May 30, 1931

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



Anheuser-Busch, Inc.

St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Anheuser-Busch will continue to obey the law. But in my humble opinion nothing would contribute more to relieve the unemployment situation, restore business confidence and stability and be more conducive to the public health, its morals and welfare, than to again make it possible for the great American nation to enjoy as its national beverage pure and wholesome four per cent beer.

Following the life-long aims of my father, my hope is that we may once again promote the cause of real temperance by engaging lawfully in the business that built our reputation for the utmost purity and quality in all products bearing our name. It is a great satisfaction to me to be able to say that our new undertakings have met with success and that therefore our prosperity is not dependent upon the return of beer.

When I look back on the last decade and recall the many trials and tribulations we have successfully overcome, not the least of which was the nonsensical charge that we were Prohibitionists simply because we obeyed the law, I feel our grateful thanks are due that great portion of the American people who have always understood our true motives and have always given us their support and patronage.

August A. Busch

President.

The Manufacturers Railway Company, the St. Louis and Refrigerator Car Company, and the St. Louis & O'Fallon Railway Company — serving hundreds of industries in and around St. Louis.





New Two Million Dollar Yeast Plant under construction at East Brunswick Township, New Jersey.

Adolphus Busch built at St. Louis in 1898 the first Diesel Engine to be placed in commercial service in the world.

Busch-built 4000 HP Diesel Engines are propelling merchant ships in round-the-world service.





The St. Louis & O'Fallon Coal Co., supplying Black Eagle coal to St. Louis and adjacent territory.



The Hotel Adolphus, Dallas, Texas — a $6,000,000 structure.



THE Anheuser-Busch plant, founded in 1852, covers 142 acres, equal to 70 city blocks, in St. Louis. ' ' ' Our quality products include: The famous Budweiser, Busch Extra Dry, Anheuser-Busch Yeast, Budweiser Barley Malt Syrup, Malt Nutrine, Busch Lager, Root Beer, Grape Bouquet, Corn Products and Feed. ' ' ' Our modern Vehicle Department specializes in Refrigerator Truck Bodies, solid carbon dioxide Shipping and Storage Boxes, and specialty Automobile Bodies.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . ST. LOUIS

*

B. ALTMAN & CO.
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
Fifth Avenue, New York



GOLF KITS

this season are simple indeed—with the favor gradually turning to long flannel slacks and simple suede jumpers. Altman features these popular garments in several variations to suit individual preference.

FLANNEL SLACKS
$6.75 to $12.50

SUEDE VESTS
$10.00 and $12.50

SUEDE JACKETS
$13.50

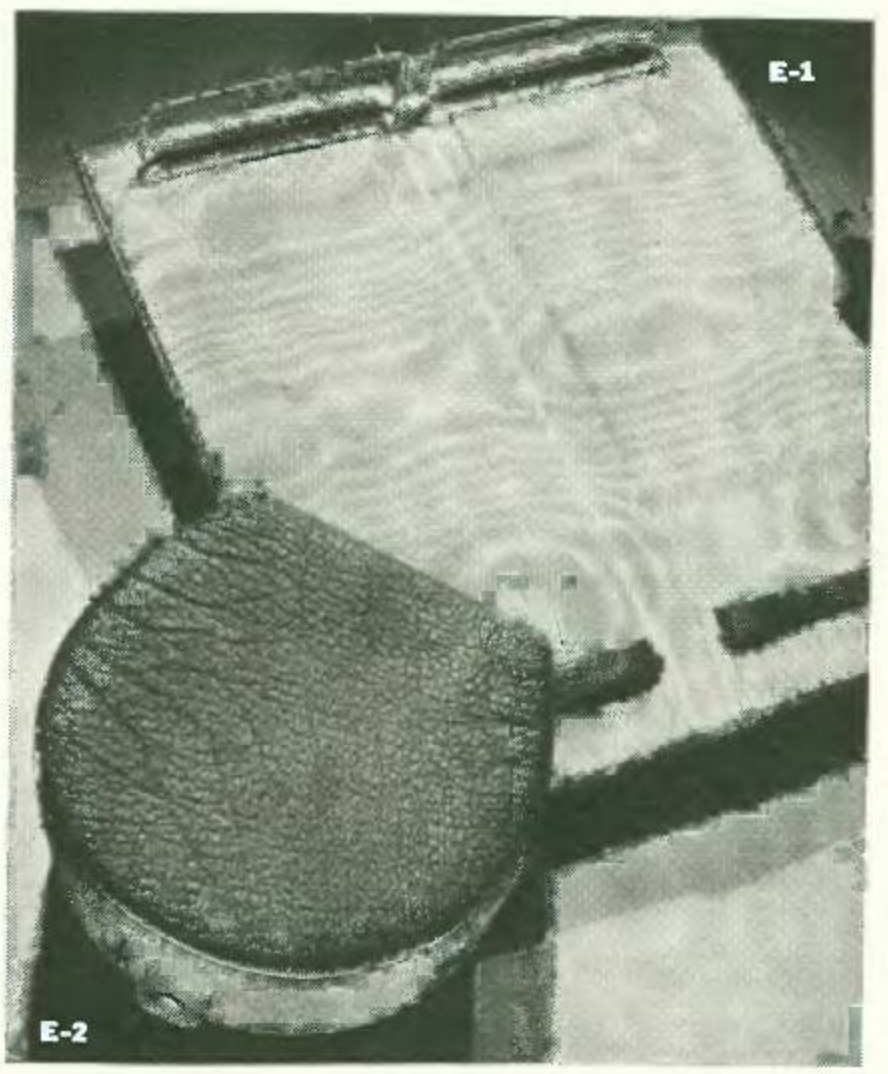
MEN'S APPAREL, on the
FIRST and SIXTH FLOORS

Altman Suburban Stores
ALTMAN-WESTCHESTER
White Plains, N. Y.
ALTMAN-NEW JERSEY
East Orange, N. J.

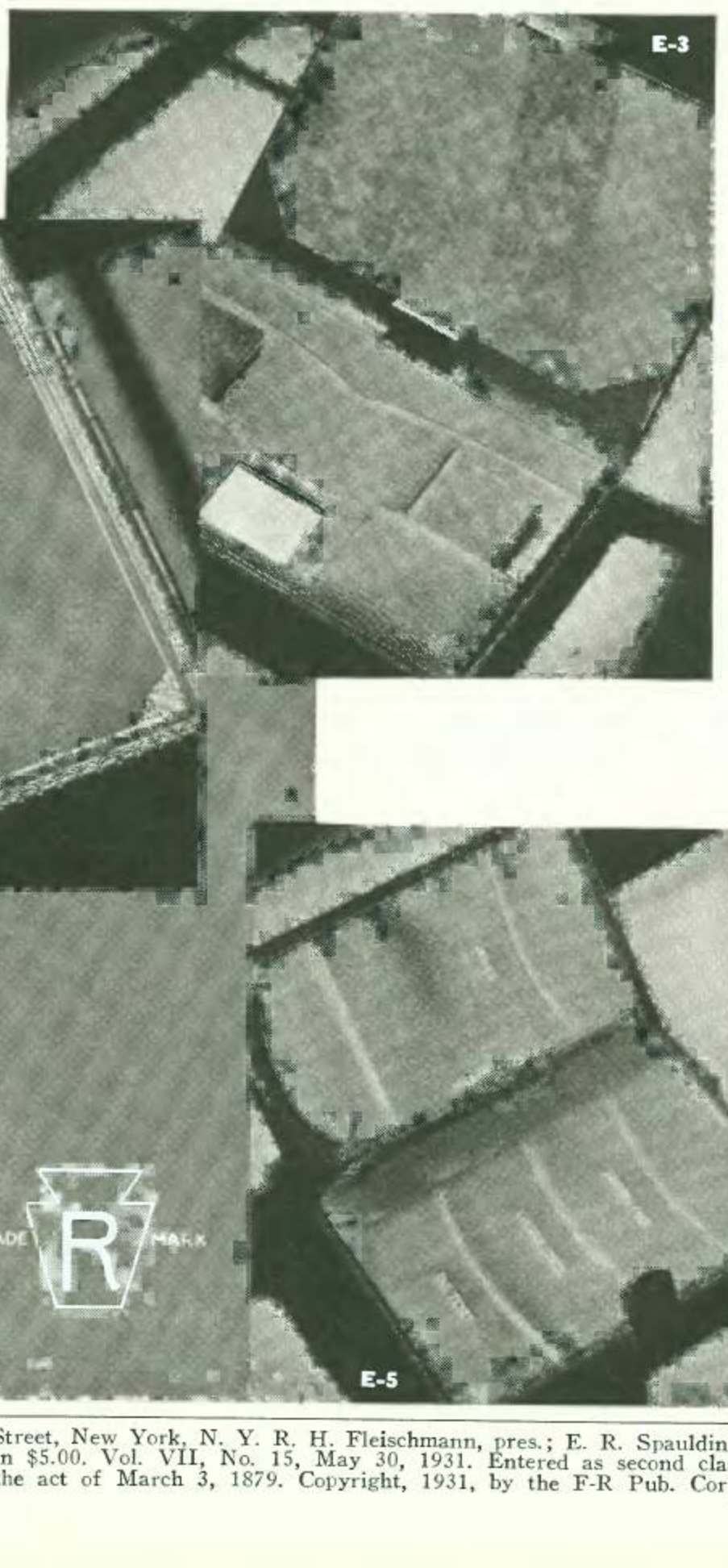
B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE at 34th STREET, N. Y.

SO MANY THINGS IN JUNE ARE WORTH REMEMBERING



OF COURSE, if you're *very* old, the spell of June won't move you. The warm earth and the leaves, the bright events that make life good . . . you'll have to pass these by. But that day never comes. The things of June belong to all of us . . . weddings and graduations and trips abroad. This year and always, they are the breath and color of our lives. ℞ And perhaps nothing adds more to the enjoyment of the month's felicities than a remembrance from an old and valued friend. It may be small . . . it need not be expensive. ℞ An increasing number of cultivated people who own and treasure lovely things themselves make it a practice that such gifts shall be of fine leather. And if you could watch these people as they buy, you would find that their purchases are frequently governed by the presence of a tiny golden keystone "R." ℞ That imprint, placed upon every article of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is an infallible assurance that the gift is good. ℞ C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather goods of every description, excepting luggage. At the better leather goods and department stores, jewelers, stationers and haberdashers.



E-1 . . . A necktie case, in brown camelhide, ecru lined, with a hanger which is gold-plated over non-tarnishable metal.

E-2 . . . A collar box, in brown camelhide, with ecru silk lining.

E-3 . . . A writing case, for traveling. In black and brown leather, the case is lined with leather, and includes an address book, note book, and perpetual calendar.

E-4 . . . An address book, in green ecrasé calfskin with a white jade inlay, enriched with gold tooling, and including as equipment a gold pencil. The address book may also be had either in black leather or in walnut grained calf, with red cinnabar inlay.

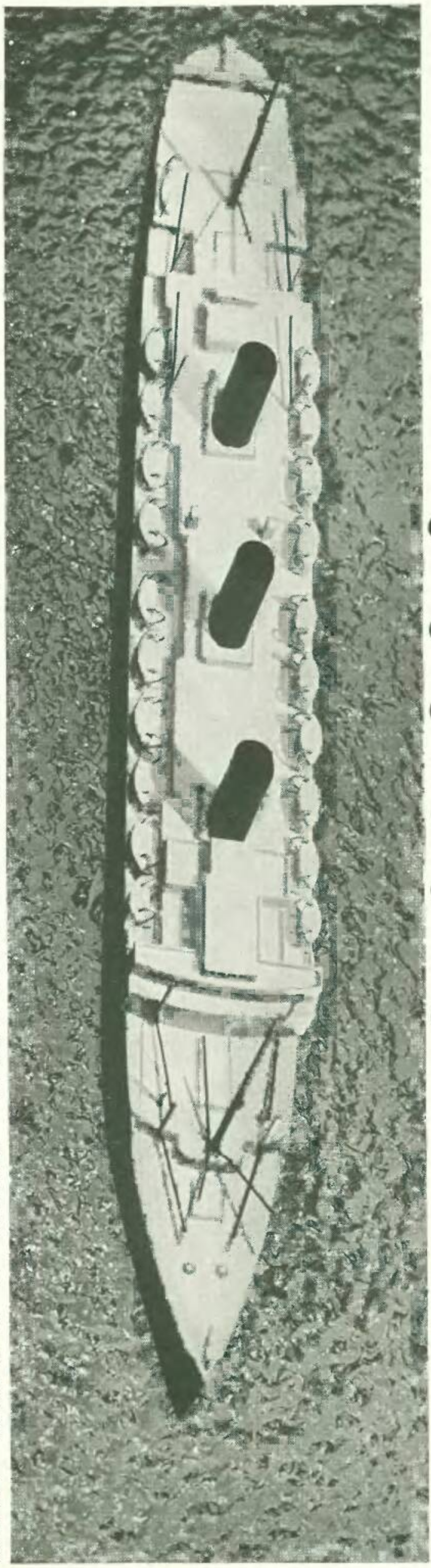
E-5 . . . A passport case, in pin seal, ostrich skin or pig skin. Colored linings.

By Invitation Member

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

Philadelphia and New York ★ Established 1850

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. 15, May 30, 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.



LOW AS $75 • ALL-EXPENSE RATES START AS

SIX DAYS • ALL-EXPENSE RATES START AS LOW AS $75

AT 6 P. M. ON AUGUST 8

THE FRENCH LINER

PARIS

SAILS ON A 2500-MILE

TRIANGLE CRUISE

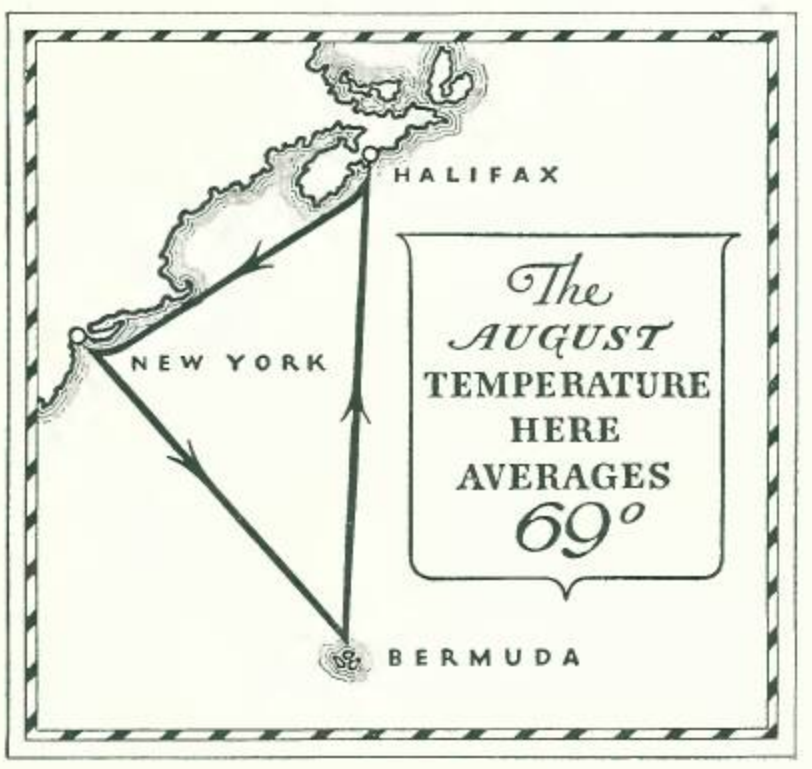
Six days on the cool North Atlantic —utter French Line luxury—incomparable food, drink, gayety, rest!— an extra week in Canada—optional

and the famous **FRANCE** *sails on the same Triangle Cruise for 6 days* August 15*—same bargain rates!*

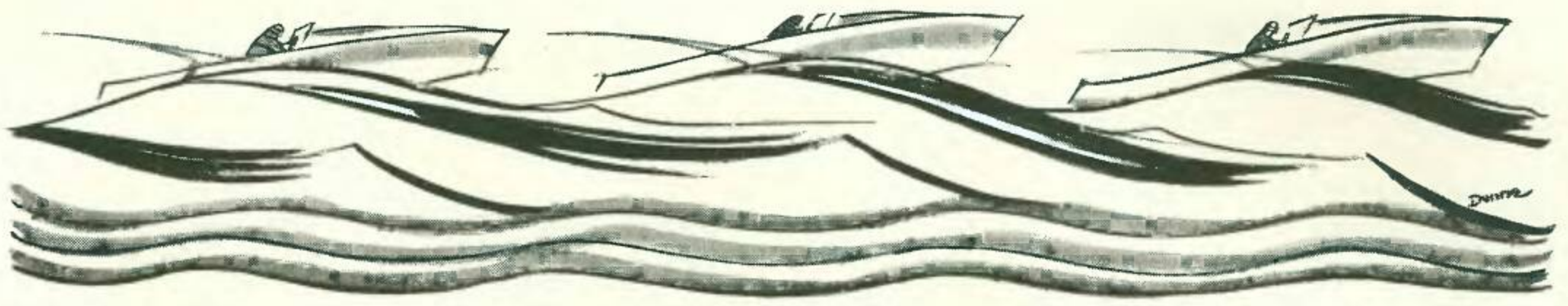
- DANCE at the RITZ and MONTMARTRE—the formal brilliance of the Place Vendome, the unrestrained jollity of the smartest after-midnight Paris Clubs—these you'll find on board. Three orchestras including Vincent Lopez's "French Liners" from the Hotel St. Regis.
- SWIM—in the opal waters of Bermuda; bask in one of the two outdoor pools on board; sun-tan on a palm-tree beach or on the sports-deck; play tennis, shuffleboard—or best of all, just loaf . . . and sip . . .
- SHOOT—real clay-pigeons from the sports-deck; "shoot the sun" as it rises over the yardarm; shoot a faithful pair of ivories if you prefer; shoot an ecstatic week without "shooting the works"—for the Triangle Cruise is thrifty!
- SHOP IN PARIS AND LONDON—There are many Paris shops on board, and the shops of Hamilton and Halifax are full of smart British wares.
- EAT, DRINK, RELAX, ENJOY LIFE—as only the French Line best knows how to make you enjoy it. You'll eat and drink as nobly as if you were touring the greatest restaurants of Paris; you'll doze in knee-deep French Line comfort; no week at sea ever offered more gracious hospitality. The liner is *your* yacht-de-luxe.
- COME HOME VIA THE ST. LAWRENCE—At Halifax you may leave the ship—spend some time in the romantic land of Evangeline and along the St. Lawrence and then return to your home by any route you wish. Special all-inclusive rates from New York to your home are available. Ask your French Line agent for complete details.

FRENCH LINE, 19 STATE STREET, NEW YORK

BOOK NOW



6 DAYS—$75



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 6. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

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 benefited 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. Closes May 30.)

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Katharine Cornell in a section of the early love life of Elizabeth Barrett with You-Know-Who. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:30 P.M.)

FIVE STAR FINAL—A bitter attack on tabloid journalism and sensational name-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 GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. Second 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. 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. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

PRECEDENT—The Mooney case made into a propaganda play which is better than most. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Now that Otto Kruger and Madge Kennedy have taken over the leading rôles in this, it is good, legitimate, farce comedy without reference to the English dialect. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE SILENT WITNESS—An English mystery play, not any too exciting, but interesting and agreeable. A cast headed by Lionel Atwill does well by it. (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 do well by it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. 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.)

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.)

BILLY ROSE'S CRAZY QUILT—Fannie Brice, Phil Baker, and Ted Healy in a crazy show with enough good features to carry it easily well into the summer. (44th Street, 44, W.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—Milton Aborn's revival of "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Fay Templeton, Ruth Altman, Joseph Macaulay, William Danforth, and Howard Marsh, will be presented through Sat. Eve., May 30 only. "The Gondoliers" will be the bill for two weeks starting Mon. Eve., June 1. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

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

RHAPSODY IN BLACK—A Negro musical revue without any of its usual disadvantages. Ethel Waters' singing is enough to make this one worth seeing. (Harris, 42, W.)

THREE'S A CROWD—If you don't know by now that this is good, you'll never know. Featuring Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., June 6.)

THE WONDER BAR—A floor show which, in transition from Germany to America, has become almost entirely a Jolson show. (Bayes, 44, W. No Mats.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Dr. Rockwell, Jack Benny, James Barton, Harriet Hoctor, and Armida will be at the Palace Fri., May 29. Frances Williams will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., May 30. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

THIRD LITTLE SHOW—Dwight Deere Wiman's intimate revue, with Beatrice Lillie, Ernest Truex, Carl Randall, Walter O'Keefe, Constance Carpenter, and Gertrude MacDonald. Opens Mon., June 1. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE WAY OF THE WORLD—Congreve's play, revived by the Players' Club, with Walter Hampden, Fay Bainter, and Dorothy Stickney. Opens Mon., June 1, and plays one week only. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THE BAND WAGON—A revue by George S. Kaufman and Howard Dietz, music by Arthur Schwartz, with Fred and Adele Astaire, Tilly Losch, Frank Morgan, and Helen Broderick. Opens Thurs., June 4. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Dancing during dinner in the Restaurant; Howard Lanin's orchestra.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—For dinner and supper dancing; music by Leo Reisman's orchestra. Dances by Jean Barry and David Fitzgibbons after the theatre.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the dancing of Rosita and Ramon. Emil Coleman music.*

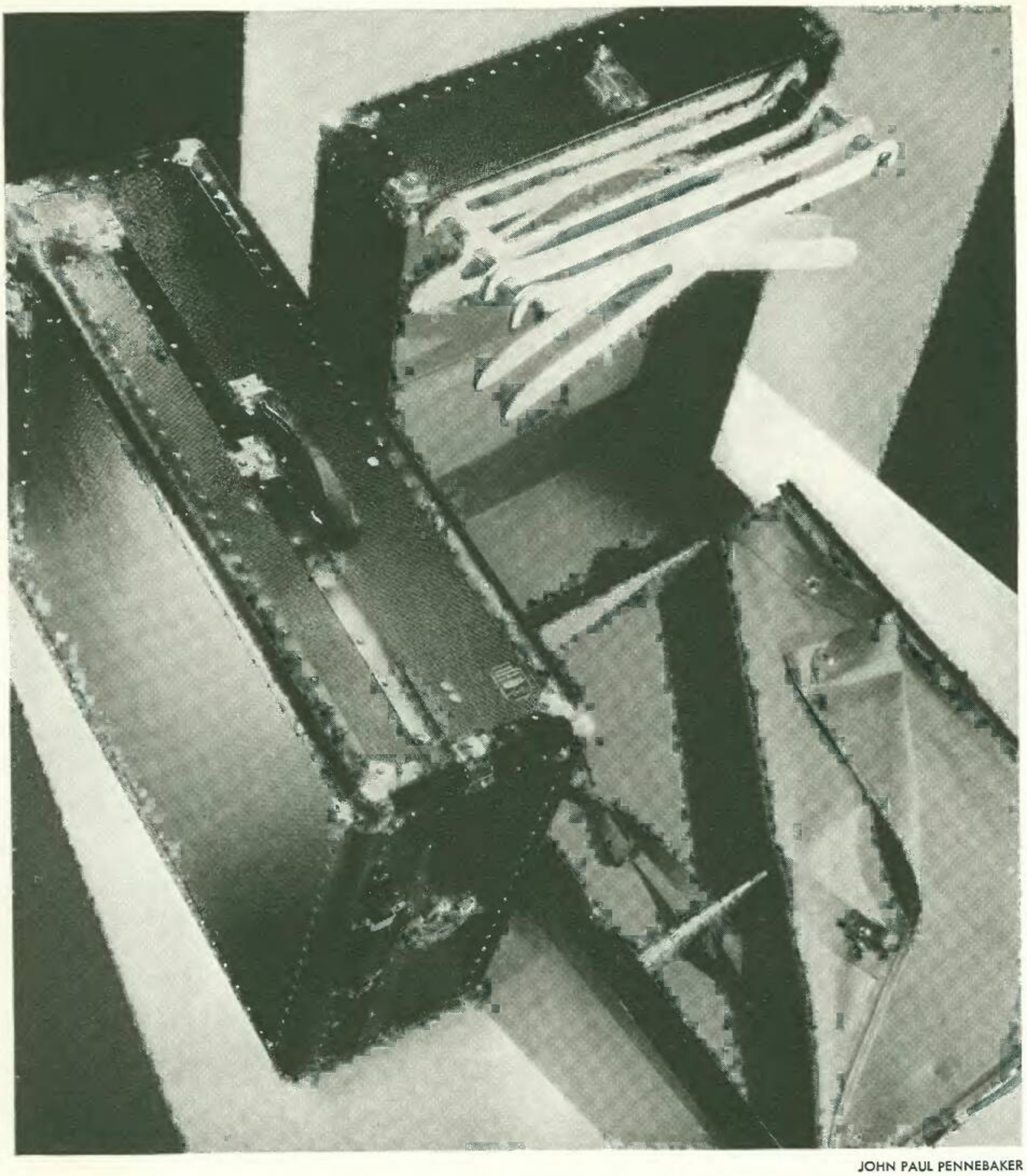
NEW CLUB LIDO, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-6175)—Songs by Helen Morgan and music by Henry King's orchestra. Open after the theatre only.*

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	26
MOTORS	32
THE ART GALLERIES	41
A REPORTER AT LARGE	44
PARIS LETTER	51
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FOIBLES	54
MUSICAL EVENTS	59
THE RACE TRACK	61
TEE AND GREEN	62
THE OARSMEN	64
THE CURRENT CINEMA	67
READING AND WRITING	69
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS	73

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200



JOHN PAUL PENNEBAKER

The Hartmann Tourobe at $20

A good looking, easy-to-pack case that holds a full vacation wardrobe shipshape without mussing or wrinkles.

■ Meet the Tourobe! A light easily-managed wardrobe case that holds all the clothes you'll need for a two weeks' jaunt. 5 Hangers, plus generous sized compartments for accessories, it's really marvelously convenient. Keeps clothes orderly, unwrinkled—ready to wear at a moment's notice. Packed or unpacked in a jiffy. Slips under a Pullman seat. Carried by hand or you can check it like a trunk. Sturdily-built, it is finished in Black Canvas Grain Hartex, bound with rugged vulcanized fibre. Three sizes—26, 29 or 32 inches long—$18, $20 or $22.50. Available, too, in hard vulcanized fibre in tan or blue. At most good shops and department stores. Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wis.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 6. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 4)

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and after-theatre dancing in a handsome restaurant forty-two stories above Central Park. Music by the Continentals.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A magnificent view, with music by Vincent Lopez during dinner and supper. Must dress.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 5-0351)—Open Fri. and Sat. Eves. only. Dances by Chester Towne and Helen Knott and music by the Venetians.*

OTHER ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 4-8100), a fine view of the harbor, with Will Osborne's orchestra. . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 with Rudy Vallée and his orchestra, opens Mon., June 1. . . . McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34, opens Mon., June 1. . . . Astor Roof, B'way at 44; and Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43, open Wed., June 3.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting after-theatre places of this type are: Salon Royal, 310 W. 58 (Columbus 5-6191), open till dawn, with dusky entertainers from Florence's in Paris. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7-9237), also open late, and not for débutantes; with Jean Malin, a delicate youth, and Nan Blackstone. . . . Two places that have elaborate revues, noisy Broadway crowds, and no cover charge are: Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580); and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The County Fair, 54 E. 9; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . If you're looking for something Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.—Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000); Woodmansten Inn, Williamsbridge Rd.. near Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 5-2298); and Pavillon Royal, Merrick Road., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308).

For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I., recommended for exquisite cuisine; expensive.

Coney Island jaunters in search of seafood might try: Feltmans' Maple Gardens. Surf Ave., Coney Island.

