May 2, 1931

THE NEW YORKER

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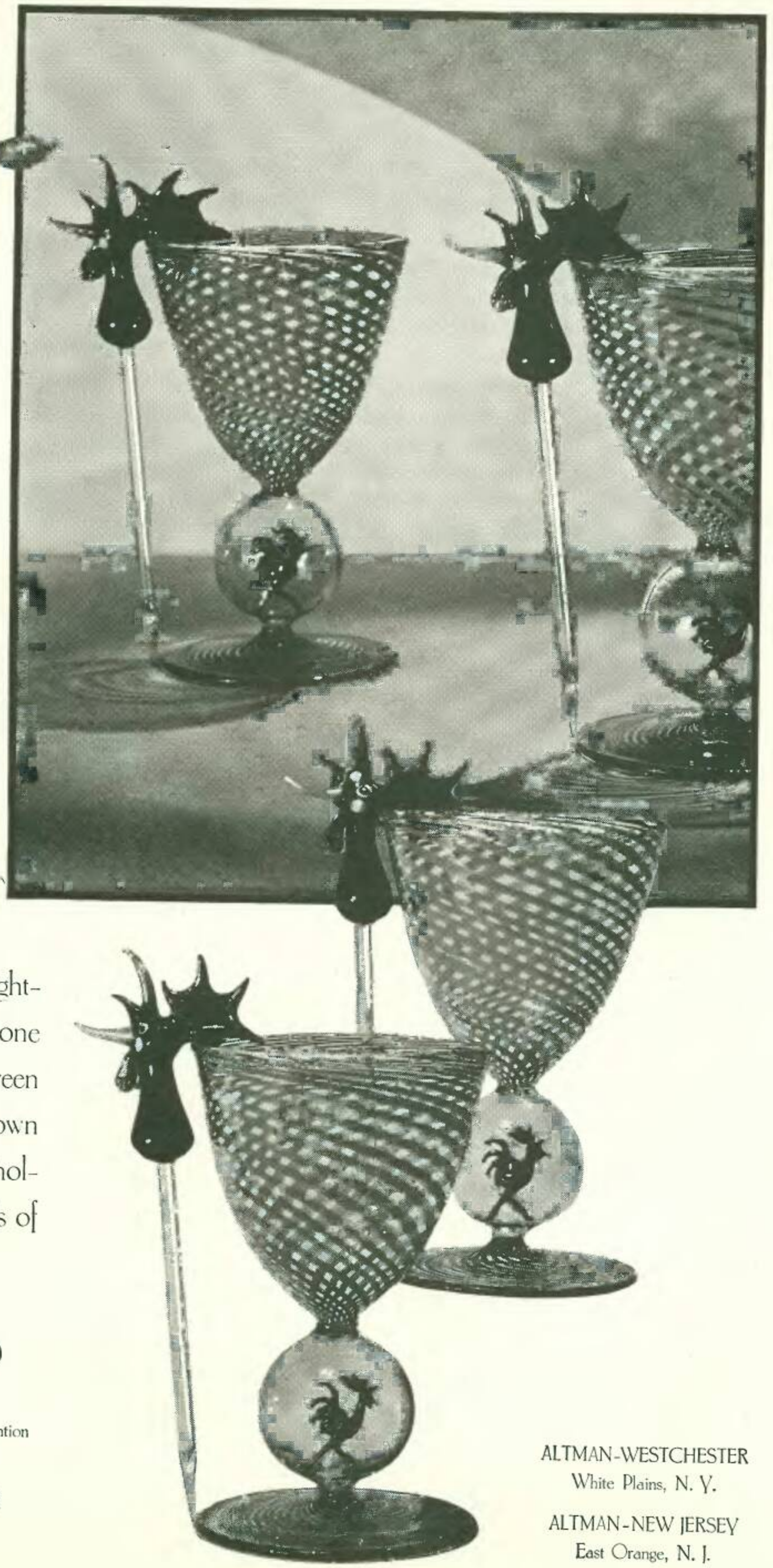
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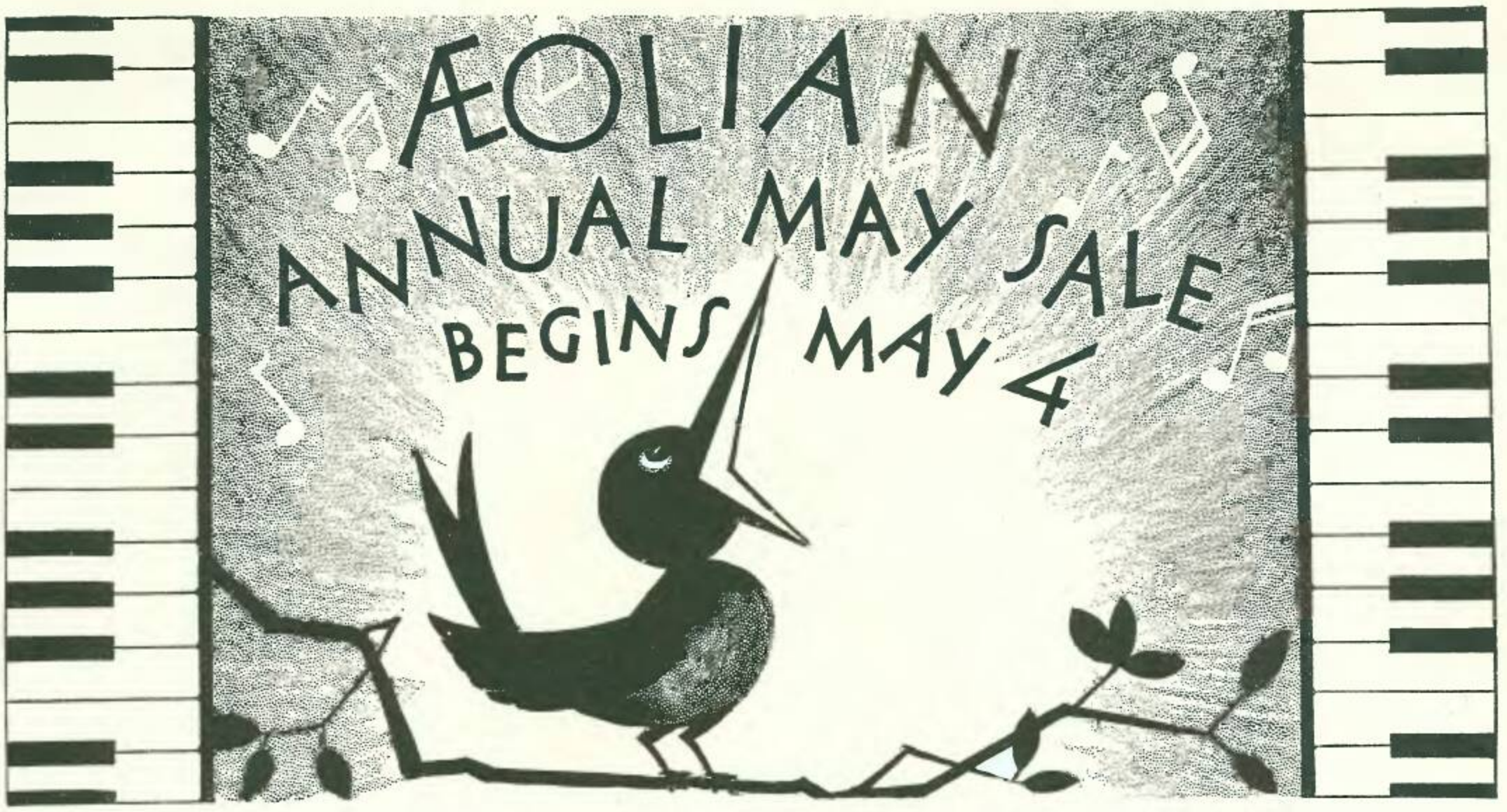
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VII, No. 11, May 2, 1931. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 9. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 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. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AS HUSBANDS GO—A nice, neat little comedy by Rachel Crothers, lavishly benefitted by the high humor of Catharine Doucet. (John Golden, 58, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

AS YOU DESIRE ME—Pirandello again up to his old tricks of making you guess who is really who, Judith Anderson gives a fine performance as the woman who wasn't. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Katharine Cornell, and never lovelier, in a play about Mr. Edward Moulton-Barrett, his daughter Elizabeth, and a certain Mr. Robert Browning, who wrote. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:30 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Fri. Eve., May 1.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., May 2 and 9.) . . . "Inheritors," by Susan Glaspell. (Sat. Eve., May 2.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," revival of Chekhov's exquisite play, with Alla Nazimova. (Mon. Eve., May 4; Thurs. Mat., May 7.) . . . "Camille," popular revival of Dumas' famous play. (Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., May 5, 7, and 9.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Fri. Eve., May 8.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:30 P.M. Season closes Sat., May 9.)

FIVE STAR FINAL—A bitter attack on tabloid journalism and sensational news-mongering which is crude but impressive. Arthur Byron heads the cast. (Cort, 48, E.)

GRAND HOTEL—If you can get in, you will see what goes on in a Berlin hotel while people are killing, stealing, cheating, and seducing. The most absorbing play in town. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Zoë Akins' amusing dialogue set in a play about three young ladies who'd rather not work and yet like eating and drinking. Last two days. (Harris, 42, W. 8:50 P.M. Closes Sat., May 2.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. Second successful year on Broadway. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

MÉLO—All the elementary ingredients of old-time triangle melodrama, put together, for the most part, with simplicity and dramatic effectiveness by Henry Bernstein. A splendid performance by Edna Best, assisted by Earle Larimore and Basil Rathbone. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:50 P.M.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—Edith Barrett as a young girl who grows old without showing it. Not as cute as it sounds and, at times, quite effective. Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright give notable support. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Whether you know about Hollywood or not, there ought to be about a hundred and fifteen laughs for you in this lampoon on the movie business. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

PETER IBBETSON—A revival of the play which has sent thousands of sentimentalists into recumbent postures in the hope of "dreaming true." Dennis King, Charles Coburn, and Jessie Royce Landis as the chief performers. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:50 P.M.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in a light but enormously funny comedy dealing with a husband and wife who find they should never have been divorced. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs. Engagement ends Sat., May 9.)

THE SILENT WITNESS—A nice English mystery play, interesting and never that kind of thrilling that stands your hair on end unbecomingly, neatly done by Lionel Atwill and a competent cast. To coin a phrase, a good evening's entertainment. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Philip Barry's sensitive and finely written modern version of the Biblical story of Elisha and the Shunemite woman. This time the woman is relieved of her barrenness without the aid of miracles but with considerable talk. Herbert Marshall and Zita Johann head the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mats. Tues. and Thurs.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER—Helen Gahagan in one of the better accounts of how an opera singer improved her voice by seeing Life. Miss Gahagan also sings well. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE VINEGAR TREE—Mary Boland at her best in a farce comedy dealing with renewing old loves or whatever comes along handy. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

THE WISER THEY ARE—Ruth Gordon and Osgood Perkins have many funny lines to say in the process of proving that two philanderers can't get married to each other with any peace of mind. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART—A tuneful score and a clever chorus and a lot of nice young principals, but the book is one of those satires on Hollywood. With Jack Whiting, Jeanne Aubert, and Inez Courtney. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—Joe Cook in a super-Joe Cook show. Only two days more. (Erlanger, 44, W. Closes Sat., May 2.)

GIRL CRAZY—Some Gershwin tunes on a dude ranch, with Willie Howard to make merry. Ginger Rogers, William Kent, Allen Kearns, and Ethel Merman are also in it. (Alvin, 52, W.)

MEET MY SISTER—An intimate musical comedy without a chorus. Very mild, but nice for a change. With Walter Slezak and Bettina Hall. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THE NEW YORKERS—A smart revue containing most of the available stars in the country. Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, Frances Williams, Charles King, Hope Williams, Richard Carle, Marie Cahill, Ann Pennington, and Waring's Pennsylvanians. (Broadway, B'way at 53. May close Sat., May 2.)

THREE'S A CROWD—If you don't know by now that this is good, you'll never know. Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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THE WONDER BAR—A floor show which, in transition from Germany to America, has become almost entirely a Jolson show. (Bayes, 44, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Helen Morgan, Bert Lahr, and Buster West will be at the Palace Fri., May 1. Ed Wynn will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., May 2. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "H. M. S. Pinafore;" Sat. Afts., May 2 and 9, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENING OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the date; managers often change their minds.)

RHAPSODY IN BLACK—An intimate Negro musical show, with Ethel Waters. Opens Mon., May 4. (Hudson, 44, E. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Dances by the ever-graceful Moss and Fontana, songs by Ethel Merman, and music by Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-4863)—Emil Coleman's orchestra playing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Entertainment by Norma Terris, and Rosita and Ramon. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 7-6673)—As pleasant as ever. New dances by Murphy and Johnson, with Gene Fosdick's orchestra.*

NEW CLUB LIDO, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-6175)—A strikingly decorated room, featuring Helen Morgan, Yolanda and Veloz, and Henry King's orchestra. Must dress.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, with dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 5-0351)—The younger set dancing to Ben Cutler's music. Fred Keating and Albert Carroll provide the entertainment.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few night clubs of this type are: Salon Royal, 310 W. 58 (Columbus 5-6191), open till dawn, with Kid Sneeze and Opal Cooper from Florence's in Paris. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), no cover charge, with a rough and elaborate revue. . . . Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580), also no cover, with a noisy but fairly entertaining show.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. Closes for the summer Sat., May 2. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . For Spanish atmosphere: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . Harold Stern's orchestra plays in the St. Moritz Grill, 50 W. 59.*

MOTION PICTURES

ANNA CHRISTIE—One-day revival of Greta Garbo in Eugene O'Neill's stern drama of the waterfront. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Mon., May 4; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE—From Connecticut to Camelot with Will Rogers. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., May 7 and 8; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

DISHONORED—Marlene Dietrich in a melodrama of spies and war brilliantly directed by Josef von Sternberg. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., May 2-5; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE PUBLIC ENEMY—A gruesome, vicious, and exciting picture of our gunmen and how they grow up. With James Cagney. (Strand, B'way at 47; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

TABU—A beautiful film of natives and South Sea

(Continued on page 6)

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GOINGS ON



DUNNE

ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 9. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 4)

islands, with lots of glamour and so on. Silent. (Central Park, 7 Ave. at 59; performances continuous from noon.)

TRADER HORN—A theatrical story, but a fast and lavish picture of Africa and its goings-on. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:40 P.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—A Viennese operetta, choice and pretty and nice, in German. (Europa, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRES—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 66; and Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M. to midnight; Sun. from noon.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Cimarron," Edna Ferber's novel of Oklahoma, with a first-rate performance by Richard Dix; "City Lights," Charlie Chaplin in one of his best pictures; "The Front Page," the Hecht-MacArthur play about newspapermen and a hanging, followed almost line for line; "Rango," the wild animals of Sumatra photographed by Ernest Schoedsack.

OPENING OF NOTE

SVENGALI—The new John Barrymore picture. Opens Fri. Eve., May 1, at 8:45. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

ART

ADVERTISING—Tenth annual exhibition of advertising art: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M; Tues. and Thurs. until 9 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PEGGY BACON—Accurate but vicious caricature-portraits by an American Hogarth: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

DECORATIVE—An exhibition of modern industrial and decorative art by Rockwell Kent, Joseph Urban, Frank Lloyd Wright, and many others: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; starting Fri., May 1.

DEMUTH—Retrospective show of a superior American artist: Stieglitz' An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 5 P.M.; closes Mon., May 4.

DRAWINGS—Drawings by French masters, from Ingres to Picasso: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 9.

FRENCH—Paintings by Corot and Picasso and those in between: Kleinberger, 12 E. 54. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., through Sat., May 2.

LANDSCAPES—Examples from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, including Hobbema, Turner, Gainsborough, Corot, Renoir, Seurat, Utrillo, Derain, Chirico, Sterne, and others: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 9.

SCULPTURE—Works by three of the best—Maillol, Bourdelle, and Despiau: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SALONS OF AMERICA—A refined no-jury show of the better young men: American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 9.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

JUILLIARD GRADUATE SCHOOL—Recital of original chamber-music compositions by students: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., May 5.

PADEREWSKI—Special concert for the benefit of Town Hall Fund: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 8.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

DOWN TOWN GLEE CLUB—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 1.

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Meyer conducting: Roerich Hall, Riverside Dr. at 103, Fri. Eve., May 1, at 8:45.

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Bach's B-Minor Mass, Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., May 4.

WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Reynolds conducting: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 7.

OPERA

NEW YORK LIGHT OPERA GUILD—"The Beggar Student," by Millöcker: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Mon. and Tues. Eves., May 4 and 5.

THE BLUEHILL TROUPE—"The Gondoliers," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, Thurs. and Fri. Eves., May 7 and 8.

AÏDA—With Matzenauer as Amneris: Mecca Auditorium, Sat. Eve., May 9, at 8.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Final Music Appreciation Hour this season: Fri. Morn., May 1, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eve., May 2, at 9:10, over WEAF.

DETROIT SYMPHONY—Kolar conducting, in Graham-Paige Hour: Sun. Eve., May 3, at 9:30, over WABC.

LILY PONS—Soprano soloist, in Simmons Hour: Mon. Eve., May 4, at 8:30, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting: Mon. Eve., May 4, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., May 5, at 9:30, over WABC.

WRESTLING—Londos vs. Szabo, broadcast from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eve., May 1, at 9:30, over WMCA.

CREW—Description of the Blackwell Cup races, Yale-Pennsylvania-Columbia: Sat. Aft., May 2, at 4, over WABC.

RACING—A description of The Preakness, at Pimlico, will be broadcast from the track: Sat. Aft., May 9, at 5:45, over WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Fri., May 1, at 3:20 P.M., and Sat., May 2, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Boston, Sun., May 3, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Washington, Mon. through Wed., May 4-6, at 3:15 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Jimmie McLarnin vs. Billy Petrolle: Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., May 8; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

CREW—Blackwell Cup, Yale-Pennsylvania-Columbia, on the Harlem River, Sat. Aft., May 2. 150-lb. race starts at 4:15 P.M.; freshman, at 4:45; junior varsity, at 5:15; varsity at 5:45. A special fleet of buses will follow each race along the Speedway, leaving Dyckman St. and Speedway at 3:45 P.M. (Take B'way subway to Dyckman St. Sta.) . . . Harvard-Princeton-M.I.T., on the Charles River, Cambridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., May. 2.

HORSE SHOW—Newark (Essex Troop) Horse Show, Fri. and Sat. Eves., May 1 and 2, and Sat. Aft., May 2: 102nd Cavalry Armory, Roseville Ave., Newark (adjoining Roseville Ave. Sta., Lackawanna R.R.).

RACING—Jamaica track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TENNIS—William T. Tilden, II vs. Vincent Richards: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., May 9, at 8:30.

WRESTLING—Championship match, Jim Londos vs. Sandor Szabo: Madison Square Garden, Fri. Eve., May 1; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M.



OTHER EVENTS

CHARITY CARNIVAL—"Enchantment," annual pageant and entertainment for the benefit of the Judson Health Centre: Madison Square Garden, Tues. Eve., May 5, at 8:30.

MASK AND WIG SHOW—"East Lynne Gone West, or, Virtue Triumphant Even Unto Death," presented by the Mask & Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania: Metropolitan Opera House, Sat., May 2, at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS—An exhibition of memorable documents in American history from Columbus to Hoover: The Rosenbach Co., 15 E. 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Antique English, French, Italian, and American furniture and decorations, porcelains, silver, textiles, glass, pottery, prints, drawings, and paintings: Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 1 and 2, at 2:15. . . . Autograph letters, historical manuscripts, first editions, and standard sets: Wed. Aft., May 6, at 2:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Loughran vs. Campolo, Madison Square Garden, May 15.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS—Columbia, June 2; N.Y.U., June 10; West Point, June 11; Princeton, June 16; Yale, June 17; Harvard, June 18.

CREW—Yale-Princeton-Cornell, Derby, Conn., May 16. . . . Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania, Princeton, May 30. . . . American Henley, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, May 30. . . . Intercollegiate Regatta, Poughkeepsie, June 16. . . . Yale-Harvard, New London, Conn., June 19.

DOG SHOW—Morris and Essex Kennel Club, Madison, N. J., May 23.

GOLF—British Amateur, Royal North Devon G.C., Eng., May 18-23. . . . British Open, Carnoustie, Scotland, June 1-5. . . . Long Island Amateur, Timber Point G.C., Great River, L.I., June 4-7. . . . Women's Eastern Championship, Engineers' Club, Roslyn, L.I., June 8-13. . . . French Open, Deauville G.C., France, June 9 and 10.

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show, May 25-30. . . . West Point Horse Show, June 2-3. . . . Tuxedo Horse Show, June 5-6. . . . Westchester County Horse Show, Rye N.Y., June 11-13.

MUSIC—Outdoor season opens with the Goldman Band, on Central Park Mall, June 8. . . . Stadium Concerts, at Lewisohn Stadium, start July 7.

RACING—Jamaica track, through May 14. . . . Belmont Park, May 15-June 13. . . . Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, May 16. . . . British Derby, Epsom, Eng., June 3. . . . Aqueduct track, June 15-July 10.

TENNIS—National Championships of France, Paris, May 17-31. . . . National Intercollegiates, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa., June 22-27. . . . All-England Championships, Wimbledon, Eng., June 22-July 4.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Third Little Show," an intimate revue, with Beatrice Lillie, Ernest Truex, and Carl Randall: Music Box, May 26. . . . "Ziegfeld Follies of 1931," music by Walter Donaldson, with Helen Morgan, Ruth Etting, and Hal Le Roy: Ziegfeld, May 27. . . . "The Way of the World," Congreve's play revived by the Players Club, with Otis Skinner, Walter Hampden, Fay Bainter, and Estelle Winwood: June 1. . . . "The Band Wagon," a revue by G. S. Kaufman and Howard Dietz, music by Arthur Schwartz, with Fred and Adele Astaire, Tilly Losch, Frank Morgan, and Helen Broderick: New Amsterdam, June 2.

TRACK—Intercollegiates, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, May 29 and 30.

YACHTING—Races on Long Island Sound: American Yacht Club, May 23; Harlem Yacht Club, May 30; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, June 6; Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, June 13.

NOTE—Decoration Day, May 30, and the 4th of July both fall on Saturdays.

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"Lord & Taylor's" says Nora . .*

"$35" says Dora . .*

"$35" says Nora . .*



*All those asterisks don't mean the unmentionable as they usually do, but refer undoubtedly to the very mention-worthy organdy frocks the beauteous damsels selected from the fascinating collection in our Misses' Dress Shop . . . Third Floor



Where do you belong?

Is it a club where the course is beautifully kept—where greens are as smooth and flawless as green velvet—where fairways give you good brassie lies and the condition of the tees is a major factor in the minds of the greens' committee?

Does your club house stick jealously to nice traditions and even the waiters have the air of family retainers?

In such a club you will meet men who wear A & F golf clothes; who come to this shop for clothes, clubs, shoes, hose and every accessory of golf as naturally as they choose good companions.

For such men recognize value and quality by instinct. They know a good golf swing and a correct golfing outfit by the same intuition.

It would please us to show you everything for golf, including a golf school in our Shop and a professional who does know how to teach.

Send for booklet, "Play Hours"

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The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

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BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
PARIS LONDON

Chic by the Seaside

A . . . stunning beach pyjamas of dotted jersey...trousers, bolero jacket and belt 49.50

Two-piece jersey swimming suit in contrasting colors, worn underneath 25.00

B . . . belted one-piece jersey bathing suit with beret and cardigan coat . . . exemplifying the tri-color fashion for the beach . . 25.00

C . . . the swimming suit one cannot do without...one-piece jersey, with striped top and plain trunks . . . in high-waisted effect 12.50

D . . . over-all pyjamas of dotted linen, with solid color linen bolero . . . a fashion as charming as it is highly practical . . 19.75

Beach Costumes . . . Eighth Floor

Shoes by SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



The Sandal with Duo-Tone Lacing

Two tones of kid . . trimming a sandal for day or evening . . giving it a rich "hand-worked" look . . *The Pampas* . . in daytime colours . . or in tintable Brocade for evening **18.50**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have been reading about the "radio priest"—the young Catholic Father who broadcasts his beliefs from a small chapel in Michigan, and gets as many as three hundred and ninety thousand letters a day from members of the radio audience. He employs eighty-three secretaries to handle this mail—a larger payroll, you must admit, than most young



shepherds command. He speaks against birth control, pacifism, and internationalism; and in favor of the multiplication of the body as commanded by God, and of the sanctity of patriotism. This, it seems to us, is a phenomenal leadership. We get accustomed to thinking of the radio merely as an instrument for increasing the sale of trademarked products and the vanity of tenors; yet here is an advocate of the sanctity of patriotism and other barbarous causes, with so many listeners and converts that he can't handle them without secretaries. We happen to be, in a small way, on the other side of the fence from Father Coughlin on all his points; but we must confess, after reading the statistics about his audience, that being on the other side of the fence from him is like standing all alone in a million-acre field. What an impressive thing it is! Talking against internationalism over the radio is like talking against rain in a rainstorm: the radio has made internationalism a fact, it has made boundaries look so silly that we wonder how mapmakers can draw maps without laughing; yet there stands Father Coughlin in front of the microphone, his voice reaching well up into Canada, his voice reaching well down into Mexico, his voice leaping national boundaries as lightly as a rabbit—there he stands, saying that internationalism will be our ruin, and getting millions of letters saying he is right. Will somebody please write us one letter saying that he is wrong—if only so that we can employ a secretary?

WHAT good does an education do a man if it fails him in the pinches? This week we were busy at a perfectly simple chore, and got hopelessly stuck. We were writing a letter to Hunter College and couldn't figure out what salutation to use. How do you salute an organization of women, anyway? We got as far as "Hunter College, Park Avenue at 68 Street, New York City" and were seized with cramps. "Gentlemen," we started to say. No, that was hardly the word. "Ladies," we wrote, and quickly erased it. Then we tried "Dear Ladies," and then "Dear Women," but somehow neither of them had the right sound. The thing got to us, and pretty soon we were completely balmy, and trying



all sorts of starts, like "Hunter, my dears," or just "Dears." At length, after a bad ten minutes, we called up the College on the phone and asked them point-blank how to begin a letter. They informed us that the registrar's name was Miss Lillian Snow, and that a good way to begin would be: "My dear Miss Snow."

HAVING heard rumors that times were getting better, we took five cents out of an old sock and bought ourself a subway ride down to the money district to look things over. We could hardly believe our eyes, for there, at Broad and Wall, right in front of J. P. Morgan & Company, was a new sidewalk under construction—as concrete a sign of the financial renaissance as we could ask for. The new walk is just in front of the entrance—not all around the building—and we liked that restraint, too. A conservative firm,



Morgan's. No need rushing into an entire new sidewalk till times warrant the expenditure. Go slow is our motto.

IN a thumbing-over mood, we happened to come upon the Mayor's 1927 Thanksgiving statement to the newspapers, which we reprinted at that time in our "A Thought for This Week Department." When asked what special causes he had for thanksgiving, the Mayor had replied: "I am still grateful that the people of this, the most cosmopolitan city in the world, honored me in the election as their Mayor, because of the opportunity it offers for service to my native city and to further the cause of humanity." Such is the rivalry between the different departments of this magazine for suitable material that the paragraph is again being considered for reprinting by the "Don't Give It a Second Thought Department."

AT Stern Brothers' they have a canvas bathing tank, designed for children. It is about eight feet by six feet, made of green canvas stretched on a metal frame. The name of the contraption is The Old Swimmin' Hole, and on the bottom, bearing

out the name, is stencilled a picture of a real swimming hole, tree-bordered, with naked kids splashing around. O canvas tempora! O indoor mores!

Identification

A GENTLEMAN had occasion to visit Washington recently, and before starting asked a friend for the telephone number of a good bootlegger at the capital. Arrived there, he telephoned at once, to be submitted to a lengthy questioning. He told where he was stopping, named the friend who had given him the number, and so on. The bootlegger was still suspicious. "What's your business, anyway?" he demanded. "Why," the gentleman replied, "I'm an internal-revenue agent." "O.K.," the bootlegger said. "I'll send the order right over."

Mercury

ONE of the leading commuters, heretofore unsung, we believe, is Mr. Thorvald Johnson, who has for years arrived from Port Jervis on the 7:10. It's part of his business, which is unique. He is the contact man between many Port Jervis people and the metropolis. He does any kind of chores—matches ribbon, pawns jewelry, buys novels, exchanges bookends for bedside lamps, and such. He always has a lot of bundles when he commutes back. One of his commonest errands is buying tickets for shows, prizefights, and ballgames. He has bought thousands of these, but he has never himself seen a Broadway play, a big-league game, or a prizefight. He has never seen Times Square lighted up at night.

Man with Cigar

YOU can't stop the advertising men. One got a swell idea recently for a cigar advertisement, which involved a photograph of a personable young man, seated in an armchair, wreathed in clouds of smoke from his favorite cigar. An actor in one of the current musical comedies was persuaded to pose, and an hour arranged at the studio. Unfortunately, the appointment was made for ten o'clock in the morning, rather early for an actor, with the result that the young man had to go breakfastless to arrive on time. Unfortunately, also, he turned out to be a non-smoker. He puffed manfully at his cigar for a time, generating quite a cloud of smoke, while the photographer was getting things ready, but just at the moment of snapping the picture he suffered a slight attack of dizziness. He was revived, and immediately declared he was through smoking cigars from then on. "Will you just hold it, then?" the advertising man demanded, thinking quickly. The young man agreed to do that. Four of the studio staff were told off to light cigarettes and get them going good. The pose was arranged, lights snapped on; at a signal, the four men rushed into the set, blew a cloud of smoke about the young man's head, and dashed off again. The photographer snapped the picture. It turned out rather well, we hear.



"I believe that dame is trying to flirt with me."

Vexations at Columbia

FOR all anyone knows, the town is full of mistakes. We told about the bronze errors on the floor of the News Building and now someone tells us that Columbia University is ninety-nine years off in an inscription under the oil painting of one of its most famous graduates, John Jay. The painting has hung for years in a prominent place in John Jay Hall but the error wasn't discovered until recently, by some bright freshman. The legend under the portrait says that Jay was Chief Justice of the United States from 1789 to 1894—or a hundred and five years. Even if the second "8" were changed to "7" it would still be wrong, for the correct date is 1795. Everybody was much upset by the discovery. Professor Dixon Ryan Fox, of the History Department, was head of the committee which placed the picture on the wall, but he disclaimed all responsibility. He may not have noticed the error, but he didn't put it there. He placed the blame on the Class of '99, which presented the painting to the University.

We are told, however, that Columbia has an even more humiliating black mark on its record than this. Several months ago someone stole a bust from a pedestal in the lobby of Hamilton Hall. When the theft was discovered, nobody in the University could remember whom it was a bust of. There are only three other busts in the lobby, one of Apollo, one of Dean John H. Van Amringe, and one of John Stewart

Kennedy, a trustee back in 1903-9—a pretty mixed-up little Hall of Fame—and people had no idea whether the missing bust was that of some god or another trustee or what. In the end someone found a booklet printed in 1912 which listed the four busts. The stolen one was of "Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus." Columbia now knows whom to grieve for.

One Manicurist

A FRIEND whose interests take him occasionally to the Far East and environs has pointed out to us how fortunate it is that our royal guest, King Prajadhipok, has adopted the Occidental standard of living, having taken up monogamy and other customs strange to his part of the world. Otherwise, our State Department might be in a boat, as it almost was a few months ago when an Oriental prince visited Manila. Our friend was there and learned what happened.

Governor Davis planned a befitting welcome for the prince and as part of his preparation ordered his aides to get him a complete list of the retinue so that he would know where he stood. The aides cabled for the information, and the answer came back—a list of secretaries, physicians-in-ordinary, and so forth, and ending with "one concubine." The aides, flustered but determined, went into conference. They were in conference a long time, until finally one, who was brighter than the rest, crossed out the embarrassing entry and wrote in "one manicurist." Thus was a diplomatic situation averted and the morals of the United States protected in the Orient. The concubine came all O.K., occupied a splendid room in the Manila Hotel, and the visit was a great success.

S.O.S.

YOU might have been listening in on the radio a couple of Saturdays ago when the skipper of an obscure fishing boat sent out an S.O.S. and shut up Amos and Andy. His little trawler had developed leaky boilers and, at 7:07 o'clock, he decided to call for help. Two minutes later everybody's radio in the seaboard area from Maine to the Carolinas went blank. They were out for an hour and six minutes, resumed for one minute, and then were silenced again for more than half an hour—an hour and forty minutes of silence, all told, the longest this year.

We investigated the procedure in such cases and were surprised to learn that nothing happens to the entertainers in the studios here. Singers and comedians and bands keep right on going. This is because the programs are being sent to inland cities by wire and only those transmitting stations which stir up the air around the coast are silenced. These are always on the lookout for an S.O.S. Take WABC's big station near Jamaica. On one wall there is a special loudspeaker going all the time. It is tuned to 600 meters, the wavelength for ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore signals. The staff at the station can hear the ships at sea talking to each other constantly. If an S.O.S. stutters across space they get it and hurriedly switch off all broadcasting and flash far and wide this signal: QST-QST-QST-QRT-QRT-QRT-SOS-SOS-SOS. The first signal means "All Listen," the second is the command "Stop Traffic," and then comes the warning of a ship in distress. All transmitting stations along the coast then help each other and ships at sea to determine the location of the disabled vessel.

When ships are finally standing by the stricken boat, the S.O.S. is "cleared" and the signal G.A., meaning "Go Ahead," is flashed. The transmitting stations switch their instruments on again and off they go. The Navy station in Brooklyn usually takes charge in case of an S.O.S., but if another station gets the S.O.S. first it immediately flashes the news and stops all stations.

Announcers always give hasty notice that a program is being discontinued for an S.O.S., but if people aren't listening at the time and tune in during the subsequent silence, they're likely to think their radios are out of order. Hundreds of phone calls are received by radio-repair stations and broadcasting studios during S.O.S. silences. Some engineers think that broadcasting could go right on during S.O.S. signalling without serious interference, but the Radio Commission doesn't. Some years ago a little ship off Iceland sent out an S.O.S. without making its location clear. Within half an hour stations were shut down all the way around to the Pacific Coast.

Sir Walter

MISS MADELEINE B— was strolling through the Sixty-sixth



THE HERO OF THE WEEK

JOHN MUNRO WOOLSEY, Judge of the United States District Court, Southern New York District, who, by dismissing Miss Georges Lewys' complaint against Eugene O'Neill for borrowing "Strange Interlude" from a novel of hers, by describing the complaint as preposterous, and by directing Miss Lewys to pay $17,500 to the defendants, has probably brought about a sharp depression in the suit-for-plagiarism racket, which has, for too many years, been diverting the earnings from successful work into the wrong pockets.

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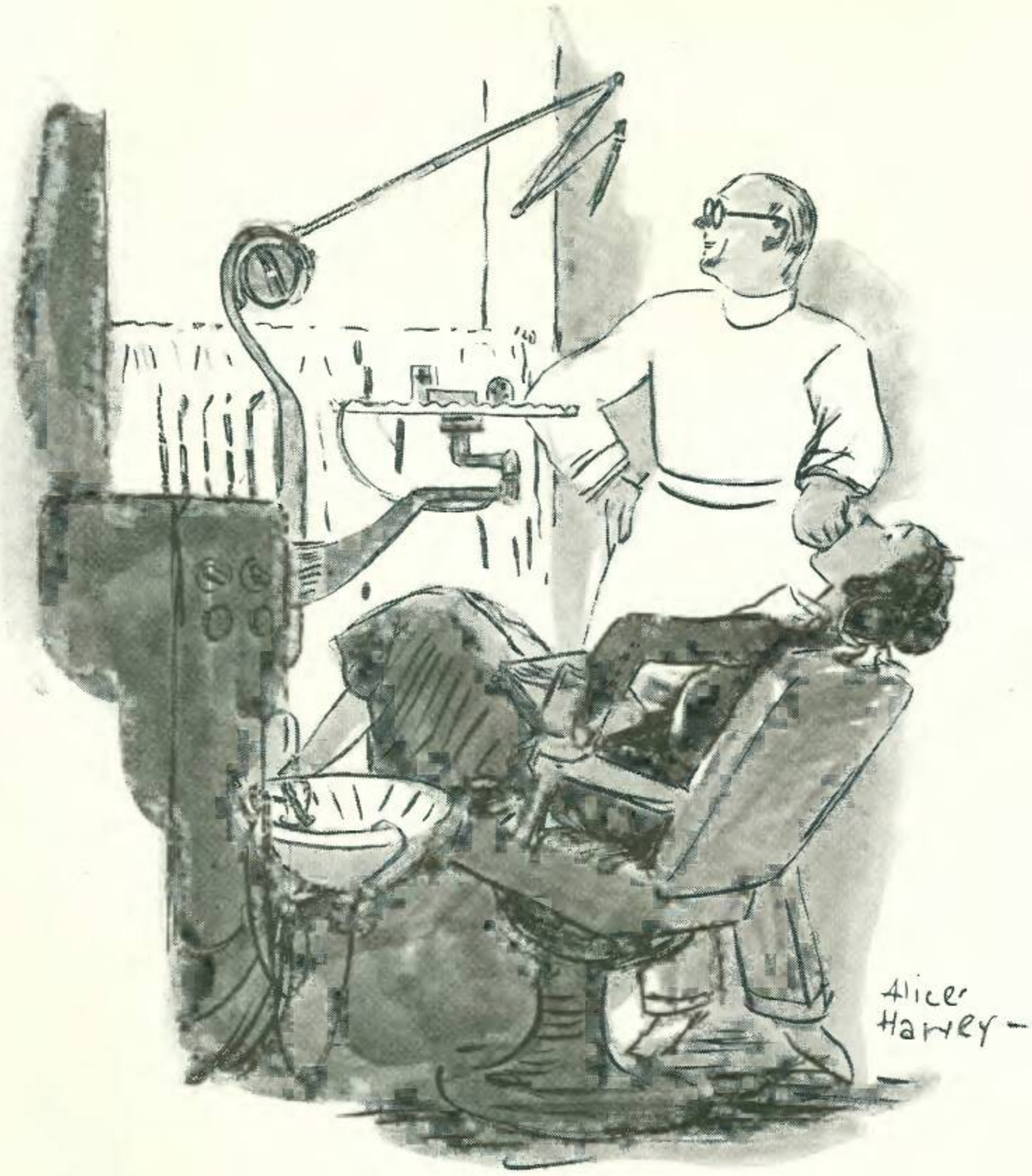
Street cut in Central Park one afternoon and stopped to light a cigarette. Her dainty mother-of-pearl lighter wouldn't work; she twirled the wheel industriously for some time, but with no success. As she was about to give up, a Railway Express Agency truck came along and drew to the curb beside her. The driver jumped down from his seat, approached the lady, handed her a paper of matches, touched his cap and, without a word, remounted his vehicle and drove away.

