice put here on purpose?

QUEEN—I wouldn't put it past you.

PRINCE KNUD—Mamma, I'm afraid. I want to go home.

QUEEN—Hush, mavourneen, we'll be home soon. We'd be home sooner if your father wasn't such a schlemiel.

KING—Guardian Angel, where were you when I got married that you didn't help and preserve me, and keep me from it, at all?

(Note to reader—The play is going Gaelic on us. That's because we recently read some of J. M. Synge's plays. Almost anything may happen from now on.)

KING—Where's the ice pick till I be picking our way out of this ice?

(At this point, Chauncey Olcott and Fiske O'Hara, through the courtesy of the Frigidaire Company, enter left and sing: "All that She Got from the Iceman Was Ice, Ice, Ice.")

QUEEN—The ice pick, is it. It's wherever you put it, it is.

KING—Is that so? Well, the next time I go on a trip with you, I'm going alone.

QUEEN—Asking *me* where the ice pick is, me that never harmed chick nor child.

(The Queen begins to cry softly at this point, and Prince Knud suddenly, for no perceptible reason, undergoes a strange metamorphosis and turns into a count.)

PRINCE KNUD—I am a count now, Pa.

KING—What count?

PRINCE—Count John McCormack.

KING—Not the great Irish tenor, Harry Lauder?

PRINCE—The same and none other.

KING—Sure then, the top of the mornin' to ye.

(The Prince then sings: "For they're hangin' Mother Machree for the wearin' of the dear silver that shines in the Irish eyes that are smilin' through Tara's halls, makin' my Irish rose wild." Words by Saul Rachnowitz. Music by Gus Einstein.)

KING—I asked who took the ice pick. Did you take the ice pick, Knud?

KNUD—No, Papa, honest I didn't.

KING—You did, you omadhaun.

QUEEN—Stop callin' the child names.

KING—I want to find the ice pick, till I hack us our way out of this.

QUEEN—Askin' me where the ice pick is! As if I had nothing to do but go about pickin' up ice picks after ye.

KING—It was in the tool box right here where I put it and it's gone. It didn't walk away. One o' yez tuk it.

QUEEN—Maybe your friend, Greta Garbo, has it.

PRINCE KNUD—Mamma, Papa sent Greta Garbo a cable, too. I seen it.

KING *(gently)*—You mean you *saw* it, sonny boy.

(King now sings "Sonny Boy." Everybody cries. A fellow in the fourth row, a big virile chap, is ashamed of the tears that have started, and he glances quickly at his fair companion, who he thinks, but is not quite sure, is the "girl of his choice." He sees that the tears are coursing unrestrainedly down her cheeks, and he decides then and there that any girl with such innate gentleness is the girl for him; the mate he wants to mother the stalwart young sons he hopes one day to see taking up the torch when, bowed by

"I say, Parker, there seems to be a gull in the study."

years, he relinquishes it. Their eyes meet and they smile at each other through their tears and from that instant each knows that the other cares. This fellow, Fred by name, is no longer ashamed of his tears, which now course quite freely down his splendid cheeks. After finishing the song, the King turns to Prince Knud and gives him a good wallop.)

KING—Now, maybe you'll keep your mouth shut about my cablegrams for a while.

QUEEN—Did you find the ice pick?

KING—I did not find the ice pick.

QUEEN *(hysterically resigned)*—Then I suppose we're to sit here until the ice melts in July because your own stubbornness wouldn't let you pay heed to what I was telling you.

KING *(grimly)*—That's just what I'm thinking we'll be doing and I might as well start right now.

(So the King sits down, but the ice pick has been in his back pocket all the time, so he jumps up again, with a wild, weird shriek like a banshee's.)

QUEEN—For God's sake, man alive, what ails you? Is it daffy you've gone, entirely?

KING *(joyfully)*—The ice pick! I've found the ice pick! Like Grandma's spectacles, it was in my pants pocket all the time.

QUEEN—Glory! Glory! Praise de Lawd! Praise de Lawd! Yes indeedy. Now we're outen de Baltic.

KING *(stroking ice pick in "Dynamo" manner)*—Ice pick, I love you!

THIS is the end, except, that in re that couple, Fred and Clara, that we spoke about—the ones that cried when the King sang "Sonny Boy"—that marriage didn't turn out so well, after all. He got running around with other women and she got running around with other men. Oh, probably it was all right. I mean, none of us is so perfect. "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to criticize the rest of us."

—FRANK SULLIVAN

DREAM CHILDREN; A REVERIE

(BY ARRANGEMENT WITH CHARLES LAMB AND 24 OTHER NEWSPAPERS)

CHILDREN love to read stories about their elders, particularly those stories which they find in the daily papers. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening, climbing on my knee to relate their troubles.

"And how does my little Alice feel this evening?" I asked.

"Me feels pitty lousy," responded the wee maid.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why is right," retorted the child. "I'll tell you why! Because I haven't got any lounging pajamas, that's why!"

"Now, now, now—what kind of garment is that?" I went on.

"An amusing garment, to which, because of its increased importance, designers are giving more and more thought. The model below has a jacket of scarf border and may be worn as a tuck-in. The pagoda model shown above comes in two-tone crêpe de Chine. Am I answering your question?" Little Alice's voice had grown louder, and more disagreeable.

"Hush, Alice," I said, turning to tiny John on the other knee. "How is my little man tonight?"

"Me wants Irene Bordoni," spoke up tiny John.

"Sh-h-h, John!" I scolded, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to tell John how religious and how good his great-grandmother Fielding was, and what did he mean he wanted Irene Bordoni?

"Tiny John means what he says, sir. I mean I want Irene Bordoni, international star appearing at the Club Richman, who enjoys a Canaday Cooler Drink—no ice, no water bottle, no bother, no dirt; assures you a continuous flow of pure drinking water, cooled to any temperature desired.

"Sir! This is the United States Army speaking!"

'Ittle John is mighty sick, sir, of dwinking out of the kitchen tap."

Alice was poking two fingers of one hand into my mouth in an effort to draw my attention.

"You never weed me a 'tory, you never weed me a 'tory!" she complained.

"But what story should I read?"

"Weed 'ittle Alice 'The Bride's House,' a new novel by Dawn Powell. Miss Powell has written a striking story, macabre in its intensity, painting her characters with a remarkable sureness and precision. Why haven't you read it to 'ittle Alice, you piker?"

"Me, me, me, me!" cried John, scoring my throat muscles with his finger nails. " 'Ittle John is unhappier than 'ittle Alice."

"Why?"

"Because 'ittle John wants his hat to take on the personality of the wearer. The Dobbs Darcey, produced by the Cavanagh edge process, responds to the mood and becomes an expression of the man's individuality. 'Ittle John's present hat doesn't do that at all."

"That's right, it doesn't," said Alice.

"Children, children," I begged, "do try to smile. You must not read about your elders if it's going to affect you this way. Cling harder to my knee, Alice, before you faw down and go boom." Alice was sobbing.

"Oooo, ooo," she sobbed. "Ooooo. The silhouette of 'ittle Alice doesn't float."

"*What* doesn't float?"

"The silhouette."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"I do," put in tiny John. "She means that, in the past, motion has been integral with the gown, but now Lucien Lelong stresses the floating silhouette."

"That's exactly it," said Alice. "Oooooo."

"Oh, shut up, 'ittle Alice," said little John. "In these days when the sun's heat beats far to the south, Famous Reading Anthracite cheerfully and efficiently takes up the job of filling your home with clean, safe, comfortable, unfailing warmth."

"Waterman's No. 7 points the way to pen satisfaction," put in Alice.

"No car is better than its chassis," rejoined John.

"The actual difference between the rent you now pay and the cost of maintaining an apartment here is from five to thirty-four hundred dollars a year, enough to pay for a boat, yacht-club dues, and upkeep," said Alice, with a sneer.

"Chuckles and gurgles always greet a homemade birthday cake," replied John, who seemed to be growing tinier.

"Children, children," I cried, "this is no age for leaners. Every new morning calls for physical fitness. For keen thinking and vigorous energy. And Coward Shoes see a man splendidly through." And while I sat, talking, both the children gradually grew tinier to my view, contracting, and still contracting, till nothing at last but two crumpled newspapers were seen on my knee—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful bridge-lamp unchanged by my side.

—E. B. W.

"Do I look all right to go in the Algonquin?"

• •

THE SILVER CAR

Far on the sea like a golden shield
The sun hangs low. His drowsy eye
Scarce reaches to the lonely field
Whence I am watching, but the sky
Still bears his pomp. Now red and gold,
Now glimmering pearl and grey
Blanch and are black. And now
In sober majesty, the prow
Of night's dark ship westing the wold!
The trees' long shades
Melt in a whispering shadow,
And the glow, the gleam, the glimmer softly fades.

Rapt, silent, all awaits her! Lo
Behind the clouds, the Charioteer
Shakes loose his reins—the Moon swings clear!

—James Stephens

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

THE RING TO YOU I AM RETURNING

I

A youth, good-night, was saying
To the maid whose heart he'd won;
He bent and tried to kiss her
But she, as if to shun
The kiss, shrank back and murmured,
"I'm tired tonight. Don't—please."
He laughed, "Oh you don't mean that.
You're saying it to tease."
But the next day came a package
From the maiden to the youth.
And when it he had opened
He learned the bitter truth.
The engagement ring, his letters
Were in it, and a note.
His dream of love seemed over
When he scanned these words she wrote:

REFRAIN

"The ring to you I am returning,
It may be I never shall wed.
Don't think me untrue—I still care for you,
But I can't go on with it, Fred.
You're manly and fine, but your business
Is all you e'er talk of to me.
You haven't romance, and there isn't a chance
Without it—my husband to be."

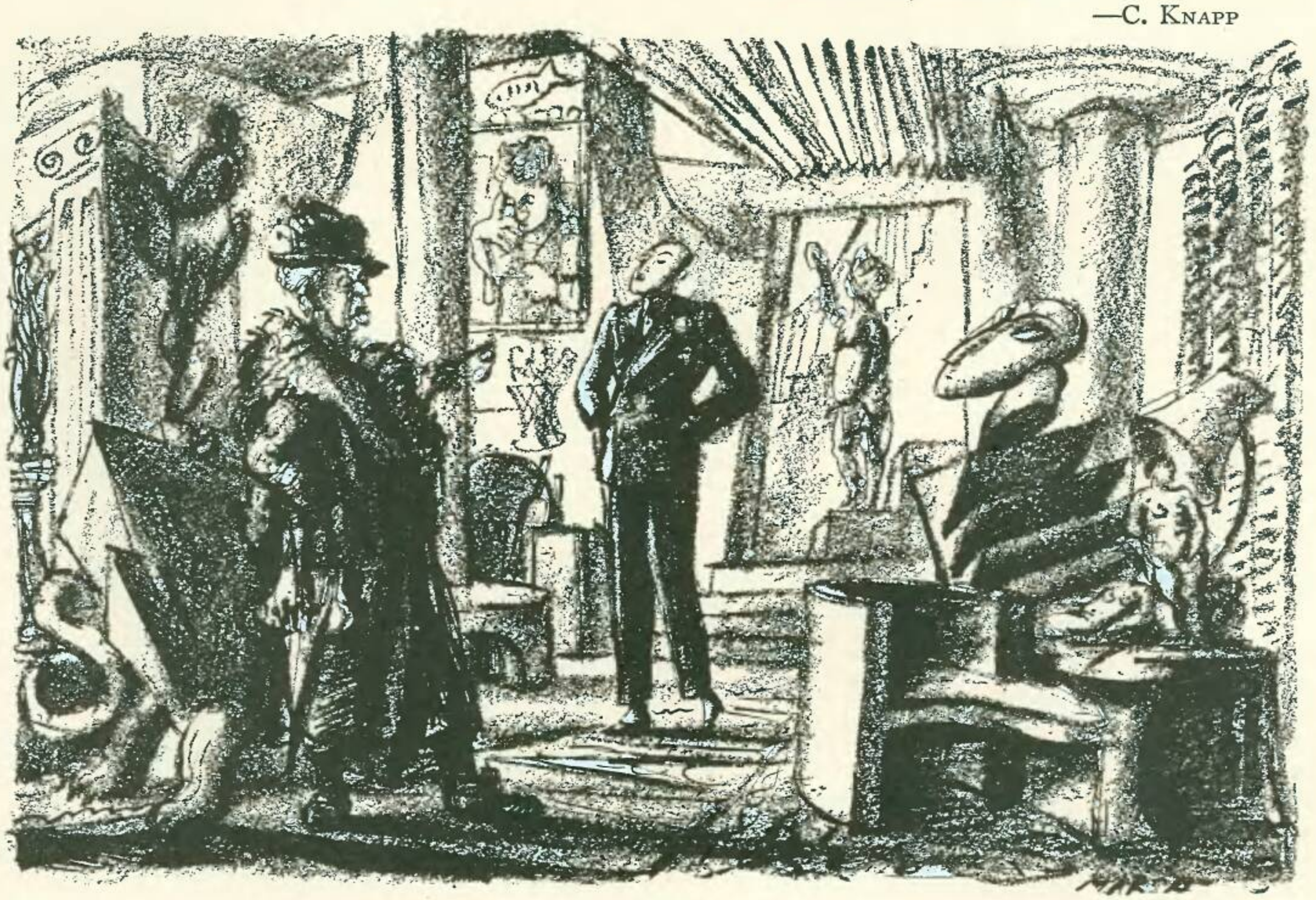
II

The youth was low in spirit.
Till some one told him of
A book which had helped many
Called "The Art of Making Love."
Now with its precepts mastered,
Upon the girl he called,
His manner was so courtly
He held her there enthralled.
He talked to her of music,
Of romance, books, and art.
Said she, "Fred, you're so different
You're winning back my heart.
What has changed you?" "That's my secret,"
He replied, "though I'd *still* be
Just a man and not a lover
If you hadn't written me:"

REFRAIN

"The ring to you I am returning,
It may be I never shall wed.
Don't think me untrue—I still care for you,
But I can't go on with it, Fred.
You're manly and fine, but your business
Is all you e'er talk of to me.
You haven't romance, and there isn't a chance
Without it—my husband to be."

—C. KNAPP



"Whatever they do, I still cling to the Sixteenth Century."

OF ALL THINGS

THOUGH defeated in the Supreme Court, the I. R. T. has reposted its seven-cent-fare notices. We wouldn't raise false hopes but it looks as if the Interborough were about to secede from the Union.

•

The five-cent-fare decision gives Jimmy Walker a clear road to renomination—with Hylan riding in the grumble seat.

•

Interested parties are descending upon Washington by the hundreds in search of tariff favors. There's gold in them thar bills.

•

Whatever else it was, the Guinan trial was a liberal education to Texas. It was news to her that alcoholic substances were ever taken internally.

•

According to the Amateur Athletic Union, Barbuti's charge of widespread professionalism among track stars is hearsay. Worse than that, it's heresy.

•

Secret-service men, we read, will accompany the President on fishing trips but will be "required to blend themselves into the outdoor surroundings." We'd like to see one disguised as a bush.

•

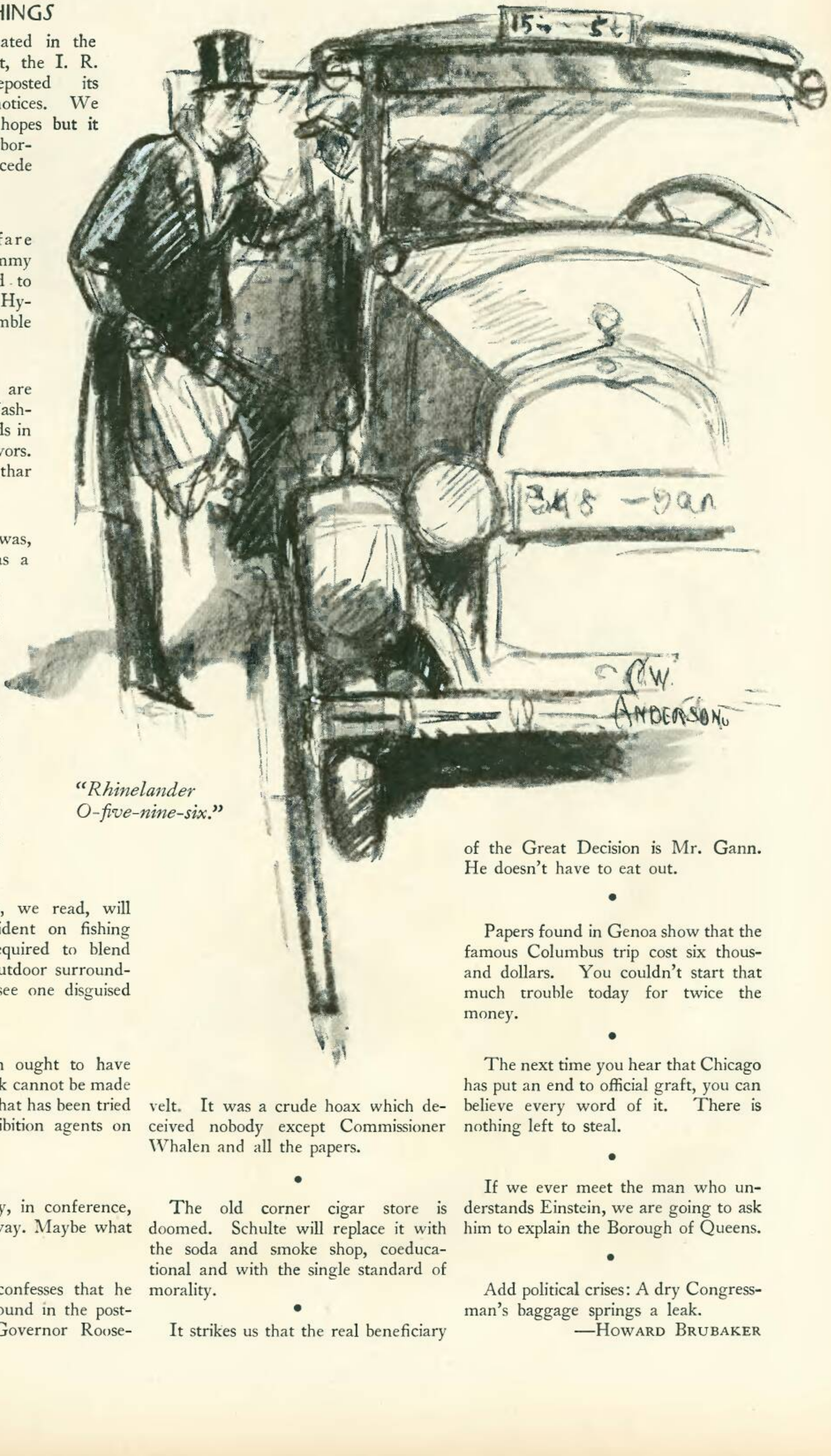
Young Mr. Heflin ought to have known that New York cannot be made dry by absorption. That has been tried by hundreds of prohibition agents on expense accounts.

•

The sugar industry, in conference, finds itself in a bad way. Maybe what it needs is a papa.

•

Thomas Callegy confesses that he made the bomb he found in the post-office addressed to Governor Roose-



"Rhinelander O-five-nine-six."

velt. It was a crude hoax which deceived nobody except Commissioner Whalen and all the papers.

•

The old corner cigar store is doomed. Schulte will replace it with the soda and smoke shop, coeducational and with the single standard of morality.

•

It strikes us that the real beneficiary of the Great Decision is Mr. Gann. He doesn't have to eat out.

•

Papers found in Genoa show that the famous Columbus trip cost six thousand dollars. You couldn't start that much trouble today for twice the money.

•

The next time you hear that Chicago has put an end to official graft, you can believe every word of it. There is nothing left to steal.

•

If we ever meet the man who understands Einstein, we are going to ask him to explain the Borough of Queens.

•

Add political crises: A dry Congressman's baggage springs a leak.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

PASTIMES OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA

Solving the Murder Mystery

PROFILES

FIRE SIGN

FANNIE BRICE represents Broadway less by being its product than a comment upon it. Her talent, rare in that environment, is to make fakes look ridiculous, a talent she accounts for by saying that she had the luck to be born homely. That is not entirely true. At serious moments her face, with its green eyes and big mouth, is handsome, and she moves with a sort of awkward easiness that makes you wonder why the critics of her early efforts always called her homely. Perhaps they meant her nose. The operation that straightened and refined that organ a few years ago was the only mental or physical alteration in what nature made her that Fannie Brice has ever allowed.

It was an important operation. Beside the feminine instinct to make the best of herself, she had another, a professional reason, for wanting a nose less inevitably funny. She wanted to play serious parts, and accordingly, in 1926, New York saw a handsomer Fannie Brice dealing as well as she could with a play called "Fanny" which had its serious moments. Fairly successful in spite of its faults, it served principally to make people wonder what she could do if she ever got a good play. No matter what she does in serious work, however, she cannot keep people from thinking of her as a singer or from doubting whether she will ever find a theatrical vehicle that will equal in dramatic qualities the story of her own life.

FANNIE BRICE was born Fannie Borach in 1893, near Delancey Street. Her father, an Alsatian Jew, owned some saloons. Her mother, a Hungarian, helped run them, brought up the children, and cooked the free lunches. Fannie won five dollars singing "When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget" on amateur night in a Brooklyn theatre. Later she sang in a stereopticon parlor in Eighty-third Street and then in a Cohan & Harris revue. Fired by Harris for bad dancing, she played one-night stands through Pennsylvania with a theatrical trainer named Rachel Lewis, trouped with a Hurtig & Seamon burlesque show, and was singing dialect songs by Irving Berlin as one of Spiegel's College Girls in the Columbia Burlesque house when Florenz Ziegfeld saw her and made her a headliner in the "Follies."

Fannie Brice

Fannie Brice was then seventeen. She had formally dedicated herself to the stage some time before when, tired of being called "More-Ache" and "Bore-Act" by her friends, she changed her name to Brice, the name of a friend of her mother's which Fannie had liked when she heard it as a child. The reputation Ziegfeld was helping to procure for her under her new name opened the gateways for a career rich from the first in exciting circumstances. The streets in which she had grown up, the dark houses crowded with noises, accidents, and stubborn joys that civilization suppresses or ignores, had taught her a divided sympathy.

In those days she used to steal beer from her father to give to neighboring women who were sick or nursing; her outward, physical pity was supplemented by an altered but similar feeling directed toward herself. She wanted people to feel sorry for her. In a department store in which she worked for a while as a wrapper she told the girls her mother was dying and that her family was so poor they didn't have enough to eat. When the people in the store, believing her, offered bread and old clothes in sympathy, she came to work next day in her Sunday dress, wearing her mother's and sister's earrings, two earrings in each ear, and explained that she had only been fooling—her father was a millionaire.

LATER, when she was on the road, truths suggested by the things she had done as a child became clear in her mind. "People like to feel miserable. You make them laugh they will forget you, but if you make them cry they will never forget you." As a burlesque trouper she was feeling, not altogether successfully, for a way to apply this belief to her work in the theatre.

It still amuses her to remember incidents of her career . . . one-night stands. . . . Feeding Rachel Lewis' dog on ten cents a day, eating herself on twenty-five. . . . Hotels: bribing the chamber-maid before unpacking the electric stove, getting out of a window in Pittsburgh, stealing a curtain to use as a stage-wedding dress in Hazleton. . . . The night she caught Rachel jumping the show. . . . The night she joined the "Follies." . . . Ten years of success, leading up to the night Ziegfeld came to her with a typewritten lyric in his hand and asked: "Do you think you can make them cry?"

Fannie Brice looked doubtful.

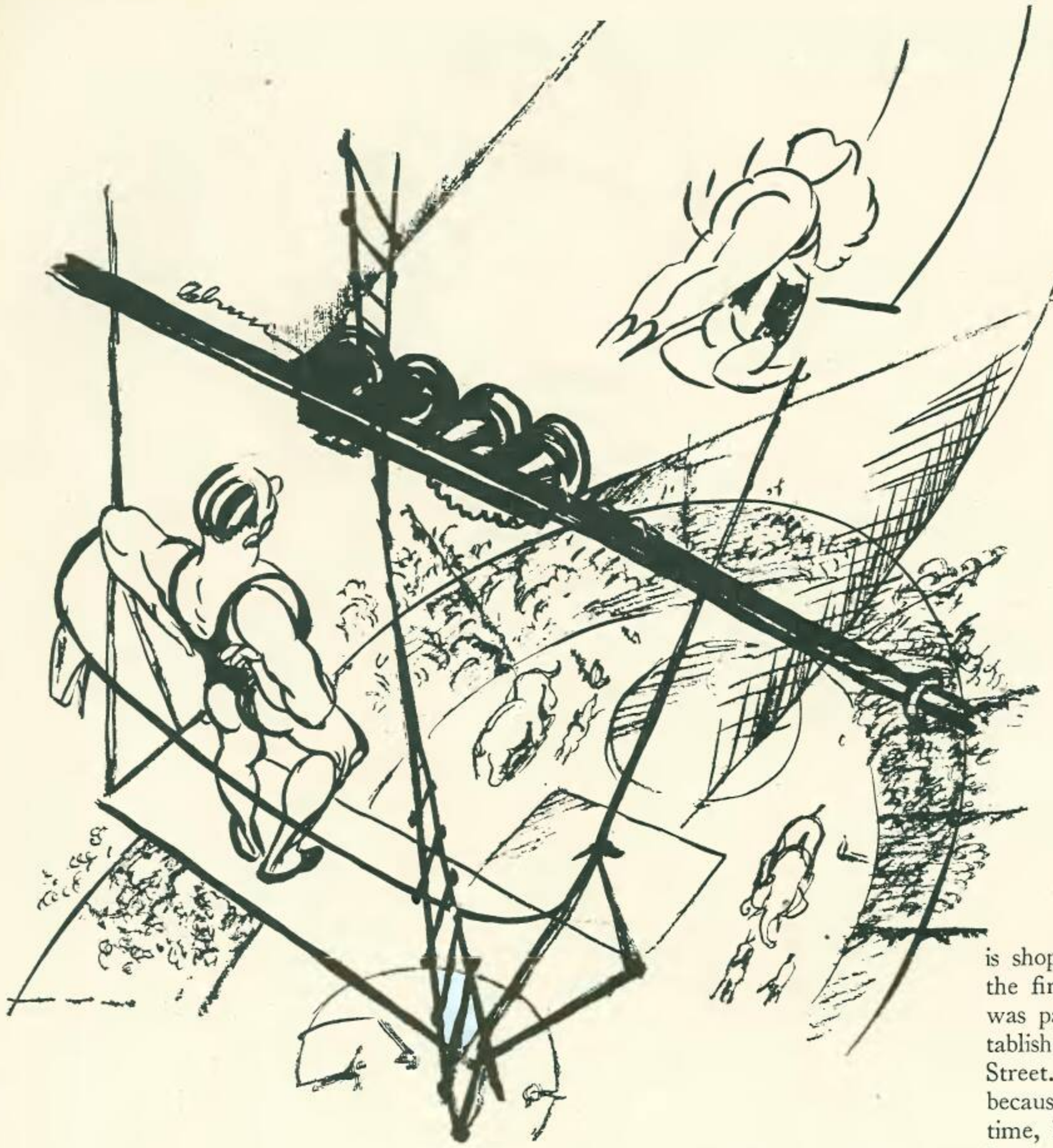
"I think you can," said the producer, handing her the song. "Just try it over once."

The accompanist rippled an introductory chord and after a minute of study the girl sang the first lines of a lyric written by Channing Pollock for the French tune, "Mon Homme":

It costs me a lot but there's one thing
that I've got
It's my man . . .

She sang it without gestures, her strong contralto giving an unforgettable reality to the crude words of the verse, the haunting, repetitive tune.

NEITHER Fannie Brice's appearance nor her early career had given her much opportunity for sentimental love-affairs. Her most vivid memory of her first husband, a Springfield barber named White, was his liberal use of his own hair-tonics. "God, he smelled nice." She was not upset when her mother had the marriage annulled, shortly after it had taken place, on the ground that she was under age. She felt differently about Nicky Arnstein, whom she married in 1918. When he was accused of fraud and forgery, she did not believe the charges, and gave little satisfaction to the District Attorney who, cross-examining her



in the Federal Building, tried to find out where he was hiding.

"Are you sure your memory is as bad as that, Miss Brice?"

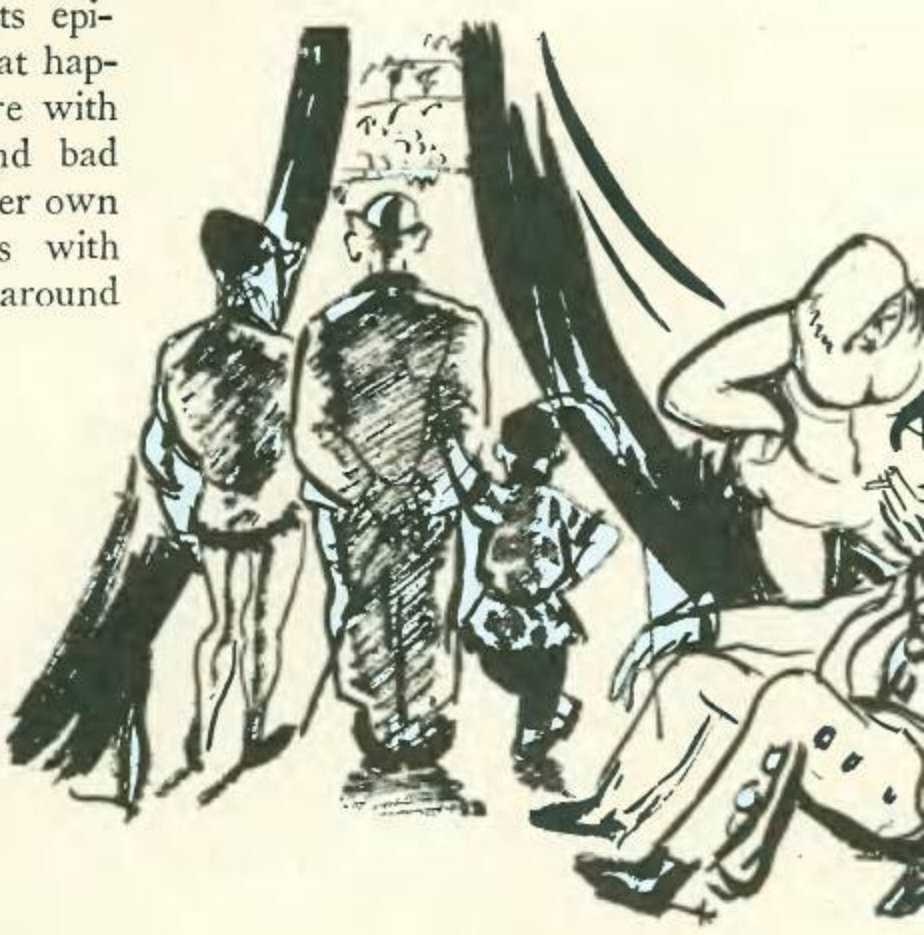
"Yes, it is very bad. I can only remember songs and telephone numbers."

It was not calculated melodrama but pure accident that Arnstein came back to give himself up on the day when the police force of the city, which had spent weeks searching for him, paraded on Fifth Avenue. At nine that morning Fannie Brice met her husband by appointment at Ninetieth Street and Columbus Avenue and drove downtown with him. Several times they waited at corners, making jokes, while parts of the parade went by. "Recognize any friends, Nick?" . . . It was a warm, clear day, full of blue airs and snatches of band music; the two in the back seat seemed unconscious that it might be the last day they would spend together for some time. Five years later, when Arnstein got out of prison, they were reunited. In September, 1927, her faith broken at last, Fannie Brice abruptly divorced him in Chicago. The grounds were infidelity.

SHE has never expressed regret concerning her marriage or its epilogues, nor has she ever let what happened to her personally interfere with her work. Through good and bad times she continued to suggest her own songs, working out her ideas with someone who could build tunes around them. Some of the numbers which evolved from this system, with the collaboration of songwriters like Willie Weston or Blanche Merrill, were "In the Spring," "Second Hand Rose," "I'm an Indian," and the monologue, "Mrs. Cohen on the Beach." It is the peculiar quality of these numbers that they convince each hearer in the audience that he alone is capable of sensing the realism behind their lightness. At any rate, Fannie Brice thinks so and this is the effect she wants them to feel. Spontaneous when on the stage, varying her gestures and routine to suit her mood, she is keenly critical of her material, and when one of her songs is being discussed will analyze in detail its implications, thinking, like all good performers, from the point of view of the audience.

Her impulse to comment on what she sees is not limited in expression to singing songs or telling funny stories. One day last winter she painted a picture in her dressing-room. She worked in water colors, later rubbing the paint with makeup to make it look like oil. Fannie Brice exhibited it with humorous comments to everyone who came in, but it was not a silly picture. Her interest in line also applies to clothes. One of her principal amusements is shopping. Three years ago, under the firm name of Lottie & Brice, she was part owner of a dressmaking establishment in West Fifty-second Street. She sold the place eventually because it took up too much of her time, but it had been successful. She has been known to say to a chorus-girl, "Bring four and a half yards of silk to rehearsal tomorrow, and I'll make you a dress."

In such instances the dress, like her picture, was made between changes of costume. At home she has no time for these things because she is apt to be



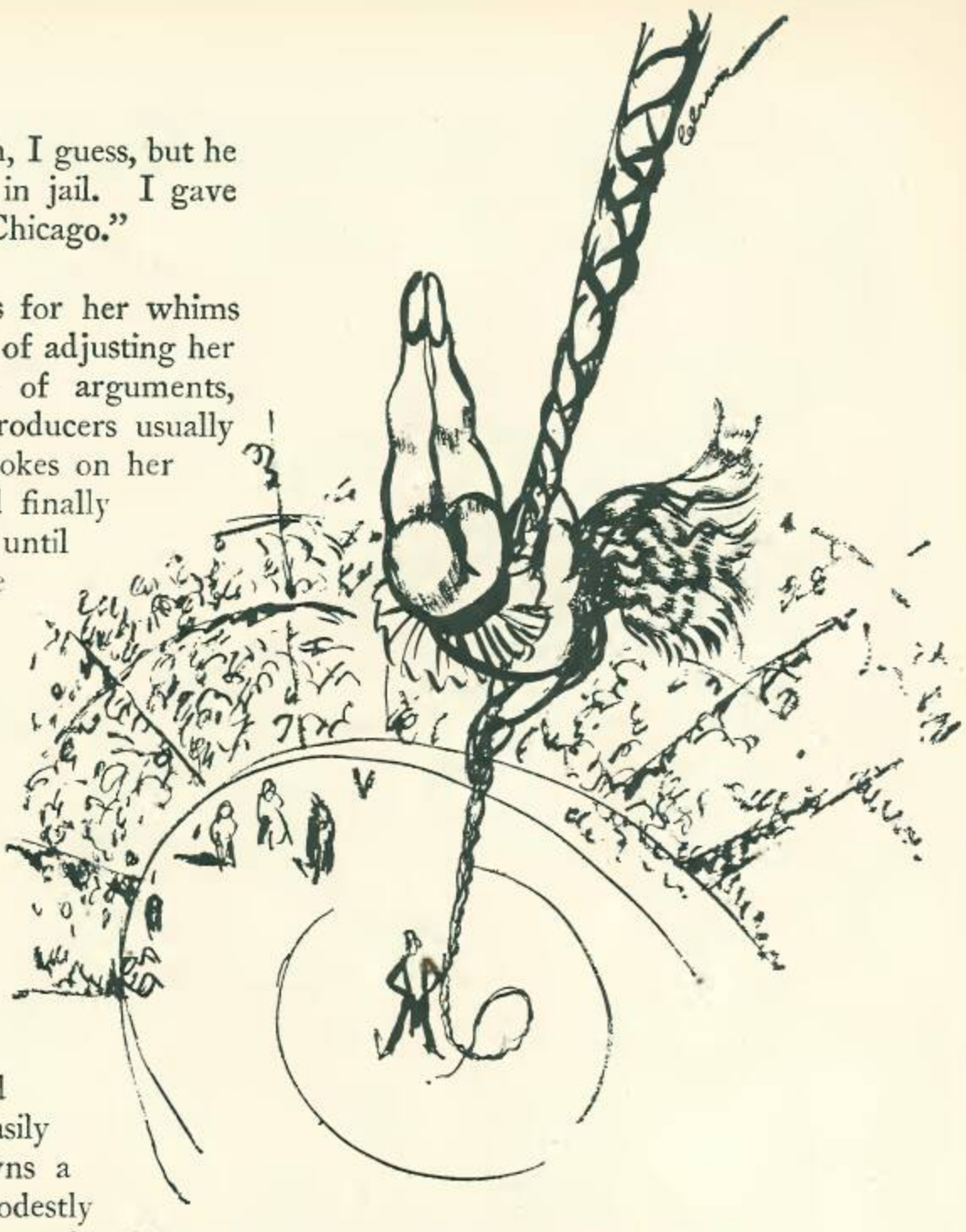
busy with some detail of her apartment. Some curtains she had bought were not the right color. She redyed them herself. She does not do these things to save money but because they amuse her; she spends her big salary almost as fast as she gets it, giving a good deal of it away. Her generosity is noted even in a profession in which generosity is a tradition. All sorts of broken-down showpeople come to see her—girls who have been sick, songwriters who can't write songs any more. One instance of her open-handedness concerns a racketeer who persuaded her to buy some diamonds. A crooked pawnbroker who had an agreement with the salesman had appraised the stones at double the price asked, but later they were identified by a more honest appraiser as paste. Two years afterward Fannie Brice said with some excitement to a friend:

"You remember the guy that sold me those diamonds? He came round this afternoon."

Her friend remembered. "The dirty crook. Did you have him pinched?"

"No. I was foolish, I guess, but he was broke, he'd been in jail. I gave him a ticket back to Chicago."

FANNIE BRICE pays for her whims by a unique system of adjusting her own salary. Instead of arguments, her interviews with producers usually consist of a series of jokes on her part, of resistance and finally laughter on theirs, until somehow or other she has kidded them into giving her what she wants. Recently she made ten thousand dollars a week in a picture house and her yearly earnings are around one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; under her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for sound pictures she may easily double that. She owns a Minerva, but lives modestly and quietly in an apartment hotel in East Sixty-ninth Street. Her only servant is a big colored maid named Gertie. For a while she sent her children, William Jules Arnstein and Fannie Arnstein, to private school, but now she sends them to public school because she thinks that is better for them. She has a place in Huntington, Long Island, but does not like it because the crickets keep her awake. She takes no formal vacations.



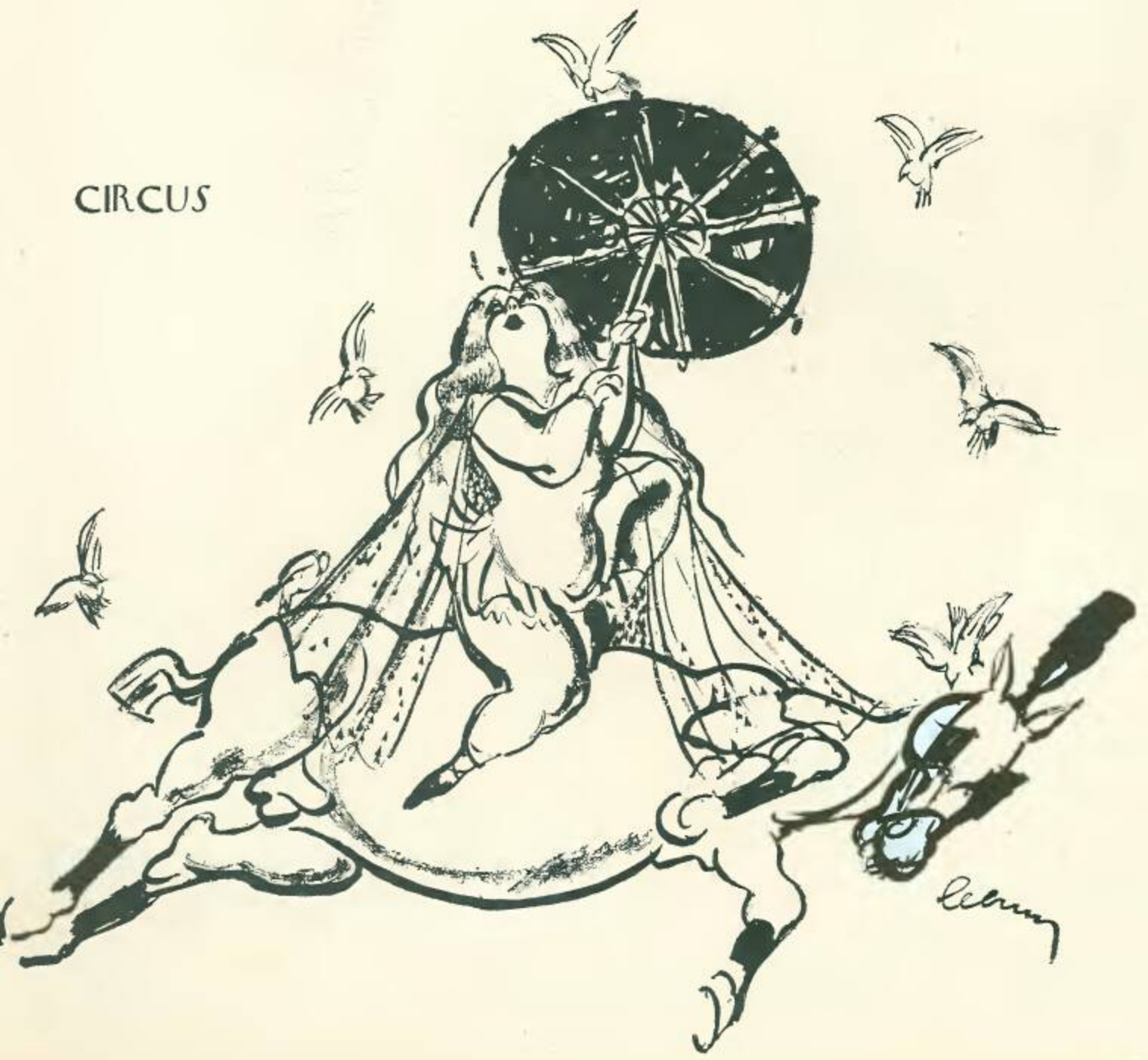
A few months ago she married Billy Rose, the songwriter. Their mornings begin at one in the afternoon. She does not like to leave the house till her children are back from school; often her mother, who lives on the West Side and wears a picture of her daughter and her grandchildren embossed on a cameo brooch, comes over to eat and sometimes to cook the Brice luncheon. She is a famous cook and Fannie Brice kids her about it. "Tell us what kind of soup you had last night, Ma. Was it golden?" While Rose waits to start downtown, she anxiously arranges the last details of her costume; she reads her mail in the car, at the same time making plans for the day, humming a tune she is learning, and looking out of the window. As the limousine moves toward Fifty-ninth Street, she keeps interrupting herself to call attention to people in the street, perpetually distracted and absorbed by the city of which her name, burning in golden letters through metropolitan evenings, is a characteristic, and in a way a permanent part. —NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

•

"Many people would rather read The New Yorker than they would Hamlet. They think it wittier, you know."—*Prof. William Lyon Phelps, to a class at Yale.*

Oh, we're not out to kill Shakespeare.