MOTION PICTURES

CIMARRON—A fine picture of the story of Oklahoma, with Richard Dix as the Yancey Cravat of Edna Ferber's novel. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., June 3-5; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

LE MILLION—Good old-fashioned laughs in the most modern of French burlesques. A René Clair picture. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE PUBLIC ENEMY—Gunmen again, in a sharp and hardboiled study of their habits, featuring James Cagney. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., June 4 and 5; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE SMILING LIEUTENANT—The Chevalier grin again, with Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins, all of them piloted along by Ernst Lubitsch. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 9 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

TABU—A beautiful and highly picturesque South Sea Islands picture. Silent, with synchronized score. (Central Park, 7 Ave. at 59; performances continuous from noon.)

TRADER HORN—Heart trouble in darkest Africa. (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 (in German) with some of the choicest tunes you will find anywhere. (Europa, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATRES—A potpourri of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M.; Sun. from noon.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "A Connecticut Yankee," a droll and preposterous movie from Mark Twain's story, with Will Rogers; "City Lights," the Charlie Chaplin picture, and all that it should be; "The Front Page," the newspaper play with all its old speed and life, a big triumph for the talkies; "Svengali," John Barrymore, in possibly his best screen performance, showing us some of the things poor Trilby had to suffer.

ART

CERAMICS—Loan exhibition of Near East ceramic art: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun 1 to 6 P.M.

CONTEMPORARY—Good examples of the leading American and French painters in an active museum: Gallery of Living Art, New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat. until 3 P.M.

AMERICAN—Kuniyoshi, Blume, Spencer, Billings, and men of the more modern trends: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

FRENCH—Picasso, Lurçat, Derain, and others. Some of the best contemporary French in a summer show: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

MODERN—The Museum of Modern Art's memorial exhibition of the L. P. Bliss Collection, including Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, Matisse, Picasso, Renoir, Degas, and many other nineteenth and twentieth-century French. Also, works by Arthur B. Davies: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

RIGHT WING—The passing generation of American painters in a summer show, for those who like the pretty pictures that look like a cow, etc.: Macbeth, 15 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

MUSIC

BARRERE LITTLE SYMPHONY—Post-season concert at popular prices, Barrère conducting: Town Hall, Wed Eve., June 3, at 8:30.

ON THE AIR

EVERETT MARSHALL—Baritone soloist, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., May 31, at 9:15, over WEAF.

DETROIT SYMPHONY—Kolar conducting, in Graham-Paige Hour: Sun. Eve., May 31, at 9:30, over WABC.

TOSCHA SEIDEL—Violinist, with string quartet: Sun. Eve., May 31, at 11, over WABC.

ROSA PONSELLE—Singing in "La Forza del Destino," broadcast from Covent Garden, London: Mon. Aft., June 1, at 3, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., June 1, at 10, over WJZ.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., June 2, at 9:30, over WABC.

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. championships, broadcast from Franklin Field, Philadelphia: Fri. Aft., May 29, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 30, at 2:30, over WABC.

PRESIDENT HOOVER—Memorial Day address, broadcast from Valley Forge, Pa.: Sat. Morn., May 30, at 10:30, over WABC and WJZ.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—Speaking on Joan of Arc, from London: Sat. Aft., May 30, at 4:20, over WABC.

BRITISH DERBY—Broadcast from the course at Epsom: Wed. Morn., June 3, at 9:45, over WJZ.

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY GRADUATION EXERCISES—Address by Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams, broadcast from Annapolis: Thurs. Morn., June 4, at 11:45, over WABC.

WILLIE AND EUGENE HOWARD—Guest artists, with Rudy Vallée and his band, in the Fleischmann Hour: Thurs. Eve., June 4, at 8, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Fri., May 29, at 3:20 P.M., and Sat., May 30, at 1:30 P.M (doubleheader); Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sun., May 31, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tues. through Fri., June 2-5, at 3:15 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sat., June 6, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Junior Boxing Tournament, Mon. Eve., June 1, at 8:15. . . . Vince Dundee vs. Ben Jeby, Thurs. Eve., June 4; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

CREW—Childs Cup, Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania, on Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N.J., Sat., May 30, at 5 P.M. (Train leaves Penn. Sta. for Princeton at 2:15 P.M.) . . . American Henleys, on the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 30.

FENCING—National Outdoor Epée Championships: N.Y.A.C., Travers Island, N.Y., Sun., May 31, at 11 A.M.

GOLF—Women's Metropolitan Tournament: Montclair Golf Club, Montclair, N.J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., May 29 and 30. . . . Long Island Amateur: Timber Point Golf Club, Great River, L.I., Thurs. through Sun., June 4-7.

HORSE SHOWS—West Point Horse Show, West Point, N.Y., Tues. and Wed., June 2 and 3. . . . Tuxedo Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., June 5 and 6.

POLO—High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sun. Aft., at 4, starting Sun., May 31. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:09 P.M.)

RACING—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Davis Cup, American Interzone Finals: Chevy Chase Club, Chevy Chase, Md., Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 29 and 30, at 2:30. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for Washington at 8:15 and 9:10 A.M.) . . . Men's Singles Invitation Tournament, Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J., Fri. through Sun. Afts., May 29-31.

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. championships: Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 29 and 30.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Harlem Yacht Club, City Island, Sat. Aft., May 30; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Oyster Bay, Sat. Aft., June 6.

OTHER EVENTS

CONVICT SHIP—If you're interested in dungeons, branding irons, and torture devices, you might visit the Australian convict ship, Success. built in 1790, and now on exhibition at W. 79 and Hudson River. Open daily 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.

NOTE—Fri., May 29 is the last day to get motor driving licenses renewed.

Even Albertina Rasch's famous dancing girls have legs of different lengths



...but here are the stockings that fit them all...and every other woman in the world

GOTHAM "ADJUSTABLES"

TRADE MARK PATENTS PENDING

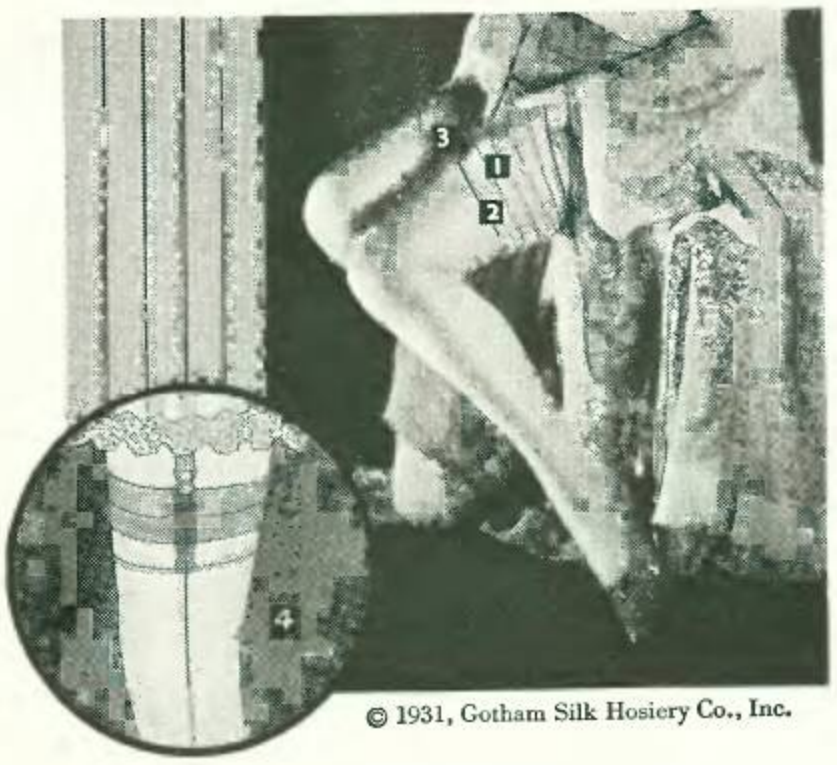
THEY FIT EVERY LENGTH OF LEG

A stageful of girls all perfectly matched in height. And even they need their hosiery in varying lengths for perfect fitting.

Imagine the predicament of millions of women of different heights, each trying to find the hosiery length exactly right for her.

. . . But don't imagine it . . . the dilemma is ended—by Gotham "Adjustables." They fit every length of leg as if they were custom-made to your special order. Here's a diagram of the why and how. If you feel technical look it over . . . but one minute, one pair at a $1.95 tells the story much better.

1. Seven inches of adjustment space . . . to fit every length of leg.
2. The regular Gold Stripe run-stop, and four more besides. And any one of them forms a perfect picot top.
3. Wonderful new comfort. No binding, twisting, bunching, or wrinkling at top.
4. Seams stay straight! Garter can safely be clasped on new reinforced seam.



GOTHAM **Gold Stripe** STOCKINGS

© 1931, Gotham Silk Hosiery Co., Inc.

SHOES BY SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE . . NEW YORK . . CHICAGO



Henry Waxman

Our Summer Sandal . . .

The light, cool feeling of its cut-out vamp . . like a child's barefoot sandal . . the graceful look of its Grecian lines . . cut low on the foot . . and the importance of its colour variation . . make this our favorite Summer Sandal . . for day or evening.

The Leonides

. . in flowered yellow crepe, or in white, black and white, beige or yellow Poinciana Cloth.

15.50



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SCIENTISTS assume that anything is progress just so long as it's never been accomplished before. But is it? Thanks to science a rather dismal time is ahead—a time too full of convenience, too crowded with comfort, an over-sanitary, hyper-efficient age, buzzing with monkey talk and the precision



of machines doing well what doesn't need to be done. One thing leads to another: radio has led to television, television may lead to tele*taction*. In the future a mother may send her child a good-night kiss though she be (and probably will be) hundreds of miles away; in the future a Theodore Dreiser may slap a Sinclair Lewis on the cheek, though they be in different cities or even countries. And how do we know it's progress? What makes people think it's progress? Is it progress that in Rome the head of a church goes on the air in three languages for his far-flung communicants; or that in Thirty-fourth Street a former governor gains eleven hundred feet on heaven and ends in an unused mooring mast; or that in Kiel a new German cruiser, meeting all the specifications of naval limitation, slides down the ways looking for trouble?

In the last episode we detected one of the gay little flecks of human shimmer that sometimes dance on the dark surface of progress: the ship accidentally got loose and slid down five minutes before the speakers were ready. Von Hindenburg, seeing a whole battleship getting away from him, hollered after it: "And now glide into thine element and fare forth on the broad sea!" But the cruiser had already departed, unsponsored, and nobody heard the benediction because the loudspeaker had departed with the ship.

ON several occasions we have heard people complain, academically, that New York gave lovers no chance—there was no place they could go and be alone, they didn't get a break, their surroundings were inevitably unromantic and unhelpful. We have never believed it for a minute, and, moreover, in one respect we regard New York as a place in a million for lovers. Think what it means to a girl from Tenth Avenue to be able to take her beau into the smoking-room of a Broadway movie house, for a half-hour's chat before the feature begins. There, in surroundings vaguely Louis XIV or nearly Early Renaissance, she can build the right mood for love. Her own home may have a stuffy parlor at



the end of a drab hallway, but what does she care as long as there are a dozen trysting places nearby, whose cathedral hush will make Love appear as golden as a Paramount ceiling?

WE find, in a drawer, an old memorandum: "Tell the Phone Company about little snakes." This refers, we suspect, to an idea we once had that the Telephone Company should study the habits of snakes, the better to cope with the problem of phone cords that get wrapped around each other on one's desk. Pause in front of a cage in the reptile house: there the little snakes are, so snarled it is hard to tell which tail belongs to which head. It is the same with phone cords, that twine and intertwine to our great embarrassment. Really the Company should keep a man in the snake house all the time; much might be learned from an inquiry into snakes' lives and a study of their motives. As it is with snakes, so is it with phone cords.

WE hear that Commissioner Hoyt, the traffic expert, is planning to stagger the lights in Fifth Avenue before the summer is over, hoping to make possible a continuous flow of traffic. The stagger system has been tried out in Central Park West (a one-way northbound street) and works all right there. We predict it won't work in Fifth (except upper Fifth), at all, because it depends for its success on all vehicles' maintaining a uniform rate of speed, enabling them to arrive in the next block just as the light turns green. Uniform speed in Fifth is impossible, where the buses go slow, where private cars go faster, and where all cars are occasionally held up by congested corners and by left-turn artists. Theoretically (and we once spent hours working this out with pencil and paper) the only thing staggered lights do is to obviate the necessity of shifting gears, by relieving motorists of the necessity of ever stopping completely. Staggering the lights does not actually cut down the time it takes to get between two given points, it simply makes it useless to sprint. We should think the stagger system would



work well in Park, where the rate of speed is fairly uniform, or in Fifth above Fifty-ninth Street, but in midtown Fifth we bet staggered lights will



"To think—a baby! Nothing was further from my thoughts when I introduced you two!"

• •

hold up buses and short-haul cars and will defeat their own end. Just when you are getting free of the red light, you will run into the next red light—because your speed is insufficient to keep up with the green.

Town Pet

A QUIETLY dressed woman appeared in Central Park one day last week carrying one of those fashionable wicker baskets commonly used for transporting cats. Near the site of the old reservoir, the lady placed the basket on the ground, gently opened it, and out stepped a plump white hen. Surprised by the sight of such a large and elegant barnyard, the hen clucked one bewildered cluck, and just stood there. Her owner began scratching industriously in the grass with a small stick, but the hen just looked at her and refused to scratch. The lady then produced an enamelled pannikin of grain and one of water from the basket and set these before the hen. The bird was merely bored and made a vague effort to get back in the basket. The owner forced her to stay out in the air, however, for upward of half an hour, after which she was packed up and borne off, through a small solemn crowd, in the general direction of Broadway.

Out of the Silence

WE sat at the ringside last Friday night and watched Miss Evelyn Parry, national lip-reading champion, at her work. The scene was a big room in the Grand Central Palace. Four chairs were arranged in a square, one at each corner, and joined with ropes to make the enclosure look like a prize-fight ring. Everything is done to make lip-reading contests seem as exciting and as important as tennis or boxing, and in their way they are.

Miss Parry was qualifying for the sixth national lip-reading tournament, to be held in Chicago early in June. She won the championship last year in the Hotel Roosevelt here, defeating the talented Miss Margaret Crawley of Philadelphia, twice national champion. Miss Parry is a tall girl with bright, wide-set brown eyes. She can't hear a thing you say, but you wouldn't guess it. We talked to her for ten minutes, rapidly, but she got every word.

First she sat in a chair in the ring, leaning tensely forward, frowning, her lips set tight. Each of nine "sparring partners" stood up in turn, faced her, and asked a question. She answered instantly. This was simple. Later Miss Parry and a group of other able lip-readers all sat in a semicircle and faced a woman who tried all sorts of tricks—talking rapidly, talking in a dim light, talking at a distance of twenty-five feet, asking difficult questions, telling long, involved stories. Miss Parry's voice was usually first in response. Once in a while one of the others got something she didn't; for instance, she was bewildered by "Taj Mahal." All of them missed on one word: "oysters."

Miss Parry has a lot of fun with her special talent. Recently, sitting opposite two men in a roaring subway train, she made out a story one was telling the other; at the proper moment she laughed. They were discomfited and baffled. In the old days of the silent movies she used to enjoy reading the actors' lips. Once she saw Wallace Reid say "Shut up!" to a languid lady he was supposed to be making love to. Another time an actor in a deathbed scene said sadly, by way of bidding his tearful wife farewell: "I'll die and no mistake if they shoot this scene again!"

Miss Parry lost her hearing, through illness, when she was thirteen. She early proved unusually apt at lip-reading. She is now a typist with General Motors, which is proud of her. The corporation gave her a week's special vacation after she won the silver cup last June.

New York has dozens of expert lip-readers. Now and then a detective agency hires one for some such task as sitting in a courtroom and seeing what

lawyers and clients say in a huddle. Seventy-eight organizations for the hard-of-hearing in America send their champions to the national contests, we were told.

•

IF you felt sad about Yale's abandoning the classics, don't visit the little bookstore in Eighth Street near Sixth Avenue. In front of it, on a small table, a handful of old volumes are piled under a sign reading: "Ten Cents. Three for a Quarter." One of them is a Harkness' Latin Grammar.

Telephone Troubles

MAYBE you will recall that some time ago we described the combination inkstand-and-microphone devices which the Telephone Company craftily had installed on the desks in its commercial offices, the idea being that the heads of the department might, by listening in occasionally, keep track of what kind of talk their representatives are handing to customers, and vice versa. Well, it seems the idea has been causing a lot of trouble, and improvements on the original plan are now under way. The difficulty was that people almost invariably got to wondering about the wire which connected the inkstand with the floor plugs. "Excuse me," they would ask with pardonable curiosity at some stage of the interview, "but would you mind telling me why your inkstand is electrically wired?" The company representatives got to dread this question. There was no way of evading it, and customers, on learning that someone in the recesses of the building might well have been listening silently to their every word, usually got up and hurried, shuddering, away.

However, we hear, the improvement is expected to take care of everything nicely. New-type microphones are to be supplied, equipped with dummy mother-of-pearl pushbuttons. "Buzzer for my secretary," the representative will explain.

Hint for Wags

THE cellophane wrapper from a package of cigarettes, crushed gently in the hand and placed in a glass of warm water—or warm highball—makes a very plausible piece of jagged ice. Let us know how you make out with it—we're too tired to try. Better yet, don't let us know.

Fame and the Poet

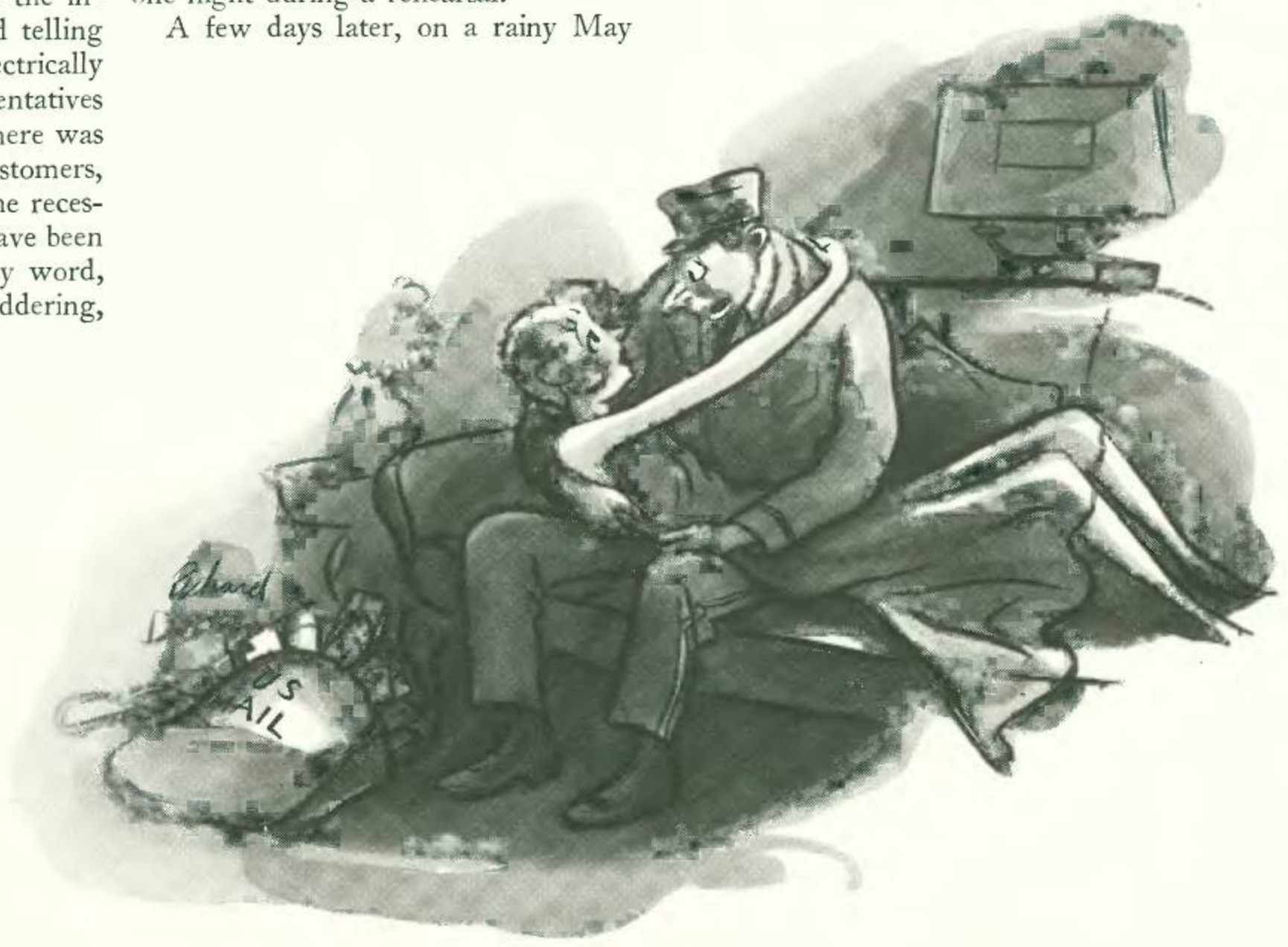
A FEW people snickered when the bust of Whitman was placed in the Hall of Fame this year, in recollection of a series of happenings twelve years ago, when a bust of the poet was first placed there. It was unofficial then, and quite a story of high-handed waggishness, here told, we think, for the first time.

Dr. A. L. Goldwater, an ostensibly peaceful physician with an uptown practice, was the villain of the thing. In 1919, as a result of a promise made at the annual dinner of the Walt Whitman Society, he had advanced the poet's name for the Hall, and he was wrathy at what resulted. The directors had left Whitman far down on the list; hadn't even seriously considered him. The Doctor resolved to get a bust of Whitman into the Hall, whether or no. He enlisted an accomplice, Miss Edna Porter, the actress. First they set about finding a suitable bust, which they finally did, in a barn then used by Duncan MacDougal for his group of actors. MacDougal, however, refused to sell the figure at any price. So the conspirators just took it, one night during a rehearsal.

A few days later, on a rainy May afternoon, Dr. Goldwater and Miss Porter walked boldly into the Hall of Fame. The bust was concealed under the lady's raincoat. When nobody was looking they placed the figure in a niche between a couple of other poets. Dr. Goldwater then printed the poet's name in large letters on the wall under the niche, and a line from the poet: "I know that I am deathless." He used silver nitrate, which didn't show until he and his companion had quitted the place, but which shortly had eaten glaring black letters into the marble.

Later that day Dr. Goldwater telephoned the newspapers, anonymously, telling a wild-eyed tale. He said thirty Whitmanites had scaled the walls of the Hall of Fame, overpowered the guards, and installed the statue. There was a great to-do. The papers got all excited, as did New York University, which gathered itself and denied that there had been an assault, denied for several days, in fact, that a bust of Whitman was in the Hall. Then they discovered it sitting there innocently, and indignantly removed it and hid it in the Faculty Club. The silver-nitrate legend was covered with a thick coating of plaster.

Dr. Goldwater had taken precautions to protect MacDougal. The day he put the bust into the Hall an advertisement had appeared in the *Times* complaining of the theft. The Doctor,



"Sorry. Nothing for you today, Miss Calhoun."

careful planner, had inserted this to indicate MacDougal's innocence, and his ownership of the image. The University didn't give it back, however; the University was mad. Several months went by and then Dr. Goldwater got the bust out of the Faculty Club. (How is still unknown.) He then pawned it in a shop for thirty cents, in the name of James Russell Lowell, who had said unkind things about Whitman. This came—thanks again to the good Doctor—to the ears of the papers. The papers by this time were pretty tired and baffled by the whole business, but a little story was printed saying that a man named Lowell had pawned Mr. Whitman for thirty cents, and through this MacDougal found where his bust was. He went down and got it back for thirty-three cents—three cents for interest.

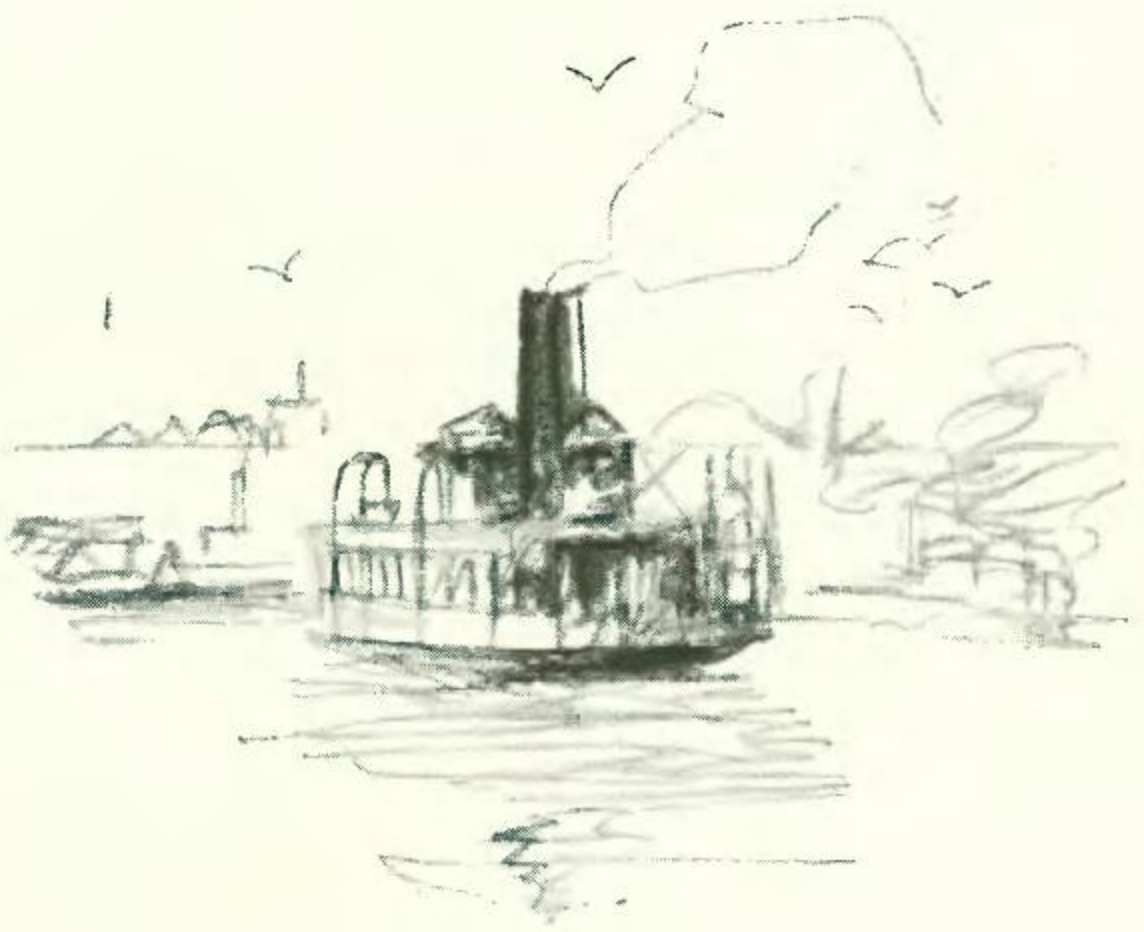
Youngest

WE'VE told a lot about old people recently, but after all Henry J. Kearney is, in his way, young, being the youngest of the Civil War veterans left in New York. This won him election as Grand Marshal of the Memorial Day parade. Mr. Kearney is eighty-one. At the beginning of the Civil War he was ten and had just come here from England, where he was born, to visit an older brother. He tried to enlist in the army right off, but they laughed and sent him back to school. Two years later he managed to get in the navy as messenger and powder-carrier. He served on the sloop Hartford, flagship of Farragut's West Gulf Blockading Squadron. He says he never knew what was happening in the engagements because after the first salvo the smoke was too thick to see anything. He has heard of only one younger member of the G.A.R., Major Clem, of Washington, D. C., who is only seventy-nine.