Out-Sizes

UNLESS you're an unusually fat man yourself you probably don't know about Sigmund Klein. Mr. Klein is the proprietor of the Fat Men's Shop, and his boast is that he can outfit any fat man, no matter how large. His place is a little out of the way—Third Avenue near Tenth Street—but once you get down in that locality you can't miss it. Over the door there is a large sign, bearing the shop's name, its motto ("If everybody was fat there would be no war."—Dr. Frank Crane), and a picture of a tun-shaped gentleman, clad in B.V.D.'s. Inside, Gargantuan garments—pajamas, raincoats, bathing suits, underwear—festoon the walls and hang in racks from the ceiling. You see, you can't mistake the place.

Mr. Klein has been there for over forty years, fitting fat men exclusively. When he started, bartenders and beer-garden owners from the bad old Bowery made a good part of his customers—one reason he located there. Since prohibition, policemen are the heaviest buyers, but there are others. Now over six thousand fat men trade regularly there, many of them by mail, and from as far away as Germany, Ireland, Cuba, and other remote places. Big Bill Edwards is a steady customer. He wears size-56 shorts. Peter Johnson, of Flushing, holds the record for size, however: weighs well over four hundred and fifty pounds, has a waist measure of seventy inches, chest sixty-four, and wears a size-22 collar. Peter Ginch, Brooklyn, comes next. He also has a seventy-inch waist, but only a twenty-inch collar.

Mr. Klein himself, oddly, is thin. He's lively and jolly, however, and says his customers are jolly, too—easily pleased, ideal to get along with. He doesn't care much for fat men's wives, though. Says it would surprise you how often they bear out the tradition, and are small, sharp, and inclined to haggle.



"Well, by the fifteenth we can plant lima beans."

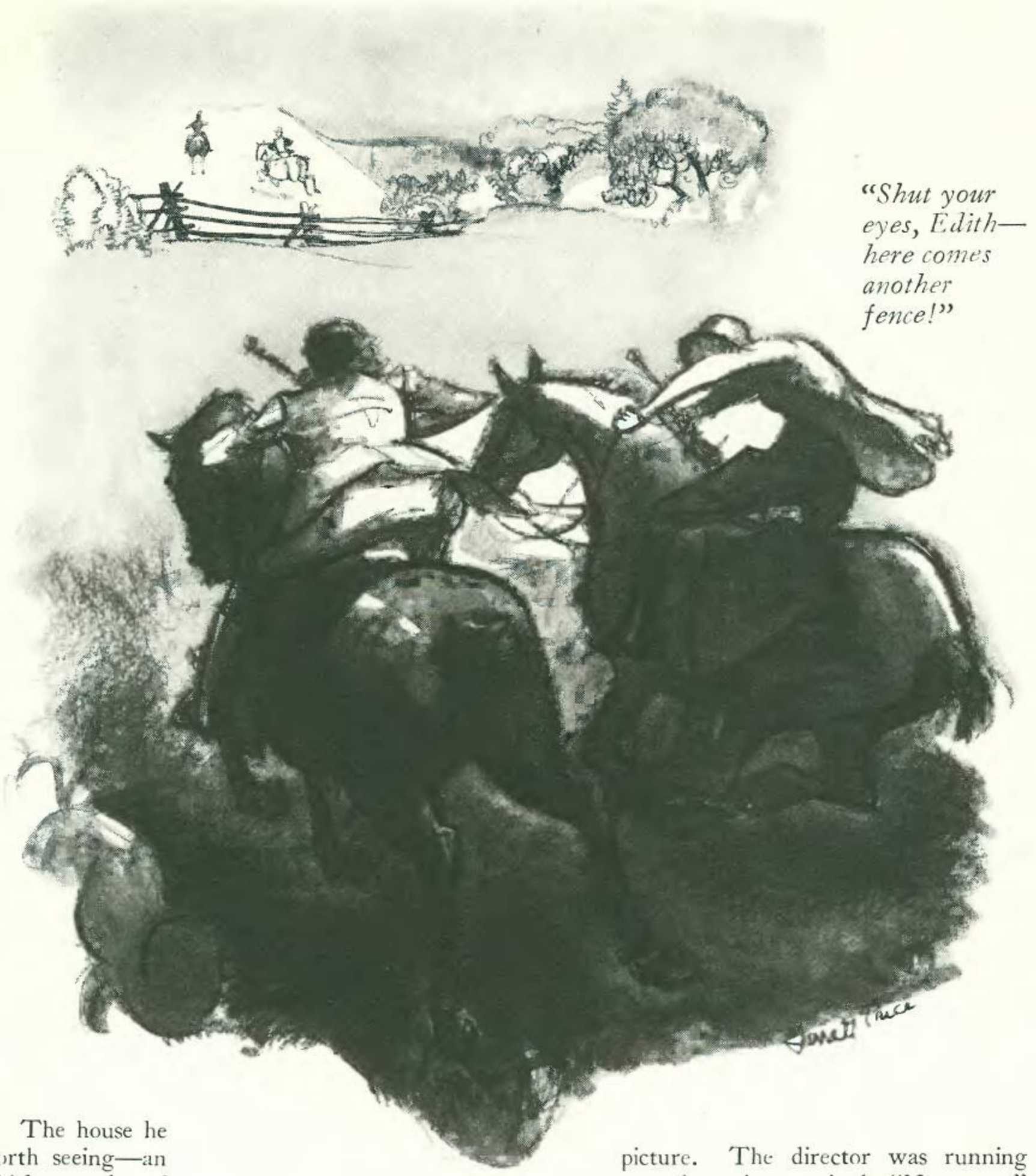
Art

A LOVELY lady was a dinner guest recently at the home of Jules Bache, the banker. Dinner passed, and he offered to show his guests his collection of paintings. Throughout the tour of the gallery the lady observed the masterpieces with a sprightly interest and at the end turned enthusiastically to her host. "Oh, Mr. Bache," she exclaimed. "I *do* hope sometime you'll find time to paint me."

Outposts

WE struck north last week and got as far as Inwood Inlet, where the Indians used to eat a few oysters before crossing into the Bronx. The shells are still there, and Inwood is proud of them; but on the woods and hills of Manhattan's northernmost promontory there sits a desolation that not even the arrival of spring can quite dispel. When Inwood was the land of the early commuters—W. B. Isham, Isidore Straus, Marcus Childs, Jesse R. Grant, James McCreery, and the others—it had a true rural beauty. Later, when the estates fell into decay, the section still enjoyed the picturesque charm of decadence—an isolated spot, full of crumbling houses and grass-grown driveways and legends about wild dogs. Now, with the Park Department lugging away the last of the bricks of the burned and razed dwellings and with the silent hill left to the low buzz of historical societies and the sharp laughter of children, it lapses into a kind of back-lot disorder from which the city is trying to pull it by fixing up the paths and cleaning out the ruins.

The district has always been a rich place for people who dig. In Seaman Avenue they dug up a mastodon—New York's only mastodon. On the east slope of the hill they found the regimental buttons and the gin bottles



"Shut your eyes, Edith—here comes another fence!"

of the Seventeenth Regiment of British infantry. In the little dingle behind the big tulip tree they found the Indian village, once the stamping ground of the Weckquaesgeeks. All have been commemorated, in one way or another.

A few people still live within the borders of the park. Mrs. Voorhees continues to make Indian pottery in her white house on the inlet. She is stuccoing the workshop now, to make it look like an adobe house. Down the shore, where the tulip tree sheds its buds and the children shed their gum wrappers, an Indian caretaker lives in the clapboard museum of the Dyckman Institute. Up on the hill, in a little clearing, lives Mike—most northerly resident of the island, who tills his plot quietly and thoughtfully, unmolested by the city authorities. The house he built for himself is worth seeing—an Arthur Rackham cubicle, made of every conceivable old thing, topped by a stovepipe emerging from a cupola.

It's hard to say how Inwood will look ten years from now. The city intends to leave it wild, merely fixing the paths and burning brush. The freight tracks of the Central have been raised overhead at Dyckman Street and the old station that Commodore Vanderbilt built, in order that the passenger trains would have some place to run to, has been torn down. Eventually, we hear, the West Side elevated highway will run up there.

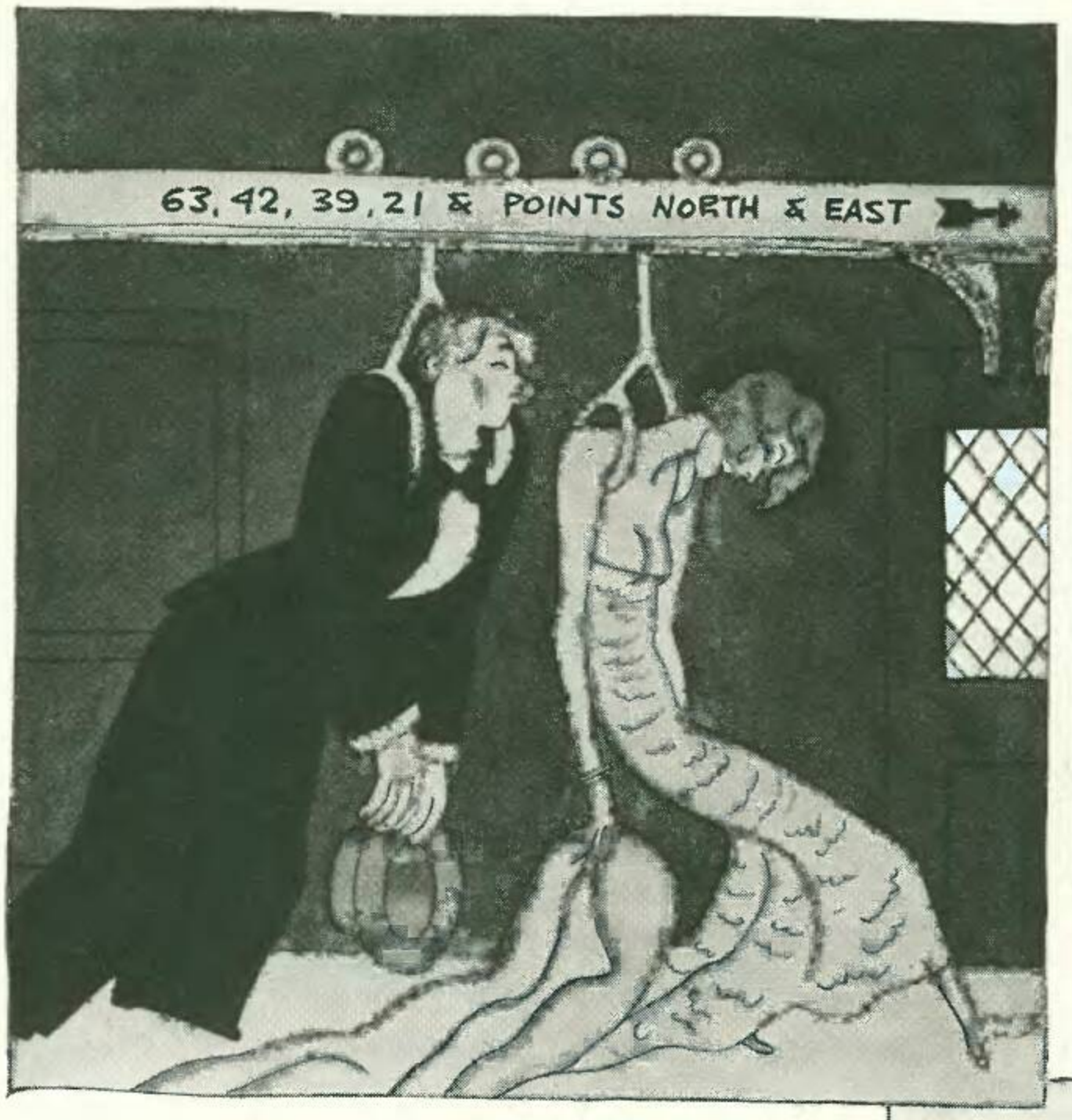
ON our way back from Inwood we stopped over for a day at Washington Heights, to see how that protectorate was making out since they pulled Libbey Castle down. Here, too, was the press of development, northward migration, and city planning. The old red-brick driveway that used to wind its aristocratic way up from the river to Fort Tryon, the C. K. G. Billings place, now leads to an engineer's shack perched on the ruins of the dwelling. Here Olmsted Brothers, the landscape architects, have set up shop to lay out the park that Rockefeller gave to the city. A few old settlers hang on by their teeth: George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, working away at his monument to democracy in the Billings stables; and the Riverview greenhouse people, who will have to see their greenhouses torn down for the museum that Rockefeller is going to put up.

Detail

THEY tell of a happening in one of the moving-picture studios during the filming of a scene in a feature picture. The director was running over the action required. "Now, you," he explained to a man playing the part of an old sea captain, "you're sitting here, and along comes this fellow to greet you. You're tickled to see him, because he's an old friend from back home. So you put out your hand—and then, quick, instead of shaking with him, you put both your hands behind your back. Get it? All right, let's try it." They tried it several times, but it didn't quite suit the director. "It hasn't got the punch," he complained. "I think it's the way you put your hands behind your back. You don't do it strong enough." The actor scratched his chin a moment. "Well, look here," he asked, "just why do I put my hands behind my back, anyway?" "Oh, didn't I tell you?" the director exclaimed in some surprise. "You've got leprosy."

—THE NEW YORKERS

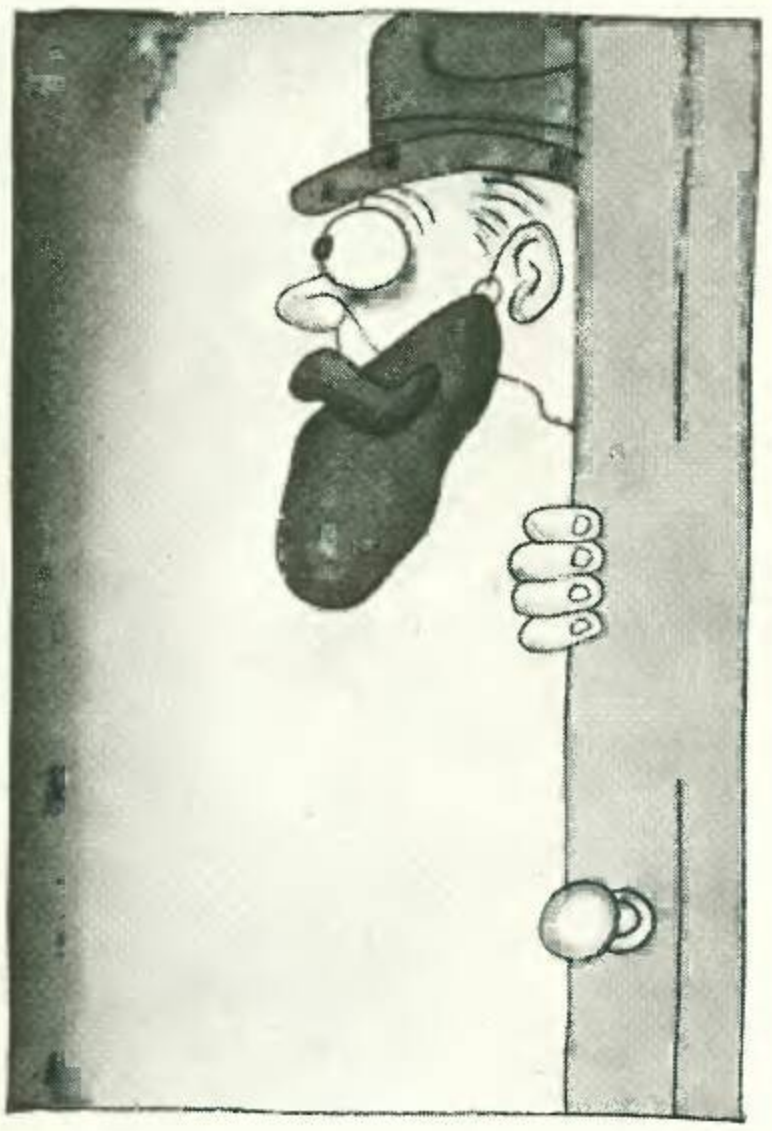
The Graphic Section



TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT INSTALLS INTER-SPEAKEASY TROLLEY as an aid to regular patrons in making the rounds.



VISITING EXPERT ACCOUNTANT with the single-haired Japanese brush with which he was able to draw a line at the point where rackets cease to be rackets and become legitimate business.



A MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO JURY that sent a gangster to prison for fourteen years for murder ventures forth from his house to go to business.



THE PRESIDENT of the Women's League for Hating Modern Furniture doing her stuff.

LUNCH COUNTER

EVER since he had been a kid Fred Sloane had wanted to be a cook, not just a cook in a beanery but a man who might some day be called an important chef. For two years he had done the cooking for the O'Neils, who owned a small quick-lunch.

Mrs. O'Neil, who sometimes helped him in the kitchen, was a heavy, hard-working woman with gray hair, a very clean, sober, earnest woman, always a little afraid of her husband, whom she obeyed from a strong sense of religious duty. Mrs. O'Neil thought Fred boyish but inclined to be profligate and easy-going, a young fellow who grinned too knowingly and was apt to laugh recklessly when she seriously tried to advise him about a more earnest way of living. She was a good woman herself and because of her strong convictions would not do any work in the restaurant kitchen on Sundays. Fred liked her because she was so kind and motherly, and he was sorry for her when her husband openly quarrelled with her. One morning when she had been very tired and had remained in bed late, her husband told Fred that she was a lazy good-for-nothing slut.

But Fred liked Jerry O'Neil, too, mainly because he was so jovial and so childishly eager to ask questions about low joints in the city. Jerry was a huge man, a few inches over six feet, big-framed, red-faced, a bit bald. He kidded all the customers at the counter, and to strangers he winked and whispered hoarsely: "You see that fellow with the cap at the end of the counter? He's sore at me because his wife's in love with me. Heh, heh." The man wearing the cap, a steady customer, laughed heartily. Everybody laughed. Jerry shook his head repeatedly as if to apologize for having so much good humor.

WHEN they were not busy in the restaurant and Mrs. O'Neil was upstairs, Jerry talked through the wicket to Fred, who was in the kitchen. Invariably they talked about girls. Jerry had been married a long time, and though Mrs. O'Neil thought him a wild roustabout, he was far too steady and respectable to be unfaithful to her. He just enjoyed telling Fred many pointless jokes and laughing till his face was the color of a sliced beet; and because he was so eager for information, Fred used to tell him ridiculous stories about women.

A niece of Mrs. O'Neil's, very young and clean and pretty, came to stay with them one night, and wanted to see them cooking in the kitchen. It was necessary for Mrs. O'Neil to help Fred during the seven-o'clock rush hour before she could have her own evening meal upstairs, and the niece was amusing herself looking around the kitchen while waiting for her aunt. Jerry O'Neil was on the other side of the wicket waiting on two customers. When Fred saw the girl, Marion, standing beside him, he smiled and adroitly flipped an omelette in the small pan. Marion was only fifteen years old but well developed, dark-haired, eager, and round-eyed. She smiled her warm admiration to Fred. Though slender, she was built firmly and gracefully, the sweater she wore fitting her tightly. Her skirt was too short; it was the right length for a girl her age, but in a longer skirt she would have looked like a full-grown woman. She was enjoying Fred's self-assurance and the way he flipped an omelette in the small pan. Fred was glad to have her standing beside him, watching him, and out of the corner of his eye noted her eager admiration. More dexterously than ever he tried to manipulate his pans, for he wanted her to see that he was far more capable a cook than one would expect to find in such a small restaurant, and he tried to intimate by his movements that he had all the assurance of a first-class chef. Jerry O'Neil, pressing his wide face to the wicket, called in another order. Fred, who was enjoying himself immensely, rubbed his hands together just to show off and appear more professional. So far he hadn't spoken to the girl. Suddenly he said: "Would you like to try and flip an omelette?"

"Show me. I don't think I could do it right," she said.

"It comes easy, just like this."

The omelette, browned on one side, turned in the air and flopped down to the pan, sizzling freshly as the blue flames licked the edge. Though he could hardly help laughing out loud, Fred smiled only slightly. Marion smiled brightly every time he smiled, and thought him unusually interesting. "Another thing," he said. "You ought to learn how to break an egg properly. Just tap it smartly once on the edge of the pan." After he had prepared another omelette she took hold of the handle of the pan. She was just a kid, he thought, and went on talking importantly. She seemed timid about flipping the omelette, so he, too, held the handle, his hand partly covering hers, and when the omelette was done on one side, he said "Ready," and jerked the pan upward.

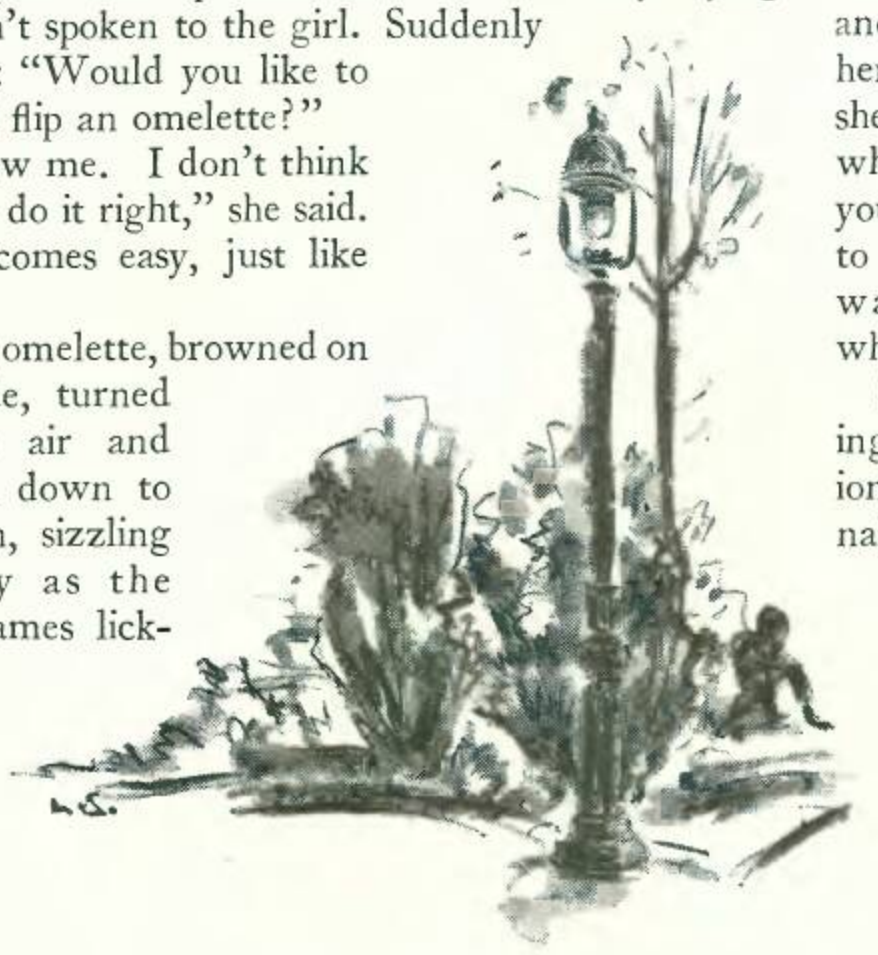
The girl, her cheeks flushed from the heat of the kitchen, laughed happily. "That was swell," she said. "I can do it myself now."

"Sure. You just need confidence. Cooking eggs is like boiling water. Anybody can do it."

And as he stood there, his hands on his hips, grinning and good-humored, he noticed Mrs. O'Neil, who was cutting bread at the other end of the table. "If you want to get your dinner, I can look after the place now," he said.

She said sharply: "You aren't so willing other nights."

AT first he was surprised, and then so angry he hated the heavy, thin-lipped woman. By her sharp reply she was intimating that he merely wanted to be alone with her niece, that she understood his feeling when he took hold of Marion's hand to help her flip the omelette. And so she remained there, big and old and heavy and alert. He was especially hurt because he had been only trying to show off with the girl and had not thought of her as a woman at all: she was just someone who admired his work, a young girl who seemed to like him and smiled warmly and frankly when he grinned at her.



So he went on working steadily while Marion stood beside him. Finally Mrs. O'Neil left the kitchen. At the door she turned and said briefly: "Come right upstairs, Marion."

Fred was so angry at Mrs. O'Neil that he

could not be bothered with Marion, who was walking around the kitchen examining the pots and the mixing bowls and asking questions which he answered shortly. "Mrs. O'Neil is a fool," he thought. But she was such a respectable woman herself that he could not remain angry at her, even though he thought her a silly woman. Marion was standing beside him and he was telling her how to make a special sandwich. Gradually he became more enthusiastic, and looking around for something that might interest her, he showed her all the mixing bowls.

Jerry O'Neil passed through the kitchen on his way upstairs. "Keep an eye on the place," he said to Fred. While the O'Neils were eating Fred had to wait on any customers that might come in and look after the kitchen, too.

Fred went on talking with Marion for a few minutes till O'Neil called suddenly from the top of the stairs: "Fred, come here."

Fred opened the door and looked up the stairs. Jerry O'Neil muttered down to him: "Look here, what are you keeping the girl down there for?" His big face was red in the light and he was very angry. He had never seemed so serious. "Cut it out," he said. "Cut it out." And he added: "Tell her to come up and have dinner."

Breathing heavily, Fred returned to the kitchen. His hands were trembling a little. Marion was waiting for him, her hands linked behind her back, eyeing him candidly. "They're sure I'm after the kid. It's the one thing the O'Neils ever agreed about," he thought.

"Your uncle wants you to go upstairs," he said.

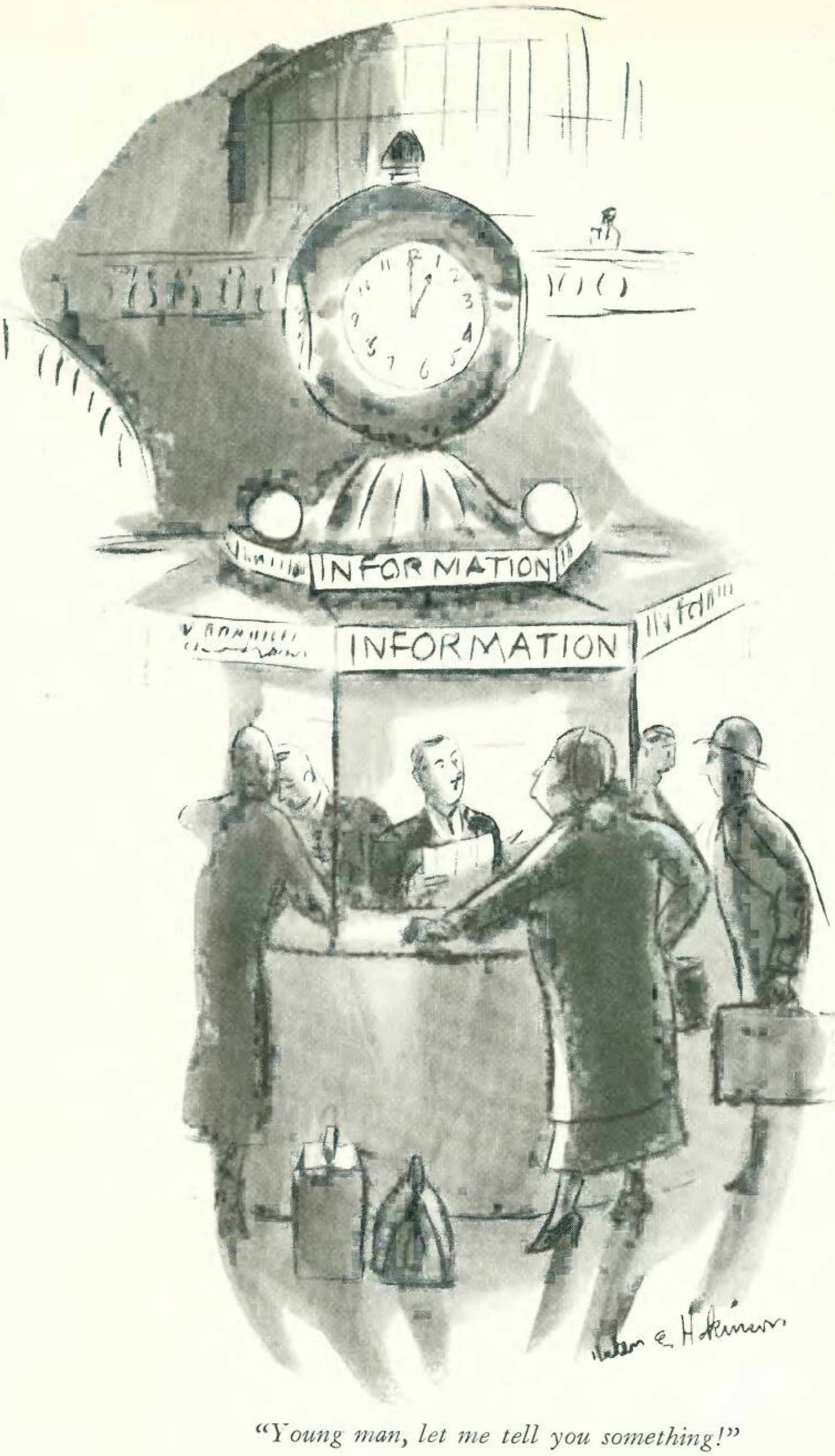
"All right, he ought to call me," she said smiling. "Are you through showing me things?"

"I am."

Reluctantly she moved toward the door. On the way out she had to pass the scales they used for weighing supplies. Stopping, she at once insisted Fred show her how to operate the scales, and then asked if he could guess her weight within three pounds.

The O'Neils had spoiled the simple pleasure he had been having with the girl, and looking at her now, he thought he ought to do something about it. For the first time he thought nervously of putting his arms around her and kissing her. So when she was standing on the scales he placed his two hands on her waist, the edge of his palms pressing down on the curve of her slender hips, and for no reason she put her small warm hands on his as they both bent forward to read the scales. On the nape of her neck he saw the fine thin hair, and when she straightened up, suddenly her back was arched and slender. "You're a lovely little thing," he said, almost shyly.

"I like you too, Fred," she said. By the way her hands were resting on his he knew he could put his arms around her and kiss her. And while he was having these thoughts and feeling a new, nervous love for the young girl as her hands held his, he heard Mrs.



"Young man, let me tell you something!"

• •

O'Neil coming slowly downstairs. "Marion," she called, and then, "Fred."

As she went out of the kitchen Marion called "So long, Fred," and smiled over her shoulder.

"So long, kid."

Mrs. O'Neil waited till Marion had gone upstairs, then she said to Fred: "Jerry is sore at you. He's so mad he's ready to eat you alive."

"What for?"

"You know." She was cross and irritable.

"Then tell him to come right down here and tell it to me," he called after her as she climbed the stairs.

HE sat on an upturned box waiting for O'Neil to come down, and knew he would not come. No one was in the restaurant; he waited, listening. He heard them talking upstairs. He would never see the girl again, he thought, and trying to remain cool he wondered why such honest, sober people as the O'Neils suddenly repelled him. Angrily he stood up, hating Mrs. O'Neil and her way of living. He hated Jerry O'Neil intensely because he had called his wife an old slut. He hated them both because they were old, and alert, and sly, and sure of what to expect from him.

—MORLEY CALLAGHAN

•

ARCTIC AGRARIAN

[SCENE: THE ADIRONDACKS]

Here in these hills the Spring comes slow
  To those who learn her backwood way,
Who plough in ice and reap in snow.

First, there's a tremor; then, a throe;
  Then splintering of bells that play
"Hear!" (In these hills the Spring comes slow.)

We are not tricked for long. We know
  The paradox of frost in May,
Who plough in ice and reap in snow.

A mole sniffs the new earth; a crow
  Measures our field, decides to stay.
Here in these hills the Spring comes slow.

These are our vernal auguries. We go,
  Stopping at times to curse or pray,
Who plough in ice and reap in snow.

Suddenly white is green, although
  When it occurred we cannot say,
Who plough in ice and reap in snow,
Here in these hills . . .
  The Spring comes slow.

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

YOU MADE YOUR BED, ENA

The former King and Queen of Spain may live with her mother at Kensington Palace, London.—*News item.*

(*The action takes place in Kensington Palace.* 9 A.M. *Ex-Queen Ena is setting the table. Enter Mother.*)

MAMMA—Isn't *he* up yet, Ena?

ENA—No, Mother, he was out late. He had to go to a meeting of Spanish Royalists.

MAMMA—Spanish Royalists! That's a new one. The other one was threadbare.

ENA—What do you mean "other one," Mother?

MAMMA—Detained in Paris by business.

ENA—Now, Mother, you know perfectly well Alfonso has got to be nice to the Royalists.

MAMMA—It's the Republicans he should have been nice to. Then he wouldn't be in the fix he is today. Nor you.

ENA—You don't understand—

MAMMA—I understand that laddybuck of yours, all right.

ENA—You're not fair to him. You oughtn't to be so hard on him. He's had a lot on his mind lately. You know that as well as I do.

MAMMA—Hmm. A lot on his mind!

ENA—Well, he *has*.

MAMMA—Horse races. Automobiles. Chorus girls. That's what's on his mind. He's like all the men.

ENA—Well, Mother, if that's the way you feel about him, I don't see why you asked us here.

MAMMA—Do you suppose I want to see a daughter of mine on the county? Aren't the neighbors talking enough as it is?

ENA—Let them talk.

MAMMA—Very well for you to say that. They wouldn't be talking if your husband knew how to keep his affairs to himself. He had to tell the Associated Press he'd abdicated.

ENA—They asked him. He couldn't tell a lie.

MAMMA—Ha, ha, ha!

ENA—It would have leaked out anyway.

MAMMA—Ah, if you had only listened



"I like your mustache, Albert. It makes your eyes softer."



"What the hell, Tony! Don't you ever wash these rags?"

•

to me, Ena, you'd be married today to a good steady Englishman and you'd have a home of your own here in a country where they speak a decent Christian tongue and the women don't go about dancing with roses in their teeth. But you never would listen to anybody that tried to give you a word of advice for your own good.

ENA—I haven't got any kick.

MAMMA—No, of course you haven't. You were always one to have your own way, Ena. Trust you to be headstrong and obstinate. Those nice English boys that used to call on you; oh, they were too slow for you. After this Spaniard came along with his mustache and his red roadster, you had no eyes for anybody but him. I told you when this Spaniard—

ENA—Mother, his name is Alfonso and I'll thank you to call him by it.

MAMMA—I told you at the time you were making a mistake. I mistrusted him from the first. He had too much lip.

ENA—Can he help it if he's a Hapsburg?

MAMMA—Well, you can't say I didn't warn you, Ena. But you've made your bed—

ENA—Yes, and I'm willing to lie in it, and I wish you'd all mind your own business, Ma—that's what I wish.

MAMMA—That's the thanks her own mother gets for trying to do what she can to help!

ENA—Oh, Ma, I don't mean to be ungrateful, but everybody's picking on him. I'm getting sick and tired of it.

MAMMA—Your father was the man that knew enough to hold on to a good job when he got it. There wasn't a better prince in England. And not a Saturday night that he didn't bring me home his envelope unopened.

ENA—Yes, I know, I know.

MAMMA—Why is he abed at this hour? Why isn't he up and out looking for work hours ago? Does he think he's going to get a job lying abed until nine in the morning?

ALFONSO (*who has entered quietly a moment before*)—No, Grandma, I'm going to hold out until I can get one lying abed until noon.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

•

LARGE THOUGHT

The old machine's accelerated,
The ancient rhythm beat too slow;
And empires toss to syncopated
Growth and decay, ebb and flow,
Strength and weakness, death, creation.
Oh, the near, unhappy times
When the White Man on his Reservation
Dances a waltz for tourist dimes!

—MORRIS BISHOP

OF ALL THINGS

SECRETARY Stimson has had a hard time trying to explain our new policy in Nicaragua. The rumor is going around that the original statement was issued by The Old Soak.

•

The earthquake upstate and in New England was caused by an Ice Age weakness often called "St. Lawrence Fault." It will be pleasantly remembered as one thing which was not blamed on Hoover.

•

The Republican City Affairs Committee, as we understand it, meant no personal insult to our Mayor. They merely pointed out what a happy private life they wished he would return to.

•

Wilkins radios from the Nautilus at Yonkers to his wife in New York. Sir Hubert has a theory that the region is inhabited.

•

The landing of the autogiro in the White House yard was an excellent piece of publicity work. All candidates will buy the things now.

•

A general's work, it seems, is never done. Pershing won the war for the *Times* and here he has to do it all over for the *Herald Tribune*.

•

It is a pleasure to report that everything went well when the Old Guard held its parade on Governors Island. Nobody fell off of same.