CIRCUS



WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER

(Ms. Found in a Copybook)

LAST summer I went to Camp Ochibee which is in the Catskills Mountains. It is a very nice camp. Mr. Paulsen is the head of it and they got a lake called Lake Ochibee where you can swim raw except when Mrs. Paulsen is around or somebody's parents. Mr. Paulsen is a very intersting man and gave most intersting talks around the camp-fire about how everybody ought to get out in nature more and not go around sneering at people or smoke cigarets. Mr. Paulsen caught Jimmy Barnes smoking cigarets under the ice-house and spoke to him very harshly about it. I do not smoke cigarets because you turn yellow. Every morning they blew a buggle at six o'clock and you had morning exercises like squatting down on your hunkies and a dip which is most refreshing I must say. After a simple breakfast we did our chores. Mine was cleaning up the wigwam and seeing nobody left any gum sticking onto the chairs where Mrs. Paulsen or anybody might sit down on it like she did once. We would then swim or play games and it was certainly most amusing to see Jimmy Barnes trying to play baseball as he would scream histerically every time he seen a grounder coming at him. After lunch we would have a rest period where you had to lie down but Mr. Paulsen would read "Kim" to you which is mostly about some colored people. In the evening we would set fire to the camp-fire and sing "Ochibee Always for Thee" or listen to a most intersting talk by Mr. Paulsen. The buggle would then blow "Taps" and we would retire tired but happy except Jimmy Barnes once put some frogs in my bed which was not a very polite thing to do. I hope my parents will see fit to send me back to Camp Ochibee this summer as it is certainly a very healthy place for a boy. —W. G.

•

"You know, mother, I don't think you realize your type."

THEMIS

I should suppose
As time goes
Up the straight days,
Down the green ways,
And the spring grows
To the full rose,
And summer lies
With quiet eyes;

I should suppose
As time goes
Under the long lance
Of severance,
With the bitten leaf,
The brief
Dragooning red
Since summer bled;

I should suppose
As man rose,
Loving the rain,
And the wild Spain
Against his heart,
The part
Of Edens thus
As Hesperus;

I should suppose,
As time goes,
Myself shall be
In alchemy
The lime, the quick,
The catholic
Cool pulse that is
Earth's genesis.

And I suppose
In the white close
Of evening now,
As the bough
Stirs softly, or
Is shut the door,
A poem might be
Finality.

—David McCord

THE THEATRE

SPECIALISTS IN FICTION

AT the Bijou "Jonesy," by Anne Morrison and John Peter Toohey, is one of those unassuming comedies concerning callow but engaging youth which come into town about this time every year. It was made from some magazine stories by Mr. Toohey and shows more than one could wish the shakeup occasioned by transfer from the printed page to what is known in fast circles as "the boards." Nevertheless, on the whole it is a pleasant effort.

Jonesy is the son of the old Jones family of a medium-sized American city. To his mother's horror he becomes involved with Diana Devereaux, an actress. His father, dispatched to a rendezvous to tell the siren that she can't marry Jonesy, learns, to his embarrassment, that they were merely going to have luncheon together. Mrs. Jones, however, persists in her hostility, and when Diana Devereaux calls, insults her. Then it turns out that Diana is the niece of Stanley Jackson, the man most important to the career of Jones *père*, and the family almost breaks its neck doing a *volte face*, only to learn that friendship with Diana is no recommendation to the esteem of Stanley Jackson.

There is also a to-do about an automobile Jonesy has sold to pay his gambling debts, and the one about a young woman with whom a college-mate of Jonesy's has become involved. In the last act Jonesy smoothes them all out in a masterful way.

The complications don't coördinate quite as they should, but frequent bits are diverting, and the story rejoices in an accompaniment of homely happenings such as the mowing of a lawn, plumbers turning off the hot water, and the supply of grapenuts giving out. For some reason the mere statement of such things in a play is funny to a great many people, among them me.

The cast is convinced that any subtlety would be out of place in "Jonesy," that it's wild farce, and that at any moment it may turn into musical comedy—not so bad a state of mind

GENTLEMAN'S WAR

All the action of "Journey's End"—R. C. Sherriff's deeply moving play at Henry Miller's Theatre—takes place in the dugout pictured here, and most of it centres about these four Britons. Left to right: Derek Williams, Henry Wenman, Colin Keith-Johnston, and Leon Quartermaine.

for a cast to be in at this languid end of the season.

Raymond Guion, as Jonesy, gives the best account of himself. He is still juvenile enough not to have to play cute to seem young. Spring Byington is extremely amusing, if exaggerated, as his mother. Donald Meek, as his father, goes in for downright mugging; and Nydia Westman, as the girl next door, gives of her Westmannerisms till it almost hurts, but not quite.

"MYSTERY SQUARE," by Hugh A. Anderson and George Bamman, based on two of Stevenson's stories, "The Suicide Club" and "The Rajah's Diamond," is at the Longacre. It has one act worthy of a successful thriller, but unfortunately that is the last act and has been approached too mincingly. It shows the Suicide Club at its gruesome game of dealing out a pack of cards in which one card shall mark its recipient as the next suicide, and another, the member who shall supervise his exit from the world. The hero, that incognito heir-apparent, Prince Florizel, gets the death card, and from then on things go at top speed.

The first acts lead up to this fantastic situation, which should be approached with every humdrum device to give it plausibility, in a vein of romantic whimsicality that is tiresome and unconvincing. Stevenson could manage a mood of the sort on paper and make it arresting for the readers of his day. On the stage in 1929, it seems silly. Moreover, the moral horror expressed by all the finer characters, and taken direct from the stories, has a hollow sound.

Gavin Muir plays Prince Florizel well, but seems to confuse regality with drowsiness.

"And then, of course, Hector must always have a little corner to worry in."

AT the Cherry Lane the Lenox Hill Players are justifying the failure of the commercial producers to bring "The Vegetable, or From President to Postman," by F. Scott Fitzgerald, into New York.

The American scene has no better reporter than Mr. Fitzgerald. When, in fiction, he drops into burlesque, he does so with infinite and contagious gusto. In his novels and stories he rarely sets down a slack sentence.

"The Vegetable" shows him, when writing for the stage, to be that albatross of Baudelaire's. I can only give the play one virtue. In the realistic scene at the beginning, Jerry Frost, Charlotte, Doris, and Snooks are all actual people speaking the American language flawlessly.

Then, by the dream method, the play is switched to fantastic satire of anything and everything. It fails to be either pointed or funny, and its undramatic amblings are emphasized by a production mechanically clumsy. This censure does not extend to the acting, which is very creditable.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

•

CERES

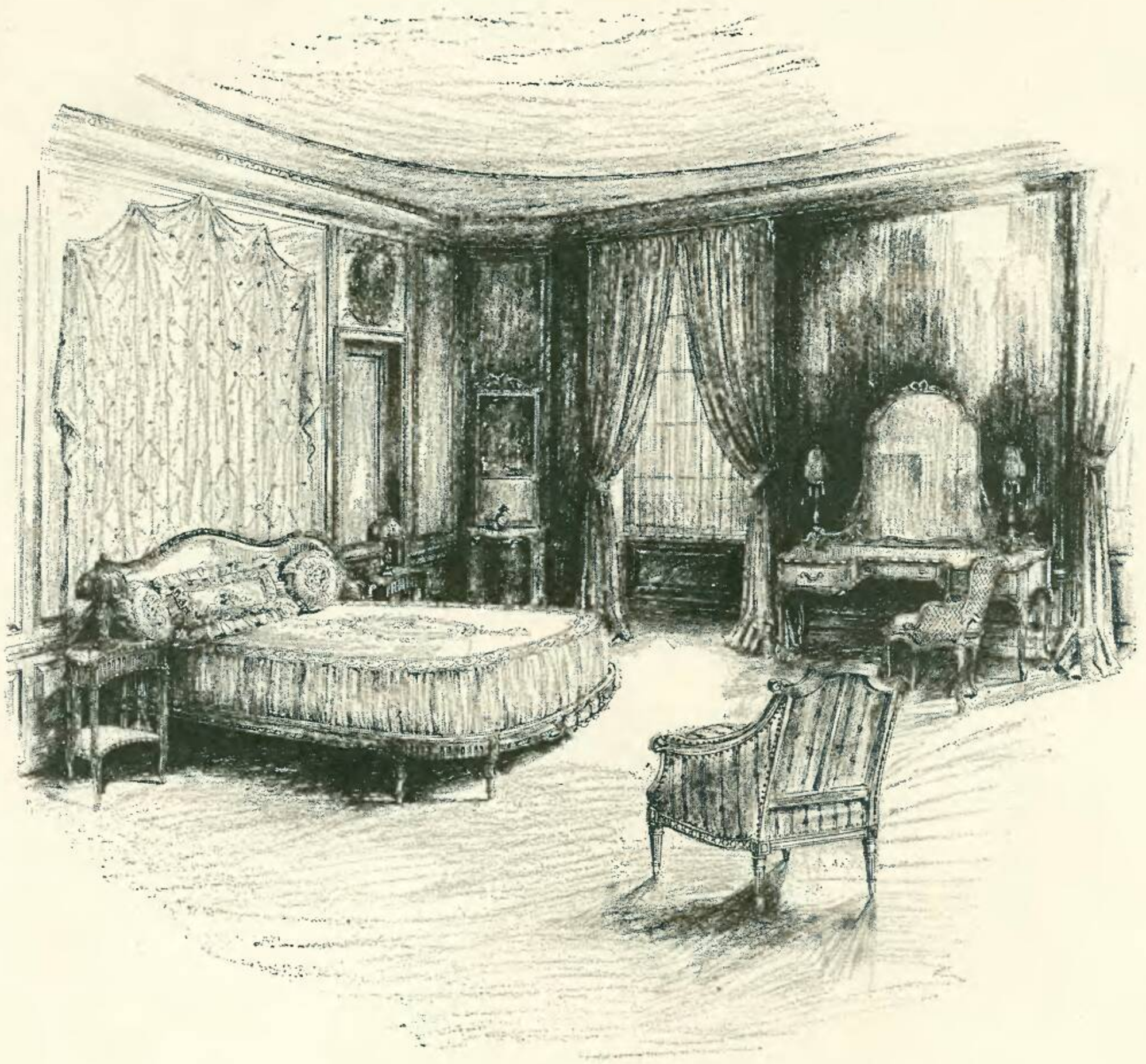
Little gray woman
  Mad as a loon,
Feeding all morning,
  All afternoon,

Grain to your pigeons
  In your old blue cloak,
How long is it
  Since your whole brain broke?

How long ago
  Did you first go mad?
Was it drink, or a lover
  That you never had?

What day did your mind
  In a whir of soft words
Split and scatter
  Like scared gray birds?

—HARRISON DOWD



French Furniture, exuberant with color and the sheen of rare woods, is silhouetted here against a simple background of soft pastel tones.

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FRAGRANT with the blithesome spirit of XVIII Century France, the decorative treatment of this room suggests an environment in which a *penchant* for the exquisite finds expression.

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

HELPING CAUSES

THIS has been "Lend-A-Hand" Month for the metropolitan press. The great hearts of the editors have been opened to almost any cause which could phrase its publicity to sound like news, and, as a result, there are very, very happy press-agents at the offices of the Fox Film Company, the Simon & Schuster Publishing Company, and the Barnum and Bailey Circus. And this hospitality on the part of the papers to press-stories is all the more remarkable when one considers that the month has had much more than its quota of real news.

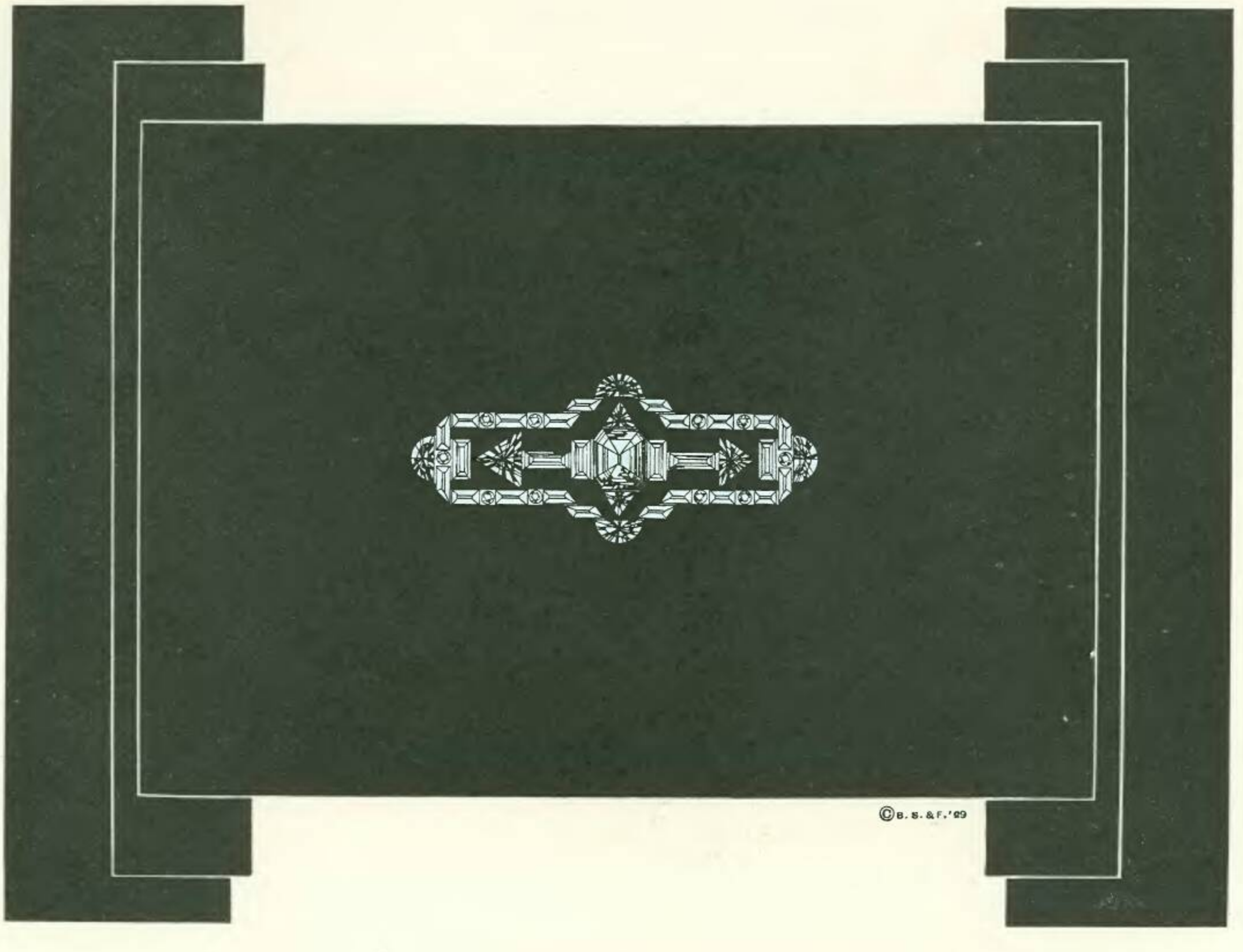
Of course, the circus publicity is an accepted weakness and nobody minds seeing it every day in the columns of his newspaper. Once in a while he may even read it. There is no implication that anything is being put over on the editors in this, for in most newspaper offices there is a regular assignment to rewrite the circus press-matter and Dexter Fellowes and his staff of publicity-men are received everywhere with good-natured generosity. It is understood that there will be a daily story about the clowns or the freaks or the animals as long as the circus is in town. The editor of this department knows this from sorry experience, having been assigned to the circus for practically a month of his reportorial career, following which he took a short rest and was then shifted to the Sunday Department. (Incidentally, any doubt as to his qualifications to comment in this space on reporting or reporters can be dissipated—and his mysterious identity established—by asking any city editor of a decade ago who was known far and wide as the Worst Reporter in the City of New York.)

THE papers have also in part made up for their gullibility in the matter of the Joan Lowell book by their whole-hearted playing up of its exposure. But if it had not been for Lincoln Colcord of the *Post*, who worked night and day to drag the thing into the light, they would probably still be sending interviewers to let the little lady tell her sea-experiences in good faith and in other ways help Simon & Schuster to put over one of the most thorough-going bits of book promotion of our time. Less than a week before the facts came out most of them fell prettily for a palpable frame-up of a liquor-raid on the Lowell party on the Ile de France at which mysterious dry-agents were supposed to have extracted seven dollars from one of the publishers as a whoopee levy, thereby closing the matter except for several dozen columns in the next-day's papers. But Mr. Colcord's dander was up and he made his point eventually, joined with almost equal venom by Percy N. Stone in the *Herald Tribune*. And, even at the expense of a certain standing for good faith and considerable joshing, we do not suppose that Simon & Schuster or Miss Lowell have suffered any actual loss by the exposure. On the contrary, the sales have probably been helped. The Book-of-the-Month Club is about the only one to get the complete bird.

"Oh, but officer, I hardly know you."

THE big front-page story (in every morning paper but the *American*, which tucked it on page 2) announcing the grim determination of Mr. Fox to make no more silent pictures was a remarkable Monday morning coup. Several of the papers even went in for editorials on this startling development in movie production. If the editors had looked through the files of their own papers they would have seen that, aside from the one statement in the lead, the rest of the story listing the staggering number of stage stars, directors, and writers who had gone Fox, had already been printed several times in their own movie departments. The Fox press department even went so far as to slip in the entire roster of employees on the Fox lot, most of whom have been working there for a year and most of whom could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered as devastating losses to the legitimate drama. In fact, many of them had never had any connection with the legitimate drama at all. Probably never before has any movie company been able to get a complete list of its staff on the front page of the New York dailies.

And, as for the main announcement itself which threw the editors into such a panic, namely that the Fox Company had definitely given up making silent pictures, nothing was said about what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were going to make now that their huge organization is a part of Fox. Mr. Fox could stick to his plan to make nothing but talkies under his own name and still derive several million dollars each year from silent pictures made by his subsidiary organization—which he probably will do. In the meantime, any time he wants to rig up another story which will include the names of everyone in the accounting department of



Modernism in jewelry today demands that precious stones be cut with sharp angles and long slim facets. And, certainly, these new cuttings . . . the baguette, the trapeze, the parallelogram, the triangle, and the half-moon . . . reveal a hitherto undiscovered beauty in the diamond.

BLACK STARR & FROST

JEWELERS IN NEW YORK FOR 119 YEARS

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK • • PARIS • PALM BEACH

LADY QUEENSBERRY *adds Pond's two new products to her daily régime*

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
is one of the smartest women in London, a favorite hostess there and at her father's country estate in Buckinghamshire

"ONE must look to one's complexion these days of perfect simplicity, perfect chic."

So says Lady Queensberry, herself one of the smartest women in London.

"Everyone I know gives her skin a complete treatment every day.

"I am delighted that Pond's have added to their famous Two Creams their enchanting Freshener to tone and firm the skin, and dainty Tissues to remove cold cream.

"Thanks to this beauty foursome I never miss my daily régime in town or country, at home or abroad."

Lady Queensberry's charming appreciation explains why Pond's two new products are having such an extraordinary success.

THE Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream are such an economy of towels and laundry! Marvelously absorbent, they wipe away in an instant all dirt and oil. And they are generously large and firm, yet silken-soft for sensitive skin.

The fragrant Freshener is a tonic and mild astringent for use after each cold cream cleansing. It is the most exhilarating thing that ever touched your cheeks! It closes the pores and banishes any lingering trace of oil. A faithful use is magic to clear and brighten faded, sallow skin.

Add these two exquisite new preparations to your daily régime as follows: *First*, the pore-deep cleansing with Cold Cream. *Second*, wipe away with the dainty Tissues. *Third*, close pores and tone with Skin Freshener. *Last*, for powder base, a breath of Vanishing Cream.

Follow Pond's Method faithfully! Chic and beauty will be your reward.

Have you, too, added these two chic new products to your daily régime?

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. R
118F Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

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his studios, he can probably land it on the front page again.

IT is doubtful if ever before have newspaper reporters come out quite so frankly in their stories concerning the inebriation of their subject as they did in the accounts of the gay entrance of J. Thomas Heflin, Jr., into New York and his exit therefrom. Usually there are libel laws to be considered and no matter how obviously the person under interview is bedecked with vine-leaves the most that a reporter dares say, on his own authority, is that "Mr. Gimmish seemed to be in excellent spirits."

But evidently young Mr. Heflin testified to his own condition with sufficient explicitness before witnesses to dispel any possibility of libel, and this, added to a natural prejudice among the reporters against his illustrious father, resulted in just about as frank reporting as newspaper readers will ever be favored with again. In some cases it gave opportunity for amusing writing, notably in the *Sun*, but, considering the epoch-making nature of the opportunity, no great word-picture came into the archives. It is too bad, for we may never have such a chance again.

The *Sun* also on the same date had a good story of Texas Guinan's trial, beginning "The United States Government in all its majesty took official cognizance of 'making whoopee' today when it placed Texas Guinan, the Broadway night-club hostess, on trial before a jury of middle-aged business men. Judge Edwin S. Thomas, brought here from the serenity of Connecticut, was on the bench, to the apprehension of the Broadway crowd."

THE *Telegraph* (which, by the way, except for its typography, doesn't seem to be fulfilling our high hopes for it) has instituted a Wednesday department called "Among Us Intellectuals" which undertakes to criticize the columnists in detail. Aside from the fact that such esoteric journalism seems a bit out of place in a sporting and dramatic sheet, a slight personal venom on the part of the anonymous conductor and an aversion to all columnists as a class make the department something less than judicial. This department of THE NEW YORKER has refrained deliberately from mixing up in the various daily columns because of the extremely personal nature of such comment, and now that we see it done we are surer than ever that we were right. Col-

1 Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with upward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove the cold cream. Such an economy of laundry and towels! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin — Pond's second step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener should always follow your cold cream cleansing. It closes pores; banishes oiliness; firms your skin, leaves it fresh as a rose.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch of Pond's Method. Apply before you powder. It protects your skin, gives smoothness, makes your powder cling.

Among the beautiful women who use Pond's products are:

The Countess Howe

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

La Marquise de Polignac

Lady Lavery

Pond's 4 delicious Aids to Swift clean Beauty of Skin

SWIFT, CLEAN-CUT, runs the modern rhythm. Young, clean of line is the modern silhouette. Alert and beautiful are modern faces—eyes bright with zest of life, clear skin kept firm and young with modern care.

Pond's famous Method is the open secret of the meticulous grooming of skin that modern life exacts yet must achieve upon the wing.

No time? No matter!

Pond's four simple steps are swift, yet scientific in the precision of their effect. Pond's 4 delicious aids to beauty are the utmost modern science can offer in exquisite fineness, in amazing efficacy.

FOLLOW POND'S METHOD: *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Now you are fresh and lovely!

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

Try this simple, swift, sure Method.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

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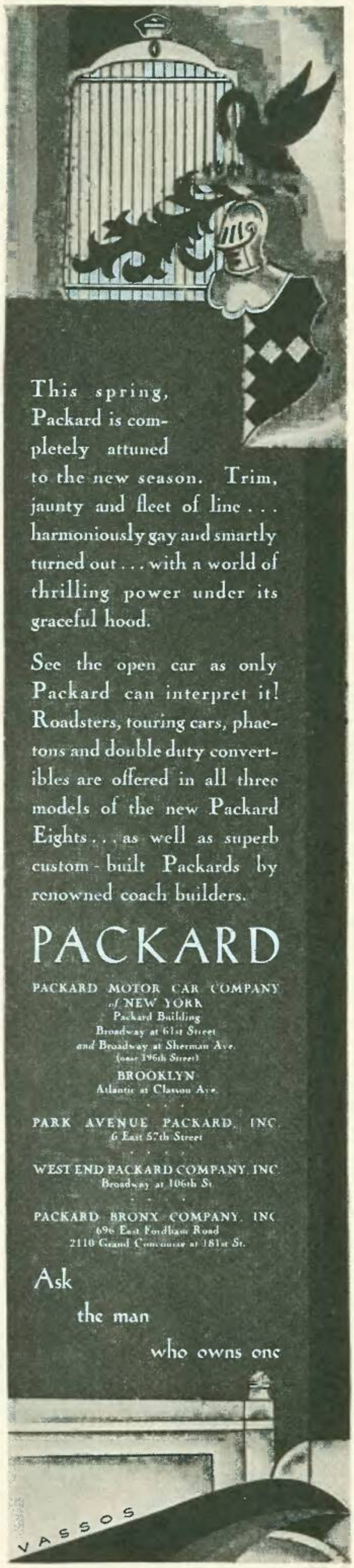


umnists have a tough enough job as it is without having to feel that somebody is reading every word they write.

JUST as the *World* used to devote columns 3 and 4 of page 3 to some pictorial treatment of the day's most unimportant story, the *Herald Tribune* usually devotes that same space to an excellent cut or two illustrating a story which is worth it. It is getting so that when you open your *Herald Tribune* to page 3 you can be pretty sure that your eye is going to be pleased by a well-printed, clear, and usually interesting photograph, whether the story holds you or not. Of course, the *Herald Tribune* is way ahead of the other papers in the matter of reproduction of cuts and usually in the importance of their subject-matter, with the *Post* and *Telegraph* its nearest contenders.

WE try to maintain an eager interest in the news and its presentation, and usually make at least an effort to read a little something of every story that we can, but even in our professional capacity we can not bring our slate-blue eyes to focus on the box-scores of the pre-season baseball games telling how the Yankees came out with Little Rock or the Robins with Atlanta. Can this be old age creeping on? —GUY FAWKES

•

I WANT TO BE INSURED BY CALVIN COOLIDGE

I want to be insured by Calvin Coolidge,
Oh let me buy a policy from silent Cal!
I want to get the benefit of Calvin's knowledge
In taking out a twenty-thousand mu-tu-al.

I want to pay my premiums to Calvin Coolidge,
I want to take them person'ly to North-amp-ton,
I want to build my character, and save for college,
And leave my heirs a pretty pence when life is done.

I wouldn't get insured by Darwin Kingsley,
Or Lawrence F. Abbott, or Willard King,
When I can get insured by Calvin Coolidge . . .
And life will lose its hollowness, and death its sting.—E. B. W.

DAYTIME

Whyte's

famous restaurant

NOW

in the Lefcourt-National Bldg.

5th Ave. at 43rd St.

WHYTE'S—ticklers of jaded tastes, tempters of tired palates, tantalizers of languishing appetites—where cooking is a rite and service a ceremony—where one eats leisurely, drinks casually and lingers over food that signifies something more than mere eating.

WHYTE'S—the house that made Fulton Street famous for twenty years as a rendezvous for discriminating down-towners.

WHYTE'S—now in its new home, glorified by a fine air of modernity and sophistication. Eat at Whyte's—and make an epicurean discovery.

LUNCHEON : TEA : DINNER

Music and Dancing

Smith Ballews Orchestra 6:30 to 9:30

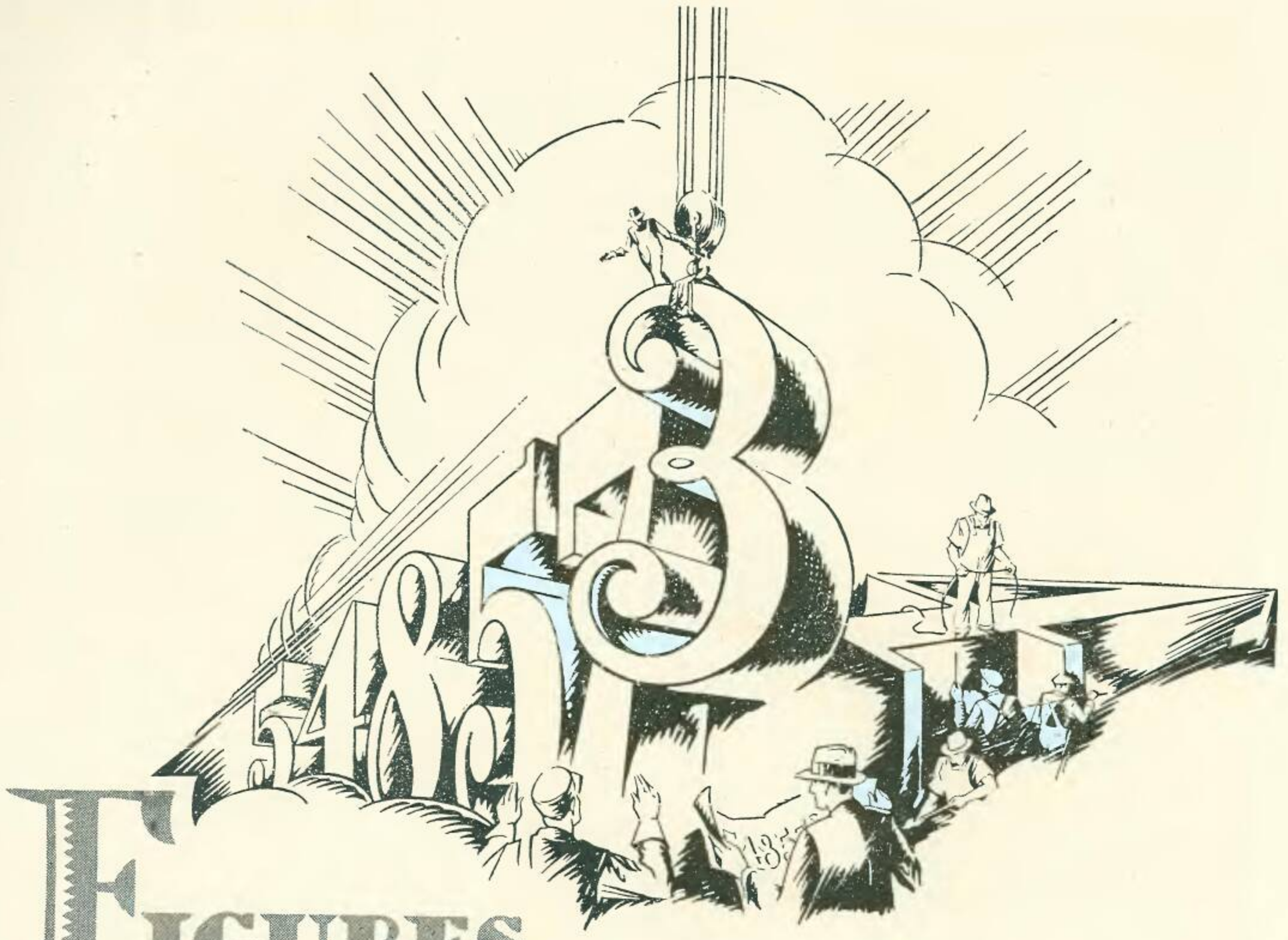
A National Broadcasting Feature

OPEN SUNDAYS *for* LUNCHEON & DINNER

Saturday Tea Dances 4 to 6

NO parking troubles here

EVENING



FIGURES *of themselves, are not conclusive*

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Figures are not the *reason* for anything; but are always the *result* of something.

So—the figures should suggest that there must be some vital force behind The Bulletin to produce such results.

It is this: A record of thirty-three years of clean, accurate journalism. Winning confidence in the Philadelphia home; building a *leadership* by adopting the people's standards as its own.

A newspaper deliberately *planned* for Philadelphia. Gaining its circulation on a sane, permanent basis.

That program has carried The Bulletin from six thousand circulation to more than half a million today.

But count the years: 1895—1929. The years almost of a generation!

Today The Bulletin offers that rare composite: A circulation with history, — with character, — with influence; secured without premium or contest; and yet of such volume that *alone* it covers a great metropolitan market.

One of America's Great Newspapers

The acceptance of The Evening Bulletin in Philadelphia has made it one of America's great newspapers. In Philadelphia it is read in nearly every home. And in every suburb, it has a far greater circulation than any other newspaper.

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New York Office: 247 Park Avenue
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San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street

PHILADELPHIA

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HE is the well-turned-out American gentleman. For 108 years this type of man has bought here clothing of distinguished line and lineage, thoughtfully tailored, in those fabrics of high character which we have had loomed to our order.

This man has learned that this distinction does not involve high cost. On the contrary, he knows that Browning-King clothes cost *less*, both in purchase price and in the economy of long and honorable service. And what more, may *we* ask, could *you* ask?

he's bought his clothes at Browning King for 108 years --

Browning-King & Co.

New York: One East 45th St.— at Fifth Ave.
Chicago: Monroe and Wabash
....and 29 other conveniently located stores.

JUST FOLKS

"AMY's got a new davenport in her living-room," she was saying. "They told us it was a Duncan Phyfe, but I wish you could see it. Of course it would be hard to make that living-room look like anything no matter what you did. Her folks gave them the house for a wedding present. I guess it cost enough, but I think it's a mess, don't you, Colburn?"

"Just a mess," said Colburn.

"Her folks gave them the coupé, too," she went on. "Amy makes Roger take the coop and she drives the roadster. They want a new roadster but they can't get it, I understand, until her grandmother dies.

"The Millroes were at Amy's. Bob was tight when they got there and kept getting higher and higher. I think he's been tight most of the time since they were married. Evelyn doesn't seem to care. It's *his* money, you know. I suppose that makes a difference. His folks are the shock-absorber people. Just the same, he's awfully tiresome. He says the same things over and over. I think he's a mess.

"You don't know the Lombards, do you? They were there. They're lovely people. He's in a company that has something to do with stocks and has a big income. But they've always had money. Her folks, I believe. Peggy Lombard is the sweetest girl. You'd adore her, Gwen.

"The Lombards are great friends of the Willetts. You've heard us speak of Grace and Wallie Willetts. They're such good fun. Of course she dresses exquisitely but you'd never know from either of them that they had a penny in the world. I want you both to meet them some time. Colburn, is it his folks or her folks who have the money?"

"His folks," said Colburn.

"I think you're wrong, dear. . . . Anyway, I want you both to meet them." —GEORGE CECIL COWING

•

•

WANTED—3-room apartment furnished or unfurnished, with access to bath by school teacher.—*Barnesville (O.) Whetstone.*

Isn't that being a little precious?

The stars of the season's successes say,

"Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin lovely"

★

★

★

★

★

★

A few of the many Broadway stars who use Lux Toilet Soap—

Beatrice Lillie	***This Year of Grace***
Evelyn Herbert	***New Moon***
Lenore Ulric	***Mima***
Helen Chandler	***The Marriage Bed***
Marilyn Miller	***Rosalie***
Ann Pennington	***George White's Scandals***
Claudette Colbert	***Dynamo***
Dorothy Stickney	***Front Page***
Judith Anderson	***Strange Interlude***
Erin O'Brien Moore	***Street Scene***
***and* JEANETTE MACDONALD**	**BOOM BOOM**

JEANETTE MACDONALD, the sparkling prima donna who last year charmed New Yorkers in *Sunny Days* and who earlier this season played the royal rôle in *Angela*, is now captivating the town with her lovely voice and gay dancing in the popular musical-comedy success *Boom Boom*.

She is one of the most beautiful actresses now playing on Broadway—and not the least part of her beauty is her exquisite skin.

She says: *"Nothing is so important to a girl's attractiveness as lovely skin, and I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine wonderfully smooth and fine."*★

★Lux Toilet Soap is also the choice of 442 of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood—where beautiful smooth skin is absolutely essential for success on the screen.

Leading theaters throughout the country have placed this white, fragrant soap in their dressing rooms at the request of the Broadway stars—just as in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. In New York alone you will find Lux Toilet Soap in 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters.

Are *you* using it? Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now only 10¢.

"N"
a link to loveliness

In his disarming new perfume . . . "N" . . . Lucien Lelong captures fashion's last breath and then adds an aura of the season just ahead.

Fresh as a clean wind, softly feminine, "N" appeals to women who bind themselves indisputably to fashion and to loveliness with their perfume.

PARFUM LUCIEN LELONG PARIS

Inquire for "N" and the other Lucien Lelong perfumes and beauty aids at the smarter shops and department stores.

ARMS AND THE MAN

MR. WINNEY followed his wife placidly, if somewhat jerkily on account of the steep incline, down the aisle of the theatre and settled himself beside her in the fourth row. Since the play was to be in French, which Mr. Winney didn't understand, he expected to have rather a mild evening of it. He even anticipated catching forty winks, perhaps, when the lights went down.

Partly because he had long since run out of things to say to Mrs. Winney, and partly because he felt some faint curiosity about the play, Mr. Winney opened his libretto-program and began to read through the synopsis of acts. Suddenly he came upon the word "revolver," and sat up straight in his chair. "He produces a revolver," read Mr. Winney, "and tells his friend that he is going to shoot himself. After a short argument his friend persuades him to give up the idea temporarily, and takes the weapon from him."

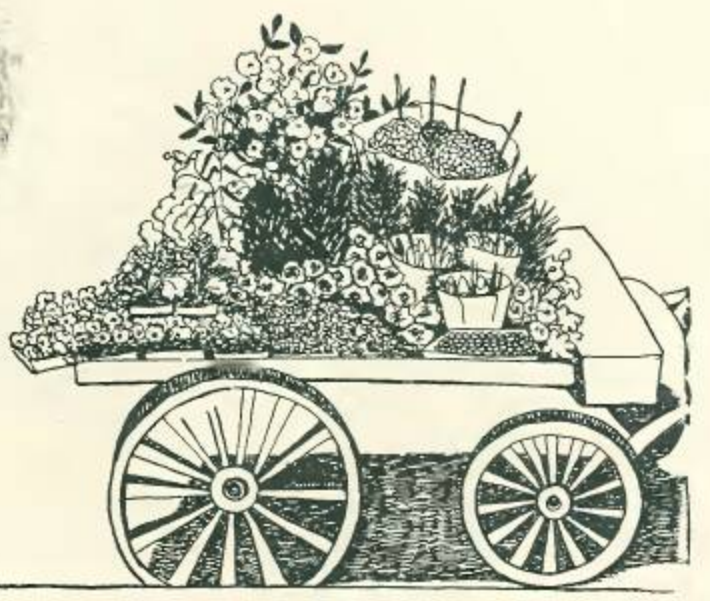
Mr. Winney felt considerably relieved. Apparently they weren't actually going to shoot, and that would be some help. Still, flashing it around like that, you never could tell when they'd shoot. Not actors. He turned again to his program, and in the last act read this sentence: "He turns his back, fumbles for a moment in his sleeve, and draws out a revolver. He shoots himself through the breast and falls dying to the floor."

Mr. Winney looked up dismally at his wife. "Emma," he said, "there's going to be shooting."

"Well, my goodness," replied Mrs. Winney, "what if there is? It looks to me like a man of your age could stand a few shots without getting as nervous as an old woman. Besides they're only blanks."

"I know they're only blanks, dammit," snapped her husband, "but I don't like the bang."

"Nonsense," said his wife. Mr.



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Winney sat silent for some minutes.

"HOW would it be," he said presently, "if I went over to the club and came back for you when the show's over?"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Winney, and very soon after the lights went out, and up came the curtain.

Since he knew already that the revolver didn't appear until about the middle of the second act, Mr. Winney sat boldly through the first one, and even ventured to laugh occasionally, when he thought the lines were meant to be funny.

DURING the second act Mr. Winney began to be apprehensive, and finally when the revolver appeared in the hands of a rather unsteady young actor, he winced and blinked his eyes at a great rate. Although he was reasonably sure that there was to be no shooting as yet, he felt some relief when another fellow, a big dependable-looking man, took the gun and walked off the stage with it.

In the third act, as the time for the shooting drew near, Mr. Winney decided he couldn't bear it. He would get his hat quietly, without attracting his wife's attention, and then he would steal softly away, before she could say anything. He got a firm grip on his overcoat, cast an eye about him to get the lay of the land, and leaned forward to get his hat from under the seat. While he was bent over the gun went off, and simultaneously with the explosion came a frightened squawk from Mrs. Winney. He sat up, glaring at her angrily.

When the lights went on he observed that his neighbors were regarding his wife with considerable interest. Looking steadily at the floor, he arose and hurried up the aisle, closely followed by Mrs. Winney.

"Well," he said, once they were on the street, "I hope you're satisfied, ruining my evening. You certainly made a fool out of me, squawking like a—uh—taxi." —REED JOHNSTON

•

Alexander has found himself at bat and is showing better fielding ability each day. The biggest man in baseball, Alexander naturally requires more time to get in condition than ordinary men.—*Detroit News.*

Yes, naturally.

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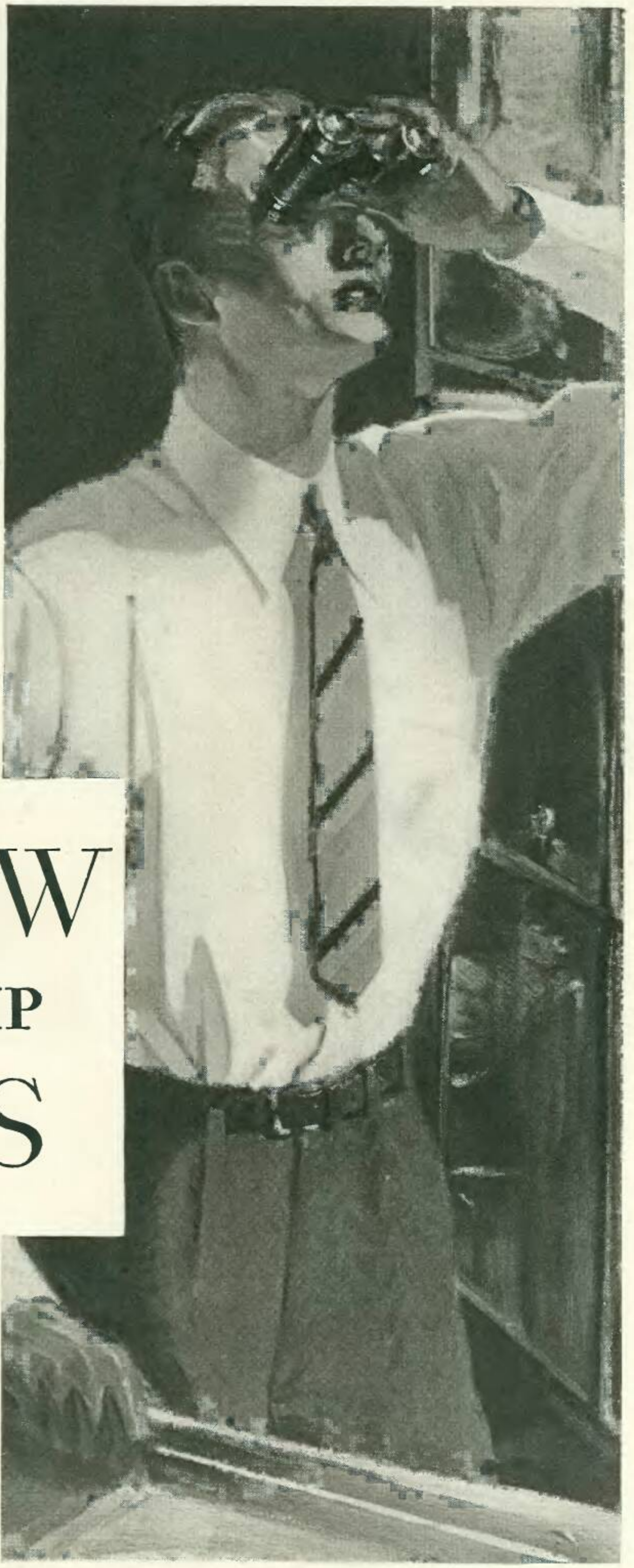

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

EXCLUSIVE

IN the issue of *Vanity Fair* which has just arrived breathless on the newsstands, an article written by a negligible hack and entitled "The Exclusive Managers" deals with the quaint custom of barring troublesome critics on first nights, and professes to give both an exposition of the law and a history of such exclusion in recent seasons. As one who, in his time, has been barred by experts, may I make so bold as to call attention to certain shocking omissions in this fellow's article?