Mr. Kearney is commander of the Farragut Naval Post here, which boasts six survivors from an original membership of a hundred and sixty-seven. After the war, Kearney sailed on a ship through the Straits of Magellan to California. Later he spent thirteen years in Trinidad with the Barber Asphalt Company, which put down the first asphalt pavements in New York. Now he lives in New Jersey and commutes every day, going to a room in the basement of City Hall where he acts as secretary of the G.A.R. here. He signs vouchers for the aid of widows and children of Civil War veterans, writes letters, and talks with such other veterans as drop in. He is still quite vigorous and was ready to march the whole route in the parade; as Grand Marshal he has to ride. He likes to show you tattoos on his arms, put there in '64 and still showing plain.

Not many of his brothers in arms come in to see him at City Hall any more. Considerably fewer than a hundred are left in the city, and only about forty or fifty who can get about. Those who can still march join the parade at Eighty-seventh Street and Riverside Drive and struggle proudly past the stands at Ninetieth Street. Ten, fifteen years ago they used to fall in at Seventy-third Street, but the slight grade now is a Lookout Mountain. Those who can't walk ride, but they don't like to.

Only twenty-four posts of the Grand Army still function in Manhattan; there used to be fifty-six. When there are fewer than three members of a post it has to give up its charter, which calls for a commander and two vice-commanders. Six of the twenty-four posts left have only three members; most of the others have only four or five.



Snake Family

THE fad for ladies' snake-skin shoes, which is still on the up, necessitates the capture of vast quantities of water snakes, pythons, and lizards; and naturally this is quite a chore. We met the Brothers Battat last week, who have a thirty-two-foot snake-hunting launch in Java, a tannery to dress the skins in Frankfurt, Germany, and a sales office in Thirty-fourth Street. The Battats are Arabian—there are four of them: two brothers here; one cousin, Ezra, in Java; and one cousin, Edward, in Frankfurt.

Cousin Ezra captures the snakes and lizards. He makes long trips into the inner Javanese waterways in the launch, taking five or six natives with him. The natives work for twenty-five cents a day and consider the thing a great lark. In the awful heat of the jungle, wearing only trousers and shoes, they toil all day setting traps for water snakes and knocking pythons on the head. Sometimes small pythons are captured by the tobacco method: the snake is induced to open its mouth and say "ah," then a wad of tobacco is rammed down its throat; this puts the snake in a stupor and it can be caught. The big pythons—the thirty and forty-footers—are the ones that provide real sport. These are hunted after dark. Two or three of the natives go ashore armed with sticks, and while Cousin Ezra runs the launch slowly upstream playing his spotlight on the trees, the helpers move along parallel to it. When the light picks out a python asleep on a low branch, the natives steal up close, Ezra shoots the light directly at the snake's head, the snake stares sleepily at the light, and one of the natives socks the snake on the head. This is effective but dangerous, because although the blow hurts the python, it also sends him into action; he uncoils with lightning speed and drops to the ground, the natives sprinting clear, or doing their best to do so. One man always carries a big knife, to stab the snake if he should succeed in coiling around anybody. Stabbing is an emergency measure—a knife wound lowers the value of the skin. The snakes are regularly killed by poisoning, too; then they are skinned and the skins hung up to sun-tan for a while.

The Brothers Battat told us that our home-grown Florida water snakes are no good for the trade because they're too small: a snake or lizard skin has to be fairly broad to make a shoe. There are, of course, other big importers, and the business is really good: the Battats always have about a hundred and fifty thousand skins on the way. Java is



"Is this the road
to Cold Spring Harbor? Answer yes or no!"

• •

particularly rich with crawling things, but the snake belt extends through Borneo and some of Indo-China. There's no prospect of the supply giving out either—the snakes reproduce as fast as Cousin Ezra can catch them.

Oxford to Harlem

HAVING noticed our anecdote about the gentleman who hailed a friend, the only other white man in a Harlem cabaret, with the remark, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume," an English correspondent reminds us that the salutation is a favorite at Oxford, and especially at Balliol College, which has so many colored students from the British colonies in Africa. Continuing, he tells another one, which occurred last year, at the time of the inter-college boat races, at Oxford. In a local moving-picture house, an adventure film was showing. The scene was in Africa. The hero was in flight through the jungle, the native cannibals after him. He reached a stream, seized a boat, and was off: the audience sighed with relief. But alas! around a bend in the river came a canoeload of savage blacks, plumed and nose-ringed, waving spears and paddling furiously. The audience leaned forward, gasping, but from the back of the theatre came a calm, very Oxford voice, drawling: "Well rowed, Balliol. Well rowed, I say."

Bells

DRIVING through western Illinois on his way back from the Coast, an automobilist was astonished to hear the music of bells emanating from the steeple of a neat little whitewashed church, vibrant chimes reminiscent of Sundays in Europe. He stopped in at the church, listened to the service, and afterward introduced himself to the pastor. The latter explained the music. He had long felt the need of the people of his town for that form of beauty, but of course his church could not afford a carillon, nor even a large organ. He was, however, something of a radio experimenter and he had installed four large loudspeakers in his steeple, connecting these to a phonograph with an electric pickup and adequate amplifiers. Then he had got together records of the best European church music, a total of two hundred of them. Now the little Midwestern town listens to the bells of Notre-Dame and Westminster, the Vatican organ and choir, the choir of the Russian Cathedral in Paris, various music from the cathedrals of Cologne, Seville, and many other places.

Master Key

A HARD-WORKING manufacturer, staying late at his office, decided to go out for something to eat and come back. Going through his pockets he found he had left his keys in his golf pants, or somewhere, so he rummaged through the head office-boy's desk, looking for a key which would let him back into the place. He finally found, after a long quest, a key attached to a piece of cardboard which bore the words, printed in ink: "Master Key." In pencil, in one corner, was the notation: "Won't work." It didn't either.

—THE NEW YORKERS

FOREST CONVERSATION

(*Miss Helen Twelvetrees, the screen star, is interviewed by Miss Iris Lovelace, who was never good at figures.*)

IRIS—Tell me, Miss Tentrees, what do you think of Chancellor Snowden's budget?

HELEN—The name is Twelvetrees, Miss Lovelace, not Tentrees. You mustn't deprive me of those two extra trees, you know.

IRIS—Oh dear, I *am* sorry. I was afraid this would happen.

HELEN—Afraid what would happen?

IRIS—Well, I'm simply awful at figures, Miss—Miss—

HELEN—Steady now. Steady.

IRIS—Don't tell me. Let me work it out for myself. Now let's see. Twice two is four and four makes nine . . .

HELEN—Better begin again, Miss Lovelace.

IRIS—Oh dear. Twice two is five and six more makes . . .

HELEN—Wait. Take it easy. Don't get rattled. Twice two is what?

IRIS—Twice two? Twice two is—is—oh, isn't it aggravating! Have you got the back of an old envelope?

HELEN (*sternly*)—Miss Lovelace, I have as perfect a back as there is in Hollywood.

IRIS—I mean I want something to figure on.

HELEN—Oh, a piece of paper. Here's a piece of paper.

IRIS—Not large enough, I'm afraid. This is a pretty hard sum, you know. I must do a lot of figuring.

HELEN—How big a piece do you want?

IRIS—At least twelve by fourteen, I should say.

HELEN—Waiter.

WAITER—Yes, Ma'am.

HELEN—A piece of paper at least twelve by fourteen inches, please.



IRIS—Oh no! Twelve by fourteen feet.

WAITER—One paper, twelve by fourteen.

IRIS—Feet, now. Not inches.

WAITER—Right. With or without pencil?

IRIS—I brought my own pencil, thank you.

WAITER (*sarcastically*)—Basket parties welcome.

HELEN—Oh, let's shoot the works. I'm here on a holiday. Waiter, bring the pencil.

WAITER—Sharpened or unsharpened, Ma'am. There is a slight extra charge for sharpening.

IRIS (*whispering*)—Don't do it. I've got a penknife here.

HELEN—Oh, you're only young once. Sharpen it, *garçon*.

GARÇON—*Droit-o*, Madame.

IRIS—And would you mind wrapping up the shavings when you sharpen the pencil? I want to take them home to my cuckoo. He loves them. (*Waiter glares at Iris and departs.*)

HELEN—Oh, you keep a cuckoo?

IRIS—Yes, they're the ideal pet for a New York apartment. Even with the clock they take up so little room. And you know where they are. They're not off philandering all the time, like the pet bison I had year before last. But all that aside, I'm terribly sorry to cause all this trouble, Miss—

HELEN—Twelvetrees, but don't you try that yet. You just call me Miss Tree until we get things straightened out.

IRIS—Miss Viola Tree?

HELEN—Anything you like.

IRIS—I've always been simply terrible at arithmetic.

HELEN—Never took logarithms, eh?

IRIS—Logarithms! It's been the dream of my life to master logarithms. But I can't even best simple fractions.

HELEN—You haven't missed much. Logarithms are no bargain.

IRIS—I suppose if I did master logarithms, I'd only be wanting something else.

HELEN—It's the eternal child in one, reaching for the moon.

IRIS—Of course this arithmetic business is hereditary in me. My grandmother was awful at it. That's how she lost Lord Tennyson.

HELEN—Lord Tennyson the poet?

IRIS—Yes, he and Grandmamma were affianced, but, poor dear, she never could seem to get his name fixed. She kept calling him Lord Fiveson. He resented this, and one day he disappeared, to return to her no more. Plunged in grief, she took a course in algebra, but alas, it was too late. A girl who always got ninety-eight in geometry had copped him.

HELEN—Say, that would make a good movie.

IRIS—Yes, you could call it "Passion's Least Common Multiple."

WAITER (*returning*)—Sorry, Ma'am, we're all out of stationery.

HELEN—Then it looks as though our interview is shot, Miss Lovelace.

IRIS—I guess you're right. But before I go, Miss—

HELEN—Twelvetrees.

IRIS—Miss Twelvetrees, would you mind just answering that question about what you think of Chancellor Snowden's budget?

HELEN—Certainly not. In my opinion, the budget will not come back, and if Chancellor Snowden thinks he can force women to adopt the budget again, he will find that he is sadly mistaken. We women have become used to the healthful freedom afforded by the new modes of dressing. We will *not* go back to the budget. —FRANK SULLIVAN

•

REFLECTION

Remembering words
We had together
Concerning chance
And woe and weather,

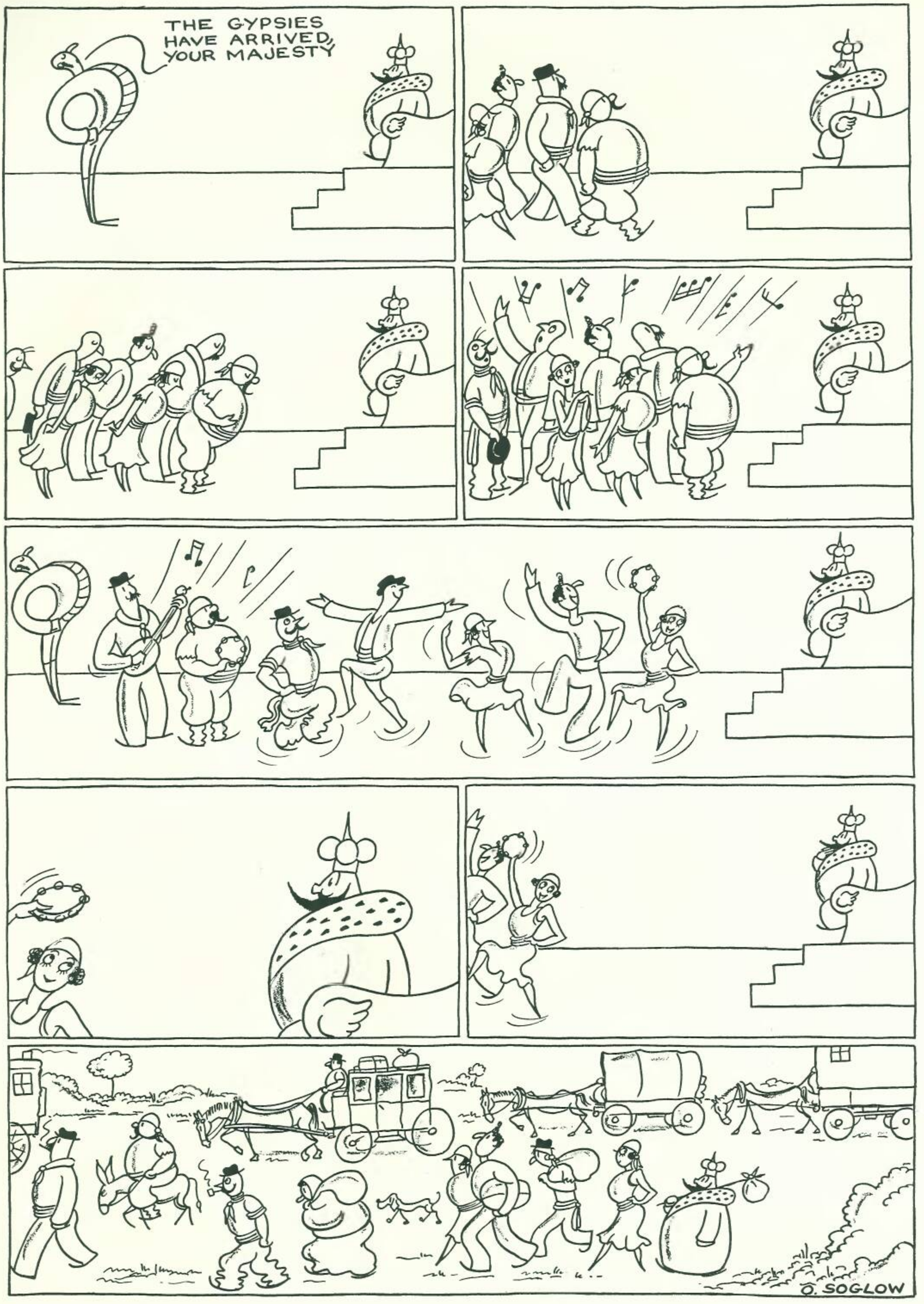
Concerning pathways
Lately lost
And seas uncharted
Or uncrossed,

Concerning moods
And motorcars,
Anemones
And shooting stars,

I have discovered
Two can chat
An hour or more
Of this and that

And part assured
And comforted
For having left love
Well unsaid.

—SYDNEY KING RUSSELL


THE GYPSIES HAVE ARRIVED, YOUR MAJESTY
O. SOGLOW

THE GIANT-KILLER

HE opened the door with his latchkey and looked around the living-room. He could hear his wife moving about in the kitchen, so he hurried through the pantry without removing his hat or coat. His face was set in a broad grin and he looked pleasantly excited.

"Well," he said, addressing his wife's back and trying to keep his voice casual, "I just socked a fellow."

His wife didn't look up from her work. "Did you?"

He took off his hat and coat with a calmness that was meant to be aggravating to the suspense he had created. "I did," he said. "And don't let anybody ever kid you about this good-deed-every-day stuff. It may sound like a Boy Scout, but it makes you feel great just the same."

His wife took an eggbeater from a drawer in the kitchen table and went back to her work. "What happened?" she said.

"Plen-*ty!*" he said, grinning from ear to ear. "Honey, maybe we've been married over five years, but there's lots you don't know about your little old husband." He leaned back against the table, his large hands crooked over its edge on either side of him.

"If you're a Boy Scout, I didn't know it," his wife said, and started churning the eggbeater. It made a steady droning clatter against the side of the bowl.

"Can't you stop that damned thing?" he said.

"I can hear you."

The recollection of his adventure prevented him from being annoyed, however, and the grin returned to his face.

"Well," he said, "you know what the subway's like this time of the evening. I got on at Forty-second. A local, of course. I stood in the doorway on the platform, leaning against one of those big wheels and reading my paper. You know the wheels I mean."

"Yes."

"Then I noticed a fellow across the way from me. A dumb-looking egg. Pimply, sort of, and a Maltese cross of court-plaster on his neck. A boil or something. He was pretty well dressed, though, if you like snappy clothes. I don't! Well, anyway, I didn't like his looks even then, and maybe I wasn't right!"

"Hmm," his wife said.

He waved his hand to distract her attention from the eggbeater and the bowl. "Listen! A little old bum gets on at Fifty-ninth Street. A sloppy old guy. Liquored up a little, but no harm in him. You know!"

"Hmm."

"Well, I'm getting ahead of myself, really." He raised his voice to make himself heard above the noise of the eggbeater. "I should have said the old bum *tried* to get on. I was in the doorway and so was this other bird." He looked at his wife's back. "The snappy-dressed one," he added.

"I know."

"Well, between us the doorway was pretty well blocked. I got out of the way as much as I could, but this other guy didn't budge. 'Gettin' on!' the old bum says. This other guy just gives a look over his shoulder—the hell with *you*, sort of—and stays where he is. Well, that got me, but I didn't do anything then."

"Of course not!" his wife said sharply.

He looked at her suspiciously. "What do you mean?"

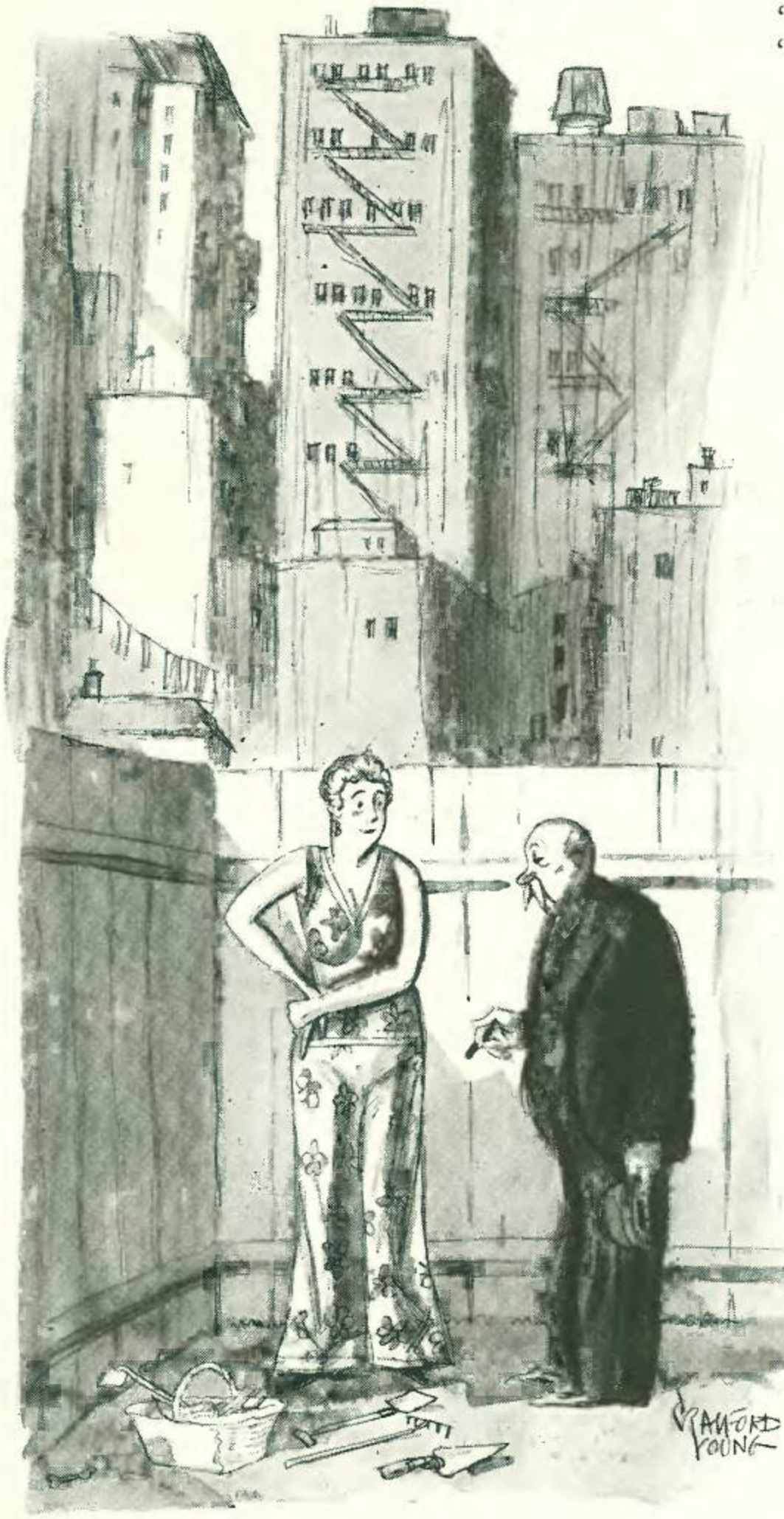
She rattled the eggbeater furiously. "Why should you?"

"That's like you!" he said. He was suddenly knowing and superior. "You've got a lot to learn about me, honey!" He grinned down at her. "Well—to get on with it—the old bozo sees this other fellow isn't going to get out of his way so he just pushes on anyhow. Maybe he bunks this guy, or steps on his toes or something. I don't know. Anyway, you should have heard the yowl the young guy puts up! You'd think he'd had his arm taken off. So what does the little skunk start to do—"

"A little fellow?" his wife asked suddenly, laying the eggbeater aside.

He coughed. "About the old fellow's size, I'd say." He looked angrily at his wife as she crossed the kitchen. "Don't be interrupting me all the time, will you? You take all the kick out of it!"

"Go ahead," she said. "What did the little skunk do?"



"Now the first thing is to get your soil analyzed."

Her husband laughed. "He starts calling the poor old bum all sorts of names. But the old boy doesn't take it lying down. He gives as good as he gets—and then some. And all the time you can see the other guy's working himself up into a sort of Dutch courage. Finally he gets up enough nerve to make a pass at the old fellow. Not exactly a pass, but it looks that way anyway."

HE paused and looked back on the scene, conscious that at last he had captured his wife's undivided attention. He waited deliberately, his face glowing. "Well," he said finally, "that got me! I grabbed him by the shoulder!" He caught the surprised look on his wife's face and was pleased. "Believe it or not, honey, I grabbed him and I said: 'Listen here, you!' He sort of squealed"—he threw himself quickly into the character of his opponent; he pursed his lips and spoke in a falsetto voice—"'*You keep your hands off me!*'" Then he resumed his natural tone. "Well, honey, I guess I lost my temper. I let him have it!"

He chuckled to himself and smashed a closed fist into his thick palm. "Right on the jaw! He went back so hard he jarred everybody down the line. Like ninepins." He laughed and looked expectantly at his wife.

For the first time she faced him fully. "So?"

The smile left his face. "Oh, *nothing!*" he said, and stood up. "I got off the train and waited for the next one."

His wife turned and walked over to the sink. "That's too bad," she said. "Did the good-looking girl get off too?"

He felt his face go suddenly red. "Good-looking girl! What good-looking girl?"

She didn't answer.

"You think you're pretty wise," he said angrily, "but you guessed wrong that time!"

"Yes?" his wife said, and shrugged her shoulders indifferently. She had turned on both faucets and the water drummed noisily into the dishpan.

—T. H. WENNING



"Take my father. <u>There's</u> a character for you!"

•

SOLITARY OBSERVATION
BROUGHT BACK FROM
A SHORT SOJOURN IN HELL

At midnight tears
Run into your ears. —L. B.



"Did I ever
tell you of my experiences in the Mojave Desert?"

• •

AN OPEN LETTER TO BISHOP MANNING

My Dear Bishop:

THOUGH I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, I have been anxious for some time to vary the monotony of the frequent articles about you and your attitude toward your profession.

For it is a profession, after all, isn't it, Bishop? I have been greatly struck with the apparent forgetfulness of all your critics in this regard. The Church, like the Army, the Navy, and the Law, is administered by a body of highly trained professionals, and whenever anybody gets to your height in any of these careers, there's usually a pretty good reason for it, I've noticed. In other words, though neither you nor Jack Pershing nor Chief Justice Hughes has ever been remarkable for the glamorous magnetism and allure of a Valentino or a Garbo, I have an idea that you must know your stuff, all of you, or you wouldn't have got there.

BUT most of my friends, Bishop, while they are more than willing to admit the extreme technicality of Pershing's and Hughes' responsibilities, seem to feel that almost anybody could carry on successfully in your job if he were broadminded enough and had a sense of humor. Unfortunately for this theory, broadmindedness and humor don't happen to be your strongest points, so they're all taking you for a ride.

Between you and me, the trouble is that people, especially people in New York, don't understand what a bishop is any more. If you ask me, I should say that the average idea of a bishop among our New York intelligentsia is a tactful, kindly gentleman who is opposed to birth control on general principles. But of course, Bishop, *you* know that's not so. You know that tact, kindliness, humor, and an abhorrence of birth control may or may not form part of a bishop's outfit, but that no one of them made him what he is today.

You know that a Bishop is a Boss. Just like Pershing and the Mayos and Hughes and Ziegfeld and St. Peter. All of them Bosses, each in his separate sphere. Pershing believes in the Army, the Mayos believe in the Clinic, Hughes believes in the Law, Ziegfeld believes in the Stage, and you believe in the Church. You didn't invent it, you didn't draw up the League Rules, you're not responsible for the by-laws; but you were trained in it, you earn your living in it, and if you don't know how to run it, who does? And that's what Pershing, Hughes, Ziegfeld, et al., think too.

But the trouble is, Bishop, that all these wise guys who are laughing so broadmindedly at you don't mean what you mean by "the Church." They mean a large building with a steeple and a gymnasium-fresh-air-fund annex for the poor, where they can be married and buried and wear cutaways at Easter—and they're willing to pay for it in between these ceremonies. Meanwhile they expect you to be tolerant. Just like a country club. When in doubt, be tolerant.

That's why they heckled you so about the Cathedral. They thought contributing money to it made them

shareholders and directors, you see. They were perfectly simple and honest about it. If anybody gave you one hundred thousand dollars, he thought he ought to go on the Board. Just as if I gave one hundred thousand dollars to West Point, I'd naturally expect Pershing to consult me now and then —or would I?

Now of course *I* never believed this, Bishop. I knew that when you said the Cathedral would be for all the people, you meant that all the people could come and say their prayers in it and show it off to their aunt from the Middle West. And so they can. If Mr. Rockefeller ever really thought you meant anything else, he must be a great deal more naïve than I ever thought he was. And if he was laughing in his sleeve at you, after this test, as I have seen stated, I can only say that, so far as I can see, the laugh was up the other sleeve—and bishops' sleeves are considerably bigger than philanthropists', as we all know.

But I imagine that any one of the new elbow sleeves would be quite large enough to conceal any Episcopal laughter you might be tempted to in the case of the St.-Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie affair—stop me if you've heard this, won't you, Bishop? So many of my broadminded friends think that you took your dolls home and wouldn't play, that time, that I know just how you must feel about them, because I feel the same way you do. Not that I care much about it either way, you understand—I can take my church services or leave 'em alone—but I'm darned if I see how any great executive of any organization can safely let a subordinate run away with the works, and expect to hold his own job.

NOW I've had several pleasant conversations with Dr. Guthrie, and a more intelligent person I never want to hear. I wouldn't wonder if he knew a lot more about comparative religion than you do, Bishop—and that's all right, too, because of course your time has been otherwise occupied. You're not a Bishop of Comparative Religion, anyway: you're a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, and that's something else again. Personally, I like to hear a good "Hymn to the Sun" now and then as well as anybody, and I think Ra and Vishnu and Confucius are swell; but if I were a Protestant Episcopal Bishop, I'd want to feel sure, when I sailed into one of my churches to administer the rite of Confirmation, say, that the children wouldn't burst into an Aztec tribal chant or begin to croon the Eleusinian Mysteries at me! It would upset my sense of form.