•

General Atterbury says that high tariff walls are a great obstacle in the way of commercial recovery. On the other hand there is no better way to get peace and quiet than to slam the door in customers' faces.

•

The Soviet's new policy on wages is called Khozraschiot. This should not be confused with Prajadhipok, which is the King of Persia, an entirely different thing.

•

A survey shows that a large proportion of newspaper readers like serial fiction stories. This tends to weaken our theory that no human being has ever read one.

•

Mr. Coolidge laughs off the suggestion that he become Speaker of the House. At the rate they pay per word, he would be doing his family a grave injustice.

•

Builders of aircraft are constantly working to make machines which will stay up under all adverse conditions. It strikes us that the engineers should make a careful study of Ramsay MacDonald.

•

Wrigley's announcement that he would buy ten million dollars' worth of cotton should cause no apprehension among his customers. It is not to be used in the manufacture of his famous commodity.

•

The Wickersham Commission will publish nine reports on crime. This ought to make the subject pretty clear unless the White House issues an explanation.

•

Alfonso's future looks pretty rosy to us. Now he can become a writer for the *Saturday Evening Post* like those other former titleholders, Dempsey and Trotsky.

•

All statesmen agree that there must be no rise in taxes in 1932, because it is leap year and all that.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



EXCAVATIONS IN UR

I

And that Sumerian Queen, the powdered gold
Upon her hair, the golden ribbon coiled
Intricately, the lapis frontlet foiled
With gold shell, and the wreath of willow scrolled
With flowers of gold, and the gold rings that rolled
Whenever she shook her little lovely spoiled
Impertinent head, and one more dark throat soiled
A sword or axe—even that Queen is mold.

Even Shub-Ad is nothing; but her two
Gold fish and two gold antelopes and beads
Of the carnelian and the lapis blue
Survive their mistress: metal never bleeds—
Only the heart that not again shall mark
Her golden earrings jingling in the dark.

II

Your black hair stains the darkness as one flame
Might drown another; black pearls are your eyes;
Your mouth is small and dangerously wise;
Your breasts are little torches making shame
As sweet as flowers with a fiery name;
Your hands are light as lilies; golden flies
Dart in your fingers; golden tiny lies
Dance in your words and weave a praise of blame.

And yet there was a lovely queen in Ur,
Even the Queen Shub-Ad: and on her head
Clustered gold mulberry leaves. . . . And I am sure
That she was beautiful, that she is dead,
And that her dust is fragrant, and that your
Fragrance is dust and dust the words we said.

—JOSEPH AUSLANDER

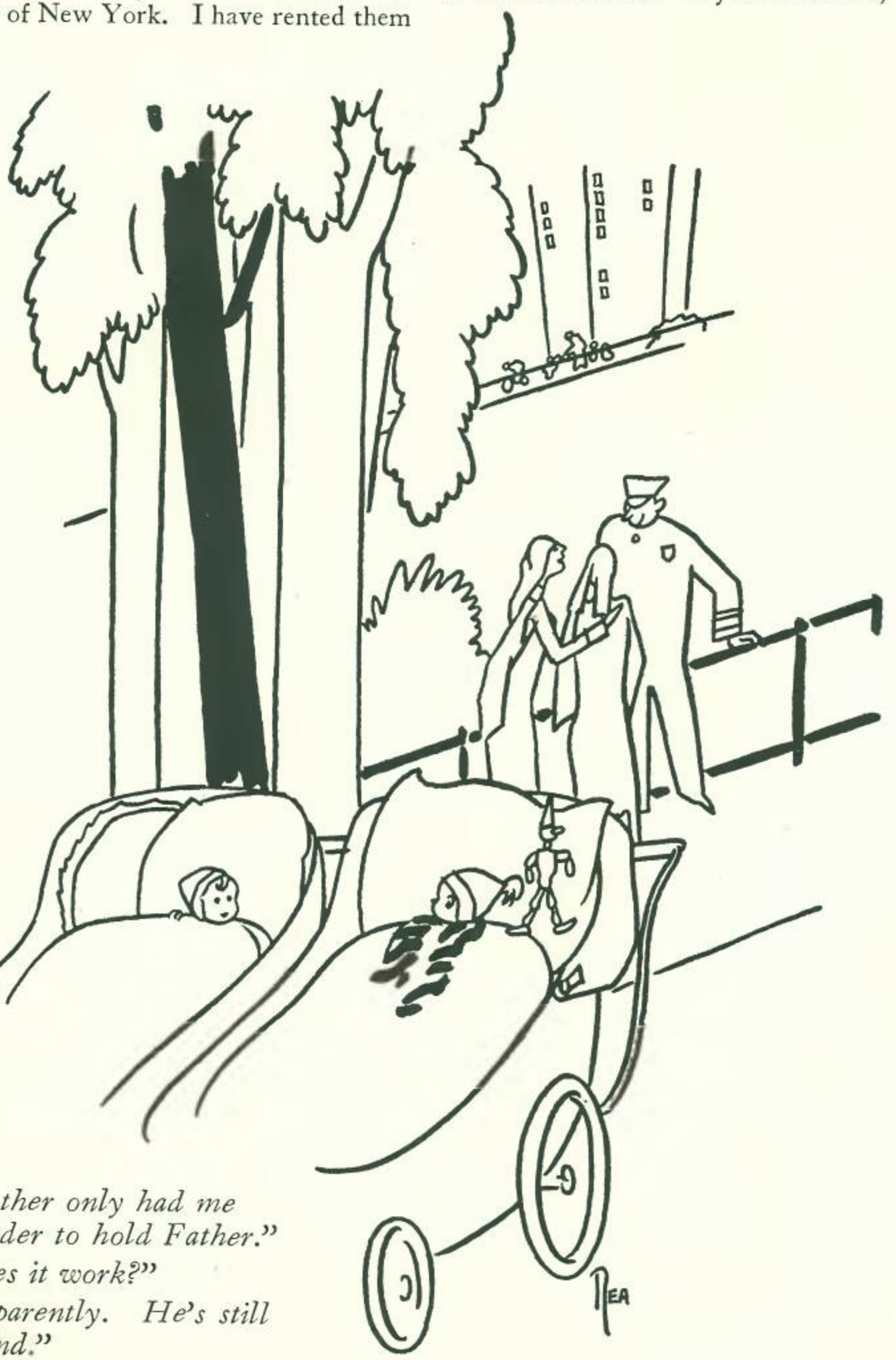
BRIDGE, BOWL, AND BOOKREST

YOU are a domiciled New Yorker and privileged to criticize if you visit New York twice in a twelvemonth. Most years I come over from London more than twice in a twelvemonth, and I am therefore qualified to challenge your proudest boast. New York knows nothing of the raptures of the bath, nothing even of the prime necessity of the bath.

The prime necessity of the bath is a bridge across the tub. The essence of a shower is the gadget that, independent of taps, regulates the flow and warmth of the descending stream. The final luxuries of both are the floating wooden bowl of soap and the whisk. I have had temporary possession since, say, 1906 of twenty-seven bathtubs in the city of New York. I have rented them in new hotels and old, in private houses, in boarding establishments, on landings attached to hall-bedrooms, and in Park Avenue apartments. Never once have I seen the bridge, never once the whisk, never once the shower gadget, only once the wooden bowl—and that in the ownership of an Englishwoman.

The way to take a proper bath is as follows: You adjust the gadget of the shower above the tub to the appropriate temperature; you stand beneath the shower and turn on the water tap. You soap. You render the water hotter and hotter and hotter. Then colder and colder. You then switch back the curtains that have concealed your form and sit down in the tub. If you are skilled, the depth and warmness of the water in the tub will exactly suit your temperament.

Before you, the bridge will cross the container in which you sit. On the bridge—of porcelain or of wood with a pierced bottom—there will be your soaps, salts, sponges, cigarettes, lighters, a bookrest equipped with waterproof book-wrap and pointed ivory page-turner. (This is indispensable if you are a Reader. The late Dr. Robertson Nichol, the most adored and execrated book critic of London, seriously impoverished himself for lack of this convenience. He used to read—these eyes have it—his review copies in the waters of the Bath Club. Their backs would cockle in his hand in the warm vapors, his wet fingers turning the pages would spot them. Result: he received from the second-hand booksellers only eighteenpence instead of two shillings for his six-shilling novels, and only two shillings instead of three and fourpence for his ten-shilling serious works.)



"Mother only had me in order to hold Father."
"Does it work?"
"Apparently. He's still around."

BUT we are sitting in our baths—I regret that considerations of economy should have crept into our hedonisms. The agreeable tepidities are above our waists. Before us are the stated luxuries, the book or journal is adjusted, and you may add to them, on the bridge, a tantalus with liqueur glasses. (Even *crème de menthe* is drinkable in a hot bath, but ladies in France and in harems prefer *cherri-wiski.*) First, however, there will have taken place the protracted and ecstatic flagellation. Your soap bowl will have floated with irresistible gaiety on your waters—and there is all the romance in the world in a floating bath-companion! Do you remember the soapdish navies of your sunny youth?—your whisk of long fibres will have been soaked in the soap solution that will have gathered in the floating bowl. With that you will thrash yourself. There is no greater pleasure in life: there is no other way for the non-millionaire really to lather between his shoulder-blades, and unlathered upper-spinal surfaces leave you with yearnings as unsatisfied as do—oh, New York oysters without cocktail sauce. I do indeed know a bathroom on the French Riviera where, for the tapping of a button, liquid soap and suds will be squirted at you, but the be-sudded whisk is better. Oh, and less expensive!

The fact is that the bath is not regarded in this country with the reverence bestowed on it by the lesser breeds



"Let's ankle along. This party is laying an egg, and besides I can't go the bathtub gigglewater."

• •

without the law—I *know*. In the last thirty-seven years I must have been conducted before lunch or dinner to white-tiled shrines in ten thousand Northern and Southern homes, but the reverence of the conductors or conductresses has always been that of those going, prayer book in hand, to bleak chapels, or at best of those showing you a Bouguereau over the dining-room fireplace, rather than that of those inducting you into Eleusinian mysteries after Lenten days.

THE supreme bath is to be had in the Shires. You have followed the hounds from nine until the day draws in; you have hacked it back ten or twelve miles through the twilight and mists; you have divested yourself of everything and donned a silk dressing gown; you sit in a grandfather's chair before a great fire in your bedroom; you have had one glass of sloe gin and you sit musing, twisting the stem of your second between thumb and forefinger. Your man comes in and, whilst laying out your dress things, says: "Your Lordship's bath is ready" nonchalantly. And you have an hour before dinner. Ah, then! . . .

It is no good to say that there are no hunting fields in Gotham. You could reproduce the fatigue that goes before bliss by, say, going backward and forward by I.R.T. from Brooklyn to 181st Street from eleven till four and then, as a substitute for hacking home, riding on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus through the twilight. At the expense of a little trouble you can have the beverage, the fire, the grandfather's chair, and the rest. But the proper reverential attitude is lacking.

I am not going to say that you cannot have bridge, bowl, and bookrest—or even the tantalus—in this city. I have not, however, found them in such emporia as I have approached, and on leaving them I have usually heard myself followed by whispers of words like "bats" and "belfries."

But perhaps there is a good time coming. They say that recovery from all financial depression in this country has always followed on the rising of new industries. Perhaps, this having been written, a new industry will here arise. There may be a nationwide demand for bath bowls, whisks, bookrests, and shower fixings, and—the Volstead Act having been repealed—perhaps in a wetter world better bath bridges than any in the universe shall glorify our New York—oh, say *salles de bain!*

—FORD MADOX FORD

THE THEATRE

A THROWBACK TO MARCH

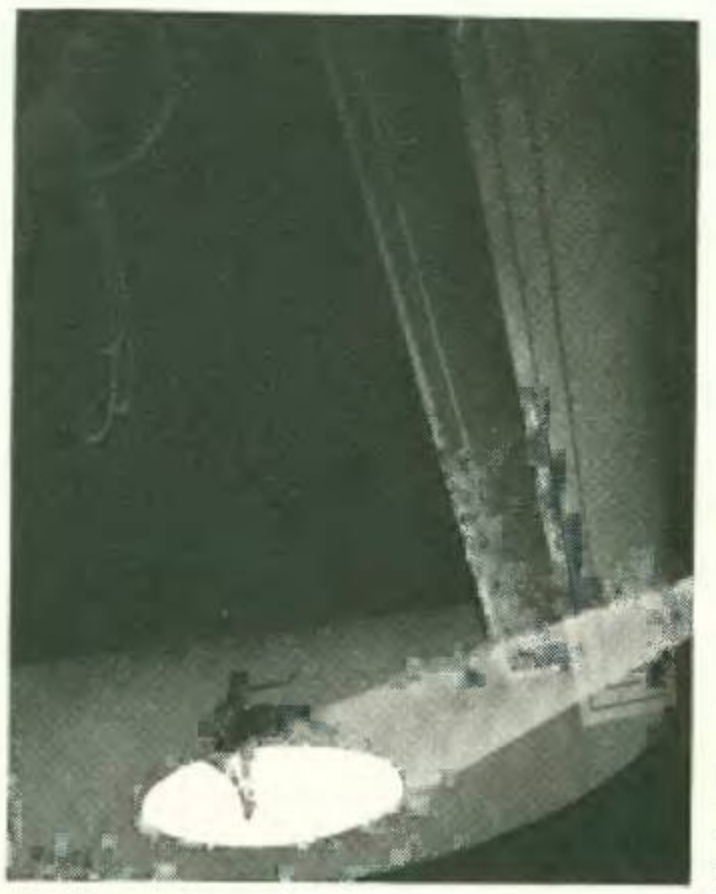
THROUGH some slip-up on the part of the Committee on Arrangements, three of the plays in this week's wagonload were delayed in their entrance to New York until after Mrs. Parker had gone off duty as night nurse in charge of this ward. They belonged more in the March epidemic of rickety babies than in the present heyday of the American Drama. "School for Virtue," "Company's Coming!," and "The Bellamy Trial" were essentially Parker cases.

IT is hardly possible that "School for Virtue" is now a matter for consideration, even in retrospect. Mr. Ebenhack, the author, has just heard about Sex and, interesting as it may be to Mr. Ebenhack in the first flush of his discovery, it lacks something of its original bombshell quality for those of us who have been seeing nasty little plays of the same *genre* for ten or fifteen years. I am beginning to believe that Grandmamma and Grandpapa knew almost enough about Sex in their day to render this type of play pretty Old Stuff, even for them.

"COMPANY'S COMING!" was an inept little farce (what's the use in trying to say it in ten lines when "inept little farce" does the whole trick?) the high points of which, in the audience's mind, were the frying of real chops in a pan over a real fire and the introduction, for an all-too-short appearance, of a small dog with a large black eye. It was one of those farces which offer immediate solution to their problems every eight minutes if the people concerned would only stop using opium. Pretty soon you get so that you just don't care whether they get out of their jams or not. And finally you hope that they don't.

Any farce with Lynne Overman in it has *some*thing to laugh at, and any play with Frieda Inescort in it has something to look at. This sums up the case for "Company's Coming!" The prosecution would take too long.

IT is rather late in the day for an author to expect to hold an audience's attention by having his action take place entirely in a courtroom. Mr. Veiller did it, by a rare *tour de force*, in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Frances Noyes Hart and Frank E. Carstarphen are not masters of the *tour de force*, and "The Bellamy Trial," as a result, is no more interesting than any ordinary murder trial would be if you were not particularly concerned with issues involved. After two acts of hearing the Prosecuting Attorney ask Stephen Bellamy where he was at nine P.M. on the evening of July eighteenth and Susan Ives where *she* was at nine P.M. on the evening of July eighteenth and Doctor Gabriel Barretti where *he* was at nine P.M. on the evening of July eighteenth, one felt as a court attendant must feel who has been on his job for forty years and is pretty darned sick of the whole thing. It doesn't seem possible that a playwright could seriously, in this day and age, lay his action in a courtroom and not expect his audience to keep strolling out into the corridor for a drink of water during the dull spots. A great deal of water flowed out of the cooler during "The Bellamy Trial."



IN "Brass Ankle," DuBose Heyward has tackled the problem of miscegenation and has more or less allowed it to throw him. If the play is definitely a problem play, then very little is solved by the wife's tricking her husband into believing that she is pure white but slightly wanton. If it is meant as a theatrical piece and not a problem play, then there is much too much problem. Of course, it may be said that by her lie, and consequent death, the mother saved her other child from what seems to be considered a fate worse than death. But, to one who is rather happy-go-lucky in matters of this sort, the whole thing sounded like a great deal of noise which, aside from one or two stirring scenes by Alice Brady, got nowhere in particular, either in social ethics or dramatic effectiveness. Mr. Heyward should be given credit for having tried something pretty big, but unless you happen, with the residents of the Deep South, to be nervously wrought up over the question of fingernails and pure white blood even though it be bad white blood, it isn't a play over which you will lose much sleep. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

MIDNIGHT SAILING

I tell myself and I tell myself
  It's only a ferryboat whistling loud;
I tell myself it's only a tug
  That blows so deep and toots so proud.

I scrunch way down in the foot of my bed
  In a house too plainly anchored to earth.
There isn't a porthole over my head
  And I tell myself I'm not in a berth.

You can't hear taxis squeak their brakes
  Where a sharp prow cuts the waves in two,
And sailors never make the noise
  That early-morning milkmen do.

I tell myself and I tell myself
  I'm lucky to have the rent this week—
But the chair in the corner answers me
  With the whine of a tarry halyard's creak. —ELSPETH

SEALING WAX

WITH the documents finally fitted into a stout clasp envelope, addressed to "The Hon. Secretary of Labor, Washington, D.C.," I made my way to the registry window of the City Hall branch of the Post Office, and confronted Mr. A. T. Murray. Mr. Murray and I are old friends, or at any rate we have seen quite a lot of each other, as I often have to register things.

"Will you lend me the sealing wax?" I said.

"The Department," he answered, "don't furnish sealing wax any more."

"They used to furnish it," I said.

"They used to furnish it," he said, "but they don't furnish it any more."

This was annoying, for as I say it was a clasp envelope and I knew of old that you can't register a thing like that, which anybody can open.

"Where's the nearest place I can buy sealing wax?" I said.

"There's a stationery store on Nassau Street," said Mr. Murray.

To Nassau Street I trudged: it was beginning to rain, and that didn't improve my opinion of the Post Office Department of the United States Government. On my way I got to thinking about it: I made up my mind that this kind of thing had to stop. I would write a piece about it, an indignant letter to the *Herald Tribune*, and say: "How about this, Mr. Brown?" Mr. Brown, in case you haven't heard, is Postmaster General of the United States—Mr. Walter F. Brown of Ohio. I computed roughly the cost of sealing wax, bought wholesale; I planned how to balance this trifling cost against the inconvenience to citizens who are forced to walk down to Nassau Street in the rain.

NASSAU STREET, it turned out, was full of stationery stores, but the first five didn't handle sealing wax. "No demand," said one salesman briefly.

"How about people that have things to register," I inquired sarcastically, "and who, by reason of the fact that the Post Office Department doesn't furnish sealing wax any more, must trudge down to Nassau Street?"

"By me, buddy," he said. "Them people don't come in this store."

Finally I found a store that handled sealing wax. It was the best sealing wax I ever saw: it had a wick running down the middle, like a candle, and all you had to do was light the wick and let the wax drop down on the envelope. This did away with the old fumbling with matches. On my way back I determined to give a free reading notice in the letter to the manufacturers of this sealing wax: Davids Brothers, of 213 Centre Street. You see I was going to compare the brilliant originality of Davids Brothers with the dull stupidity of the Post Office Department. ("Is this the vaunted efficiency of the Hoover Administration, Mr. Brown?") Then a really brilliant idea hit me: I would demand that sealing-wax machines, exactly like chewing-gum machines, be installed in all Post Offices.

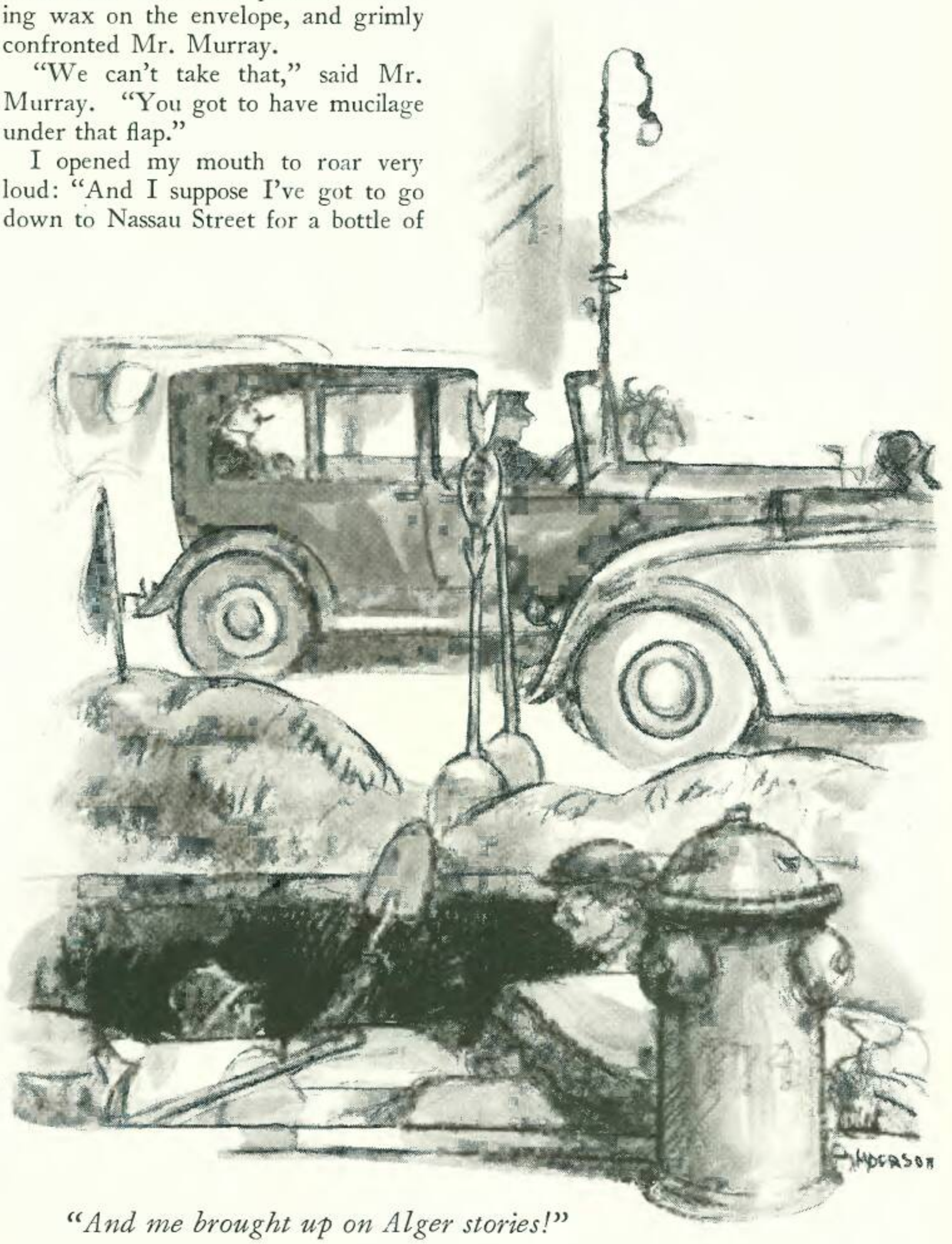
IN this frame of mind, I entered the registry room again, lighted the wick, made three thick puddles of sealing wax on the envelope, and grimly confronted Mr. Murray.

"We can't take that," said Mr. Murray. "You got to have mucilage under that flap."

I opened my mouth to roar very loud: "And I suppose I've got to go down to Nassau Street for a bottle of mucilage now, have I?" But I noticed that Mr. Murray was pushing a bottle of mucilage at me. I took it, went back to the table, put mucilage under the flap, and then went back to Mr. Murray. I would wait, I thought, until he got through with the formalities of registry before telling him what I thought of a government that furnished mucilage but did not furnish sealing wax.

Mr. Murray stamped the envelope with his usual care, turned it over, looked at it thoughtfully. Then, as he handed out the receipt, he leaned toward me.

"Now get this," he said. "Get this straight, so you'll know how to do in the future. The sealing wax on a thing like this is not essential. But the mucilage *is*." —JAMES M. CAIN



"And me brought up on Alger stories!"

PROFILES

STEEL~II



Charles M. Schwab

IN 1901, when Morgan made him president of the newly formed United States Steel Corporation, Schwab seemed finally committed to that company, what with his one-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year salary and the system of bonuses which was to yield him two million dollars the first year. From the beginning, however, he found his new job irksome. He and Gary, chairman of the executive committee, were temperamentally destined for conflict. Schwab was openly contemptuous of Gary's "Sunday-school morality." Years later he changed his mind and became one of the most vocal of Gary's admirers. But, in the two years of his Steel Corporation presidency, Schwab sided with the anti-Gary faction on the board: the old-school, freeze-out, gambling monopolists whom Gary often found it necessary to lecture upon primary ethics.

Under Carnegie, Schwab had been a czar, the only individual with whom the Scotchman had been willing to share his power. Carnegie had been shrewd enough to give free rein to his exhaustless young dividend-producer. Now all this was changed. Schwab found himself surrounded by men of differing viewpoints, and hampered by the imperious, monarchal Morgan. He looked about for another outlet and found it.

ON the Lehigh River, at South Bethlehem, was an independent plant, the Bethlehem Steel Company, which had not been invited into the Steel Corporation and now found itself struggling for its life. The plant was substantial, with a good strategic location, and Schwab believed he could build it up. He marshalled his entire assets, seven million dollars, and bought control. That was in 1902. When Morgan heard of this private speculation he was furious. There was a hot interview, and Schwab yielded to an ultimatum that he rid himself of Bethlehem. Morgan gave him a year to find a purchaser, meanwhile himself taking custody of the company.

A few months later Schwab chanced to meet at luncheon Lewis Nixon and D. Le Roy Dresser, newcomers in finance, who were forming the United States Shipbuilding Company, with paper capitalization of fifty million dollars. Nixon and Dresser had drawn into the Shipbuilding Trust, as it was called, eight oddly assorted plants distributed from Maine to California. The new trust was already wabbling when Schwab met the promoters and proposed that they include in their combination his Bethlehem Steel Company. Nixon and Dresser leaped at the idea, and hastened to sign a contract with Schwab that gave the last practical control of their trust. Schwab received United States Shipbuilding stocks and bonds of a par value of thirty million dollars with the unusual proviso that voting power should be conferred upon his bonds. In return for carrying Bethlehem for him and for other services, Schwab allotted five million dollars' worth of stock to J. P. Morgan & Company.

This stock was pooled with that of other insiders, and included in what was known as a "sell mine first" agreement. This was a device whereby stock houses (in this instance that of John W. Gates) pushed upon the public, at advantageous prices, holdings of insiders. If an order came in for one thousand shares of a pooled stock, a block of five hundred, say, would be purchased on the curb. The other five hundred would be supplied from the shares of the pool, thus gradually working off on the public the heavy holdings of the insiders.

The shipbuilding scheme collapsed and the secret agreement was revealed at receiver's hearings. It caused a tremendous outcry. Morgan, who had previously known nothing of the agreement, said not a word—publicly. But it was not long before Schwab was succeeded as president of the Steel Corporation by W. E. Corey. "Ill health" was given as the reason for Schwab's resignation. He was robust enough to plunge actively into the management of Bethlehem, which was unaffected by the shipbuilding fiasco. His little adventure with Nixon and Dresser appeared not to have weakened him financially.

Having cut his eyeteeth in Wall Street and done very handsomely, Schwab grimly determined to erect a real rival to the great Steel Corporation. How brilliantly he succeeded is a matter of business history. An investment of twelve million dollars in 1902 has risen to eight hundred million dollars today. At the moment an injunction has blocked Bethlehem's attempted merger with the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company, but an appeal has been taken, and should the case finally be decided in Schwab's favor, Bethlehem's resources would total at least half those of the United States Steel Corporation.

IF you make a journey ninety miles southwestward from New York to the city of South Bethlehem, you will see the cupolas, stacks, and roofs of the "Krupp Plant of America." For more than three miles the low-lying skyline follows the Lehigh River and you get some idea of the vast aggregation of mills that makes up the works of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. The corporation also includes the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, at Quincy, Massachusetts; the Union Iron Works Drydock Company, San Francisco; great iron mines in Chile, Cuba, and elsewhere; a shipbuilding plant in Delaware; the Cambria Iron Company; the Pennsylvania and Maryland Steel Companies; and various other shops.

Bethlehem is Schwab's monument. It ranks among the greatest industrial achievements in all history. But it was not accomplished without tempestuous struggles. In intimate moments, Schwab has given friends flashes of his early efforts to build up Bethlehem. Often he had to get down on his knees to bankers to insure the coming week's payroll. "No businessman alive has borrowed more money than I," says Schwab. Time and again, he had to unleash the whole voltage of his personality to land a life-saving order. Schwab has been called the world's greatest salesman. He is certainly a good one. To this day he will make a trip to the ends of the earth to sell a tough customer.

Schwab won out at Bethlehem because of his matchless genius in handling men and his ability to spur them to greater and still greater effort. He perfected and extended Carnegie's bonus and percentage scheme, based upon the belief that every man should get what he makes himself worth. This system has been bitterly opposed by the labor unions and from time to time by humanitarians. Certainly it is one that drives men to work—hard on the plodder, impossible for the dullard—but it coins profits for the company and bonuses for the exceptional employee, whether day laborer or executive.

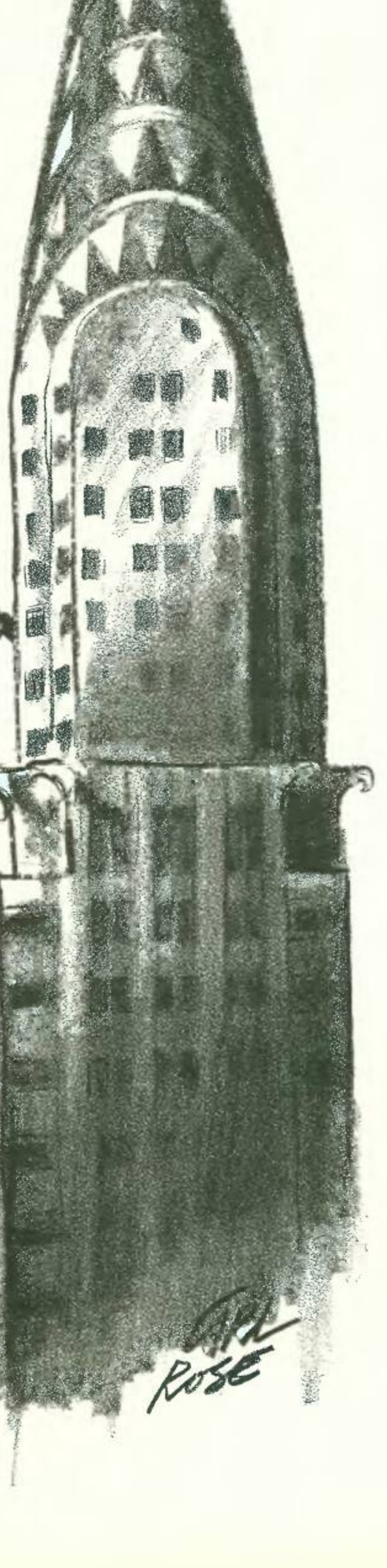
During the Youngstown Sheet & Tube litigation, the country was astonished to learn that in 1929 Eugene G. Grace, for twenty years Schwab's right bower at Bethlehem, earned a bonus of $1,623,753—on a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year as president. The only surprise to the Bethlehem people was that Grace's salary was as large as twelve thousand dollars. The big men at Bethlehem seldom receive more than a hundred dollars a week, but their bonus envelopes bulge, computed entirely upon the efficiencies and economies registered in their departments. In many departments a dollar is used as a unit cost standard. If a manager or superintendent reduces the cost of production to ninety-five cents he gets one per cent of the money saved; two per cent from ninety-five cents to ninety cents; three per cent of the reduction from ninety cents to eighty-five cents; etc.

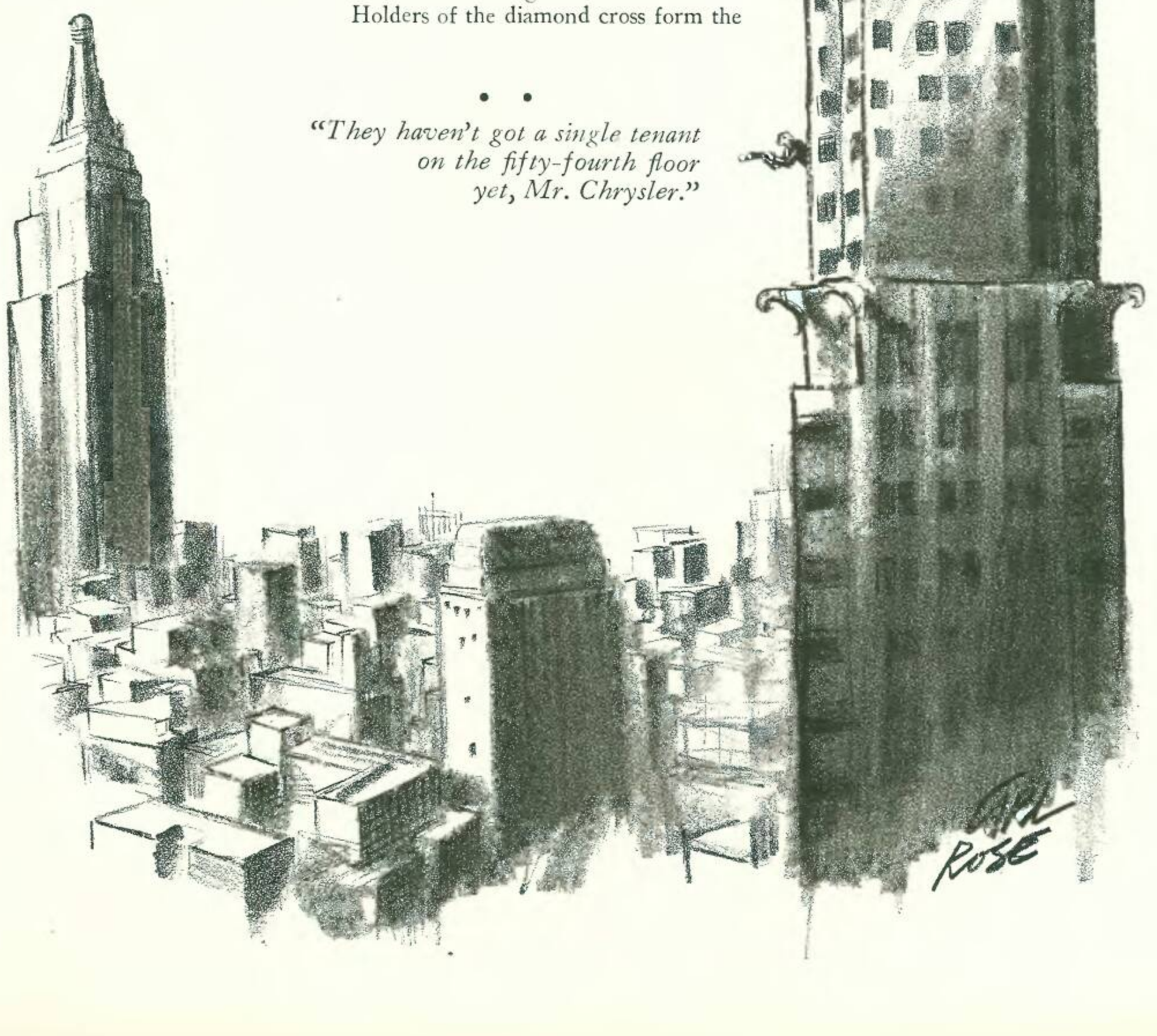
A mechanic on a wage of forty cents an hour, we'll say, is allotted twenty hours for a certain piece of work with a bonus of twenty per cent: total, nine dollars and sixty cents. But, if he does the work in twelve hours, he still receives the nine dollars and sixty cents and can devote the remaining eight hours to earning money on another job. Even such jobs as wheeling a barrow or handling a shovel have been put under the speed-up, profit-sharing system. Bethlehem's three million-odd window-panes are washed on a standard salary-plus-bonus arrangement. The cost per unit of window space is about one-fifth what it formerly was.

Grace and more than one hundred other executives at Bethlehem wear stickpins of crossed gold thickly set with diamonds: Schwab's personal award for distinguished achievement. Holders of the diamond cross form the

• •

"They haven't got a single tenant on the fifty-fourth floor yet, Mr. Chrysler."





Pin Society, one of the most exclusive organizations in the world, and make merry with Schwab at an annual Christmas-season dinner.

SCHWAB's house in Riverside Drive was his first big splurge. An impressive Renaissance château with gardens and shrubbery, it is modelled upon the Château de Chenonceaux. With the parked grounds it cost approximately three million five hundred thousand dollars. Including its art treasures, the place represents an investment of eight million dollars. Its picture gallery contains canvases by Corot, Hals, Innes, Titian's noted portrait of Cardinal Pietro Bembo, Turner's "Rockets and Blue Lights," and many other enormously valuable paintings. At the head of the grand staircase is a life-size bronze figure of a puddler, a man who handles the molten steel in the mills, one of Schwab's early jobs. The rooms of the mansion are done in various French periods. In the basement there are a large gymnasium and swimming pool, while a sun parlor and roof garden take full advantage of the house's location.