For example, an otherwise delightfully written account is given of the present anathema against Master Winchell of the *Graphic*, but nothing is said about the fact that, alone among the Shubert tenants, Jed Harris had the gumption, when he brought "Serena Blandish" to town, to enforce by threats of litigation and dark reprisal the lifting of the Winchell ban that night.

Then you will look in vain for a record of the fit thrown by the sensitive Noel Coward at the mere thought of playing Behrman's "Second Man" in London with Hannen Swaffer watching him. Mr. Swaffer is a sombre and saturnine scribe who delights in an appearance faintly suggestive of a marked-down Hamlet walking the ties. He took the exclusion in good part, attended the second night instead, and, striding majestically backstage after the performance, declared: "Ah, Noel, I always said you could act better than you could write."

"How odd, Swaffer," Mr. Coward replied, "for that is what I always said about you."

YOU will also look in vain for any reference to the great Whittaker controversy, and to the story of the plumber's revenge. Now and again the edict of exclusion is effective, and a critical flame is snuffed out. Thus, some six or seven seasons ago, did the displeasure of the Shuberts permanently deprive the drama of the stimulus known as James Whittaker. He was an abstracted young man who had prepared himself for the post of dramatic critic on our own *Daily News* by studying music abroad, acquiring a considerable acquaintance in the Chicago underworld, and, as a form of post-graduate work, I suppose, marrying Ina Claire. The news of these nuptials was kept a secret for many months, and the eventual announcement was a novel variant of the form recommended in the more conservative etiquette books. It was printed halfway down the column of his review of "The Gold Diggers." The announcement ran somewhat as follows: "When I married Miss Claire, she gave her profession as that of an actress, but I saw nothing in last night's proceedings at the Lyceum to justify the description." The divorce was granted later, on other grounds.

MR. WHITTAKER'S enforced departure from the death-watch was the more regretted because he had a felicity for compact utterance which was always the despair of his long-winded colleagues. There was a notable instance of this combination of candor and conciseness in his review of "Clair de Lune," a knock-kneed little play by Michael Strange that was weighted down by a cast abounding in Barrymores. Most of the reviews ventured to suggest by timorous innuendo that it would hardly have been produced at all were it not for the irrelevant circumstance that, at the moment, Michael Strange was, in what might be described as semi-private life, Mrs. John Barrymore. Even these implications were sinewy enough to provoke Mr. Barrymore into a pouty letter to the press wherein he urged, among other reforms, the extermination of Heywood Broun and myself as public nuisances. But our tergiversations seemed mild compared with the manly simplicity of Mr. Whittaker, who expressed the whole delicate plexus in a five-word caption. His review was headed "For the Love of Mike."

BUT what brought down the wrath of the Messrs. Shubert upon this big dreamer's devoted head was his tactless allusion to the Century Theatre as a mausoleum. Perhaps he thought that respect for the memory of the dramatic enterprises which had expired within its vasty depths called for some word of mortuary connotation. The Shuberts have a strong sense of real estate, and were probably more disposed to take umbrage at this slur about their handsome theatre than at any fault-finding with mere playwrights and players. At all events, notice of exclusion was served on Mr. Whittaker's journal.

At first it showed signs of fight. Just as it is the custom of any newspaper when sued for libel hastily to gather data tending to suggest that the plaintiff has no reputation to damage, so whenever a theatrical manager enters into a scuffle with a gazette, it is an old journalistic disposition to plan columns of painfully disconcerting matter about that manager. Two sardonic reporters were at once assigned to Mr. Whittaker to dig up a lot of fascinating facts about the Messrs. Shubert, and a series of broadsides were written. But at that point the editors of the *Daily News* made a slight change of plan. When the time came to fire the broadsides, they decided instead to fire Mr. Whittaker.

THEN there was that incident of the critic in a small New England city who was similarly barred from the local temple of the drama. In his retaliatory procedure, the more metropolitan Hammonds and Andersons may find the hint of a suggestion to themselves. New plays came to this New England town so infrequently that the critic's causeries on the drama were, perforce, an avocation. In the daytime he was, in fact, a plumber. So, when the management blocked him in the exercise of his critical duties, it was but the work of a moment for him to brandish his union card, call out the stage hands, and close the theatre.

I never heard how the plumber-critic had offended in the first place, but THE NEW YORKER comes so perilously close to being a humorous weekly that I suppose tradition makes it virtually obligatory for me to surmise that the management didn't like the critic's custom of getting up in the middle of the first act and going home to get his opera glasses.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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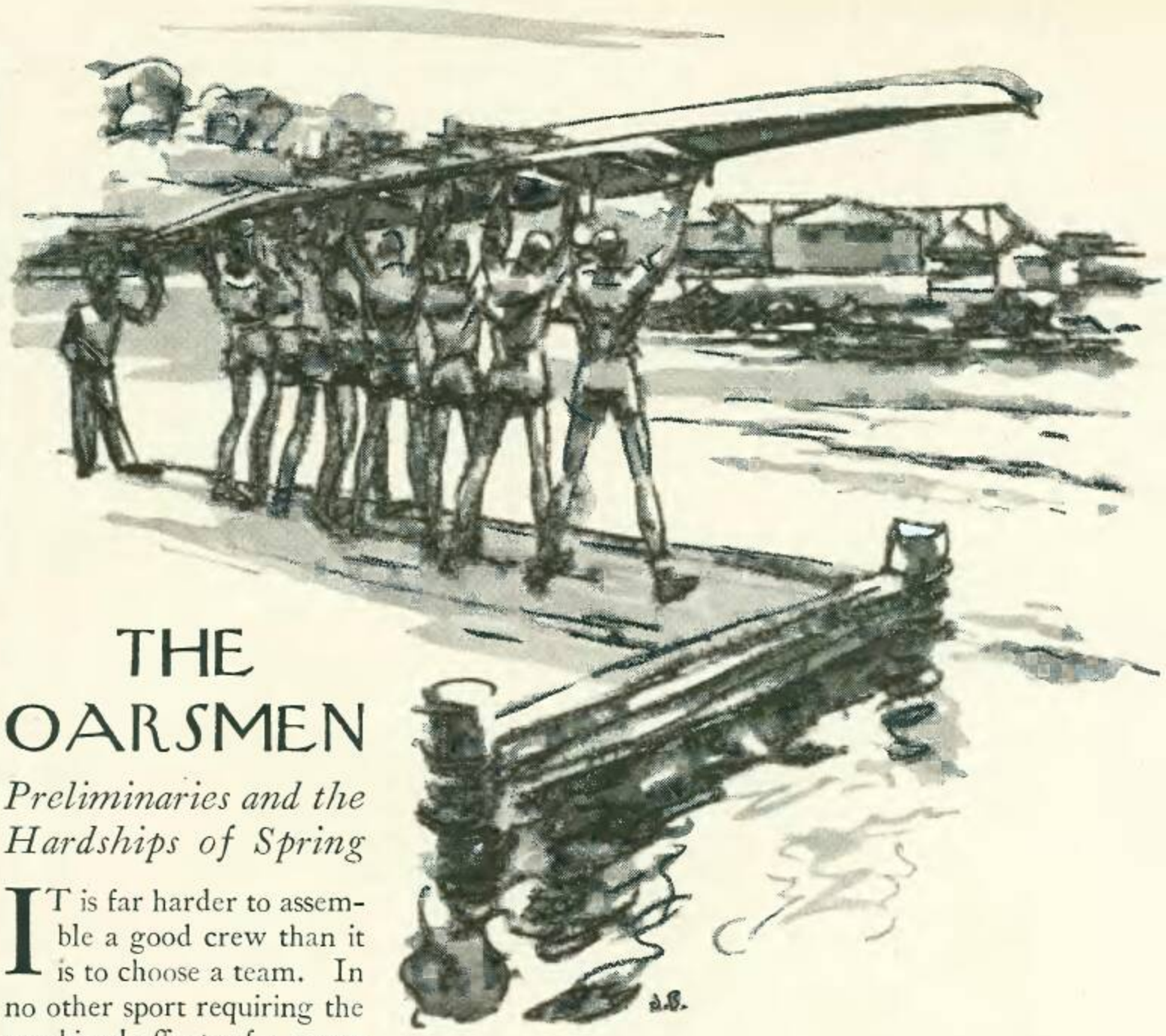


THE OARSMEN

Preliminaries and the Hardships of Spring

IT is far harder to assemble a good crew than it is to choose a team. In no other sport requiring the combined efforts of a group is it necessary to see how the combination works as a whole before you can tell the worth of an individual. In rowing, a man is put in, a man is taken out, until after weeks of patient experiments the shell at last rides with the easy regular rhythm that an eight must have. Every year, just before the first races of the season, this, that, and the other college crew "undergoes shake-up" in the sports-section headlines.

This annual flurry of changes in the seating orders means that the coaches are becoming a bit desperate. The first race looms large and the crew, so they think, has not been going well enough. In football it is usually possible to judge the ability of a man when you see him in action alone; and when he goes into a scrimmage with the team, his work can be singled out at once. In rowing, where the effort is always for machinelike uniformity, the individual never stands out unless he makes mistakes. So every time you want to try out a new man, you have to put him in the crew and then figure out whether the shell is moving better that afternoon because he is in it. Any coach will tell you that this is the hardest part of his work. The detailed smoothing out of rough points here and there is simple compared to that.

In most Eastern colleges, the crews are held indoors by the

weather until just a few weeks before the opening race. It is only then, during those first weeks on the water, that you can try to find the right combination, and to be sure that you are not overlooking anybody worth while. Strangely enough, it is easy to take novices and recognize those who are potential oarsmen; you can spot them after a stroke or two. It's when men have been rowing a season or so that the job gets hard. Moreover, the veteran oarsman often falls off badly after a good season, and has to begin the fight all over again. An apparently established star is not always secure. There have been times when Olympic oars have failed to make their varsity crews.

MOST of the people who appear with white flannels and carefully adjusted field glasses on the observation trains later in the season should remember what happens in these weeks of preliminary training. There are few observation-train riders who realize what the oarsmen have been through before the ten or twenty min-

utes of the race itself. The tedious winter grind on the indoor machines is by no means all. The early days of spring, often trying enough in the streets, can make bitter moments on the river. Those moments when icy winds come up with the dying of the day, just as the crew goes out. Winds that numb feet and make your hands feel like frozen lumps. Now and then

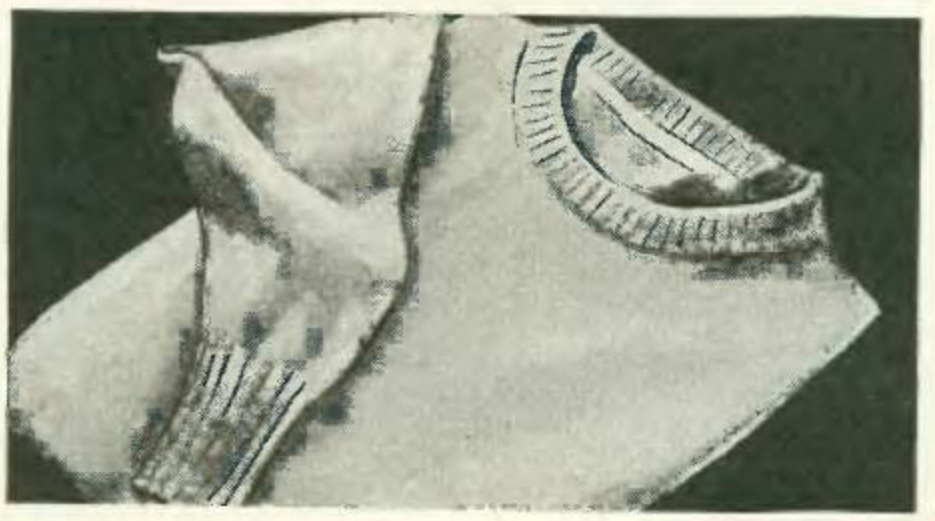
Carr Kitson reports:

"GOLF SWEATERS ARE PLAIN COLORED"

When the golf stars tee off at Winged Foot for the Open Championship June 27th, they will probably wear plain colored sweaters.

Light English brushed wool in these rich new shades -- henna, orchid, maroon, cactus, canary and powder-blue. Crew neck, pull-over style

THEY'RE HERE AT SIX FIFTY



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WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

a burst of cold rain comes along, or, worse, a sudden hailstorm. When you're rowing into the wind the hail cuts into the back of your neck, and the coxswain holds his megaphone before his eyes to rest them from the battle against wind-blown ice.

It is not until the final weeks of the season, when crews are pretty well settled down and conditioned, and a hot sun shines, that the fun of rowing really commences. Apparently, there is plenty of it, for the old oarsman is the most faithful of all the graduates of college sport, and the club oarsman keeps on as long as he can stand the pace.

DO YOU KNOW: That Washington is to race Wisconsin on Lake Mendota and that then both crews are coming east to Poughkeepsie—Wisconsin's first visit in several years, and with Mike Murphy as head coach. . . . That Murphy is said to have a crew averaging 183 pounds. . . . That Pennsylvania, despairing of gaining mileage on the Schuylkill, journeys twelve miles or so once or twice a week for a row on the Delaware. . . . That Columbia is back at the Baker Field boathouse to stay. . . . That Dick Glendon and his son are opening their seasons by racing each other. . . . And that they say the Navy will stage a comeback this year? —R. F. K.

•

THIS FREEDOM—KEEP IT

I'M an emancipated woman. Emancipated means you're free, free to live your own life.

About living your own life: first of all you have to have a place to live. You can live at the Y.W.C.A., which is too depressing, or you can take an apartment with another girl, who is either plain and dull and talks about herself all the time or is attractive and wears your best clothes to shreds. If you have enough money you can have an apartment by yourself. Sure—if.

ONCE you get a place to live you have to have a life. What sort of life it is depends on what sort of friends you have. If you have no friends, it's easy. You write home regularly; wash the net hose that are too good to send to the little hand-laundry around the corner; dust off your French books with a view to ringing up the teacher Sally knows about; straighten up closet shelves and bureau

Drive *to Europe's* Radio-Active Mineral Waters

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THE AMERICAN NAUHEIM

Center—A printed silk blouse with youthful shawl collar matches the coat lining of this wool ratine suit. **$125.** The brim of the baku hat is cleverly manipulated to frame the face. **$35.**

Right—The slender black satin suit wears a blouse of beige satin with a dainty pleated jabot. **$165.** Felt and straw in contrasting tones are deftly combined in the accompanying hat. **$25.**

In the new manner, this dress coat introduces galyak fur on the scarf collar. **$225.** The felt hat is charmingly reminiscent of the quaint Dutch cap. **$18.**

THIS lovely trio is typical of the many, many things that Knox has to offer the woman in pursuit of smartness. Serenely at ease in any setting, their beauty is subtly merged with one's personality to create an unforgettable picture.

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drawers; and get lots of dandy sleep. You also decide, now you have so much leisure, that you'll read that copy of "Ulysses" from beginning to end if the effort kills you, and join a gymnasium. And one of these quiet evenings you will, you really will, sit down and think things out. Make a plan for your life. Decide where you want to be when you're thirty and forty and fifty.

The moment you slip up and acquire a friend or two, things get complex again. I suppose if you're made of stern stuff you can manage. But no emancipated woman is made of stern stuff. Only yielding, plastic women are so spineless as to permit emancipation to happen to them. Well, suppose you're an emancipated woman and you have a few friends. What happens then? You spend the evening with whatever serious thinker is currently sitting in your only comfortable chair night after night, drinking your gin and smoking your cigarettes while he outlines three or four books he is going to write as soon as he gets more time. You go to dinner with Charlie and learn you're repressed. You go to a party with George and on the way home he tells you he wishes to God you'd cultivate a little restraint.

Charlie has a fairly simple formula: if you're not living with him you're repressed. George's theories are just as clear-cut: two cocktails are enough for any girl. Further, a girl shouldn't live alone. It gives the wrong sort of impression to the right sort of man. Now you know why so many emancipated women are jumping out of high windows these days.

I'M through. All through. I'm going to be an old-fashioned girl. I'm going to cling, tat, study elocution, let my hair grow, and wear dear little dresses. And I think I'll quit earning so much money.

If you're sick of these flip modern women, give me a ring. I'm in the book. —GAY LANE

•

SANDWICH RECIPE—Butter slices of bread and on each lay a thin slice of American cheese the corps as well as officers of our own military forces, in uniform, making the scene scarcely second in brilliance to the White House reception, seasoning it with salt, mustard, paprika with a dash of cayenne.—*San Diego Union.*

The Stars and Stripes Forever Special.

OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS~VII

NORTH
♠–4-3-2
♡–10-9
◇–9-7-5-4-2
♣–K-9-7

WEST
♠–K-J-10-8-5
♡–Q-J-6
◇–A-K-J
♣–8-2

EAST
♠–9-7-6
♡–K-7-5-3-2
◇–8-6-3
♣–6-5

VISITING EXPERT
♠–A-Q
♡–A-8-4
◇–Q-10
♣–A-Q-J-10-4-3

SOUTH has been the victim of a severe cold and he is still unable to be about. In his place, in order that the regular weekly game may go on, North, who enjoys the acquaintance of people in all walks of life, has introduced a Visiting Expert. Being some thousands of points ahead for the season, East and West do not protest this substitution; in fact, they are too awed to say much one way or another.

The guest wins the cut for deal, and proceeds to distribute the cards. Studying his hand, he ignores, expert-fashion, the eighty honors in clubs in his hand, and also the lack of a stop in diamonds, and bids one no trump. West has a pretty potent hand himself, but who is he to argue the bid with a Visiting Expert? With a sudden surge of independence such as that which characterized his forefathers, however, West doubles informatively, casting a defiant glance at North. North smiles indulgently, pleased at having a partner upon whom he can depend to do all the work.

West's double is not heartily welcome to East, who has thirteen cards which, with one exception, are so much delicatessen. Shrugging his shoulders, he bids two hearts, his only five-card suit. The Visiting Expert takes cognizance of his opponents' double and bid. With a scarcely perceptible pause, during which he weighs the possibility of game in no trump against the virtual certainty of a partial score and many points in honors in clubs, he bids three clubs. West doesn't like his partner's heart bid, but he is still resolved not to let the Visiting Expert get away with anything. He bids three spades defiantly. Now North comes to life. Admittedly, he has a poor hand, but what is an expert for if not to make tricks out of so-so cards? Anyhow,

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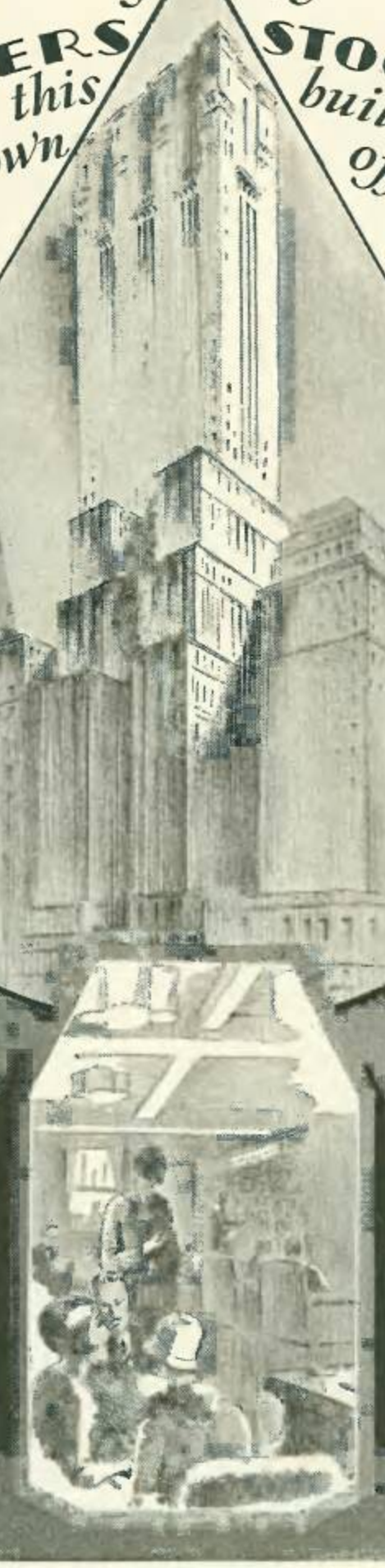

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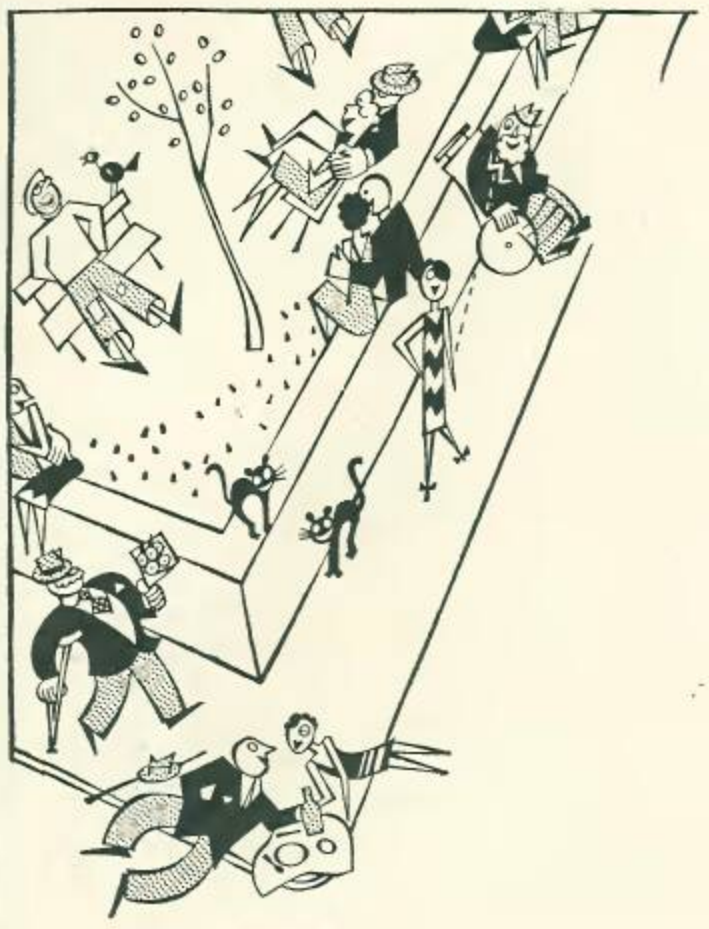
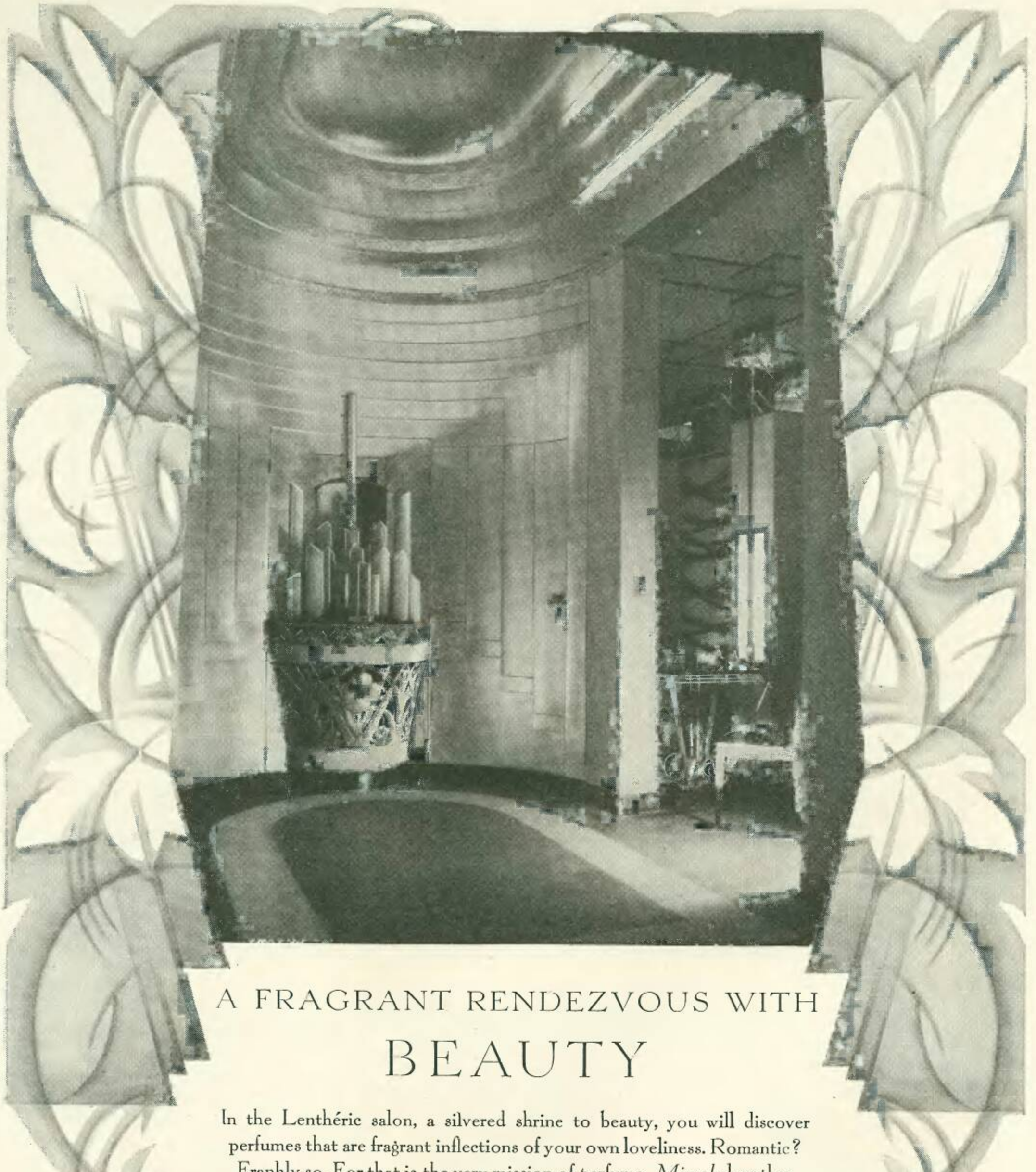
Dwight P. Robinson & Co., Inc., *Builder*
J. E. R. Carpenter, *Architect*

North won't have to play it. He makes it four clubs. East passes, as does the expert, but West has his jaw out. "Four spades!" he declares emphatically. "Five clubs!" retorts North, and even the Visiting Expert's ingrown imperturbability is shaken. For the first time, he frowns darkly. Conscience-stricken, North prays that West will raise again, but all pass. West wants to double, but after all, he is up against an expert, and discretion stays his tongue.

PONDERING at length on the matter of his first lead, West decides to do the—for him—unusual. He leads the highest card in his partner's suit, the queen of hearts. The nine is played from dummy, and East rides along with the deuce. The Visiting Expert, although concealing his emotions in a manner totally strange to his fellow-contestants, is nevertheless distinctly pessimistic about the prospect. Why, he asks himself, did he ever allow a bonehead like North to drag him into the game? His only apparent chance of fulfilling the contract is to establish the small diamonds in dummy, and this chance is of the slimmest proportions, depending as it does upon drawing the ace, king, and jack in two rounds. Furthermore, this must be done in time to enable him to discard the losing cards in his own hand. The Visiting Expert therefore plays his ace of hearts, taking the first trick. North brightens, only to be jerked up short by a barbed look.

The Expert follows with a lead of the queen of diamonds, West snaring the trick with his ace. West is consumed by the desire to get off a fast one, but he is uncertain about how such a thing is done. Consequently he goes





A FRAGRANT RENDEZVOUS WITH

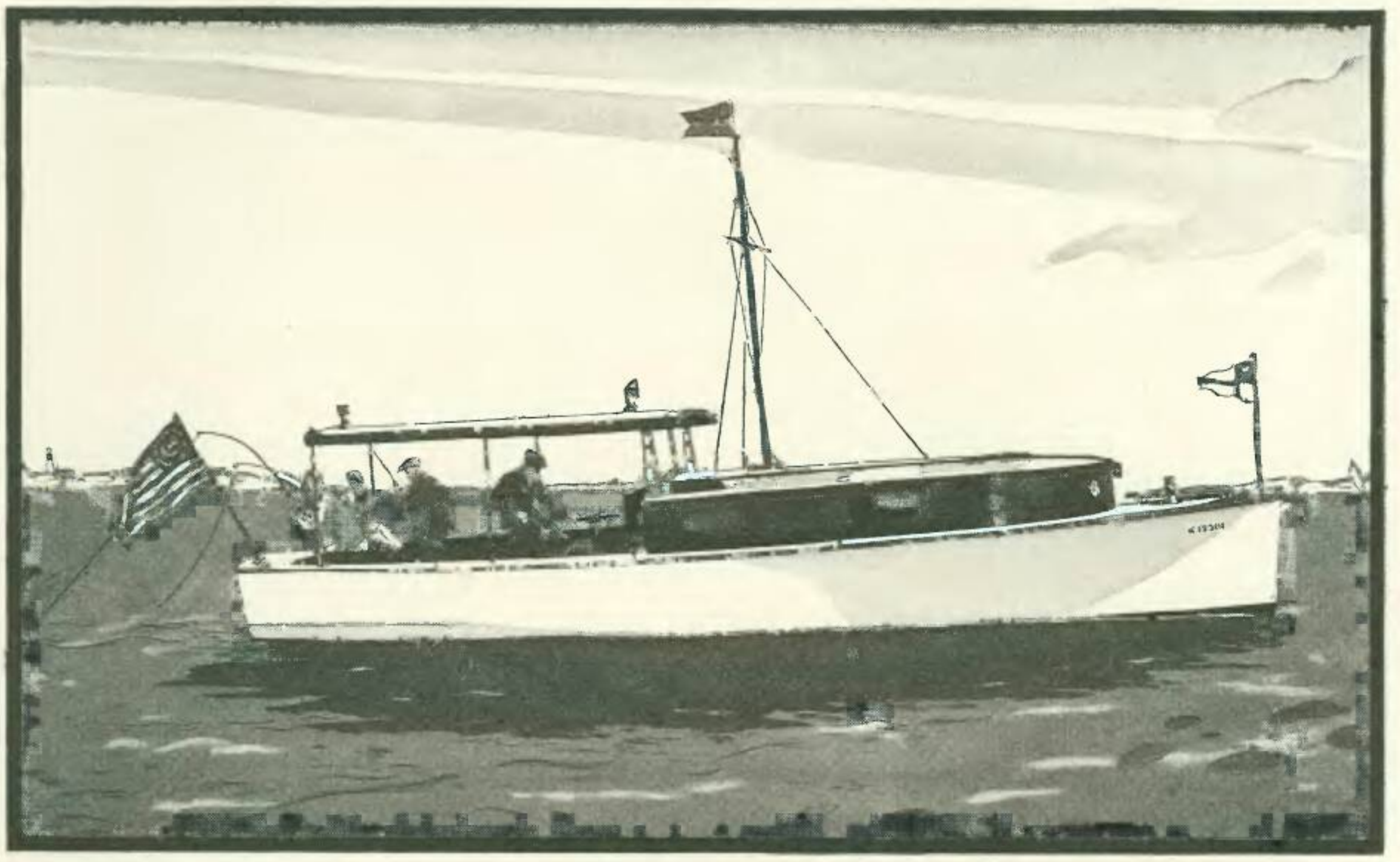
BEAUTY

In the Lenthéric salon, a silvered shrine to beauty, you will discover perfumes that are fragrant inflections of your own loveliness. Romantic? Frankly so. For that is the very mission of perfume. *Miracle* breathes of full-flowering love . . . *Asphodèle* murmurs of gardenias in the trembling spell of moonlight . . . *Pirate* sings of youth that is rapturously, dangerously sweet . . . While each perfume tells its own exquisite story, all odeurs created by Lenthéric possess an added, precious secret—they *last.* For hours they waft a scented echo—the delicate vitality of living flowers.

Lenthéric, *Paris*

Parfums . FIFTH AVENUE AND 58TH STREET, NEW YORK
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE

"When the Blues are running . . . ."



The owners of the Petrel are enthusiastic fishermen, and during the season both trolling and still-fishing are a source of keen enjoyment*

THE summer life of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Mears* centers very definitely in their Elco Cruisette. A few steps from the door of their Bayshore home it lies expectantly at anchor, ready at a moment's notice to carry them out into the bay—for a week-end cruise —for a swim in the surf off Fire Island —most often for fishing in the Inlet....

Bait and lines stowed deftly away—the icebox critically inspected and restocked—all hands joyfully aboard. Then swiftly across to the Inlet where the bluefish are running—the weaks, the fluke, or the mackerel. Now the motor throttled down to a gentle purring . . . . the lines cast . . . . the Petrel sympathetically idling through long, happy hours.

All during the summer months Mr. and Mrs. Mears find it pleasant to use the Petrel extensively for transportation. Visits to friends in Islip and Sayville—trips to Belleport, to Greenport on the Peconic Bay, to Shelter Island, and to Block Island. No other way of traveling is so cool and so comfortable, Mrs. Mears says. And certainly, she adds, in spite of city days spent in taxing professional duties, Mr. Mears' hours on the water keep him amazingly fit throughout the summer.

* * *

The history of every Elco boat is as thrillingly individual as the man who owns it. For each owner finds in the opportunity for independent voyaging a constant stimulation and a challenge, and each responds in a characteristic way.

At Port Elco, where we will be glad to receive you at any time, you can get right aboard a Cruisette (or any other model on display) and make your own tour of inspection. Or write to Port Elco for Catalog NY.

PORT ELCO (permanent exhibit), 247 Park Avenue, at 46th Street, New York. Distributors in Boston, Detroit, Los Angeles and Miami. Plant and Marine Basin, The Elco Works, Bayonne, N. J.

The Elco Fleet: Twenty-Six, $2,975; Veedette, $4,875; Cruisette, $5,950; Thirty-Eight, $10,750; Forty-Two, $16,500; Fifty, $25,500.

**Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.*

Elco
MOTOR BOATS

back to first principles and plays to take tricks. Sure that East must have one honor in hearts, and that it must be the king, all others having been brought to view, West leads his six of hearts. Sure enough, East comes up with the king, another trick is in the East-West locker, making their book. They exchange smiles of wild surmise. East leads through strength with his six of spades. The Visiting Expert, hopeless but dogged, clings tenaciously to his plan of setting up the diamonds in dummy, and he takes the spade trick with his ace, leading back his ten of diamonds. West falls upon this one with his king of diamonds. West now leads his king of spades, which is good for his fourth trick, the Expert's queen falling ignominiously in the play.

Set two tricks already, the Visiting Expert inhales smoke from his cigarette with superhuman calm. At least, he cannot see another losing card in his hand, what with trumps in dummy to protect his remaining eight of hearts. Barring trumps, West has two choices for his lead, spades or diamonds. He chooses the former, selecting his jack, but the Expert trumps with his trey of clubs and takes the trick. Two snappy rounds of clubs, a ruff with his last heart, and the setting forth of his remaining trumps give him the remaining tricks also.

"Set two tricks, eighty honors," observes the Visiting Expert, and North is so mortified that he can hardly write down the score. West, however, does not appreciate the circumstances, knowing only that he—he!—has set a bridge expert two tricks!

"THIS fellow is supposed to be one of the best bridge players in the world," says West to his wife, later in the evening. "He's written a couple of books on bridge and they've had him on some of these radio programs. But he had one hand when he held six clubs and ninety honors and two outside aces, and I set him two tricks on it. Two tricks! Why, I've made game in clubs on less than that! Expert—huh!"

"I'm sure you have, dear," says his wife. —JOHN C. EMERY

•

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, a member of the New York Stock Exchange (name furnished on request) was found in his bathtub reading "In the Reign of Rothstein."
—*From a publisher's advertisement.*

Found by whom?

AT ASHEVILLE—

DURING THE SEASON—MOST OF THE HATS ARE STETSONS

BREECHES and boots, hats, crops, sticks, pipes—these things men like. And to their selection goes a lot of care and thought. Heathery homespuns and tweeds, leathers from Fifth Avenue, Stetson felts, briars from London—all of these articles are characteristic of the type of man who visits this "Land of the Sky." They select only the best.

A chairman of a great industrial board, a high-goal polo player, a ranking golfer, a famous financier—their names are familiar to almost everyone. Men of influence, traveled, experienced, successful. It is to such men that others look for leadership—and it is they who, unintentionally, set styles for men. Others wear what their good taste approves.

Here, and in smart gatherings all over the world, Stetson hats have been worn for generations by a large percentage of the best-dressed men. A Stetson is accepted as the best—in style and quality. By noting the selections of its most distinguished patrons, Stetson forecasts with accuracy the coming hat styles. There are Stetson hats in many shades and shapes for every type of personality. They are priced from $8.50 to $125, and sold by the better stores everywhere. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia.

STETSON HATS

"YOUR trip to Paris was certainly a success, my dear. I have never seen a more startling ring." . . .

"But it's an American creation. I bought it here—at Brand-Chatillon. Their jewelry is really the smartest *I've* ever seen."

THE BRAND CHATILLON CORPORATION

773 Fifth Avenue New York

Savoy-Plaza

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, APRIL 10

THE funeral of Marshal Foch was the greatest mourning event held in Paris since the nationalization of the death of Victor Hugo. Pasteur was given an official interment, but a less spectacular one than the semi-governmental cortège recently accorded the less important Anatole France. The French populace clings to poets and soldiers, when alive or dead, and instinctively buries them with the greatest tenderness and grief. As proof, among the signatures of princes and kings in the Foch visitors' book were interspersed the illiterate autographs of peasants who had left the plow idle in distant spring fields in order to pay their homage. "Come all the way specially from Sables-d'Olonne," one poor farmer scrawled after his name, thus signalizing his first and doubtless last trip to Paris. One working girl, after standing from dawn to noon in the queue before the Marshal's magnificent eighteenth-century mansion, was able to add after her name, "In memory of my papa, killed by the enemy in 1917," and went back to her factory. Clemenceau furnished the most touching remarks. One by one the Grand Old Man is burying his generation; on viewing Foch, he cried and said, "They are all going away and leaving me."

WHEN the catafalque was exposed beneath the Arc de Triomphe, children who had been up all night in trains were held shoulder-high to view the bier. In the jam, orphan girls, tied to each other by a rope whose end was around the waist of an anxious nun, were pulled up and down the curb like Alpine climbers. Taxis and Rolls circled in an endless gyrating ring around the Etoile, whole families seated on the hoods. Seven thousand mourners an hour passed the bier. Before dusk, two million were packed for blocks in the side-streets and helplessly broke the police barrage, thousands being swept past without seeing anything but their own fright. It was therefore under cover of darkness and before the stated hour that the late Marshal was removed to Notre-Dame, escorted by cavalry

"If I'd had you birds . . . I'd have gotten somewhere!"

. . says Columbus

SUCCESS stories belong in the American Magazine . . but this is the New Yorker . . so let's be frank. Columbus set out for the Indies . . and landed, with a bump, on America. But how can we blame him? His assistants were unskilled . . his equipment was faulty. Where might he not have arrived had he had a crew as efficient as the boys who now run the modern high speed elevators in the General Motors Building . . . overlooking the statue of Columbus and Central Park . . . at Broadway and 57th Street! Take a tip from Columbus . . . take an office here . . . and may be you'll end up in the American Magazine after all!

. .

Reasonable rentals in units of from 440 to 23,700 sq. feet—Lots of sunlight and air. ¶ This location is an internationally known address. ¶ Trained modern service—plenty of high speed elevators.

General Motors Bldg.

BROADWAY AT 57th ST.

HOFFMANN BUILDING, Inc., Owners—CIRcle 9500

Clogging dirt, drying winds and hectic hours — these are the enemies that age us years too soon. Now Science can sweep these needless years away—turn Time back before our very eyes!

●

CHEEK dewy fresh as a flower-cup. Silken as a child's. Radiant, adorable, alive with *youth*—

Now we may have it—now we may *keep* it —year after joyful year!

So simply, too! No appalling array of jars and bottles, tubes and boxes. No precious hours wasted in complicated treatments.

Just thirty swift seconds spent each day with *one* tender, silken cream developed by the famous Parisian House of Pinaud . . . creator of rare and helpful beauty preparations since Marie Antoinette was Queen.

Just two steps: smooth on PINAUD'S CREAM —then instantly *wash it off!* Now look in your mirror. Touch your cheek!

For in the very instant of its caress, this cream does three astounding things:

—*cleanses* each tiny pore more exquisitely than ever before (like a magic magnet it "floats" all the stifling accumulations of dust and powder to the surface!)

—*supples* the tissues with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as you wash it away, *tones* the whole underlying fretwork of weary muscles and torpid skin glands into vigorous life!

FOR this amazing Cream has a magnetic attraction for dirt exactly ten times as strong as the attraction which the skin itself has for dirt. Its delicate oils resemble the fine natural oils of the skin itself more closely than any ever prepared for a cream before.

Most extraordinary of all, this cream triumphantly overcomes the common fault of ordinary preparations—a fault which skin specialists today are stressing with increasing emphasis. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely—PINAUD'S CREAM actually dissolves completely in clear, cool water!

Washes away with all the aging accumulations—leaving your face smooth as a petal, young and radiant as dew-drenched dawn!

"Then—in clear, cool water—wash the years away!"