Never shall I forget that Thanksgiving Day, Bishop, when I took my innocent children to St. Mark's, and we all flopped down on our knees, and after several perplexed and brain-racking minutes I realized that what I was solemnly replying "Amen" to was Washington's Farewell to the Troops! Or maybe it was the Gettysburg Address. Good stuff, both of them, but it was upsetting, Bishop.

I'm rather well-read, and as the service grew into one of those new parlor intelligence tests, with collects out of Emerson and prayers from the Declaration of Independence, I got quite excited and figured that I'd come out about 98 out of a possible 100. I'm no good on the Constitution.

But Hymns to the Growing Corn, however tribal and American, leave me cold, considered as integral parts of the Episcopal service. (Of course, I know the Indians weren't usually Episcopalians.)

Did you ever think of putting it this way to Dr. Guthrie: up to now he's confined himself mostly to Asia in his researches, and these rituals are quite guarded, if you see what I mean, and more or less abstract. But Africa's quite a continent, too, and for all I know there are a lot of good old religions knocking around there, and some highly interesting and symbolic dances, if all I hear is true. There are probably a number of basic home truths in Cannibalism, if we understood it, that we'd all be the better for—why not? What's the good in being narrow about these things?



"Say 'Ah' and stick out your tongue."

BUT what you lost on the Cathedral skirmish and the St. Mark's pogrom were mere nothings beside the mortality lists after the Dr. Coffin episode. All the broad minds in the country jumped on you then. And felt nobler and kindlier and more tolerantly Christian after the jump, at that. Dekes who would have seen red if a Psi U man horned in on their initiation ceremonies, Colony Club members whose guests can't peep into the lounge, Bar Association luminaries who sit up nights to purify the Bar, and chiropodists who want nobody to practice their art who hasn't drilled and signed up with the Podiatric League, all jumped heavily on you, Bishop, because you didn't see your way to allowing the principal rite of your church to be administered by any other than a technically authorized member of it.

And yet no graduate of the Yale Law School can argue a case at the New York Bar until the State of New York has admitted him, and I doubt seriously if there is any more technical difference between a New York lawyer and a Connecticut lawyer than there is between an Episcopalian and a Presbyterian.

Of course, all these broadminded people, having no definite dogmatic and practitional convictions at all, don't see why any intelligent, kind-hearted man shouldn't officiate to any extent in any church. They don't apply this rule to any other organization in America, but it goes all right for the Church, because they're not Churchmen. But you are a Churchman, Bishop, and you earn your living by it, and naturally you back up the rules that put you where you are. I feel com-



"Isn't that that friend of Father's?"

• •

pelled to assure you that in my opinion you were dead right in that little ecclesiastical shindy.

NOW, sir, it's off my mind and I feel better. I'm sorry to be always defending you, because I don't make much of a hit with it at ladies' luncheons, believe me! But when it comes to giving you a hand in any further little professional controversies, if your position is as solid as it has been up to date, I'm going to give till it hurts!

Hoping, all the same, that we'll never meet, I am,

Yours logically,

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

PROFILES

MAN WITH CAMERA

A FEW months ago, when the S.S. Viking blew up off northern Newfoundland and its few survivors struggled across the ice pack to Horse Island, the parents of Varick Frissell, who was lost in the disaster, sent airplane scouts to search for his body. The chief pilot was Bernt Balchen and the expedition was organized by a man named Cooper. A few weeks later, when Anthony Fokker went to Washington to defend the planes he made in 1929 (following the crash of one of them and the resulting death of Knute Rockne), with him was the same Cooper. One would have said from his recent activities that aviation is Cooper's business. In a purely technical sense, since he is director of three companies interested in aviation, this is true. But if a man's business is literally what he is busy about, commercial aviation is only an incident in Merian Cooper's life.

WHEN the young Joseph Conrad placed his forefinger on a white space on the map of Africa and said: "Some day I shall go there," he set a standard for romantic and adventurous young men. But this was long before the day when explorers were equipped by advertisers and signed up for daily wireless reports to their newspapers. Adventure under contract may still be dangerous, but the dangers seem to be those which a literary agent and a publicity man can easily handle.

When Merian Coldwell Cooper returned to America from several wars and sundry adventures, he also consulted a map, but his methods were not quite so casual as Conrad's. He looked for a country or a district which was little known to the western world and in which natural events full of action and movement occurred. He wanted to explore. He also wanted to take moving pictures. He found what he wanted in the annual migration of the Bakhtiári tribe in northern Persia. He knew that each year these mysterious people, whom the ethnographers have not yet assigned definitely to any of the major races, moved their women and children and goats and cattle, their household goods, their altars and their cats and dogs, over mountains and through rivers, across plains deep in snow and long reaches of barren land, to find grass.

With Mrs. Marguerite Harrison and Ernest B. Schoedsack he started off in 1923 on the expedition to make the film "Grass." There was no elaborate financing; almost all the money they had went for forty thousand feet of motion-picture film. They carried only one tent—for Mrs. Harrison, the men sleeping in the open. It took them eight months to reach the tribe—they had to winter in the Turkish mountains and were delayed by the guerilla warfare then going on among the Turks. They discovered a kind of absentee chief of the tribe at Shustar and, armed with credentials from him, presented themselves to the tribe and the filming of the migration was permitted. The picture could not be faked because none of the party could speak the language of the tribe and the "interpreter," a Persian boy, knew hardly any English. Moreover, the desperate urgency of the flight toward food for the herds made the artificial arrangement of scenes impossible. The herds, the children, the process of living, the precarious rafts on swollen streams, the bivouac for the night, the preparation of food, the religious ceremonies, the animals staggering up mountain paths, and the final entry into green pastures, made up the film, without the assistance of plot, sex appeal, or the other tricks of the trade.

WHEN the migration was over and the picture completed, they returned to America and offered their work to Paramount. It was coolly received; it was not the usual feature film; but of the effective heads of Paramount, Jesse Lasky, at least, was enthusiastic, and the picture was accepted. The enthusiasts and the skeptics in Paramount were both right, because the film bewildered most of the people who saw it. Yet it was so highly praised and the ardor of those who liked it was so great that it was not a loss. It paid back the few thousand dollars which the expedition cost and made a small profit for Paramount, Cooper, and all concerned. More important to Paramount and to Cooper and to Schoedsack was its indirect result. The Paramount company financed their next picture—the immortal "Chang."



Merian Cooper

There had been good animal pictures before, and there have been pictures since which have imperfectly learned the lesson of "Chang," but it is fair to say that wherever the authentic and the simple and the exciting are perfectly blended the influence of "Chang" can be felt. And this is as appropriate a place as any to dispose of the question, important to some people and hotly disputed by two camps, of the comparative services of Cooper and Schoedsack. They happened to be an excellent pair. Cooper is of middle height, with a light complexion, slightly bald, easy to talk to, a bit ironic, and extraordinarily affable. Schoedsack is about six and a half feet tall, dark, rather reserved, and at first sight shy. He was in charge of photographic work for the Red Cross in Poland and later a correspondent, with a moving-picture camera, in the Near East. Of the two he is much the more expert with the camera, although Cooper has actually taken scenes in each of the three pictures they have done together, and Cooper makes up for this by being stronger in the elements of story and composition. On the fundamental thing, the general direction of the pictures, Cooper, who is frequently credited with first place, says that they are exactly equal. He says also of "Rango," the picture which Schoedsack has made alone, that it is the best jungle photog-

raphy ever made; but the comparative commercial failure of this picture has been attributed by critics to the weakness of its story interest.

COOPER is a Southerner, a descendant of one John Cooper, who commanded a cavalry outfit trained by General Casimir Pulaski, the Polish patriot who after the death of his own country came to assist in the birth of ours. Pulaski was mortally wounded riding beside John Cooper, and a century and a half later a Cooper descendant came close to death fighting for Poland. A considerable number of other adventures preceded Cooper's operations as Lieutenant Colonel in Polish aviation. His family, recovering from the wreck of its fortunes in the Civil War, sent him from Jacksonville, Florida, to school at Lawrenceville and then to Annapolis. By the time Cooper was ready to go into the service of his country the rancors of the Civil War were forgotten and only an hereditary attachment to the Democratic party remains in the present generation.

On a cruise as midshipman, Cooper came to England and, having heard or read that it was possible to live in London with excellent food and unlimited service for a pound a week, he made the experiment in a rather dingy room off the East India Docks, making occasional sorties to the river at Maidenhead to see how the other half lived. He overstayed his leave and that, with other difficulties, ended in his resignation from the Naval Academy. His service at sea, in fact, was limited to a brief period as an able-bodied seaman in the merchant marine and to another as second officer on a sailing boat. But even these two jobs were not consecutive. In between Cooper did his wandering in America and his war service abroad. At home he was everything, from a day laborer to a character analyst, and for a few months he was a newspaperman in the Middle West, wandering from place to place as the spirit moved him.

HE was working on a newspaper when the militia was called for service in Mexico and he joined the Georgia contingent because he hadn't money enough to reach Florida, his native state. His service was in El Paso and he insisted on remaining in the ranks, with some strange idea in his head that no man should accept a commission except during actual warfare.

When America entered the World War, he was transferred to the air service and trained at Mineola, going overseas with the Twentieth Squadron. Near the end of the war Cooper was on a bombing expedition over enemy territory in a squadron of seven, led by Sidney Howard, when they were attacked by twenty German fighting planes, and after the dog fight that followed only two of the American planes returned safely to their base. Maneuvering his heavy bomber, Cooper looked back and saw that his observer had been shot through the neck. At the same time the plane caught fire and Cooper brought it down behind the German lines. Actually Cooper was more seriously injured than his observer, for Cooper was severely burned, whereas the bullet which had passed through the observer's neck was one of those incredible freaks which had just missed every vital spot by a hair's breadth and inflicted no permanent injury whatever. Cooper suffered in a prison camp chiefly because through some odd arrangement he was sent to one in Silesia, where he was the only English-speaking prisoner.

When he was released he joined the American organization for food relief in Poland, working under Herbert Hoover, for whom he retains a great, although by this time modified, admiration. The complicated Polish wars were now beginning and Cooper, as a captain in the American air service, was offered the same rank by the Poles and went to Paris to recruit some of his old associates, forming the Kosciusko Squadron. The members of it were mostly Americans, all of them young and adventurous, and they constituted an outfit which might really be called intrepid and gay. The Bolshevists did not take kindly to the thought of Americans aiding the Poles and the prowess of the Squadron made it a particular target for their enmity. It was the common rumor that the principal fighters of the Squadron would be shot if captured. When Cooper was shot down by the Russians he was, by an accident, taken for someone else and not recognized as the Lieutenant Colonel—he had risen to this rank—of the Squadron, and it is quite probable that this accident saved his life. After ten months in prison he escaped in the company of two Poles and in fourteen days of forced marches he reached Latvia.

HE returned to America then and became a writer for the New York *Times*, but he haunted the editorial offices of *Asia*, because it was his ambition to explore an unknown reach of the Brahmaputra River in Tibet. Finances



"Do your folks know you're gettin' hitched?"

were not forthcoming, but through *Asia* he heard of an expedition which needed somebody familiar with navigation and as second officer he went off on a long tour of the Dutch East Indies and Abyssinia. It was then that he first saw motion pictures made. He also suffered a typhoon in the Bay of Bengal and the boat was grounded and turned turtle on a sandbank off Arabia. In Abyssinia Schoedsack met Cooper and it was on the return from this trip that the long expedition for "Grass" was planned.

"Grass" was not the full development of Cooper's conception of a great moving picture. He believed, and believes to this day, that it is possible to do in the pictures what Kipling did in "The Jungle Books" and elsewhere in his stories. That is, to take the myths and adventures of exotic peoples and treat them not as exotics but as natural phenomena. He believes that by concentrating on the life of a few individuals, a single family perhaps, the character and tradition, the habits of life and the sufferings, the accidents and the adventures of a race can be embodied. For "Chang" the basic element was, of course, the elephant. Cooper and Schoedsack went to northern Siam, because there the elephant was a natural part of daily life, because the handling of elephants as friend and enemy was highly developed there. A considerable risk was involved in taking some of the shots. The memorable trampling of the stampeding herd, practically over the head of the cameraman, was a dangerous job accomplished by a feat of engineering. Schoedsack actually lay in a pit with the lens of the camera pointing upward as the elephants went over it, but the pit had been so stoutly made with layer on layer of fallen trees sunk into the earth that no harm came to him. The great risk from their own point of view was that the film might spoil. They had to take the whole picture in a climate no negative had withstood before, without ever seeing a single shot of it projected.



"You can't tell me she doesn't know what it means—she's been to Europe."

• •

IT was a tremendous success—after four years it is still remembered. Many of those who saw it had never before experienced the widening of the screen, and when the curtains parted and the great herd charged there occurred one of the things which one seldom encounters in the movies: that universal gasp of excitement, surprise, and thrill which marks an authentic achievement. The picture grossed nearly two million dollars, and it was inevitable that another should be ordered. The admirers of Cooper and Schoedsack rather regret that the next one should have been "The Four Feathers." Cooper believed, perhaps suffering subconscious pressure because of the usual commercial movie, that he could combine outdoor life with a straight piece of fiction. But in the result it was only the outdoor life of the Sudan and some expertly taken scenes of the Fuzzie-Wuzzies in action that were memorable. Yet it must be recorded that the beginning of the picture, the too "Beau Geste" prologue of Eton and Harrow heroism, was not made by Cooper. It was the work of a highly regarded professional director in Hollywood. "The Four Feathers" was the last silent picture released as a special. It actually played in New York in competition with the talkies and it grossed only slightly less than "Chang." On



"One more crack about Mrs. Ewing's pink soandsos in your column and you get the works."

• •

the other hand, it cost enormously more to make.

It would not have been unreasonable if distaste for the weakness of "The Four Feathers" had led Cooper to give up the movies, but this happens not to be the case. He had always been interested in aviation and, having no special urge at the moment to make another picture, he turned to it for a profession. He is interested in Pan-American Airways, in Federal Aviation, and in General Aviation, the last-named connecting him with General Motors and so with Anthony Fokker. But he is very likely to make another picture soon. He has a place in mind, he has an idea, but he is a little secretive.

HE is one of the lucky ones. He made an unsuccessful attempt to join the British Army before we entered the war, and owing to an accident had to return to America. He arrived with exactly fifty cents borrowed from a fellow-passenger and went to a rooming house in Greenwich Village where he had once lived. There he found a letter which had been waiting for him for several months enclosing a few hundred dollars—the return of a loan he had made to a fellow-editor of the Lawrenceville paper when they divided the annual profits. His habits of life are extraordinarily casual. It occurred to him one day that in connection with one of his projects he had better go to Europe rapidly—he went that same day on the first return trip of the Graf Zeppelin. On the other hand, a simple appointment defeats him, and

when he has a secretary she has to send explanatory wires to change an appointment, or dash about town on Sunday nights to buy a pair of black socks so that he can keep one. He enjoys himself enormously, possessing a kind of posthumous humor, so that he can be amused at what might have happened as well as by what did happen. If he is reading a book and has to go downtown in the subway, he usually tears out enough pages to last him on the trip, leaving the rest of the book at home.

He is not eccentric, but he has one of the best-known eccentricities. When he is rich he buys clothes in great quantities, ordering many identical ones for every possible occasion. Then he lets them hang in his closet and wears a rough brown suit for months at a time. When he is staying with intimate friends, they have to keep him away from their haberdashery. He is thirty-seven years old now and lives in the East Seventies in New York, but, as he says, he still considers himself a Southerner. If at any time he should have nothing to do and little to live on, he says that for one thousand dollars he could become a chief of the Bakhtiári, with flocks and herds and enough tobacco and perhaps a wife—or two. He says he may do that some time and live in comfort for the rest of his life. He feels that he hasn't quite finished with migrations. —GILBERT SELDES

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE investigation of New York will probably work out like the army maneuvers. The reformers will "capture" the city and Tammany will be "destroyed."

•

Harkness offers Columbia a library building which would hold four million volumes. It could accommodate all the new books about Soviet Russia and still have room for Red Lewis' medal.

•

It is now revealed that M. Doumer is a teetotaler and a cold-water addict. This scandal was kept dark until after the election on the theory that a man's private life is his own affair

•

Statisticians put our venerable District Attorney pretty low in the percentage column. There is some talk of releasing him to the Cincinnati Reds.

•

If we get Briand's idea, all European customs barriers should be removed and any country which starts doing so this century should get a ticket for speeding.

•

Reno's chief industry is now menaced from a new quarter. Why have a messy divorce when you can take your husband to the salubrious Riviera and shoot him?

•

It is helpful to have Senator Cordell Hull make his position clear. He demands that the Democrats take a clean-cut stand on the tariff and do a bold, uncompromising straddle on prohibition.

•

We should not be surprised to see the Democrats come out in favor of the cancellation of debts. Starting with Raskob.

•

In the opinion of Bingham of Connecticut, it would be a blow to our prestige in the Orient to give the Philippines independence. People would be saying behind our backs that this is a government that keeps promises.

•

A scientific breath-tester has been developed in Indianapolis. This machine will throw a lot of prohibition sniffers out of work and cause what we expert economists call "technological unemployment."

•

The Secretary of Labor is delighted with our immigration restriction and wants to make it still tighter. The worst thing a country can have, Doak thinks, is inhabitants.

•

China's name is posted at Geneva for nonpayment of dues. She is a million dollars in arrears and the house committee is thinking of suspending credit at the bar.

•

Ford thinks everything will be all right when we stop this terrible economizing. Out of retrenchment by Christmas.

•

Our own idea of how to stimulate trade and restore prosperity is to buy anything that is endorsed by three Vanderbilts. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

HYMN FOR JUNE THIRD

Somebody sold me a ticket in the lottery
(Gambling's wicked, lotteries are sin).
All unworthy, still I pray, hero of the Derby Day,
Sweet horse, fleet horse, bring my number in!

When they raffle off a car at a Sunday-school bazaar
(Charity is charity, but lotteries are sin),
The prize, I note, is always won by some widow-woman's son.
Sleek horse, lean horse, bring my number in!

By the sombre ring of gypsy camps, by tallyho-loads tipsy
(Tallyhos are pretty, but little nips are sin),
By the flower-women's shawls, by the bookies' parasols,
Pony, pony, bring my number in!

By the gray top hats, the cheers as the Royalty appears
(Gambling's wicked, lotteries are sin),
By the check suits at the gate, by the long, cold, hungry wait,
Dark horse, favorite, bring my number in!

Off! like rabbits scuttering, gold and crimson fluttering
(Racing's crooked, lotteries are sin),
Round the curve they crash and wheel, down the stretch the colors reel!
Pass them! *Pass them! Bring my number in!*

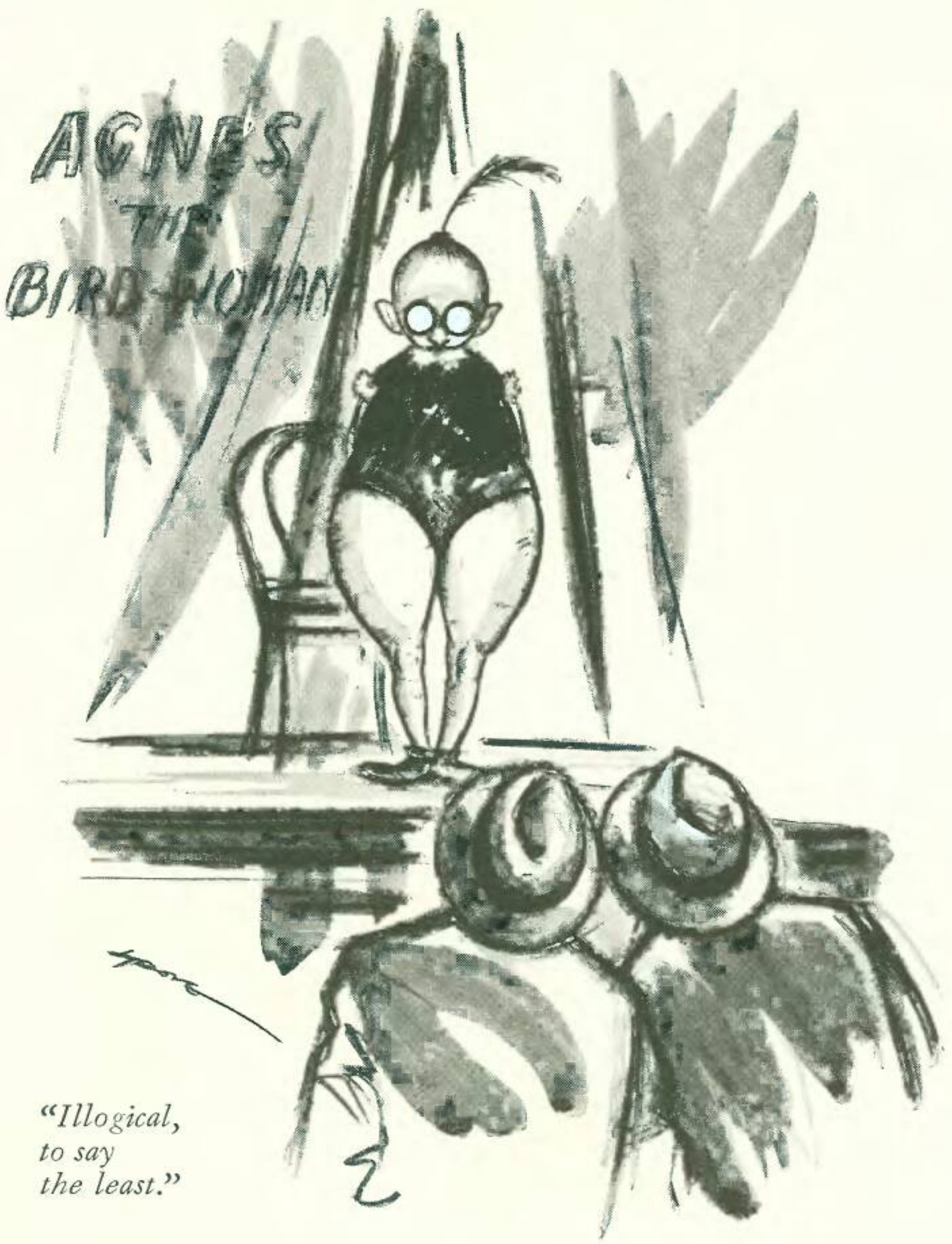
—ELLEN MCLOUGHLIN

THE THEATRE

(LAUGHTER)

THE tradition that a New York first-night audience is tough and hard to please should be rather easily dissipated by successive visits to several of the spring openings. As nearly as I can analyze it, from a careful study of the beaming faces around me on these occasions, the house is crowded exclusively with mothers of the authors and members of the cast. Such laughter as they accord even the feeblest sallies could come from a stimulation of no other emotional centre than that which gives off Mother Love.

They must, in addition, be mothers who have led fairly sheltered lives up until the opening of the play. Not even a mother, if she had been outside the house much during the past ten years, could have laughed as hard at "Old Man Murphy" as a great many worthy ladies seemed to be doing at the opening. It must have been a big night for them, what with seeing the trolley-cars and electric signs and all the automobiles in the streets, to say nothing of the play itself. In fact, to say nothing of the play itself would be much the easiest way out.



"Illogical, to say the least."

A glance at the list of characters of "Old Man Murphy" and you will get the idea. There are Margaret Murfree, Elinor Murfree, Charles Murfree, and then Patrick *Murphy*, played by the star, Arthur Sinclair. A program note says that "part of the action takes place in the fashionable section of town, and part in 'The Patch,' the Irish settlement across the tracks." Get it?

Whatever Patrick Kearney and Harry Wagstaff Gribble thought they were doing when they wrote this "farce comedy," they could not possibly have been under the illusion that they were creating anything for the theatre, for their material must have been right there in front of them in clippings from old *Pucks* and *Judges*. Several years ago I had occasion to note that a play seemed to be made up of clippings from old Irish jokes in *Puck*, and that play ran for five years. Perhaps that is what Messrs. Kearney and Gribble had in mind. If so, they are quite likely to be satisfied.

OF course, "Old Man Murphy" has the advantage of the services of Arthur Sinclair and Maire O'Neill, whose good Irish sensibilities must writhe at the thought of the days in Dublin when Sean O'Casey was writing for them. Mr. Sinclair is a good enough actor to make Old Man Murphy more than bearable, but it is his skill and personality which effect this *tour de force*. Never is one so convinced of genius in acting as at times like this, when the mere presence of a person on the stage lifts the entire proceedings, no matter how low, to what seems for the moment to be something akin to importance.

MISS FANNIE BRICE is another who has only to make an entrance to instill life into a scene. Not that "Billy Rose's Crazy Quilt" needs life, for it has it in abundance. With Phil Baker and Ted Healy in addition to Miss Brice, the Forty-fourth Street Theatre is a teeming mass of vital force, most of it very amusing.

Evidently piqued at the criticism that his "Sweet and Low" was a little lower than it was sweet, Mr. Rose has taken pains to keep his new show clean, or what, for present-day purposes, passes for clean. He has not, however, sacrificed any of the informal personal raillery or intra-mural insults which are the particular charm of this type of en-



THREE KINDS OF CHOCOLATE COATINGS

Whitman chocolate coatings are unique. In the Prestige package of chocolates we offer fine examples of three kinds:

Vanilla Chocolate, flavored with vanilla beans.

Milk Chocolate, made with rich whole milk.

Semi-Sweet Chocolate with half the usual amount of sugar, depending upon the sweetness of the center, and giving a rich chocolate tang welcome to all palates.

These coatings are readily recognized by their color. Vanilla, a rich seal brown; milk, a creamy chocolate color; and semi-sweet, darker than the others. And the coatings are worthy introductions to the rare and remarkable sweets hidden away inside.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia
New York Chicago San Francisco

For the nearest Whitman agent consult the Classified Telephone Directory. Any telegraph office will take your order with cash for Whitman's Candies, transmit it by telegraph, and deliver the specified candies by uniformed messenger, anywhere in the United States.

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.



tertainment, and I, for one, spent a delightful evening listening to the evidences of pleasant hard-feeling which seems to exist on all sides among the coworkers. Mr. Baker and his Mr. Muldowney in the box lead in this contest of vituperation, but Mr. Healy and his boy friends are not far behind. Altogether, a charming evening of back-talk.

"Mr. Rose and his Friends" have contributed some pleasant tunes, and there is what is billed as the "customary waltz" among other dancing which carries the show lightly along. Mr. Lew Brice, known only as "Fannie Brice's Brother" on the program, has an excellent burlesque of French dramatic recitation in the finale which, unfortunately, many in the audience took seriously and wept at.