For a long time Schwab has passed no more than a few weeks a year in his costly palace, and he has often been tempted to sell it, but each time Mrs. Schwab has dissuaded him. She is very much attached to the house where on Sunday afternoons for nearly a quarter of a century they maintained one of New York's most elaborate salons. Here Schwab indulged to the full his love of music and companionship. Each Sunday Archer Gibson dropped in to play the organ, while Kreisler, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, and other musicians were frequent guests. Schwab likes informal music. He is not fond of opera. "I suppose I am too much of a realist," he explains, "to appreciate seeing a man or woman take twenty minutes to die, warbling all the time."



With Schwab, as with his wife, music is almost a form of religious expression. A second organ of unsurpassed tone is a prized feature of the château at Immergrun, Schwab's thousand-acre estate at Loretto, a stone's throw from his boyhood home. Here the Schwabs now pass more and more time. They raise blooded cattle. There are a private golf course—Schwab took up the game when threatened with a breakdown a few years ago—and a series of wonderful gardens. His special pride is an Italian garden that falls away from the château on the hill above.

Schwab, naturally, is the show figure of Loretto. Here one observes him in his most appealing setting. Each fall he runs the Cambria County Fair at Ebensburg. He organized the fair seven years ago, advancing half a million dollars for the site, a circus pavilion with sixty-six hundred seats, race track, agricultural hall, and other buildings; and selling fifty-dollar bonds to farmers for miles around to quicken their interest. At Schwab's suggestion local banks advanced loans to school children to encourage them to buy calves and raise cattle. The fair has grown to a mammoth exposition. Each fair-day last fall more than thirty thousand automobiles were parked outside the grounds.

The Schwabs are devout Catholics and have given millions to church activities here and abroad. Last September a Carmelite monastery, made possible by a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar Schwab gift, was consecrated at Loretto. The steel man, his wife, and mother, attended the dedication. Schwab's other lavish gifts include a two-million-dollar endowment for St. Francis College, a beautiful new church at Loretto, a convent house at Cresson, a church at Braddock, an industrial school at Homestead, a school and auditorium at Weatherly, a recreation park and school on Staten Island, and a model road between Loretto and Cresson to replace the bumpy, dilapidated thoroughfare over which he used to drive his father's stage. He has a long list of private pensioners. It is believed that the bulk of his fortune, estimated at from two to three hundred million dollars, will be bequeathed in foundation form. He is silent on this point.

THE war enriched Schwab beyond his wildest dreams. With the first bugle call he was on his way to London. He crossed and recrossed the ocean (he has made more than seventy European trips) and each time returned laden with war orders. Bethlehem secured orders amounting to more than five hundred million dollars from the Allies. Its stock jumped from forty-five to seven hundred dollars a share. The compact plant on the Lehigh River doubled and quadrupled in size. It became the chief centre in the United States for the manufacture of cannon, projectiles, armor plate, and other instruments of war.

At the core of the ordered bedlam was Schwab, directing, pushing, speeding things up. One week found him at Bethlehem, the next at the Fore River plant, the next in London or Paris. He magnetized Kitchener, Fisher, Churchill, Lloyd George, and other Allied leaders. Soon he was executing huge orders from England, Russia, France—many without so much as the scratch of a pen to bind them. The Allied chieftains felt that they could rely upon Schwab to exceed his promises—and the contracts were apt to prove awkward documents with a pacifist American Secretary of State (Bryan) and plentiful sentiment in the United States favoring an embargo upon munitions.

On one occasion the British Admiralty was in desperate need of twenty submarines and asked Schwab how quickly he could build them. "How quickly could they be built in England?" Schwab countered. "In fifteen months." "Then I'll build them in nine months," said Schwab. The Admiralty officials declared this impossible. Schwab's gambling spirit was aroused. "I'll build them in less than nine months," he offered, "if you will give me a bonus for every week saved. Further, I'll pay an indemnity of half the amount of the bonus for every week required over nine months." The British shook their heads at Schwab's folly but gladly agreed. Because of Secretary Bryan's attitude it was necessary to make the parts at Bethlehem and Fore River and assemble the submarines in Canada. The job was completed in exactly five and one-half months. The two-and-a-half-million-dollar bonus was divided up among the men who did the work. One superintendent got one hundred thousand dollars.

One day the British secret service intercepted a cable from the German government to von Bernstorff instructing the latter to stop Schwab's making munitions for the Allies, at any price. Spring-Rice, the British Ambassador, sent A. Barton Hepburn, his financial adviser, to Schwab to tell him about this. Schwab replied firmly to the gen-



The West's tribute to Motherhood—"The Pioneer Woman" by Bryant Baker, at Ponca City, Oklahoma. © Reinhardt Galleries

MOTHER

Her Day, May 10th

Mother is really a young girl at heart. Whether she be eighteen or eighty, on her day give her gifts you would a debutante.

We suggest Whitman's Sampler—from the 17-ounce package all the way up to the great five-pound box. It is a gift of charm and sentiment, yet ultra modern, with a touch of auld lang syne.

The Sampler will please any mother. We have dressed it for Mother's Day with a greeting card on the 17-ounce and the two-pound sizes. Look for it in the stores that display the Whitman's signs.

For name of nearest dealer look under "Whitman's" in Bell Telephone Classified Directory. Any telegraph office will take your order with cash, transmit the order by wire, and deliver anywhere in the United States.

Give

Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

Salmagundi
A favorite Whitman assortment in a charming art metal box, enjoyed long after the chocolates are eaten.



Prestige Chocolates
Whitman's de luxe assortment of hand-made chocolates packed in a beautiful metal box of unusual shape.



Mother's Day Package
A delightful assortment of Whitman's with a handsome carnation especially for Mother's Day.



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Chauncey Jerome

Harmonized in these electric clocks

Modern engineering and a century-old tradition

OF course you want an electric clock. You want accuracy — continually guarded for you at the source of your electric power.

You appreciate, moreover, freedom from supervising that petty household detail of winding the clocks. Effortless precision, the mark of distinguished living, this is yours with an electric clock.

Mere accuracy, however, is not enough. Style, too, must make your clock a worthy companion to your finest furniture.

PIONEER IN MECHANICS

In both of these respects, Chauncey Jerome clocks do honor to the name they bear. Writing of Chauncey Jerome, a well-known authority, Lurelle Guild, says, "He revolutionized the clockmaking industry and became the foremost clockmaker of his time."

His achievement lay in the substitution of brass for wooden works. Not until the application of the alternating current electric motor did the clock industry take such a long step forward.

Chauncey Jerome clocks reflect the spirit of this outstanding craftsman. Their mechanism is quiet, simple, sturdy and precise. The motor is by Westinghouse.

Ask your jeweler to show you the features which make for long life and easy operation. The design of these clocks blends the graceful lines of a former day with the pleasing simplicity required by modern taste.

From the standpoint of mechanics, of design, and of cabinetmaking, Chauncey Jerome clocks are worthy of the distinguished homes for which they are destined, worthy of the distinguished tradition in which they are created. Chauncey Jerome, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., New York.



The BERING *timepiece, height 7½", $15.00. In a similar case, with electric alarm, $16.50. Each of these clocks is equipped with a jeweled, Westinghouse self-starting motor.*

The TURIN, *Westminster chimes, height 11⅝", base 10", $65.00. In similar case, with hour and half-hour strike, $37.50. Equipped with Westinghouse self-starting motor.*

The FARMINGTON, *an authentic early American design in a mahogany cabinet, 14" high, $35.00. Hour and half-hour strike. Equipped with Westinghouse self-starting motor.*

SOLD ONLY BY THE FOREMOST JEWELERS IN AMERICA

Chauncey Jerome

FINE CLOCKS

eral effect that he was accustomed to living up to his obligations. That made him the fair-haired boy at Downing Street.

In the very early stages of the war a group of men offered Schwab sixty million dollars for a half-interest in Bethlehem. He told his wife about it. "This is a big sum," he reminded her. "Half of what I have is yours. What shall we do? If we sell, your share, invested at five per cent, would bring you an income of over one hundred thousand dollars a month." Mrs. Schwab, a stout, retiring woman, whose Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry is still faintly reflected in her accent, shook her head. "No, Charlie, we wouldn't sell for five times that. What would I do with the money? And what would you do without your work?"

SCHWAB says the most satisfactory, as well as the most difficult, task of his life was his eight months' war service as director general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. President Wilson constitutionally distrusted the Schwab type of industrialist. But the shipping situation, in the spring of 1918, was desperate. Torn by bureaucracy and labor troubles, the Fleet Corporation was making but feeble response to despairing cries from abroad. In April the President summoned Schwab to the White House and asked him to build ships. Schwab accepted the job on one condition: undivided authority.

Wilson agreed and Schwab took off his coat. Never did he make abler use of his gifts as a diplomat and benevo-





PROF. DR. EMIL FRONZ
Official physician to the Emperor and entire Imperial Family of Austria. Hofrat Professor Dr. Fronz is one of the best-known medical men in Central Europe.

The Physician to the late
EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH
of Austria says:—

"I know no better way to keep internally Clean"

JUST think, for a moment, what this means . . . this emphatic statement by one of Europe's most eminent physicians.

What Dr. Fronz is referring to is a simple *food* that excels all other methods of clearing away the poison-forming wastes that daily accumulate in your body!

Here is what Dr. Fronz says about this remarkable food, fresh yeast:—

"It is sometimes difficult for a physician to admit that a simple, home-like remedy has a greater value than drugs bought at a much higher price.



(*Left*) "I want to say what eating Fleischmann's Yeast did for me," *writes* Mrs. M. E. Patterson of *New York City*. "A friend recommended it for a sluggish system and indigestion. I found it a wonderful way to correct my trouble."

"During my career as a physician, I have always prescribed natural remedies. In the front rank of these I place fresh yeast.

"My experience is that yeast will make eliminations regular and restore digestion to normal.

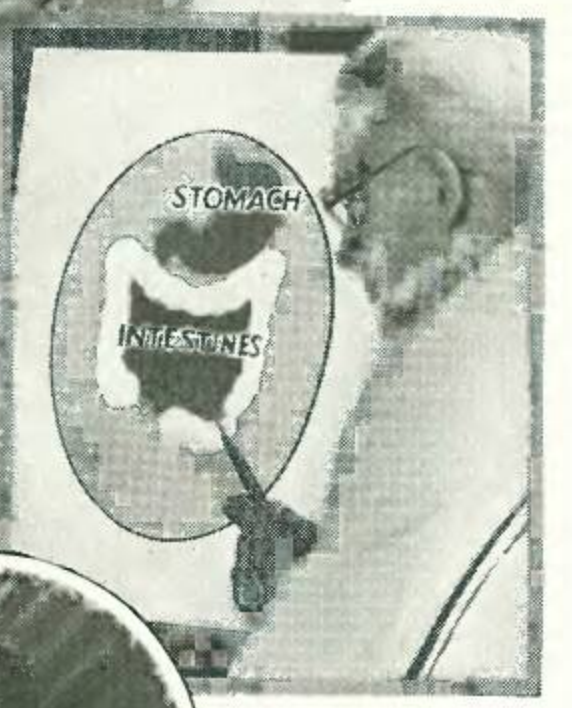
"By keeping the system free of poisons, yeast will keep the skin clear of pimples, boils, etc. It has a marked tonic effect on the body . . . I know of no better internal regulator than fresh yeast."

So why go on dosing yourself with weakening cathartics and laxative pills . . . when you can get this pure, fresh food that corrects constipation more effectively than anything you have ever tried?

Go to the nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat three cakes every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Each cake, you know, is rich in three health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., N.Y.C.

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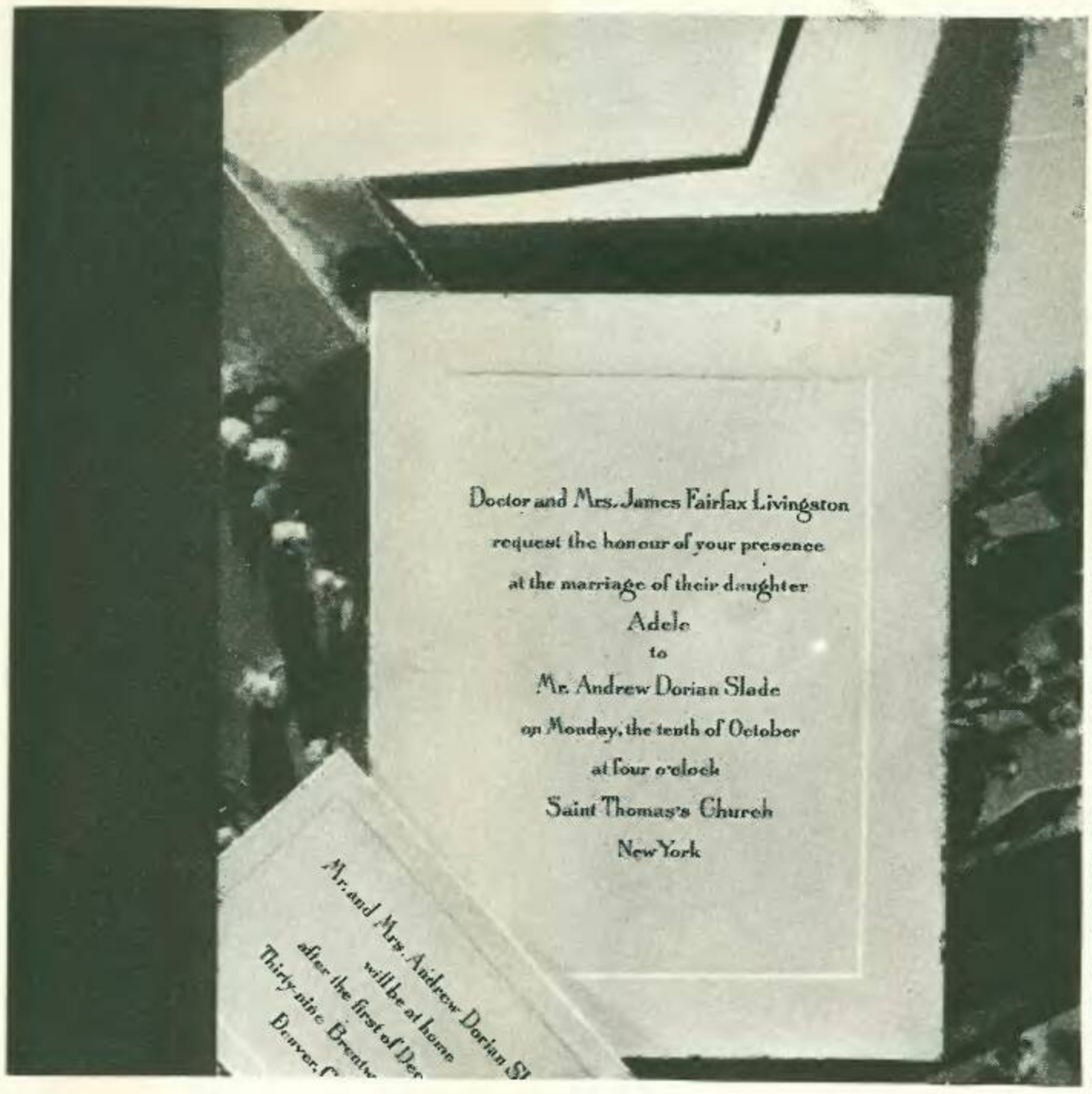


(*Above*) Poisons that form in sluggish intestines undermine health, cause headaches, indigestion, etc. Eating fresh yeast keeps intestines *clean*.

NOTED HOSPITAL AUTHORITY SAYS:
DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, founder of the world-famous clinic in Frankfort, Germany, reports: "In my clinic yeast is used constantly. It can, in a short time, bring about normal functioning of the bowels."

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Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes a day!



On this matter

SOCIAL ARBITERS AGREE

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**Please enclose 10 cents to cover postage*

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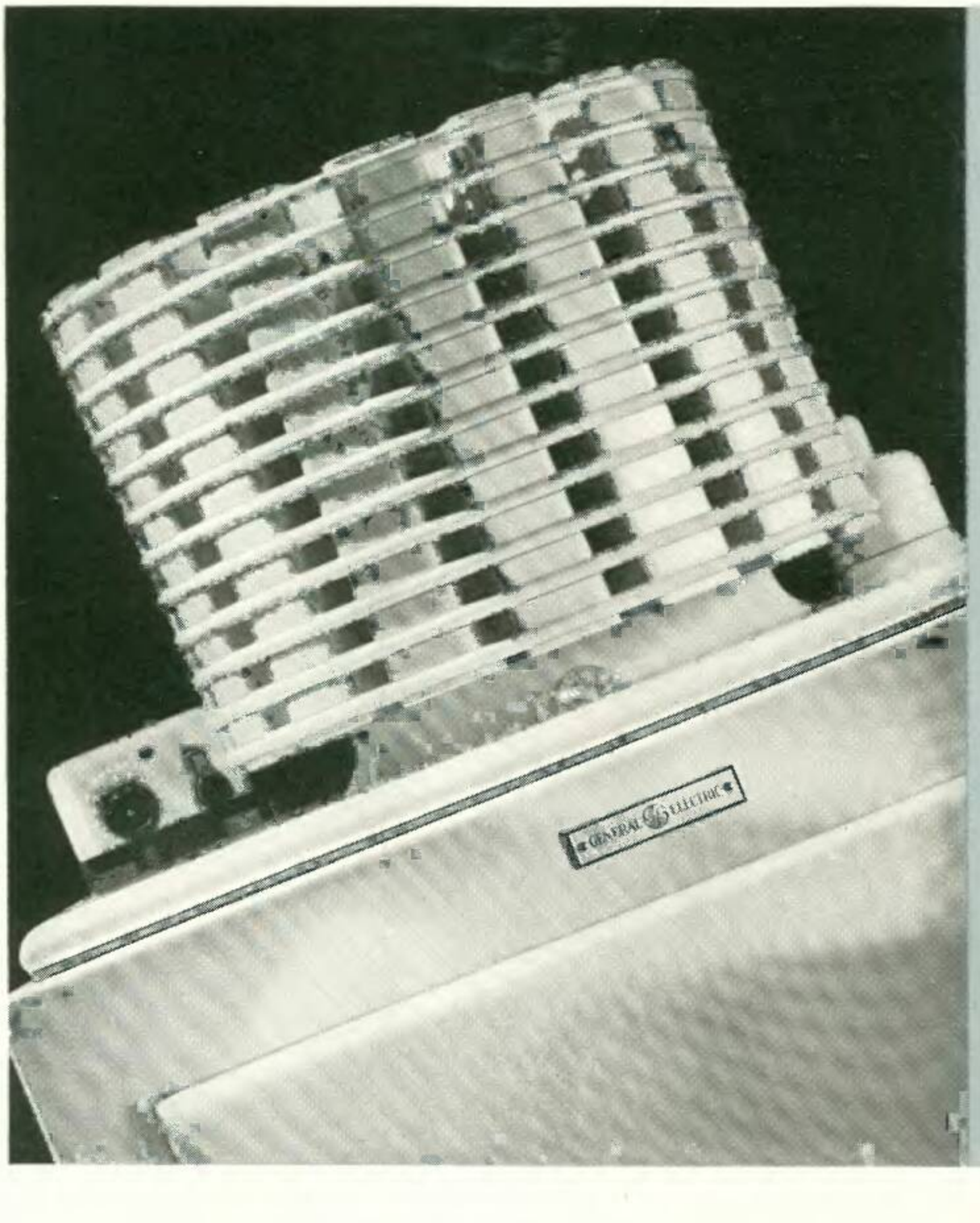
WEDDING PAPERS AND SOCIAL STATIONERY

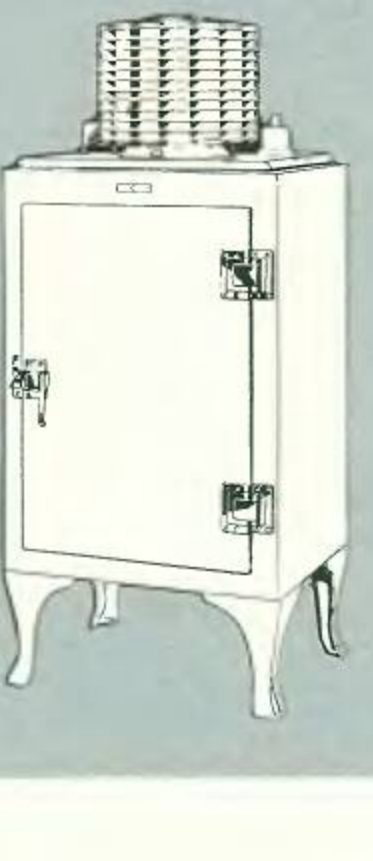
lent driver of men. He went to the source—the workers—and addressed thousands in every part of the country. He faced draft-dodgers and I.W.W. organizers, and converted them into howling, star-spangled patriots. He did not condemn, he praised. The results were almost miraculous. At the Union plant in San Francisco a twelve-thousand-ton freighter slid down the ways in one hour less than twenty-four days after the laying of the keel. On July 4, 1918, he gave the country a thrill by launching one hundred ships of the Fleet Corporation. Over his desk Schwab proudly hung a cartoon showing great lines of American-built ships steaming across the ocean to help win the war. On the European shores stood the Kaiser, with a pained expression. "Ach," exclaimed the Kaiser, "and Schwab is such a good German name."

While Schwab was serving the government at a dollar a year, Bethlehem and its subsidiaries were executing huge orders from the United States. In the aftermath of the war, when America and Europe awoke to moan about the cost of conflict, there were suits over some of the Bethlehem contracts. The government was so unkind as to allege that Schwab's company had obtained from eleven to fifteen million dollars in excessive profits during the war. Bethlehem came back with counterclaims. Schwab wept openly at one hearing when he told of "my sacrifices, physical and financial, for this great government of ours." The suits are still pending.

BETHLEHEM STEEL'S New York headquarters are at 25 Broadway. On the ground floor is a salesroom with the atmosphere of a cathedral. The salesmen speak in whispers and products are displayed but incidentally. Whisked past nine floors of glass-panelled offices in an elevator, one notices that all furniture, chairs, desks, etc., are made of steel. On the tenth floor is Schwab's office—the reception-room a dimly lighted cloister. He receives visitors in one of several small rooms adjoining. Here come all manner of men with complaints, suggestions, or for conference. Through his investments, Schwab is interested in a vast number of projects, ranging from mines to







LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MY OPERATION

IF all operations, and incidentally most people operated upon, were sealed-in-steel and silenced like that of the General Electric Monitor Top, it would probably be a good thing. This principle has proved out admirably in the case of the General Electric Refrigerator at least, for it is gaining popularity as rapidly and surely as the operation-doting dowagers are losing theirs.

Fifteen years of laboratory research and hundreds of tests are behind the matchless 3-year kitchen record of the General Electric Refrigerator. Its quiet mechanism has *proved* its superiority, justifying the unqualified 3-year guarantee placed upon it by the General Electric Company.

Learn the facts about the economical General Electric Refrigerator. Whether you intend to rent or buy General Electric Refrigeration convenience it will pay you to know its many advantages. Down payments start at $10. Phone or write Section 05.

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Lovely WALLPAPERS *grace her new home*

That first house . . . where a new life is to be commenced . . . where old friends are to be proudly welcomed . . . new ones entertained . . . of course it must be right. So on the walls you will find lovely wallpapers. For today wallpaper is smart, up-to-date, fashionable. Its gay patterns, its graceful designs make walls daringly modern or gaily chic . . . add to the gayety of your rooms, or tone down their insolence to a classic dignity.

Today there are many wallpapers, each with its own distinctive effect on the appearance of your rooms. To help you, therefore, The Wallpaper Association has published a handbook. This tells you almost everything you want to know about decorating with wallpaper. It will come to you upon request and with it you obtain the right to free advice at all times on your individual decorating problems. Address Dept. F-23.

The WALLPAPER *Association*

10 EAST 40th STREET, NEW YORK



movies. Callers come before him disgruntled, puzzled, antagonistic. Five minutes of the Schwab smile, the deep musical Schwab voice, and they usually leave grateful, seemingly, for being permitted to do as he wants. New York, as I said, does not see as much of Schwab as formerly. Of course he never misses a meeting of the American Iron & Steel Institute, in the presidency of which he succeeded Judge Gary, and he enjoys a joust at bridge in the Whist Club, of which he also has been president. He plays a bold, brilliant game of bridge—too bold, some of the critics at the club say. But that is Schwab's way. His theory is still that upon which he took hold of an invention for making structural steel after every important company in the country had turned it down; spent fifteen million dollars building the Gray Beam plant at Bethlehem in the panic year of 1907, and told his frightened executives: "If we're going to bust, we're going to bust big."

DESPITE his reputation for playing long chances, however, Schwab confesses he would like to live over one day—the day he refused to finance the Wright brothers. He told the aviation pioneers he believed their venture a harum-scarum stunt.

Schwab is a fatalist, a believer in luck and the "breaks." "Luck, opportunity, chance—call it what you will," he says, "there is certainly something more than an even break. In my lifetime, I have known thousands of men with more ability than I. Some, I am sure, were better executives. Others were much abler engineers. Things somehow or other just did not go with them. I have always looked upon industry as an art. Perhaps that's why my enthusiasm for business is as strong today as it was fifty years ago. I'll never stop."

—JOHN K. WINKLER

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Schwab.)

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPARTMENT

[Pitts Sanborn in the World-Telegram]

The evening's only other magic issued from the leader's necromantic hands, whose batonless paired sweep would have brushed desk and score into the void immense had such mediocre impedimenta encumbered the podium.

TRANSLATION: He would have knocked things down, had there been anything to knock down.

★ ★

For the first time, you can reveal your radiant, natural flesh-tone with SYMPHONIE

AMONG all the lovely women of the world, there is only one *you!* And there is *only one* face powder which can bring out the individuality of your own skin. Symphonie—the new face powder that makes all others old-fashioned! Symphonie is not a color laid on, but a finish added . . . a powder that becomes part of your skin and *reveals* its full loveliness. You have never seen your beauty at its best until Symphonie discloses it. For this is the first face powder keyed to your natural skin-tone shade. Don't wait longer for the revelation that Symphonie holds for you. Go to your favorite cosmetic counter today. Make a test application . . . without charge or obligation. Find out why this is the *one* face powder that can bring out *all* the loveliness that is yours alone!

Gold-Bond Guarantee: **You can go to your dealer, buy a box of Symphonie, use it for a week, enjoy its perfume and marvel at how it blends with your skin. At the end of the week—if you think you can ever again use any of the old-fashioned face powders — your dealer will promptly buy the box back. We explicitly authorize him to do this.**

Carl Hueks
Creator of Symphonie and Armand

Mail the coupon below and get Miniature Symphonie Make-up Box. Learn for yourself how and why Symphonie makes all other face powders old-fashioned.

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SYMPHONIE **HAS MADE ALL OTHER FACE POWDERS OLD-FASHIONED**

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa

Please send me the Miniature Symphonie Make-up Box. I enclose 10c postage.

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OUR Head Housekeeper has a remarkable memory! And a most remarkable file of records. Records of all the little pet likes and dislikes expressed by our guests. Suppose, for instance, you happen to tell your spouse at dinner that you just love sky-blue pink lampshades. With all due respects to Hubby, he probably won't write feverishly on his cuff: "Wife likes sky-blue pink lampshades." Whereas, if *we* should happen to overhear you, we undoubtedly *would* do just that. And the next time you visited us, Madam, there'd be nothing *but* sky-blue pink lampshades in your room—even if our housekeeping department had to make them especially for you.

The ROOSEVELT

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Edward Clinton Fogg—*Managing Director*

UNITED HOTELS

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, APRIL 22

IT is curious that cinemas have only recently taken their place here as a comfortable means of getting through an evening. Until the erection of the Paramount, pipe organs were connected in the popular mind only with churches, and ballets with the Opéra. Boulevard managers regarded films much as the medical profession regarded osteopaths. The recent renovation of the old Olympia music hall as a modern movie palace apparently turned the tide, for the past six months have seen luxurious screen houses appear all over town. In the Étoile district alone are the new Cinéma des Champs-Élysées, l'Hermitage, and the Élysées-Gaumont, a showy but tasteful establishment momentarily pinch-hitting for the vast old Gaumont in Montmartre, now suffering alterations at the hands of masons and decorators preparatory to being reopened as the biggest screen theatre on the Continent. A trio of small specialty houses, imitating the luxury of their elders and devoting themselves exclusively to American talkies, has also appeared: the Panthéon, Parnasse, and Washington. Then there is the Diamant, dedicated to whatever foreign films turn up—including, spies report, a Berlin version of Gary Cooper talking German, which must be quite as strange as the recent spectacle of George Bancroft speaking French.

Even the repertory Ursulines and Agriculteurs, famous for their soft intellectual fare and the hardest seats in town, have lately installed club chairs as pillowed as porch swings; and, what is worse, the beautiful ex-Imperial Chinese embassy in the Rue de Babylone has hung up a screen and announced itself as La Pagode.

WHAT has been shown in all these elegant places is, of course, a different matter. Naturally, there have not been enough good occupants to go around. Among French productions, "David Golder" ranks as the most gripping; Marcel l'Herbier's "Le Mystère de la Chambre Jaune," as the most thrilling; and Jacques Feyder's sophisticated "Si l'Empereur Savait Ça!," as the finest screen comedy of manners Paris has yet turned out.

Against these, "Le Million," just released by René Clair, director of "Sous les Toits de Paris," takes the sweepstake prize. It is a new departure in film technique, combining, among other things, slapstick, sound, silence, excellent farce, occasional and charming songs, realism, and fantasy. Its plot has to do with a poor artist who loses his winning lottery ticket, and the crises culminate in a backstage chase which for actual funniness makes "Le Million" at least one in a thousand.

THE art shows that customarily spring up here this time of year have sprung. The greatest is the Louvre's exhibition of Toulouse-Lautrec, with items drawn from Cleveland, Chicago, and (a little closer to the places where his ancestors, the Counts of Toulouse, lived) the museum and family vaults at Albi.

A dwarf who said that he would never have taken up painting if his legs had been long enough for him to take up anything else, Toulouse-Lautrec had a passion for fantastic and theatrical characters, many of whom are now performing for the last time on the Louvre walls: *saltimbanques*, circus riders, what he called "clownesses," Cissie Loftus, can-can girls, Yvette Guilbert, Oscar Wilde, and a sprinkling of professional ladies whose boas, smiles, and pompadours were familiar sights in the Montmartre of the nineties.



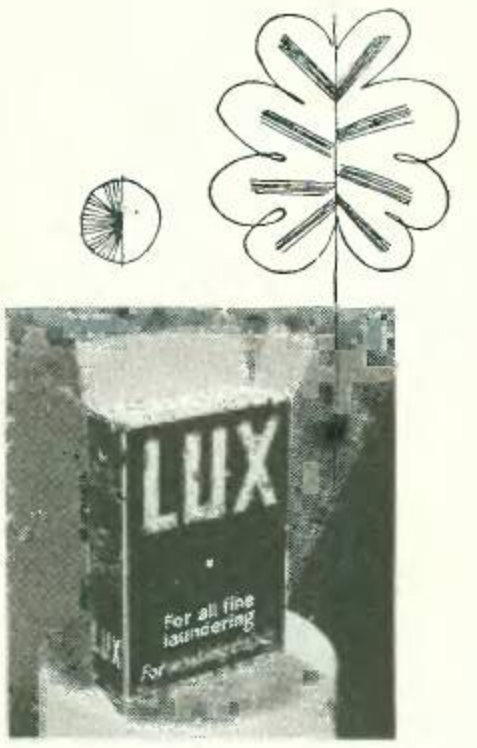
Other exhibitions have included works of Beckmann (the German contemporary who was famous for not having been influenced by the French and is now being influenced by them), landscapes by Derain (as a novelty), and a mixed show of the young, in-



(Left) A summer evening dress of airy, fragile simplicity, yet with richness and fine detail. The material is embroidered batiste trimmed with Alençon lace.

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TARRANT'S

SELTZER APERIENT

cluding Salvador Dali, who paints the word "mother" all over his canvases. Also, there has been a show of *eaux-fortes* by Anne Lee that are truly exceptional in a city noted for its fine women etchers. Her blossoms, sirens, and forests have a quality and a craft which collectors would do well to notice.

PRECEDED by an incredible preface in which (probably to evade legal action by Maeterlinck and to insure controversy) Grasset, the publisher, attacks the contents of the book he publishes, Madame Georgette Leblanc's "Mes Souvenirs" has finally made its appearance here and a great stir. For it covers an aesthetic period that, even in its brevity, contained such works as "La Sagesse et la Destinée," "L'Oiseau Bleu," and "Pelléas et Mélisande," an epoch which apparently only truly culminates, long after it has ended, with the claims of its hitherto unprinted contributor.

The delicate question of literary suffrage which her book raises (exactly where true authorship lies between the woman who inspires and the man who prints) might be as old as Adam and Eve had either been literate or artistic, and the French press has enthusiastically entered into the discussion. Also, for such documentators, the hitherto mysterious Debussy quarrel, elucidated for the first time, is as good as if it had been fought yesterday. Better. For it gives the now maturer public the impression that, as the Frenchman wrote with his music and the Belgian with his words, "The stars are falling." —GENÊT

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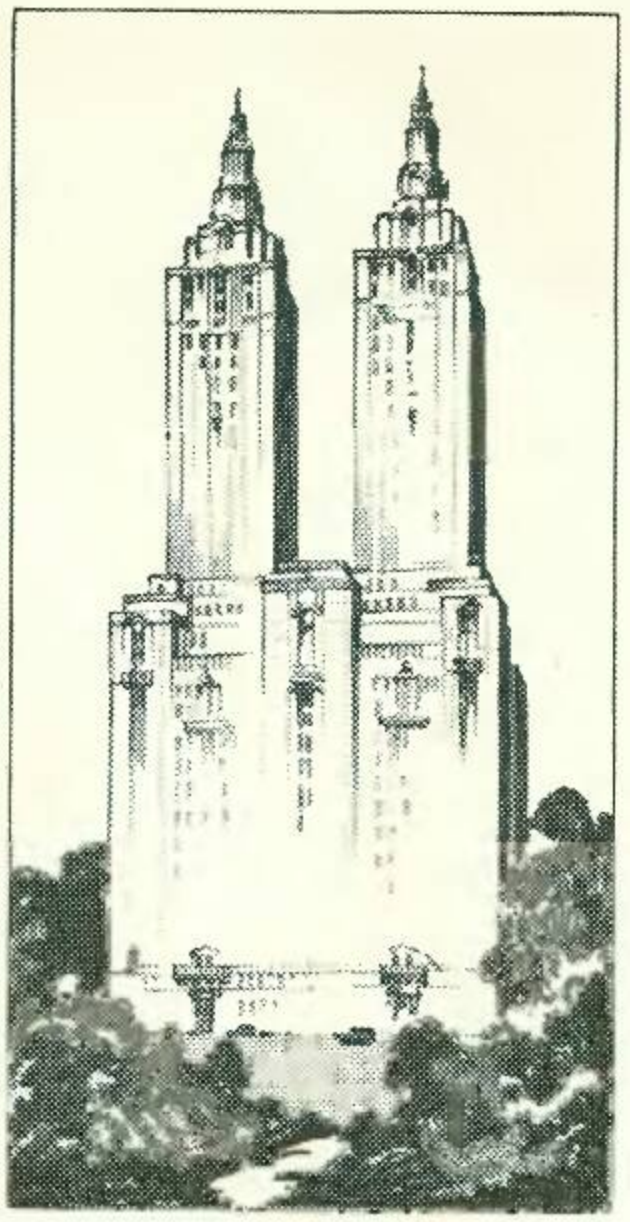
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES: Mr. Moore's letter in the Times on Mr. Hoover's lack of a sense of humor is interesting but unconvincing. It would seem that the fact that he carries on in spite of his critics would prove that he had a robust one. Besides, have we not our court jester, Will Rogers? Is he not enough for one nation? ARTHUR WILLIAM ROW.—*The Times.*

Ample.

•

The watch may be used as a compass. Point the hour hand to the north, then, in the morning, half-way between the hour hand and noon is south. In the afternoon one must reckon backward.—*Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

—and must also know where north is.