YOUTH . . on thirty Seconds a day

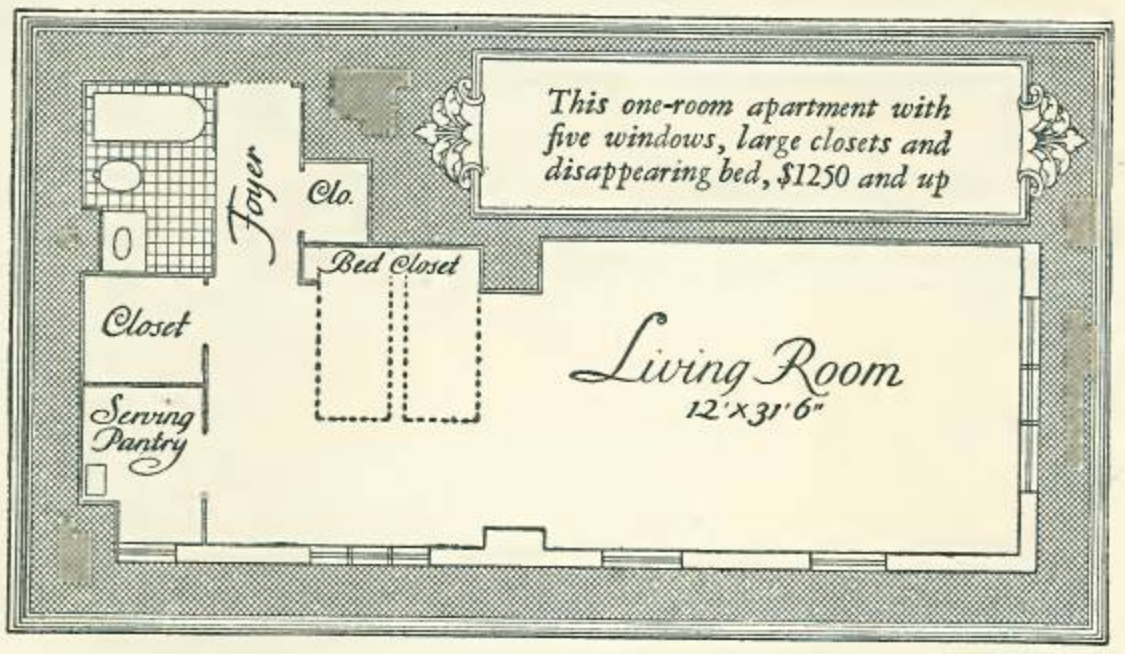
Now the busiest woman can laugh at those enemies of her youth—the clogging dirt, drying winds, weary hours! Can keep pores, muscles and circulation in the active health essential to a fresh, radiant skin—with one swift, delightful half-minute each day! . . . You will find PINAUD'S CREAM in jars and tubes at leading stores. PINAUD, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for 150 years.

Copyright Pinaud 1929

☐ Please send me FREE your New Beauty Book and enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.
☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply and your Beauty Book. (Check offer preferred and mail to PINAUD, Dept. N-4, 220 East 21st St., N.Y., or in Canada to 560 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____



Woodstock Tower makes the one-room apartment—*Home!*

THE most livable, convenient, economical 1-room apartments in town will be ready about May 1st in Woodstock Tower, 320 East 42nd Street.

Many with terraces, balconies and 5 windows letting in floods of sunlight and affording wonderful, unobstructed views of the river and city sky line. A cheerful, spacious living room by day that becomes at night a delightful, airy bedroom with double or twin in-a-door beds. All apartments have outside exposure. In the very center of the city—just a 5 minutes' walk from Grand Central, shops and theatres, yet surrounded by fresh air, green trees and restful quiet.

And all the famous Tudor City service to call upon when you please—maid, valet, laundry, medical nursing service, garages, restaurants—even a miniature 18 hole golf course . . .

1- also 2- and 3-room apartments from $850 to $3500.

Tudor City renting offices are open daily and Sunday until 9 P. M.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, Inc.
25 Prospect Place New York City Vanderbilt 8860

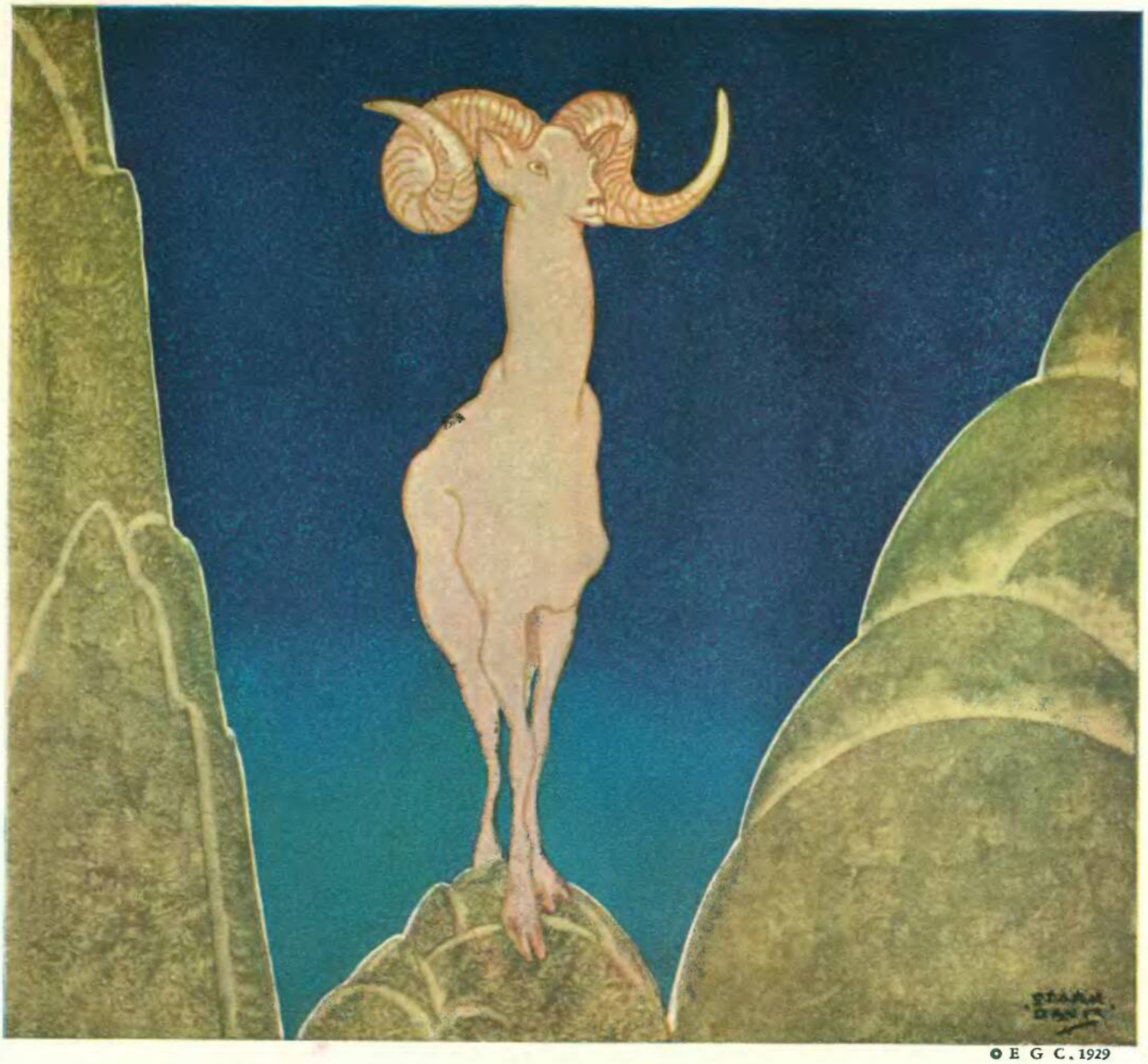
LIVE IN TUDOR CITY AND WALK TO BUSINESS

riding with lighted torches and demanding entry to the church with muffled trumpet calls.

THE biggest, least glamorous, and most touching part of the funeral procession was the detachment of *anciens combattants*. By six o'clock they started forming in the Quai de Montebello—peaceful polite little men, wearing fabulous clusters of medals, and derby hats slightly too small. By the time they were called into line, they stretched in a solid mass for half a mile. Over their heads hung a thick pall of cigarette smoke, like fumes from a small battle.

The ceremony in Notre-Dame, to which no woman outside of the Marshal's entourage was admitted, was of a musical splendor and pomp—drums were rolled and trumpets sounded in the choir for the Elevation. All the official costumes of the law courts—silver, gold, and scarlet toques and furs—ushers in silver buckles and chains, churchly vestments not seen since the Dissolution fifty years ago, were on view. In the street, in brilliance of coloring the only rivals to the Moorish Spahis and the Coldstream Guards, were the marching Cardinals of Paris and Rouen. It was the first time in half a century that such dignitaries have crossed the city on foot, their shoulders draped with their ermine palatines, their long scarlet trains held up by hatless gentlemen in evening clothes. They were a cynosure for all, and were, perhaps, the only section of the procession recognizable to the eyes and opera-glasses of the millions who lined the distant roofs and windows along the line of march.

SINCE 1918 the war has not been so close as it was during the obsequies of Marshal Foch. Satisfaction was, however, much farther away. It was estimated that three million people saw the procession; but only a fraction could have done it comfortably, well, or even at all. The few tribunes were erected for official families only. Windows in the Rue de Rivoli rented at five thousand francs. A perch on a lamp-post cost fifty. Men swarmed in trees, on roofs, and sat on chimney-pots. For the most part women saw



© E G C. 1929

Sure-footed.. always.. with Ethyl

THE way a mountain goat is able to "leap from crag to crag" is scarcely less amazing than the smooth, easy way an Ethyl-using car can slip through holes in traffic.

The Ethyl fluid in Ethyl Gasoline gives an engine a degree of response, an instantaneous pick-up, the greater flexibility which contributes immeasurably to sure-footed, confident driving under all conditions.

And why not? For Ethyl fluid is the anti-knock compound, developed by General Motors' Research Laboratories, which leading oil companies are mixing with their good gasoline to provide a truly premium fuel. Have you tried it?

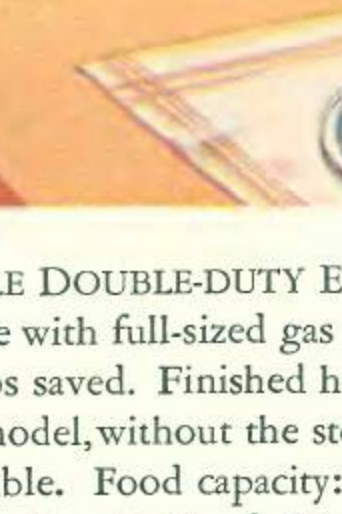
Start riding with Ethyl today and see the difference it makes.

Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, N. Y.; 56 Church St., Toronto, 36 Queen Anne's Gate, London

ETHYL GASOLINE

REMARKABLE DOUBLE-DUTY ELECTROLUX combined here with full-sized gas range. Space saved . . . steps saved. Finished here in Crystal Green. This model, without the stove, the right height for a table. Food capacity: 5 cubic feet. Ice cube capacity: total of 40 large cubes. Electrolux is available in seven other models to suit every need . . . finished in Crystal Green or Silver Grey . . . besides the gleaming white.



TINY GAS FLAME FREEZES ICE. It takes the place of all machinery in Electrolux.

74 Munn Ave.
E. Orange, N. J

Hillhurst Apts.—125 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N.Y.

APARTMENT HUNTERS look for this sign . . . "Apartments Electrolux-Equipped."

Wingrey Apartments—Locust Hill Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

106th Street & Broadway, New York, N.Y.

The kind of apartment you want today

. . . is the kind that has an Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator

DISCRIMINATING about apartments . . . most New Yorkers. Follow them when they're hunting for one. Chances are they'll look the kitchen over pretty carefully . . . and especially the refrigerator. If it's an Electrolux, an important point is satisfied. The refrigeration problem has been solved in the very best way that modern science has devised.

The Electrolux refrigerator is noiseless . . . not merely quiet. It has no moving parts to make noise, to need oiling, to cause the slightest trouble or radio static. A tiny gas flame and a thin trickle of water freezes ice and keeps food fresh. The monthly cost of Electrolux is ridiculously low . . . less, in fact, than any other refrigeration system. And scientists can find no reason why this refrigerator should ever wear out.

Small wonder, that the finest new, modern apartments install Electrolux. A few are pictured here. There are dozens of others around New York and all over the country.

Gramercy Arms—102 E. 22nd Street, New York, N.Y.

382 Park Ave. E. Orange, N. J.

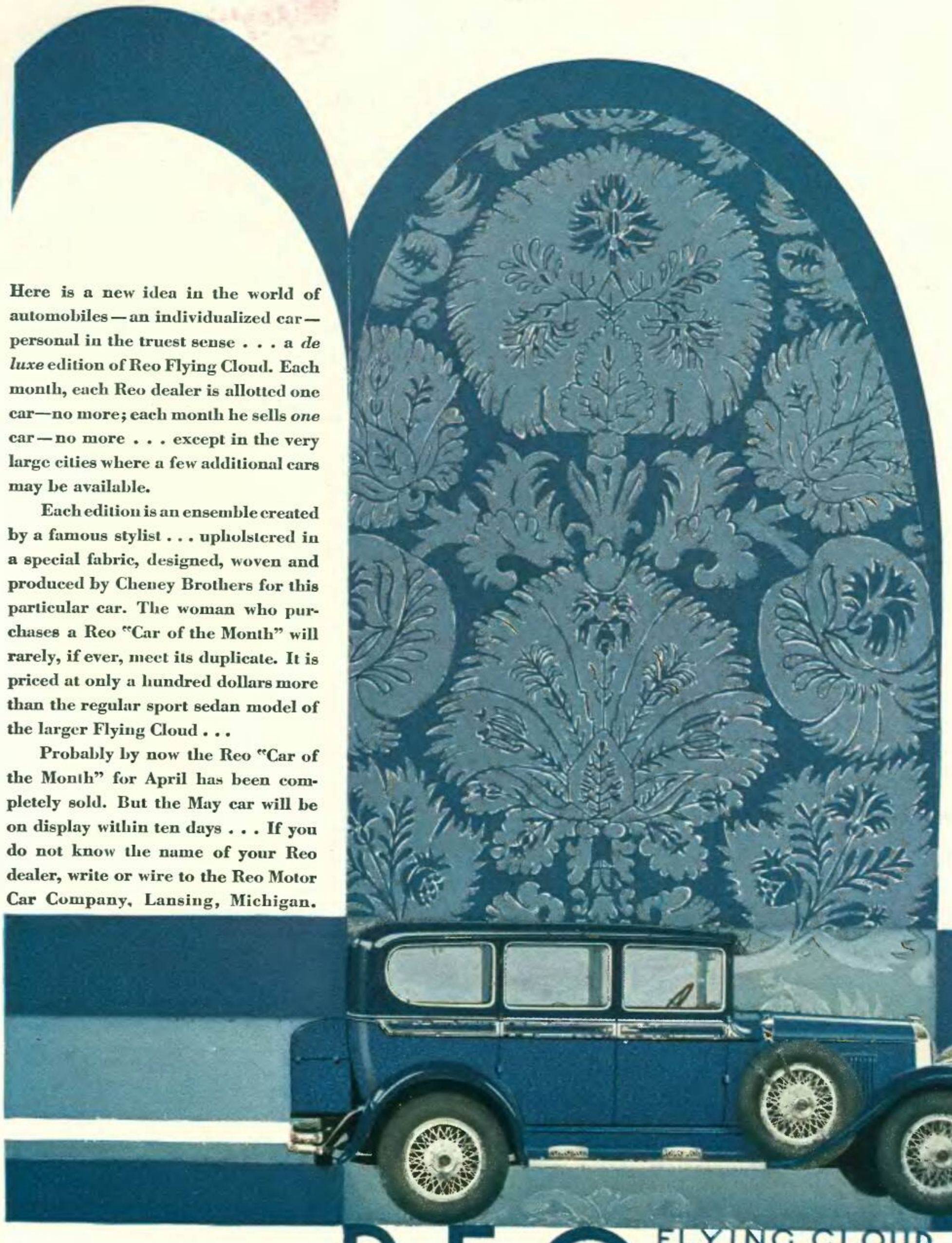
7401—4th Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

If you have not seen the Gas Refrigerator or learned how it freezes by heat, without any moving parts or noise, write or telephone for illustrated folder, today, or call at your own gas company's nearest display room. See this marvel for yourself. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.

ELECTROLUX the GAS refrigerator MADE BY SERVEL

A DE LUXE EDITION

—PERSONAL IN THE TRUEST SENSE



Here is a new idea in the world of automobiles—an individualized car—personal in the truest sense . . . a *de luxe* edition of Reo Flying Cloud. Each month, each Reo dealer is allotted one car—no more; each month he sells *one* car—no more . . . except in the very large cities where a few additional cars may be available.

Each edition is an ensemble created by a famous stylist . . . upholstered in a special fabric, designed, woven and produced by Cheney Brothers for this particular car. The woman who purchases a Reo "Car of the Month" will rarely, if ever, meet its duplicate. It is priced at only a hundred dollars more than the regular sport sedan model of the larger Flying Cloud . . .

Probably by now the Reo "Car of the Month" for April has been completely sold. But the May car will be on display within ten days . . . If you do not know the name of your Reo dealer, write or wire to the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan.

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers exclusively for the Reo "Car of the Month" for April.

REO FLYING CLOUD

OF THE MONTH

the Marshal's caisson by turning their backs to it and looking into mirrors held aloft. At his house and at the Cathedral, while thousands waited to pay homage, the lines were closed from twelve to two—in deference to that unflinching French luncheon, a tradition which apparently even death does not alter.

A RESTRICTED collection of drawings by Chirico has been shown in the Galerie Quatres Chemins. The showroom, too small when previously used for his larger colored works, made even this small exhibition seem of little value to the eye, though not to the purse. The subject matter of his drawings was almost stereotyped in its typical Chirico mysticism—he even copies his own stallions and goddesses, one group of which (light) may be found exactly duplicated in another version (dark)—a repetition dull to the lay eye, though such items may make a pretty connoisseur's pair. Indeed, Chirico now grinds out Heras and horses as tiresomely as Perugino used to grind out Madonnas and Child.

WE may be falling into our dotage, but we think the new Folies-Bergère spectacle excellent. The revue frankly has no star, a step up over its competitors, each of which also has no star but is not so honest about it. However, the Jackson Girls, who are smaller but better Tiller Girls, substitute; and thirty pretty good substitutes they make before the evening is out. The rest of the show is what one might expect if one were an optimist with a liking for spangles, plumes, busts, flower songs, gondola songs, and such. The excellence of the show lies in the new twists given to old turns, in the real charm of its scenery and costumes, and in the intelligence and speed with which the thousands it cost to produce were expended.

We urge on your attention the performers of the Danse de Ventre to be seen between the acts in the basement. Yasminah is the prettiest dancing girl now on view in Paris. Her colleague displays merit in a dance with a live snake of the type more generally seen made into shoes. Don't say we didn't tell you.

IT is customary this time of year to tell you where you may dine in case you're coming to Paris and can't live out of your steamer-baskets forever. It is difficult to eat badly in Paris; judging by prewar standards, it is even more

This test proves what the LINIT Beauty Bath does for your skin

HERE is a test that will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisible thin "coating" of Linit harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Two apartments on each floor have loggias with unobstructed southern exposure. Attractive as sun rooms, sleeping porches, conservatories or children's play rooms. Windows of Vita Glass

"520 EAST 86TH STREET"

A new fifteen story apartment overlooking East River and Carl Schurz Park

Rentals $3000 to $7000—October occupancy

"520 East 86th Street" is in the highly desirable Carl Schurz Park district on a block restricted to residential use. The building is so planned by Charles A. Platt, Architect, that light and air are assured on all sides.

Apartments are in suites of ten rooms with four baths, nine rooms with three baths, and six rooms with three baths. Each apartment has both north and south exposure. Wood burning fireplaces. Central refrigeration.

There is also a maisonette of nine rooms and three baths and two pent houses, each of five rooms and three baths.

The building will be operated by the owner.

For plans and details you are invited to apply to the owner or your own broker

VINCENT ASTOR

23 West 26th Street

SHORTHAND
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

Horoscopes $10
Send the date of your birth year, month, place, and the hour if possible. Ask questions. Personal interviews by appointment.
MYRA KINGSLEY, 687 Lexington Ave.
Phone: Wickersham 7867; Plaza 7692

difficult to eat well. Public eating places now fall into only two important classifications—the reverential expensive restaurant you already know about, and which will not be Lucullan unless the maître-d'hôtel already knows about you, and the unknown inexpensive *bistro* where madame herself prepares dishes that cost a tenth of the big place's price and therefore taste ten times as good. Any concierge will tell you about the former and no one will tell you about the latter for fear you'll go and ruin it.

FOR the first type, Colette, foremost French woman of letters and, regardless of sex, one of the wisest gourmets of her day, chooses La Biche, in the Rue Grange-Batelière—excellent carafe wines of Beaujolais and Anjou, specialties of sweetbreads cooked in champagne, fine murals by Jacovleff concerning the gastronomic history of France, and all under the eye of Laurin, a pupil of Escoffier, the greatest living cook in France. To this she adds the Escargot d'Or, in the Rue St.-Denis, and the Restaurant du Progrès, the latter at the end of the earth in Neuilly and expensive, but worth it. As meals to be motored to she selects the Restaurant de l'Yvette, in St.-Remy-les-Chevreuse, the Auberge de la Nourrée, at Villennes, and the famous Grand Cerf, at Andelys. We would add, locally, Beaugé's for the *poularde suédoise* and its kidneys; the Versailles, across from the Gare Montparnasse, and favored by James Joyce for its regional specialties; and if you can stand Anglo-Saxon spinsters, the Hôtel de l'Université in the street by that name, where the best table d'hôte dinner in Paris is to be had. For the two thousand other good restaurants in which Paris abounds, we recommend to you the first few pages of the *Semaine à Paris*, where they are listed with exceptional honesty.

We will give you the name of one *bistro*—Mon Pays, 49 Avenue de Chatillon. Madame does the cooking of the lobster Newburg, which was perfection last summer and seven francs. This being 1929 and the place becoming noised about, it is fifteen francs, with everything else except the onion-skin wine priced accordingly. So we pass it on to you. —GENÊT

•

ESTHER—Can't get you at telephone number you gave. Jim.—*Personal in the Kansas City Star.*

That's life, boy.

Ozite Rug Cushion

LEASED HOME
LEAST RESPONSIBILITY

HOME TIES
WITHOUT THE TIES
OF OWNERSHIP

14
SUTTON
PLACE SOUTH

N. W. Corner of
Fifty-Sixth Street

A non-cooperative building of Georgian architecture, of dignified interiors embodying the best in planning and construction which will be ready for occupancy

EARLY IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1929

A thoroughly up-to-date 14 Story Apartment... exceptional sunlight and air afforded by choice location... Large and light rooms. Apartments of various sizes, of from 3 to 6 rooms... with ample baths and spacious closets.

Typical floor plans and price range may be had on application.

ROBERT WALTON GOELET
18 East 47th Street
Vanderbilt 7414

Or your own broker

MOTORS

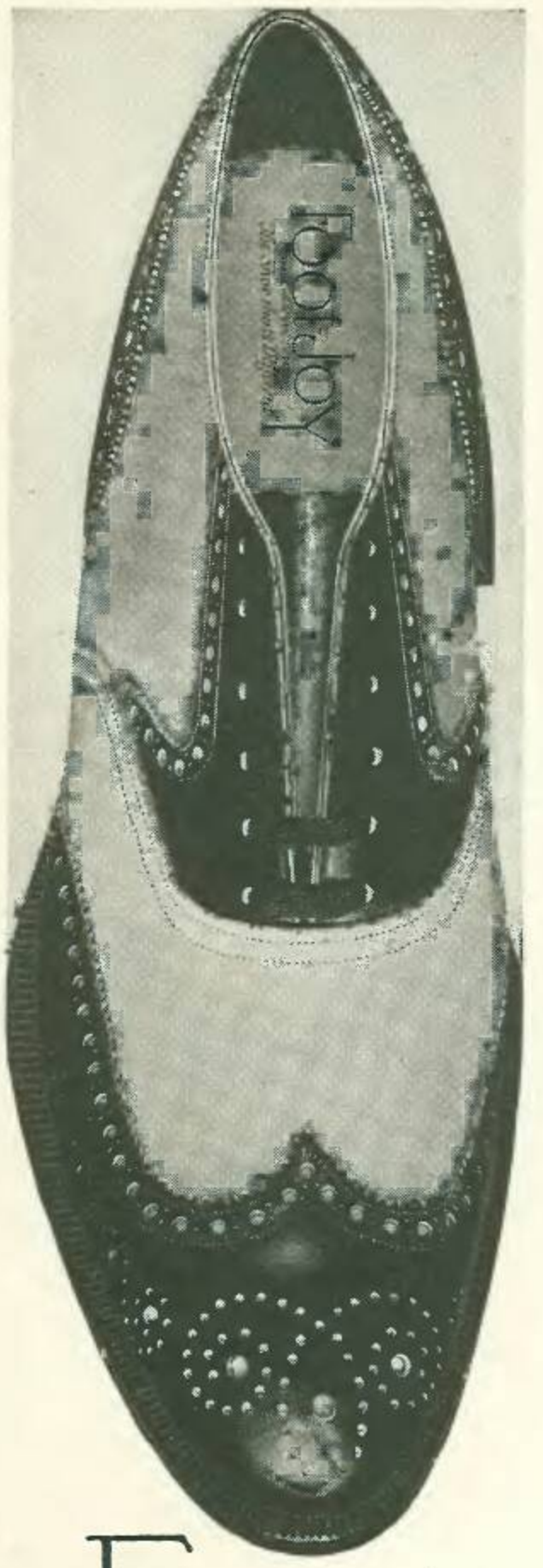
Automobile Nurses — A Diplomatic Incident — Variations of Viking

ALWAYS ready to acclaim any measure which will save us from moving from our steamer-chair, we were pleased to learn that the American Automobile Association stands ready to act as nursemaid to any motor which one may wish to take abroad this summer.

During the past year this body has made a number of new arrangements, and is now prepared to handle one's automobile as gracefully as though it were a trunk. The voyager delivers his car to the New York Automobile Club (Endicott 7270) at the Hotel Majestic, Seventy-second Street and Central Park West, before leaving, and when he arrives at the other side he finds it sitting gaily on the dock, past the customs, filled with gas and oil, and labelled with all necessary licenses. Some of the steamship companies render a similar service. We have a rather special leaning toward the American Automobile Association, however, because it gives one a list of service-stations in different European countries in case anything should go wrong.

In this connection we are reminded of a strange quirk in the tariff laws which was a blow to a number of people who tried to save one-way shipping costs by buying their American cars in Europe last summer. When arriving here, they found that they had to pay the foreign import duty in spite of the origin of the product. This illogical ruling was put into effect after the war to prevent the dumping of army material in the United States. We understand that the Tariff Commission is looking into this peculiarity, but Congress being what it is, the matter may or may not be straightened out in time for the present season.

THERE comes to us from abroad a story about the Windsor White Prince, the new car which was introduced several months ago by the Windsor Corporation, and which is built by the Moon Company. Desiring to avoid any doubt that the christening of their child was intended as a tribute to the Prince of Wales, the makers carried



Foot-Joy
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
The Shoe that's Different

JOHNNY FARRELL is taking no chances of losing his crown of National Open Champion. "If I want to keep on top, I need good feet," he says. "I wear Foot-Joy Shoes, both on and off the links. The foundation is properly constructed to carry my weight in comfort and offset any tendency towards fatigue or arch trouble—and I have another reason—they are smart and there is a style for all occasions."

Send for Style Book and prices

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.
New York Shop: 4 East 44th Street

The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name.....

Address.....N.Y.W.

L. B. ICELY, *President*
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.

WHAT THE WORLD'S GREATEST GOLF BALL OWES TO THE TIRE INDUSTRY

Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT

WHEN today's fine automobile roads were still a dream of the future . . . tires were far less perfect than now. Yet the important tire companies fell into the competitive sales policy of making definite mileage guarantees.

Impressive, they sounded at first. But the man who lived near good roads exceeded the guarantee no matter what tires he used. And the man on bad roads usually fell far short—and he felt cheated.

It was proven an unsound and limited policy at best. When roads and tire construction both improved the manufacturers issued broader guarantees for better tires instead of trying to *guarantee the roads!* This policy based upon fair dealing was not limited to a number of miles but to the satisfaction of the user.

In offering the American public the amazing new Hol-Hi Golf Ball, Wilson-Western is adopting this sound policy. In the Hol-Hi ball are combined, at last, the tremendous distance of the high-compression ball (never possible to guarantee before)—and the tough cover heretofore valuable mainly as a background for guaranteeing a specified number of holes per ball. It is offered to the public on a basis of superior value, without limiting this value to play over a specified number of holes.

The Hol-Hi swept into nation-wide popularity last year at $1.00. Improvements have been made in this year's product, manufacturing costs slightly increased—and yet the demand for this sensational ball is now so great that, by quantity production, we have been able to reduce the price to 75c.

HOL-HI

OUR GUARANTEE

This Hol-Hi Ball is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction—no matter how many holes you choose to play it—for the length of its life in the hands of the original purchaser. It is entirely guaranteed for durability, playability and uniformity. It will not duck or wabble in the air. It is guaranteed to retain its shape, not to crack, and to retain its paint. If not entirely satisfactory, it will be immediately replaced.

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

A LABEL ~ index to the Correct Style in Upholstery

Chase Velmo Mohair is recognized as the smartest of furniture coverings. Its richness of texture and color and patterning . . . its enduring beauty . . . have made it the vogue.

But, having set the fashion, Velmo has been widely imitated . . . hence the knowing ones have learned, when buying upholstered pieces, to look for the Velmo label, which makers of the finest furniture are using as a guarantee that the covering is of genuine Velmo.

THIS LABEL
assures you the finest
of Mohair Velvet
Upholstery

If you're ordering upholstery for pieces bought "in the denim," your decorator will get samples of the newest, smartest patterns of Velmo for your selection. An interesting booklet, "*Beauty that Endures*," sent free on request.

Chase Velmo, *made by* SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, ME.

Selling Agents: **L. C. Chase & Co., Boston**

New York Detroit Chicago San Francisco Atlantic City

his crest with its familiar three plumes as the emblem under the radiator-cap. When the cars began to arrive in Britain, the London buyers felt that this was trespassing upon a sacred matter, so the Windsor Corporation has tactfully changed its emblem for the English trade and the Empire is at rest again.

ON this side of the water the most diverting item is the arrival of the new Viking from the House of Olds. Many experimental models were tried out, with some thought of seeking a lower price. A decision, however, was made to build a sizable car in competition with the larger sixes. The distance from front hub to rear hub is one hundred and twenty-five inches, which is within four or five inches of the larger Buicks and Nashes, and is the same as the shorter wheelbase on the Studebaker President. The price is about $1,800 and upward.

We call special attention to the engine, which is considerably different in many details from traditional practice. The motor is a V-8, similar to the type used by Cadillac, LaSalle, and Lincoln, but with many special departures. Instead of being alongside the engine, as is usual, the tubes through which the gasoline enters and the vapor leaves are placed as a double arch above. The carburetor is affixed to the keystone of the arch, and to complete the dashing effect, the tubes are finished in shiny black enamel.

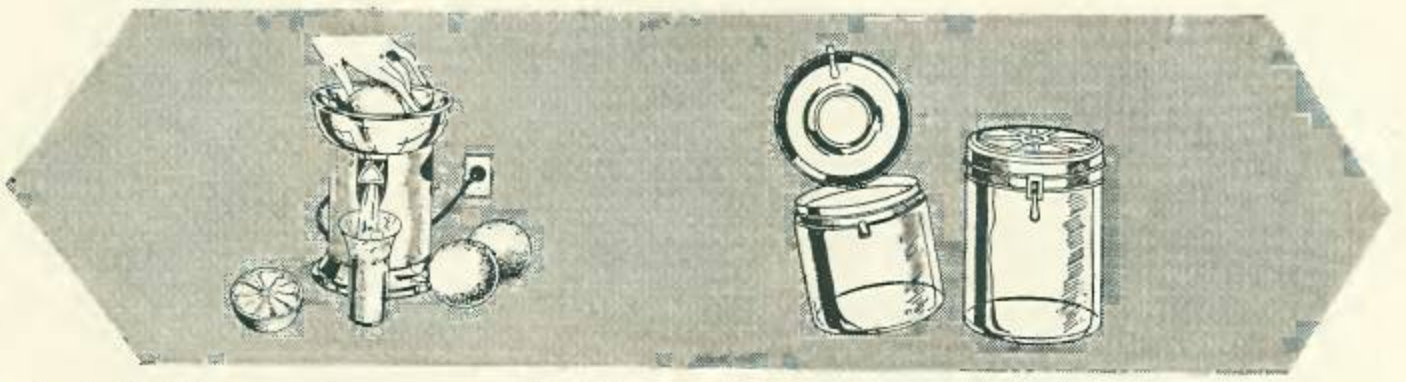
The placing of these and other gadgets on top of the engine means that the garageman will not have to fiddle around for long when making adjustments. The motor is compact, occupying a length of only thirty-one inches, which permits a larger proportion of the wheelbase to be devoted to seating capacity.

The body, though somewhat in the Olds tradition, is of course longer, and the lines are more slender; the front view of the radiator-shell is very narrow. The arrow-shaped molding atop the hood is similar to that on the Olds Six but not as wide. There is a very narrow beading along the sides of the hood which widens into a molding at the base of

SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER

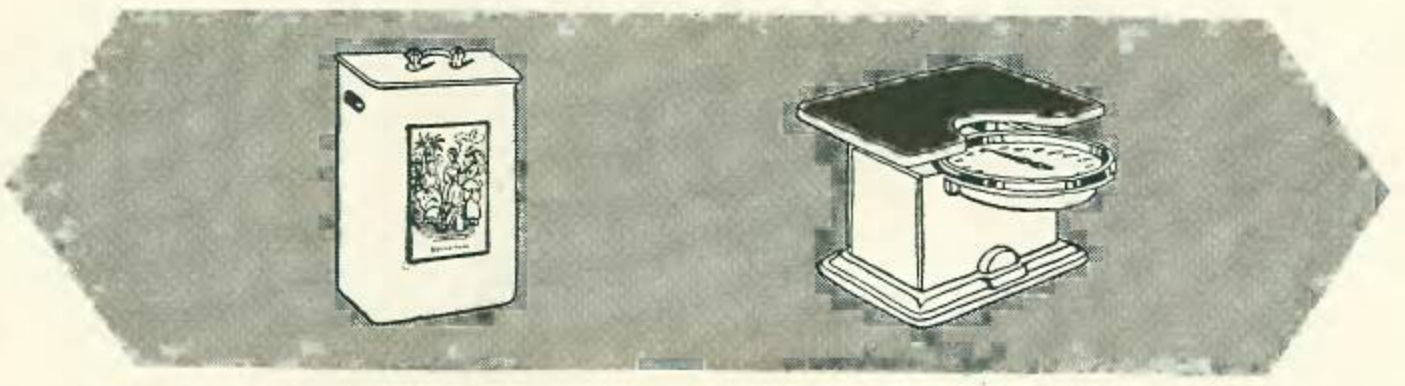
THE Electric Hand Brush dives enthusiastically into all the small corners the big vacuum cleaner balks at. And the Big Chief has discovered that it's the best ever for keeping his suits spick and span. The Brush weighs but a scant three pounds. Has an arm dust-bag and a great long cord. $19.75

I FIND the Pease Clothes Tree handy because it gives drying space when you need it—and is out of the way when you don't. It has 36 hardwood arms that provide 40 feet of drying space. When through with it, I fold up the arms and roll the whole thing into a corner (it's on casters). $10.00



IT's fruit juice morning, noon and night in our family. So I'd be lost without my Electric Fruit Reamer. It does its job with amazing speed and gets every drop of juice. I just turn on the current, hold the fruit against the reamer, and down streams the juice. The Reamer is made of aluminum combined with gray enameled steel. $14.95

QUIK-SEAL Food Jars are a great help in keeping coffee, crackers and things of that sort fresh. They have special covers and easy snapping latches that seal them airtight. So they're grand for foods that lose their flavor if exposed to air. Of clear glass with tops japanned in green, blue or white. 6" high, $2.50; 8" high, $3.00



I'VE been cheering up my bathroom, and one of the cheerers is a colorful Clothes Hamper. It's painted a lovely rose color and is decorated on the front with a genuine old print. The handle is of sparkling glass. It was one of a group—all of them pretty to look at, sturdily built and capacious. $15.00

IF you want to keep tabs on your weight, the Detecto Bathroom Scale is the most satisfactory way I know of doing it. Detecto registers up to 300 lbs. Occupies but a square foot of floor space. And can be counted on to tell you the unblushing truth about your daily loss or gain. $13.00

Janet Gray

LEWIS & CONGER

45th Street & Sixth Ave., New York City

VANderbilt 0571

© Lewis & Conger, 1929

Enlist now with the

5-minute men

You will find their headquarters at the Buchanan—6 blocks from Grand Central. Join them now and walk to your office—for almost any office in the midtown section is within easy walking distance. The apartments are unusually fine and the rents amazingly low. Large rooms, dining alcoves, foyers, fireplaces and kitchens equipped with Domestic Science Kitchen Units by the Built-In Products Co. Occupancy this Fall.

4 *Rooms from* $1800 5 *Rooms from* $2450

—*The* BUCHANAN—

155 EAST 47th STREET . . . 160 EAST 48th STREET

G. Richard Davis & Co., Inc., *Builders* Lafayette A. Goldstone, *Architect*
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"LOPEZ SPEAKING"

THE DOORS OF THE REALLY GLORIOUS

WOODMANSTEN INN

PELHAM PARKWAY AND WILLIAMSBRIDGE ROAD

WILL CHEERFULLY SWING OPEN ON

FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 26TH

VINCENT LOPEZ

AND HIS

INCOMPARABLE DANCE ORCHESTRA

In addition to other unique divertissement will be featured nightly from 6:30 until closing

"LOPEZ SPEAKING"

FAULTLESS CUISINE AND SERVICE

Immediate Reservations Suggested
WESTCHESTER 5634

Exceptional Facilities for
SPECIAL LUNCHEON, TEAS, BRIDGE PARTIES *or* BANQUETS

the windshield, running back nearly to the rear of the car. The windshield posts are vertical, but the glass has been slightly tilted forward to avoid glare. The windshield itself is non-shatterable, and the dashboard is of polished black, with a recessed dial panel of stainless steel.

IN line with our thought that motor bodies of the future will pay more attention to wind resistance, we note that Baker-Raulang, custom-body builders, are turning out some carriages with radical lines, especially on the hoods. These have a curved sloping front and curved rear deck instead of the usual square front of the modern automobile. The style trends of this nature will have to be tried out by built-to-order body concerns, such as Baker-Raulang, until the public taste has been thoroughly tested.

BRUNN has worked out a satisfactory convertible coupé for Stearns-Knight. The window space is a long rectangle of limited height, so arranged as to give a successful effect of either a closed or open vehicle. The adjustable middle arm-rest in the rear seat also adds to the distinction of the car when it is being used on formal occasions.

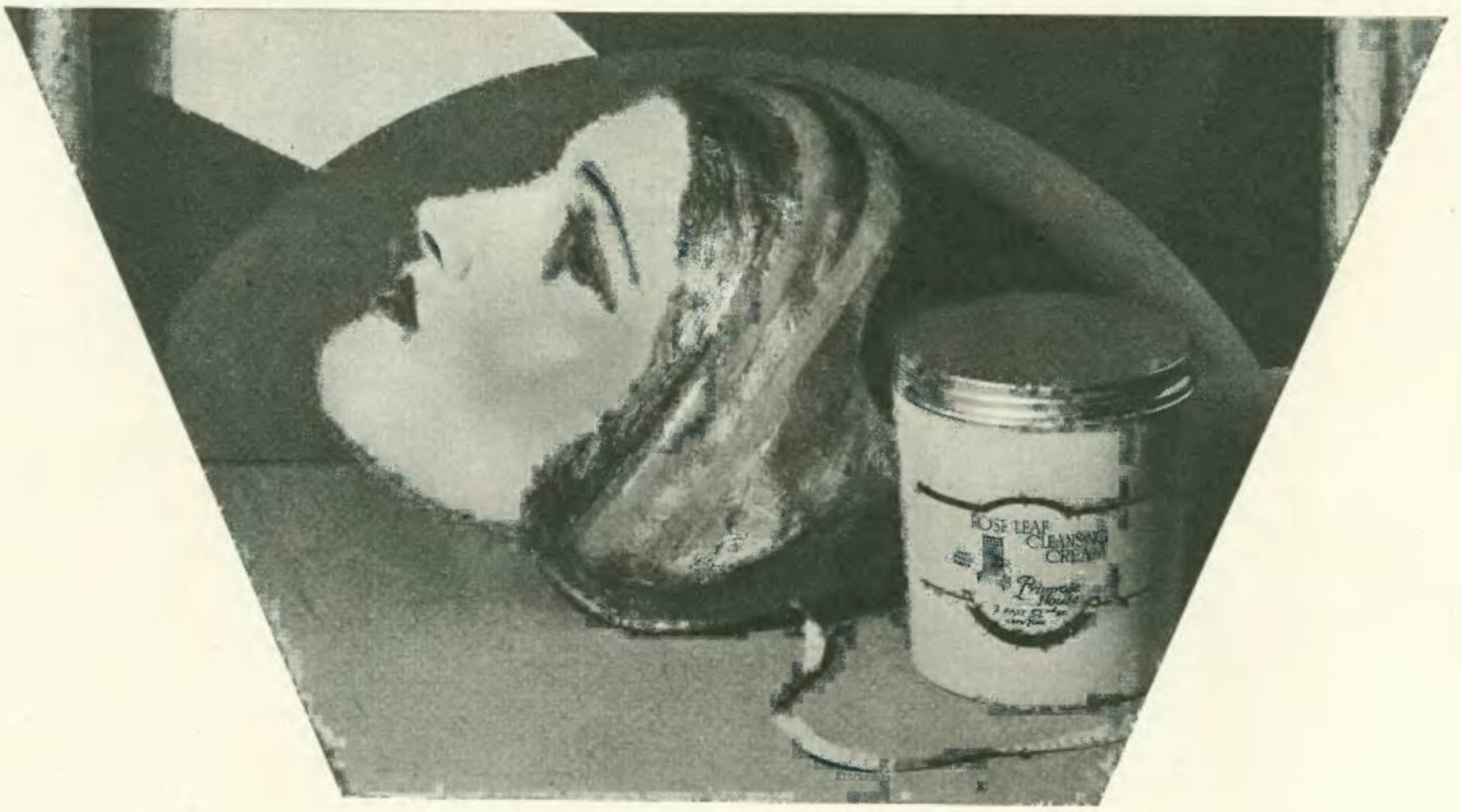
SELDOM able to speak with approval of the various devices on the market which are supposed to remove carbon, we wish to say a good word for Carbosolve, introduced by Chrysler in its new Imperial and "75" models. This is a fluid that is contained in a small tank, close to the motor, and is led by a feed pipe into the cylinders. The injection of the fluid is controlled by a plunger under the dashboard. After the combustion chambers have been saturated and allowed to stand for several hours, the loosened carbon particles will be blown out of the exhaust. It works.