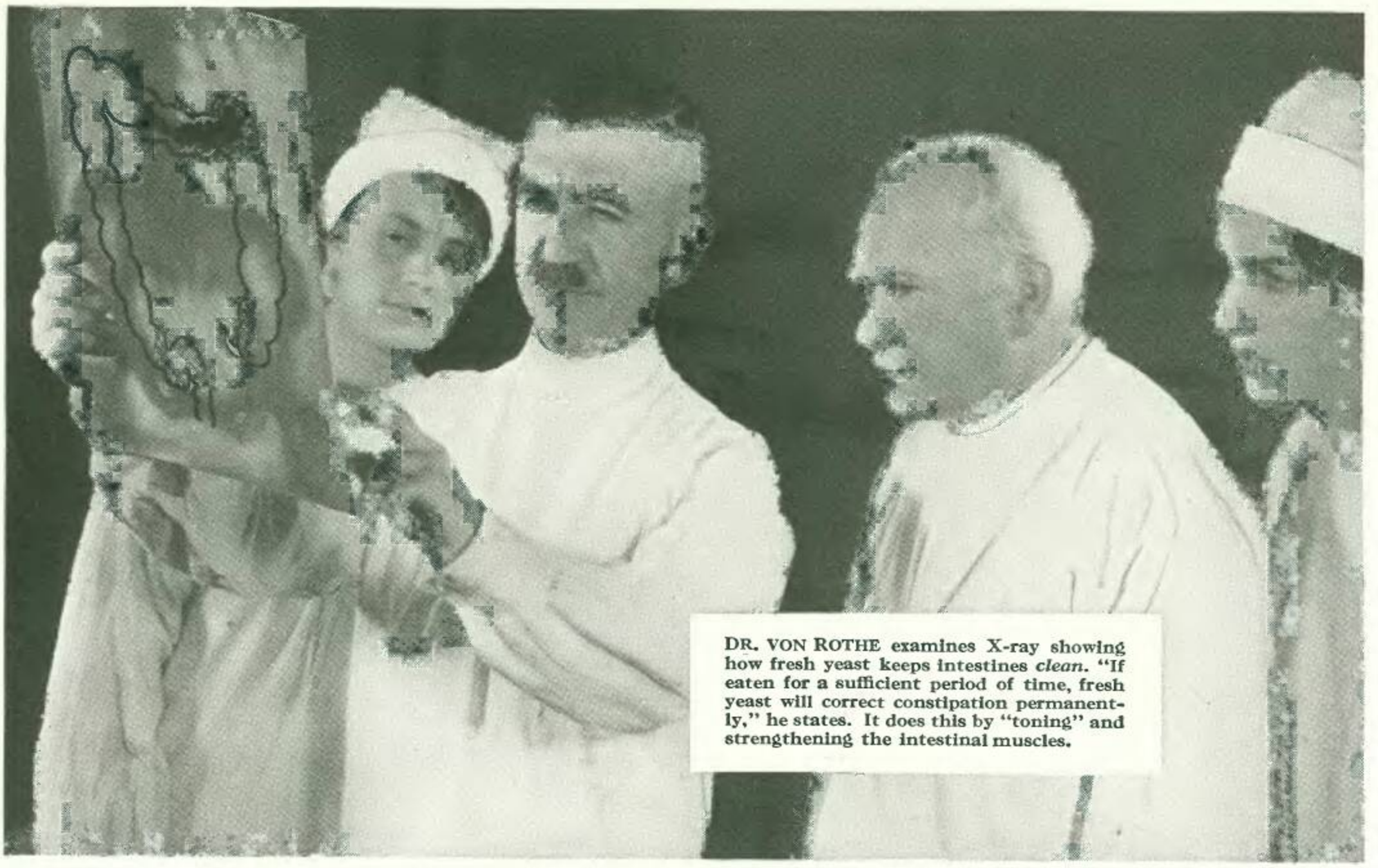
"Crazy Quilt" seemed to me to be a better show than "Sweet and Low," and, if you weren't whispering or chewing gum while I was talking, you will remember that I was one of those who were not even shocked at "Sweet and Low."

I WAS a bit shocked at "A Modern Virgin," however. Shocked that leering little dabblings in the pools of sex, involving the services of such a nice little girl as Miss Margaret Sullavan, should draw down laughter from a New York audience which was supposedly preening itself on being sophisticated. If Mr. Elmer Harris wants to write a dirty play, why doesn't he write one like the ones that Avery Hopwood used to write and get it out of his system? Even with "Young Sinners" and "A Modern Virgin" to his credit, he still has a great deal of space left on the fence with no writing on it at all. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

RALPH BARTON

RALPH BARTON, whose death last week grieved many people, will be remembered by this magazine as an artist of great and unusual ability. It always seemed to us that, as a caricaturist, he had few equals; and his satire was the satire of an intelligent man who approached his time with both bitterness and mirth. He was a good and sincere friend to THE NEW YORKER, and he will be sorely missed—for his work had the rare and discomforting tingle of genius. —THE EDITORS



DR. VON ROTHE examines X-ray showing how fresh yeast keeps intestines *clean*. "If eaten for a sufficient period of time, fresh yeast will correct constipation permanently," he states. It does this by "toning" and strengthening the intestinal muscles.

"Eating Fresh Yeast cleanses the system . . . *tones it up*"

explains DOCTOR VON ROTHE, *celebrated Berlin hospital director*

DON'T be satisfied to feel only "half-well"! It's so easy to correct that condition of sluggish elimination that's keeping you from perfect health.

Just listen to what this celebrated medical authority advises. Dr. Alexander von Rothe, head of the famous Wilmersdorfer Hospital, in Berlin, says:—

"For people who are run-down as a result of constipation, I prescribe yeast.

"Fresh yeast has a healthful effect on the whole digestive and intestinal process. Intestines are kept active and clean. Thus the entire system is regenerated and tremendously strengthened in its resistance to disease."

For years physicians have relied on fresh yeast in cases of Intestinal Fatigue. A food, it softens the clogging waste masses in the intestines and stimulates the normal action that carries them away.

Then, as poisons no longer form, digestion rights itself. The tongue clears. You feel fresh, alert. And morning energy lasts all day!

Why not try Fleischmann's Yeast today? For free booklet on Yeast for Health write Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

Noted Clinic Head says:—DOCTOR MUELLER-DEHAM, of the Versorgungshaus, famous Vienna hospital, states: "People with an unclean intestinal condition are a prey to headaches, colds, etc. . . . Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of poisons . . . improves digestion . . . corrects skin troubles."



"It soon brought back my old pep"

"With a change to indoor life and irregular meals, I began to feel miserable," *writes* James M. Frees, *of Philadelphia.* "I had no energy—pimples broke out on my face—I lost weight.

"A friend of mine had had wonderful results from Fleischmann's Yeast. He suggested I try it. In a month my face had cleared and I had my old pep back. It's fine for toning the system. I advise it when training my swimming teams."

Try Yeast this way!

You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast any way you like. Most people prefer it just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water.

Eat three cakes every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. It's rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D. You can get it at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.



Only fresh yeast benefits you fully · Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh · Be sure that's the kind you get

© 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated

TWO AIDES TO SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINERS

Sparkling White Rock gives an air of distinction to the most carefully set table. When ginger ale is in order, White Rock Pale Dry wins equal approval. It is the only ginger ale made with White Rock.



SUIT EVERYONE BY SERVING BOTH

White Rock

The leading mineral water

A PLEA TO HEAVEN

Heaven, help my
  Little daughter
To observe
  The rules I've taught her—

Not to eat
  Entrées too greasy,
Not to sleep
  In a speakeasy,

Not to kiss
  Unless it's pleasant,
Not to angle
  For a present,

Not to weep
  (Though her heart smashes)
With mascara
  On her lashes.

Not to love
  Men over thirty,
Men whose fingernails
  Are dirty,

Men who brag
  About their benders,
Men who wear
  Ornate suspenders.

Heaven, help her
  Watch her hipline,
Keep her lipstick
  On her lipline,

Grant her muscular
  Agility
And some cerebral
  Ability,

Make her clever
  In disarming
Criticism,
  Keep her charming.

Heaven, pay
  Your best attention
To the trivial
  Things I mention,

For when great
  Temptation seizes
Her, she'll do
  Just as she pleases!

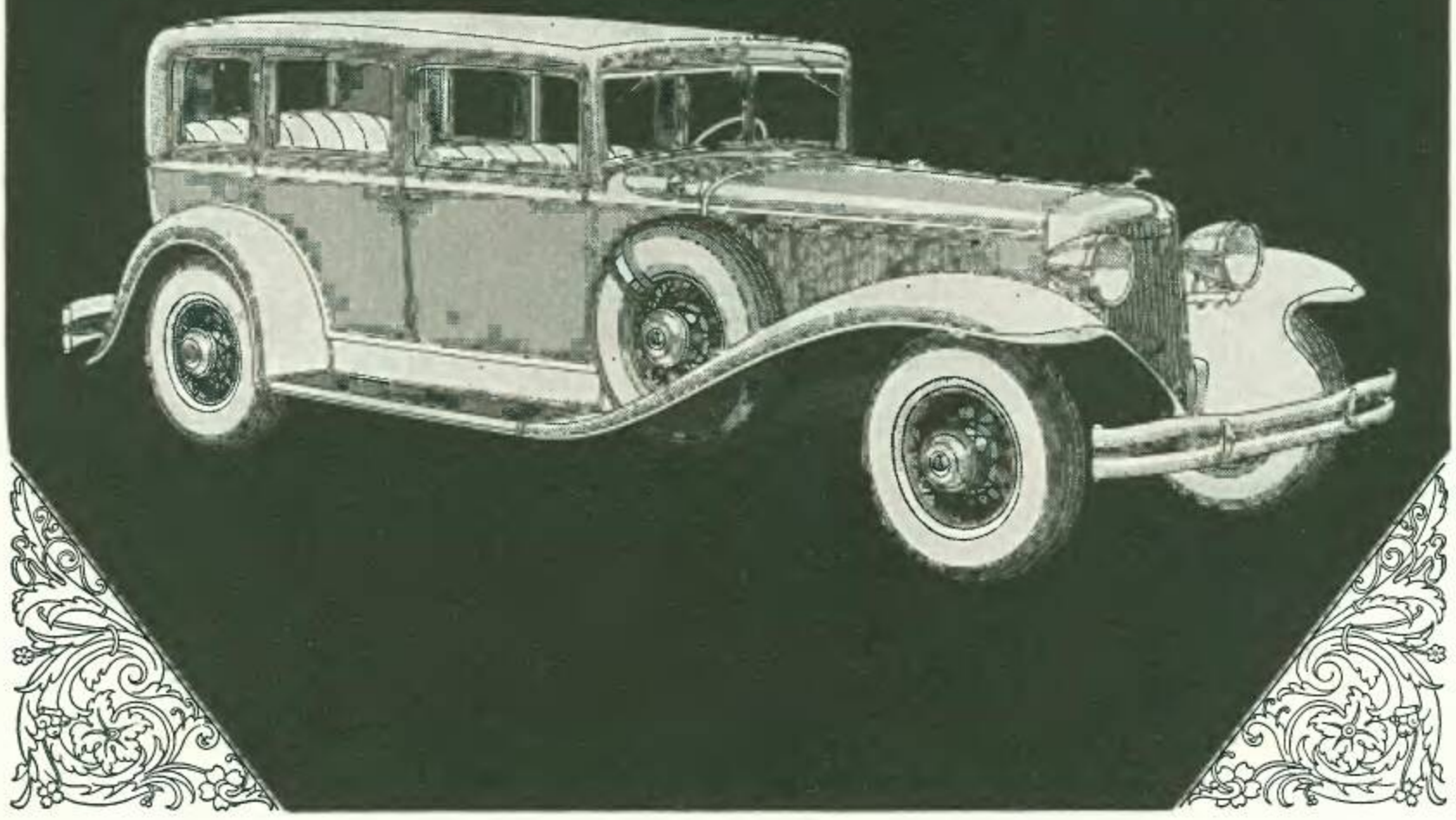
—ANGELA CYPHER

•

PURCHASE, N. Y., May 12 (AP)—Happy folks, the Siamese. Edward Murphy, 16, of White Plains, who has a job as courier to the royalties, is impressed by the fact that the visitors are always in good humor, joking and smiling all the time, and they carry large rolls of money loose in their pockets.—*Boston Traveler.*

Oh thrice happy folks, the Siamese!

The Chrysler Eight De Luxe



For those who enjoy luxurious travel

BEFORE now you may have looked at moderately priced motor cars you thought were admirably smart, but—*look at this Chrysler Eight De Luxe.*

Before now you have ridden in moderately priced cars which seemed to be very rich and very comfortable, but we ask you—*ride in this one.*

Before now you have driven moderately priced cars you may have considered to be highly capable in performance, but again we ask you—*drive this one.*

This 95-horsepower, 80-miles-an-hour de luxe edition of the Chrysler Eight, now available in five body types, is patterned after the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight. It has that smart double windshield with chrome-plated frames; that lengthy sweep of line; that extremely graceful effect resulting from a low center of gravity; that visible staunchness that denotes a car of fine quality—that *aristocratic* look.

Inwardly, the Chrysler Eight De Luxe is sumptuously spaced, upholstered, trimmed and fixtured. Bedford cord upholstery of extremely rich weave and quality. Floor carpetings of high-pile luxuriousness. Soft seat backs and cushions with the deep, embracing comfort yielded by Marshall-type springs—the very finest. There are interior sun visors. Interior panels, instrument board and window mouldings are of dark walnut finish.

It is a car of de luxe *power*, de luxe *speed*, de luxe *pick-up* and de luxe *smoothness*, as well as a car of de luxe style and appointments.

A vital factor of its de luxe performance is the Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with Dual High gears. Two high gears instead of one. A high gear for city driving and another for the open road. Both gears are of a patented internal-mesh design, which means that you can shift from either high to the other in an instant, at any speed, without clashing.

Drive this Chrysler and "Learn the Difference." Learn new things about pick-up. Learn new things about speed. Learn the difference in ease of handling—due to pivotal steering and internal self-equalizing hydraulic brakes.

See this car and see for yourself that Chrysler value, like Chrysler performance and Chrysler style, is on the plus side in Chrysler's favor.

DE LUXE COUPE	$1525	DE LUXE CONVERTIBLE COUPE	$1585
DE LUXE ROADSTER	1545	DE LUXE PHAETON	1970
DE LUXE SEDAN	1565	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

WHY DO THEY?

For the last eight years more people have crossed the Atlantic in Cunard ships than on any other line or group of lines. Consistent patrons these . . . whose names reappear again and again on Cunard passenger lists . . . there must be a reason!

From a sound dollars-and-cents viewpoint alone Travel via Cunard has always been a "good buy" . . . offering the choice of the largest number of ships . . . every type of accommodations . . . from the ultra-luxurious to the modest . . . and always the utmost value for your money.

The overwhelming and consistent preference for Cunard ships cannot be measured in terms of money only . . . the distinction . . . the atmosphere . . . the perfection of a Cunard crossing have played their part. There is the unique feature of the à la carte menu, at no extra charge . . . the deft, competent service of the Anglo-Saxon steward "born to his work" and perfected by years of apprenticeship and experience . . . there is the all important convenience of an almost daily service. And last, but not least, there is the indefinable Cunard tradition, the "know how", bred of 91 years of steamship management.

In the recently inaugurated

CUNARD WEEK-END CRUISES

aboard the Aquitania, Berengaria, Caledonia, Mauretania . . . you can enjoy a perfect example of this famous transatlantic service. From New York Friday afternoons or Saturday mornings . . . a few hours ashore in Nassau or Nova Scotia . . . back in New York the following Tuesday p. m.; next sailings June 5, Mauretania . . . *June 18, Caledonia . . . July 3, Aquitania; every week-end thereafter until September 18.

AND THE COST IS BUT $50 UP

*Rate for June 18 Caledonia, only $45 up.

Carry your funds in Cunard Travellers' Cheques

Your Local Agent or The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD

MOTORS

The Five New Chrysler Eights — And Several Convertibles—Sold



MORE new motors. A few months ago we heard that the carmakers had decided against midseason débuts. Nevertheless, the six-cylinder De Vaux, a protégé of the designer of the Liberty motor, is just off the production lines (it has not had time enough to make its way East), and Graham has introduced a Prosperity Six. In fact, several multi-cylinder surprise packets are promised before the year passes the halfway mark.

CHRYSLER always can be depended upon to bring out something notable, and it is evident that fresh lustre is to be shed on the name by its five new body styles in the Straight Eight series. All are patterned after the Imperial Eights, with that much-desired streamline effect. Interiors of the closed models are done in Bedford cord, and of the open ones in leather. The fittings are in keeping with the upholstery and the smoking sets are built in at the ends of the armrests. All models are equipped with double windshields.

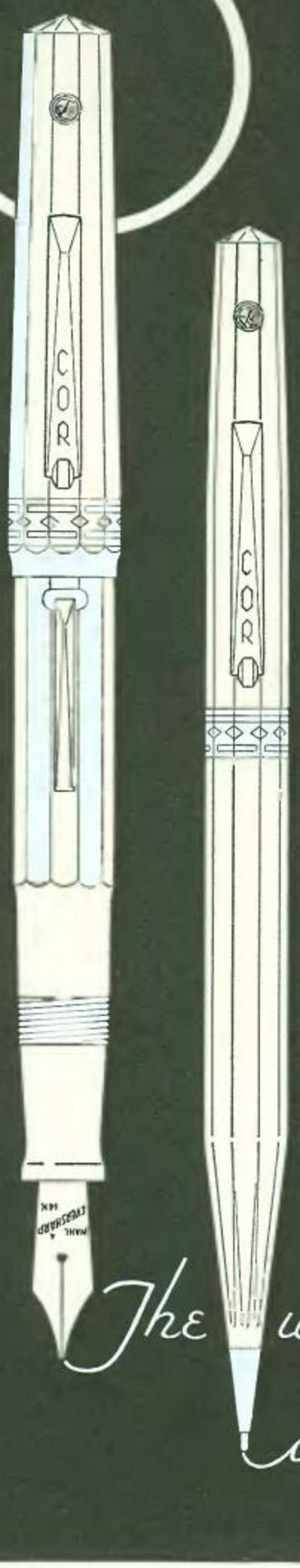
The engine develops 95 H.P. at 3,400 R.P.M. and has the latest thing in down-draft carburetors. The transmission is four speeds forward and one reverse, with dual high gears, one of which, one assumes, is a silent third, only more so. There is no one more grateful than I for the introduction of silent second and third gears, although even now transmissions are scandalously noisy. The prices run from $1,747, for the coupé, to $2,145, for the phaëton, delivered in New York—without extras, of course.

DE SOTO, also of the Chrysler family, has built a two-door sedan, to be delivered at your door for $805. It was a De Soto that Chick Murray drove from Albany to Forty-first Street (156 miles) in 151 minutes. However, I warn you that you will not be able to make the run that fast.

MY statistics man tells me that of the nearly three million cars produced in the United States and Canada

THE NEW EVERSHARP

DORIC



The world's most beautiful pen and pencil

UTTERLY DIFFERENT. UNIQUELY MODERN... *CUT MANY-SIDED* LIKE A JEWEL... *BRILLIANT* WITH A DOZEN SHIMMERING FACETS... *IN FIVE* EXOTIC ORIENTAL COLORS... *HAND-FITTED* WITH YOUR PICK OF 14 INTERCHANGEABLE POINTS... *AND ENGRAVED* WITH YOUR INITIALS ON THE CLIP. EVERSHARP DORIC PENS $7.50 TO $10; PENCILS $4.50 AND $5.

EVERSHARP

Personal-Point

PENS AND PENCILS

◀◀◀ UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ▶▶▶

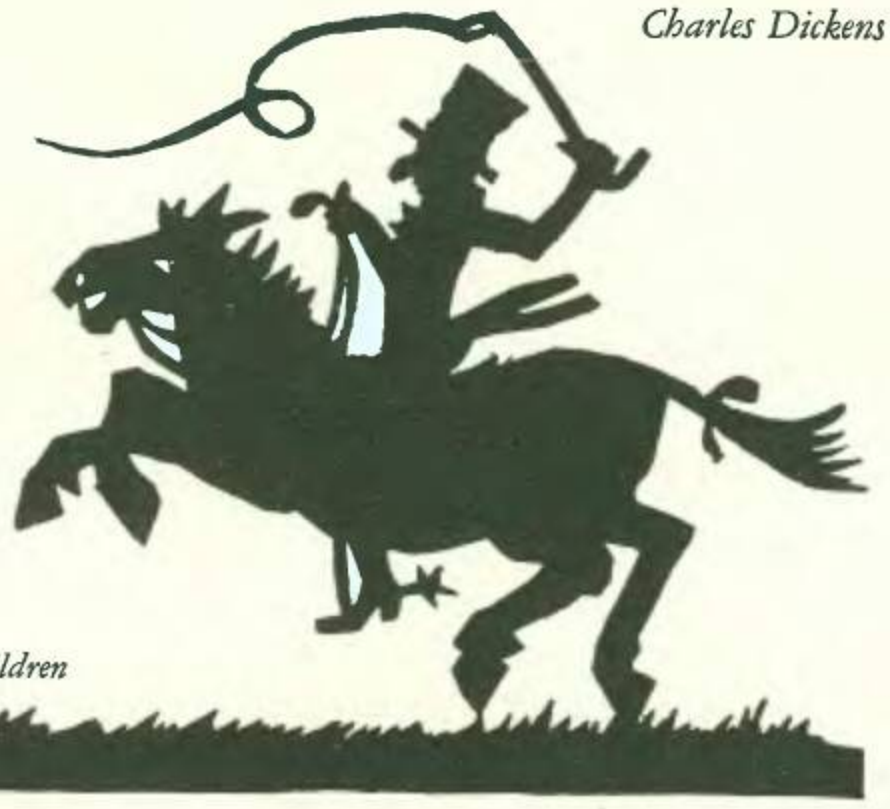
THE PLAZA
59th ST. AT CENTRAL PARK
ANNOUNCES
THE REOPENING
OF THE
SUMMER
GARDEN

THE PLAZA

DERBY DAY ON EPSOM DOWNS

"Well, to be sure, there never was such a Derby Day as this present Derby Day! Never, to be sure, were there so many carriages, so many fours, so many twos, so many ones, so many horsemen, so many people who have come down by 'rail,' so many broughams, so many Fortnum & Mason's hampers, so much ice and champagne. If I were on the turf and had a horse to enter for the Derby, I would call that horse Fortnum & Mason, convinced that with that name he would beat the field."

Charles Dickens



Fortnum
& Mason
INC
697 MADISON AVE.
AT 62nd STREET
NEW YORK

Rare delicacies
English shoes
Outdoor clothes for ladies and children

in 1930, only seven per cent were open models. I fancy the average will be a bit higher this year, judging from the number of phaëtons I see on the road; though to be sure the tops always are up, and sometimes the side curtains, too.

However, for people who want all the comforts of a closed car, Chevrolet has a swell four-seater convertible ($737 delivered) with room in the rear seat for something larger than a Singer midget. Also, Nash has added a convertible victoria to its Eight-80 line. The top is remarkably well made and simple to take down and put up, and I daresay you would find no more rattles in it than you would in a more expensive affair. The price is $1,616 delivered, with some extras.

RECENTLY I saw that green Rolls-Royce four-seater—the one with the modernistic, lean-back lines—which attracted so much attention at the last Salon. Well, it is now the property of Anthony Manville, who bought it just before Christmas. And the King of Siam has purchased that long black-and-chromium V-16 Cadillac he rides around in and will take it home with him.

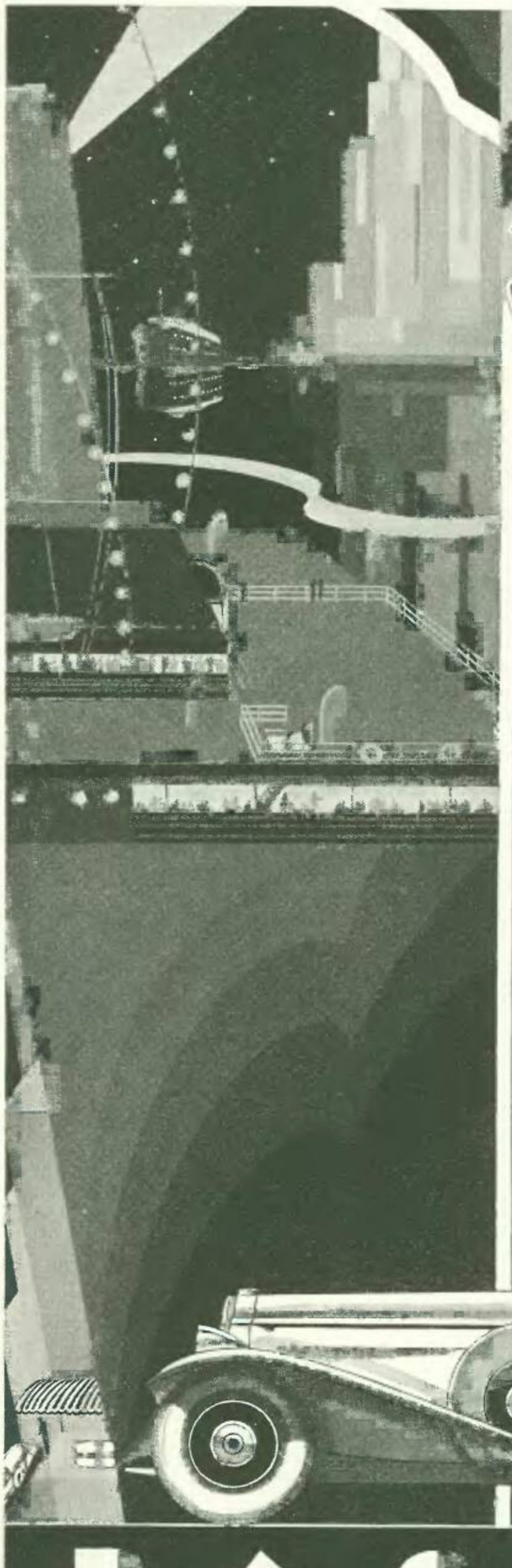
STOP AND GO: The newest Lincoln tourers have the best thing in windscreens I have seen for an open car. They are quadrants of glass that swing up to meet the windshield and afford protection without shutting the driver's compartment off like *champignons sous cloche*. . . . For those who are taking over new cars, there is a "break-in" oil. It is a preparation which is added to the crankcase oil and obviates—so its manufacturers say—the necessity of driving slowly for the first five hundred or thousand miles. . . . The little brown pigs on the "Don't Be a Road Hog" signs along the Westchester Parkway are too pretty: they aren't piggish enough to embarrass the Sunday drivers. . . . The Chenard & Walcker, with a torpedo sport body, looks the same at the rear and the front—except for the headlights. I may drive one some day. . . . And have you remembered to get your new driving license?

—SPEED

•

"She is prettier, and yet she hasn't her mother's windsomeness. I expect it's the difference in the times."—*Greensburg (Pa.) Review.*

No, in the lungs.



ARISTOCRAT OF THE METROPOLIS

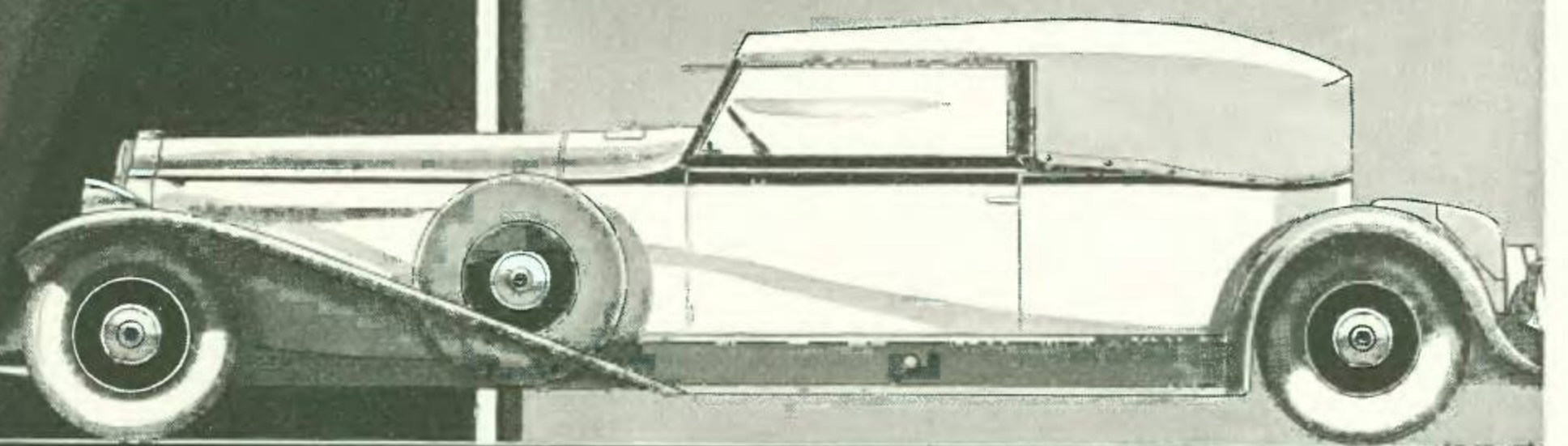
WHEREVER smart crowds congregate you will inevitably find the Packard crest in evidence—coat-of-arms of the Aristocrat of the Metropolis, the world's finest motor car. For this scion of a distinguished family has a gift for making friends—and more significant still, for keeping them through many years of pleasant association.