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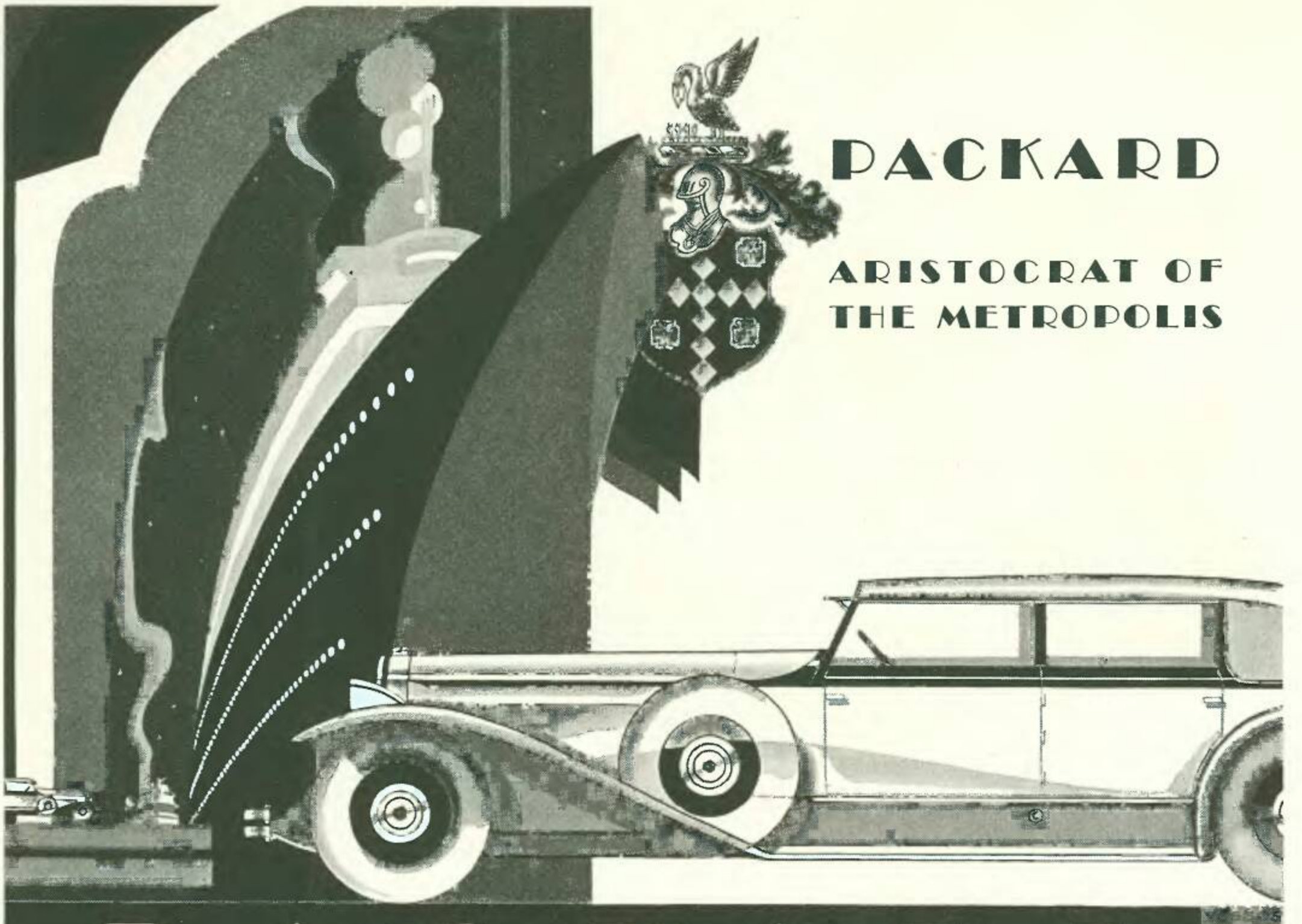
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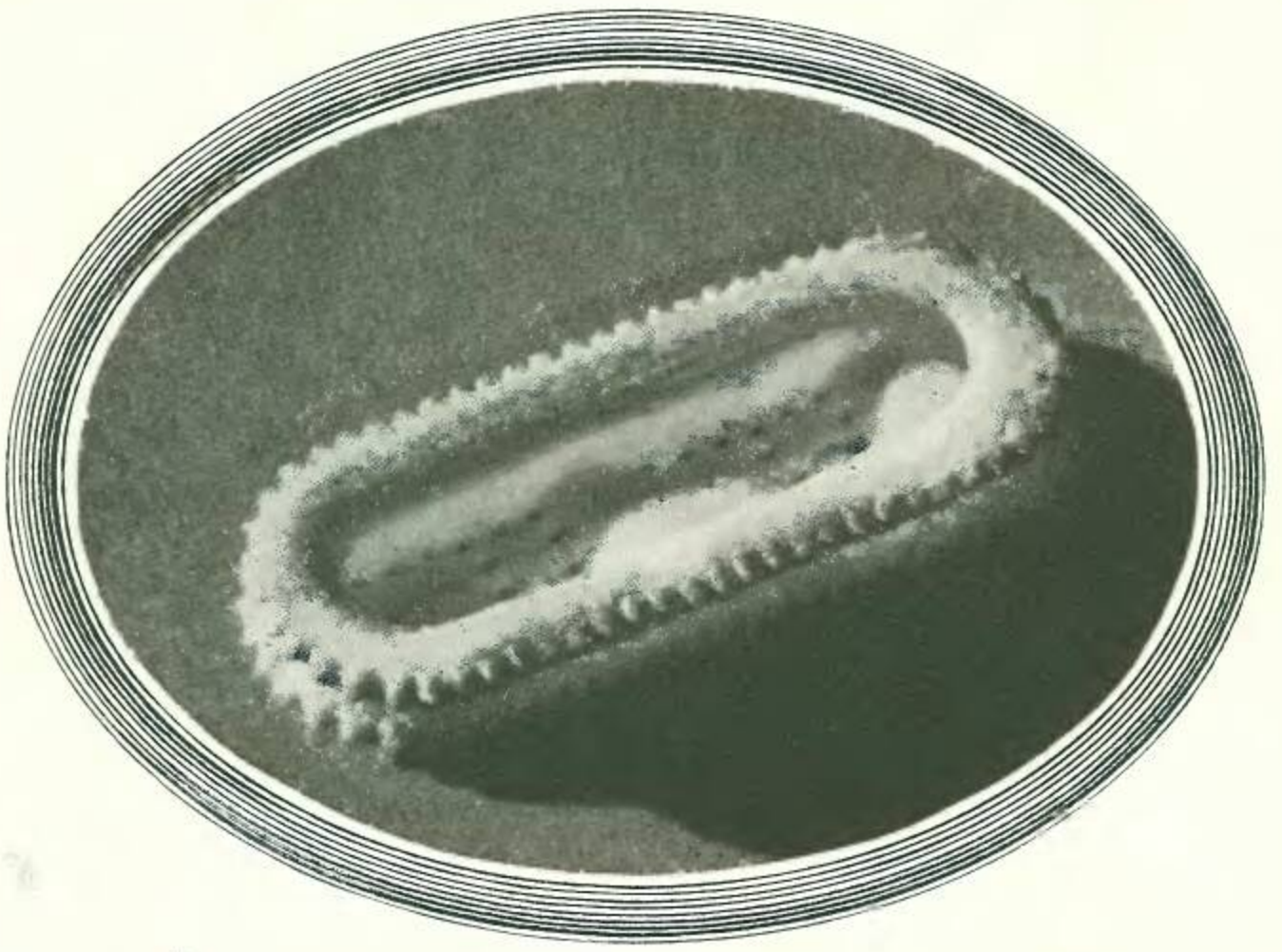
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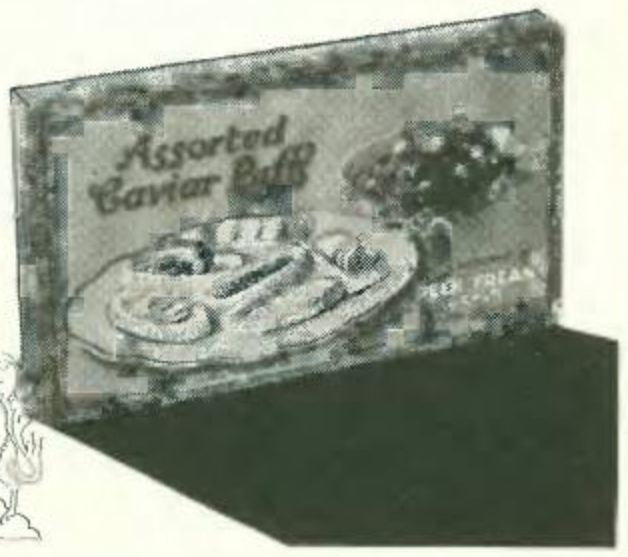
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MARY

HER father was a foreman in a Pennsylvania coal mine, and her mother was a fat and pretty Polish woman who always wanted the best for her daughters. Mary's father never interfered with her mother's plans. He loved his daughters in a manner of habit: he was their father, he put a roof over their heads, fed them, bought their clothes, gave them a little money for to now spend on whatever girls spend money on, and if one of them got into trouble, he'd see to it that the guy married her. He seldom spoke to them. Didn't know what to say.

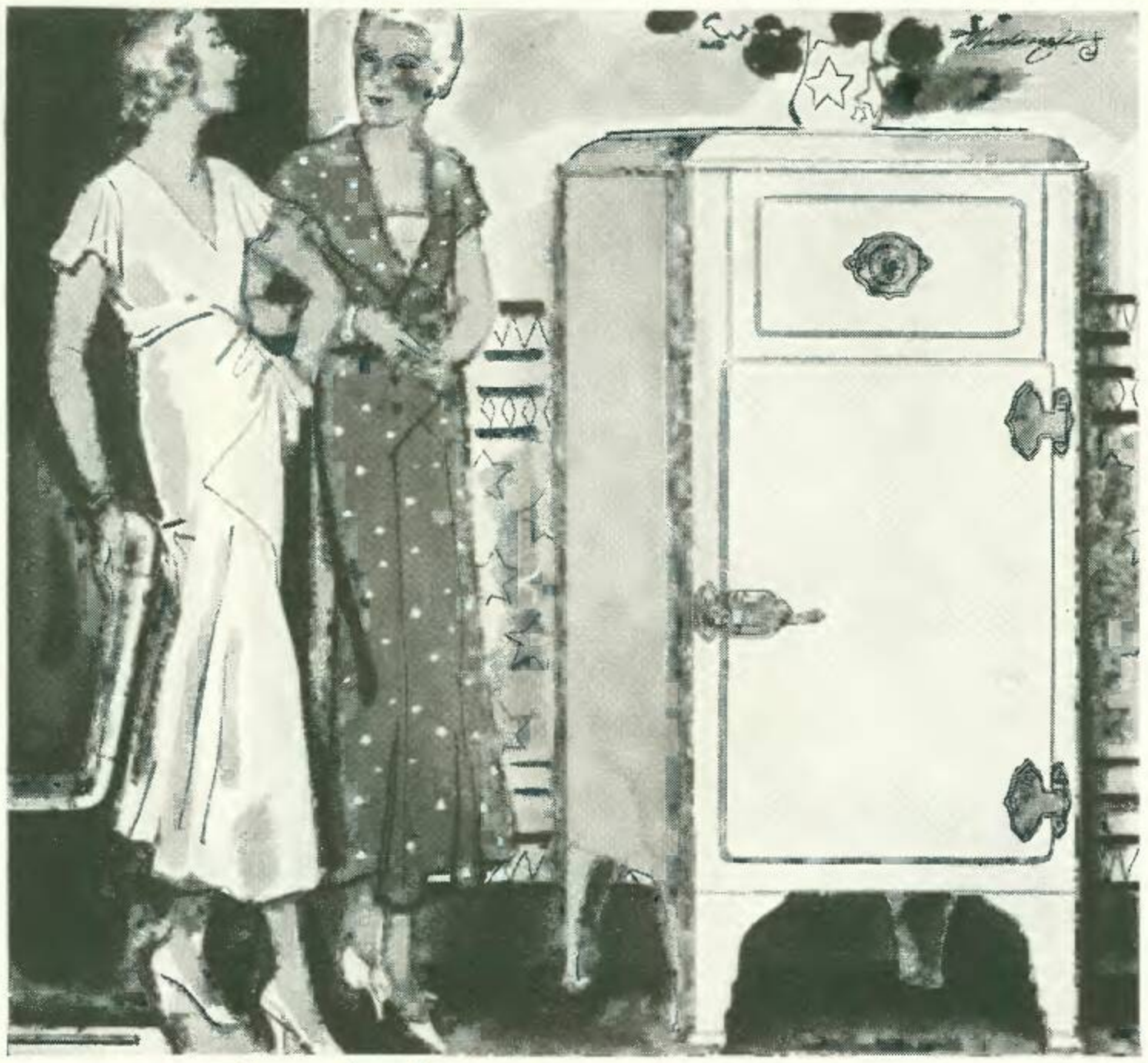
Her home was a clean little house in a dirty little town. Her mother had taken "painting" in the Sisters' school, and the parlor was decorated with two or three of her works. When I first knew Mary there were no ashtrays in the house. Her father smoked his pipe in the kitchen, where all meals were served, or on the porch or at the Polish-American Republican Club. He never smoked in the front of the house. Mary used to want to love her father, to fight with him and go to Mass with him. But he wasn't very friendly; he gave her two dollars a week for her allowance, but he went to six o'clock Mass on Sunday because he couldn't sleep after the sun came up, so Mary couldn't take him by the arm and go up the aisle with him at eleven-thirty Mass, the way Betty O'Connor did with her father, the wealthy undertaker.

MARY was tall and beautiful, crafty, quiet, and passionate. She suddenly leapt from *Film Fun* to Michael Arlen's books and stories in *Cosmopolitan*. And she went from me to Philadelphia and an artist of a certain local reputation. I saw her a short time after she first began to pose in the nude. "You know, Doc, if Mom—Mother ever knew that, she'd die, so don't you ever let on. But it isn't anything. I mean he don't look at me as a person. He just sees the lines of my body. *You* know. The contours. That's the way artists are, Doc."

She used to write to me and tell me that she still loved me, and knew I still loved her, but she thought ". . . if we would ever enter the so-called state of holy matrimony, that it would only lead to unhappiness because on account of two such temperaments like ours being as far apart as the two poles." She often would tell me that she admired my mind, and if we were in Paris

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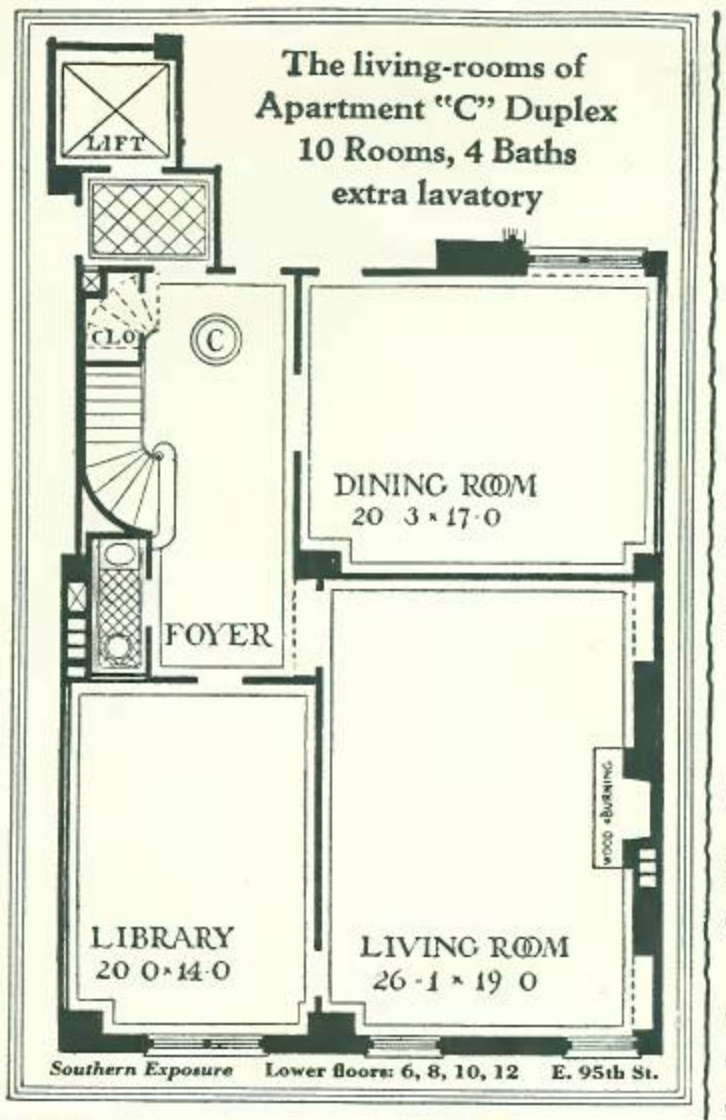
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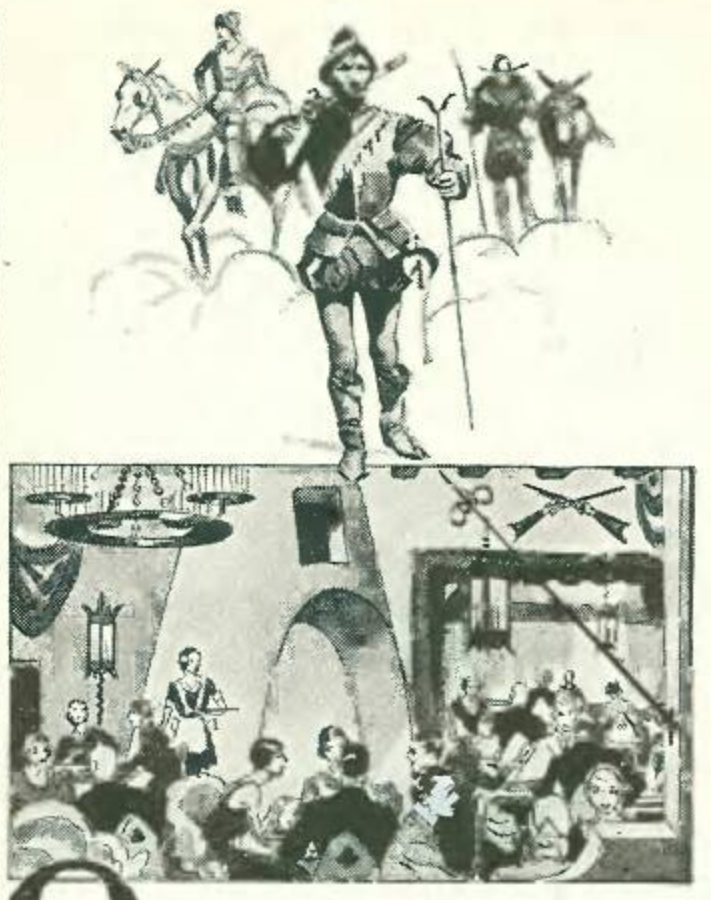
things could be different because people are more broad-minded over there, but Philadelphia—well, she was always running into people from home there, and if tales got back to Mom why Mom would make her come home. She said she'd go to Paris with me because the artist had told her all about it, about how the people over there are so *free* and all. She said she had told the artist about me and he was very nice and sympathetic. He said that was the best place for anybody that wanted to do any writing. That place was just made for artists and writers.

ON one visit to Philadelphia, when I neglected to call her, I saw her in the Club Madrid with one of the city's most notorious roués.

The next time I saw her was three or four months later. It was at a revue opening in New York. She was with one of those faces-above-dinner-coats that go to all the openings, one of those persons who gladly pay twenty-four dollars to attend a première. She had done something to her hair, because it was much lighter than I'd ever seen it, and God knows how—because it was February—but she had contrived to have a grand, healthy tan. Anyone who saw her thought exactly what she wanted everyone to think: that she had been in Florida. Maybe she had. I didn't ask.

After that I saw her frequently, at least once a fortnight, and I noticed her taste in men was steadily improving. I danced with her at the Casino one night, and she offered the information that she was modelling—Saks, or Bergdorf, or some place—and got a swell reduction on clothes. I went home just a little bit sad because she had found it necessary to explain.

SHE gave me her address and phone number. She lived at one of those apartment hotels in the East Fifties that I never can identify unless the awnings are in place over the sidewalk. One night I called her and she had nothing to do, so I went to see her. I was very careful of my behavior, never batting an eye when she said "eyether," and drinking my highball in a chair that was the room's width away from her. The telephone rang. She answered it and made a date with the voice at the other end of the wire. She hung up and smiled at me. "That was Ted Frisbee, the polo-player," she said. "I'm awf'ly fond of him. He has such a nice sense of yoomer." —JOHN O'HARA



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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Greek Games at Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan—"A Waltz Dream" Still a Hit



THE Greeks had no music for it, so Pizzetti and Stravinsky remedied the omission. The close of our orchestral season turned out to be a Grecian holiday. Mr. Toscanini introduced Pizzetti's introduction to the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and Mr. Stokowski, at two Metropolitan Opera House concerts sponsored by the League of Composers and the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, offered New York's first stage performance of Jean Cocteau's Latin version of Sophocles' "Œdipus Rex" with music by Stravinsky.

PIZZETTI's new work was by far the most impressive novelty that Mr. Toscanini produced this season. It is chiefly orchestral, with a subdued choral background that helps to build up the moods. One theme suggests the tune of the invisible priestess in "Aïda;" another gives us something to remember Salome's Dance by; but the composition as a whole is the work of a fine musician who has his own way of telling his story and doesn't waste any time. The performance was superb, and won new honors for the Schola Cantorum.

At the same concert, there was another choral highlight in the glowing "Te Deum" of Verdi.

STRAVINSKY's "Œdipus" had been heard here a few years ago in concert form under the chaperonage of Mr. Koussevitzky. At that time it didn't capsize anybody, and, simply as music, most of it won't keep you awake (after the concert, I mean). The stage presentation, in a simple, well-devised setting by Robert Edmond Jones, with super-marionettes by Remo Bufano, the Harvard Glee Club and soloists in neutral blue jumpers, and an unseen narrator pouring the story through a loudspeaker, was a different affair. Under Mr. Stokowski's fervent yet delicately adjusted leadership, the tragedy evoked a mood of pity, even if no one was purged by terror. I don't think that "Œdipus Rex" is going to be a staple of operatic repertoire, but it was a thoroughly interesting show, and it revealed Mr. Stokowski again as a conductor whom we ought to have at the Metropolitan on other occasions, and I don't mean only after the opera season closes officially.

For good measure, there was Prokofieff's "Le Pas d'Acier," one of those ballets about the Mechanical Age.

AT the Heckscher Theatre, the Little Theatre Opera Company added to its credits with a handsome

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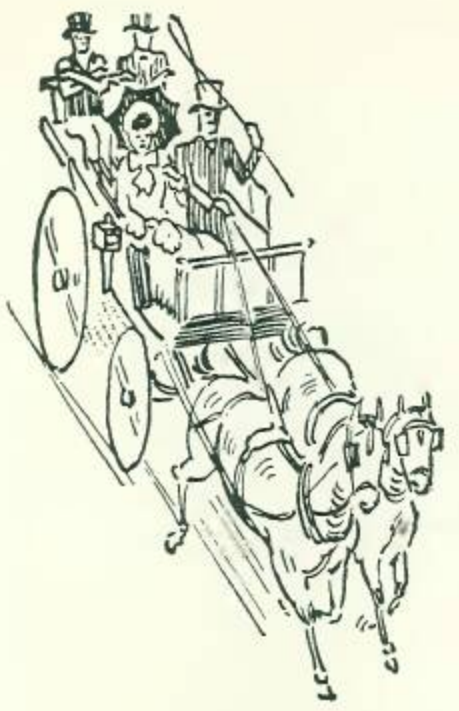


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revival of Oscar Straus' "A Waltz Dream," with the libretto freshly and adroitly translated by John Alan Haughton from the original German text. The scenery, costumes, and staging were colorful, the chorus was first-rate, and the hitherto refractory orchestra suddenly began to play together and in tune. The music has not aged (it may have mellowed a bit) and in such passages as the sudden burst of gaiety which marks the re-entrance of Montschi near the close of the first act, and the solid, partly contrapuntal finale of the second act, Herr Straus has manifested ingenuity and craftsmanship of an order that no contemporary except the Jerome Kern of "Show Boat" has equalled.

At the performance which I attended, Helen Ardelle and Hall Clovis, in spite of laryngitis, won all solo honors. The others had good voices, but they couldn't leave well enough alone. I don't complain because these youngsters haven't the vocal finesse of Rethberg, Onegin, Gigli, or Tibbett, but I wonder what some of the *maestri* are teaching the young to shoot at.

—R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

For Your Spring Dance

AFTER lending an attentive ear to more records than you could break a stick over, I have compiled a suggestion for these gay spring evenings when people roll back the rugs (at least the catalogues always talk about people doing that). Between dances, you might dumbfound your visitors with the dizzy, kaleidoscopic lucubrations of the Boswell Sisters, helped out by the Dorsey Brothers, in "When I Take My Sugar to Tea" and "Wha'd



Ja Do to Me?" (Brunswick 6083). The Sisters sing and the Brothers play and Poppa and Momma probably will get excited.

FOR your dance program, there are some entertaining items in this roster:

ELIZABETH and OH DONNA CLARA—Waring's Pennsylvanians. A dazzling doubling, ranging from a magnificent gang version of "Elizabeth" to a dulcet exposition of "Oh Donna Clara," with rare interpolated singing. Listen carefully to "Elizabeth." They call her something that you wouldn't expect to hear shouted out loud on a disc. (*Victor 22655*)

YOU SAID IT and LEARN TO CROON—Ben Selvin and his Orchestra. Ingratiating dance tempi and an analgesic vocal duet in "You Said It." (*Columbia 2426-D*)

JUST A GIGOLO and SHINE—Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. Not the usual treatment of the *"Schöner Gigolo."* Professor Armstrong stands him on his ear for you, and his trumpetings and singings on the other side are just as extraordinary. (*Okeh 41486*)

NINETY NINE OUT OF A HUNDRED—Sam Lanin's Dance Ensemble. Pure 6-8 dance material, with nobody crooning the lyric. (*Hit-of-the-Week 1137*)

OH HOW I LAUGH WHEN I THINK HOW I DANCED WITH TEARS IN MY EYES OVER YOU and YOU'RE JUST A LOVER—Ben Bernie and his Orchestra. The first is the title, not a night letter, and the song is a new twist to the retributive ballad. The other is melancholy but not soporific, and this band snaps them out blithely. (*Brunswick 6069*)

WERE YOU SINCERE? and I'VE FOUND WHAT I WANTED IN YOU—Bert Lown and his Biltmore Orchestra. Dance-floor playing de luxe, with unusually rich undertones. (*Victor 22653*)

OUT OF NOWHERE and SAY A LITTLE PRAYER FOR ME—Smith Ballew and his Orchestra. Smooth, insinuating affairs, with masculine closeup singing by Mr. Smith. (*Columbia 2430-D*)

YOU'LL BE MINE IN APPLE BLOSSOM TIME and THE WALTZ YOU SAVED FOR ME—Ed Loyd and his Orchestra. A fox trot and a waltz, both intoned with a light touch. (*Okeh 41487*)

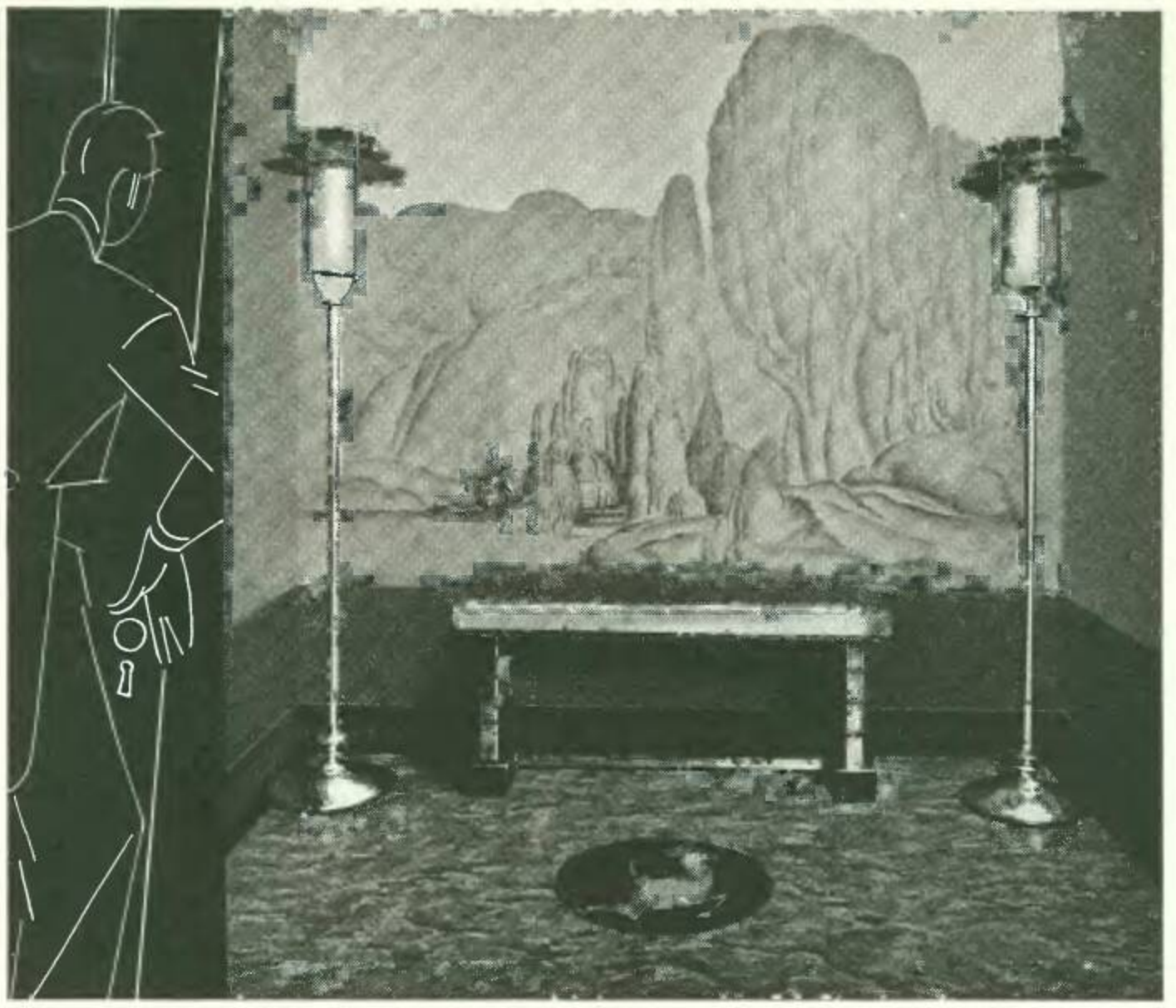
HELLO BEAUTIFUL!—Sam Lanin's Dance Ensemble. An enthusiastic and expert immortalization of this paean to pulchritude. (*Hit-of-the-Week 1136*)

KEEP A SONG IN YOUR SOUL and THINGS I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW—Loring (Red) Nichols and his Orchestra. The lyric of the second one isn't what you think, but it's a well-made *Torcherei*. Red (Loring) Nichols' band plays with lots of stuff. (*Brunswick 6068*) —POP

•

A man has written us: "My business was on its last legs. I read your timely book; I at once locked my office door and went home. The first words I uttered to the good mother of my children were: 'I am to blame for the bitterness in our unhappy home.' She burst into crying and sobbed: 'No, John dear, we are both to blame.' And we both shed tears of joy together. In less than half an hour I returned to my office a happy and younger man."—*Circular of the Scientific Happiness Association.*

How was everything at the office?



. . . . How we crashed the Social Register . . .

Who says New York is snobbish? A few years ago, we were industrious manufacturers of heavy-duty resilient floors—used mostly in office buildings, schools, hospitals and other public buildings. And then—

Modern decorators discovered that our materials made the best floors for modern interiors. Since then (ahem!) it's Sutton Place one day and Southampton the next.

Exhibit A is this little modern entrance hall right off Park Avenue. The floor is Veltone, a new color effect developed since we were "taken up." The galloping gazelle was cut out by hand by men specially trained in this work.

Exhibit B is a suggested game room for a Fifth Avenue penthouse, with a giant backgammon board inlaid in the floor so that debutantes may be used for checkers.

Exhibit C is the office of a radio broadcasting company. In the floor of Sealex Battleship Linoleum, geometric flashes of lightning symbolize radio energy.

Don't let these descriptions make you regret that you have a floor already. The experienced contractors who install our materials can do just as good a job over old floors as in new buildings. 'Phone and we'll tell you how and how much.

Sealex
CUSTOM FLOOR SERVICE
16TH FLOOR, 295 FIFTH AVE. BOGARDUS 4-2420

The
H. K. Ferguson Company
and
Eugene Lignante
have the honour to announce



Hampshire
HOUSE

now being constructed at

One hundred and fifty
Central Park South

and which
it is intended, will be
the premier apartment and hotel
of America

H. K. Ferguson Company, Builders
Caughey and Evans, Architects
Sutton, Blagden and Lynch, Inc.
Agent for the owners

Hampshire House will open
in the Autumn of 1931

STORIES OF TODAY

MARRIAGE RACKET

Nineteen ministers
And five justices of the peace
Of Waukegan, Illinois,
Signed a "marrying agreement"
To abolish fee-splitting
With cabbies and runners.

They formerly paid cuts
Of two dollars per couple.

EXPLODED ILLUSION

An American tourist
Made an eight-day trip
On a Volga River steamboat
From Nizhni-Novgorod
To Astrakhan,
And did not hear
The "Volga Boat Song"
Sung even once.

All the music he heard
Was American jazz.

SEQUITUR

Virginia newspapers
Recently reported
That a Tazewell County man
Had found a genuine Stradivarius
Worth forty thousand dollars.

Twenty-four "genuine Strads"
Have since been discovered
In the same section.

IDLE TEARS

Abe Garbett
Cried so bitterly
When sentenced in Chicago
To four months in jail
That the judge was touched
And suspended sentence
For further investigation.

And when he concluded
This investigation,
He increased the sentence
To eight and a half years.

INTERNATIONAL CLASH

W. G. Cleaver
Of New Haven, Connecticut,
Is suing his British wife
For divorce,
Because she scoffs
At the United States.

He plaintively charges
That every time
He starts to sing
"The Star Spangled Banner"
She drowns him out
With "God Save the King."

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



The LAST WORD *in* SALES PROMOTION

NOWADAYS almost every well-rounded advertising plan includes a phase of effort popularly called "sales promotion."

This is printed-selling levelled not at the public but at the trade—designed to win the trade's special interest and sales support.

However ingenious and effective such effort may be, it remains subordinate to *one* influence no merchant can ignore or misunderstand.

The last word in sales promotion, now as always, is to have customers recognize, believe in, and prefer your brand of goods

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST contributes that sort of sales promotion to deserving products in a measure not approximated by any other publication.

It has been doing it for years, for the leaders of American business, and it is doing it with record-success today!

It offers the legitimate advertiser *now*, direct and privileged entry to the minds and pocketbooks of the foremost American families — that hub *three-million-strong* which turns the *taste, thinking, buying* of the nation.

Within its matchless circulation waits that widespread public approval which can provide *your* merchandise with "sales promotion" of the most *vitalizing* kind.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

THE WAYWARD PRESS

TO RESUME



HISTORY has been coming hot off the griddle during the past few weeks, and it must be admitted that the newspapers have done the right thing by posterity in their handling of it. Nothing has been omitted from the accounts of the daily routine of the Eight Bounding Bourbons, not even the fact that the ex-King had a specially-prepared pigeon for lunch on the train from Marseille to Paris. The flight of Alfonso XIII may possibly not have been quite so momentous an incident in the history of the world as the flight of Louis XVI or James II, but it was covered with a great deal more acumen by the correspondents, and we probably have to thank the many months of having to write about the chestnut trees in the Bois and the League of Nations for the vigor with which the boys hopped on this really big story.

The best part about the whole thing was that it gave everybody a chance. From Madrid to London, with stop-overs at Marseille, Hendaye, and Paris, the A.P. and U.P. offices, to say nothing of the special writers (or those who became special writers for the emergency), were alive with excitement and importance. Not since the Graf Zeppelin flew over or the Club Cycliste made its Tour de France has a story covered so much territory. The A.P. man at Oslo has a right to feel a bit slighted, but maybe his turn will come later, for the whole affair might turn into an abdication epidemic.

And the gratifying part about it all was that so little overwriting was indulged in. Monarchies of fifteen centuries' standing do not fall every day, and there was plenty of opportunity for scribes with Gibbon-fixations to lose their heads. As a matter of fact, the death of Knute Rockne brought out more bad writing than the Fall of the House of Bourbon, and obeisance is here made to the foreign correspondents for their repression. (In the matter of the Rockne copy, the question is not whether Rockne deserved the encomiums or didn't. The question is whether or not sporting-writers are ever to be trusted with matters of a sentimental nature. We are clutching in our chubby fist one black ball, signifying "No-no-no!")

OF course, the Spanish affair was a field-day for the *Times* and it came through in splendid shape. Every angle was covered, with pictures, and T. R. Ybarra did a comprehensive and readable summary of the reasons why. On the second day (April 16) Frank L. Kluckhohn cabled a story about the flight of the Royal Family which, for color and human interest, would have been the kind of story the old *World* would have wanted to run had it known whom to get to write it. But the *Times* now finds itself with a formidable competitor in such matters, and the *Herald Tribune* ran neck and neck with it in practically every department, with a slight edge in its favor in the matter of William T. Stuttard's story. The readers of both papers were very fortunate in learning first-hand the dope on at least one event in history, even though it was only the shifting of a polo field from Madrid to Fontainebleau. The *American* contented itself with an exclusive first statement from the New Boy, Zamora, which, while it did not make quite such interesting reading as the dispatches of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, was unquestionably something to stick up on the bulletin board. The evening papers, as is always the case with evening papers in affairs of this kind, seemed to be road companies of the mornings. This illusion is very difficult to explain.



"Now Mumsy isn't going to tell you anything more, dear. You must learn to think for yourself."

THE *World-Telegram* did wax a little dramatic on April 18 over the temporary residence of Alfonso in Paris at the Hotel Meurice. In an attempt to tie up the present upset with the French Revolution, it ran a story beginning: "From the hotel balcony where the exiled King Alfonso XIII and Queen Victoria of Spain look out over the city of Paris, they see, strangely enough, the spot where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were beheaded."