INFLUENCED possibly by the approach of the driving-back-to-commencement season, Nash has produced a new roadster in the "400" series which will blend well with collegiate atmosphere. The hood fender and the moldings are finished in deep cedar, whereas the body is beige. The ventilating devices, contrary to usual Nash practice, are long horizontal slits, while the bright orange of the wire wheels and the large glistening hub caps release all inhibitions.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

FOR WOMEN WHO CARE ENOUGH TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Primrose House offers the most luxurious toiletries in the world



Women who care enough to be beautiful realize that only the finest toiletries should ever touch the skin. ¶ That is why there is a steady trend toward Primrose House Preparations. That is why this institution is becoming the most famous of its kind in all the world. ¶ There is no other establishment quite like Primrose House. Once, the rendezvous only of the inner circle of New York society, now its fame has spread throughout the world. ¶ Headed by experts who have made a life study of the complexion and its needs, Primrose House insists that every preparation that bears its name be of the finest quality known to science. ¶ Purity and ability to bring desired results come first. The price is made accordingly.

TO CLEANSE THE PORES—Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is a luxury no beauty-prizing woman can endure to be without, once it has served at her dressing table. Liquefying at skin contact, it searches dust and grime from each tiny pore, soothing the skin and freshening the complexion. In four sizes from $1.00. Write for "Here Dwells Youth," our booklet on the care of the complexion. It will be mailed post paid.

On sale throughout the country at leading drug and department stores

PRIMROSE HOUSE

5TH AVENUE AT 52ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

THERE'S a rainbow round the shoulders of the well-dressed man today. It may be a subdued rainbow or a vivid one. The Guards Line–distinguished Braces by Pioneer–provides more color combinations than all the automobile makers combined. Review the Guards Line at your favorite shop.

Pioneer Suspenders · Pioneer Belts
Brighton Garters

The Guards Line
BRACES by
PIONEER

ON THE AIR

Sacrificed to Science— And When to Turn Off

THIS zealous reporter, who has an old-fashioned New England conscience and believes that books and plays should be reviewed in their entirety, attempted to listen to a complete day's program from WEAF. Nobody had offered any medals or cash prizes; it was just love of art and the spirit of fair play that made me get up at six-forty-five and listen to a health talk—a foolish idea, because anyone who really cares about his health would be asleep at that terrible hour.

Braced by a cup of strong coffee and encouraged by the loyalty of my brave crew, I lasted through the health talk and through the morning devotions. At eight-thirty-seven, after one hour and fifty-two minutes on the air, I went blooey. The last thing I remember was an inspirational voice belonging to someone called Cheerio. The voice was reciting a poem, with an orchestra in the background playing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." I seemed to be falling through space and the next thing I heard was a voice announcing Rudy Vallée's orchestra. It was evening, and the whole day—with its talks on food, beauty, and politics—had gone by. How good it was to be home again! How wonderful to be back on solid ground!

I HOPE my experience will be a lesson to all of you. You cannot play fast and loose with radio entertainment, just because it happens to be free. Even a reliable station like WEAF, which I had picked for the experiment because its programs are usually the easiest to listen to, sometimes catches you off guard with something like "How Camp Life Develops True Sportsmanship." So here, although I don't like to seem dogmatic about it, are some of the radio features that are pretty sure to be safe:

The orchestras conducted by Paul Whiteman, B. A. Rolfe, Rudy Vallée, and George Olsen. These four maestri are now the leading radio

QUITE THE
THING

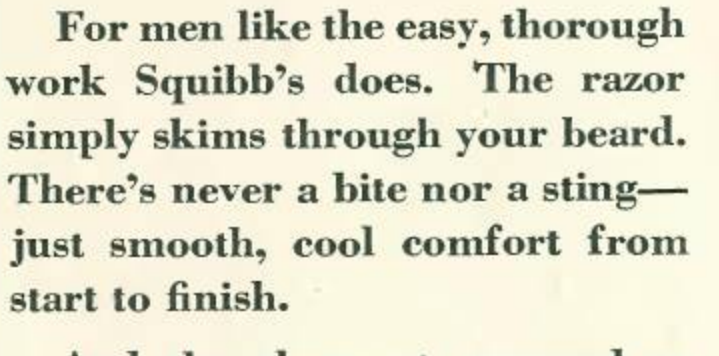
IT'S new—it comes in a tube—and every man who's tried it will tell you that "it's quite the thing to use." — They're talking about Squibb's Shaving Cream.

For men like the easy, thorough work Squibb's does. The razor simply skims through your beard. There's never a bite nor a sting—just smooth, cool comfort from start to finish.

And the clean-cut, spruced-up face that Squibb's gives you lasts all day long. A shave with Squibb's isn't just a shave—it's a tonic too.

Settle the whole shaving question by starting with Squibb's tomorrow. You'll find it at all drug stores. Priced at 40c.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



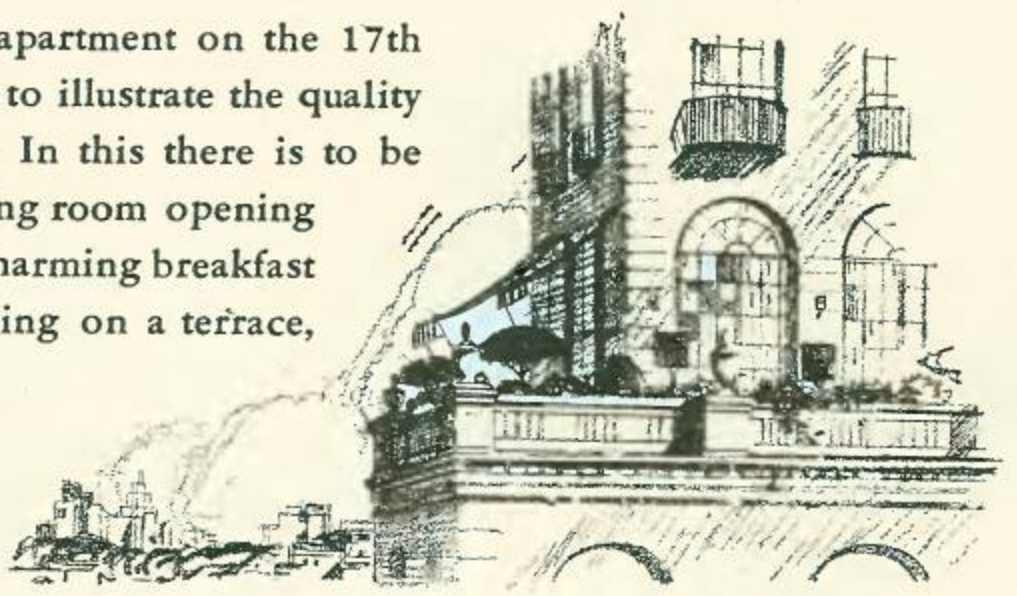
A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB

Announcing TWO IMPORTANT COOPERATIVES *at* PARK AVENUE *and* *73rd* STREET

770 PARK AVENUE

THIS new 18-story building will make available for purchase apartments of 8, 11, 13 and 15 rooms, including a special penthouse. Duplex arrangements chiefly, and many with pleasant southern exposure.

One 16-room apartment on the 17th floor will serve to illustrate the quality of the building. In this there is to be a 34-foot drawing room opening on a terrace, a charming breakfast room also opening on a terrace, spacious servants' quarters, with unusual service facilities, a dressing room adjoining the large bedroom, a colonade running from the living room to the library, a gallery 12' by 27'. This building is to be built by a group of gentlemen who will themselves occupy apartments. Plans are by Rosario Candela. Completion will be in the early summer of 1930. 100% cooperative. Moderate purchase prices.



Selling and Managing Agent:

BROWN, WHEELOCK, HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC.

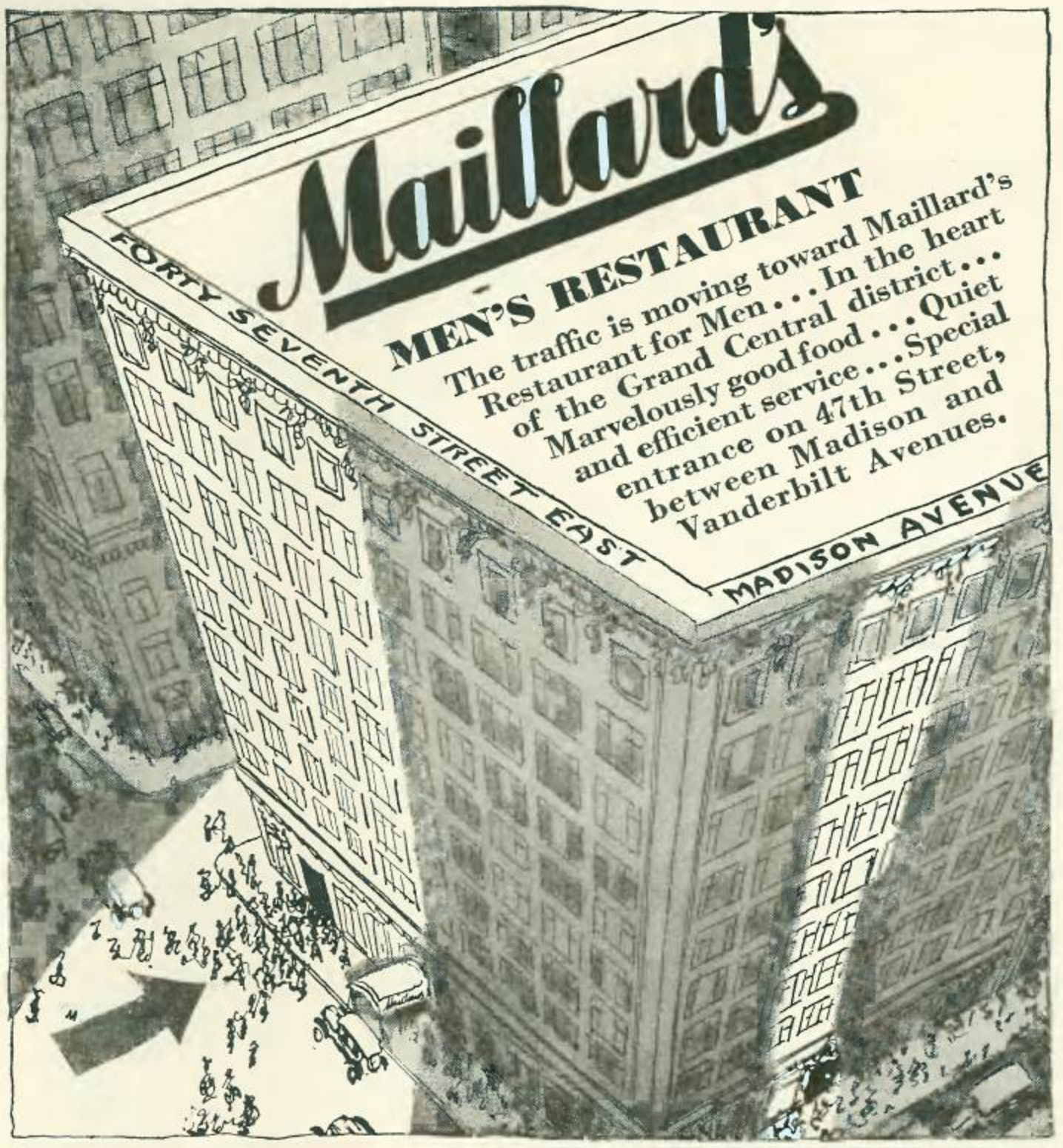
780 PARK AVENUE

IN this new 17-story building most of the apartments will contain 17 rooms. A typical one has a gallery 11' x 36' opening into a living room 21' x 32'. There are three wide windows in the opposite wall and a door at each end, one opening into the library and the other into the dining room. The perfect symmetry and beautiful proportions of these rooms make entertaining a delight. The apartment has 6 masters' bedrooms, 23 large closets, and ample provision for servants. The four principal bedrooms have southern exposure.

The smallest apartment is a duplex maisonette of 10 rooms; the largest a triplex penthouse of 22 rooms, with 9 terraces as well as the penthouse terrace and roof, a private elevator, music room, conservatory. Above the 12th floor all apartments have terraces. Ceilings are as high as 12 feet. Plans by Rosario Candela. Occupancy the early summer of 1930. 100% cooperative.

14 East 47th Street · Vanderbilt 0031

Floor plans are ready for inspection. During the next month or two purchasers may arrange almost any sort of apartment they wish—from a simplex with double height ceilings to a quadruplex with a private elevator.



stars and there is a battle on as to which is the most popular.

Any program that includes such soloists as Ohman and Arden, Jessica Dragonette, Vaughn de Leath, Kathleen Stewart, Hans Barth, Billie Jones and Ernie Hare, or Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit.

As for band concerts (and when served with cornet solos, these are my secret vice), the best are provided by Edwin Franko Goldman and the Weymouth Post Band. Mr. Goldman throws his audience into raptures by composing a new march every week, and he specializes in descriptive effects, like "Sunrise on the Farm" or "Hounds Running Down a Fox." The Weymouth Post Band is good at digging up old, forgotten marches—the sort that make you tell your real age.

The Philharmonic has gone off the air until midsummer, but Walter Damrosch is still with us. Also, the WOR Little Symphony and the studio orchestras conducted by Hugo Mariani and Nat Shilkret are at the top in their class. The Slumber Music, broadcast at eleven every night from WJZ, is especially soothing because it comes at a time when most of the other stations are going in for jazz and night-club antics.

If you must have tabloid drama, the Main Street Sketches (Tuesday nights from WOR) are still at the top, in spite of the fact that all the other stations have tried to imitate WOR's pet feature.

Roxy's Sunday programs and the Atwater Kent Hour are old standbys and I am delighted to report that Major Edward Bowes of the Capitol Theatre has reformed. The Major has cut down on the contributions of

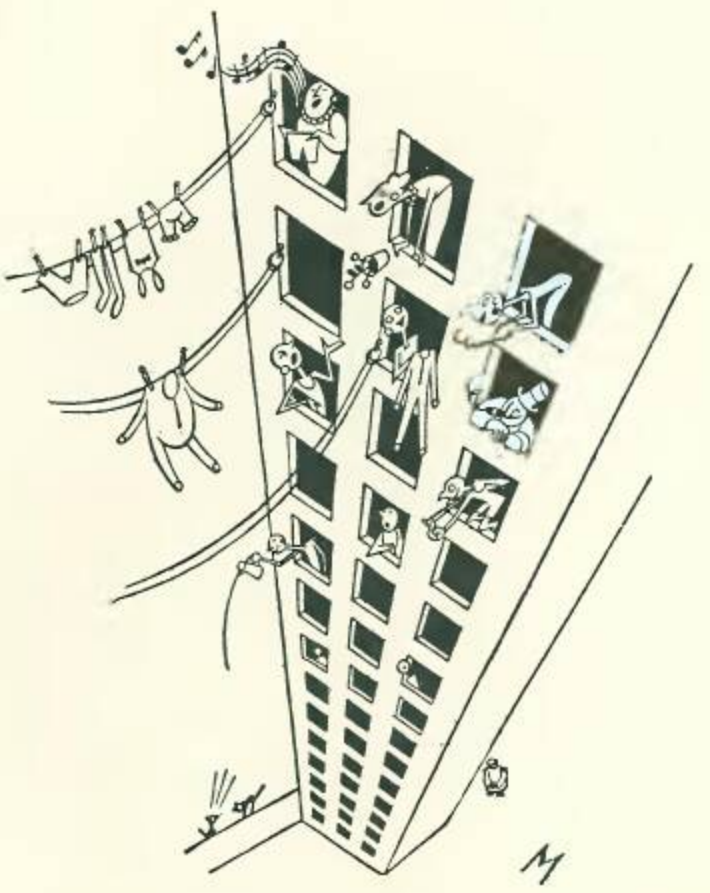
TINT TYPES
by Tourneur

In the TOURNEUR SALON experts, skillfully combining the art of cosmetics with a true knowledge of dermatology, blend your cosmetic ensemble to harmonize not only with your coloring and complexion tones but with the texture and quality of your skin.

IF IT'S COSMETICS . . . CONSULT MADAME TOURNEUR

NEW YORK'S ONLY CUSTOM-MADE POWDER SALON

TOURNEUR
580 FIFTH AVENUE
Two Doors West on 47th Street
NEW YORK



the family and is giving more time to his orchestra and the Finer and Better Things. All these are Sunday programs. Incidentally, on Sunday, you may also get the amusing song lectures of Dr. Sigmund Spaeth.

For the children, if any, I recommend Jolly Bill and Jane, every weekday afternoon at five-thirty from WEAF. If you cannot stand these programs yourself, you may leave the house and take a brisk walk; but they go big with the younger set. Jolly Bill is a former newspaperman of Bridgeport, Connecticut, and started his dramatic career by appearing in amateur performances. Jane is his nine-year-old daughter. Papa writes the sketches and Jane learns a new one every day.

NOW, as to when to turn off the radio: It is always best to cut off during banquets, speeches made by women, and thunderstorms. Also, it is well to avoid imitators of Moran and Mack, historical sketches, hotsy-totsy boys who sing comic songs, the stock-market reports (because you are either not interested or you are so interested that you run up a fever), and all speakers unless they have news value. By following these simple rules, the radio may become the little treasure of your home. —A. S.

•

HINT TO ADVERTISERS

I do not want a cigarette
To cure a chronic cough, nor yet
  To chase away a taste for sweets,
  To help me do athletic feats,
To soothe my nerves, to make me sing,
Nor win success in anything.
  In point of fact I do not want
  A brand to make me nonchalant,
Nor even one that's good enough
To win a game of blindman's buff.

My hand may shake, my voice may croak,
I want a cigarette to smoke!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

•

ERRATUM. We regret to state that we did not have the information about John Ehrlich '28 correct. He is not an instructor, but just a fellow. Dr. Wolf is not head of the botany department. There is no botany department, it's in biology. It's not Durham University, but Duke University at Durham, North Carolina.—*The Cornell Countryman.*

Maybe you're not correcting the right article?

Burby
FELT HATS
$6.75

The *Burby* idea is to give Fashion without a Fashion Charge.

Personalized Service
Millinery Salon under supervision of Mr. A. W. Simon

Burby Hats are Handblocked! Handmade! Many shades! Every headsize!

Exclusive with

Lanson
55 WEST 34th STREET
Opposite Hotel McAlpin

The Burby reproduction of Jean Patou's "Hali" Hat... $6.75

for club dancing

hand-made

by the shoecraft salon

when *jonny strikes up* to the tune of a gay evening and your partner is much too nice to say no to . . . won't you be glad that you wore these exquisite sandals of ribbon brocade? *exclusive* with *shoecraft,* in warm tones with gold kid or cool tones with silver, $27.50.

SHOECRAFT
SALON: 714 fifth ave
Palm Beach: Southampton
FITTING THE NARROW HEEL•
•SIZES 1 to 10, AAAA to D

"the hair of the dog

that bit you is no certain remedy" said the clever cinema customer, "particularly if the beast comes barely from mexico .... the only real cure for the blues or what ails you is a shot of entertainment straight from

the paramount

where

one can hear richard dix in "nothing but the truth".... and see him in even more, for this is not the garden of eden, dearie, but paramount's hot house comedy with that lovely baby orchid, helen kane

and on the stage

is murray anderson's "say it with music" .... and the melodies linger on .... with the paramount stage band—not the customers.

and at the organs

are the crawfords making music, merry marry .... pitted against each other as it were.

or the rivoli—
united artists

where,

ladies and gentlemen, is a new and hearable mary pickford in that daring dramatic morsel "coquette" .... garnished with pathos and not with peas.

or the rialto

where,

now in it's fourth week is paramount's "wild party" .... with the guest of honor, clara bow, distinctly audible, quite visible and oh, so full of "it"—join in the fun, boys and girls.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Underworld, Undersea, and the World Beyond

THAT new picture, "Alibi," is not only one of the most diverting movies of the year, but more than that, if anything more than that can be said of a movie, it is one of the most interesting technically. Derived from the play "Nightstick," which ran for a while a year or so ago, and which was nothing especial in its way, this is sheer melodrama of underworld life, of gangsters, cops, holdups, and the like. The plot follows the usual line set for thrillers, the characterization is conventional, it makes no pretences to profundity or to any of the more revered values. But so expertly is the action handled, so excellently is it photographed, and so gustily is it acted, that it becomes at once a picture far superior to the majority, and certainly the best of this year's large stock of underworld melodramas.

The highest score for acting goes to Chester Morris, who plays the part of the gangster, the bad man, the slick young villain who shoots to kill when the situation grows too pressing, and whose sleek charms have beguiled into matrimony the young daughter of a police captain, a young lady who has grieved for years over the brutal methods employed by the officers of the law in their pursuit of criminals. Unfortunately, she learns at last that she has given her heart to the most ruthless of all the boyish gunmen of the town, and we fear she must spend her disillusioned widowhood convinced that the third degree is only a temperate treatment well merited by its victims.

THIS sounds rather like claptrap and it is, but from the moment the picture opens upon a prison scene with long ominous corridors, the pace is set, one scene building to a climax, only to give way quickly to another; the attention is held fast, and the eye is pleased and surprised by the camera effects. Only in one instance, in the death of a plainclothes man—a scene prolonged until it becomes just sob-stuff—does the action slow up, which is certainly remarkable at the present time. Of course it is an all-talking picture, but

Don't try a Stutz or Blackhawk if you like your present car

You'll think your clutch is slipping, after you've ridden behind a Stutz or Blackhawk engine.

Going back to a 3-speed transmission makes you feel that way.

* * *

You'll feel as high as the top of a Fifth Avenue bus, when you go back to a conventional car, after lounging in a low-weighted Stutz or Blackhawk.

* * *

You'll have every horn behind you honking, after you've driven a Stutz or Blackhawk, equipped with Noback—which keeps you from rolling backward without use of the brake.

* * *

You'll certainly be "running-board conscious"—after you've been in a car which has heavy steel side-bumper r u n n i n g-boards, integral with the frame, to protect you from side collision.

* * *

You'll wonder why your brakes are so stiff after you have applied the strongest brakes ever put on a car—by a gentle, feathertouch pressure.

* * *

Have we said enough? Consider this: It takes seven other cars to give you *half* of Stutz or Blackhawk features.

* * *

When shall we come around and make you unhappy with your present car?

STUTZ

Sells at $3395 to $6895

BLACKHAWK

at $2395 to $2735

Prices, f. o. b. factory

Stutz New York Company, Inc.

Broadway at 62nd Street

Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

Who's who in whoopee!

the spoken dialogue is well handled and subordinated to the visual production.

UNDERWORLD activities are not lacking in the other new movies. The courtroom picture of the week is "Thru Different Eyes," with Mary Duncan, the usual trick of the throw-back to the scene of the crime being employed in this case to present the story as described by the lawyer for the defence, by the district attorney, and as it actually was. "The Hole in the Wall" deals with the crystal-gazing racket, smartened with a kidnapping incident, and is slightly amusing, slightly silly, and well cast with Claudette Colbert and others of some note. The "psychic" racket provides a story for "The Charlatan," but not much of a story. The William Haines picture, "The Duke Steps Out," is gentler stuff, and has its amusing moments, thanks to the star, but is also a lot of nonsense about a millionaire prizefighter and a fair co-ed.

THAT very special group, the patrons of the Fifth Avenue Playhouse, is allotted a few moments of excitement this week. "Prisoners of the Sea" is largely one of those bad, discursive Russian movies, but toward the end there is a realistic and moving picture of men trapped in a submarine at the bottom of the sea. The scene lasts three or four minutes, and the very special group is properly grateful for it, though unnerved. —J. C. M.

•

OH, WELL, THAT MAKES IT ALL RIGHT

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
DEAR SIRS:

Either your hearing is defective, or our announcing is terrible. I am referring, of course, to the comment that you made in a recent issue of THE NEW YORKER regarding the radio program and particularly the song which sounded so strangely to you:

"I'll step out with youse
In Arch Preserver shoes."

I don't want you to get the idea that the Selby Shoe Company would be so undignified as to permit such continuity to be approved. What the announcer really said was:

"I'll step out with youth
In Arch Preserver shoes."

Very truly yours,
THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY,
R. G. Phillips,
Advertising Manager.

YOU'LL FIND A NEW NAME in the Social Cocktail Register! "*Florida Gold Grapefruit Juice*"—as unctuous an ingredient as ever smoothed out a wrinkle in a cocktail.

In a handy little tin we've managed to squeeze for you the entire juice of two plump tree-ripened Florida grapefruit. Just the tiniest touch of pure cane sugar is in it—and everything else is *out* of it—including chemicals, colorings, artificial flavorings, sticky syrups—yes and tinny taste too. Mixed half and half with a square bottle of you-know, it makes a slip-easy that's a wow. And no messy squeezing, squirting or puddles either. Tonight—begin! And on the morning after, an ice-cold glass of Florida Gold for breakfast—straight.

Order it from your grocer—by the *case* just as you order your other ingredients—or rush a can at a time if you're that kind of a person. One little fifteen-cent piece will do the trick.

FRUIT PRODUCTS CO. OF FLORIDA
1 Hudson Street, N. Y. City
Phones: Barclay 1595 - 1596

Make-up Etiquette

Leaving one's lip print on a serviette constitutes a major social error—now that HELENA RUBINSTEIN has achieved the perfect indelible lipstick. And frequent lipsticking, being unnecessary, is in poor taste.

You will marvel at the rare combination of lasting color and soothing beautifying softness in these lipstick masterpieces by Helena Rubinstein—Cubist (1.00) and Water Lily (1.25).

An astonishingly lovely new powder has come forth from Helena Rubinstein's ateliers too—a powder kinder to your skin, more genuinely flattering than anything you can imagine! Enchanté is its name. The 3.00 size appears in a silver box of classic charm, the 10.00 size in a strikingly decorative "Chinese Temple."

As to *shades*—there's one for your every mood! But if you want the infallible decision of an expert—plus instruction in the subtle technique of make-up—come to Helena Rubinstein's Salon. You are cordially welcome for advice alone or for scientific treatments for your skin, eyes, hands and hair.

Helena Rubinstein
PARIS LONDON
8 East 57th Street

TUNE IN on Helena Rubinstein's *Voice of Beauty*—at 11:30 A. M., April 18, May 2, 16 and every second Thursday thereafter, over WEAF. First-hand advice on the correct care of the skin, hair, hands and eyes, and the art of Personality Make-up.

Why the "Talkie" Stars *are strong for* OLD GOLDS

"A year or so ago, Hollywood didn't think much about its vocal chords or its voices. We were all in the *silent* drama then.

"But the coming of the 'talkies' has changed things. Lovely stars, leading men, 'heavies' and ingenues are guarding their throats with zealous care . . . and smoking OLD GOLDS.

"It didn't need the talkies to win me to OLD GOLDS. I've been smoking them ever since they came to Hollywood, two years ago. But it's an added satisfaction to know they are kind to the voice, when the voice has assumed a new importance!"

(SIGNED)

Wallace Beery

WALLACE BEERY, *transport pilot No. 3298*, Paramount star, now appearing in "Chinatown Nights" tells how the movie stars are guarding their throats with OLD GOLDS.

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD cigarettes are blended from *heart-leaf* tobacco, the finest Nature grows . . . Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant . . . Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, and enjoy both!

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RESTAURANT CRILLON

An intimate place discreetly popular . . . where luncheon and dinner are individually created for each guest . . . yet at a very moderate cost.

OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS

277 PARK AVE 116 EAST 48TH ST.

IN RE CULTURE

(FROM A NOTEBOOK FOUND IN A Y.W.C.A. LECTURE ROOM WHERE THE SAME IS DISPENSED)

Tilda stockings.
$35.00 check from C.C.
Phone Willard

From Mr. Kaltenborn lecture. 4 great events week of Feb 11-18-
Engagement Lindy
Mr. Hoover's cabinet
Mr. Steveson he served with 4 other Presidents
Secretary Mellon

De Valera in Spain has been weakened
His dictatorship
What exactly is the Talmud
is it a bible?

What is Vatican in Rome?

Doctrine of Mockevillian
" " Ceaser
these are theories of Mussolini
now has gone back to religion

Will Irwin Frid night
Burnham review book Sat mon
L. Anspacher Goether Monday
Martin sculptor Tuesday

Misuse verbs to be
to go
he echoes colloquisms
Language is a growth of progress

category
we have splendid Education no *culture*

Scotts-Ivanhoe
Shelley
Carlisle

I am more nothing human can *master* me

Greek preacher
Epicure

Words
nostrum
Utropean dreams

As you
are

Wither Mankind by Dr. Beers of Columbia
It is a most stimulating and helping admirable book for discussions

by Wells
What will happen to the world—interesting and stimulating

Fiction
Case of Sergant Grisher

story of Russian peasant in German army
"Through English Eyes" by J. A. Spender
"Magic Island by Singleton
religious book

Biography
Elizabeth ┐
 ├ by Strachey
Essex ┘
Meet General Grant

in Education we must train the emotions—½ of our life is in the subconscious and emotional mind

Sergeant Yorke

It doesn't take Education to make a thinker

A Novel called Victor and Victim
Dr. John R. Rohrer
a study of unfrocked priest by a physician the author is *psciychosist*

Joseph & His Brethren By Freeman

Plays worth seeing
Street Scene
Skidding

A man must strive as long as he lives—

Reality
line from Faust about courage
Goeter is the genius of culture

jungle mind

Homer
Goethe
Dante
Shakespeare
Virgil

If youth only knew and age only could—

Moses created a people like Gerter
a nation

Soul must speak the language of the senses—

Birds are silent in the trees—you wait a while and you will be quiet too

I desire to battle life not books

Art as Goethers song
" as substitute for war

Longfellow
Life is but an empty dream

•

Eddie Morrisey is seen taking long walks during the evening hours. Spring?—*Harlem Valley Times.*

Spring.

SKIN BEAUTY

CAN BE SUCH A SIMPLE THING

but only a liquid can do this

Naturally a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores to float out the deep-lying dirt. You feel laggard blood waken to life as Ambrosia—sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—enters the pores. You know Ambrosia is doing for you what nothing has done before. Yours is the radiant glow of a skin that is perfectly clean. Even the fresh, tonic scent of Ambrosia is bracing to tired nerves.

Ambrosia—as easy to use as your compact

Gently wipe Ambrosia over the face with cotton; stroke up with the fingertips until dry. The dirt comes off on the cotton; there's nothing to wipe away. No grease to get in your hair; no shine can be left on the face. Powder clings with subtle, lasting smoothness to your fine, firm-textured skin.

Know for yourself the loveliness Ambrosia instantly brings to the skin

For twenty-seven years we have been making Ambrosia to private order for America's notable women. Because we know that she who uses Ambrosia for a few days becomes its constant admirer, because we are sure of Ambrosia's convenience and speed—the radiant clearness it brings to the skin—we wish to send you the 75c flacon of Ambrosia with our compliments. Won't you—at our expense—try enough Ambrosia for sixteen days' loveliness?

Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—the patrician flat-backed bottle, perfectly shaped to the hand. At finer drug and department stores in three sizes, generous pint, convenient four ounce and pocket flacon.

Make this startling test

After your usual cleansing with soap and water (or favorite cream) saturate a pad of cotton in Ambrosia and wipe thoroughly over your face. Invariably the cotton comes away soiled from a skin you thought perfectly clean. Ambrosia floats the deepest dirt out of the pores, the dirt other cleansers have not been able to reach.

AMBRŌSIA

Hinze Ambrosia Inc.
114 Fifth Ave., New York City

** For me—sixteen days of loveliness

Name_____

Street_____ City_____ State____

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

TAKING pity at last upon the bewildered victims of Daylight Saving (something no rail or steamship line has ever done) Stein & Blaine have designed a series of summer dinner dresses for town that are a delight to see, and—much more important—in which to be seen. That's more than can be said for the usual summer evening frock in town, in which you leave your hotel at seven-thirty on your way to some roof, with wings and streamers sweeping, and your well-bred face in evening makeup causing the bright afternoon sun to blink. Stein & Blaine can't turn off the sun, but they do present printed chiffon dresses as cunningly designed as you could ask. They are, naturally, sleeveless. They fit daintily, in a subtle, fairly high-waisted way; they are softer, fuller, more feminine than the usual afternoon dress, and they have the minute attention to detail that characterizes the designs of the clever Miss Steinmetz. Most of them, while not décolleté, are softly cut about the shoulders. With each goes a matching chiffon coat (no, no, not news, but particularly good) either three-quarter or full length. The coat is cut as softly as the dress, its skirt widened with diagonal squares or godets, and its sleeves softened in the same way. Result: You look as if you had on a flattering afternoon dress, no one being able to tell which is dress and which is coat. Then, when the coat is removed, you are dressed for a very chic dancing evening; this idea is intriguing, not as a novelty, but because it's so well done.

"Now here is something that will genuinely make you long to dry yourself."

The Stein & Blaine prints are original importations. Neither entirely floral nor entirely geometric, they have a vague, cool look; especially one that is carried out in blue, violet, green, and a bit of peach. The best touch of all, though—right through their early summer collection—is the use of old-fashioned embroidered French batiste. The revival of this material makes summer a pleasanter prospect for me. It is used on one or two of the evening prints, in most of the daytime printed crêpe de Chine ensembles, and on one formal black chiffon evening frock called Ciro it is enchanting.

Ciro has a long, irregular skirt of chiffon, and a tight, basque-like bodice, long over the hips, of blonde batiste and lace; ends of chiffon almost like very frilly suspenders cross and tie and cover most of the batiste, and finish off in back in two saucy little wings outlining the deep décolletage. This dress is "picturesque," I grant. Another, of the same type, but more youthful, is a typical picture dress of sheerest black net, with its huge skirt bordered by cream-colored shadow lace appliquéd in scallops. There is a scarf of the net and lace to wear with it, which you may tie across your shoulders like a bertha, and look so demure—but not too demure. Why sheer black looks the coolest and daintiest of all summer materials is a mystery someone is invited to solve for me.

For the gorgeousness that is Newport, there are some exquisite summer evening wraps to see. The most unusual is made of a huge piece of brocade, woven all in one length. The ground is black, and the design consists of graduating circles of gold all inside each other; handsome just that way, but when the wearer turns her back, you gasp to see that threads of scarlet are woven, gradually, into the centre circle from the shoulders downward. It looks as if there were a tremendous ruby set inside the wrap and shining through. The same thing can be had with emerald green; it is eccentric, but smartly so. This wrap has no fur, and needs none. Some, however, use

ABOUT five thousand years ago a Babylonian lay disconsolately on a tiger skin. Life was just too bare, he thought, and must be glorified. And so he produced an extravaganza—a tiger skin embroidered in a riot of design. Then, his jealous neighbor—going a big step forward—presented a more unique and startling spectacle—a woven fabric of his own. This new art shook the world—from East to West it traveled. New designs, new fabrics evolved, from the ornamental tapestries and lustrous brocades of the French Empire to the simpler damasks and chintzes of Georgian England and Colonial America. All these and many other attractive materials will be found at the store of W. & J. Sloane. Attractive in design . . . attractive in weave . . . and, even more interesting, attractive in price.

W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street

NEW YORK CITY

"A Garment is no finer than its Fabric"

Are YOU *Fabric-Wise?*

The *Fabric-Wise* eliminate risk of being offered inferior, imitation, or badly styled silks by demanding Haas Brothers' Fabrics. This confidence is a fitting reward to a house devoted for many years to the sincere manufacture and styling of pure silks.

By the yard at the better retail shops and in made-up garments

Haas Brothers Silks

Fifth Avenue New York

it, and, when they do, confine it to the cuffs, making the collars out of scarves and ends of the fabric.

AT the other extreme of the clothes scale are some tweeds in smart, determined new colors, topped off with daring sweaters, and still tagged from the hands of their French designers. These are to be seen at The Brick Shop, 18 East Fifty-sixth Street, that small but so significant place where anything you might buy would prove to be in faultless taste. You should remember that The Brick Shop buys not only excellent French models, but also the materials of which they are made, so that between authentic fabrics and exacting tailoring you get pretty nearly the original.

They have three London Trades suits, all in softly woven wool of solid colors. One is the navy-blue model with the attached blouse of faintly candy-striped silk; a panel of the wool is cut up higher in the front, above the waistline, and there is a short jacket with a flat neckline. (Collars are completely absent on London Trades models.) Another suit, and my favorite, is in bright grass-green, its skirt side-pleated away around the sides, and its jacket apparently simple, but really elaborate with its scimitar-shaped seams and stitchings. A hand-knit sweater comes with this, in beige, green, and orange. The third of these suits was originally in red, but can be had also in blue; its skirt is widened by godets which would achieve ordinary circular fullness, but that the top of each is pinched into a tiny ridge, which gives the whole skirt amazing dash. The jacket is simple, like the others. All these jackets are fingertip length, and it is an open secret that we think them far smarter than long coats.

The London Trades suits can be worn with any of the cunning silk, linen, or sheer wool shirts and blouses you know about, and make perfect town costumes.

A real country suit is one from Marcel Rochas. You will have to find your own name for its color; my offering is a cross between turquoise and aquamarine blue; neither so hard as one nor so vague as the other, but adorably flattering to a tanned face, anyway. It's almost too simple to discuss; just a widely pleated skirt and short, snug jacket, but its art lies in its exposed seams, which form a Y on the back of the coat, the shoulders making the two end points of the Y, and the centre

"—BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"

BEAUTY OF INSTEP LINE! IT'S YOURS IN VAN RAALTE SILK STOCKINGS No. 699...MADE ESPECIALLY FOR OPEN-SHANK SLIPPERS WHICH REQUIRE THE ELONGATED CLOCK. IT RUNS DELICATELY INTO THE FOOT OF THE EXQUISITE SHINING SHEER SILK STOCKING!

AT GOOD SHOPS EVERYWHERE

VAN RAALTE

Silk Stockings

295 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

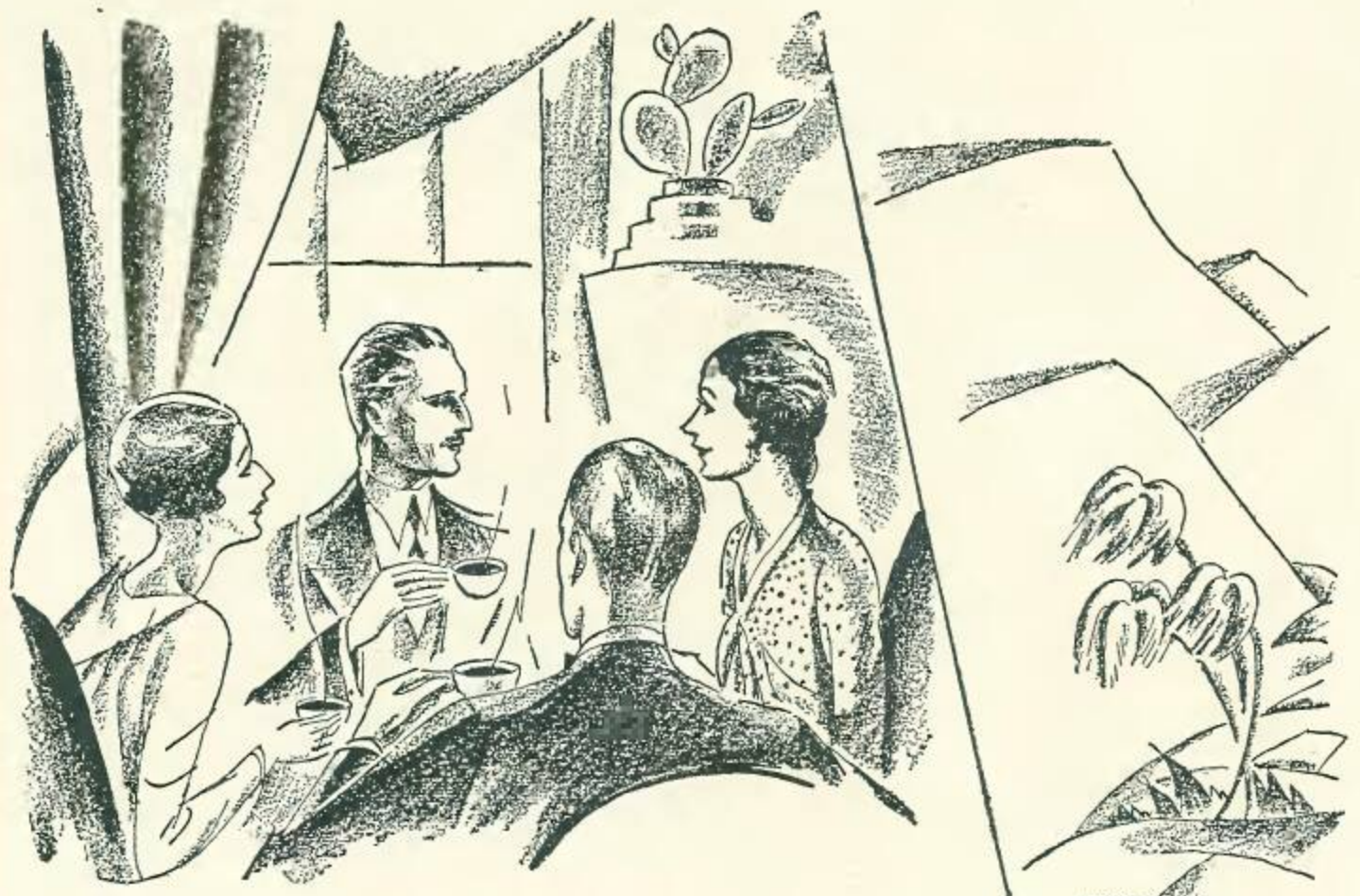
ridge running down the back of the jacket and exactly meeting a corresponding ridge on the skirt—all a test of fitting, as any fitter knows. With this comes a sweater of the same blue, with modernistic points and jags of beige and bright brown—a brilliant combination of colors. One should certainly see these woollen clothes, and others, roughish mixed tweeds, from Berthe and Chanel—not the Chanel commonplaces, either. —M. C.

THIS AND THAT

Native Pretties — No Rest for the Broker —Browns and a Red

A CERTAIN amount of chauvinistic pride should be pardoned anybody who has seen the exhibition of modern American jewels at Brand-Chatillon, in the Savoy-Plaza. The formal showing is over now, but the best pieces are still there, and—not unexpectedly—for sale. The exhibit proved that a collection of altogether magnificent jewels, perfectly cut and most smartly set, can be created right here in this, our country, without any aid from foreign talent—the source, heretofore, of much of the best jewelry work and design. At Brand-Chatillon, there are, for instance, a number of diamond bracelets, over an inch wide, all of which use an amazing variety of diamond-cutting; the most beautiful is made up of baguette, round, and three large marquise diamonds, set in a radiating design that has a novel, watery radiance—all a trick of setting. There are, among the many there, about four particularly original bracelet designs, some of which include precious stones in unusual cuttings; one I admired especially is worked up around two large triangular emeralds, set point-to-point in the centre. There are also some fine narrower bracelets; perhaps it was the sheer good taste of a perfectly plain one, merely a chain of large, almond-shaped, diamond-paved links, that made me think it so successful.