Such popularity is the highest tribute that can be paid to any motor car—and is truly indicative of Packard's sterling character. Why not drop in some day and find out for yourself how altogether fine a motor car can be?

* * *

The Dietrich Convertible Victoria on the Packard DeLuxe chassis is priced at $5,845, delivered. Inquire of our Custom Body Department about this graceful, close-coupled car for four.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Eleventh Avenue at 54th Street — Broadway at 61st Street — Broadway at Sherman Avenue

BRONX: 696 East Fordham Road

BROOKLYN: Atlantic at Classon Avenue

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, Inc.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD CO., Inc.
Broadway at 106th Street

White Buckskin

—the golf shoe style *that made such a hit at Miami and Pinehurst*



STARTING at fashionable clubs in the South, white buckskin has swept to the front in golf shoe styles. Spalding offers it, made as only Spalding *can* make golf shoes. Spiked in the special Spalding way, so the spikes can't come loose or press up to plague your feet. Comfortable from the very first. And, though you'll find similar shoes at $18 and $20, Spalding asks just $15.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

518 Fifth Avenue *at 43rd Street*
105 Nassau Street *above Fulton*
28 New St., *cor. Exchange Pl.*

© 1931, A. G. S. & BROS.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE FALL RIVER LINE

IN the swirling universe of New York, where creation never ceases, where hourly from caverns in the earth new towers arise vertiginously, there is one lovely, calm, stable thing.

It is the Fall River Line. Like the Zoo, like the Aquarium, it remains unchanged from year to year, reminiscent of kinder days. These boats have maintained their air of space and leisure and elegance ever since the days when the Commonwealth was launched, the Providence and the Priscilla were new. The wide staircases and foyers, with their red carpets, were built on the assumption of elegant space which still, by sheer belief in itself, imposes on one its own palatial estimate. At that time the Fall River liners were bigger than any of the wide white passenger boats which waddled so gaily midstream and pursued their way up the Sound with lights blazing and bands playing.

The illusion of the necessity of hurry which pursues men up and down New York's chasms, in and out of subway warrens, drops like an uncomfortable garment, your foot once on the gangplank. No one on the Fall River Line is going to tell you to "Step lively, please." Its wide and gently rocking halls were built before the coinage of that phrase so undermining to human dignity.

Even the warning "All ashore that's going ashore!" presupposes that farewells are to be made with fastidious leisure. A half-hour, a quarter-hour, five minutes before the departure, the mellow warning chant echoes through the corridors, and even then the boat seems in no hurry to sidle out into the North River; it may remain a few minutes on business of its own. There is a frieze of faces uplifted from the dock. Hands wave. This going away on a boat instead of a train partakes of the nature of adventure. Though the voyage is only the span of a night, people come down to remote piers on the North River to "see off" friends as though they were going on an ocean voyage.

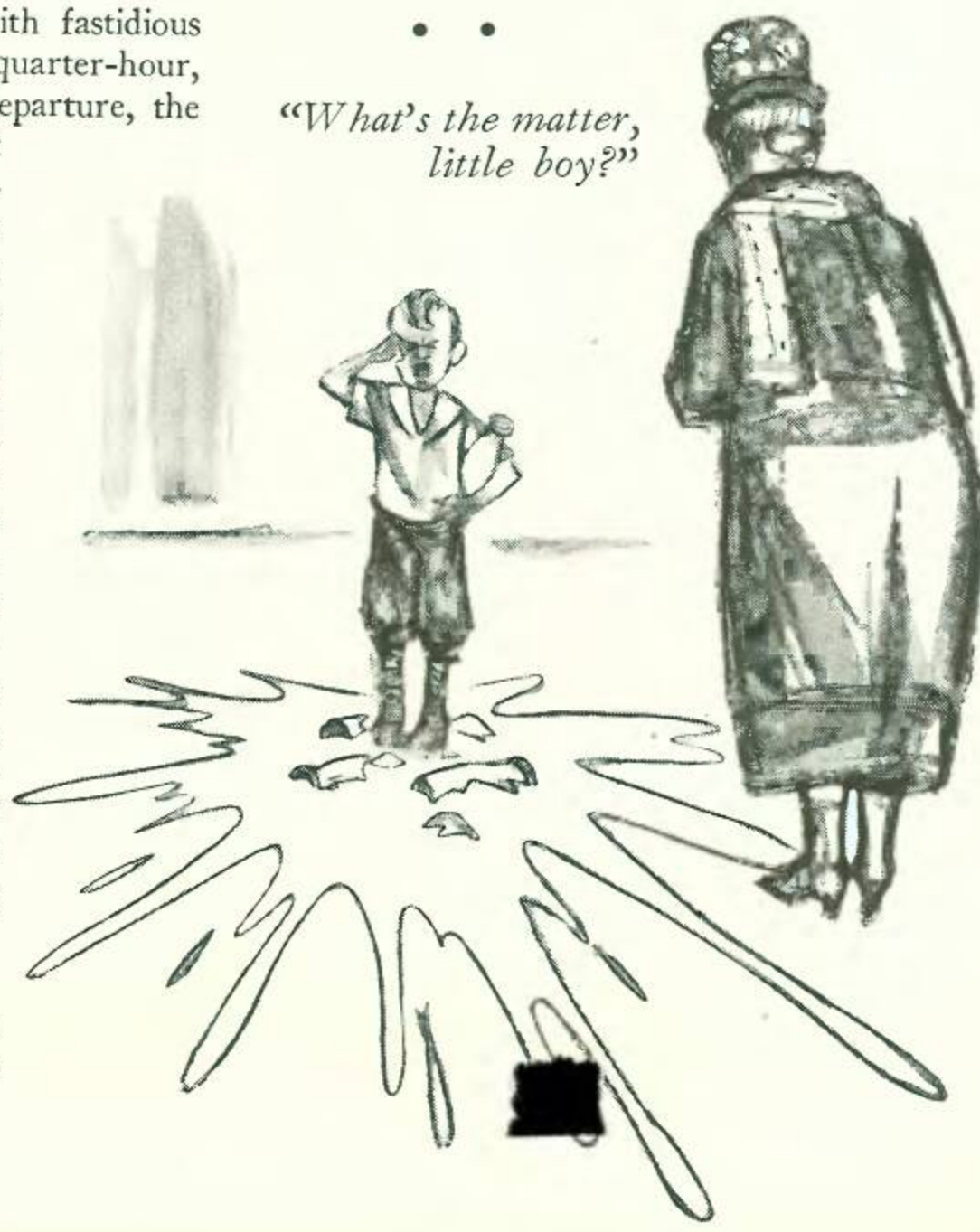
THE porters waiting to take your bags create the impression, through the excellence of their manners, that you are "quality." They have nothing in common with the anonymous Red Caps attendant on the railway trains, who when you arrive snatch at your bags like buzzards and who when most needed seem to possess the gift of invisibility.

I go aboard with a glad feeling of homecoming. Indeed, the only baronial or marble halls which I possess are those of the Fall River Line; my only old family retainers its stewards and headwaiters. Nor did my patent of nobility arrive from bribery or undue largess. The Fall River Line was mine as things should be, by right of long tenure. I had become one of the familiar sights, whether progressing with children, maids, dogs, and the terrifying paraphernalia of a Family in the throes of fall migration or—far more agreeably—commuting, as it were, to business from the tip of Cape Cod to New York.

There is a certain magic about departure by these boats. In a twinkling one changes one's century, hurry for leisure, city dust for the cleanness of a boat. Suddenly you see New York from without. It is best to get a deck stateroom and, reposing in the upper berth, see what has happened to the city since last you gazed. If half a year has passed, you will see plenty. The East

• •

"What's the matter, little boy?"

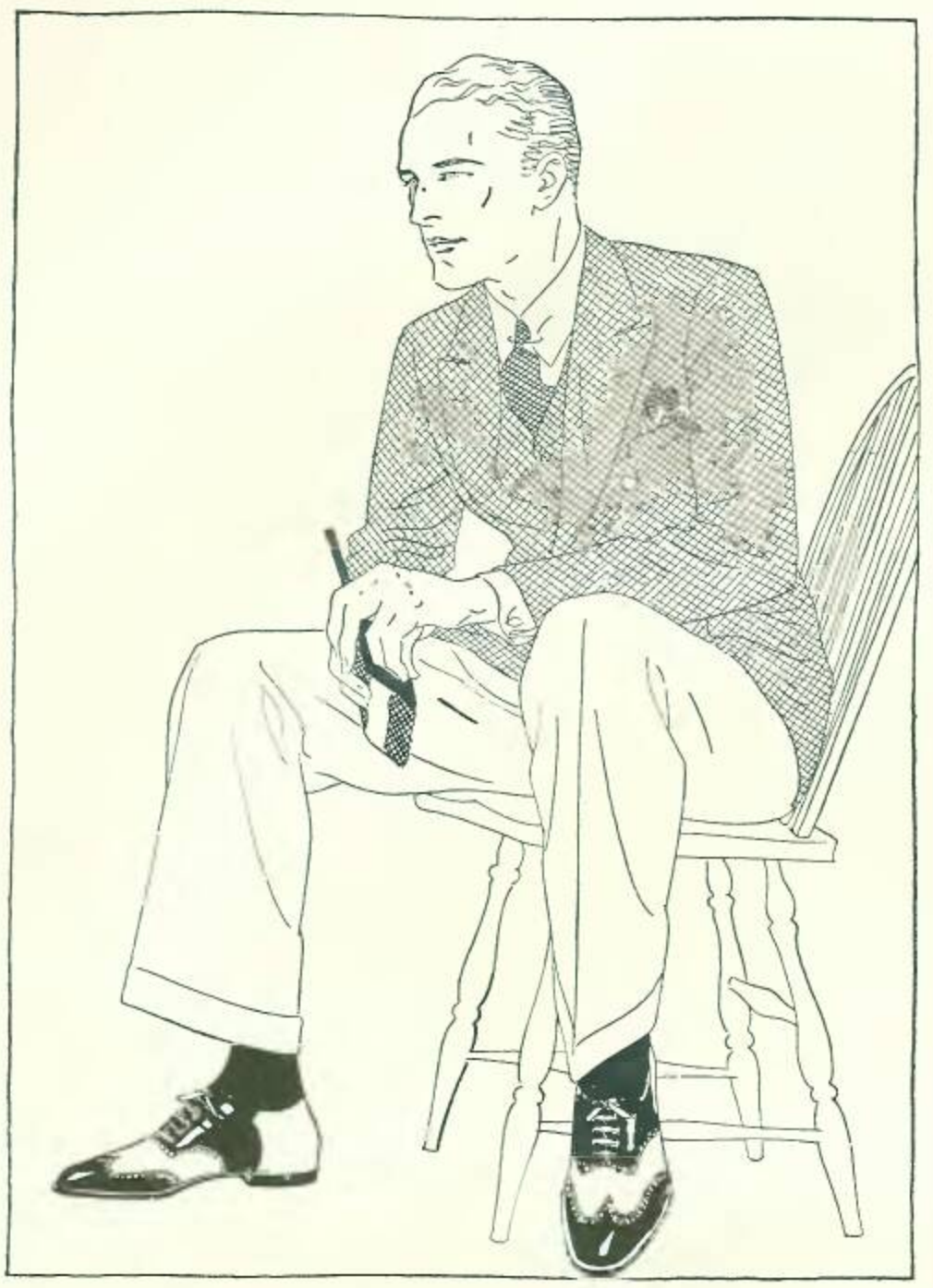


HERE'S TASTE
HERE'S HEALTH
HERE'S HOFFMAN

TASTE *proves Quality*



New Yorkers drink more HOFFMAN PALE DRY
than any other ginger ale in the world



CORRECT HOLIDAY ATTIRE

JACKETS AND SLACKS OF THE CUSTOMARY FINCHLEY STANDARD, IN BOTH CUT AND MATERIAL, AND VARIOUS ACCESSORIES OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE CHARACTER. ATTENTION IS INVITED, PARTICULARLY, TO THE FIN-DUDDY SPORTS OUTFIT: JACKET, WAISTCOAT, KNICKERS AND TROUSERS. THE JACKET MAY BE CORRECTLY WORN WITH FLANNEL SLACKS.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE-BREASTED FLANNEL JACKETS
THIRTY DOLLARS

FLANNEL TROUSERS
TEN DOLLARS AND MORE

FIN-DUDDY FOUR-PIECE SPORTS OUTFIT
FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS

READY-TO-PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

THE
FINCHLEY
Establishment

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO

River façade was, until a short time ago, a humble thing, here and there green parks among factories and gas tanks; and lo, from one minute to another, Mr. French and various other gentlemen had stately pleasure domes decreed.

It is, anyway, an eyeful, and it is pleasant after reviewing the awe-inspiring towers to turn back confident to the unchanging corridors of one's childhood, to be greeted by Wilson at dinner.

OTHER people may talk about their Oscars or their Ferdinands, may celebrate with pomp and glory whatever headwaiters they choose; but it seems to me that there is no waiter anywhere comparable to Wilson, now on the Providence. There is no one who will convey to you so subtly the sense of your own worth and dignity.

I enter the Fall River boat tired, draggled with a raid upon the city, an anonymous person. I enter the dining-room, and Cinderella has nothing on me. Talk about turning pumpkins into coaches! Wilson's face lights up. He approaches me with a smile of deference he might render to a duchess, yet with a touch of familiarity of an old family retainer. He implies that he is my own butler, and that this boat is mine, my own pleasure yacht. He remembers which side of the boat I prefer, what view it would please my eyes to dwell upon. Then he inquires one by one after the children. Bending over me he will murmur: "So we got Miss Mary Ellen married off. Seems only the other day I fixed a high chair for her, when she was a baby!"

Wilson has not, it seems to me, aged in twenty years. He is a little bit stout —not much. Stout, no; corpulent in a dignified way.

Second only to Wilson was Thompkins. I say "was," for Thompkins is dead. I saw him go through the successive stages of porter up to assistant to Wilson, and finally headwaiter with a boat of his own. And he, too, did not change, except for the few extra pounds, during a matter of twenty years. Is the recipe for eternal youth to be found, perhaps, in a life of service, good manners, and the practice of kindness? Thompkins, without alteration or change, dropped dead. To imagine him otherwise than with an admirable though not unsmiling gravity, perfectly groomed, and with his white flower in his buttonhole, would be impossible.

And now Thompkins is dead. It is

the beginning of the end. Already the boat's band, which played not only jazz but "The Blue Danube" and arias and overtures from operas, has given place to the radio. And when Amos 'n' Andy go on, the men passengers sit in rows, stolid and unsmiling, to listen. Strange!

NO stranger than the other customs native to this country which one may observe, for if you travel long enough on the Fall River Line the whole American scene will pass before your eyes. Where else could I ever have beheld the mad glory of the Shriners, or some such order, returning from convention? Imagine a boatload of middle-aged men, fathers of families, in fezzes and, it seems to me, red sashes. And do I or do I not remember baggy Tunisian trousers—or were the trousers but part of a midsummer night's dream?

There they were, from the heart of the plain people—jewellers, bankers, salesmen, clerks, grocers, merchants, everything but workingmen. White-collar men, soft-handed, churchgoing, married, with cock-eyed fezzes perched above their innocent bibulous faces. There they were, prancing drunkenly and in vast numbers through the gentle and almost plaintive elegances of the Fall River Line. Prancing, shouting, cavorting: fezzes tumbling from bald pink pates; yelling and shouting and dancing in spite of massive paunches.

How touching was this orgy! These poor old tight, middle-aged souls seemed to cry aloud: "We are young yet! We are young yet!" There it was—bacchanalian orgy and infantile innocence mixed together, proclaiming to anyone who had a mind for psychology the substance of our civilization. Do I remember that some had rattles in their infantile fists, or were the rattles and balloons only in my dream? Certainly there should have been balloons and rattles, if there weren't any.

ALL night they roistered up and down the corridors of the boat—they owned it. From staterooms here and there came unheeded weary shouts of "Oh, shut up! We want to sleep!" Old ladies buzzed bells and implored suave but helpless porters in vain; for what porter can stem a stream in spate? The Shriners, or Brothers of Arabia, or Ancient Order of Sheiks, hooted and wassailed, slobbered on each other's shoulders, wambled shouting to one another's cabins.

One near us pounded the night



"Bar Basque" A TRI-COLOR COSTUME

✣

OUR LITTLE SALON abounds in Carnegie summer fashions for immediate wear starting at $45.

✣

In the Made-to-Order Salon, summer prices of special appeal also prevail.

✣

HATTIE CARNEGIE
INCORPORATED
42-46 East 49th Street • New York City

UNIQUE...



EVEN ON THE AVENUE OF DISTINCTIVE HOMES

11-17 ROOMS *Simplex, Duplex*

Of the many fine apartments on Park Avenue this building offers more luxurious appointments than any apartment now available for rent . . . Mantels by William H. Jackson Company.

Representative on Premises

Immediate or October Occupancy

895 PARK AVENUE

Corner of 79th Street

PEASE & ELLIMAN INC. *Agents*

660 Madison Avenue REgent 4-6600

Garden Apartments of 3-4-5-6-7 Rooms, 1-3 Baths (Maid's Room available)... RENTALS $80 to $235 per month.



View of GOLF COURSE at JACKSON HEIGHTS

MOVE OUT OF THE SHADOWS INTO THE SUNLIGHT OF *Jackson Heights*

SCORES of people move from the bleak shadows and the noise and congestion of other sections each year to the quiet, sunny and healthful environment of Jackson Heights. They enjoy all the advantages of a country environment. In this restricted community they find golf and tennis (now available), a private day school, playground and landscaped gardens.

TO REACH JACKSON HEIGHTS—

By Motor: Take 59th St. (Queensboro Bridge) over viaduct, turn left to Skillman, to Roosevelt Ave., to 82nd St., turn left to office.

By Subway: Take I. R. T. from Times Square or Grand Central, or B. M. T. from 59th St. to Jackson Heights Station.

Also 5th Ave. Bus #15.

The Queensboro Corporation

82nd Street & Polk Avenue
Jackson Heights New York City
Telephone NEwtown 9-6000
Apartment Exhibit—60 E. 42nd St.
(Lincoln Building)—VAn. 3-2856

through on a cabin door, bawling "Jerry! I wan' Jerry! Jerrylemmein!" Other voices as ceaselessly cried out "Lembe, Nick! Jerry's passed out!" But the drunk obstinately yammered "Jerrylemmein!"

It seems to me that I got the answer as to how they got this way from another boat. This was a boatload of boys. A score of New England camps were returning their youth. Wherever you looked were boys, all being herded industriously by Y.M.C.A.-looking young men. Always at the piano sat one of these shepherds, beating out "There's a Long Long Trail," or "My Little Gray Home," or other ancient favorites, while the little boys, faces blank as eggs, perfunctorily shouted the ditties. Here was the Ancient Order of Arabians in the making. That was why they had a depressing passion for fezzes and insignia when they were bald and paunchy. This was the Alpha of that culture leading to the Omega of middle-aged rattles and fezzes. When returning with half a college and a victorious football team, one saw the intermediate stage.

OTHER phases of our culture, too, have I seen reflected on the Fall River Line. For instance, the disorganization of Society which immediately followed prohibition. For a few dark months sly bootlegging became the fashion on the boat, before it was found out and put a stop to. How far it went I can best explain by saying that shifty-looking gentlemen would approach me and out of the corner of a wry mouth hiss "I got a nice li'l drink in my cabin. Wanna come?" And how strange that this should befall me I can best explain by this detail of my appearance: Once we were playing a horrid game in which one told one's next-hand neighbor his most outstanding characteristic. One of my greatest friends looked at me with her beautiful eyes and let fall these discouraging words: "Mary, your outstanding characteristic is *that of perfect respectability*." Add to this that I am sunk in years, and this anecdote will show to what a pass we had indeed come before bootlegging became organized, when it went wildcatting all over the place, even on the Fall River Line.

This phase passed quickly. The boats have resumed their smiling, leisurely ways. They are places for souls weary with speed, where for a few hours one may recapture the pleasant ways and manners of the nineteenth century. —MARY HEATON VORSE

THE ART GALLERIES

A Museum and Its Legacy—Gone Native —The Summer Shows



THE season now reluctantly comes to a close, two months late. After this, the shows that are put on will be largely for the visitors from out of town, and usually most of the galleries hang up a fair selection of their painters. Also most of them keep to summer hours, closing at five on weekdays and not opening at all on Saturdays.

THE Museum of Modern Art will continue to hold its Lizzie Bliss Memorial show through the summer. It was opened a fortnight ago with all sorts of ceremonies, but even without them it would have been an unusually interesting event. The exhibit includes the paintings that are to become the property of the Museum if it ever decides to become a museum and gives up its present policy of merely providing a big top for itinerant shows. There are also some of the pictures that have been bequeathed to other museums.

The pictures that the Museum thus inherits are of the sort that will make a fine foundation for a permanent collection. Of the eleven Cézannes at least two are of major importance, and the rest are of interest historically. Then there are some fine examples of the other giants: Degas, Daumier, Renoir, Monet, Gauguin, Pissarro, Rousseau, Seurat, Lautrec. There are not as many of their disciples, such as Matisse, Braque, and so on, as might be desired, but there are two or three Picassos that are superb.

The large exhibition room holds the cream of the collection. Most of the canvases are inadequately framed (some rather terribly), but we suppose this will be changed when they come into full possession of their new owners. The side rooms are filled with the American painters that Miss Bliss favored and the smaller works of the French masters.

ONE of the most interesting features of this collection is the fact that Miss Bliss made it primarily

Smart New Yorkers Lease

APARTMENTS

in the distinguished buildings

under the Management of

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

3 ROOMS

960 Fifth Avenue . . . 1 *Bath*
230 East 48th St. . . . 1 *Bath*
150 East 49th St. . . . 1 *Bath*
435 East 57th St. . . . 1 *Bath*

4 ROOMS

960 Fifth Avenue . . . 2 *Baths*
435 East 57th St. . . . 1 *Bath*
125 East 63rd St. . . . 2 *Baths*

5 ROOMS

230 East 48th St. . . . 2 *Baths*
435 East 57th St. . . . 2 *Baths*
111 East 80th St. . . . 3 *Baths*
21 East 90th St. . . . 2 *Baths*

6 ROOMS

960 Fifth Avenue . . . 3 *Baths* (*Duplex*)
270 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
383 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
430 East 57th St. . . . 3 *Baths*
125 East 63rd St. . . . 3 *Baths*
53 East 66th St. . . . 3 *Baths*
21 East 90th St. . . . 3 *Baths*

7 ROOMS

952 Fifth Avenue . . . 3 *Baths* (*Penthouse*)
270 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
383 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
840 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
1035 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
40 East 62nd St. . . . 3 *Baths*
45 East 62nd St. . . . 3 *Baths*
21 East 90th St. . . . 4 *Baths*

8 ROOMS

912 Fifth Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
1035 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
50 East 77th St. . . . 3 *Baths*
55 East 86th St. . . . 3 *Baths*

9 ROOMS

270 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
755 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
50 East 77th St. . . . 4 *Baths*

10 ROOMS

270 Park Avenue . . . 4 *Baths*
755 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths*
114 East 40th St. . . . 4 *Baths*
3 East 84th St. . . . 4 *Baths*

11 ROOMS

952 Fifth Avenue . . . 4 *Baths*
1133 Fifth Avenue . . . 4 *Baths*
383 Park Avenue . . . 4 *Baths*
830 Park Avenue . . . 3 *Baths* (*Duplex*)

12 ROOMS

993 Fifth Avenue . . . 6 *Baths*
1125 Fifth Avenue . . . 5 *Baths*
525 Park Avenue . . . 4 *Baths*

13 ROOMS

635 Park Avenue . . . 4 *Baths*

14 ROOMS

993 Fifth Avenue . . . 6 *Baths*
270 Park Avenue . . . 5 *Baths*

DOCTOR'S OFFICES

200 West 59th St. . . . 3 *Rooms* (*Studio*)
45 East 62nd St. . . . 5 *Rooms*
125 East 63rd St. . . . 3 *Rooms*
3 East 84th St. . . . 2 *Rooms*

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

15 East 49th St. *Managing Agent* PLaza 3-9200

21

Childs

RESTAURANTS



for hungry Play-Goers

Not, of course, that we expect you to eat in all 21 restaurants at once—but we have "theatrically located" them so you can tell your companion

"Let's go to Childs, there's one around the corner."

The Special Dollar Dinner *before*-theatre is a delectable preparation—and the *after*-theatre snack the perfect "top-off" to a perfect evening's entertainment!

Won't you be our guest tonight?

Childs

1485 Broadway	604 Fifth Ave.
1501 Broadway	724 Fifth Ave.
1546 Broadway	425 Seventh Ave.
1551 Broadway	108 W. 34th St.
1936 Broadway	9 E. 40th St.
2101 Broadway	47 E. 42nd St.
2276 Broadway	109 W. 42nd St.
2536 Broadway	423 Lex. Ave.
377 Fifth Ave.	817 Eighth Ave.
509 Fifth Ave.	12 E. 59th St.

300 West 59th Street

because of her interest in Arthur B. Davies, so there is no pattern to her group. She didn't try to assemble men who would be considered orthodox after her death. The pictures are canvases that she liked, with an occasional painting that she bought as a patroness. This may be somewhat confusing to the layman who finds Dougherty hung with Daumier and Kuhn with Cézanne.

As for Davies, Miss Bliss owned some of the best examples of his work. The small early sketches, made when he was so intent on the Italian Primitives, stand out with great strength alongside the latter-day Munich school of blue-sky-and-a-goat painting.

THE John Levy Galleries close an active year with a show of Paul O'Higgins, a California boy who moved to Mexico and went native. As an apprentice to Rivera, he adjusted himself easily to the mold set by the great master, so his work is noteworthy mainly as an indication of the extent to which he has become Mexicanized. His sponsors think very highly of him, but to our mind his value depends on what he does in the future. The native Mexicans that we have seen feel these colors; the Northerner in Mexico somehow does little more than assimilate the mannerisms of the artists working about him.

The O'Higgins show, incidentally, closes this Saturday.