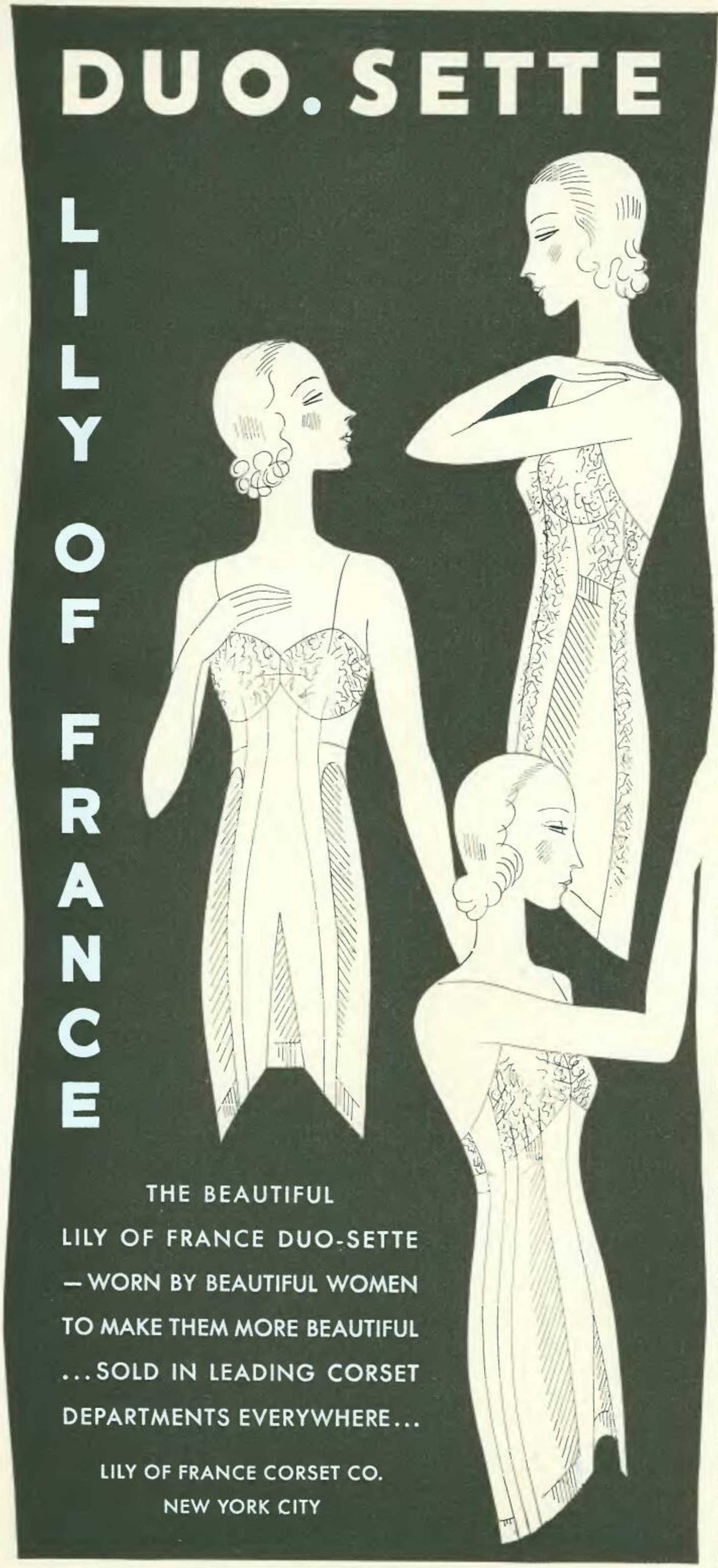
We should probably allow the *World-Telegram* a little latitude in its attempt to create a thrilling *mise en scène* for its story, but the fact remains that if Alfonso is going to see the Place de la Concorde from the balcony of the Meurice, Victoria will have to hold him very firmly by the hips while he leans from the knees out over the Rue de Rivoli and swings slowly and precariously toward Castiglione. Even then



(Adv.)

DUO.SETTE

LILY OF FRANCE



THE BEAUTIFUL
LILY OF FRANCE DUO-SETTE
— WORN BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
TO MAKE THEM MORE BEAUTIFUL
... SOLD IN LEADING CORSET
DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE...

LILY OF FRANCE CORSET CO.
NEW YORK CITY

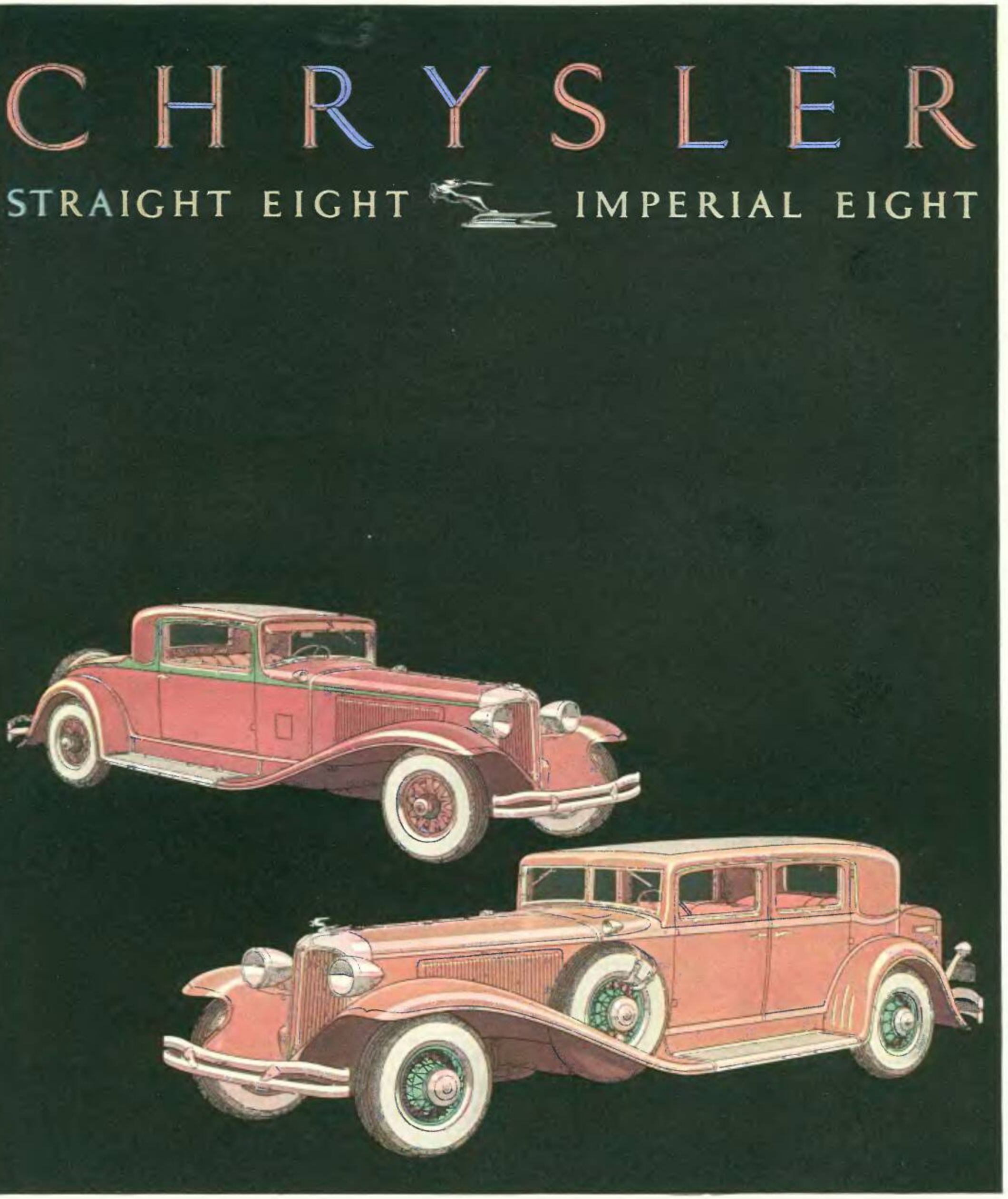
it is doubtful if he will see anything more reminiscent of Marie Antoinette than a row of little shops selling beaded bags. Anyway, he can see the gardens of the Tuileries by simply lying on the sofa in his living-room, and that ought to be good enough for the purposes of the *World-Telegram's* story.

SPEAKING of the *World-Telegram*, as so many ex-*World* men have been doing in the past month, it does not seem quite to have assimilated its recent transfusion, at least not to the point of grace and suppleness in its appearance. One gets the impression that there is too much of something. Aside from its bulk, there is a sort of choking sensation around the special-department region, a plethora of little notes on things, and almost more items of personal observation than any one man could possibly read, even if he were interested. This impression is typified by the strange congestion around the logotype on the first page, where a brave attempt is being made to include all the names and trademarks of the various papers included in the merger. For a time there was a conscientious massing of "Telegram," "World," and "Evening World" with the Pulitzer coat-of-arms and the Scripps-Howard lighthouse. Gradually this was thinned out to the lighthouse, the Statue of Liberty, two globes, and the words "World-Telegram" with a chaste, but slightly off-key, "New York" describing an arc over the centre, making three distinct type fonts in as many words. We have watched for a sprig of holly to be entwined throughout the design, with



CHRYSLER

STRAIGHT EIGHT IMPERIAL EIGHT



Distinguished both in appearance and performance . . . In the foreground, the Chrysler Imperial Eight Close-Coupled Sedan; 145-inch wheelbase; 125-horsepower . . . In the background, the Chrysler Eight Coupe; 124-inch wheelbase; 90-horsepower . . . Both designed with an extremely low center of gravity, and both possessing an exclusive Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with Dual High gears and a very quick, very quiet gear shift.

◆

Chrysler Imperial Eight holds twelve A. A. A. Contest Board stock car speed records in its class for one to five miles. There are Chrysler models for every purse. An entirely new Chrysler Six, $885 to $895. The new Chrysler "70", $1245 to $1295. Chrysler Eight, $1495 to $1665. Chrysler Imperial Eight, $2745 to $3145—custom models, $3150 to $3575. All prices f. o. b. factory.

Simons-Stewart Company, Inc.
1425 Bedford Ave., STerling 3-2800, Brooklyn

Simons-Stewart Company, Inc.
1745 B'way at 56th St., SUs. 7-2300, New York City

DeCozen Motor Co.
1226 Broad St., TErrace 3-6900, Newark



Piquant Personality

The house in a flutter!
Cooing maids in ingenue gowns
Agog over gifts in the library.
Mamma moans in a drawing room.
Waiting reporters
Reeking of relatives' cigars.
Boys with rice hide in a foyer.
The bride hugs a blooming bouquet.
And the groom, poor chap,
Unwittingly sitting
On his best man's best topper
Enjoys a quiet one
•With Clicquot Sec
Out in the service pantry,
Gathering his wandering wits.
The ginger ale reminds him
Of the blushing bride.
It, too, has
• Piquant personality
A delicate bouquet
Fragrant as a May morning . .
Sparkling, zestful
Full of esprit . .
Ideal for important occasions.
Beautifully bottled,
Utterly unique
In palate appeal.
• Luck to them!
He's starting right,
Anyway.





Clicquot Club

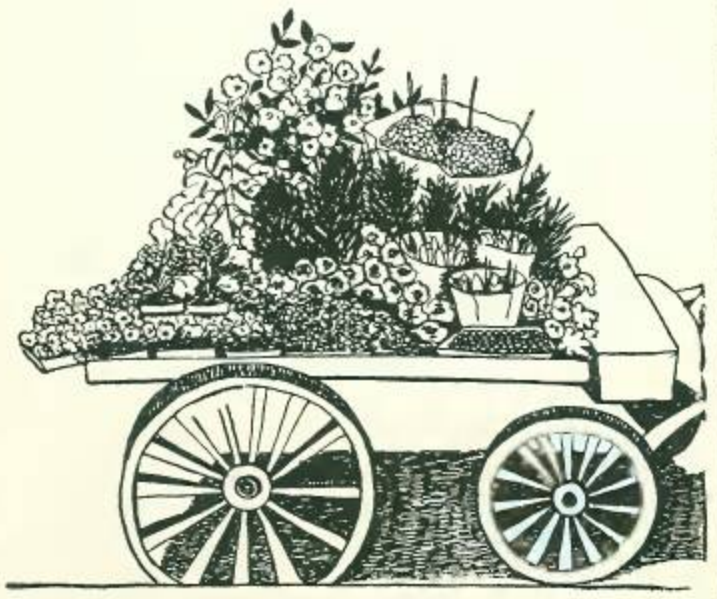
SEC

The Ginger Ale with Piquant Personality

perhaps the word "newspapers" in Old English or German script, but they seem to be pretty well satisfied with the arrangement as it now stands. Personally, we shall never be satisfied until the whole thing is centred and not allowed to crawl off the page at the left as it now does. This may be a minor point of typography, but constant looking at a heading which is off-centre might quite possibly drive a reader crazy in time.

ANOTHER disturbing result of the elimination of the *Evening World* from the field has been the advertising of the *Post* in the other papers. A complete page of the *Post* is reproduced in the middle of your *Times*, with only a diagonal announcement that "You Are Now Reading the Evening Post" to allay your fear that you are going mad. In time, you may get used to seeing a page of the *Evening Post* popping up in the middle of your morning *Times*, but right now the effect is one first of terror and then of intense irritation. With newspapers changing about as they seem to have been doing lately, a shock like this to the reader's visual routine is likely to prove dangerous—and bad business.

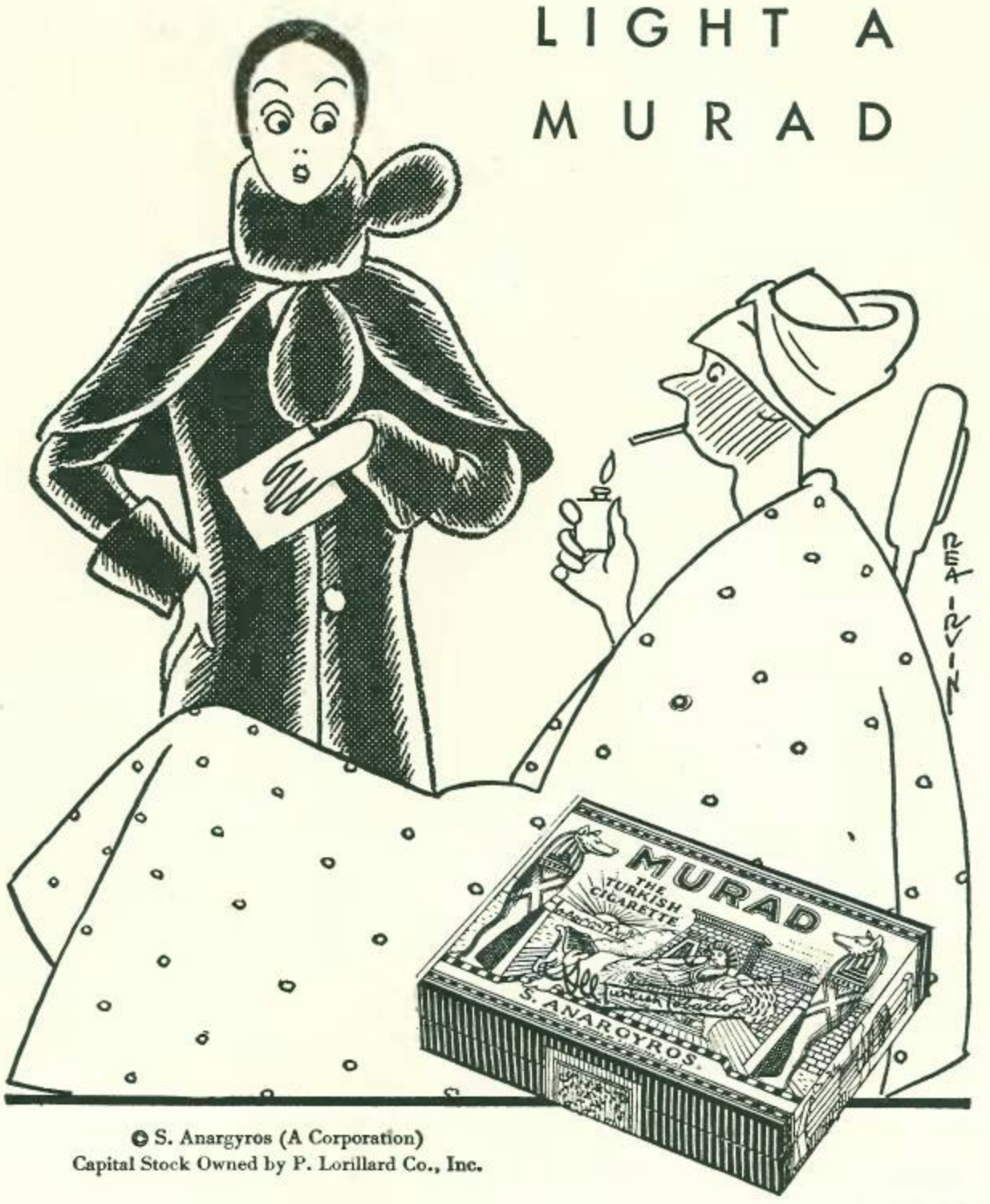
THE most radical change in the newspaper scene resulting from the demise of the two *Worlds* has been the metamorphosis of Mr. Hearst's *American*. Probably the last paper in New York that one would have expected to adopt a new policy was the *American*. It had gone on for years, with an eight-column streamer across the front page announcing new subway bids and old couples' golden weddings, made up inside like a New England sampler spelling out that "East, West, Hame's Best" and in general defying all rules of aesthetics and the finer points of journalistic law. And then suddenly, with the exit of the *World*, the *American* took up the torch and dashed out into the clearing. The eight-



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When your Sweetie walks into the Barber Shop where you are having a Shampoo and a Mud Pack . . . *Be nonchalant*

LIGHT A MURAD



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Capital Stock Owned by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

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THE NEW YORKER,

25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—

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In the Merry Merry Merry Merry Month of May

STUTTGART . . . May 7
COLUMBUS . . . May 10
BREMEN . . . . . May 13
GEN. v. STEUBEN. May 14
EUROPA . . . . . May 19
DRESDEN . . . . May 21
BERLIN . . . . . May 28
BREMEN . . . . May 30

to
England
Ireland
France
Germany

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

57 Broadway, New York, Telephone BOwling Green 9-3880, or your local agent

Sampler worked by a Senior Member of our firm who abandoned the follies of youth for the abiding happiness of needlework



fortnum & Mason INC
697 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
Rare delicacies *English shoes*
Outdoor clothes for ladies and children

column streamer for minor municipal events disappeared. The inside of the paper began to assume the appearance of a real newspaper instead of a printer's pi. And the editorial page, moved inside, suddenly blossomed forth with an "opposite editorial page" feature, made up like white folks and containing articles which not only "people who think" but people who read might glance at. Just how this is going to impress the present readers of the *American* remains to be seen. If they liked the old *American*, they are going to resent the new. The question is: "Did many people like the old *American?*" We have always maintained that newspaper readers were above the editors' opinion of them. This will be a good test.

ONE of the great mysteries of newspaper policy has been brought up again by the spotlight which has been suddenly turned on Mayor Walker's private affairs. For at least two years the press has had the possibilities of a nasty little story which might be broken at any minute and for two years it has played the gentleman and looked the other way. Then, without any particular provocation except the general offensive against the City Government, the story breaks. But who breaks it? The pro-Walker tabloid press. The *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the white-collar evening newspapers, all anti-Walker in spirit, meticulously avoid any mention of the matter in their accounts of the Spring Drive against the author of "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?" But the *Mirror* and the *News*, both loyal to the City Government, spread the story, with pictures and implications, all over what remains of their front pages after the corpses and legs have been disposed of. Inside, on their editorial pages, they defend the Chief Executive. Outside, they give the only indication in a free press of the nation that such a thing as scandal exists. What are we to think? Just, probably, that East is East, and West is a good story. At any rate, the Mayor cannot charge conspiracy. —GUY FAWKES

•

WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION DEPARTMENT

Clarence R. Zulauf and wife, after a week of honeymooning in Denver and in Rocky-mountain altitudes, have returned, and like sensible folk, which they are, have settled down with a grim determination to face life and its stern realities. —*Wilcox (Neb.) Winner.*



THE LATE-AT-NIGHT SMOKER* EXPLAINED,

"Sure, it's the Clean Taste!"

"It's not so much Spud's cooler smoke," he said, "it's Spud's continual clean taste. Working late at night, for example, I can smoke through a whole pack of Spuds, and still go to bed with my mouth moist-cool and clean and comfortable. Ask any heavy smoker what that means!"

It just means that Spud continues to prove itself the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. No matter how long or concentrated your session with Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance . . . Spud always leaves you mouth-happy. Switch to Spud for cooler, cleaner taste.

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.



First row in the
beauty chorus

» » » » QUICK workers—light on their feet and your face—easy on the eye and the allowance—yours for beauty. . . . The Festive Five, under the direction of Madame Nina, Paris and New York.

Left to right . . . Geranium Cream, leader of the ensemble; specialty wrinkles, lines, bad color, party circles under the eyes. Works day and night . . . Nina Rouge, quick change artist, solo act on lips and cheeks, fresh from the Folies-Bergère . . . The Lotion Twins, Tonic for the younger set, Astringent for confirmed first nighters who look it . . . Nina Poudres, 5 shades, all of them wows . . . White Rose Cleansing Cream, mops up the house.

» » » ***BOOK the lot for $15 and ensure a packed season . . . Separate engagements — Geranium, three-fifty for six months—Rouge, three for a year—Lotions, three for either . . . Poudres, two-fifty for six months . . . White Rose, three-fifty.***

» » **Order** If your regular agency doesn't handle this act, write Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York.

» » » **Ask** If your season presents special problems, put them up to Miss Nina Nestor, same address.

produits **nina**

THE OARSMEN

The Leader Eight — Sophomores on the Harlem—Vindication



IT is not surprising, in the early part of a new season, that so much attention should be drawn toward New Haven and Yale. For eight years now, Yale has practically taken all the honors in college rowing. Since 1923, when Ed Leader first came East after his apprenticeship at the University of Washington, his varsity crews have been beaten only four times in something like twenty-eight races, and only one of these defeats occurred at New London.

So far there is no axiom to the effect that as Yale goes so goes the intercollegiate rowing year, but under Leader Yale has been good so consistently that the occasional excellence of Cornell, Harvard, Navy, and Columbia—or Washington and California—has been overlooked. Of all Yale's rivals during the past four or five years, Columbia and California have been the only ones to offer a serious challenge.

TO be sure, at New Haven Leader is relieved of the annual worry over the quantity or quality of the material that turns out for crew, a worry that drives Glendon of Columbia and Callow of Pennsylvania almost to distraction each spring. This year Leader's principal concern—the use of a stronger word would hardly be warranted—has been the choice of a stroke oar for the varsity boat, but now he seems to have settled on a long-legged youngster named Bob Goodale as being somewhat more dependable than Herbert Shephard, who stroked last year's freshman eight at New London. This decision was arrived at only after a long process of elimination, in the course of which no less than four different men were tried out at one time or another.

THE crew which Leader has built up behind Goodale is not one of those excessively heavy boatloads such as Cornell sent to the Hudson to win the Poughkeepsie race last season. It is a combination of eight rather evenly matched men whose average weight is only slightly more than 175 pounds.

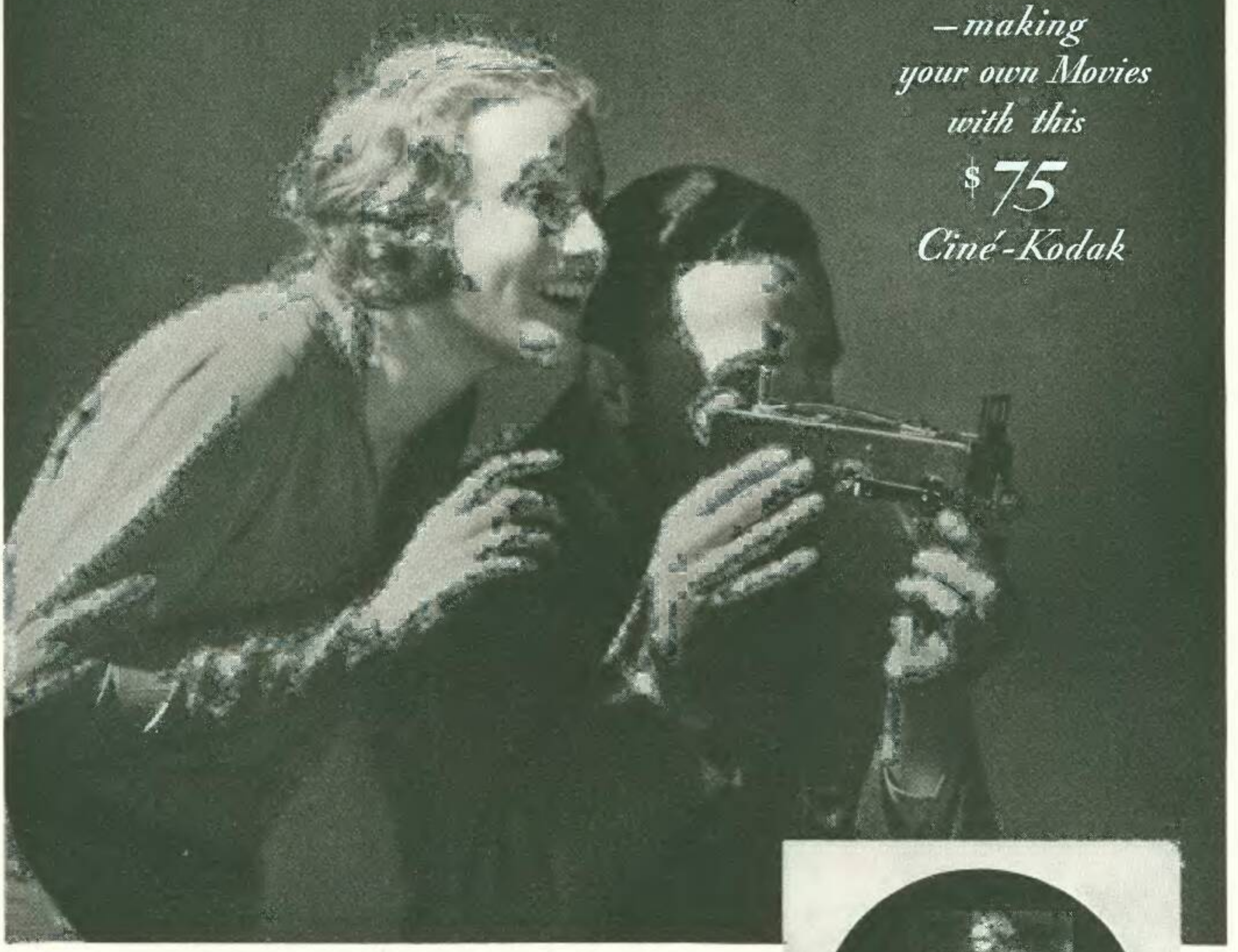
What Yale lacks in beef, however,

...a Sport...a Hobby...an Art!

—making your own Movies with this

$75

Ciné-Kodak



UNTIL you aim a Ciné-Kodak and press the lever, you have no idea how exciting it is to make your own movies.

Whatever you see before you in the finder is caught by the film . . . clear and lifelike.

Baby's endearing tricks, the winsome play of expression on a loved one's face, tingling moments in a thrilling game—Ciné-Kodak gets them all . . . keeps them for you in action.

• • •

AND with Ciné-Kodak, it is so easy. Into this compact little camera Eastman has concentrated all the essentials of movie-making. Ciné-Kodak Model M is the simplest camera made and the lightest that loads with a full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. No focusing. Always ready for the emergency shot.

Developing, done by Eastman experts, is included in the price of the film.

Look into this fascinating sport . . . hobby . . . art. Let your dealer show you the $75 Ciné-Kodak (Model M) and the kind of movies it makes. Kodascope projectors as low as $60. Easy terms, if you wish.



The fun of making a movie is followed by the pleasure of seeing it, whenever you wish, on your own silver screen at home.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE HOME MOVIE BOOKLET

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY • ROCHESTER • NEW YORK

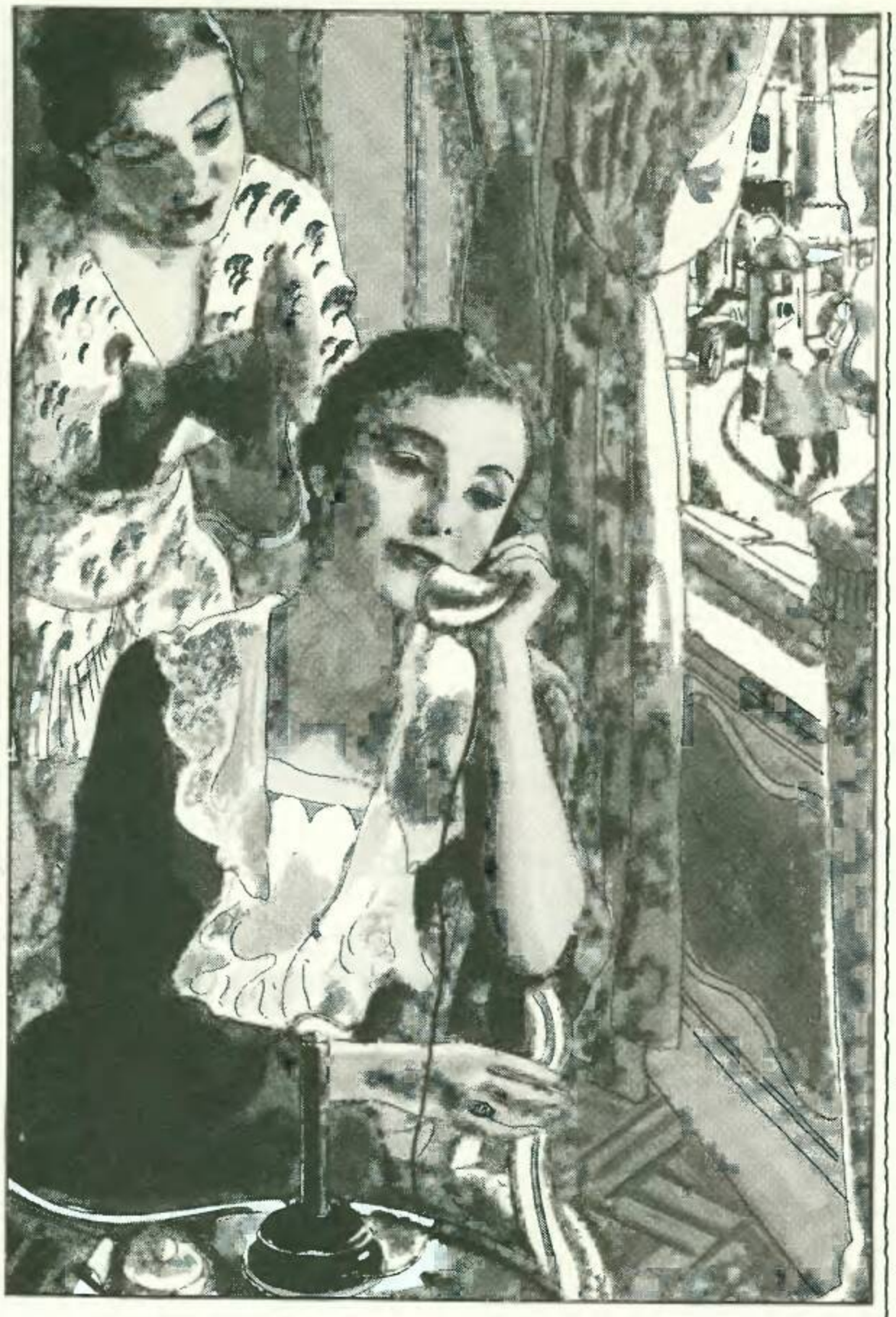
Please send me FREE illustrated booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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City_____ State_____

N. Y. 5-2

Ciné-Kodak...*Simplest of Home Movie Cameras*



"WE'RE BACK IN PARIS . . . AND HERE'S SOME INTERESTING NEWS"

PERHAPS it has been a journey of exploration to some little-known Adriatic port. Or perhaps a chance encounter with old friends, halfway around the world from home. And now, a telephone call to the States . . . to pass the news to members of the family left behind and give yourself the satisfaction of hearing their voices again.

A new, delightful note is brought to foreign travel by Overseas Telephone Service. Here is a way to share your adventures with those at home, while you are still experiencing them. The charges for a 3-minute conversation: from London to New York and nearby points, $30; from Paris, $33.75; from Rome, $36; from certain transatlantic liners while at sea, $21. To more distant points in America, slightly more. Calls are simple to make—you just ask for Long Distance.

OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

it more than makes up in watermanship. This is no "scratching" crew which depends on weight for its power and develops speed by means of what orthodox oarsmen consider freak rigging and freak oars. Leader has grounded his varsity, as he grounded its predecessors, in the fundamentals of rowing. There are refined inboard work and almost perfect outboard form. There is no exaggerated reach at the catch, but there is a drive through to a high and hard finish that is somewhat reminiscent of the style Jim Rice taught at Columbia twenty years ago. The hands get away with a quick snap of the wrist and the handle of the oar well up on the chest—and woe betide the man who finishes with his hands in his lap.

Then there is that complete mastery of the slide on the recover which is the hallmark of all Leader-coached crews. Even in the heat of a sprint, the slides roll back slowly and come to a gradual stop which does not detract a particle from the run of the boat. One can easily sense the drive the shell gets from such stalwarts as Rogers at No. 6 and Goodyear at No. 5, two men who are particularly impressive.

WHAT this smooth-rowing Yale crew will do against the rougher yet powerful Columbia eight in the Blackwell Cup race on the Harlem this Saturday is unpredictable, and there is always the chance that Pennsylvania will spoil the day for one or both of its opponents.

Columbia has power and coördination, as it showed against Navy a fortnight ago, but it hasn't the finesse that is to be found in the Yale shell. The relative unevenness in stature and weight of the men in the Columbia boat accounts in some measure for its rough appearance when it is going at top speed. Columbia's oars strike the water as well and are rowed out with as much drive as Yale's, but the rhythmic flow of power one sees in the Yale boat is lacking. It must be re-



membered that Columbia is a crew made up largely of green sophomores, though, at that, MacRae Sykes, the sophomore stroke oar, is potentially an excellent pace-setter. He was inclined to be nervous in his races as a freshman, but he seems to have acquired poise now.

IN this respect he is much like Anderson, the big Southerner who is stroking Pennsylvania's varsity. Anderson stroked the freshmen last year and did well in the early races, but when the season was nearly over he began to worry unnecessarily and go to pieces. According to Callow, however, he too has now rid himself of that habit.

In fact both the Columbia and Pennsylvania crews have a good proportion of sophomores right through the boat. Callow says he has never had such good material before, though he is making no predictions. Like Leader, he is taking emphasis off the catch, which was the distinguishing mark of Washington crews some years ago. Penn is not falling over itself to get an exaggerated reach, and although Callow has not added to the body swing and the hard finish at the other end of the stroke, his crews are swinging quite a bit farther back than they were in 1929.

THE manner in which Navy defeated M.I.T. on the Severn last week has restored some of the faith the midshipmen inspired before their ill-fated race with Columbia. Apparently that was simply an off-day for them.

Nor was Tech disgraced, or anything like it, by its defeat, though it may well feel it hasn't shown the promise it did a year ago, when it ended its season by finishing a gallant third at Poughkeepsie. Its crews have had little opportunity to row this spring. They will charge the Navy race off to experience. —M. R.

•

Some of the pleasantest evenings I have ever spent have been with women who enjoyed reading Browning.—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

This is no place to bandy their names about, you cad!

•

Miss Frances Stevenson will be pleased to learn that she has recovered from an attack of the grip and is able to resume her studies at the Roger Ludlowe High School.—*Fairfield (Conn.) News.*

She will if she has any spunk at all.



The Vogue for WHITE demands make-up witchery

• White dresses are decidedly the mode this Spring. You say you can't wear white—you're too pale? Elizabeth Arden will show you how!

• Miss Arden has make-up accessories to harmonize with every costume. And you will be astonished to see how a deeper tint here—a clever accent there—used at the suggestion of Miss Arden's make-up stylist—will alter your entire appearance ever so much for the better. White, and the vivid new colors, are not difficult to wear if you complement them with the make-up that belongs to them.

• Come to Miss Arden's Salon for authentic make-up information and advice. An individual skin tone analysis is part of every treatment. You will receive important advice on what foundations give your skin the finished look that denotes perfect grooming. And if you will describe your costume colors—Miss Arden's stylist will tell you what make-up to use with each of your gowns. For an appointment at the hour you prefer, please telephone PLaza 3-5847.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 Fifth Avenue, New York

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, APRIL 22

FOREHEADS, as you may have gathered from my wire the other week, mean more nowadays to that quarter of Paris which surrounds the Sorbonne than they do to the long stretch of shops that reaches from the Place de la Concorde to the Étoile. Brows that are high will probably always be popular at the Bibliothèque Nationale, but they're no longer a general fashion in France. Paris hats have been pulled down over one eyebrow, like a workman's *casquette*, ever since Agnès launched her Algerian tilt.

Of course the thing must be done with an air. The result may be as careless and jaunty as you like, but you must learn the knack of slipping these hats about two inches farther to the right than you think looks sane before you actually get the dashing effect they deserve. Agnès herself outdoes the natives of Martinique (whose bandanna headdresses gave her the idea) when she puts these hats on your head and leaves practically the whole left side of your hair exposed.

THE hat which comes nearest the original Martinique red-and-yellow kerchief is the one called Maringo. It is a plaid cotton ribbon built on one of Agnès' knitted silk caps; the ribbon is tied so that there are three little perky corners jutting out, just the way natives tie them. Bonwit Teller have this one, and another more ladylike version, in knitted black straw, called Coroco; it has an Algerian peak at the tip of the crown and a careless pink roll, across the front, that looks like cloth but is made of ostrich.