The collection of large, cut, single stones is very important. One marquise diamond is priced at a hundred thousand dollars, and there is a set of square and oblong emeralds and diamonds that shows the best can be



When a guest makes you nervous

Imagine having a man like this to dinner!

Perkins is not fussy. But he knows so much about coffee.

He goes down to the "coffee district" and selects his own . . . out of bags. Tells them how to blend it and roast it. They send it out to his house in ten pound lots. Every morning the Perkins family has it freshly ground in one of those electric grinders. And they brew it in glass. The sort of guests who keep you worried!

The hostess was watching Perkins . . . anxiously. When the coffee was served he sniffed the steam over his cup. Then a thoughtful sip. And another.

"Grace," said Mr. Perkins to his wife, "whatever this blend is . . . it's what we've been looking for . . . for years."

Then to his hostess: "May I compliment you on your perfect coffee?"

This master blend from the high tropic slopes is in the habit of satisfying the most critical of coffee drinkers. You'll find it at all good stores . . . always fresh. And moderate in price.

Beech-Nut Coffee

A "BIT" OF DISTINCTION

MELACHRINO CIGARETTES

Mild and Cool

STRAW TIPS
CORK TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
10 for 15c
Large Size 30c

Do You Play Bridge? Then Clip This Coupon

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Gentlemen:

I am a bridge player and would like to have your Melachrino-Bridge offer of (1) 60 Melachrino Cigarettes — Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends, (2) the score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, (3) two packs of the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards, *free of any advertising*, bearing my monogram, $4.75 value, for which I enclose my check for $2.50.

Initials_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

© The Union Tobacco Co.

Coat Room Girl: *"One of You gentlemen smoking the MELACHRINOS must have lost these bonds."*

WHEN ORDINARY CIGARETTES WON'T DO—SMOKE MELACHRINOS

exacted of American cutters. Another interesting note in precious jewelry is the new importance of long, perfectly matched strings of plain precious beads. Brand-Chatillon features these, among them a thirty-two-inch string of rich, clear deep jade, a slightly shorter one of lapis, and a striking one of aquamarine cut in graduated cubes and punctuated by faceted rondels. They are all priced according to the value that the labor of matching them commands—from $1,000 for the lapis to $17,000 for the jade. The main trick in wearing them to advantage is being sure of one's coloring and one's background—something the ladies who will buy them know.

THE season for brides being to the fore now, I might point out that Brand-Chatillon, like all the other good houses, can do wedding invitations or announcements in ten days, though two weeks is kinder to them; that a very distinguished present for one's bridegroom is an evening watch—a sliver of platinum with the figures set in diamonds; and that, excepting the perfectly plain wedding ring, a platinum one paved in wide baguettes is certainly the smartest.

AS if enough drawing-rooms hadn't been wrecked and friendships broken recently by ordinary conversation about the stock market, there now appears a parlor game to add further frenzy to the mêlée. This calls itself Ticker, and consists of a leatherette trading-board with ticker-tape, stock certificates, markers, dice, chips, stop-loss order tickets, bear-raid privilege tickets, a lot of excitement, possible ill-feeling, and certain fun. Three to eight people can play. Somebody is broker, holds the bank, executes orders, and fires the excitement. The rest of the game is modelled on the average Wall Street morning. In each case you decide on your own stakes and your partner. Ticker can be had at most places where such games are sold—at Spalding, for instance—and please don't cry about your losses to this department. Price $5.

CARRYING out her promise to make dashing brown skin as easy to achieve as lily pallor, Dorothy Gray has now added two heavily pigmented liquids to her set of pale-skin Finishing Lotions. The first of them is a

duplication of the other lotions, in a warm tan tone, and is to be used on skin already tanned to give it the velvety mat finish for evening that all of us girls must have, whatever color we be. It is subtitled Sunburn, and will be useful this summer. The second liquid is frankly an artifice, and not a passing touch. It is called Coppertan, and is to be applied to skin of any light tone, to create a real brown cortex. Unlike the other finishing lotions, it has the faintest tendency to rub off—merely a kindly warning passed along from Dorothy Gray herself, and since it is an answer to a particular fad-craving of the moment, it probably won't cause any permanent concern to its users.

ANYONE whose face, either in light or dark guise, looks best in daylight with a bright but not garish lipstick, has a problem, as I know, who spend hours seeking something that isn't orange, isn't cerise, isn't a cold stony red, and isn't a cheap preparation that will crack lips and cause stern, unsmiling expressions to appear and stay there. Ybry offers a solution with a lipstick that is as nearly indelible as is reasonable, has a soft, pliant, yet neither greasy nor drying base, smells good, tastes fine, and is—at last!—a warm, light, bright, but not too bright red. It gives the same accent to the daylit face that a brilliant geranium color does to the evening makeup; yet it's so toned as not to be hard in the strongest sunlight. All too pleasing for words; and you identify it, among Ybry lipsticks, by its name—Mandarin. —M. C.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Moderate Moderns — Metal and Glass—Stick Willow, Stick Willow

PROMISES being what they are, and the honor of my profession at stake, here is that faithful account of the American Designers' Gallery's second exhibition of modern rooms—a little bit late, but what do we care for this new efficiency?

The show is my idea of a twentieth-century interior exhibit as it should be. There aren't many you can say that about. The rooms are good—comfortable and beautiful, which is what

Suppressed Stories—No. 6

HUSBANDS CAN BE *SO* BLIND!

But don't be a wife. He couldn't see them any better if they were on some blonde. And you wanted Fujia 51's, remember, because they're hardly visible to the naked eye!

Every day, more people are discovering that McCallum has made a stocking so captivatingly sheer you must look twice to see it. Newly created, Fujia 51's are found in shades too elusive for description—at shops that know what's smartest.

Advertisement

Enchantingly packed with surprises for the journey for Grown-ups and Children. $5. to $50.

PLAYLAND
686 Madison Ave. (62 St.)
New York Regent 1619

The KENT

A smart and correct coat for dress or street wear.

$65 *and more*
Tailored-to-Order
Velvet collar optional

DE'GEZ.
Gentlemen's Apparel
554 Fifth Avenue
New York City
Between 45th and 46th Sts.

one should be able to expect. The furniture is well made. The lighting is intelligent. The walls and woodwork have not been smothered with *art moderne* craftsmanship. What is more, you can buy the things on display, and I don't merely mean that they are for sale; moderate incomes can actually meet the prices asked without requiring mortgages on the old homestead. For instance, one of the rooms, complete, comes to $700. Some of the curtain fabrics cost as little as $2.50 and $3 a yard.

THE rooms themselves are six in number, with a few alcoves thrown in. A living-room by Winold Reiss achieves that green, underwater light that excited me so in Bruno Paul's rooms for the Macy show last year. This is a lady's living-room, the perfect background for a trailing teagown and lots of flowers. Wolfgang and Pola Hoffmann have a very capucine dining-alcove, full of those remarkable brown and orange colors, with linen curtains, hooked rugs, Rodier covered chairs, and an honest cottage atmosphere. Mr. Frankl's sunroom has, over and above a lot of things I admired, a portable bar worth getting excited about. This is a high, circular, two-tiered table, all made out of gleaming metal pipes. Two elegant towels, with red and green stripes on a deep tan ground, are flung carelessly across the rails.

Ilonka Karasz' already celebrated dining-room in natural woods was a great relief to me, as one who had come to believe modern art had its place, but that the place wasn't in dining-rooms. This has the sectional table you hear about all over town. A good many ladies have wept tears of chagrin because the three square sections don't come apart but simply fold down. These sections are of bridge-table size, so if only they weren't so firmly attached, you could just sweep off the dinner things and fall to. Undoubtedly that would have its points, and maybe Miss Karasz will do something about it.

Herman Rosse's single bedroom is nice, although a little undecided, perhaps, in intent (the chest of drawers has a seven-day shirt file, and the dressing-table is nothing more than a nicely modernized poudreuse, with accommodations for makeup accoutrements). It has one superb feature in a bedside table with an adjustable flap that pops out over the bed, lots of cabinet space, and two actual plugs. These are connected with the house current, so those who choose can do their morning coffee to

a turn and poach an occasional egg right at their own home bedside.

There are other high spots of one sort or another. An outdoor room, for instance, by Varnum Poor. This is an ingenious arrangement of tiles and tulip wood; most attractive. Another alcove is all in metal—this by George Biddle. Lots of things have been done with metal, and some have my grudging admiration. When, however, solid chunks of it are hewn into chairs that give you a cold chill along a bruised spinal column, I get a little bit depressed. In fact, I begin to agree with the catalogue, which says: "That Mr. Biddle is above all a painter shows to a marked degree in his work."

WHILE the modern idea is still fresh in your mind, you might look through the Forzina showrooms, 424 Madison Avenue, and see all the pretty, pretty lighting fixtures. There are some excellent effects in metal and glass—wall and ceiling lights, table, desk, and boudoir lamps—things of that sort. The lamps average around $55, which is not bad, considering all. The small tables are good; there were several new thoughts in shape and design. Practically all had tops of formica, which is a non-stainable substance you can do practically anything to without ruffling its gleaming surface. It comes in colors.

The Forzina people like doing entire rooms, apartments, and even houses better than anything else; but they will sell these small occasional pieces separately should you take an acute fancy to any of them.

IF you don't do anything else in the next two weeks, go and look at the

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late shipments of garden furniture. Altman has improved on last year's steel-slat designs, adding arms and a slope to seat and back. The slats are even more springy and yielding than before, and they come in a few more colors, some of them good. Lord & Taylor, McCreery, and Stern have lots of stick willow with places in the arms for those beverage glasses that are always getting mixed up with your elbows. Mr. Frankl's pieces in stick willow, as shown at The American Designers' Gallery, should have been commented upon in my review of that exhibit, but probably weren't, owing to my eagerness to get on and tell all. The Mayhew-Copley Shops, 540 Madison Avenue, still have that grand device which is a combination wheelchair and chaise longue, for garden and terrace excursions. Olivette Falls, 563 Madison Avenue, is showing a new and notable line of iron furniture which you can use without fear of scratching yourself. There are tables, sofas, trays, and chairs with and without arms. You will like them.

More on this subject as time goes on.

THESE next ten days are also your last chance to snoop about the old Waldorf before the best things are snapped up in the private sale. The auction is scheduled for May 1. In the meantime, let me remind you that you can always wander through the two prize suites—the Waldorf and the State apartments—where the cream of all Waldorf tapestries, hangings, and paintings seems to be gathered. All these grand old rooms are simply overflowing with huge mirrors; there's a thought. Mirrors like that are one of the things they don't make any more.

Another highlight is the Astor dining-room, transplanted complete—panelling and all—from the old Astor house. Of course, you can always watch for possible bargains in silver and glass while dining your favorite aunt, if you have a favorite aunt who doesn't always want to eat in one of those quaint little basements. —B. B.

•

No other advertising medium is comparable with a newspaper, for a newspaper is the only advertising medium that could and would continue to exist independent of advertising revenue. Magazines make people sit down. Newspapers make people sit up. And that's the kind of people to sit in with.—*Frank Irving Fletcher in the Herald Tribune.*

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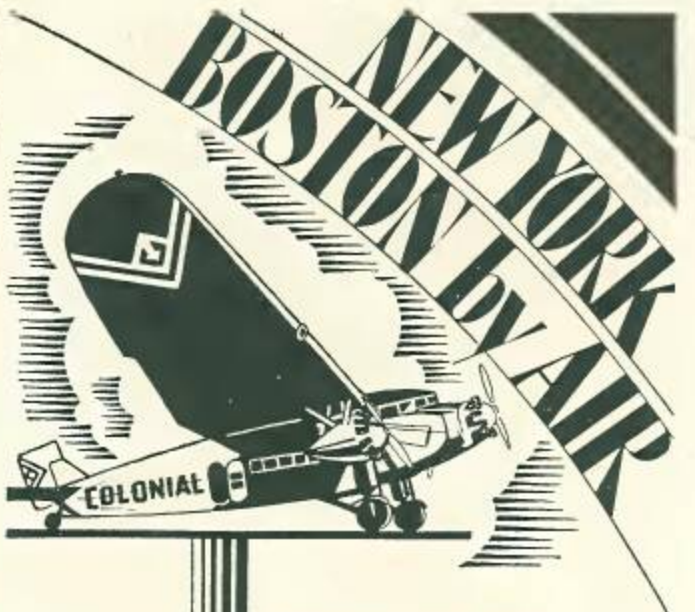

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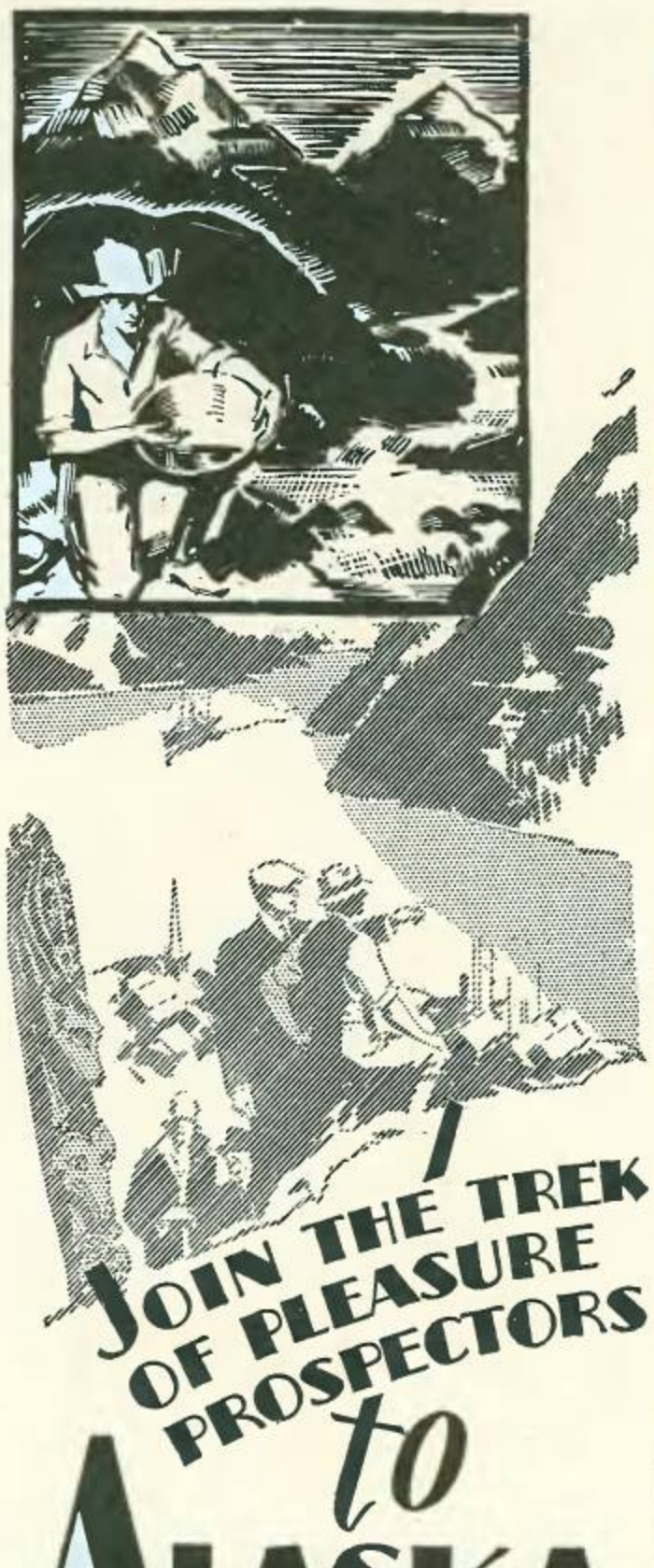

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"You'll like *this* kind of fishing," said Mr. Morgan firmly. "Sailfish—like hunting big game. Won't cost you a cent—I've hired a boat and tackle. There are a lot of interesting customs about sailfishing."

I had pictured a weatherbeaten rowboat, two bamboo poles, and a can of worms. I descended, in Morgan's immaculate wake, into a cabin cruiser manned by five leathery Floridians. There were three other men—friends of Morgan's—and their wives.

"Climb into this," said the Floridian with "Captain" on his cap. He held up an intricate leather harness which, it developed, was to hold the butt of a rod as heavy as a Tartar's lance. The mate eased me into a camp chair. His understudy baited my hook with a perfectly good bloater; bells clanged; the engineer shouted and we were off.

"I ONLY hope," whispered Morgan, after three hours of pitching about, "that somebody hooks a sailfish. I want you to see the ceremony which these people always make of it."

I nodded, taking what comfort I could, between spells of dizziness, from the fact that it wasn't costing me anything. Then, to the delight of all, Mr. Morgan actually *did* hook a sailfish and boated it in an hour, with the help of the crew. The traditional ceremony began to reveal itself.

"My congratulations, sir," roared the Captain.

"Thank you," said Mr. Morgan, giving him a ten-dollar bill.

"What's that for?" I whispered to Mr. Fleer, one of the fishermen.

"It's part of the custom—it's always done."

"Well played, sir," cried the mate. "You handled him to a hair!"

"Thank *you*," said Morgan heartily. He slipped the mate five bucks.

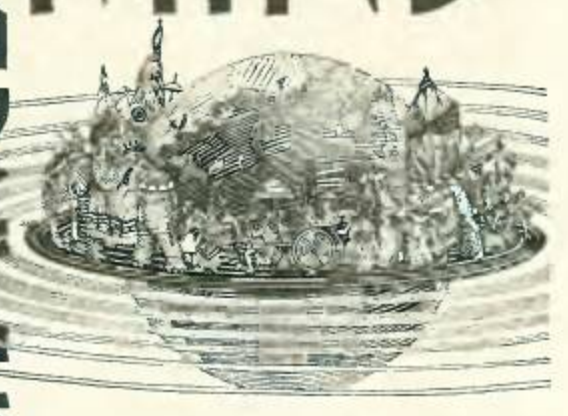
"Is—is that prescribed by law, too?" I asked Mr. Fleer. He nodded.

"Your health, sir," said the mate's understudy, flourishing an empty mug at Mr. Morgan. The latter waved at the Captain.

"Bring it out," he commanded. "Three quarts'll do, I guess—here's twenty-five to cover it. O.K?"

"Twenty-seven, sir," corrected the stout fellow pleasantly. "We never

CHANGE YOUR MIND



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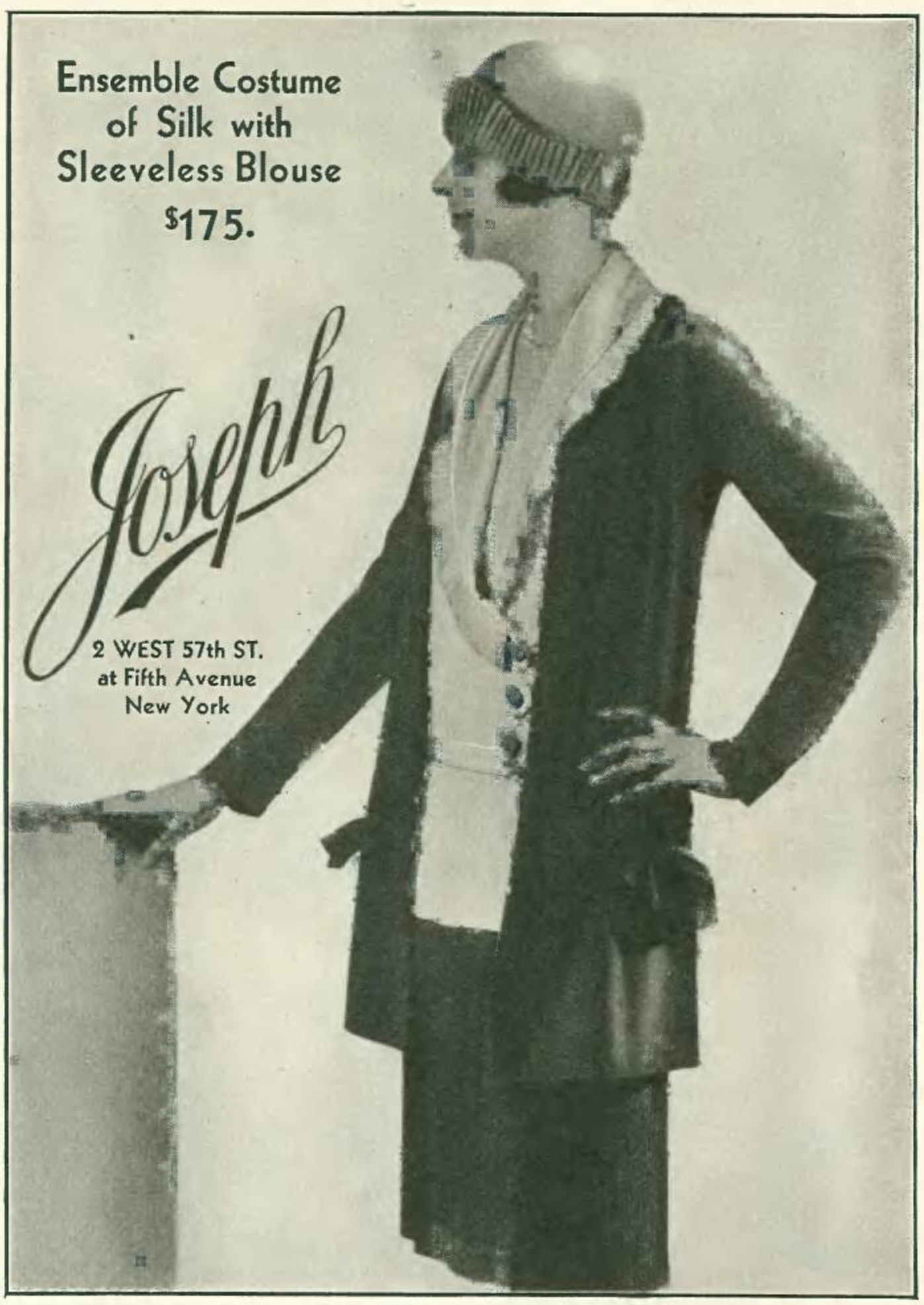

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think of using that twenty-five-buck stuff for a sailfish, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Now kiss all the ladies," bellowed the jovial engineer. "Lucky devil!" I took a look and wondered. Mr. Morgan, to the cheers of the cast, lurched gallantly aft and did his duty. The sailfish leered. We drank some more. Mr. Fleer left hastily for the cabin. Mr. Morgan presented the mate's understudy—who had somehow been overlooked—with five dollars. The Captain came up, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

"I'll take care of having this beauty packed in ice and salt for you, sir," he said. "Then we'll ship him up to Bangor, Maine, to be mounted."

"Shall I pay you now?" asked Morgan, his hand sliding automatically toward his pocket.

"You'd better, at that. Thirty dollars for packing—thank you, sir. And I guess fifteen will cover the express. The mounting bill will be around a hundred and fifty—they'll send you that C.O.D. Great sport, eh?"

"Wonderful!" agreed Morgan enthusiastically. "The sport of kings!"

"Emperors," I said heartily. We started home, the nose of the boat zigzagging a trifle.

Halfway home something jerked my line. The reel screamed shrilly. I wrestled it while the company rushed to my side, screening their eyes.

Suddenly, far out in the azure waves, a great finny sail rose, swerved, and dipped. For an instant I stood petrified in the chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's." Then I threw my rod overboard. I detest ceremonies.

—STANLEY JONES

THE WEEK AMONG THE PHILOSOPHERS

Let the truth fight its way to the top. If it is dependable it will come out in the end; and if it is not justifiable it deserves to fail.—*Bernarr Macfadden in the Graphic.*

Is it not the differing ways of viewing the same facts that determine the variety of outlooks on the world?—*C. Hartley Grattan in the World.*

The theatre is now at a critical point: it may rise up to new glory, or it may perish miserably. On the way in which it is directed its fate depends.—*St. John Ervine in the Saturday Review.*

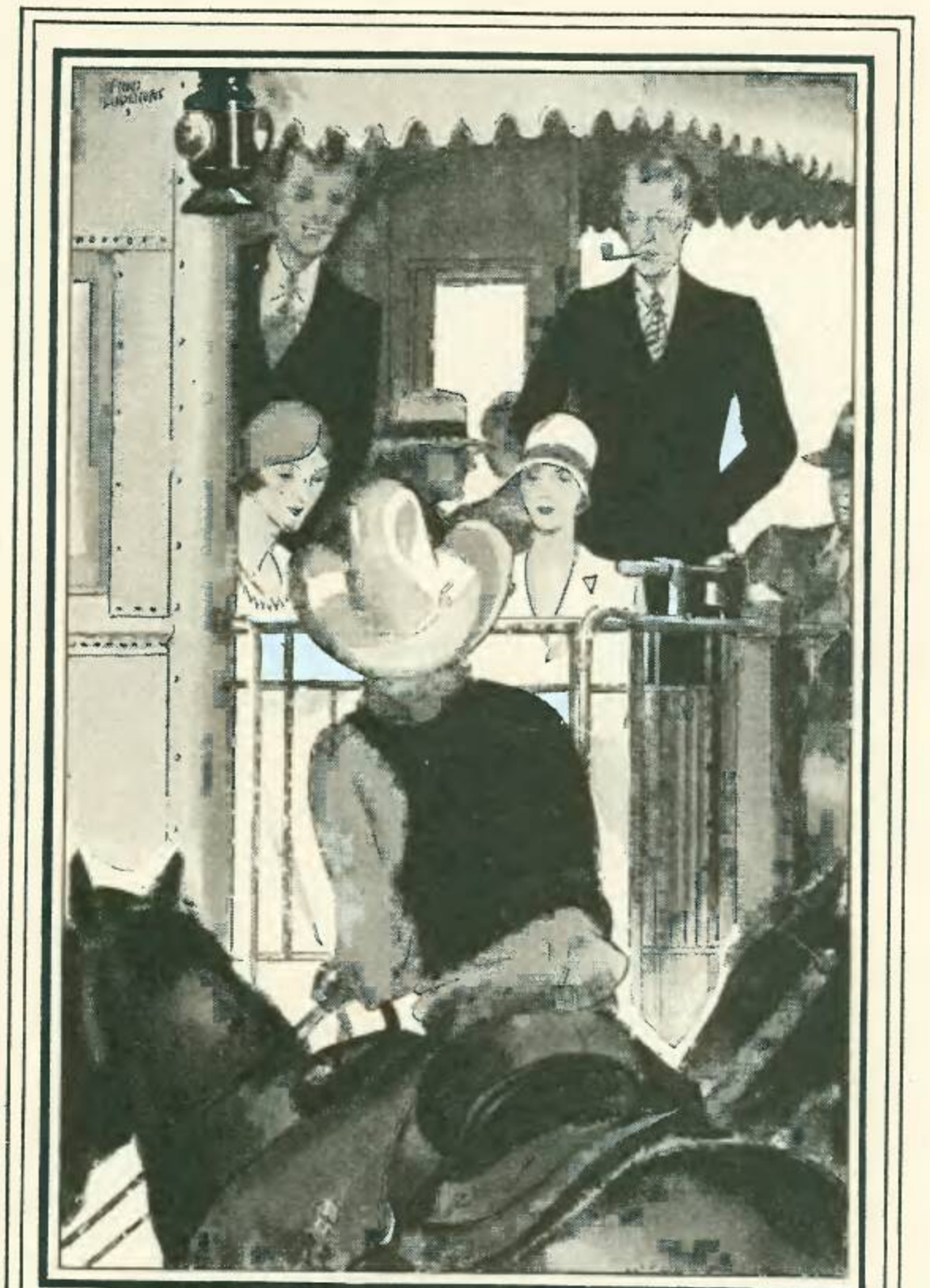
MUSICAL EVENTS

Two Oratorios by Handel
—More of Mr. Krauss

FOR the past twenty-three years, the only Handel oratorio to be heard in town was the "Messiah," which was produced annually not so much as a musical offering but rather as a Christmas devotion. Now, inside of twelve days, we have had revivals of three other Handelian epics—"Samson," "Judas Maccabaeus," and "King Solomon." Of "King Solomon" I cannot speak, as its performance was scheduled to take place after these animadversions were due at the printery, but the presentation of "Samson" by the Friends of Music and "Judas Maccabaeus" by the Oratorio Society indicated that Handel probably has returned to stay.

THE dealings with Handel of Mr. Bodanzky, who conducts the Friends, and Mr. Stoessel, who leads the Oratorio Society, brought back to me what may be a celebrated musical pun. Years ago, there were two German conductors employed at an opera house. Herr X liked to shorten the performances by eliminating dozens of pages of music; when Herr Y directed the same operas he invariably put back everything that his colleague had excised. The whimsical gentlemen of the orchestra therefore referred to the Messrs. X and Y as Herr Cutter and Herr Restorer.

Mr. Bodanzky is the Herr Cutter of this parable. His version of "Samson" consumed only an hour and a half and lost the slight dramatic continuity which this oratorio may boast. In fact, the Friends' afternoon was not a performance of "Samson," but rather a concert of selections from the work. What was left was an impressive array of somewhat disconnected recitatives, arias, and choruses, although the most famous soprano solo and the principal bass air were omitted. As usual, the Friends' chorus sang with fine tone and a decent regard for the pitch, and the busy Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, which assists at the Friends gatherings, responded with vigor and un-



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Brunswick

animimity to Mr. Bodanzky's demands.

Mr. Bodanzky took everything at a lively pace and his sharply outlined rhythms lent vitality to the less interesting passages. The soprano rôle of Delilah was pointed down for the benefit of Mme. Matzenauer, who sang what was left of her music agreeably, but it would have been more effective if Delilah had been embodied by a soprano. Miss Telva inherited most of the solo operations, and she managed the music capably. Her English diction is excellent, but somebody might tell her that "nuptial" is not pronounced "nuptual." Tudor Davies and Frederick Baer were the tenor and baritone, respectively, of "Samson," as they were a few days later in "Judas Maccabaeus." Mr. Baer has an incisive manner that lends a certain dramatic emphasis to all that he does. Mr. Davies was not severely taxed in "Samson," but there were indications of vocal fatigue.

"Judas Maccabaeus" also was presented with cuts, but Mr. Stoessel's elisions were not nearly so sweeping as Mr. Bodanzky's, and they were made without injury to the dramatic sense of the work. "Judas Maccabaeus" is written in a Rotarian jingle and not a little of the music is in the same vein as the text. "Samson" is arranged from Milton's "Samson Agonistes," in spite of which, with the conventional verbal repetitions of oratorio, it does not always sound sensible, but "Judas" is full of bombast, such as:

> My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go.
> The Idumean Governor shall know
> How vain, how ineffective his design,
> While rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

In this instance, the music is much better than its words, because Handel always maintains at least a show of nobility, yet there is a "hurrah boys" atmosphere in "Judas" that arrives at a climax with the interpolation of "Hail! The Conquering Hero Comes."

But what of it? "Judas" is a great work, for all its inflated oratory, and Mr. Stoessel's choristers sang it with skill if not with much tonal variety. The soprano was Miss Hayden, who sang in a pretty style music that demanded dramatic conviction. Mme. Van der Veer disposed of the contralto assignment with assurance and superb musicianship. The Messrs. Davies and Baer were not so happy in "Judas" as they were in "Samson." Mr. Davies

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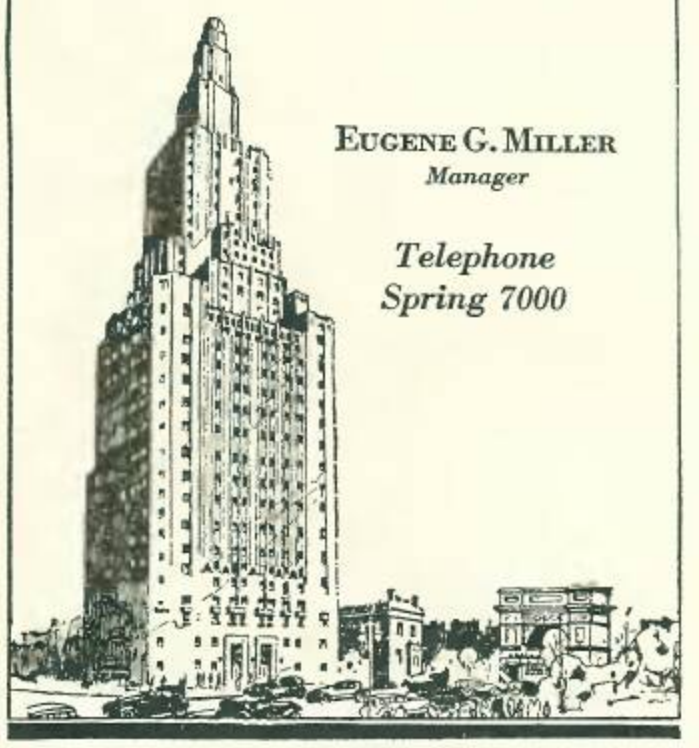

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was completely out of voice (I never have heard him at his best, but those who are more familiar with his accomplishments assure me that he can be very good), and Mr. Baer's quality was rather light for the music which fell to him.

UNDOUBTEDLY there will be more Handel in the coming season, and I hope that conductors will make more of the theatrical possibilities of the oratorio. Last year Mr. Gabrilowitsch showed the way with his presentation of Bach's St. Matthew Passion, and Handel, who is fundamentally more effective than Bach in an obvious way, would gain by similar treatment. So would the conductors.

CLEMENS KRAUSS made a fine début with The Philadelphia Orchestra, but when he took over the Philharmonic-Symphony he became just another guest conductor. All of his restraint seemed to evaporate, and he indulged himself in some of the most remarkable antics yet delivered by any orchestral maestro. There is no harm in podium gyrations, but Mr. Krauss' evolutions were reflected in his performances, which lacked proportion and sometimes were not only swollen but also indecisive.

It must be recalled that Mr. Krauss had the misfortune to follow directly after Mr. Toscanini and that he was the victim of a juxtaposition which might have been fatal for a much finer conductor. Perhaps his plight unnerved him, but he managed to undo almost everything that he had previously put to his credit. There were flashes of animation and originality—but I fear that the notorious New York complex, which obsesses most conductors, overwhelmed him. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Rise of the Theme Song

WHEN "Charmaine" was getting a big hum out of the hummers, it was suggested hereabouts that there might be something in the commercial possibilities of motion-picture theme songs—and the prophecy has come only too true. Today, if a song isn't a theme song, it is likely to become one (*vide* "My Man"), and litters of popular songwriters are being shipped to the

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This distinguished Washington Square section of Fifth Avenue is comparatively free from traffic; even the buses stop at the corners above and below the building—which adds to its residential desirability.

The charm of the building and the intelligent planning are evidenced by the fact that 34 of the 73 apartments have already been purchased. The apartments have ample baths and closets, log-burning fireplaces, mechanical refrigeration and other features — some with glass enclosed loggias.

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Coast to indulge themselves in the creation of *leitmotifs* for sound films.

Oddly enough, Hollywood has brought back into popular music a certain graciousness of style. The first theme-song successes were waltzes, and these seem to have set a precedent of easily flowing melody. On the other hand, the lyrics for most theme songs are of the order immortalized by "Woman Disputed, I Love You" and "Revenge."

RUNNING through a list of current theme songs, it appears that almost every song hit except "Garden in the Rain" and a few others is derived from a film source, musical-comedy airs being excluded from this observation. "Marie" and "Coquette," two extremely popular Irving Berlin waltzes, are, respectively, from "The Awakening" and "Coquette." "Just a Sweetheart" comes out of "The Battle of the Sexes" (one might have expected "Battle of the Sexes, I Love You"). "Gang War" is responsible for "My Suppressed Desire," which indicates that a theme song is not necessarily related to the theme of the talkie which sponsors it. "My Tonia," from the de Sylva, Brown, and Henderson atelier, belongs to "In Old Arizona." "Driftwood" has become the theme of "Lady of Chance," and there are at least two cases of transference of a song from a play to a picture—"Kiss Me Again," in the celluloid "Mlle. Modiste" and "A Kiss Before the Dawn" in the screen "Spider."

Many of the theme songs are plaintive—which points again to such precursors as "Charmaine." "Where Is the Song of Songs for Me" ("Lady of the Pavements"), "Poor Punchinello" ("Looping the Loop"), "Mother's

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Boy" ("Mother's Boy"), and, of course and unfortunately, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," are typical. There is a touch of melancholy in "Weary River"—for me, at least, the best melodic effort yet encountered in picture theme songs—"My Mother's Eyes" ("Lucky Boy"), "I Loved You Then as I Love You Now" ("Our Dancing Daughters"), or even "Some Sweet Day" ("Children of the Ritz"). The best number in "Broadway Melody" also has its implication of *tristesse* —"The Wedding of the Painted Doll." Even a tune like "My Inspiration Is You," which may be found in "Syncopation," is not a jolly concoction.

In a forthcoming Jolson picture there will be a song called "Why Can't You?," which, if it isn't restricted, will become a radio plague. At a guess, which may not be a good one, but I'll take the chance, this ditty will be an unusual hit—and again, we have a success with an unsmiling optimism in it.

THE sum of it seems to be that theme songs are bringing us a high percentage of grief arias, and the prevalence of torch ballads like "Just An Old Love Affair" ("torch ballad" is the trade term for a chronicle of unrequited affection) is another index to the great American appetite for something approaching maudlinity. Let the philosophers dope it out! All I can say is that there's no more joy in Mudville or anywhere else since the movies started to sing.

—Pop

•

THE MISFIT

"WHAT I mean, Mae, I'm just too damned high class for that office. I could see when I'd had one look at the place that it wasn't my type of job; you know, way over there by the river and not a decent place to eat lunch anywheres near and from eight-thirty to five-thirty and all. I could see that wouldn't be a place where *I'd* fit in. You know, Mae, they just want their help to be just machines and not take a interest in anything besides what they do. Like I told you about the experience I had with the new switchboard assistant, didn't I? *No?* Say listen. She came in there to work the day after I did, see, and I felt sort of sorry for the kid and watched how she was getting along. And Mae, honest it was pitiful, she was terrible. Listen, Mae, she said 'haitch,' I mean it. She must have come from Tenth

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For those who like the country
—but hate to mow the lawn!

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¶ Here, 300 feet above sea level, with a view of Manhasset Bay, Long Island Sound, and the New York skyline, is a home in the midst of the finest golf, tennis, bathing, fishing —and good company—that the country affords.

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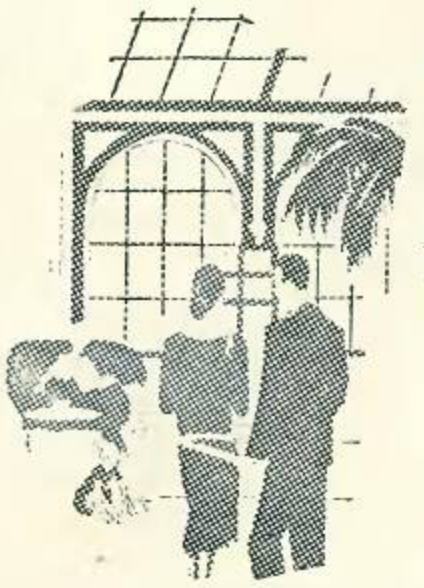

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Advertisement

Avenue or somewheres, because, she'd answer a ring so, 'Haitch Beek & Company' ! See, instead of H. Beek & Company. So, just out of kindness one day I stopped at the board and told her. 'Don't say "haitch," ' I told her, 'it sounds fierce,' I says. And while I was telling her the head switchboard girl comes up and the way she talked to me. She says, where do I get off butting in and giving *her* assistant orders. Well, what I told her! So this switchboard girl, Miss Wertz, she goes in and tells Mr. Rosenfeld and he calls me in and says, 'What's the idear,' and he said that Miss Wertz said she never heard such language in her life as I spoke to her.

"WELL, I told him awright, I said, 'What have *you* got to do with *me*?' I said, 'I'm not even in your department, and the oney person that can give me orders is *my* boss.' That's Mr. Simons, Mae, and he's sweet. He's too good for that office too, he's smarter than the rest of them there and they're all scared of him. Well, so Mr. Rosenfeld didn't have anything more to say but he went and told Mr. Simons and Mr. Simons called me in and asked me what happened between me and Miss Wertz. So I was sore and I said very dignified, 'I don't care to discuss the accident, Mr. Simons.' And he said, 'Oh yes, Miss Cole, you'll tell me all about exactly what happened!' He's sweet, Mae, so refined. So I told him, and I said to him, 'That's the trouble with this office, Mr. Simons,' I said, 'they don't appreciate it when a person's refined and ambitious and loyal and interested in the welfare of the whole business.' And he agreed with me, he said, 'I guess that's right, Miss Cole,' he said, 'the best thing is to look after our own work and not interfere in other people's.' And he asked me didn't I find that doing my job properly would keep me so busy I wouldn't have time to watch what other people were doing. Which is very true, Mae. I mean he saw my point of view. Say, he can see for himself how I'm just too high class for that office." —G. SCHWABE

•

He is to my notion the best and most brilliant newspaper man in New York City. Fearless, well-informed, and humorous, I have become a constant reader of the paper since his connection with it. —*The Telegram.*

Fearless, well-informed, and humorous, you *deserve* a good writer.

OUT OF TOWN

Patronize Your Neighborhood Trout—Food for Weekenders — Arcanum

NOW that the spring fishing season is officially under way, I am joining the chorus of the prosaic who exhort anglers to fish in their own backyards. Admitting that you lose some excitement by not having to trek for a week, the fact remains that some of the best brook trout in North America are to be found in the streams of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Orange, Sullivan, and Ulster Counties. All these regions are within three to five hours of New York by motor, which, for gentlemen laden with hipboots, leather or rubber clothes, baskets, tins, rods and reels, nets, and fly cases, is the best way to travel. I cannot lead you fishing madmen by the hand all over the map of New York State, naming every rivulet, but I can at least pass the tip that this year's best sport is being had at Esopus Creek, the Neversink, and the Beaver Kill, all in the Catskills, and within easy distance of two little towns to be used as headquarters—Phoenicia and Roscoe. Each of these places boasts a couple of jaunty summer hotels that aren't open yet, but you can find a comfortable bed and plain, but fresh and abundant, food at Ferdon's Riverview Inn, Roscoe, Sullivan County, or at the Central Hotel, Phoenicia, Ulster County.

Before leaving town, you should get your state fishing license at the Municipal Building, but if you overlook it, you can get one from the town clerk or the game warden in the village where you propose to stay. There is good fishing in Connecticut streams this season, but unless you happen to have a legal residence in that state, a Connecticut license will cost you $3.25 instead of $2.25.