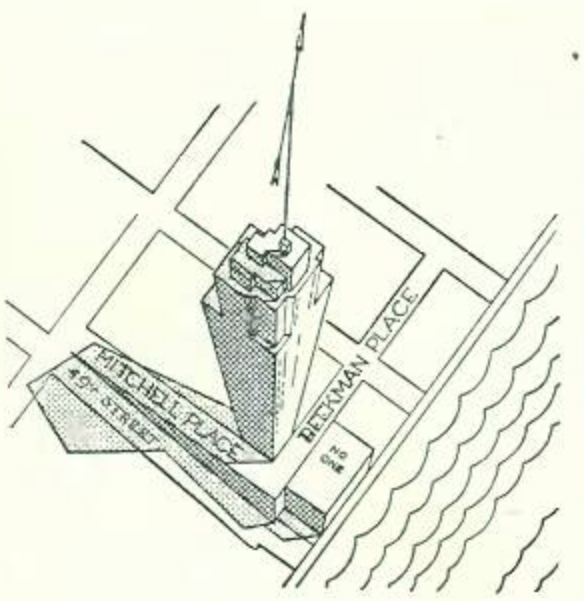
SUMMER SHOWS: Helen Hackett has arranged an exhibition of eight of her painters and two of her sculptors. . . . You will always find a varying assortment of the best of the nineteenth-century French masters at Durand-Ruel. . . . Valentine has a show of the later French—Picasso, Lurçat, Dufy, Derain, etc.—until the end of June. . . . Daniel is the best place to visit for a representative group of the younger Americans. . . . The Metropolitan has a show of Near Eastern ceramics. . . . The Gallery of Living Art in the Washington Square branch of New York University is always worth a visit. It has a well-balanced collection of American and foreign canvases.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

Prosperity Magazine, Room 1200, 100 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Ronal Kayser, Editor. "We are not buying any material at the present time."—*Announcement in the Writer's Digest.*



TWO
BEEKMAN PLACE

ENJOYS all the charm of this exclusive old neighborhood with its quaint houses and gardens, wide views of the River and floods of sunshine...an old world charm that emphasizes the truly modern aspect of living at Two Beekman Place where the comforts and convenience of today are built into every apartment.

Terrace Apartments, Duplexes, A Triplex Pent House

Apartments from Two to Eight Rooms, Priced from $1300 to $9500

Occupancy October first

LANE OGLE, *Builder*

ALBERT B. ASHFORTH, Inc.
Renting Agent
12 EAST 44th STREET
Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-1100

130 EAST 40TH STREET
The Concord Hotel
In a quiet accessible residential location
Suites of 1, 2 and 3 rooms with Serving Pantries
Furnished and Unfurnished
Moderate rentals Permanent or Transient
Resident Manager, *Ashland 4-9580*

The SUTTON
A RESIDENTIAL HOTEL FOR WOMEN
RATES DAILY — $2.50 AND UP
WEEKLY — $12.50 AND UP
330 EAST 56TH STREET
TELEPHONE — WICKERSHAM 2-3940

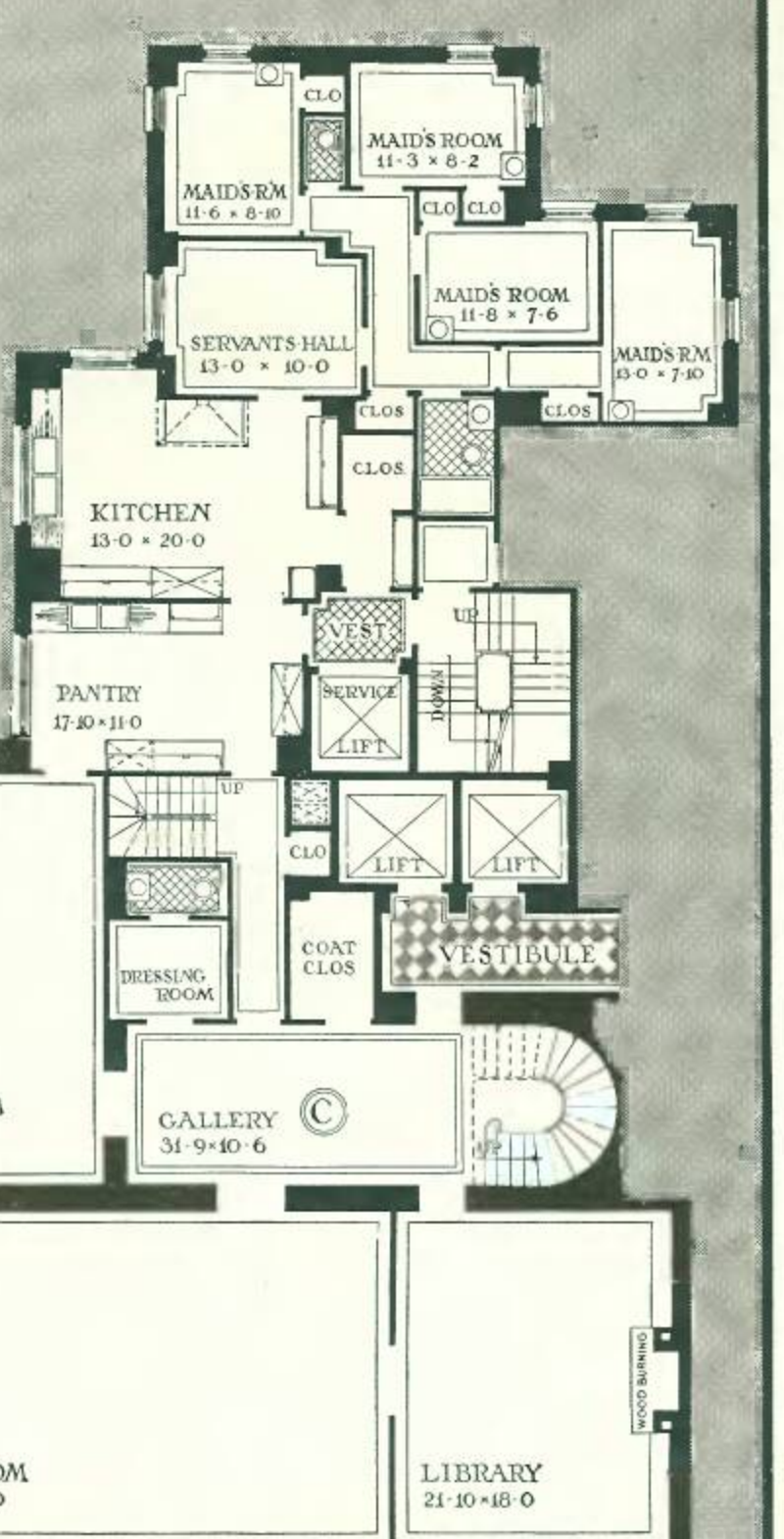
THIRD *and* FOURTH FLOOR DUPLEX:—

12 *Rooms* — 4 *Bathrooms*

CEILING HEIGHTS:—

11 ft. on lower floor — 9 ft. 2 in. in Bedrooms

PRICED *at* $112,000



Imparting a New Significance to the word,—"Apartment"

and Surpassing Private Houses in Economy of Upkeep, Advantages of Service

Plan and Appointments, Outlook and Sunshine

Each residence is an individual creation

834 Fifth Avenue

CORNER OF 64th STREET

NOW OPEN FOR INSPECTION

Representative on the Premises—Daily and Sunday

Architect
ROSARIO CANDELA

Builder
ANTHONY CAMPAGNA

Selling and Managing Agent, BROWN, WHEELOCK, HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC., 14 East 47th Street, WIckersham 2-5500

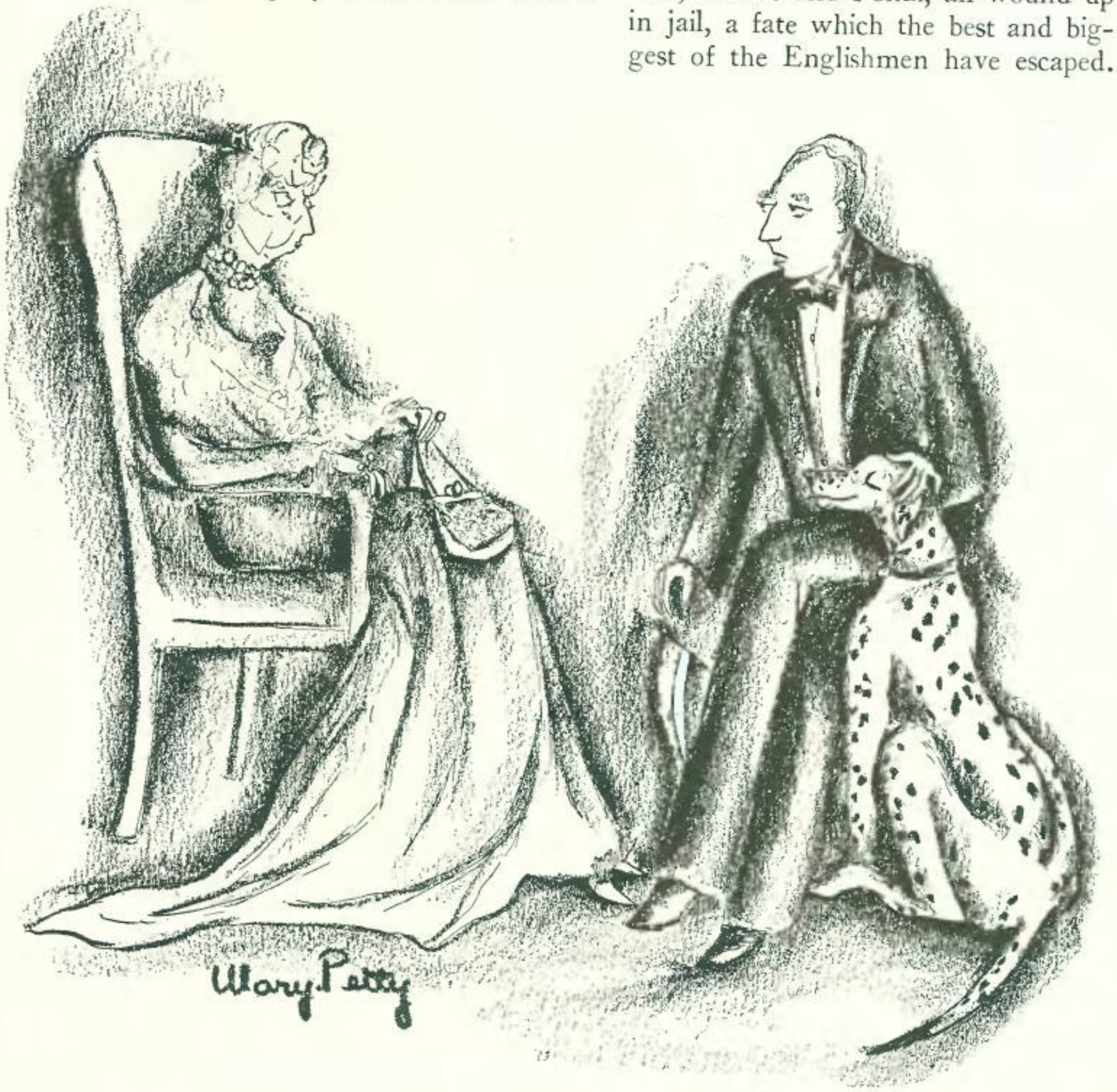
A REPORTER AT LARGE

SUCCESS

TEN years ago he was a barber. He was Jakey Factor, the barber, third chair from the door in a cramped Chicago shop, gassing about the weather as he slapped his razor on the strop and bowing gratefully for a twenty-cent tip. Today he sits and looks at life—five million dollars in the bank—while Scotland Yard, the United States Government, three or four States, and Legs Diamond wonder which is entitled to his life and liberty. That is what energy and initiative have done for one ambitious man in this big, new country. It is an inspiration for every youth who will stop dreaming and get down to work.

Nor is the success story of Jakey Factor a tale of stodgy thrift and crushing toil. He never allowed his ambitions to prevent him from seeing life. He has taken time to spend a second five million dollars on good living, to make the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales, and to break the bank once or twice at the Cannes Casino. The secret of his triumph is really a simple one. No big company would make him its president, so he made up a company of his own and managed the elections. When he had no capital to make a killing in the stock market, he simply printed some stock of his own design and made a killing on that.

IT was perhaps natural that when Jacob Factor, a poor boy born in St. Louis, decided to give up the barber's trade and carve out a career for himself with weapons more staunch than razors, he should move to British soil. For a great many years, Britain has been the swindler's garden. Perhaps it is because the English are more gullible than we, as they are certainly more tempestuous gamblers. Perhaps the English law helps a little. At any rate, while we have produced such moderately successful fellows as Fuller and McGee, Gaston B. Means and the unhappy Ponzi, England has been able to boast a dozen million-pound swindlers. Furthermore, Fuller and McGee, Means and Ponzi, all wound up in jail, a fate which the best and biggest of the Englishmen have escaped.



"You know, Mater, I decided it would be nice if you went to Germany and took some baths."

So Factor moved over to Canada. He made up a company called the Pure Gasoline Company, Ltd. Limited, indeed, to a trunkful of splendidly engraved stock certificates. With the assistance of a crew of high-pressure loaders from Chicago—"loaders" meaning salesmen—Factor sold nearly half a million dollars' worth of these certificates before the police came close enough to make flight the better part of valor. From 1922 until 1924 he lived in London and engaged in that typically English business of pyramiding companies—an ingenious enterprise which has never been tried in our country, perhaps because of our more stringent corporation laws, perhaps because it just never occurred to anybody. It has been operated successfully in England a number of times, and Factor followed the routine procedure.

HE organized, first, a very small concern—a little industrial outfit—and sold shares to workingmen and fishwives for five dollars each. When he had taken about a hundred thousand dollars in this manner, he organized a second company, slightly larger, and sold two hundred thousand dollars' worth of shares. With the proceeds from the second selling campaign, he magnificently declared a dividend in the first company, distributing fifty thousand dollars to stockholders with a note of cheer—and also with an urgent invitation to buy stock in Company No. 3, just forming.

Whenever he organized a new corporation, he used a moderate share of the money invested therein to pay dividends in the older companies. This kept everybody delighted and got him a reputation among the costermongers and greengrocers as a fellow who could turn your shillings into pounds.

The fifth of these successive English companies provided Factor with an opportunity to remember the land of his birth. It was the Glass Casket Company. Eight or nine years ago there was an American Glass Casket Company, which took great pride in the ownership of patents for the manufacture of transparent coffins. Gaston B. Means and the memorable Colonel Felder were active promoters in that business. A lot of stock was sold, it was discovered that nobody really intended to manufacture glass caskets, and Means was sentenced to a term in Atlanta. But the British, of course,

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH,

yielding place to new"

Tennyson

The silence of Electrolux, the absence of machinery, make noisy mechanical refrigerators seem unnecessary.

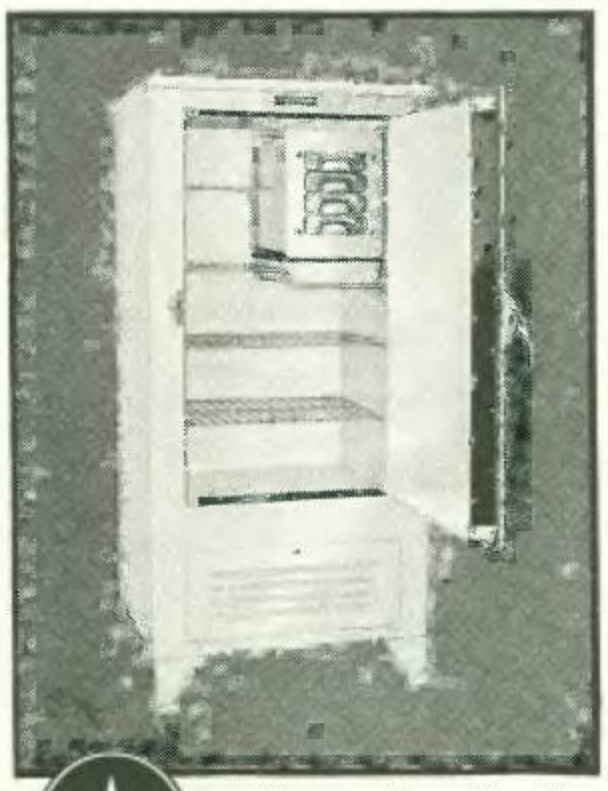
IF YOU don't want noise and machinery in your kitchen, there's only one automatic refrigerator to buy, and that's Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator.

It has no moving parts at all. Nothing to wear, to vibrate, to make sound or cause mechanical trouble. A tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water—that's all. The entire operating cost is only 5 to 10 cents a day.

That's why this automatic refrigerator has been made standard equipment by leading architects and builders, in thousands of modern homes everywhere.

Eleven household models. You may see display at gas company's showrooms, or have complete information by mail. Address Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City, or phone VAnderbilt 3-5700.

THE KITCHENETTE—a roomy, beautiful Electrolux model—extremely popular for families of 2 to 5 persons.



A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

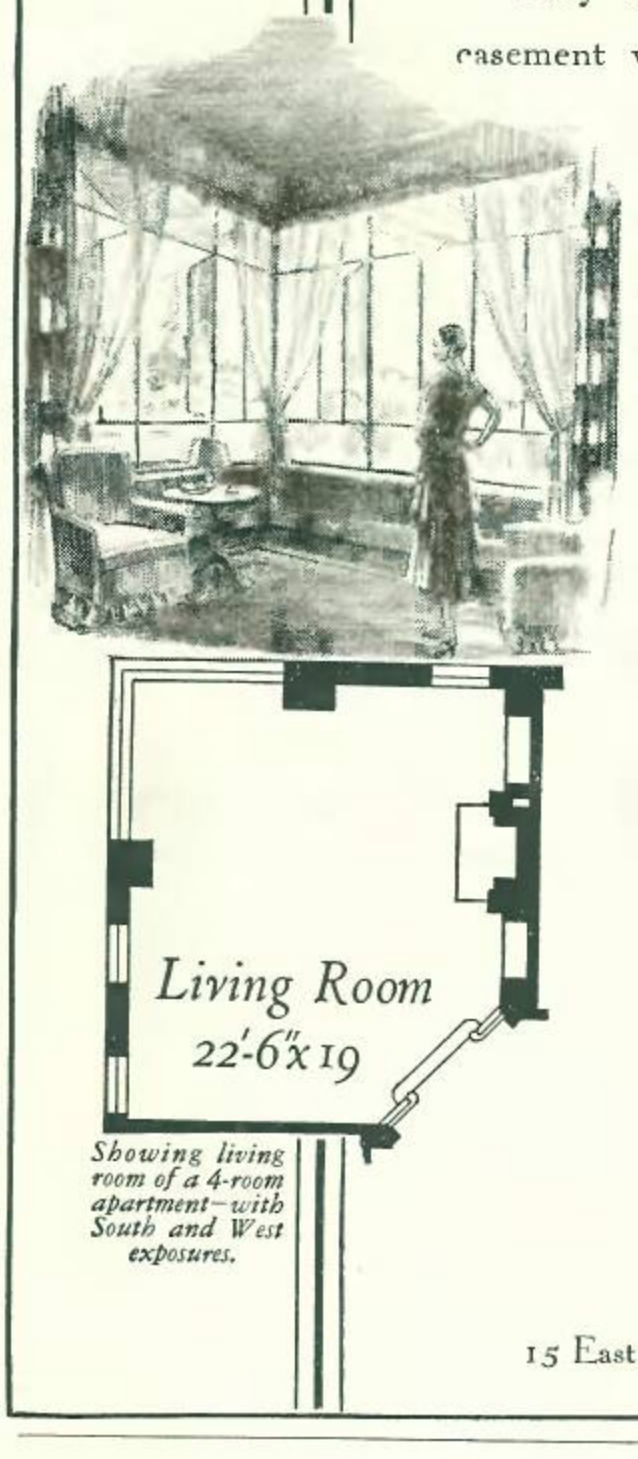


Back in the nineties at Coney Island, these bathing suits were considered quite snappy. And noisy mechanical refrigerators were once thought to be quite an advance too, until Electrolux came along.

400
EAST 57th ST.
S. E. Cor. of First Ave., Near Sutton Place

A GROUP of very fine, small housekeeping apartments in the heart of the Sutton Place section, at exceedingly moderate rentals. They are unconventional in plan, but more than conventional in comfort, with unusually varied selection.

They feature, among other things, quadruple casement windows, some 18 ft. wide, and corner bay windows, all with new type of ventilating sash. Some have step-down living rooms, woodburning fireplaces, dressing rooms, terraces, roof gardens.



Showing living room of a 4-room apartment—with South and West exposures.

1 ROOM [DRESSING ROOM, BATH, FOYER KITCHENETTE]
from $70 MONTHLY

2, 3 *and* 4 ROOMS
at equally moderate rentals

Special apartments of 5 to 8 rooms
ELEVATOR NOW RUNNING
TYPICAL APARTMENTS READY FOR INSPECTION
Occupancy this Summer

Agent on Premises
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC
Renting Agent
15 East 49th Street PLaza 3-0200

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name.....

Address.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

had never heard of that. The glass casket was a happy notion to them. They invested a great deal of money in it and applauded the gentlemen who had opened its possibilities to them.

BUT the London situation was getting ripe for a killing: the final great promotion and the strategic retreat.

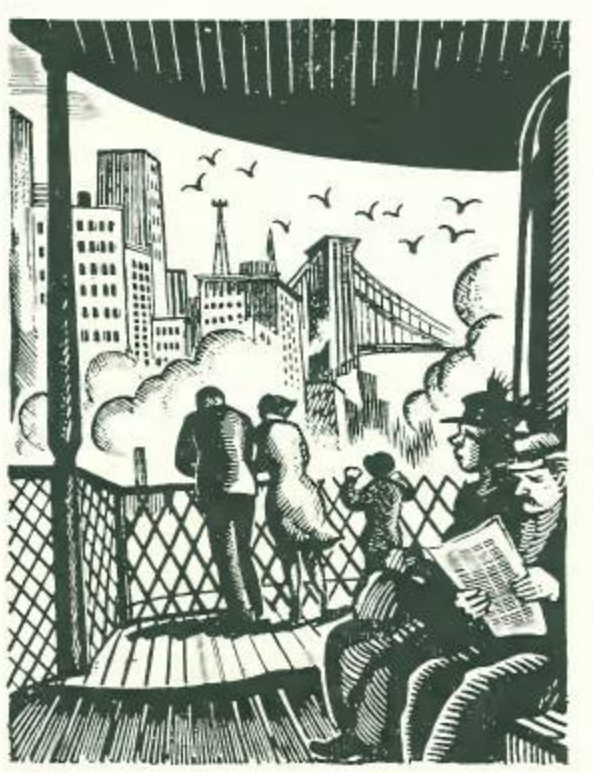
"It ought to be a mine," said one of Factor's associates as they conferred in a pleasant little Mayfair mansion. "They always go big for a mine."

"Let's make it gold," suggested another.

"Better than gold. Platinum!" said Factor. And platinum it was. They bought some abandoned workings in South Africa and employed a thousand blacks to pose in muddy clothing, with picks and shovels, hard at work upon the precious soil. This made an impressive photograph, which was folded into the elaborate sales literature that had been prepared. A million shares of stock, at one pound per share, were printed. And postage was bought to mail out the selling talk to the mailing list of three hundred thousand which had been accumulated as the previous companies were formed.

But a London newspaper—jealous, no doubt, of another American success—called the Rhodesian Platinum Mines, Ltd., a fraud. The accusation grew to the nature of an exposure. Factor decided to retire. He made one sharp effort to recover from the government the price of the three hundred thousand postage stamps which he had bought and been prevented from using, failed, and moved quickly to the south of France.

It was at this time, perhaps in pique at the interruption of his London plans, perhaps in retaliation for the government's action in the postage-stamp



Three Hours between Trains

a shopping list . . . and a headache!



WITH HER TWO CHILDREN, she was dashing across the continent toward a sick husband.

She had packed in twenty minutes at her home in California.

And now she was in Chicago, at the Palmer House . . . with 3 hours between trains, a shopping list comprising 21 entries and a head that threatened to split wide open at every step.

She explained her situation to the floor clerk on the Woman's floor. The hotel's hostess was summoned and things began to happen in her favor.

She was assigned a room that was exquisitely quiet and cheerful. The children were taken merrily upstairs by the playroom supervisor—to "let off steam" after their two days on the train.

One of the hotel's shoppers took over her shopping list, asked a few questions and promised to return within an hour and a quarter.

The hotel's doctor left something for her headache. A nurse, from the hotel's hospital, came in and administered a soothing massage.

Now she raised a compress from her eyes and glanced at her wrist watch. Ten-forty-five . . . surely it had stopped. The telephone operator reassured her . . . ten-forty-five it was. Twenty minutes since she had left her cab! Thirty minutes since she had left her train!

Such opportunities to assist travelers are not infrequent at the Palmer House. Just recently another guest arrived at ten in the morning. She was to be married at three that afternoon. And at three she was married, in a wedding gown of our selection. In fact, along with the wedding gown, we selected her entire trousseau.

So the Palmer House, called the "safest hotel in the world" by engineers and architects, is widely known for its ability to *personalize* its service.

WALTER L. GREGORY—*Manager*

Send your name and address to the Palmer House, Room 2370, for interesting booklet containing Chef Amiet's 25 Favorite Recipes, for use in your home

FROM THE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

•

A convenient location in the center of downtown Chicago—that saves time and cab money.

All forms of transportation nearby.

Comfortably large rooms at $4, $5 and $6 a day.

Floor clerks to handle telephone calls and appointments.

Servidors to let in service and keep out servants.

Four dining rooms and a lunch room.

Permanent personnel—trained to serve guests intelligently and courteously.

PALMER HOUSE

CHICAGO

Rates: $4.00 and more; $6.00 and more with twin beds (for 2 guests). Every Room with Private Bath

"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"—STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE



A casual, swagger
POLO COAT

Soft, fleecy woolen.
White, nude, beige.

CREPE LINED $22.74 UNLINED $13.74

THIRD FLOOR

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

claim, perhaps from a sheer love of his work—it was at this time that he was introduced to the Prince of Wales and sold to that gentleman (no mean salesman himself) certain oil shares that have never turned out so well.

AS far as Europe is concerned, there are few genuine triumphs left to the ambition of a shrewd workman once the Prince of Wales has been caught in the net. So Factor decided to return to America. First, however, there was a long holiday on the Riviera with his handsome wife. His play was debonair, and successful, at baccarat and chemin de fer. He was a popular figure in the casinos. And there would have been many warm admirers to chastise any impudent soul who might recall that the gay fellow was just a Chicago barber. Indeed, the faint mannerisms of his old trade were nearly all erased by now. He had learned virtually all the airs of a gentleman—and he had the cash.

It was on the occasion of his return to America that luck played fairly into his hands for the first time. Heretofore, ingenuity and application had won success. Now came the proof of that ancient law: "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given." He got back just in time for the Florida land boom.

The first job, of course, was to form a corporation and take some real-estate titles. The corporation was launched in Chicago. The real-estate titles that were acquired gave ownership to a thousand acres of Florida soil—good acres, but unfortunately submerged beneath four feet of water. The parcel was divided into generous lots. The lots were fittingly described in the pamphlets, though naturally without reference to the water. And the loaders got to their job of high-pressure selling again.

The gross was seven million dollars, and this St. Louis boy who began life





"That's the End of That"

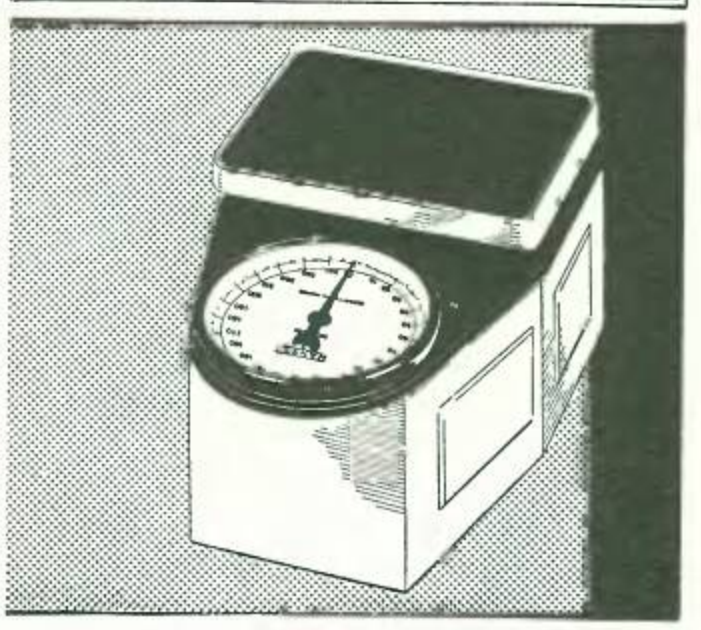
said the Captain of the "Great Eastern" as they landed this end of the Transatlantic Cable. "Brings places closer together," he continued, "puts you on the spot, as it were." But there's a spot—less than two miles away—you ought to be in touch with too, if you own anything in the way of a yacht.