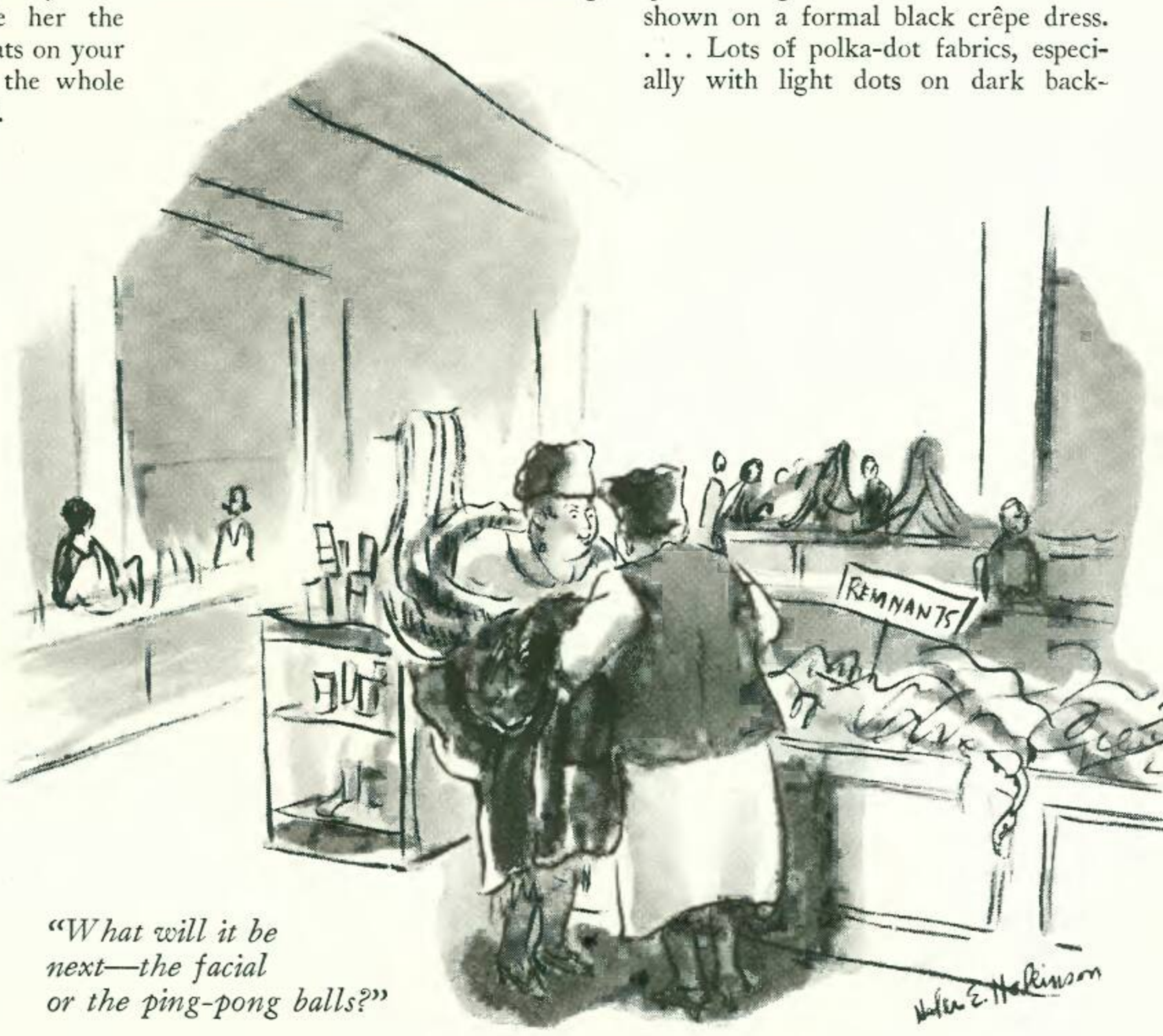
Fleur de Lotus (at Saks-Fifth Avenue) is the most wearable of her new raffia hats. The foundation is a peaked cap of black knitted straw; the raffia (black, too) is rolled across the back but lies flat on the head at the front. (Some of the Agnès mannequins wear these hats with the raffia drooping over their foreheads like folds of hair, but I wouldn't do anything about that if I were you.) There is a flower made of bright red velvet somewhere way off back of the left ear—sounds mad, but you'll like it.

Macy has the hat called Courant d'Air, one of those newer models of the open-air school. The brim, worn high off the left side of your forehead, is black picot; the crown is just a strip here and there of bright-blue knitted silk, with your hair showing between the strips. Fine for girls who take large head sizes but want crowns that look smallish.

I COULD go on talking about this business for hours—and I'm not the only one who has gone to pieces about it. Even her confrères (and it must have cost them a pretty effort) are making low bows to Agnès for the way she has developed designs and colors from native costumes and drawings. Her reds and browns and pinks and oranges look as if they'd come from people who've been wearing colors for centuries and know how much of it they can stand for any length of time.

IN spite of approaching midseason shows, hats remain the most interesting fashion news in Paris these days. A good many couturiers report they'll have no midseason collections this year, but will merely add a few new models to what they're already showing. You don't mean? . . . Yes, my fine fellow; it does mean that the big houses seem pretty satisfied with what they've been doing, and that a girl can go three months more without changing her hems or her belts, and still not feel like a page from "Godey's Lady's Book."

Here are the first few notes on the midseason additions (more will come later): At Molyneux, some new two-piece dresses with coats, in arrangements that make combinations with other dresses possible. For example, a jumper with gored and corded skirt in natural tussor, worn with a three-quarter-length tussor coat which is also shown on a formal black crêpe dress. . . . Lots of polka-dot fabrics, especially with light dots on dark back-



"What will it be next—the facial or the ping-pong balls?"

LUNAR

What Stehli has done with its new striped chiffon is one of those miracles so incredible that you simply have to see to believe. Between tiny pin stripes of silvery satin, the sheer white fabric is ombrée in endless waves as filmy as cigarette smoke caught in a moonbeam. And . . . with her characteristic intuition for dramatizing the individuality of a fabric . . . Elizabeth Hawes has worked a miracle herself in her lovely Grecian gown, Lysistrata . . . box-plaited and cut on the bias to weave magic criss-cross patterns with every motion of its wearer.



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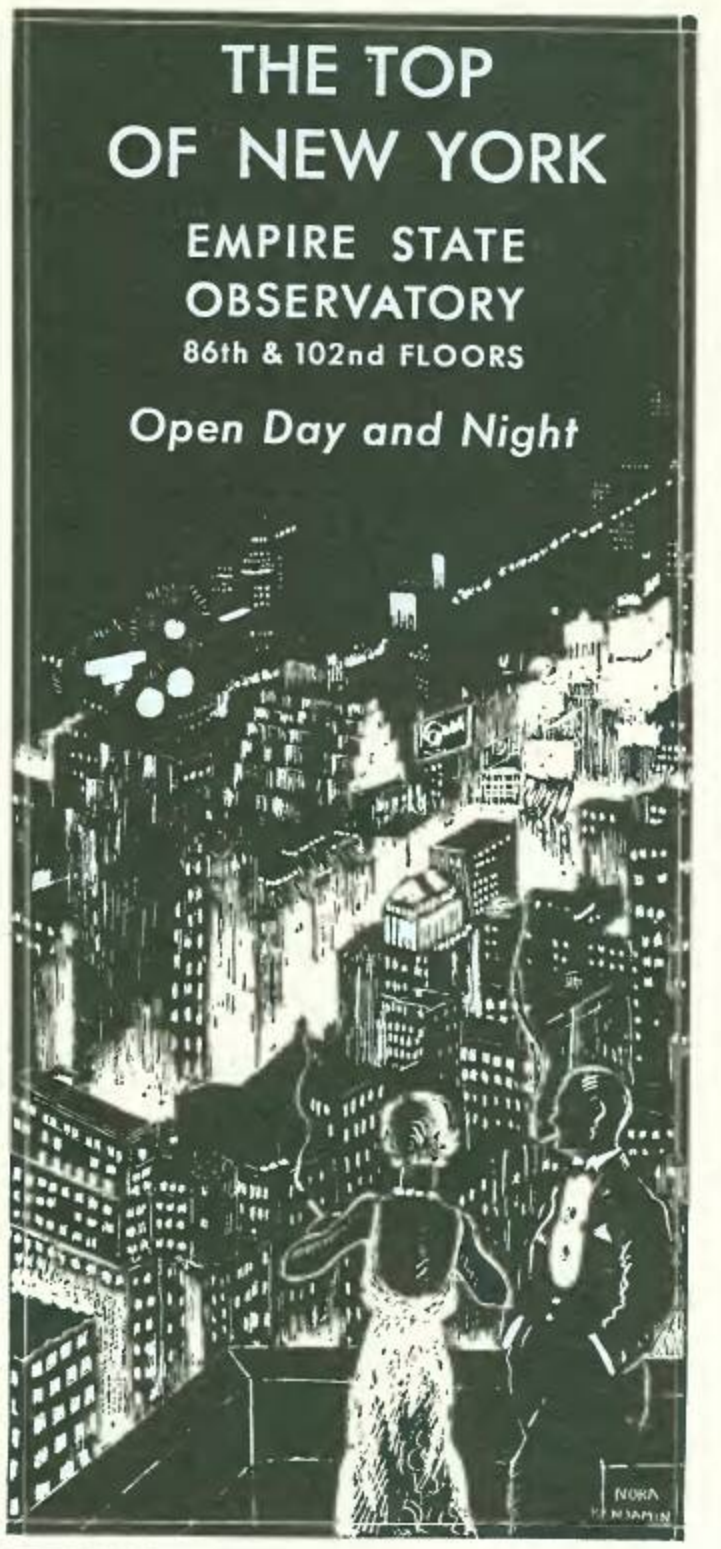
MACY'S
34th Street & Broadway
New York

grounds. . . . Lots of combinations of cream and brown, a pleasant relief from the brown-and-white you see everywhere. . . . At Mainbocher, a new evening neckline at the back—a cowl effect; only instead of drooping low, it is pulled across from shoulder to shoulder. . . . Two new interpretations of Mainbocher's February success: the dress with lapels and collar made of little braided strips of the dress fabric. The new ones are in black crêpe and lightweight navy-blue woollen, one of them with the braided collar and cuffs of white linen. . . . Some new white flannel-serge suits, one with a bright-green blouse and a separate scarf whose two ends have been slashed halfway up—you leave the outer half hanging loose and tie the inner half in a big bow. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

IT was downright timely of B.M. to write all this about hats, for the shops of New York are already a litter of influences from Algiers, Tunis, Martinique, Morocco, and the Congo. I, for one, love them, though I do think they will be ruined in no time, for, once you have seen three in a restaurant, you get kinda weary. They should show almost all the right side of the head (B.M. says left—but you must show one or the other) and are quite likely to clear the widow's peak by a good two inches before they snuggle down on the opposite side. Saks-Fifth Avenue, where you always find interesting hats, are showing lots of these, my particular pet being a Congo Agnès thing. The edge is of braided coarse black hair, the top of openwork beige stuff, coming up to a point. This is conservative in color—the others are marvellous dull oranges and reds of the red-clay school.

Chanel offers a hat of kasha, a little cap with a wide braid of self-material around the edge, extending freely into German pigtails, which, I suppose, you could wear dangling over your shoulders like a ten-year-old *Fräulein*, but they are supposed to be wrapped around the head and fastened with a pin. This is dandy in tulle for evening. Reboux offers a new straw (which resembles nothing so much as a frayed bathtowel) for tiny toques, the favorite color around Saks being a clear and luminous grayish light blue. Another new notion in fabrics is presented in a pastel hat with a tiny brim that at first glance seems an openwork straw. It turns out that the meshes are made of twisted organdie, no less. The hat with the



Speaking of Figures

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NEW YORK

shiny raffia band mentioned in B.M.'s letter is also done up with shiny leather across the front, and decorated with a pert quill or feather. Another "hat," which employs raffia in flat coils all around, has a crown made of opened-up lemonade straws (that's the way it looks, honest). This just covers the back of the head—grand for afternoon or evening.

Saks-Fifth Avenue, by the way, is one of the very few places that can solve that indeterminate theatre-hat-that-doesn't-look-silly problem. I am, as you may gather, chatting about the Atelier de Paris.

ELDRIDGE, at 22 East Sixty-seventh Street, does custommade work for *grandes dames*. Her specialties are careful finishing, exquisite detail that does not hit you in the eye, beautiful imported lingerie collar-and-cuff sets, and other quiet symbols of aristocracy. An example of Molyneux's yen (referred to by B.M.) to make an ensemble with one coat and two dresses is to be found here. There is a knee-length coat of heavy navy silk, with intricate seaming that gives that up-and-down Molyneux slimness to the hips. Underneath this goes a white crêpe two-piece dress with long sleeves. The skirt is box-pleated, and has a navy band on the bottom so that the white crêpe does not show beneath the jacket. There is also a dress of navy silk, ornamented with white coin dots, designed to go with it. The three forming one of those combinations that are inimitable for boat trains, shopping in New York, or—ah, me!—Paris, and other hot-weather occasions in town.

The type of costume that is best for such purposes is done beautifully around here, anyway. Dresses and ensembles, for travelling and the street, may be done in the thinnest and finest navy twill, trimmed with braid. Kasha, in one light and one dark color, is employed well in a coat and skirt with the light color forming the vest blouse and the lining of the zigzag-edged coat. For citified wear, Eldridge likes the knee-length coat, in wool or silk, over printed or plain dresses. She also has a mania for velveteen jackets, cut very straight and hip-length, either over summer clothes, or printed dresses, or anything you happen to have handy. And another thing which she loves, and which is very hard to find around town, is the tailored type of dinner and evening dress in flat crêpe, the décolletage very simple, and the skirt, front and back, ornamented with vertical



entirely new . . exceedingly smart

Linen and Velveteen JACKET ENSEMBLE

The crisp white linen dress with accentuating splashes of dark color in its collar, belt and inverted pleats . . . the little fitted velveteen jacket with revers facings of white linen and new short sleeve which discloses the long sleeve of the dress . . . give an unusual combination of fabrics in a distinctly chic costume.

White linen dress with red, navy, brown and turquoise velveteen jacket $30

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CORSETS—SECOND FLOOR

pleats, stitched down part way. Tailored yet feminine.

I AM one of those people who have loved pajamas from the start (popular-song idea), but this year the whole world is undoubtedly going to take them up—for nipping around to people's swimming pools, having tea in resort villages, and such-like. Coney Island, too, will probably be rife with them, but let's not think about that.

Preparing for this outbreak among the smawt set, Jay-Thorpe have a group of pajama costumes at $29.50—two-color printed ones with sprawly designs, plain ones with tricolor sashes, and so on. Most of them have little jackets, between bolero and hip-length, with short sleeves. For evening, there is a knockout pair of white lace pajamas, with the pants very full like an evening dress in front, a skirt panel concealing the pants' demarcation in back, and a red blob of flower at the décolletage. A short-sleeved jacket accompanies this, and the price is $79.50. Also, for those of you who lounge contentedly at home at the end of a long, hard day, there are tailored one-piece things of black satin with a lingerie collar, a red belt, and a hip-length jacket to complete your lure.

STEIN & BLAINE, in the process of exhibiting with pride the very latest in fur coats, pointed out that they were not a bad thought at this time, not only for those whose menfolk are repentant now but may not be in August, but also for those who want ideas on remodelling the coats they are sending to storage.

The coats are dandy—new without looking too trick. Stein & Blaine are making much of a long shawl collar, wide at the bottom and overlapping a little at the waist. This appears on a mink coat, the slimness and fit of which are accentuated by a band of the fur, placed in diagonal markings from the hips across the waist in front. It appears in marten on a black caracul coat, with a tuck below the hips to give a two-piece-suit effect, and a belt to add to the illusion. This, following a notion to discard very elaborate cuffs, has simple, slightly flaring ones. Another caracul coat has a wide scarf of the fur, edged with marten, that ties at the throat with one end coming straight down the front and the other tossed casually over the shoulder. Still another of caracul, with a white Ascot separate scarf of fur inside the revers, has a flare below the knees at the sides

the London Huntwood



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only. They do a marvellous coat in broadtail, too, with a collar of Russian sable and tiny tucks, going downward from the waist in front over the hips, making the whole thing as slim as it can possibly be. However, I hardly need to tell you about the furs at Stein & Blaine. People up and spend $40,000 for a simple little thing there without batting an eye, which ought to give you an idea.

For immediate wear, this shop has a good selection of those ladylike, small-printed dresses and ensembles for the street, and, as a new wrinkle, they have produced suits and dresses of handkerchief linen, checked or with small formal patterns on a dark ground, that could be worn either in the country or in town. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Shirts for Summer— Luxor and Ramie— Anglo-American Tabs



THIS month and the months to come will require us to search for shirt materials which will withstand the temptation to wilt. Heavy linen shirts, while they are immensely practical in winter, are not exactly the most comfortable things to wear hereabouts during the dog days. This year the shirtmakers have been extremely considerate. Several of them have devised entirely new materials to make New York and its surrounding hotboxes more endurable for the rich, if not the poor. Fancy prices, of course, are attached to all of these new cloths.

A MATERIAL with a loose weave, permitting the right amount of air to pass through the cloth, is the thing to look for. A rough surface, I think, is preferable to a smooth one, for I find if a shirt has the latter, it clings tenaciously to the skin as soon as it absorbs the least moisture. Poplin is a good material to select and some of the white figured poplin shirtings are the handsomest to be had. Even better are the rough linens (lightweight) and French batistes that you'll find in any of the better shops. (McLaughlin, at 697 Fifth Avenue, has some admirable things in batiste.) In general, batiste is somewhat under linens as far as price goes: $13 is a fair price for batiste shirtings, while any-

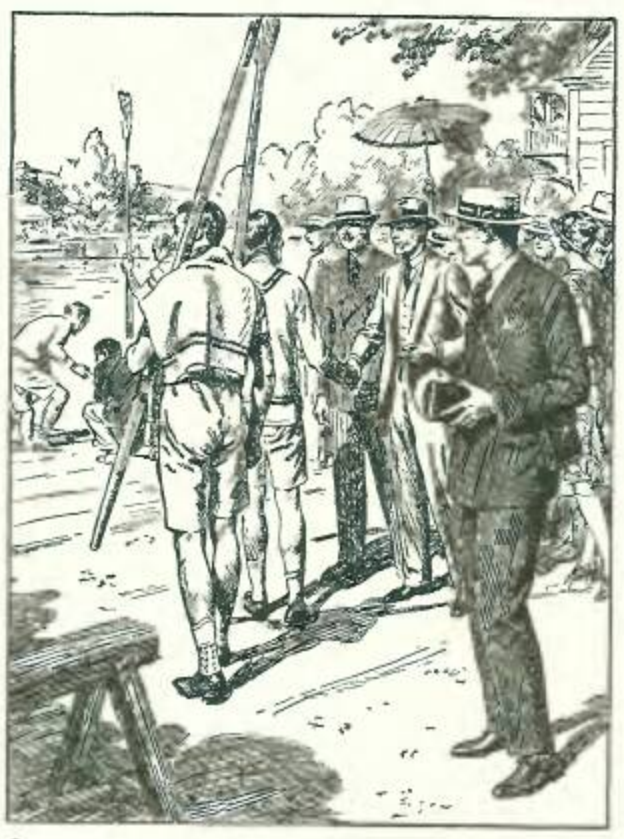
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For hitherto, Madame and her American clients have been all too literally "oceans apart"! Now that is changed—and even those who cross an ocean casually, rejoice that here, in New York, is a Salon giving the famous Scandia Jourde treatment, exactly as it is abroad. To renew a friendship — or to become acquainted with this remarkable method — 'phone Wickersham 2-3755 for your appointment.

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thing in a first-class linen costs $18 and up.

FOR my part, I am rather wary of extremely soft linens. In warm weather they are the most delightful things on earth—but only for the first fifteen minutes. Then they go dampish and lukewarm, if not downright hot. The Luxor linen (exclusive with Sulka, 512 Fifth Avenue) solves this problem cleverly, for, although it *looks* as if it were of a soft texture, it is really a rough, loose-woven material. Not including the collars, a shirt of this cloth costs $16. Incidentally, it is always best to wear collars attached to your shirts in summer. They are less binding and far cooler than any others.

Box cloth, which is a light material woven very roughly, makes another practical shirt. (Sulka has this, too.) It is manufactured in cool pastel shades, not in startling color combinations, in accordance with the growing tendency to use quiet colors only. Box cloth doesn't weigh much more than mosquito netting. That will give you an idea of its extraordinary lightness. Unlike Luxor linen, it shows its rough weave, and for that reason it is slightly less expensive (around $14).

FAR and away the most novel idea of the many now on display is a cloth called Ramie. It comes from India and China by way of France, where it receives a special treatment.

Ramie (you'll find it at Budd, 572 Fifth Avenue) is a rough and fibrous-looking material. The fibres of the plant it is made from have more strength than the fibres of the ordinary flax and, in consequence, it will outlast most linens. With an attached collar, a shirt of Ramie costs $20.

IF you insist upon wearing detachable collars during the summer, you might look up, say, Sulka (among the custom shirtmakers) and Tripler (selling the ready-to-wear kind), both of whom carry a variety of the tab type. They are compromising between British and American ideas by attaching English tabs to collars designed in the American manner, which means a trend toward some sort of point instead of square or rounded ends. —TOGS

•

The couple was married in New York May 4, 1015 and separated Sept. 15, 1928.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Got on each other's nerves, no doubt.



AWAKE!

. . . on the deep

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GERMAN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

SACK-DOODLERS

GEORGE RIMMER and I were discussing a translated German war novel, which had passages concerning the Highland regiments and their bagpipes.

"I wonder," said George, "how they got around 'bagpipes' in the original version. There can't be a German word for anything as Scotch as a bagpipe."

"There must be," I said. "Highlanders and Germans fought side by side against Napoleon. Let us consult the dictionary."

We couldn't find one, so the discussion ended there. But the next day at the office, still intrigued, I picked up a reliable German dictionary, and, fluttering the "B" pages, skimmed past "Badger," "Badigeon," "Badinage," "Baffle," and hit upon "Bag-." Way down the column was "-pipe," and opposite it the following bloodcurdling equivalent for that noble, thrilling, and historic Scottish instrument: *Dudelsack*. Just like that: *Dudelsack*. And a piper is *ein Dudelsackpfeifer*. No wonder the Seaforths, the Argyll & Sutherlands, and the London Scottish charged so furiously against von Kluck's gray-clad Prussians in 1914. Someone had told them the German words for "a bagpiper." Burning with resentment (I have the usual Scotch-Irish ancestry), I made further researches, and unearthed still more inflammatory data. I looked up *Dudel*. It means "bad singing, wretched playing, monotonous noises." So "bagpipe," to a German, means a doodling sack, a mere bag emitting doodles, or wretched monotonous sounds. Sadly I drooped over the dictionary, turning pages, my work ruined for the day.

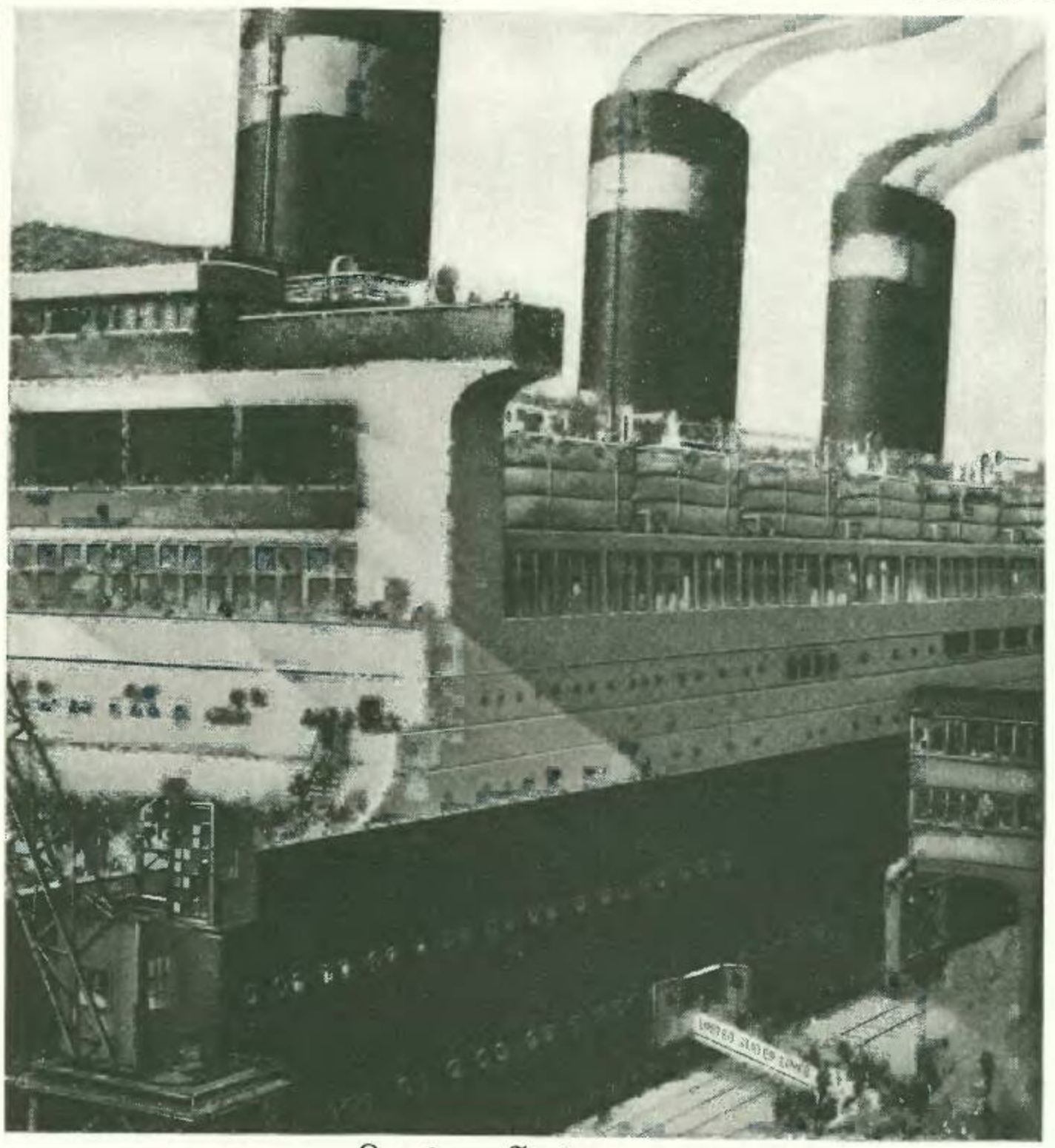
I BRIGHTENED up a little, however, when I encountered *Rippen*. *Rippen* means "to furnish with



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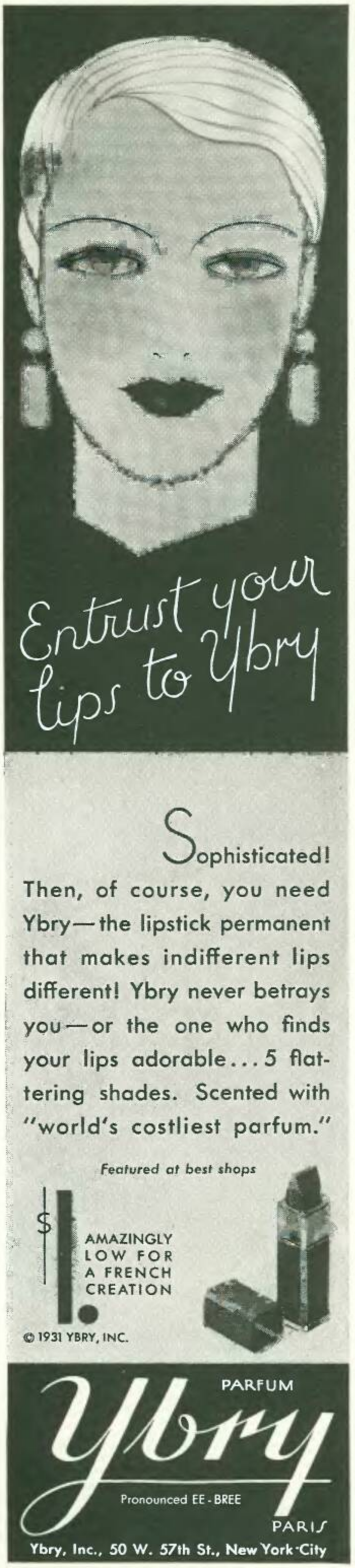
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ribs." This word must have been coined especially for the use of the Deity, and only called upon to work on the occasion of the Creation. Apparently the Germans kept the word out of respect for tradition; or perhaps the lexicographer belongs to that group of Teutonic scholars which holds that all great characters in history were Germans.

Schlegel is one of those handy words —words which mean almost anything. *Schlegel* signifies "mallet," "egg-whisk," "beetle," "blunder," "place where a miner works," "battledore," and "limp." I'll back this word, with its left hand tied, against any English word.

Zugemüse is worth noting in passing as a "specialized" word. It purports to be "vegetables when served with meat." Remove the meat, and the tubers and legumes become nameless; either that or one must call to mind the simple, common, undistinguished word which means vegetables at any time or in any state of juxtaposition, whether nestling cozily against the sides of a pot-roast or reposing on loam in the bottom of a market basket. (In case you ever go to Germany, that word is *Pflanzen*.)

AND there are many others—too many for this brief monograph. But though I say advisedly that the Germans, etymologically speaking, are a wonderful little people, I cannot quite find it in my heart to forgive them for calling a Highland piper, epic minstrel of Caledonia, *ein Dudelsackpfeifer*.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

THE PROMOTER

Crete became a pleasure ground
  Long ere men had heard of Reno.
Minos, connoisseur and king,
  Built a bull ring and casino.
"Lovely Cnossus-near-the-Sea"
  Fixed a low excursion rate;
Songs of advertising bards
  Raised the price of real estate.
Ladies dickered for gold pins
  In the streets of long arcades.
Business offices appeared
  Underneath the awning shades.
Florists opened little shops;
  Scents of rose and hyacinth
Lured the dilettante on
  To the far-famed Labyrinth.
Painted posters cried its charms—
  Minos was a modern chap.
"Lose your husband in the Maze."
  Put the new town on the map!

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

Famous Anachronisms No. 6



Friday: "A ship! A ship!"

Crusoe: "Calm yourself, Friday. I've known it since Tuesday. I was *there* with a Crosley."

ALTHOUGH the sight of a rescue ship on the horizon threw Friday into ecstasies, it had no visible effect on the blood pressure of Robinson Crusoe. Robinson was as inwardly sure of being rescued as he was outwardly calm about it. Before the vessel had left port he had the news. *Robinson Crusoe was THERE with a Crosley.* You, too, can be *THERE* with a Crosley when great future events occur.

These Anachronisms are the basis for an interesting radio program from WLW, Cincinnati, (700 K.C., 428.3 Meters) every Wednesday night at 8:00 E. T.

The CROSLEY line of super-sensitive and ultra-performing radio receiving sets ranges from the CROSLEY "WIGIT," at $39.75, *complete with tubes,* and the CROSLEY "BUDDY BOY," at $59.50, *complete with tubes,* up to the CROSLEY SENIOR SUPERHETERODYNE (PLIODYNATRON) Series of Console models ranging from only $109.50 up, *complete with tubes.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Surf Board and Anchors Aweigh—The Shock of the Week—Colors Custodian

AS a rule, racing the last week in April throws some light on things when the three-year-olds are concerned. I am not sure whether it was light that was shed or darkness that descended last weekend, but one point one ought not to be in doubt about is the successes of Mrs. Payne Whitney's Greentree Stable colts: Surf Board in the Kings County Handicap, and Anchors Aweigh in the Chesapeake Stakes. Well, racing luck is like that. I do not think for a moment that Surf Board beat a gaudy lot in the Kings County, at one mile and a sixteenth (Reveille Boy, who finished less than a length behind him, was disqualified for impeding Mokatam, who put up a brave show in spite of his big knees), but he won in more polished fashion than his stablemate did at Havre de Grace the same afternoon.



SURF BOARD, who is by Pennant, does not strike me as more than a brilliant miler. He stands a bit too straight in front, and he is so bandaged and painted with iodine one doesn't feel sure he will last through a hard campaign. Still, he is a fast horse with faultless action, and will be invaluable to make pace for Twenty Grand in the Kentucky Derby. Anchors Aweigh is made of stouter stuff, being by Man o' War, but as he also inherited the temperament of the breed (I recall an afternoon at Aqueduct last fall), this is no asset. Surf Board was held at absurdly short odds for the Kings County, but, it being a Saturday, punters were no respecters of prices.

Speaking of prices: One afternoon at Saratoga—oh, so long ago—Charlie Hill was saddling a horse for Clarence Mackay, and he sent George Reardon into the betting ring for a price against the animal. Reardon returned spluttering with anger. "Ridiculous! Perfectly ridiculous price!" he said. "They're quoting a hundred to one out there and my figures don't make this horse a bit more than eighty."

UNQUESTIONABLY the shock of the week was the utter discomfiture of Sonny Whitney's Equipoise in the Chesapeake Stakes. I did not see the race, but I have my trained observers. I can understand the disappointment of all concerned with the colt, not excluding, of course, those whose fingers were burned laying considerable odds on him. I do not know, as these notes are written, if Equipoise is to be stopped in his training—which would throw him out of The Preakness at Pimlico next Saturday, and the Kentucky Derby a week later—but I hope not. Horses cannot tell you when they have something wrong inside, but sometimes you can see for yourself: that is, if you permit yourself to see.

OF the other races at Jamaica, one must note that Mrs. Payne Whitney showed us a charming two-year-old filly named Parry, who won her two starts, the second the Rosedale Stakes. Mr. Vosburgh was quite impressed by her size, range, and way of galloping, although I thought her a bit leggy. Unfortunately we shall not see her under colors for some weeks, as she went a bit lame.

FOR the first time in the memory of anyone, a Whitney horse ran in borrowed colors. Through some oversight a set of colors, as they call the silk jacket and cap, was not brought over to Jamaica. Terry Farley, who is in charge of the jockey house, was quite equal to the occasion. He took a light-blue jacket that had something on it, turned it inside out, and nobody knew the difference.

Terry, who has been custodian of the racing colors for thirty years, has about a thousand sets of them in his keeping. The big establishments have half a dozen sets, and almost all stables have two, one a set that they call "mud colors" to be worn on rainy days. In his collection he has silks of owners who have not raced for years. "Sometimes they go broke," said Terry, "but when they get in the money again and buy a horse or two they come back and get their colors. They know they can find them here." —AUDAX MINOR

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—*Burns Mantle, News.*
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May 2, 3 and 4 NORMA SHEARER in "STRANGERS MAY KISS." May 5 and 6 "QUICK MILLIONS." May 7 and 8 WILLIAM HAINES in "A TAILOR MADE MAN."

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Introducing a Gunman
—From Bad to Awful



OUT of quite a collection of new pictures, there is only one of any worth and that, my dear friends in the women's clubs, is, as usual, an underworld gunman affair. It's not only officially an underworld picture, but it is as vicious and gruesome a portrayal of the life of the fast-shooting set as I recall having seen for some time. Yet I don't believe that the girls on the committees and the investigators from the social centres are going to disapprove of the film. It is hardly a seductive picture, not one of glamorous adventure, certainly, and its merciless conclusion, the finale of its hero's career, may even send a number of young men bustling to the more conservative Bible classes about town. Warner Brothers, in fact, have outdone themselves to make their movie with the purest ethical intentions. They have fallen backward to prove themselves stern disciplinarians of our social order, naming the picture "The Public Enemy" and appending a note at the end to remind us that the gangster is a problem that "we all must solve," a note presuming, of course, that none of the audience belongs to the class involved. Strange to say, with all this high moral tone, the Brothers have not lost their sense of entertainment values; indeed, I might say, they display more than they have in most of their more delicate contributions.

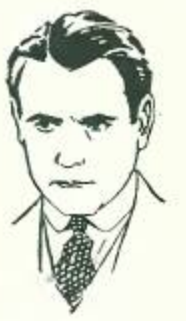
IN the first place, they—I mean the Brothers again—have enlisted the directing talents of Mr. William Wellman, the gentleman who worked out many excellent things in "Wings." Then they poked and prodded around and unearthed a new juvenile for their leading rôle, who turns out to be first-rate material for their purpose. James Cagney is this young man's name, and a few years ago he was cavorting about, of all places, on the dainty tinselled stage of the "Grand Street Follies." Mr. Cagney is the toughest young customer to be shown in any of the gunman pictures. He would seem to represent for the younger element what Edward G. Robinson does for the more

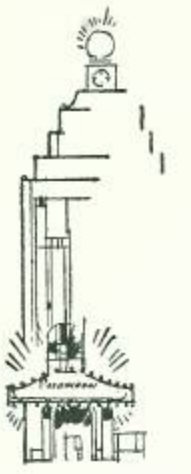
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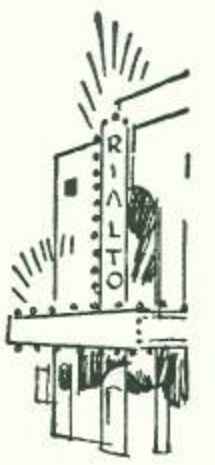




where there's "tarnished lady." tallulah bankhead makes her screen debut in association with clive brook.

the rialto





where there's "gun smoke" ...straight-shooting melodrama in which they died with their boots on where they fell . . . so what the hell, boys—what the hell.

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mature. There isn't a gesture, a slant of profile, a spoken line, which isn't altogether hoodlum, whether it be when actual murder is required of his plans or, in a gentle mood of idle passing exasperation, he smashes his lady friend's face with half a grapefruit because of her tedious mannerisms. The picture follows this young man's career from childhood to his own death, and the interest is sustained throughout, except possibly for a few moments of hard sledding when that Miss Jean "Platinum" Harlow is introduced. Miss Harlow's presence on any screen baffles me completely, but fortunately she has so little to do that the picture survives her. The narrative, of course, deals with the usual beer-running problem and its attendant complications. The only advice to corruptible youth is a suggested method of getting a gun, and that I don't believe is very sound.