FISHERMEN have by no means cornered the privilege of feeling and looking wild-eyed just because it's spring. Ordinary mortals are restless too, and weekends are all they care about. Many of the best nearby places are open now; in general the easiest and pleasantest way to reach them is by motor, as they are often off the direct line of the railroads though not,

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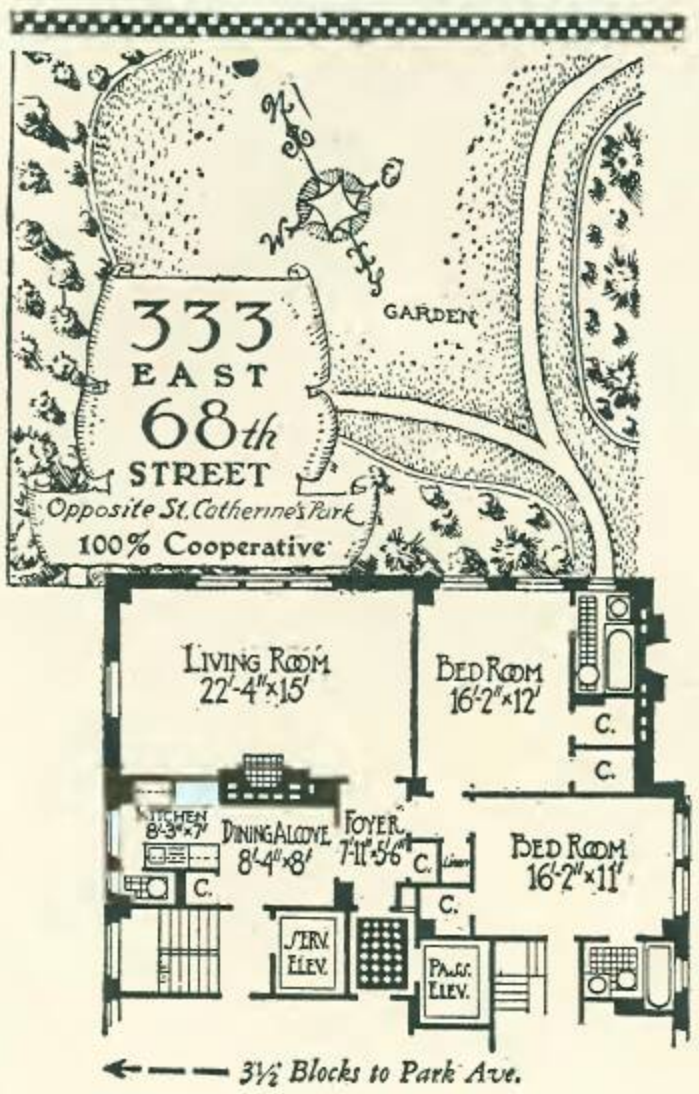

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thanks to buses and hotel cars, inaccessible.

Goshen Inn, at Goshen, which you reach by crossing the Bear Mountain Bridge and driving twenty-five miles west of West Point, is a great favorite. It's fairly quiet, has riding and golf at short distances, pleasant but not obtrusive service, and Saturday night dancing to a first-rate orchestra; a well-bred sort of place, where you can amuse yourself in your own way. If it's balmy air you crave, and your hands itch to grip a golf club, the Princeton Inn at Princeton is a good try; it has the Springdale Golf Course right on the grounds, with low green fees and congenial people. The Princeton Inn is the type of cheerful quiet hotel with homelike food (to comfort refugees from Commons) that you can find in practically every college town on the Eastern seaboard. Williamstown, Massachusetts, has two of them—the Greylock and the Williams Inn; Amherst, the Lord Jeffery; Wellesley, the Wellesley Inn; and similar hotels can be found right through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the near South. The Carolina Inn, for instance, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is a really delightful place.

CONNECTICUT is the heaven of the quick weekender. The Pickwick Arms at Greenwich is good, but a pretty big hotel, after all, and not noted for its quiet. If rest is what you're after, inland Connecticut offers better finds: the Manor House, at Westport, which has quiet, we-raise-our-own type of food, quaint but not too quaint furnishings, and the sort of guests you'd as soon be with as not—a test, after all. Another place of this type, whose garden should be beginning to stir by now, is Simsbury Manor, at Simsbury. The surrounding country here is pretty high, pines abound, and there is golf nearby as well as the calmer forms of play—canoeing and bowling, for example. One of my pets among Connecticut places is the M'Fingal Inn at Watertown, seat of the Taft School. People stay there while visiting their children at the neighboring schools, and the simplicity of the furnishings doesn't mean that

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the chef is not up to date. A few other good bets, at random, are the Elms at Ridgefield, the Mayflower at Washington, and the Ben-Grosvenor at Pomfret.

If you go to Derby on May 4 for the first regatta—Yale, Pennsylvania, and Columbia—you can make a week-end of it by driving over, after the races, to the St. George's Inn at Wallingford, near New Haven, where the American antiques are worth the trip, or go on a bit further up the Sound to the Old Lyme Inn, at Lyme, which is known and liked by nearly everybody with Connecticut Yankee leanings. The seafood is always fine there.

SEAFOOD reminds me of Baltimore, and Baltimore of the Preakness, which will be run May 10 at Pimlico, toward the end of the Maryland Jockey Club meet—April 29 to May 11. The Belvedere Hotel in Baltimore serves consistently marvellous food; its rooms are old-fashioned, but so is its hospitality; and so, above all, is the combination of talent and ingredients that makes its specialty dishes what they are. Incidentally, I have never seen better negro service.

If you take a car to Maryland with you, you might not find it out of the way to stay at Annapolis and motor over to Pimlico. Annapolis has some of the finest Colonial architecture in America, and a quite thrilling atmosphere, if you confess to moments of patriotism. Carvel Hall there is a good hotel; not stimulating, perhaps, but perfectly adequate—and has Maryland food.

A SPECIAL NOTE IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD TEMPER: Daylight Saving goes into effect on April 28. This means that on all railroads out of New York except the Long Island (which runs on Daylight Saving time) your train leaves an hour before you do; i.e., your three o'clock is the railroad's two. Steamship companies are completely temperamental about daylight time, some running one way and some another. You have to verify your sailing time—and thoroughly. —FOOT-LOOSE

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the El Paso Evening Post*]

The next Little Theatre play, "The Queen's Husband," was written by Robert E. Sherwood, brother of Capt. Philip Sherwood. Robert Sherwood wrote "Road to Rome," at the Woman's Club April 18 at 8:15 P.M.

O-AX-ACA

an excellent John Ward last . . . . one of 30 styles at $7. Other prices, also, up to $12.

Cut from the calfskin's choicest parts . . . *still priced at $7*

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THE SK

Far-Uptown Simpli
the Avenue — N

ROLLING city-ward one recent and particularly blithe morning, we halted our relentless speed at the upper end of Mott Avenue, at No. 840, to inspect more fully the houses known as the Thomas Garden Apartments, at 159th Street. In their successful simplicity they are an agreeable relief from much of the work of builders in this neighborhood. We have already mentioned that they won for their architect, Andrew J. Thomas, one of the prizes awarded in the apartment-house competition of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects.

The Holland brick in the exterior walls is an economical and effective material, agreeable in color and made additionally interesting by the raked joints, which create an excellent texture. Little or no ornament is used and the wall parapets end simply, without those gables and triangles of spurious half-timber work which are the weakness now of too many constructors.

The gardens and greenswards which fill the spaces between the various units make the plan additionally charming. The whole development has the well-bred air inherent in restrained, logical design.

FACING Central Park at Fifth Avenue and Ninetieth Street stands the new Church of the Heavenly Rest, one of the most recent products of the firm of Mayers, Murray & Phillip.

We have already commented on this noble exterior in which beautiful Gothic detail is effectively contrasted with massive buttresses and plain wall surfaces. The same spirit is splendidly carried out in the interior, which the passerby may inspect at his leisure. We were thrilled out of our ordinary calm by our first glimpse of the glowing rose window over the altar, a combination of deep blue and crimson stained glass which, to our untutored mind, seems to possess all the magic of the finest thirteenth-century examples. At present the large side windows are of lighter glass in subtle tones of grays and pinks.

During a pleasant half hour we en-

LINE

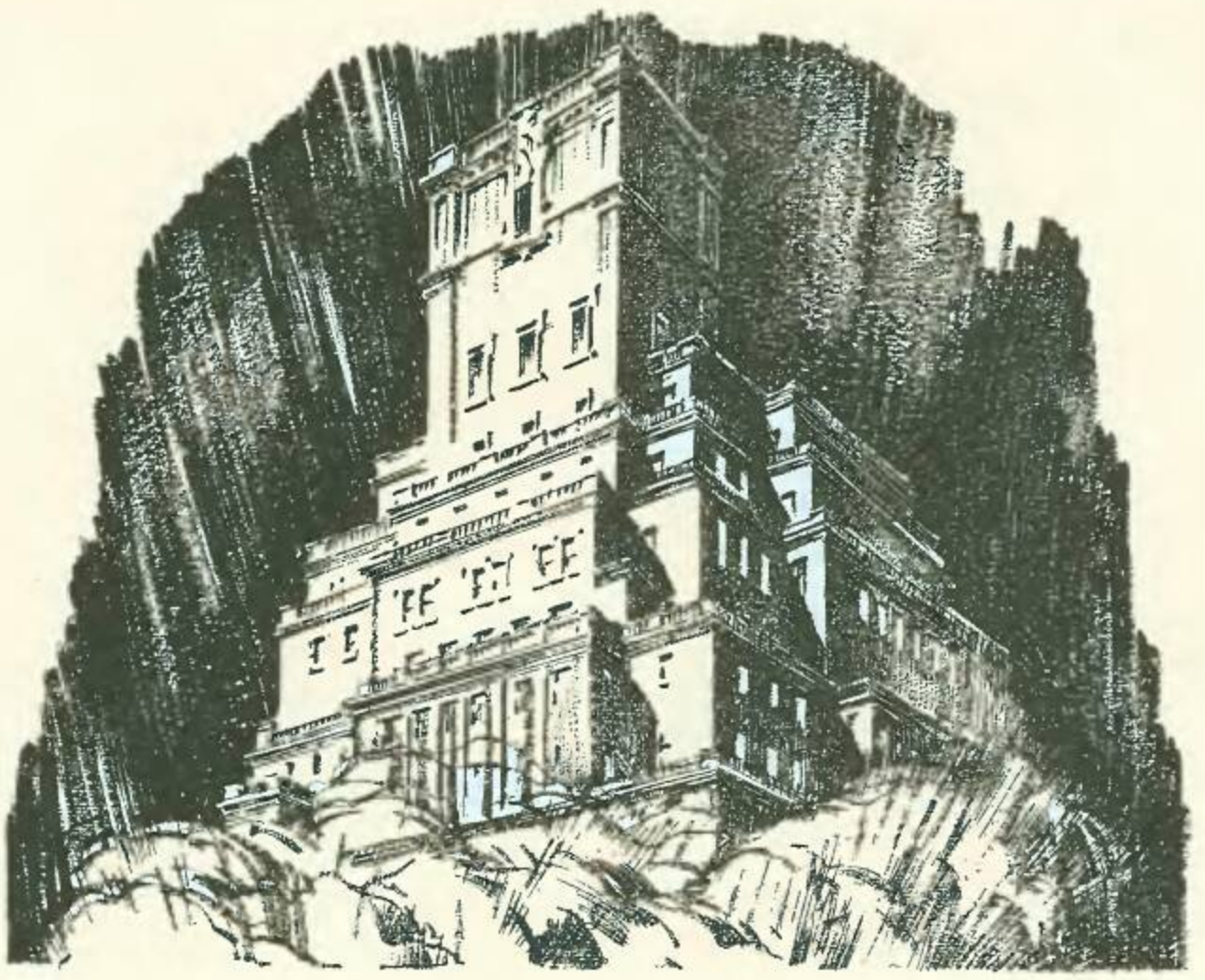
Two Temples on rk Gets a Minaret

joyed the proportions of the church, proportions which gave us an impression of size greater than the actual dimensions would seem to warrant. The main body of the building is spanned from wall to wall, without interrupting columns, so that the visibility from one end to the other is perfect. The intersections of the roof vaulting are decorated with pale ornament in brassy gold. The treatment is simplicity itself, unusual and charming.

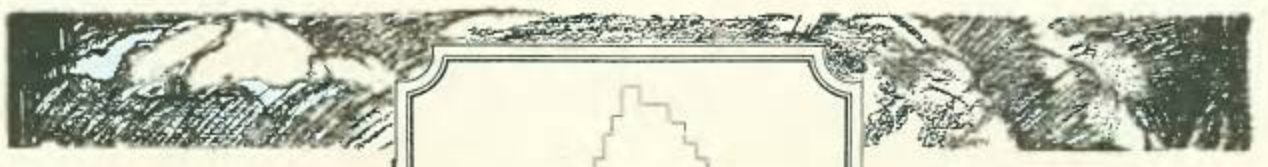
Skillful variations in the size of the stonework and the pattern of the jointing add to the total effect. The jointing in the vaulting is relatively small, that of the sidewalls larger, while the warm gray and brown floor slabs are larger still. The scale which this gives the whole is amazing, as are the life and vitality of the various surfaces. There is none of the cast-iron inertness found so often in modern church work. As on the outside, the interior ornament is sparingly used. Some of the carving has not been tackled yet and we have heard it suggested by lovers of the modern that the plain masses and bosses of masonry should be left as they are, an opinion with which we do not agree. They are interesting, but will be immeasurably more beautiful when the carver has finished his work.

Do not fail to look into the little side chapel and note the sturdy wood ceiling with its massive trusses. New York is fortunate in having this stone document of Gothic architecture which speaks so eloquently of glorious traditions beautifully developed.

WE are now anxiously waiting for a chance to penetrate the interior of the vigorous Temple Emanu-El, a little further down the Avenue, at Sixty-fifth Street. This design, by Kohn, Butler & Stein, follows the Hebraic tradition with additional excellencies which must be credited to the architects. The geometrical motives which ornament many a synagogue are disagreeably dry, a fault skillfully avoided in this instance, the ornament being freer and more playful, more instinct with beauty. The ornamentation is finely placed and the warm tan color of the whole, satisfactory now, will be even



NEW YORK BECOMES AIR-MINDED



Story upon story—higher and higher above New York is rising a great new city. With terraces, roof gardens, conservatories in the fresh air and remoteness of the mountains, the modern vogue for height brings a new level of comfort—15 stories above the rest of the world. At 784 Park Avenue you will find some of the finest homes in this new city. Great spacious rooms, graceful winding stairways, wide terraces, sunny loggias, perfection in every detail—these are the epitome of modern town residences in a modern, air-minded age. 7 to 14 rooms, simplex, duplex and triplex, at conservative rentals. Brett & Wyckoff, Managing Agent.

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. . . . when one more rubber may save the game for you . . . but Hunger plays a strong hand and threatens to disrupt the session . . . . *play your trump card* — open and serve a

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and remain to take high honors.

For Flavor-Sealed Ham can be prepared while your partner plays the last hand. Cooked in vacuum by the exclusive Hormel process—it is ready to serve cold—bake in one-fourth the usual time—or grill in 3 minutes.

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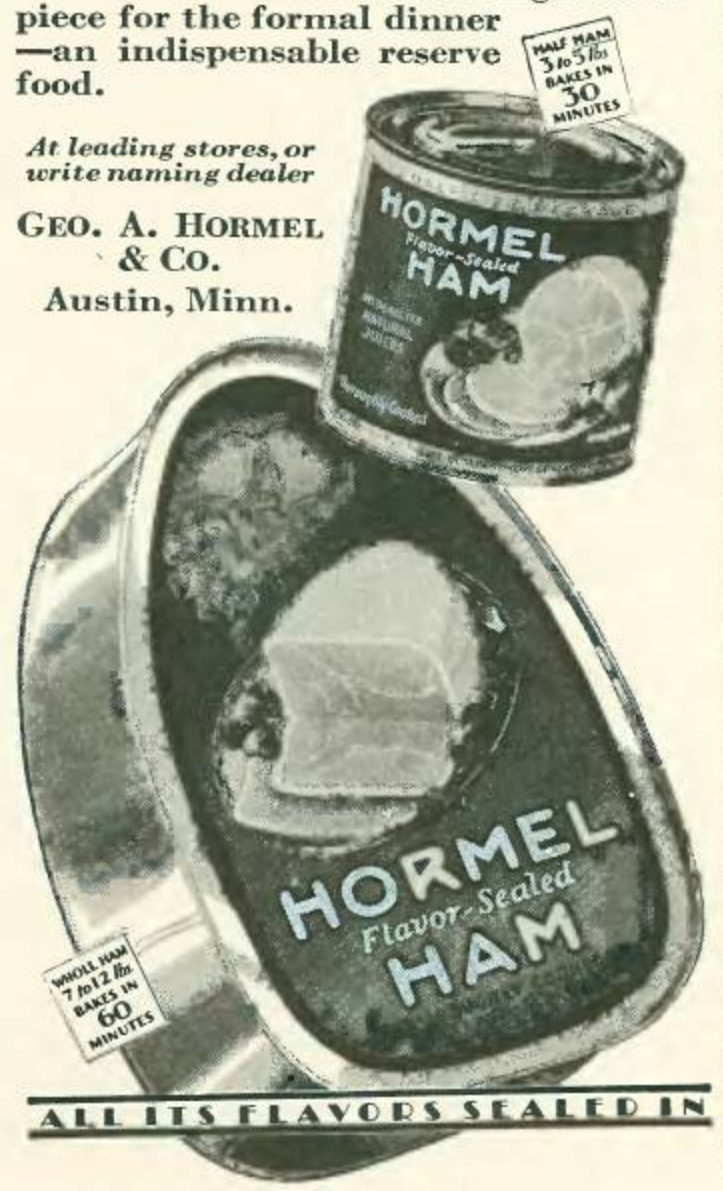

more so when a little mellowed by time.

THE New York sky line does not stay put very long. It seemed we had hardly finished laying a wreath on the doorstep of the Fred F. French Company's Tudor City, the twin masses of which made such a satisfactory sky and water-gate to the end of Forty-second Street, when another unit went up which completely blots out the right-hand mass of the balanced composition. The design is now unsymmetrical and, we are glad to report, even more pleasing. For the new building, Woodstock Tower, is a graceful minaret topped by a slender spire that makes a nice accent in the morning or evening sky.

A closer view reveals an agreeable combination of limestone base and simple brick shaft, enlivened by casement windows which, opening outward and firmly held at various angles by their highly important adjusters, add quite a jovial note. —T-SQUARE

•

SCARRED ACRE

Ask me no more, my dear, to keep
A small, neat garden fenced around
With pickets anyone may leap—
I'm sick of spaded ground.

I have grown asters long enough,
Watered the roses with a hand
That might have planted wilder stuff—
Some flowers thrive in sand.

Look! there are weeds and herbs that work
A subtle magic on the mind,
And many curious virtues lurk
In roots you seldom find.

From stony soil I'll pull a spray
Of colored stars and violet fire,
Learning the legendary way
Of weaving crowns from briar.

Ask me no more, my dear, to keep
Waging with earth unfruitful wars;
I give my garden to the sheep—
And *you* can stay indoors!

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

•

Whether a man or woman can or cannot write is determined by his or her mental strength plus past environmental experiences plus present circumstances. I challenge anyone to bring forward sound proof that writers are "born."—*Letter to the Writer.*

Joan Lowell was born. She weighed eleven pounds and could spit a curve in the wind.

The Navarro

Exceptional hotel suites with serving pantries overlooking Central Park, for immediate occupancy.

DONALD J. THOMAS
Managing Director

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{West 59th Street}

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The home of many prominent in art, literary and musical circles. Single room and larger suites, furnished or unfurnished

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{In the Park Plaza Section}

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A few 2-room corner suites with serving pantries are available with or without hotel service at minimum rentals.

RAYMOND S. SWANSON
Manager

28 East 70th Street
{Corner Madison Avenue}

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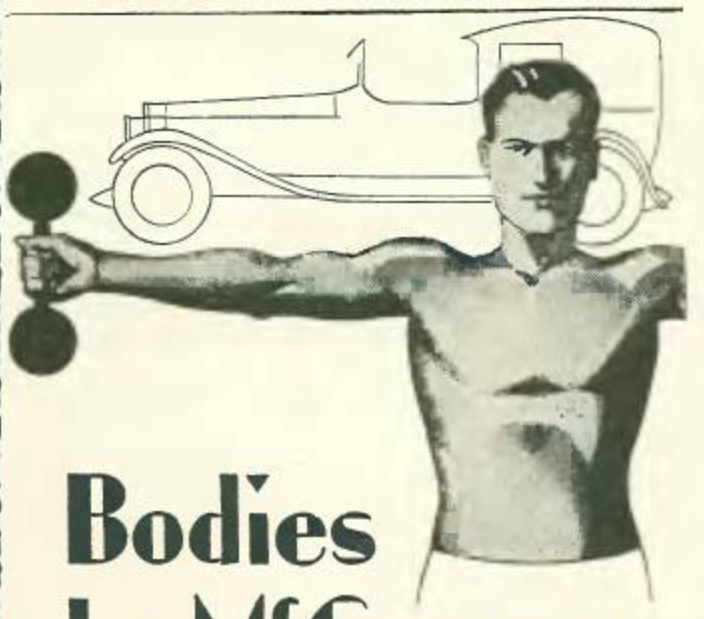


Bodies by McGovern

You wouldn't expect an early Woolworth body on a Rolls-Royce, nor a mis-fit body on a man or woman whose physical machinery is intended to run with the precision of a Rolls.

McGovern is body-builder to people who are accustomed to high-powered cars and high-powered existence. Building up or reducing where needed, he puts the physical mechanism into the pink of condition by rational exercises and clean sport.

Thirty minutes a few times a week will do the trick. Why not drop in and talk it over today?

Hours, for men: 9 till 7, Mon., Wed., Fri.; other days 1 till 7. Women: Tues., Thur., Sat., 9 till 1

McGovern's Gymnasium Inc.

(for men and women)

Liggett Building

41 East 42nd St., at Madison Ave., New York City

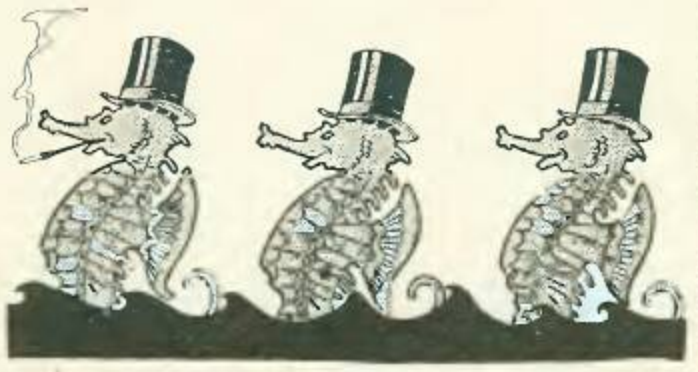
QUAN

formerly chef of the Presidential yacht Mayflower during the Presidencies of Warren Gamaliel Harding and Calvin Coolidge, announces that he has opened his new restaurant at twenty-eight West Fifty-first Street. Here he will serve dinners, luncheons, and teas of the same excellence as those served aboard the Mayflower, and will offer on his menu the dishes upon which his reputation rests. Quan's prices are moderate, and in consequence patrons are asked to make reservations for dinner whenever possible by telephoning Circle 9914. Luncheon will be served from twelve noon, and dinner until ten in the evening, Sundays by reservation only. On order, Quan will deliver his special pastries and hors d'œuvres.

28 WEST 51

Architect
George Sturtevant

Decorations by Muriel Hannah
Will Low Bacher *Roger Thomas Marsh*



Where even the fish are exclusive

THERE *is* an easily accessible beach where you won't meet the world and his family . . . Where you will find only a small group of your own friends, or those you would like to make your friends . . . Less than an hour's ride from Manhattan!

This is Castle Beach Club at Atlantic Beach. A club where restricted membership assures desirable companionship. Surf or pool . . . tastefully appointed clubhouse . . . catering service . . . an air of rest and refinement rare among the nearer beaches.

If you wish your name considered by the membership committee, write for further information today!

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THE RACE TRACK

Last of the Lot—New Silks—Stall Gates and the Australian Barrier

AMATEUR racing has lost the lure it had in the days when a round of meetings at Rockaway, Meadow Brook, Piping Rock, and Belmont Park Terminal opened New York's season. Now, unless one owns hunters, steeplechasers, or those flat runners called by courtesy hunt-club performers—or one's friends own them—the links and not the turf get the play. Only the United Hunts Racing Association remains active, and it does the honors with a one-day meeting at the Westchester Biltmore Steeplechase Association's course near Rye this Saturday afternoon. The United Hunts has hung on gamely without a home since Belmont Park Terminal became a real-estate subdivision, holding meetings at Belmont Park in the autumn, and last spring at Aqueduct. This year, I understand, improvements—I'm sure I don't know what improvements could be made at Aqueduct—have forced the United Hunts to return to Westchester County, where it had its first meeting nearly thirty years ago at Morris Park.

WHEN the Westchester Biltmore Steeplechase Association's course was opened two years ago, I said it was the place for the United Hunts meetings. The fences are well distributed and are a stiff test for jumpers, as they should be at an amateur meeting, while the setting is charming, second only to Piping Rock. I have regretted the passing of that meeting more than all the others, but there, too, the golfers triumphed, outvoting the horsemen about five to one on whether racing should be revived. So we shall see the Initial Handicap, at six furlongs, run over turf this year.

William Ziegler, Jr.'s, Polydor, who won the race last season, and the Paumonok Handicap at Jamaica a few days later, shares the honors with the Rancocas Stable's Ariel as top weight under 127 pounds. The steeplechasing events are interesting on paper and

No—it isn't a visiting princess being interviewed by newspaper reporters! It is just divine-looking Molly Maguire getting the rush of her young life as the boat steamed down the harbor.

And then—the second day out—

Ladies and gentlemen, it is not a noted aviatrix setting a "stay in the air" record—it is just our Molly—lonelier than the lonesome pine because she depended on a temporary deodorant to keep her "personally irreproachable!"

MORAL: Secure rests the maid who relies on the continuous protection *of Odorono. Odorono, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00.*

One at a time, please la-a-dies! Yes, little Serpentina, you can join the "Personally Irreproachable Club" for just one little dime! It pays to be "P. I."

NEW 10¢ OFFER: **Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette: samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild, and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)**

The Odorono Company, Dept. N-4
114 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

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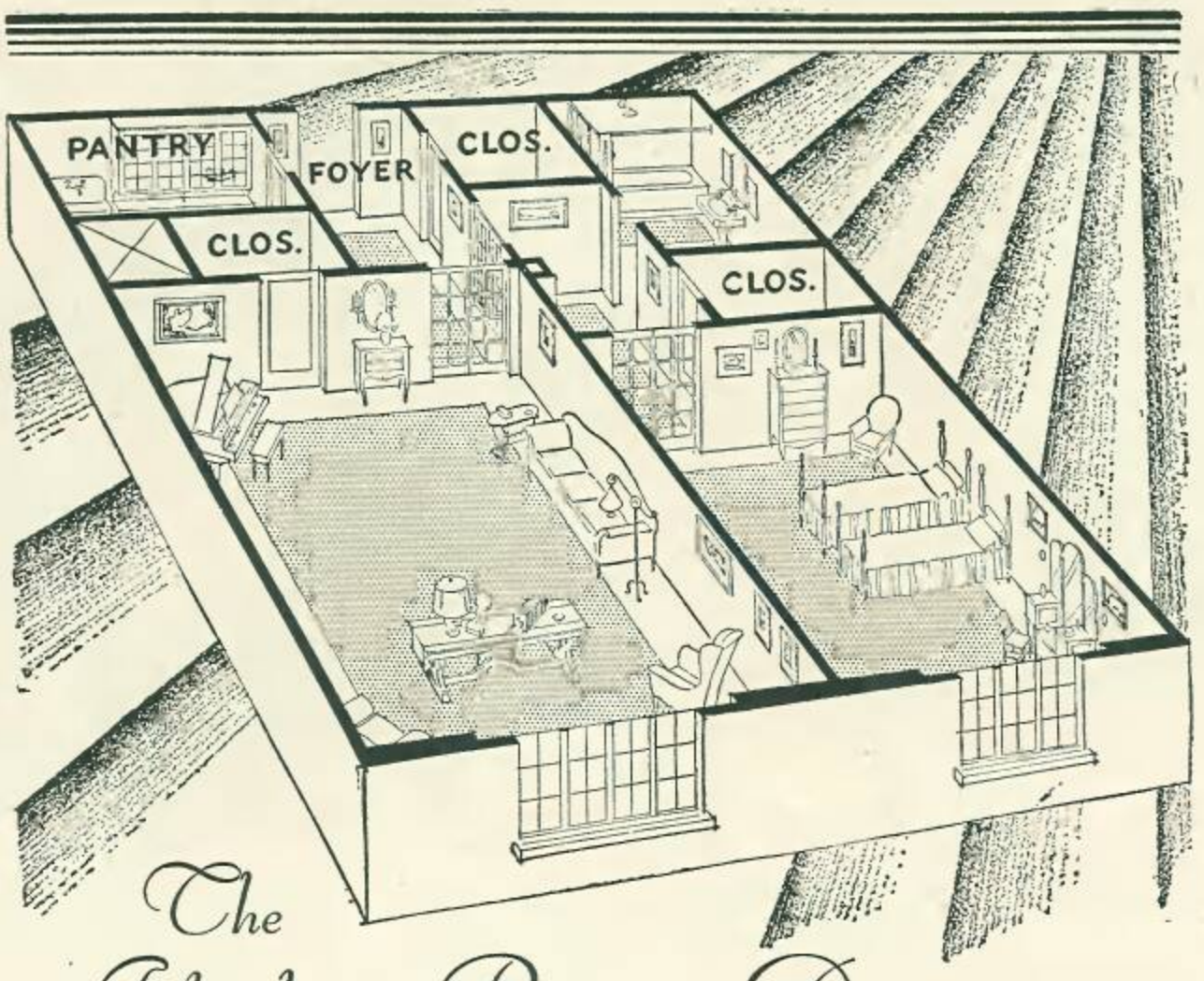

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(Come and see it today—furnished)

You can reserve it—or one like it unfurnished—for May or next Fall. Spacious rooms, every convenience; opposite Grace Church; surprisingly accessible; low rentals.

The Brittany

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MANDEL-BUILT AND MANDEL-MANAGED

The home of every prominent person who visits Washington. Two squares from the White House. Convenient to all social activities—yet away from the noise of the city. Single Room and Bath $5.00, $6.00, $7.00; Double Room and Bath $8.00, $10.00, $12.00; Parlor Suites $15.00 and up.

The CARLTON

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I am sure will be well worth the trip by motor or train.

IF it were not for steeplechasing and hunt-club meetings, racing would have fewer recruits, for so many come through those doors. This season we shall see the new silks of W. H. Vanderbilt, J. H. Van Alen, and W. L. Van Alen, who will race in partnership as the Triangle Stable; those of Mrs. Francis P. Garvan, for whom William Stonebridge is training a dozen flat horses and jumpers; those of Mrs. Robert M. McKim, whose stable may rival that of her brother, A. C. Bostwick; and of Mrs. Thomas H. Somerville, who as Marion du Pont was a prominent exhibitor at horse shows. Grafton Pine has joined Richard Howe, Jr., and J. Fred Byers in the Sewickley Stable; and Clarence Dillon, who always had had one or two horses, will race a string of jumpers with Bayard Tuckerman in the name and colors of the Essex Stable. A. D. Lasker, Joseph Leiter, and Charles Fisher will have more pretentious establishments, the last-named having formed a racing partnership with Rear-Admiral Cary T. Grayson. Commodore Robert Law, who bought his first thoroughbred at Miami, and that afternoon saw it win, is now collecting a stable in Kentucky. I would not be surprised to see Charles M. Schwab come into racing next season. He is chairman of the association that held a successful meeting at Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, last year and he was a daily visitor in the steward's stand. Moreover, he was around the track in the mornings, which is the surest sign of all.

I REGRET to say we shall not see the stall gates on any of the New York tracks this season. Racing is the most conservative of sports and innovations have been few in the past hundred years, but the stall gates are as much an improvement over starting fields from the barrier as the barrier was over starting races at the tap of a drum. The stalls are not objects of beauty but they prevent horses from leaning against, stepping on, and kicking each other before the start, and the interference after the break is reduced to a minimum. Those at Bowie are permanent affairs of wood, about two and a half feet high and slightly longer than the average horse. They are set in the ground on the inside of the course at the end of a spur running to the main track. Those at

Havre de Grace are portable affairs of iron and steel, set up on the main track. Both effect capital starts.

I daresay the Australian barrier, which will be used at Belmont Park this spring, has arrived in this country by now. I have never seen it but I understand it is a cumbersome contraption, powerful enough to lift a horse and throw him twenty feet, and impossible to break through. It was adopted by the English Jockey Club after a year's trial in France.

IT is easy to train another man's horse, particularly when that horse is three thousand miles away, but I was surprised that Reigh Count was started so early in the English flat-racing season as the Lingfield Cup. For the Ascot Gold Cup is nearly nine weeks off. He was the best horse in this country last year, and this season would be head and shoulders over everything, particularly over a distance of ground. In England, however, there are four or five good older horses to one here. What will handicap him most, I think, will be the gradients of the courses. Lingfield is a straight mile, the first half of it downhill. Other courses are uphill and down, not all level as our tracks, and I doubt if Lang will be able to take the fullest advantage of this with so little riding experience. They say the reason Steve Donoghue was able to win the Derby Stakes six times was that he knew Epsom Downs and its gradients better than other riders. —AUDAX MINOR

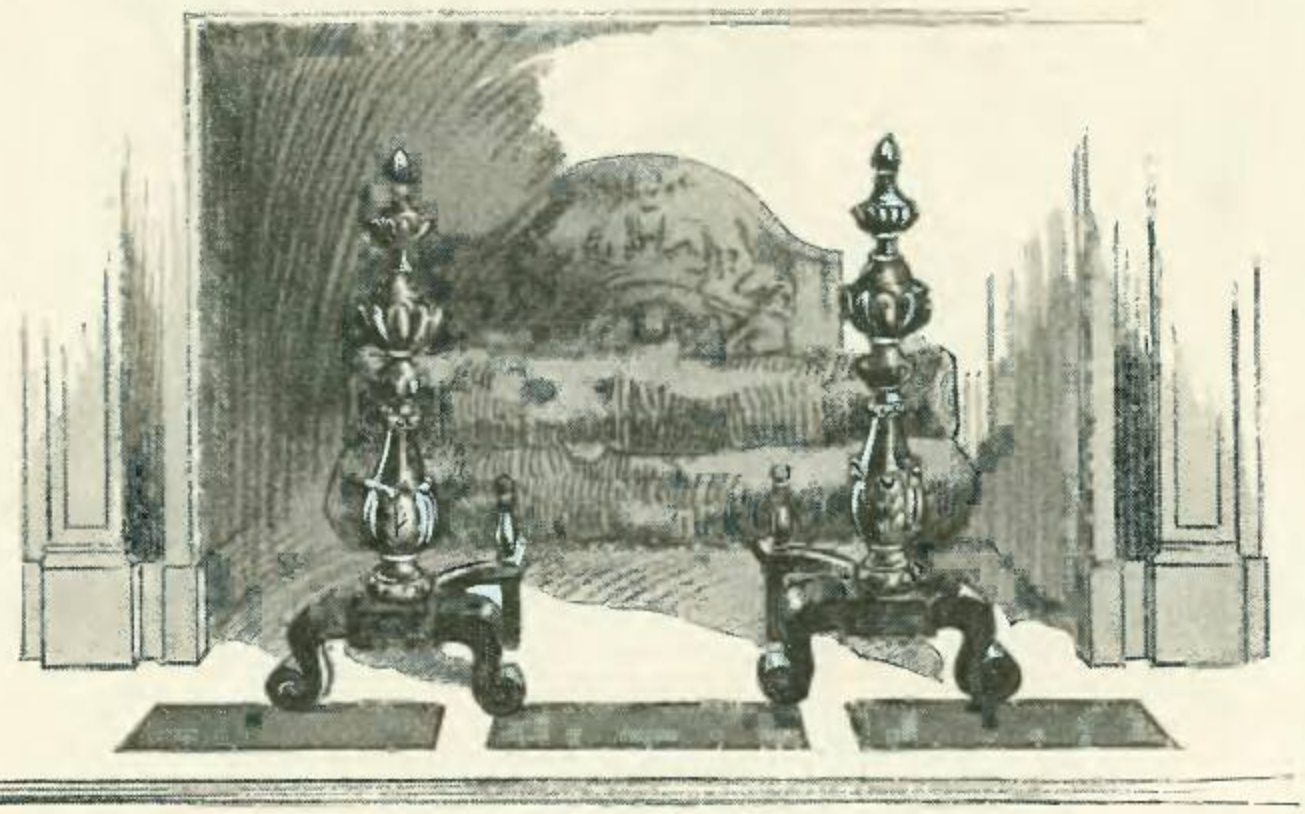
•

ON THE JOB

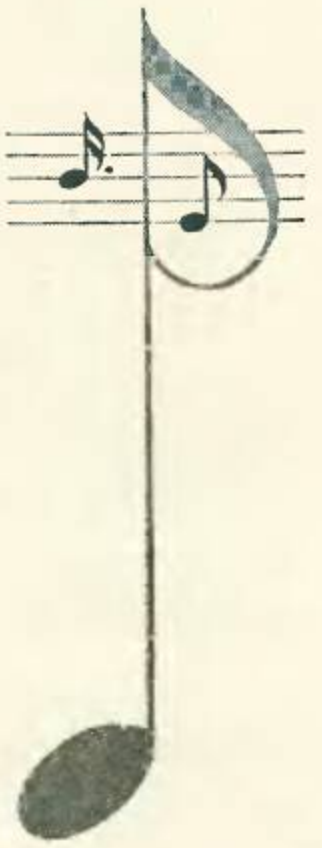
My dear Mr. Kingsley: Believing that life insurance is the most effective instrumentality for the promotion of industry, saving and character ever devised, that a well managed mutual company is a coöperative society for the advancement of the public welfare, and that as one of the leaders in this national economic movement the New York Life Insurance Company may justly be called a public service institution, I accept the nomination you have tendered me to become a member of the Board of Directors of your company, and if elected I shall be glad to participate in its administration. CALVIN COOLIDGE—*The World.*

CONCORDIA, KAN., April 10 (A.P.)—Hoping to rid himself of a persistent life insurance agent, Walter Cyr, a young farmer, left a good-by note to friends and then disappeared. For three days he was sought in the vicinity of his farm home by hundreds of men and finally located sitting on a straw stack. When searchers approached he swallowed a small quantity of poison.—*The World.*

The Keynote of the Hearth



ANDIRONS



Just how effectively Andirons play upon fireplace beauty is exemplified by the exhibits in our showrooms. We have assembled into units, mantels and andirons that accord perfectly in design and dignity. Other displays demonstrate how a pair of richly designed Andirons will substantially increase the decorative beauty of a mantel, perhaps uninteresting in itself.

Our collection of Andirons is unusually large. It embraces beautiful designs exclusively our own creations. Designs that cannot be found elsewhere. All of the popular period motifs, past and present, have been interpreted in the andiron designs offered you.

Let us send you a booklet describing our Andirons and the other fireplace accessories. And if you will describe the design of your mantel, we shall gladly submit illustrations of Andirons to match it. Address requests to our New York Office, Dept. NY.

Georgian Period Andirons in 16th Century Iron and Antique Gold, $165 for the pair. Firesets and fixtures to match.

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3 Dangers *to skin beauty*

1. Germ-covered cloths
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Avoid them in this way: rub cold cream off, not in

DO you rid your pores of the day's grimy, poisonous accumulations or do you rub cold cream and dirt further into your already abused skin?

Absorb cold cream by using Kleenex Cleansing Tissues. Their gentle softness lifts embedded impurities to the surface. They leave the skin smooth, fresh, healthy, clean! And they cost only a few cents a day, though you use three sheets at a time and discard them after one use. Send for a sample package. Try it. You'll be delighted.

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

Kleneex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to NY-4

Name.....

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THE ART GALLERIES

Approaching the End — With a Wallop

WE feel it a healthy sign when the art season does not end with languor but stands up until there is a knockout. The closing fortnights promise as much excitement as any in the full season. The so-called one hundred best paintings of contemporary America are now on view at the Architectural Show, and the Salons of America have another week at Anderson's.

IN the current work there is still more evidence of vitality. Arthur Dove is having his annual exhibit at the Stieglitz Room 303, in the Anderson Galleries, and we are happy to report that it shows a gayer and even more glorious Dove. Something of his tense cramped quality has flown out of the pictures, and what remains is stirring, thrilling, and of pure beauty. Now and then there have been years when we have been unable to follow Dove, especially in his machinal developments. Although knowing full well that he had every right, if he so chose, to construct his beauty out of pebbles and driftwood, instead of pigment and canvas, we were wishing with all our might that he might confine himself to a medium of easier understanding. It is so difficult these days to plead the case of aesthetics, sans utility, that we always decry the fine artist who uses esoteric levels that require additional translating. This year there are no doodads to confuse one. All is pure painting.

The "Silver Sun" is as superb a painting as we have seen this season; the "Red Tree and Sun" is a thrilling achievement. The "Distraction," the "Snowstorm on the Ocean," and the "Silver Log" are pictures that should make any painter happy for a lifetime. We imagine it would be difficult to find a picture that would give more lift than the "Red Tree."

So it goes down the entire list. Each picture has some particular claim, according to your taste. The catalogue notes, by the artist, state that there is no such thing as abstract painting. We

What Fifth Avenue *once was* 54th Street *still is*...an exclusive residential thoroughfare of family and fortune!

Simplex or Terraced Duplex Apts.
Unfurnished or Furnished
Complete Hotel Service
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THE DORSET
THIRTY WEST FIFTY-FOURTH
Adjoining Fifth Avenue

A CONVENIENT, quiet, and wholly delightful place for matinee luncheons and theatre dinners is coming to be definitely favored in the minds of New Yorkers in the phrase ***"Meet me at the Fountain"***—which means the diminutive, palm-set fountain in the foyer of the ***New Knickerbocker, West 45th Street, just East of Broadway.*** Very moderate prices. A la carte or table d'hote.

suppose, in a way, Dove is right. One never thinks of his paintings as abstractions. Yet they are of such a high order of representative endeavor that some category should be found for them. They are singing pictures, of course. They are graphic in a way that an Academy painting never is, and yet they call forth a great flow of imagination from the beholder.

Don't miss this show if you are interested in America's best.

DURAND-RUEL end the season with the subject that they handle so well —the Master Impressionists. If we are not mistaken, several of the pieces are being exhibited for the first time. It is a lordly array, and we are glad to have this chance to view again some of our favorites. There is a noble Renoir, "Fillette Au Faucon," a figure in the best period. Then there is a Degas we never tire of, "L'Atelier de la Modiste." One of Manet's best pictures, the still life, is in this show, and some of the best of Monet.

The list includes, beside these, Morisot, Pissarro, Sisley, and Cassatt. The show will linger on until the end of the month, always a sort of chaser for those who have had to view some of the less-inspired paintings of the local lads up and down the street.