GUNMEN appear in both "Dude Ranch" and "Gun Smoke," in both cases by some coincidence moved from their urban haunts to the wilds of the West, and in both cases they are bettered—bested, I should say, even—by the honest ranch folk. In "Dude Ranch," Jack Oakie does most of the besting, although seeming a little more silly and smartish than ever, and in the other our hero is Richard Arlen. There is nothing distinctive about either picture. "Born to Love" concerns Miss Constance Bennett and her marriage with a titled Englishman, who, however, is not the man she was fated for by birth. Though not much of a picture, it is better than the one given her sister, Miss Joan Bennett, which is the worst of the week. This is "Doctors' Wives," and hints at the naughtinesses of the medical men with their wicked stethoscopes. With preposterous dialogue by, of all people, Maurine Watkins, author of "Chicago"—which was a good play, you remember—the whole thing is stupid and sullen and a bit nasty. William Haines appears in a milder part than is his habit in "A Tailor Made Man," from the successful stage play of the year '15, or perhaps it was '16. The gentle friendliness of this comedy, its literary, leisurely lines, belong, I feel, to the popular art of a country which is just about to go to war. "The Flood," as the title tells you if you understand titles, is domestic drama, a triangle situation, solved when the rising waters sweep away, with other débris, the *tertium quid*.

—J. C. M.



"To her creak—listen!"

There was old Hendrick Hudson beefing about a silly creak in the mast—and only 3 good brassie shots from where Tebo Yacht Basin was going to be, too!

"The mast oiling needs", said he in his quaint way. And lots of other things too, Henry, old chappie, if you did but know it.

Who are you, we ask, to throw stones at Hudson. Why not bring your yacht over and get it all oiled up. For, here we have the most adequate facilities in New York Harbor for the repair, conversion, overhaul, reconditioning or fitting out of fine yachts—and we're easy to get to from anywhere.

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

A Chance for Civilians —Miss Pons Presents a Cup—Around the Meets



DURING the coming show season, civilian stables of hunters and jumpers will have a chance for prize money again. The Army team is now at Fort Riley and intends to confine its activities to training at the Cavalry School for the 1932 Olympics. Its only appearances in the East will be at the Boston and the National shows in the fall.

Probably the reason it won't compete anywhere else is that both Boston and the National use the Olympic course, which is far more difficult than those you usually find on the regular circuit. Major Harry Chamberlin, the captain of the team, undoubtedly considers it a waste of time to compete over easier courses when his main objective is winning the Olympics.

LAST week the Brooklyn show attracted a surprising number of newcomers for an early-season fixture. Herbert M. Woolf of St. Louis, rarely seen in the East except at the National, was on hand with eleven three and five-gaited horses, many of them novices; and his brown mare, Belle Mystery, provided real competition for the celebrated Lady Mildred.

Miss Lily Pons, a habitual railbird at many of the shows on the Continent, was a spectator the opening night. Later in the evening she took a more active part in the affair by presenting the trophy for horses between 14.2 and 15 hands, which went to G. Berry Beaumont's Lello Glow. The President's Cup was awarded to Sutherland Rose, W. H. Nichols' nice chestnut mare.

Brooklyn has always been partial to saddle-horse classes but the hunter and jumper entries afforded splendid competition. Mrs. John C. Loud's Curry Sauce won a popular victory in the Corinthian, defeating another familiar campaigner, Alhaga; and Thursday evening brought out a large class of jumpers with the bars at four feet six inches. Trillora Farms' By Request gave an excellent performance.

The entries of Godfrey Preece dom-



WHO'S GOING WHERE?

Maybe you're one of those fortunates fleeing to Newport, or Banff, or Lake Placid, or perhaps to Southampton for the summer.



And then, maybe you'll be among those poor unfortunates, who, full of expectancy, will approach the local newsstand for your copy of THE NEW YORKER, only to be told—"all sold out." Wouldn't it be wise to make certain of receiving it regularly, without fuss or bother, by filling in the coupon? Good natured postmen will be glad to deliver it wherever you go.

P-5-2

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Rising Wolf Mountain at Two Medicine Lakes

Get up in the world this summer—come to Glacier Park! Go Western on the smartest dude ranch of them all, where the skyline dwarfs Manhattan's — and horses are taxis to adventure! Maybe you'll join the Blackfoot tribe — at least you'll get a suntan any Indian would prize. Come on out where sport's sport, but don't forget to bring your informality! Write Great Northern Vacations, St. Paul.

The New **EMPIRE BUILDER** *to* **GLACIER PARK**

inated the polo-pony classes. His Dothire, Me Darling, and Quarry Lass won in the competition for teams of three. Me Darling then took the blue ribbon in the lightweight class and Quarry Lass won the middleweights.

AN early spring in Maryland and Virginia drew a large attendance at the Deep Run, Middleburg, My Lady's Manor, and Grand National meets, for certain of their races have always been considered a tuning-up for the Maryland Hunt Cup.

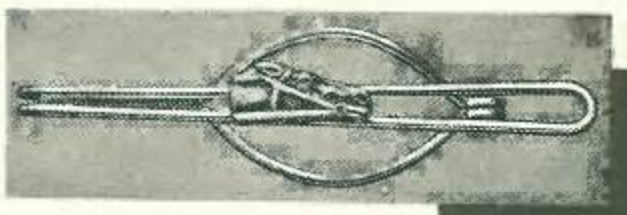
My Lady's Manor and the Middleburg meetings saw two of the outstanding horses of last season win important events—B. L. Behr's Brose Hover, and Sea Soldier, the Man o' War gelding owned by a Chicago syndicate. However, at the Grand National it was a dark horse, Primero, that won a most exciting race from James M. Cheston's Captain Kettle. After a terrific pace all the way, Captain Kettle showed in front over the last fence, hard pressed by Primero, who outlasted him in the stretch to win by a nod.

THE winning of the Maryland Hunt Cup by Sumner Pingree's Soissons was a distinct surprise, inasmuch as he had performed indifferently in his races in Virginia. Brose Hover, the favorite, ridden by Crawford Burton, was the only other horse that completed the course, finishing after a nasty fall at the second jump.

THE United Hunts was a pleasant change to those of us who have sloshed down to Aqueduct in the rain and sleet of past years. There is always a good crowd at this meet, and this year the fine weather brought out more people than ever.

The performances of R. C. Winmill's Princess Clovelly in Virginia made her the favorite for the R. Penn Smith Memorial, which she won in an impressive manner. She was disqualified later, however, and the Flying Horse Farm's Moholi became the winner. The disqualification was the result of an oversight in listing the number of races Princess Clovelly had won. She carried 160 pounds, which was underweight for a mare with such an enviable spring record of wins. Fortunately, for those who were lucky enough to have a few dollars on her, the disqualification did not alter the betting. The Jockey Club, bless its heart, doesn't recognize any betting.

—JORROCKS



Tether the tie, too

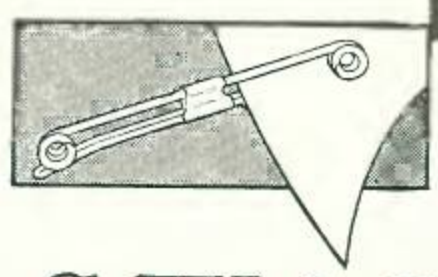
Even when restrained by vest and coat, ties bulge and shift about, destroying the sartorial balance. With vest and sometimes coats discarded for summer comfort, tie uprisings are inevitable.

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LETTER TO MR. GUITERMAN



[EDITORS' NOTE: This is in reply to a poem by Mr. Guiterman in a recent issue of THE NEW YORKER, suggesting that Mr. Pulitzer give the lady at the Plaza a bath.]

Dear Mr. Guiterman, your rhymed epistle
Was warranted to make my conscience bristle;
For you are well within your rights to razz a
Poor guardian of the Virgin of the Plaza.
You might have been excused far more verbosity
In righteously indicting this atrocity.
You might indeed have been quite atrabilious
Instead of merely slightly supercilious.
If Civic Virtue blights our City Hall,
Here's Civic Vice to sicken and appall—
An inspiration for a Cynic's Song.
Behold this scene of Purity gone wrong.
It's evident she hasn't led the right life:
She's ruined by the ravages of night life.
She, who was once so prim and neat and fussy,
Is now a slattern and a brazen hussy;
Her fresh young beauty now, alas, *passée*—
One more example of the *cruche cassée*—
She's been just once too often to the well,
And now she's gone and bust it plumb to hell!
There possibly are sadists who with mirth quake
At some poor battered victim of an earthquake,
But I am sure, when all is said and done, you meant
No callous ridiculing of this monument.
I'll give the lie to all suggesting that you
Would guy an incapacitated statue.
For I am sure, oh gallant Mr. Guiterman,
That when a woman's down you wouldn't hit her, man!

Now that I've rhymed these free and friendly views for you,
I have some most exhilarating news for you.
For know! The lady's guardians *ad litem*,
Aroused by her attempts to mock and spite 'em,
Have joined the city in a contribution
To give her an immaculate ablution;
To scrub her from her head, with all its wet locks,
Clear down her contours to her very fetlocks.
It's planned to have her hair waved as it ought to wave
By treating it with a distinguished water wave;
Her profile, marred by tropic storms and glacial,
Shall quickly be embellished by a facial.
And any slump from slimness, any massy air,
Will soon be cured with corsetage and brassière.
Of course we're going to lay our healing hands on
The prehistoric ruins she now stands on;
And finally we're going to have old Sherman ent-
Ranced by beauty that will now be permanent.
So cheer up, friend, your very proper ruction
Will soon be soothed by our reconstruction.
It won't be long before our efforts merge in
Rejuvenation of the Patient Virgin.

—RALPH PULITZER





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THE GENTLE SLAYER

I WAS playing the piano when the door opened and Marilyn came in. Marilyn is six years old and lives in the flat across the hall.

"Play something I know," she suggested as she climbed upon the piano bench.

"What do you know?" I asked.

"Play something and I'll tell you if I know it."

She listened and hummed a little. "That's 'Sing Something Simple.' The teacher at school plays it for us to march. She plays 'Betty Co-Ed' too. 'Betty Co-Ed has lips of red for Harvard.' That's the way it goes. Do you know that one?"

I didn't know that one.

"Why aren't you at school today?"

"It's a holiday."

"What holiday?"

"Just a holiday." She looked up, and seeing my interest she went on without showing undue interest herself. "I don't know the name of it, but anyway it's a holiday for Americans to stay home, and if any kids go to school today and they're Americans they'll be sent home."

SHE followed me over to the divan and watched me light a cigarette.

"Coming home from school yesterday I saw a woman pushing a baby buggy with a baby in it. She bumped the baby buggy against the street"—she corrected herself—"against the curb and the baby fell out on the walk. The woman picked the baby up and said 'Oh, my darling' and then the baby died."

"Now, Marilyn," I said, "you don't mean to tell me you really saw that?"

"Why, that's nothing," she went on brightly. "My brother died when we were eating lunch. My mother told him not to put ice in his mouth, so he took a piece of ice from his glass and put it in his mouth and died. But we went right on eating. One of the little girls in my room at school died—"

"I don't think God likes little girls to tell—"

"Say, has God got a wife?"

I took her by the hand and led her toward the door. I suggested that her mother might be worried about her.

"I know what you're trying to do; you're trying to get me to go home."

I opened the door. Before she went out she turned and said: "I've got a picture of God in my stomach." She went skipping down the hall.

—ARTHUR SCHMIDGALL



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THE ART GALLERIES

Cows and Trees — Up from the Primitives — The Touch of Ridicule



THE state of affairs sometimes known as the Depression has had the unexpected effect of prolonging the art season. This year a number of important galleries have kept their august doors open later than usual, and at the moment two are holding exhibits that would be considered notable in midwinter.

REINHARDT, for one, has a spirited show of landscapes, dating from the sixteenth century to the present day. It goes as far back as Dosso-Dossi and contains all the important men, and many of the important canvases, of the major periods. We were especially glad to see the Turner, for there are not many of them around, and we liked, too, the Courbet, the Rousseau, the Renoirs, the Derain, and the O'Keeffes. Here is a fine chance to view four hundred years of cows and trees at once.

ALSO, Kleinberger has a fine show of moderns. It is due to close this Saturday, May 2, but we advise you to make a point of visiting it, for it has many canvases not often seen. Since this is a house that has held aloof from the mob, content to stage an occasional gala for the connoisseur of Primitives, it is probably significant that Kleinberger has now gone in for more contemporary work. "Corot to Picasso" is the name of the collection and we must say it is as comprehensive a showing as we have had this year.

A stunning Picasso of the blue period hangs on the main wall—"La Noce de Pierrette." There are thirty-nine pieces in all and we lingered longest in front of the "Paysage" of Renoir, "Les Fugitifs" of Rouault, and the "Femmes au Bord de la Mer" of Matisse. There are also two beautiful Corots, a Lautrec, a Derain, a Dufy, and many pictures by lesser lights.

PEGGY BACON has hung a show called "Pastel Caricatures of Famous Americans" at the Downtown



VIEW OF THE TOWERS

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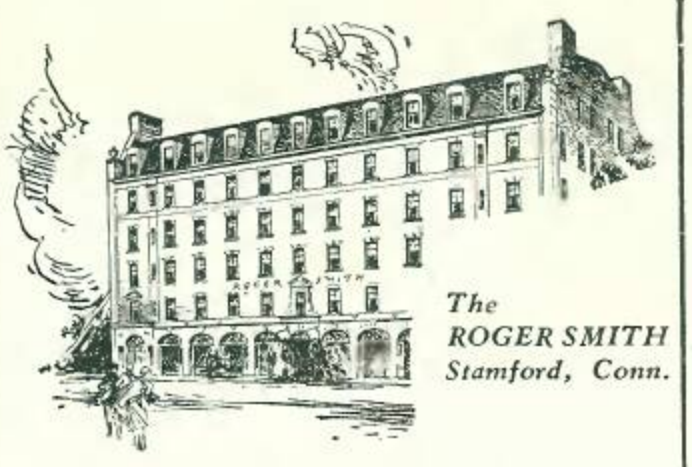
Gallery. For many years we have raved over the biting excellence of this young Hogarth and there is no reason for us to change our judgment now. Our dear land of happy hypocrites has been all too free from the curative touch of ridicule, and Peggy Bacon occupies a place we believe will be important for some time. Moreover, we think her work has deepened with time. She is not merely the glib observer, catching a surface resemblance and a few idiosyncrasies; she goes far deeper. Somehow she has the disillusioning gift of the triple mirrors that the unglamorous male encounters on those tragic occasions when he has to buy a new hat.

The bulk of the pictures shown are of men who write about, or deal in, the local art marts, with caricatures of a few intelligentsia thrown in to show that human frailty is a common ailment. We don't imagine many of Miss Bacon's subjects will take their portraits home.

THE tenth annual exhibit of advertising art is on at the Art Center, and since we are now dipping into the realm of Big Business, we suppose we should note a few tendencies. Well then, advertising art has reached a rather pleasant level of illustrative excellence. It has also recovered from the Red Terror that alarmists feared would be its undoing two seasons back. Extreme Modernism has come and gone, and though it did not make a complete conquest, it has left its mark. Or, rather, it has suffered the fate of all good conquerors and has been absorbed unconsciously by the conquered. This makes for a bourgeois art: safe, sound, and yet containing enough leaven to keep it from going completely flat.

We suspect that few of these artists are aware of what will happen to their work by the time it reaches the customer. As design, much of the stuff is excellent in its original state, but pretty poor after a great deal of incompatible type has been added to it. Allen Saalburg's beautiful magazine cover is an example of a conception that received the wrong treatment. For combining the best features of both advertising and art, we award our own prize to Everett Henry. We think that the Ford Motor Company has had about the best general art campaign of the year; Macy's ads we always like for their acknowledgment of humor in a sad world; and we pick as commendable the work of Jack Tinker, Halleck J. Finley, and Will Hollingsworth.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON



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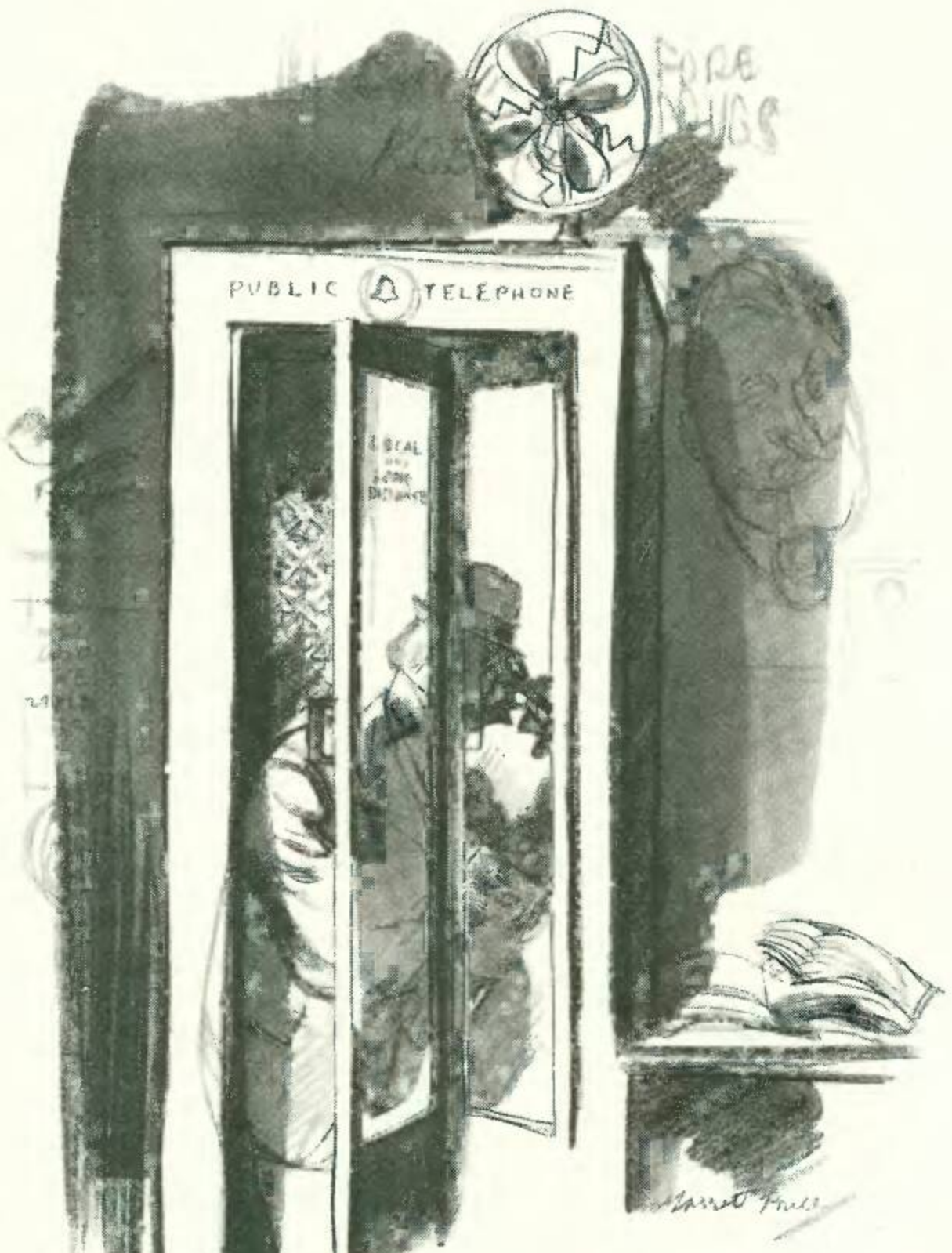
The Not Quite Bright

ONE of the interesting things about the contemporary boom in the book business is the wide variety of reading matter one has to choose from nowadays. Professional authors alone can't hope to keep up with the demand, and the publishers have had to search farther and farther afield for material for the printing presses. Ladies of the chorus who are willing to write about their love-life (or even to let an intermediary do it) are welcomed with open arms. Heroes of the past are hunted down the corridors of time and bagged at last for a biography. Even the sober young Ph.D., writing his thesis, is no longer fool enough to entitle it "An Inquiry into the Mating Habits of the Larger Coleoptera." He puts a little more zip into some of the livelier passages, calls it "Sin Among the Insects," and sends it on to the publisher, sure that, with the passion people have nowadays for reading about things they cannot hope to understand, it will be gratefully received.

ALL this, to put it mildly, may seem to you to be a little appalling. On the other hand, because of it one does occasionally stumble on a book which, besides being honestly and clearly written, shows us life from a point of view outside our own experience, and broadens our own outlook on things by just that much. Such a book, I think, is "Life Among the Lowbrows," by Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, published by Houghton Mifflin. Mrs. Wembridge has been the psychologist at Bedford Reformatory and is now the Referee of the Juvenile Court of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, and her book is, basically, a study of the curious mental and social misfits who find their way into these and similar establishments. Thirty years ago, I imagine, a book on such a subject could have been addressed only to students of sociology and, to the non-technical reader at least, would have been extremely dull. Fifty years ago it would have had to be dressed up as a moral tract—called, perhaps, "The Horrors of the Dance Hall"—and would have been, to everyone except the ladies of the W.C.T.U., even duller. Fortunately, Mrs. Wembridge is a contemporary, and can afford to address herself to the general reader. I think the least the general reader can do, in view of the wealth of information she offers on the habits of the mentally and morally feeble, and the keen-witted way she has of telling it, is to live up to his name and read the book.

The subjects of her study, mind you, are not by any means so weak-witted that they need be committed to an asylum. On the contrary, you rub elbows with them every day, and they look as smart and as up-and-coming as you do yourself, and maybe even more so. They are the girls who, not being quite bright enough to learn shorthand, clerk at the five-and-ten; the young fellows who quit school when they get to algebra and apply for a job in the shipping department. They follow the movies, know the latest songs; you see the girls primping before the mirrors in the slot machines, the young men practicing "breaks" on the subway platform while waiting for the Broadway express to come in.

They get along all right. Usually they manage to muddle through life without any major difficulty. The trouble is that, fundamentally, they don't know what it is all about, and what they do know is wrong. Mrs. Wembridge's contact with them has almost always been at the moment when some (to them) insuperable problem arose, and the law had to step in to straighten matters out. Thus, there was revealed to her their conception of a working basis of life—their system of *mores*, so to speak—and their bewilderment when it failed. I am not going to cite instances; the book should be read as a whole. I only hope I haven't made it seem too technical, or too tragic, for your taste. It's neither. As a matter of



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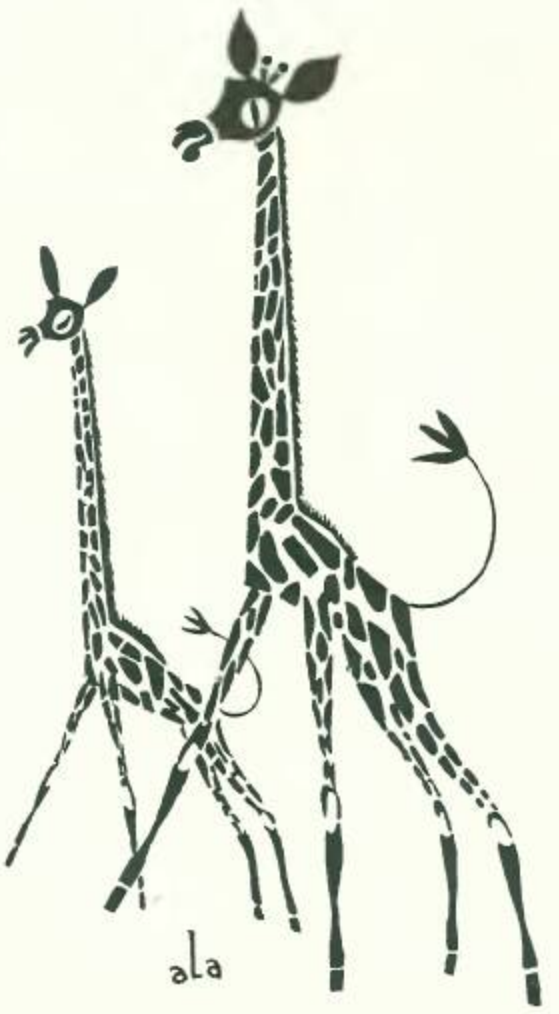
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fact, it's funny, for the most part. It is only after you've finished it that you begin to take it seriously at all.

I DON'T know how you feel about Joseph Delteil. His "Jeanne d'Arc" caused a mild furore over here, I remember, but personally I didn't care much for it. Indeed, it seems to me that since his startlingly good first novel, "Sur Le Fleuve Amour," his course has been steadily downward. At any rate, Cape & Smith have just published a translation by Kay Boyle of his "Don Juan," which would probably interest you. As you will know if you read "Jeanne d'Arc," it is Mr. Delteil's pleasant habit to compose his lives without bothering about the actual biography, and in this case he is helped by the fact that Don Juan was a mythical character to start with. He does very well by him, on the whole —makes him a swarthy, swashbuckling Spaniard and endows him with a series of escapades, amorous and otherwise, to fit the character—and the book itself is done in a shouting, gesticulant manner that makes it very jolly reading. It may, though, seem a little too much in the bravura manner for you.

BY contrast, there is "The Same Person," by Anna Robeson Burr, published by Duffield. This is a novel of the florid first quarter of the century, and it concerns the desperate attempts of a young lady, modern before her time, to break away from the grip of her placid Philadelphia family. Those were the days when "divorcée" was a synonym for an abandoned woman, when a lady living alone could



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not have a gentleman in to tea without causing talk. The heroine in this case does this and more, and is pretty miserable through it all until in the end she finds fulfillment in the war and dies, bequeathing to her favorite niece her fortune and the obligation to carry on toward freedom.

The plot, as you see, is constructed with a faithful eye for the conventions and opinions of the period it pictures. More (and this is the thing that struck me as being really odd), it is written in exactly the style most favored among the novelists of that time. Even to the rather prosy dialogue, the meticulous nature descriptions, the book is done precisely as William Dean Howells might have done it. I don't know why this slight anachronism impresses me so much, but it does. However, you don't have to read the book, though you might do worse.

YOU'LL want, of course, to look into "Dr. Traprock's Memory Book," edited by George S. Chappell and published by Putnam. In this, we find the indefatigable, but now somewhat aged, explorer in his retreat at Over-Derby-on-the-Housatonic, where trout and applejack abound, and the book is not so much a biography as a transcription by his devoted editor of his random conversational reminiscences concerning his remarkable exploits while exploring here and there. He tells many tales, and when the Doctor tells a tale he tells a tall one. It's really very funny. —R. M. C.

•

TRIOLET
ON HALF A DOZEN URNS

Dear Mr. Rockefeller, please
May I come in and smell your flowers?
The sample wafted by the breeze
Across your fence is sweet, so please
Forgive me if I seem to tease
For closer contact with your bowers....
Dear Mr. Rockefeller, please
May I come in and smell your flowers?

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

The music is derived from two lyrical themes of singular charm and character. The Prince (it is doubtless he) enters at once, with the delightful song of the violins. The Princess—who may well, as it is supposed, have been that lady who was as like to her lover as one pomegranate to another—enters with a clarinet, accompanied later by snare drum, tambourine, cymbals and triangle.—*From Philharmonic-Symphony program notes.*

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE GLASS KEY, by Dashiell Hammett (*Knopf*). A good, swift, exciting book, written by our first-ranking hardboiled artist, that deals with a couple of murders, a suicide, some none-too-gentle ladies, and a pleasing amount of skullduggery among political gang-members. No one yet has required two sittings in which to read it.

A VILLA IN BRITTANY, by Donald Moffat (*Doubleday, Doran*). Americans *en villégiature* abroad. You met them in THE NEW YORKER originally.

TUNNEL HILL, by Harlan Hatcher (*Bobbs, Merrill*). How a young Kentuckian learns about life. Rather bitter and episodic, but vivid.

THE WEIGHER OF SOULS, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). Gently sentimental fantasy about science, ectoplasm, and love. Hardly more than a short story, but pleasant reading.

AMBROSE HOLT AND FAMILY, by Susan Glaspell (*Stokes*). What happens when a poet retreats into his ivory tower, leaving his wife outside. Charmingly written.

TO THE GALLOWS I MUST GO, by T. S. Matthews (*Knopf*). Confessional of a murderer, which brings a recent sensational *crime passionnel* to life again—if that's an advantage.

MEN DISLIKE WOMEN, by Michael Arlen (*Doubleday, Doran*). Americans seen through a monocle. Amusing.

ESKIMO, by Peter Freuchen, translated by A. Paul Maerker-Branden (*Liveright*). You may find it stodgy at times, and again unpleasant, but it's interesting as a picture of a people we don't know much about.

PLAGUED BY THE NIGHTINGALE, by Kay Boyle (*Cape & Smith*). Delicate, sensitive novel about an Irish girl married into a French family, by an author whom you might as well know about now as later.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS, by Thorne Smith (*Doubleday, Doran*). A fantasy, straining slightly at the leash, about elves, drunkards, and pagan mythology. Quite amusing.

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW, by Nunnally Johnson (*Doubleday, Doran*). A collection of short stories, most of them very funny.

OKLAHOMA TOWN, by George Milburn (*Harcourt, Brace*). Tales of a prairie town, concisely told, ironically true to life, and well worth reading.

SANCTUARY, by William Faulkner (*Cape & Smith*). Strange and rather gruesome explorations into all levels of the Southern mind, by the author of "As I Lay Dying." Forget the melodrama and read it for his characterizations.

MYSTERIES

THE CRIME IN WASHINGTON MEWS, by Herbert Crooker (*Macaulay*). . . . ENTER THE SAINT, by Leslie Charteris (*Crime Club*). . . . ABOUT THE MURDER OF THE CLERGYMAN'S MISTRESS, by Anthony Abbot (*Covici, Friede*). . . . THE DEATH POOL, by Vernon Loder (*Morrow*). . . . MURDER IN THE NEWS ROOM, by Henry Charlton Beck (*Dutton*). . . . WHITE FACE, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). . . . MURDER IN A LIBRARY, by Charles J. Dutton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . DAUGHTER OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

SAVAGE MESSIAH, by H. S. Ede (*Knopf*). A simple and dignified setting-down of

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the events in the short, sorry life of Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, the sculptor; a book of importance and beauty, particularly for its inclusion of the artist's intimate letters.

THE ISLAND OF PENGUINS, by Cherry Kearton (*McBride*). The wholly absorbing account of the daily doings of some millions of penguins, written with understanding and respect by an English naturalist who had the good fortune to spend half a year among them. Illustrated with photographs taken on the spot.

AMONG THE NUDISTS, by Frances and Mason Merrill (*Knopf*). Your only reason for reading it would be curiosity. It's tremendously serious.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES, by Sir James Jeans (*Macmillan*). A little lore about astronomy to enhance the wonder of those summer nights.

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN, a symposium (*Macaulay*). A collection of the works of young writers who for the most part are as yet unknown to you. Read it to know what they're likely to be doing in the future.

JUNGLE WAYS, by William B. Seabrook (*Harcourt, Brace*). The indefatigable adventurer sees occult doings in the backlands of Africa.

MEN AND MEMORIES, by Sir William Rothenstein (*Coward, McCann*). Reminiscences of an English artist about the glad mad days of the nineties.

THE MILK AND HONEY ROUTE, by Dean Stiff (*Vanguard*). A handbook for hoboes. Amusing and full of curious information.

THE TIMID SOUL, a printing of H. T. Webster's cartoon series (*Simon & Schuster*). Amusing, of course, in a book, but not quite so much so as when you saw them only occasionally in the newspapers.

THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL FOCH, translated by Col. T. Bentley Mott (*Doubleday, Doran*). History, mainly tactical, of the war in 1914 and 1918; impersonal and a little tiring, but important.

1066 AND ALL THAT, by W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman (*Dutton*). English history, or what remains in your mind of it ten years out of school. Very funny.

IF, OR HISTORY REWRITTEN, a symposium (*Viking*). Speculations, mostly amusing, by a variety of authors (such as Maurois, Guedalla, Ludwig, etc.) as to what would have happened if historic crises had turned out differently.

WORK, by Adriano Tilgher, translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (*Harcourt, Brace*). Interesting, if not too profound study of the reasons work has become such a grave matter for most of us.

DYNAMITE, by Louis Adamic (*Viking*). Unbiased and absorbing history of the rows those two old pals, Capital and Labor, are always having.

AXEL'S CASTLE, by Edmund Wilson (*Scribner*). Essays on the great literary figures of the day—Joyce, Eliot, Proust, etc.—by one of the finest of modern critics.

BIRD LIFE AT THE POLE, by Wolcott Gibbs (*Morrow*). Really funny satire on modern high-pressure exploration.

THE OWL IN THE ATTIC, by James Thurber (*Harper*). Something more than funny. His own drawings, too.

•

Due to an error, Mr. and Mrs. Ankrum, 104 West Healey Street, are the parents of a girl born Thursday morning at the Mercy Hospital, instead of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Ankin.—*Champaign (Ill.) News Gazette.*

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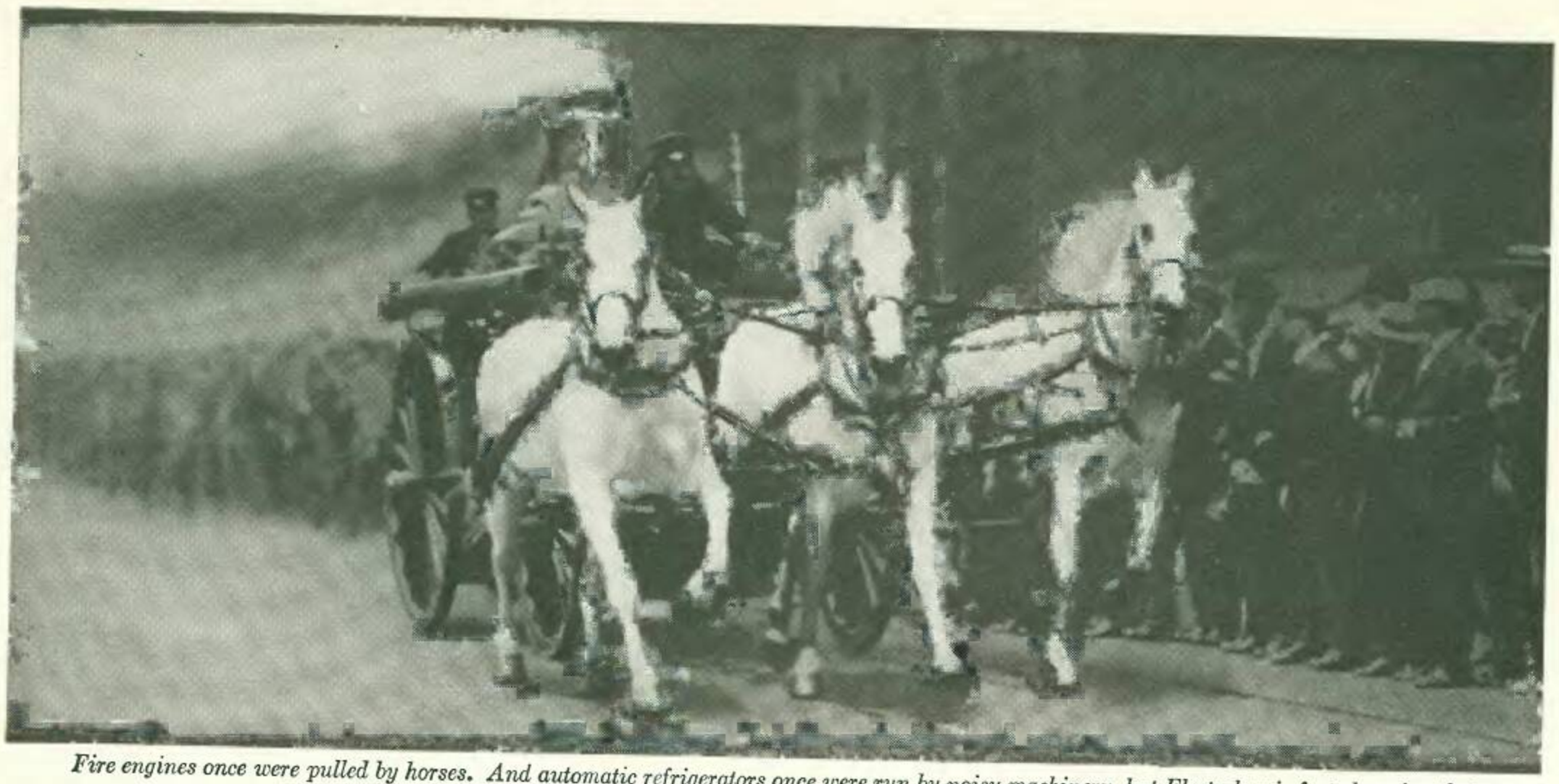
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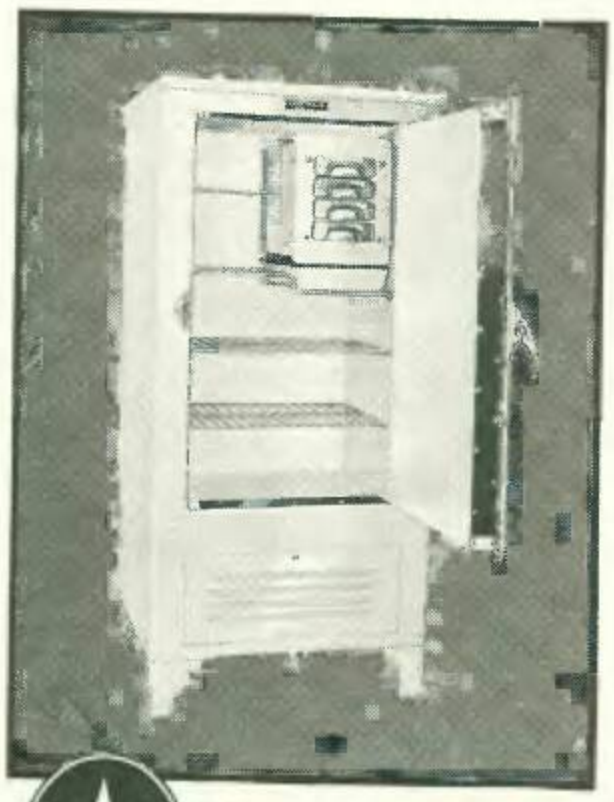
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