THE Valentine Galleries are also putting up the wares that can withstand the onslaught of summer visitors, school teachers, et al. Chief interest is in an early Derain, one painted some twenty years ago when the artist was fresh upon the trail of Gauguin. It is a remarkable study in influence, and in itself a fine picture. Also on the walls are examples of the painters favored by this house, Dufy, Pascin, Matisse, Segonzac, Utrillo, and Chirico.

MR. JOHN GRAHAM, who has a show on at the Dudensing Galleries, was christened Dabrovski. This is mentioned as there is nothing in his painting that would identify him for you with his American name. We imagine he would be better received under his old name, and the romance that went with his title of cavalry officer under the Grand Duke. Someone has misled Mr. Graham if he told him that Americans do not like foreigners.

As to painting, we understand that Graham studied here in the League. That is as may be, but his heart was

WHEN MORE THAN ONE OF A KIND IS EMBARRASSING

HOW often is one, with a leaning towards individualism, embarrassed to find that other well-wishers have made the self-same gift? But Plummer's has found a way of dispelling almost entirely this possibility of gift duplication. For here are shown many glass and china patterns that are *exclusively Plummer's!* A limited supply only has been made and sent here for our patrons. Nowhere else, despite all effort, can they be found.

An illustration is the gold-rimmed Cocktail Glass shown above, shaped in spotlessly clear glass of first quality. To relieve the monotony of the ever prevalent stereotyped Cock, and to give diversity to these glasses, we have produced them with a varied assortment of game birds, including Partridge, Pheasant, Blackcock, Woodcock, Grouse, Mallard, etc. They are hand-painted in natural colors and each glass is labeled in gold with the name of the bird portrayed upon it.

Aside from the virtue of exclusiveness, Plummer's places at your disposal five floors of the most distinguished glass, china, earthenware and pottery ever assembled. And an interesting Antique Department worth an hour of anyone's time.

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Through the Needle's Eye

MARTIN BECK Thea., 45 W. of 8 Ave.
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40

Man's Estate
by Beatrice Blackmar & Bruce Gould

BILTMORE Th., W. 47. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

CAPRICE

GUILD Thea., W. 52d. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Golden Thea., 58th, E. of B'way. Eves. Only at 5:30

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre, 47th St., W. of B'y. Chick. 9944
Eves. 8:50. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:30

Ethel
BARRYMORE
in a new modern play **"The Love Duel"**
By LILI HATVANY Adapted by Zoe Akins

ELTINGE Thea. W. 42nd St., Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

12th SENSATIONAL MONTH
LEW LESLIE'S
'BLACKBIRDS'
THE SNAPPIEST, COLORED REVUE
Midnight Show Every Thursday

MORRIS GEST, by arrangement with DAVID BELASCO, presents
LENORE ULRIC
In "MIMA" WITH SIDNEY BLACKMER
BELASCO Thea., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE GREAT LAUGH HIT
SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED
with
GALINA KOPERNAK
ALAN BROOKS FRANKLYN ARDELL
NOW AT **WALLACK'S** Thea., 42d St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed., Thur. & Sat.

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:30 Matinees at 2:30
3 MATINEES EVERY WEEK WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY
STREET SCENE

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NEWS
Apr. 20, 21, 22: All Talking: "CANARY MURDER CASE"; Apr. 23, 24—All Talking: "SPEAKEASY"; Apr. 25, 26: "THE BELLAMY TRIAL" (with talking); Apr. 27, 28, 29: GRETA GARBO in "Wild Orchids."
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"The House Beautiful." Erlanger, Dillingham & Ziegfeld, Mgr. Dir.
EDDIE CANTOR
in **"WHOOPEE"**
with ETHEL SHUTTA & All Star Cast
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Entire Mezzanine $4. Mats. THURS. & SAT.
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Norma Terris, Howard Marsh, Eva Puck, Sammy White, Helen Morgan, Edna May Oliver and CHARLES WINNINGER

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FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's musicshows."—*Her.-Trib.*
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Eves. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON
The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150—with
Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday, Gus Shy
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's new comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
Journey's End
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

Katharine
Cornell *in*
"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"
EMPIRE Thea., B'way at 40th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MILES OF MUSICAL SMILES
LADY FINGERS
LIBERTY THEATRE, W. 42nd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
with EDDIE BUZZELL & LOUISE BROWN
Seats $1 to $4 at the Box Office

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EARL CARROLL'S Newest Musical Comedy
LEON FANNIE LIONEL
ERROL-BRICE-ATWILL
in The Superb Venetian Romance
"FIORETTA"
Music by GEORGE BAGBY & G. ROMILLI
Featuring DOROTHY KNAPP—GEORGE HOUSTON

Sunday Eve., April 21st
CECILIA LOFTUS *in Famous Impersonations*
MARION KERBY *Singing Negro Exaltations*
and JOHN J. NILES
Management Actor-Managers
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The 100% Talking-Thrill picture hit of the age..
ALIBI
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TWICE DAILY 2:45 & 8:45
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"HARLEM"
"THE FINEST PLAY SINCE 'PORGY'"—*Walter Winchell*
APOLLO Thea., W. 42nd St. Eves. at 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:50

ROYALE THEA. W. 45 St. Eves. at 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:50
Edw. G. Robinson in
KIBITZER
"A HIT."—*Heywood Broun, Eve. Telegram*

BOOTH Theatre, 45th W. of B'way Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
JOHN DRINKWATER'S
COMEDY HIT
BIRD IN HAND
With the Original English Cast as Presented for More Than a Year at the Royalty Theatre, London

---

LYCEUM Thea., W. 45th. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
Basil SYDNEY—Mary ELLIS
in A. A. Milne's New Comedy
"MEET THE PRINCE"
"MILNE AT HIS BEST." *DeCasseres*
200 GOOD SEATS AT $1.00

JOHN GOLDEN *Presents* FRANCINE
Larrimore IN "Let Us Be Gay"
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with Picasso and the post-impressionists who went in for Cubism. We feel that it takes a super-genius to create a credible beauty out of unfamiliar patterns and methods. Picasso has done so, and sometimes Leger. Of the Graham arrangements, we liked best his "Red and Black" and "The Bridge." One or two we found only naughty gestures of protest—and to us, painting is the last medium on earth that should be used for personal protest. When employed as a revolt it should be for social revolt and of a universal understanding. Anyway, you may like Graham. He has vigor and a fighting spirit, and you commend him for not falling in with the easy stencils of a land that will accept endeavor, if it only looks like the last machine off the belt.

WE found some water colors by Earle B. Winslow at Macbeth's that are out of the usual run. The pictures show a good deal of cleverness and sometimes a deeper intent, as in the case of the "Roundout No. 2." His "Shady No. 3" is good for its tonal quality, and "The White Sentinel" is the best of the lot. The latter is somewhat after Burchfield, but we know of many worse to run after.

HENRY ALBERT BOTKIN held his first show in this country at the Montross Galleries this past fortnight. Mr. Botkin seems deserving of mention, as the indications are that he is a serious painter and knows there is a good deal ahead of him to be learned. We believe he is a Bostonian who shed his inhibitions in Paris. There he looked around and found the most comfort in Matisse and Cézanne, with a dash of Dufy. Plenty of painters do that and are often content to stop there, relying for their public on the non-travelling Americans. However, after looking at Mr. Botkin's "Pink Hat" and "The White Church," we would say that he is a serious painter. He has whipped most of his problems of design and subject matter. We feel, however, that he is still lacking in his color; some of it is muddy and much of it is hesitant. Now and then, as in the two pictures mentioned, he has a clear vision and carries it through with gusto. We imagine he will be worth watching.

MONTROSS has decided to continue for a while with the pottery of Varnum Poor. We never tire of this particular artist and remind you again that this show is not merely a group of

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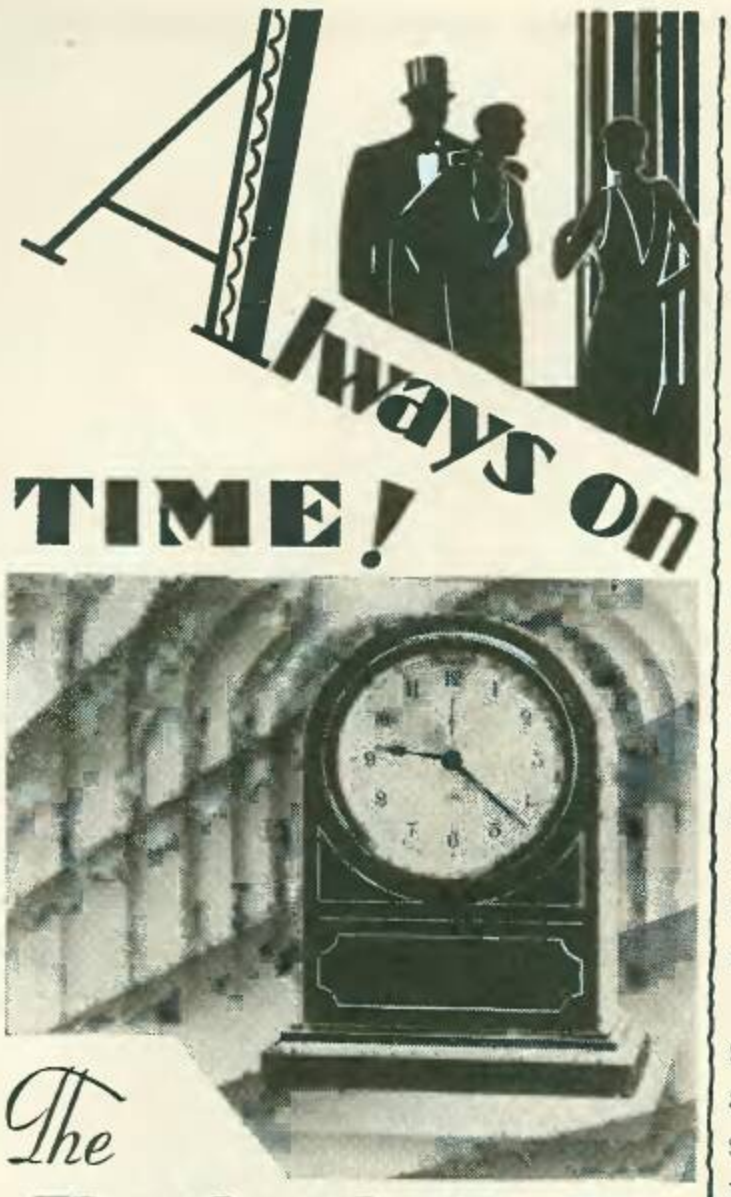

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pots and bowls. Mr. Poor is a fine artist, and a good deal more work goes into the molding, designing, painting, and firing of one of these pieces than into many a canvas.

WHAT has become of the Havemeyer collection of modern art willed to the Metropolitan Museum? Surely it was the intent of the donor that the public see the paintings. We wonder, with our suspicious mind, if the Museum's natural dislike of the later French will retard the public's right to enjoy these masterpieces. We have heard rumors that the Museum will await the building of a new wing before it hangs them. That would put the finest collection of modern paintings in this country out of circulation for two or three years.

Surely the Metropolitan could find some place in the present acreage for at least a temporary hanging. As a self-appointed committee we would be willing to tag a few that might better rest in the cellar. This gracious offer being rejected, and the mummies being allowed to stand, we suggest that a vote be taken by the daily visitors; the less unpopular "Paul and Virginias" could then be relegated to the cellar to make room for the Degas, El Grecos, etc.

AT THE OTHER GALLERIES: The Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Allied Artists of America is now on at the Academy. It will remain until May 15. . . . Serge Youriévitch has a show of sculpture at Wildenstein's. . . . Daniel's Gallery has the début of Soyer, who for some time has been favorably known in other modern places. . . . Diana Thorne has drypoints and etchings at the Schwartz Gallery. . . . Irish sporting and landscape sketches by E. Œ. Somerville are to be seen at the Ackermann Galleries. . . . The final show of the Opportunity Gallery is now on at the Art Center. . . . Edward C. Caswell will exhibit fifty pencil drawings of Europe at Ainslie's. . . . Etchings are on view at the rooms of Louis A. Wuerth, 598 Madison Avenue.

—M. P.

•

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[*From the passenger list of the S. S. Bermuda*]

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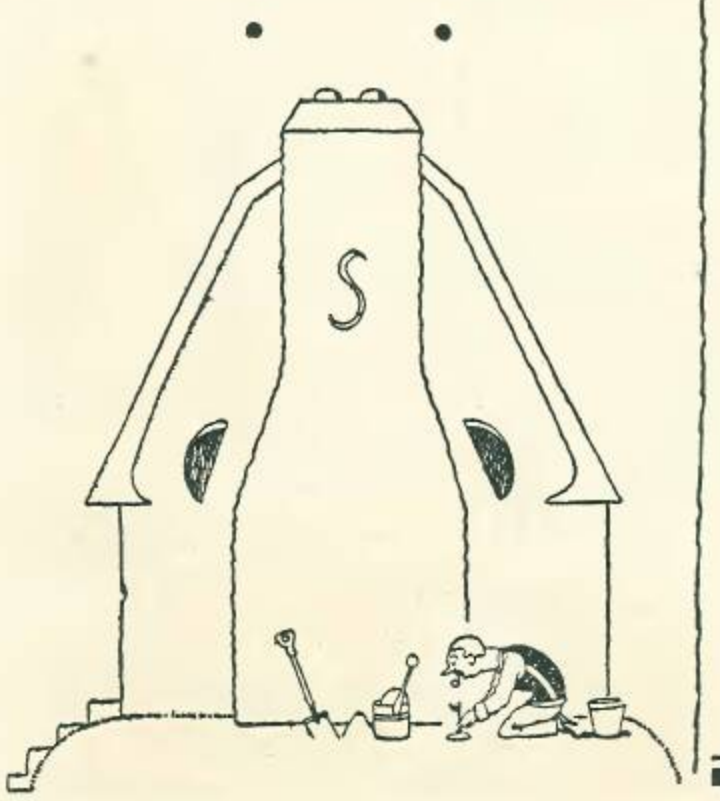
THE RUN-AROUND

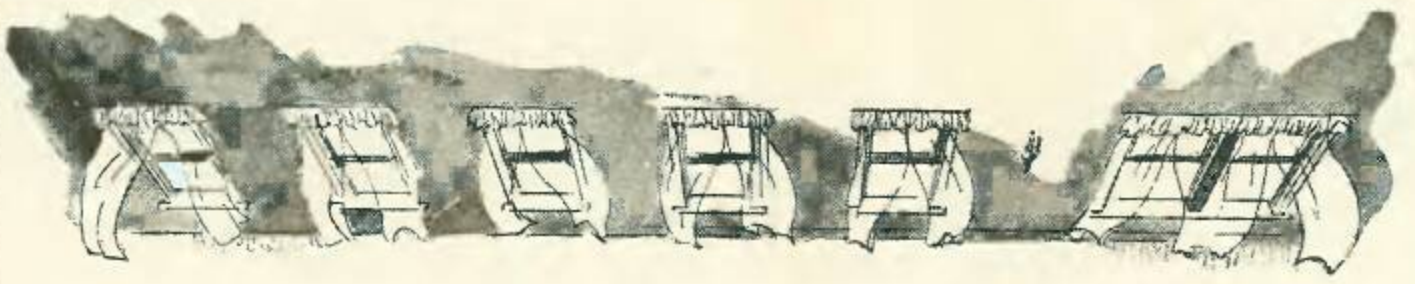
"IS Mr. Gordon in? Do you expect him soon? Yes, it's about casting. Oh, aren't you doing any casting at all? Is that so? Well, I'm glad you told me rather than give me the run-around.

"Y'see, last time I was in this building I got the run-around something awful. Mr. Bodnik, he was putting on 'In Every Port,' and my girl friend —she lives with me—she told me that he was doing some casting. Y'see, she almost got a part in the play and she told me all about it, so I made up my mind to see Mr. Bodnik.

"Well, I didn't know until later that Mr. Bodnik, he had somebody rehearsing in the part he wasn't sure of and that he was stalling me in the hopes that if this girl wasn't good I would get the part. He didn't tell me about this other girl. All he said to me was, 'How would you like to play the part of Tony?' and I said to him, 'Oh, Tony. Isn't she supposed to be the queer one?' So he said, 'That was in the first script. She's changed the way she's played now.' Of course I wouldn't want to play Tony the way it was in the original because I think that that's what's killing the theatre, if you ask me. There is so much filth and so much, y'know, dirt, that no wonder people would rather go to the talking pictures. I always say that there is enough dirt in real life without you wanting to see it on the stage.

"WELL, anyways, I said to Mr. Bodnik, 'All right. I'll play Tony,' and then we discussed terms. Then he told me I should come in the next day, and the next day when I came in he began to give me the run-around. He said the script was in Long Island but if I came in—say, this is a Wednesday. Well, if I came in





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on Thursday he'd let me have the script. So I came in on Thursday like he said but still he didn't have the script.

"So I said to him, 'Mr. Bodnik, am I set for this part or not? Because if I'm not I can go around and look for other engagements.' So he said, 'Sure you're set. You come in tomorrow and you'll get your contract.' Y'see, he still had this other girl rehearsing he wasn't sure of, and wanted to keep me coming around in case anything happened. Only I didn't know that the part was filled.

"WELL, the next day I came in and he said to me, 'Go over to Chamberlain Brown because Chamberlain Brown, he is signing all the contracts.' Well, this looked kind of fishy to me because what would a casting agent be doing signing contracts? Besides, I didn't see why I should have to see Chamberlain Brown about this part because he had nothing to do with it and I thought maybe he would ask for a commission.

"But I didn't want to argue so I went over to Chamberlain Brown's office but he was out. So I asked for Chamberlain Brown's brother, Lyman, and he was in.

"I said to him, 'Mr. Bodnik said I should get my contract here for the part of Tony in "In Every Port."' 'Well,' said Lyman Brown, 'there must be something fishy because we don't know anything about the contracts. Mr. Bodnik, he is signing all the contracts himself.'

"Well, it looked like the old run-around to me. I guess that Mr. Bodnik couldn't make up his mind about the other girl and was just stalling for time. If he'd only had said something to me about it like, 'Listen dearie, there is somebody rehearsing it and the seven-day period will be up in a couple of days and I will give you the first crack at it,' all right. But he didn't, so that I made up my mind to go back and say to Mr. Bodnik, 'Mr. Bodnik, I may look like a fool but I'm certainly not a fool. I don't want you to think you can give me the run-around and get away with it.' So I got back and I saw Mr. Bodnik and I said to him right to his face, 'Mr. Bodnik, Mr. Brown is not giving out the contracts because he said you were giving them out.'

"'You go back and tell him he's crazy. Did you talk to Lyman Brown or did you talk to Chamberlain Brown?' 'I talked to Lyman Brown,'

I said to Mr. Bodnik. 'Well,' he said, 'it's no wonder you didn't get the contract because Lyman don't know about it because Chamberlain is signing all the contracts and not Lyman.'

"Well, when I leave the office Mr. Bodnik's assistant, he give me the wink and then he tells me that I'm being given the run-around because they have been having this girl rehearsing the part right along and he heard Mr. Bodnik say that she looks set. Geez, that made me so steaming mad I rushed out of the place and didn't show up again at all. I'm no fool, even though I may look like one.

"IT'S a lucky thing, too, I didn't take the job because I got one in the Chicago company of 'The Virago.' A manager wanted me for the part of a vamp in a comedy for New York but I said to him, 'Is it an American vamp?' and when he said it was, I told him I didn't want to play it.

"Y'know, there is no such thing as an American vamp and you can't tell me that audiences want to see one. Now I can play the part of any exotic vamp. Y'know, foreign-like. Now you take Tondeleyo in 'White Cargo.' Well, she isn't exactly a vamp—I would say she's more than a lure than anything else. But give me an Italian vamp, or a Spanish vamp, or a South American vamp—y'know, exotic.

"Well, I'm awfully glad you came out plain with it about no casting, instead of giving me the run-around. Do you mind if I drop in next week? Maybe there'll be something doing then. And listen, if you hear of anybody doing anything, will you keep me in mind? Thanks very much. Goodbye. I'll see you next week."

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

TO A CAT LOITERING AT TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE

Oh, slender kitten, if you prize
Your scrawny life, take my advice
And use those nimble velvet paws
To leave this neighborhood, because
With summer soon i-cumen in
Your all too shabby little skin
Is apt to go from bad to worse
And be a set of summer furs.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

"So the best I can say is that the Times and Mary Pickford have made me very sappy."—*Seattle Times.*

Just saying what he felt.

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—bubbling over with the irrepressible Irish humor that has captured all hearts the country over—WILL MAHONEY rendering an impromptu version of his "falling" stunt, fell heavily for a tempting Reuben's delicacy. Tender young chicken livers, crisp, fragrant bacon, *en brochette*—a delight of such rare excellence as only Our Chef could conceive. Small wonder that "Lily's" Willy didn't "Take the Air" until the last delicious morsel was no more!

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of the theatrical world, EARL CARROLL finds at Reuben's the same artistry—the same lavishness—in the preparation of delightful foods as he displays in his brilliant productions. Witness, for example, our Hot Toasted Cheese Sandwich . . . *such* a savory creation—rich golden cheese, melted, spread generously on toast—baked—served with strips of crisply fragrant Beechnut Bacon. Rumor has it that the producer of "Fioretta" mayhap will build a new theatre in the upper 50's . . . at which news we wink a knowing eye . . . of course, he wants to be conveniently close to Reuben's!

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ARGOT

[AN ORDINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS OF A SOUND STAGE CREW OVERHEARD IN THE COMMISSARY OF A WEST COAST STUDIO.]

"WHAT do you think of Mary Doakes' voice?"

"She bloops."

"Yeah, I always thought she was kinder rheostat."

"Have you heard McGreavy?"

"Yeah, he sings way down in the mud."

"Bill, you'd oughta been with us today. When they gave us the interlock on that rain thing we got off to a false start because we got the hand too soon, so we had to retake. Then the motors raced, there was buckling in the bungalow, and after a lot o' grief we finally shot that feller."

"You ain't heard nothin' yet. We were shootin' by remote control down on the back lot. Someone thought our three-phase motor leads were power lines and hooked lights on 'em. Can you tie that? After a thousand feet of racing we finally found the load on the line."

"Yeah, that was funny, but you'd oughta heard 'em howl over that playback. Someone musta thought it was a hammer and used it for drivin' nails because it certainly ruined the diaphragm. It made the artist sound like he had a mouth full of cotton."

"Maybe he did."

"There you go, wisecrackin' again. No, we argued 'em into takin' it over again because the mixer said it sounded like a million dollars through the pecs. We had swell music all morning but we lost a half an hour of it building a 20 tu pad to stick in the trunk because they couldn't mix it."

—JACK CURLEY

•

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Creswell, of Tennessee, are seeing their loved ones here. Dr. C. H. Workman removed Mr. Creswell's tonsils and they are now with his sister, Mrs. Palmer.—*Greenwood (S.C.) Index Journal.*

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RECENT BOOKS

Swords and Passions—
A Lion Would Laugh
—Some Pirates at Sea

ONE day — so the story runs — when Joseph Hergesheimer was a youngster, he came upon two of his playmates fencing with wooden swords. Joseph, who had carefully watched similar engagements, though he had never accepted a challenge, seemed more than usually excited on this occasion; and well he might have been! For, although he had never touched a sword, not even a wooden one, he had that day finished a book on duelling. Suddenly, as one of the young fencers disarmed his opponent with a clever twist of the wrist, young Hergesheimer rushed forward, picked up the blade, and fairly leapt at the victor, shouting at the top of his lungs, "*Allonge! Riposte! Flanconade! Reprise! Remise!*" His adversary, though he was probably the better swordsman, took to his heels. In the face of such a verbal knowledge of fencing what else was there to do?

This story flashed back into our mind after picking up Mr. Hergesheimer's new book, "Swords and Roses." Obviously it was the title which had been responsible; the book itself has very little duelling in it—just one or two passages without which no volume dealing with the South and its lost aristocracy could get along. It is composed of a series of essays which portray several interesting men and women of the "deep South" and it tells the parts they played in the Civil War. We feel, however, it could have been done by any writer possessing a fair knowledge of the period.

"*Allonge! Riposte! Flanconade! Reprise! Remise!*"—when will Mr. Hergesheimer cease to terrify us by his verbal felicities? Only occasionally in his recent books are there passages which remind us that here, after all, is the man who once wrote "Java Head" and a score of fine short stories.

WE have been serving on the jury, and "crimes of passion" seem to fill the calendar these days. It proves, among other things, that as a nation we are not like the Swiss, none of

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New York: Knickerbocker Building.

Chilton Twice the Ink Pen

Peggy Sage speaks . . . . .

"Gypsy fortune tellers claim they can read your present, past and future by studying the palm of your hand. But one does not need to be a fortune teller to read the back of your hand. For the very shape . . . the texture of the skin . . . the contour of the fingers and the glow of the nails all tend to tell their own story whether it be one of age or youth. If you would know the charm of beautiful hands, stop in any of the better department or drug stores and simply ask to see the most exquisite line of hand preparations they have."

whom, we are told—man or woman—has ever committed a "crime of passion" in the whole history of Switzerland. What a terrible indictment to draw up against a nation! Certainly we are not like that over here, though it is true, of course, that we may on occasion befuddle ourselves as did Aline, the girl of Cyril Hume's new novel, "A Dish for the Gods." We may confuse chastity and ignorance, and we may even work out, as she contrived to, a mystic paternity for a child born over a year after its father's death, and then, as a solution to such obliqueness, go to live happily ever after in Westchester County.

At least four passional crimes are "in being" in this well-written modern story by Mr. Hume. It's a fault of an otherwise honest novel that no murder takes place.

THEN there's the case of star-eyed Joan in John Gunther's new book, "The Golden Fleece." If any sophisticated soul thinks that girlish innocence was selling way off in Chicago three years ago, let its owner read how the high value put upon it by this heroine nearly killed one good man and ruined several others. The story, however, which is the best thing Gunther has done, fixes all in the end. The market is depressed and, in a manner of speaking, the bears come into their own.

It would have been very pleasant to see the characters of this really excellent book commit at least two crimes. They have almost a constitutional right to them.

WE are just a little fed up with books about lions written by fearless men. What we would really like to read is a book about these gallant

• •

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adventures written by a lion. Of course, the author would have to have a sense of humor. When you come right down to it, what does "Simba"—that's native for "lion"—feel like when he looks upon Martin Johnson dressed in full African regalia, accompanied by three groaning autos, and Osa—she's Mrs. Johnson, "who holds the gun"? Is it fear, resentment, respect, or amusement that registers on the brow of the full-blooded, nature-loving, sightseeing beast? After reading Mr. Johnson's new book, "Lion," we would like to put a little bet on amusement. Some day a lion may write a book. There will be millions in the picture-rights alone.

IN spite of swords and "new dark red Jacqueminot roses," the ghost of William Tell, and African explorers, we feel that we can go on living another week—and be happy, too—for we have found a magic book. It's called "The Innocent Voyage" and it was written by Richard Hughes, the author of several plays praised by G. B. S. This is his first novel, and if you don't go a little bit crazy after reading it, there must be something the matter with you. If you don't drop your little daughter down the manhole, or buy her the Woolworth Building, or charter an unseaworthy ship for the Indies—you'd better go to a good analyst.

It would be a shame to tear the story apart, and to try to tell it briefly would be to spoil it utterly. However, just to give you a hint: it's about children and pirates, and it all happened long ago in a region of earthquakes, wildcats, and mangoes. The youngsters, on a memorable voyage from their home in Jamaica to England, were a match for the pirates. Though the little dears were properly captured the bad men of the sea soon discovered that innocence may be a sword as well as an armor.

Don't think this a book to give Jack or Jill for Birthday! It's not another "Peter Pan." We would advise your putting it away safely where only you, their parent, can get at it to read again in moments of doubt or in times of too much pride. —S. M.

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Mark Tischler is the proud father of a new son born at the home of his mother to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Doss on Monday of this week.—*People's Defender, West Union, O.*

Proud is no word.

Breakfast
IN THE CLOUDS

The warm Spring sun streams down on your terrace 14 stories above the crest of Lenox Hill—at 730 Park Avenue. Here, nearly every apartment above the 13th floor has a terrace, balcony, loggia or conservatory. From 7 to 16 rooms, beautifully proportioned, interestingly planned to fill the most exacting requirements. Large living rooms, libraries, reception rooms. From 1 to 4 fireplaces and as many as 27 closets. 730 Park Avenue will be as notable as its location. Occupancy in September—plans should be inspected now. Representative on premises.

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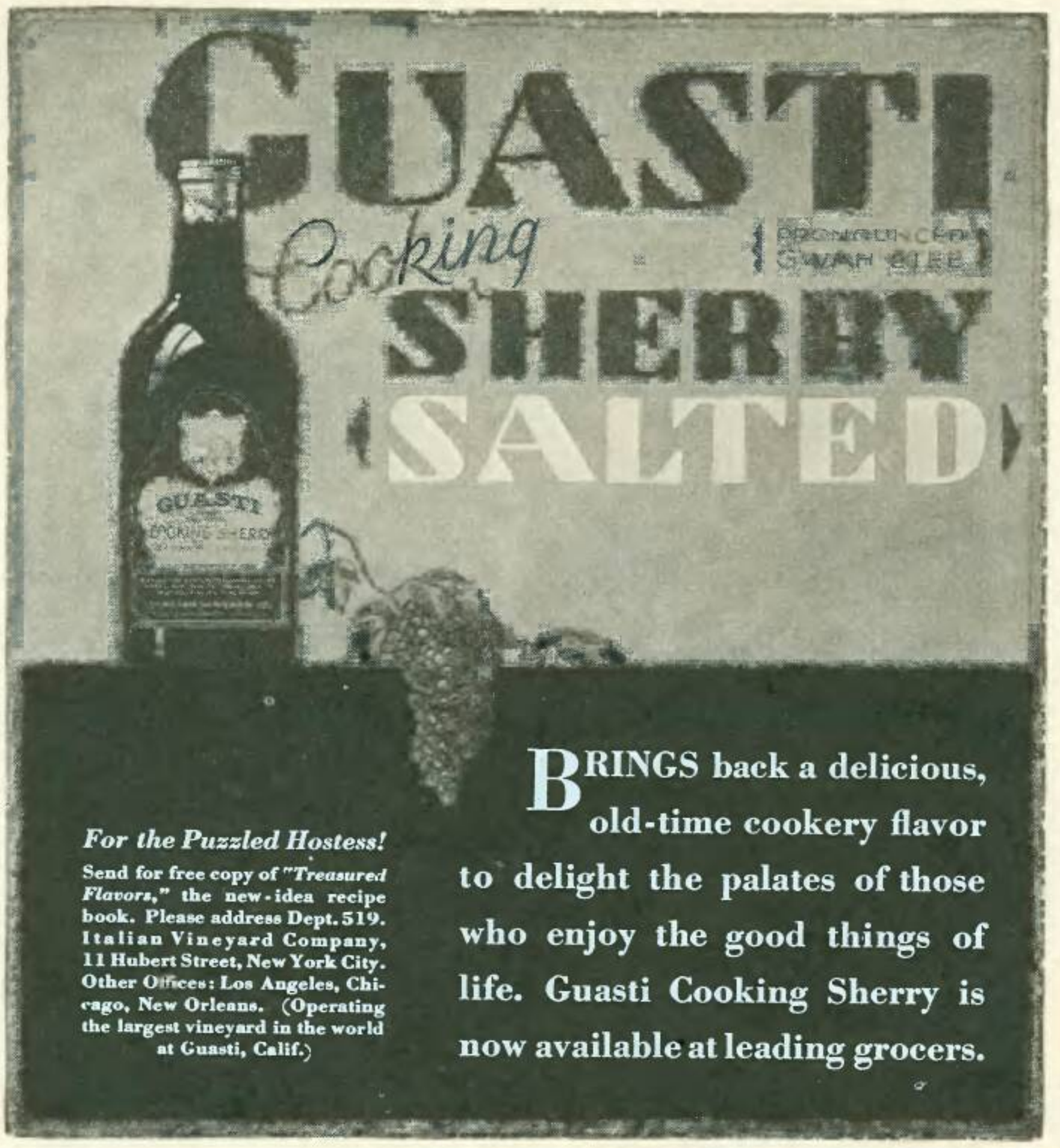

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE, by Richard Hughes (*Harper*). If the fantasy and magic of this story do not quicken your pulse, give up reading for pleasure. It's about pirates and children, but not in the least like "Peter Pan."

A DISH FOR THE GODS, by Cyril Hume (*Doubleday, Doran*). Honest, well-written story of an admirable girl who got all mixed up at the start and had to go a long way to cover a short distance.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE, by John Gunther (*Harper*). Chicago and the younger generation, with some high goings-on because a girl wouldn't take life second-hand. Very readable novel.

DARK HESTER, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton, Mifflin*). The clash between generations, and between a mother-in-law and her daughter-in-law, deftly and sympathetically handled.

A NATIVE ARGOSY, by Morley Callaghan (*Scribner*). Two novelettes, and fourteen striking short stories, dealing with the thoughts, emotions, and experiences of the slightly subnormal.

THE BURNING FOUNTAIN, by Eleanor Carroll Chilton (*John Day*). What happens to a normal family when it has a changeling child. Interesting study of interacting personalities.

THE DEVIL BEATS HIS WIFE, by Ben Wasson (*Harcourt, Brace*). An old negress of the Mississippi delta is the Greek chorus to an unusual and impressive story of unauthorized love.

ALL IN A DAY, by Martin Armstrong (*Harper*). In the space of one day, a man and his wife relive their years together. A psychological study which is both revealing and restrained.

THE SON OF DR. TRADUSAC, by Elizabeth Huntington (*Duffield*). Born in the brownstone era, a young man tries to adjust himself to post-war conditions.

THE MERRY HEART, by Frank Swinnerton (*Doubleday, Doran*). Gentle melodrama which supplies a pleasant evening's diversion.

DYNASTY, by Clarence Budington Kelland (*Harper*). American business glorified in an interesting and very readable novel.

SIXTY SECONDS, by Maxwell Bodenheim (*Liveright*). In the sixty seconds before his execution a man relives his tempestuous life.

Less recent:

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson. DAUGHTER OF EARTH, by Agnes Smedley. THE LOVE CLINIC, by Maurice Dekobra. BACK TO STAY, by Jonathan Leonard. HOBBY HOUSE, by Russell Neale. THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. THIS DELICATE CREATURE, by Con O'Leary. THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE, by Jesse Lynch Williams. STEPPING HIGH, by Gene Markey. PROCESSION OF LOVERS, by Lloyd Morris. DODSWORTH, by Sinclair Lewis.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE SINISTER HISTORY OF AMBROSE HINKLE, by Thomas McMorrow (*Sears*). . . . LET IT LIE, by John Goodwin (*Putnam*). . . . THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA,

by Elizabeth Jordan (*Century*). . . . One by One They Disappeared, by Moray Dalton (*Harper*). . . . The Black Dudley Murder, by Margaret Allingham (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . Caroline Ormesby's Crime, by Herbert Adams (*Lippincott*).

General

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Another backward glance by Mr. Hergesheimer. This time at the "deep South" and some of its men and women who played parts in the Civil War. Not very good essays.

Lion, by Martin Johnson (*Putnam*). Martin Johnson and his wife Osa, "who holds the gun," do another act on the African circuit.

Red Tiger, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). Unusual adventures in Yucatan and Mexico amusingly illustrated by Leon Underwood.

Sex in Civilization, edited by V. F. Calverton, and S. D. Schmalhausen (*Macaulay*). Havelock Ellis has written the introduction to this symposium of the views of over thirty distinguished contributors on the subject. We fear it's an important book.

Manhattan Cocktail, by Edward Hope (*Dial Press*). Entertaining miscellany of sketches about the more humorous phases of Metropolitan life.

Manhattan Men, by Alfred Kreymborg (*Coward-McCann*). Songs of New York, its men, women, streets, and buildings—old and new. Humor and irony meet here.

John Jacob Astor, by Arthur D. Howden Smith (*Lippincott*). The development of the West and the rise of business in the East, and the identification of John J. Astor with both.

And then Came Ford, by Charles Merz (*Doubleday, Doran*). The biography of Ford which turns out to be the story of the nation. Not to be missed by anyone who believes that there is an "American adventure."

Plain People, by E. W. Howe (*Dodd, Mead*). One of the most entertaining autobiographies we know. Wise, shrewd, and revealing.

Cagliostro, by Johannes von Guenther (*Harper*). A biography which shows what you can do with alchemy, hypnotism, and hocus-pocus. We don't see how anyone could fail to like it.

Less recent:

The Pedro Gorino, by Capt. Harry Dean and Sterling North. Viscount Haldane's Autobiography. Undertones of War, by Edmund Blunden. Bitter Bierce, by C. Hartley Grattan. Portrait of Ambrose Bierce, by Adolphe de Castro.

•

SWEETHEARTS, husbands and wives with tired aching hearts. There is rest. Why are you living apart or letting your love grow cold? If you are living together do you want to get closer to each other's hearts? Poetry is a key to all hearts. I will write you absolutely free a poem of love to your dear one asking for forgiveness or telling them of your great love. Here is happiness. H. W. SCHUMAKER, 428 Main Street, Fairmont, W. Va.—*Adv. in the Fairmont (W. Va.) Times.*

What do you want, practice?

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If the name Tangee does not appear on the package it is not Tangee.

Demand Tangee Today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee lipstick $1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75c. Tangee Creme Rouge $1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty five cents more in Canada. The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York.

Beauty for 20 cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. N.Y.4, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

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Two Children and a five-room Maisonnette

Five sunlit rooms, just off Park Avenue. Two baths in colored tile; master's bed room with log burning fireplace. A darling nursery with Mother Goose pastels marching ridiculously across the sun-splashed walls. Tiny, yet oh so smart!

. . . . . A bit of urban paradise?

✣ ✣ ✣

Don't all answer at once.
We didn't mean a word of it.
Of course we know how it is.
We have two children ourselves, and we have a charming five room apartment of our own!

✣ ✣ ✣

And we know just as well as you do that two children fit into the picture of Manhattan apartment house life about as well as a pair of pet tiger cubs.

✣ ✣ ✣

Probably our biggest single worry is that of the youngsters' health.

Of course we can hold the baby up to an open window for an hour daily, or walk Junior in the Park all afternoon.

Then, kissed by ultra-violet sunlight, the babes will thrive apace.

But there's a far more convenient way—and one that means indoor ultra-violet radiance.

It is by the installation of Vita glass windows throughout that five-room maisonette. They cost only about $25 apiece, installed. And through them, flooding nursery, living room and bed room lounge, comes real outdoor sunlight, rich in the natural ultra-violet rays which ordinary window glass excludes.

✣ ✣ ✣

Children, and-grown-ups, too, tan indoors under Vita glass. That is but a symptom of the health building effects of natural sunlight, which stimulates creation of the all important Vitamin D in the body. Bones, muscle, and sinew are strengthened by exposure to this natural unfiltered light. Vibrant energy is created. Indoor days become days of health and growth, a steady year-round body building program, not an abnormal hot-house existence balanced against a summer month at camp.

✣ ✣ ✣

One Vita glass window alone, lighting crib, or playroom, brings outdoor sunlight to your children. And one telephone call to Vanderbilt 1749 is all that is needed to set the machinery in motion here.

Given the call, we do the rest—all the details of ordering and installation.

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THE night club . . . sophisticated enjoyment for those who know life . . . captivating rhythm of the orchestra . . . spotlights playing on accomplished entertainers whirling to the strains of the music . . . beautiful women . . . jewels . . . lovely gowns . . . laughter . . . the smart world at play. . . .

In the midst of it all, the brown bottles of White Rock Water and the green bottles of White Rock Pale Dry Ginger Ale are taken for granted . . . quenching thirst after the dance . . . stimulating conversation . . . bottles of sparkling deliciousness attuned to every occasion . . . their circle of friends as broad as the land . . . the standard of smart America!

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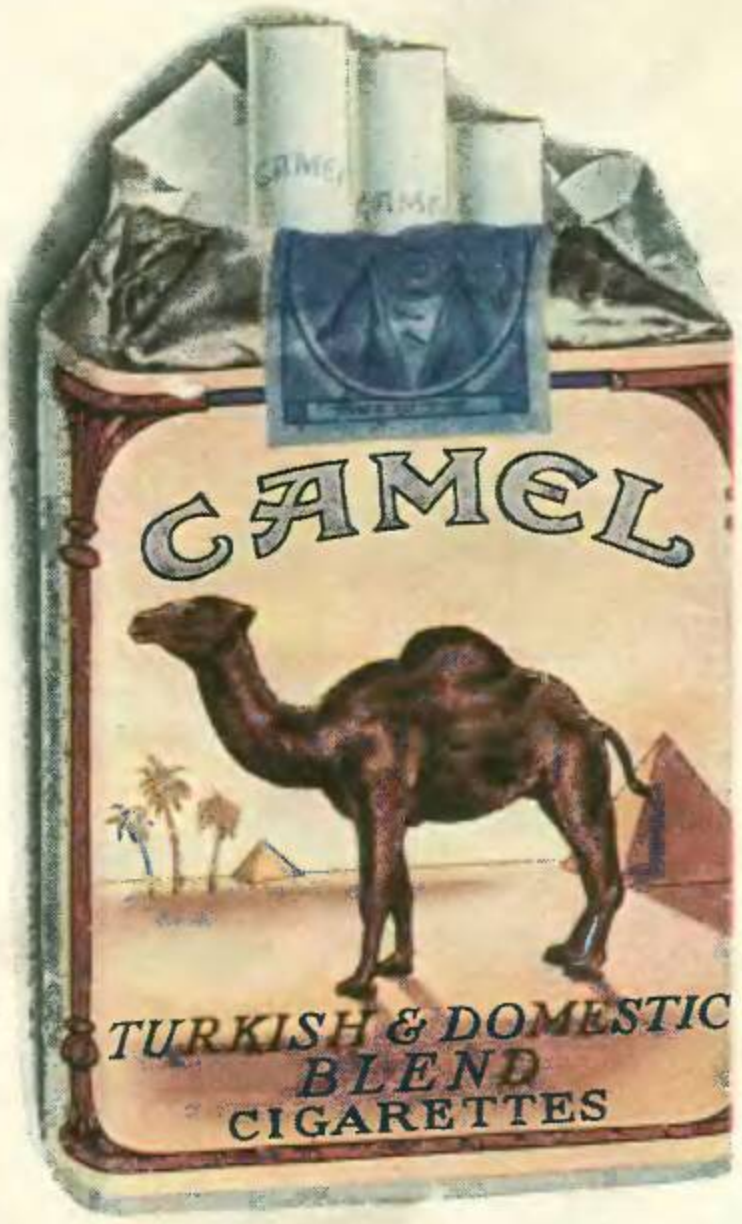
When the hair-dresser lets you down on the eve of a party . . . and your new shoes don't come . . . and the youth is Unavoidably Detained . . . and it's raining . . . then, oh then, what sweet consolation there is in a Camel . . . a cigarette just so downright *good* that no grief can prevail against it!



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