Tebo Yacht Basin has in one yard the most adequate facilities on the Atlantic Seaboard for the conversion, repair, overhaul or fitting-out of fine yachts. A distinguished clientele relies on Tebo for all necessary service.

Ample storage (wet or dry) for all sizes of yachts and fittings.

TEBO
YACHT BASIN
TODD

TODD DRY DOCK ENGINEERING AND REPAIR CORPORATION
Foot of 23rd Street, Brooklyn, New York



Would you shop for a watch?

The name's the thing! You can buy watches or scales for . . . *what have you.* What matters most is accuracy—and for accuracy you must pay. The Hanson Petite Health Scale (illustrated) is dependable for a life-time . . . beautifully made, colored to match your bath or bedroom. Occupies less than a square foot.

Department and Hardware Stores

HANSON SCALE COMPANY, Chicago
Established 1888
New York Office: 41 Murray Street

HEALTH SCALES . . . . . by . . . . . HANSON

humbly and with many handicaps, this American youth who at twenty-one had only two possessions: a knowledge of the barber's trade and a burning ambition—this keen man of thirty-three was a success.

IT is a known thing that he who thrusts his head above the multitude, who demonstrates some quality that is not possessed by the common herd, will be contemned and misunderstood. About this time, the police began to take an interest in Factor's affairs. Also, several groups of criminals let their envy turn to hatred, and Factor became a hunted man. The police of Chicago and Toronto and London set out to arrest him for swindling. The envious criminals charged him with the double-cross.

Scotland Yard men arrived, and with the help of the American detectives began a race with Legs Diamond and a group of Middle-Western gangsters. They wanted to land Factor safely in jail before Diamond or the Middle-Westerners got to him for purposes of their own.

It is Diamond's charge that he financed Factor's first European tour, on the condition that all profits accruing therefrom should be split evenly with him. He insists that Factor never gave him a penny of those profits—and furthermore that at least one of the recent attempts upon his life was made at Factor's order.

The Middle-Western gangsters offered no clear motive for their pursuit of the great man. They did not, it is said, wish to kill him. They wished merely to kidnap him and wrest from him a share of his hard-won spoils. Perhaps there is no better token of Factor's outstanding ability than his recent move to outwit these last-named pursuers. He called on the Chicago police, who had a forgotten warrant for his arrest stuffed in some pigeonhole, and demanded a bodyguard. Uncouth fellows, he explained, were pursuing him. The guard was provided,





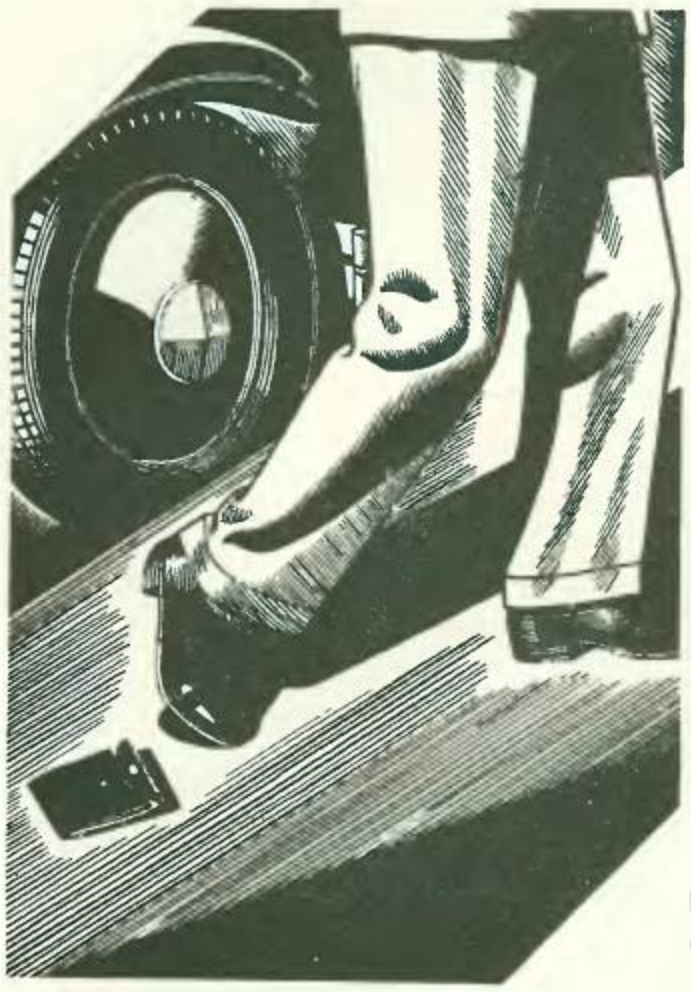
"WE'VE JUST TALKED TO THE CHILDREN BY TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE"

MANY are the excuses for adventure . . . blue seas to cross . . . gay cities to explore . . . interesting people to meet. But always some one must be left behind: parents, children, intimate friends. Overseas Telephone Service gives you a chance to share new pleasures with them in a most delightful, personal way. It is quick and clear—just like any Long Distance call.

A three-minute conversation from New York and nearby points to London or Buenos Aires costs $30; to Paris, $33.75; Berlin, $35.25; Madrid or Rome, $36; Australia, $45; certain transatlantic ships at sea, $21. Charges from other American cities, slightly more. Service to telephones in Western Europe is available 24 hours a day. Overseas calls can be made to and from every home or office Bell telephone in the United States. And they are so easy to make—just ask for Long Distance.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

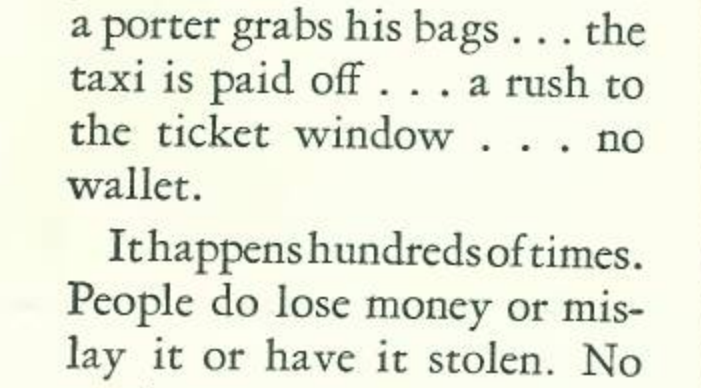


ONE WAY TO LOSE MONEY

Just time to catch his train . . . a porter grabs his bags . . . the taxi is paid off . . . a rush to the ticket window . . . no wallet.

It happens hundreds of times. People do lose money or mislay it or have it stolen. No need to worry, though, if the money is in A. B. A. Cheques —for it will be refunded.

A. B. A. Cheques are the modern way to insure yourself against the loss, theft or destruction of your money. Buy them at your own bank—spend them anywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

and under its protection he slipped away from his fourteen-room apartment, got clear of Chicago, and dismissed his blue-coated companions with appropriate thanks.

Then he gave himself up, but the police seemed to have no notion what to do with him after they had him. The judge declined either to grant bail to him or refuse it, and compromised by allowing him to go his accustomed way with a deputy marshal in discreet but watchful attendance. It was impossible to determine whether his American citizenship still held good, or whether his magnificent success in England and certain preliminary papers he had taken out there made him a subject of His Majesty King George V. Until this question could be decided the Scotland Yard men were at a standstill, and the American authorities little better off. Nobody seemed sure, on the day he gave himself up to the police, what he should be charged with.

IT is possible, of course, that unhappy adventures will overtake Jacob Factor before this small appreciation of the man gets into print. But no future misfortune can dim the lustre of his past, for he attained the aristocracy of his times. As this is written, he has never spent a day in jail. He has five million dollars and he has consorted with princes. He has never stooped to the crude, money-grubbing ways of the bootlegger. In fine, to use the penetrating phrase of the day, he had the stuff. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

MY IDEAL, where are you? Do you hear this S.O.S. call? I am several years out in life's high seas. I am tired and lonely, am resting on the oars and studying the compass. Step out and let me see you. You have pretty golden brown hair, maybe some gray. You are 45 or 50, slender. Must be among the common rank somewhere. I am large, good looking. People think I am 45, though am older. Mechanical wage earner. Come out, little one, tell me where you are. Mat., Box 6, G6-Post.—*Adv. in Denver Post.*

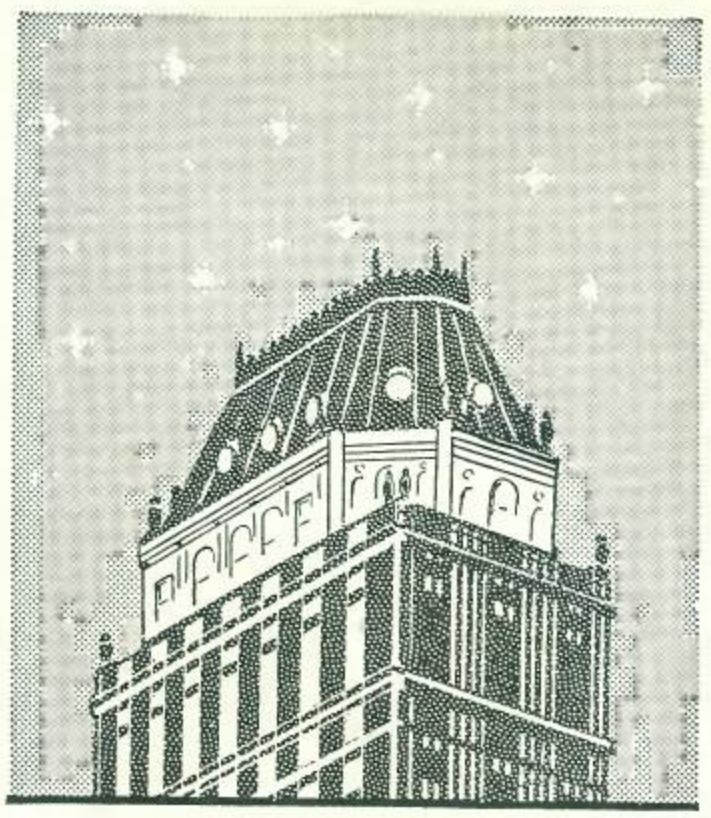
Stay where you are, baby—you're sittin' pretty.

•

What does this mean: Honi soit qui mal y pense? DORDINE HARRIS

The French sentence evidently begins with some proper name and reads, "He knows who thinks badly of you."—*Oklahoma City News.*

It's all a matter of education.



PIERRE ROOF

New York's Highest Dining Room for Dinner and Supper Dancing during the season

Maurice and The Continentals

Medrano and Donna
with Los Flamencos—Andalusian Guitarists

HOTEL PIERRE
Fifth Avenue at 61st Street
REgent 4-5901
CHARLES PIERRE, *President and Managing Director*

When Every Day Seems Like Blue Monday . . .

● *it's time for bubbly TARRANT'S*

Toss off a sizzly, spritzy glass of Tarrant's and your Monday mornings become Saturday nights almost at once. Tarrant's repairs spirits, restores dispositions, clears complexions and points of view.

Tarrant's makes a grand, refreshing bubbly drink. No drugs, nothing harmful or habit-forming. Simply a pure saline, a blend of basic salts which quickly relieves the "head," the headache, indigestion and similar unpleasantnesses.



Ask your physician —he's known it for years. And simply say "Tarrant's" to the druggist.

TARRANT'S

SELTZER APERIENT

PARIS LETTER



PARIS, MAY 20

THE much-talked-of Colonial Exposition, scheduled for April, has finally opened, and by the time it's really ready to be opened—say, some time in July—it should be worth seeing. At the moment there is little to attract you unless you're interested in watching Parisian workmen put on what would be the finishing touches if the construction of the buildings were a little more advanced. The American contribution, a replica of Mount Vernon, looks finished, and certainly the transplanted rosebushes are, though the summer has hardly begun; but what should be a bank of the Potomac is a scenic railway and what used to be Southern hospitality is a sign stating "Défense d'Entrer." Owing, of course, to their being so backward, the African Negroes were the only group that opened their native section on time. Consequently, the first sightseers, thirsting for exotic handicraftsmen, could inspect two ebony silversmiths and one black patriarchal idol-carver. The royal ballet dancers from Cambodia, from whom daily joy was expected, have temporarily retired to their Pnom-Penh pagoda, and according to the program will dance only on gala days. Gala days are days on which the public pays more to get in, which explains why the public looks so happy on them. What the long list of exhibits promised by Colonial governors will amount to in the way of ceramics, tapa cloths, ivory jewelry, and native fruits remains to be seen.

NEVERTHELESS, the Colonial Exposition furnishes a group of highly entertaining buildings. The world may be a small place but few of its inhabitants circle it, so the sight of a Laos fisherman's hut, of Bamoun villages, or even of a Dahomey palm grove, is to most people a very novel one. For inventiveness some prize should go to the Madagascar pavilion with its soaring watch tower topped by bucrania forty feet high; to the Dutch for having put together real Balinese hand-painted dovecotes inhabited by real Dutch doves; to the Italians for their temerity in reproducing the en-



A *little street called*
SAILOR'S LEAP
Old Québec

He was a good French dog, that Sailor . . . the dog of the Sieur de Champlain. Daringly he leaped from the cliff to answer his master's whistle 300 years ago, and they named a street *Sault-au-Matelot* to commemorate the feat . . . so it stands to this day. You walk along it to Sous-le-Cap, narrowest street in the New World . . . and Notre-Dame des Victoires, oldest church in Canada, with an altar built like a fort . . . and under the willows of the rue des Remparts, past the long silent guns of the Grand Battery. You visit the battlemented and moated citadel, the Hôtel-Dieu, the hospital founded by the Duchesse d'Aiguillon who might have been Queen of France . . . you see a thousand beautiful and historic things . . . see them now. Reservations from Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue, at 44th, New York; 405 Boylston Street, Boston; 1500 Locust Street, Philadelphia; or Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada.

Listen In! Canadian Pacific Musical Cruisaders . . . programme, produced in Canada. Wednesday, 8.30 p. m., EDST. WIZ and associated NBC Stations.

Chateau Frontenac
A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

MALLORY STRAWS



Do As New Yorkers Do— Wear A Mallory

¶A Mallory Straw is as symbolic of New York as its sky-line. It's worn by men to whom fashionable elegance is first thought, second nature and sixth sense. Only a Mallory Straw has the "FlexeInt" Headband. It's a cushion of comfort. Only a Mallory Straw is made weather-immune by the world-known "Cravenette" Process. That means life extension to your hat. Mallory straws are on sale now in more than 250 metropolitan stores.

MALLORY HATS

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY

392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ormous Tripolitan basilica of Leptis Magna; and certainly to the French for their astonishing replica of the central temple of Angkor, a job that took three years out of the lives of local master masons and was well worth it. Then a booby prize should be given to the Beaux-Arts for its building, whose bad modernity can't be described.

ANOTHER form of outdoor entertainment has been provided by the annual reopening of Luna Park, this time featuring one dead whale—the first to reach these shores—and one hundred live Lilliputians, all attempting to console the public for the decline of the Fratellini. For two years these three clowns have been some place or other from which they might as well never have returned, since they failed to bring their art back with them. Once a pinnacle of prosperity and perfection in clownery that established them here as masters of their trade and of the box office, their talent has suddenly dwindled; on their recent tent-show opening at one of the city gates, they drew lean crowds and hollower laughs. The loss of such comedians amounts to tragedy.

However, the particular place they had in the affections of a carriage trade devoted to popular pleasures has been filled by the amateur-vaudeville performances given, with the old-fashioned hook, at La Fourmi. This curious playhouse near the Métro station of Rochechouart, the heart of an exceptionally sordid district, enjoyed an equally snobbish success a few years ago with amateur-boxing nights that brought out any number of top hats. When it hasn't been exhibiting hooks to the jaw and to the singers, La Fourmi has been the home of Yiddish repertory.

NIGHT-CLUB life has altered but little since last year, so much is expected of Miss Texas Guinan and her young ladies, scheduled to give themselves a big hand at the Florida.





At home play

SALVO

"THE GAME OF WITS"

Packed with thrills, excitement, and laughter, evenings speed by.

Playable right in your easy chair, Salvo is compact in padded form with pencil—no added materials necessary.

Every popular hostess provides SALVO.

$1.00 Complete
.25 Refill Set

AT LEADING STORES

Published by Starex Novelty Company, Inc.
15 East 53rd Street, New York, N. Y.



"How I wish my ancestors had come over on the Mayflower."

"Don't be an egg, we can do better than that...we can live there."

The Mayflower prides itself on being a really pleasant place. Courtesy oils the wheels, intelligence guides the service. Our guests tell us it manages to be home-like and still maintain the dignity of a smart hotel. Why not telephone Mr. Spaulding at

COlumbus 5-0060

He'll gladly give you all information about rates, leases and what not.

The Mayflower

Central Park West—61st to 62nd St.
NEW YORK CITY

Les Enfants Terribles has closed, as might several other champagne resorts, and, as is appropriate to the season, Les Ambassadeurs has opened. Chez Florence is now considered by the French to be the most chic *dancing* in Montmartre; Zelli's so-called University of Learning has opened again for the summer sophomore trade; Bricktop's continues to attract Americans around four in the morning; Monseigneur, which admits being the most expensive night club in Europe and has not been given the lie yet, still distracts the dressy few; and the Bosphore rolls the crowds in in waves. A few years ago, Charpini, its astounding female impersonator, was to be heard exclusively at Chez Fysher. Then he starred in Harry Pilcer's "Nudist Bar." Now his success is so great that he can be heard all over France on the radio, and has even been laughed at in New York by those whose sense of humor and receiving sets were strong enough. He is like no one else on the Continent, and that may be just as well.—GENÊT

•

A STOCKHOLDER'S PLAINT

A lack of cash
To some may be
A cosmic joke—
But not to me.

The Scriptures state
No care oppresses
The little birds,
Whom Heaven dresses.

And lilies, too,
Toil not nor spin,
But yet my bank
Account grows thin.

There must be some
Discrimination
Since man alone
Must bear deflation.

Oh, Gods above,
Lay off, unbend,
And let me have
One dividend.

—SMOFF

•

BLOODHOUND FOR SALE—What am I offered for one-year-old? Beautiful animal, gentle, good watch dog. Will eat anything and especially fond of children. —*Adv. in Port Angeles* (*Wash.*) *News.*

Got one that's fond of weekend guests?

so delightfully simple . . five minutes a day



That clear complexion-beauty of the Arthurian Elaines, the "lily maids". . . such radiant fairness *belongs* to the skin which tends to dryness. And to foster this loveliness, these Produits Pierre for the dry skin . . . exquisite . . . applied in just five minutes. The cleanser, the cream to nourish, the refreshing tonic, the delicate protective cream. Four simple steps each day with these products by Pierre. And they are explained in the Pierre chart or the new booklet, at your favorite shop.



For the dry skin . . . the Cleansing Cream, the Basic Nourishing Cream, the Skin Tonic, the Protective Cream.

Pierre

Produits Pierre are at your favorite shops

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES



THE first thing that you notice around Lord & Taylor these fine days, chilluns, is a wave—but a big, roaring wave—of red, white, and blue for summer clothes and accessories. Any person who has a particular lech for all or one of these colors should take her straw suitcase straight down there, and if she can't find what she wants, she is just an ole fussbudget and not a worthy reader of this department.

THE linen beach pajamas are especially exciting. There is one of white linen with red and blue horizontal stripes every couple of inches, made in one piece, with shoulder-straps and a bolero jacket. Another has wide white pants that button (in front only) on a red linen jumper with a blue binding on the round neck and short sleeves and a blue-and-white star ornament over the heart. Anyway, you get the idea. Red-and-blue piping appears on little two-piece dresses of white shantung, on bouclé dresses, on striped sweaters —all over. It breaks out in a perfect fury on handkerchiefs, the nicest being linen ones, man-sized, with sprawly or modern patterns.

As for evening clothes, there is one ensemble of a blue crêpe dress, having a red and a white flower ornament on one hip, and that Lanvin jacket consisting entirely of coolie sleeves and done up in tucked red georgette. Startling but chic.

The new sweater-and-blouse department, which also includes separate skirts and jackets, is another place well worth visiting around here. There is a group of sweaters at two-ninety-five, for instance, that gives you that how-do-they-do-it feeling. Look at the white ones of a lacy lisle mesh in every possible style, from frilly little frothy things to simple V-necked summer indispensables. You will also find copies of that Schiaparelli fishnet mesh sweater, like a surplice, tying at the side, and having short sleeves. They have a dandy golf skirt of flannel, with huge patch pockets bulging a little on each hip and nicely tailored, and there are lots of jumpers, sleeveless and V-necked, in every possible color and knit, for those of you who think that this type of thing is coming back again. Personally, I loathe them, but who am I against so many? Anyway, in this department you can assemble almost any kind of a costume you like.

In the Accessory Shop: *Leis* to wear with evening clothes, made of crisp flowers, all colors, at three-ninety-five. . . . A beaded evening bag for seven-fifty, simple and flat, and in grand colors. . . . Chiffon fichu scarves to be used over evening clothes or nightgowns, ruffly and tying on one shoulder. . . . Two grand summer bags: one of white felt with a red felt lining, the other of a white Rodier tweedy stuff, lined with natural chamois. . . . And look at L'Ortay single compacts and lipsticks: very chaste, and coming in every possible color to match any costume; one dollar each.

IN the sports department at Franklin Simon, they are making a special fuss over bouclé dresses. One of them, a veritable love, is brown, with hand-crocheted trimming at the neck and sleeves. It has a sash that is all horizontal brown and white stripes, and a brown and a white tassel dangle from the V-neck. This for nineteen-seventy-five, no less. For older women with twenty-nine-fifty aching to be spent, there is one with a pink cardigan and skirt, and a sweater of a white lacy weave, with a brown, pink, and white applied bow on it. It is the one-piece, youthful ones, however, made very simply with those striped sashes, that I like best. They are using Norazil bouclé a lot, which doesn't stretch, no matter what. Another fabric that they are making much of is a mesh with a frosted surface. One dress in a navy blue with this shimmering type of surface has an amusing talon fastener at the neck, finished off with a navy and a white pompon. They have golf dresses of this fabric, too,



"It's not old-fashioned, Madame. It's just a reaction."

STEHLI'S new Tweed-Chiffon is an amazing fabric creation that gives the coolest of all silks the trim, tailored appearance of an English woolen. Daytime chiffon, heretofore, has been a garden-party sort of thing. Now you can dash in and out of town . . . shopping and lunching all Summer long . . . cool and crisp as a lettuce leaf. The dress may be purchased . . . in black and white, blue and white, or brown and white . . . at **Bergdorf Goodman's.**

. . . TRAVELERS CHECKS



© 1931, S. S. CORP.

Stehli Silks

COTY

PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH



NATURAL—CLEARER LUSTRE AND PERFUME CHARM

This finer Polish is all perfume charm and sparkle. Not even a hint of the customary chemical liquid polish odors.

It gives your finger-tips a lovelier brilliance, enhanced with the fragrance of delicate Coty Perfume.

New and gentler manicure ingredients, smoother brushing qualities give a more natural clearer brilliance with but a *single coat.* Your nails keep their graceful shining perfection for a week or more. Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish will not make the nails brittle, chip or peel.

Three shades, Clear, Medium, Deep—$1.00. Solvent 75c. Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. Featured at the better stores everywhere.



SEE THE NEW Coty Fitted Perfumed Manicure Case for Travel or Boudoir—$3.50. Also Manicure Sets with Removable Fitted Trays—$3, $4, $5.

with the conventional inverted pleats in the skirt and at the back of the blouse, and a double-breasted effect above the belt in front.

There are also lots of chamois jackets in this department, going straight up to a round neck, as chamois jackets all over town like to, and fastened either with buttons or with those Schiaparelli clips. They come in swell colors—rose and green and such—but I still like the natural shade best. Franklin Simon, smart folks that they are, also carry separate skirts of gabardine in exactly the color of chamois.

IN the shop of Louise Hanna, at 7 East Fifty-fourth Street, you find something that is very, very Trend of the Times: a glorification of the home-dressmaker type of thing. They show no models whatever; you pick out your fabric, give them a few hints about the kind of dress you happen to crave, and they thereupon leap forth with a lot of ideas, sketches, and so on, to help you along. Prices range from $20 up for the workmanship (the cost of the material is not included in that, of course) and all in all it looks like a boon. Another interesting thing they are doing is simple bathing suits of jersey to order (and nothing is more important than having a bathing suit fit perfectly—every wrinkle counts against you) for from $12.50 onward. They have ready-to-wear clothes here, too, but it is fundamentally a place for people to have ideas about clothes carried out and improved upon.

AROUND Cammeyer way, there are some dandy new shoes for those of you who dislike going about in stocking feet on hot summer pavements. One, for the street, has a vamp of brown sharkskin, a back of brown patent leather, and a tiny white kid piping separating them. The brown-and-white idea gets another new twist in a pump with a white lizard vamp and a brown patent-leather back. Simple but somehow dressy. Shoes of white linen, whether pumps or one-strap affairs, have a vamp with discreet white embroidery; and there is a grand shoe with a navy-kid wing tip, a back of white linen, and inserts of white linen crochet at the sides. This sort of thing is everywhere, and ordinarily bores me, but this here now shoe has quality.

ROUND ABOUT: Brand-Chatillon, knowing full well that young things like to collect charms for their bracelets so they may tinkle, tinkle all

Pierre



©

PERMANENT WAVES

soft and natural. And beautiful transformations—by the famous Pierre.

Produits Pierre are at your favorite shops.

39 WEST 57TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY
Telephone: Plaza 3-1362

WILL OSBORNE *in person and his* ORCHESTRA

New York's Roof Sensation

MARINE ROOF
HOTEL BOSSERT
MONTAGUE ST., BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

EATING GUIDE FOR NEW YORKERS

English mutton chop with kidney, rasher of bacon, stuffed baked potato—a taste-teasing touch of H. P. Sauce. A specialty of *J. M. Frederique,* Chef, HOTEL LINCOLN

H.P. SAUCE
THE THICK SAUCE FROM ENGLAND

the more, have brought forth one that might easily be construed as a hint. It is a miniature engagement ring in platinum, with a diamond chip on it. Bait for brazen women, I calls it. . . . The Accessory Shop at Macy would probably go into a decline if something new didn't crop up at least once a week. This time it is an epidemic of plaid gingham, making blouses, envelope bags, wide belts, floppy beach hats, Ascot scarves, and such. You can buy all or one of them, as you like. . . . The farthest north in perfumes since the Astrologique ones came out has been reached by Chanel's. If you wear red, it appears, you must have a perfume that smells red to go with it, and so on. Lord & Taylor have them—in case you don't feel like laughing, as I did. . . . Lenthéric, suffering from an attack of conscience because indelible lipstick stains on table napkins are worrying hostesses so much, went to work to find out how they might easily be removed. Both their own and other indelible lipsticks were the subjects of the experiments. With white linen, you should first use any good cleansing fluid, like Energine or Carbona, to take off the waxy substance. After this, Javelle water, which you can buy at any drugstore, should be applied to remove the dyestuff. You then rinse the linen in clean water. For colored linens, the cleansing fluid first and then soap and water—not as effective as the Javelle but still good after two or three launderings. This for the little-hostess department.

I WAS particularly interested in that last cable from B. M., in which she said that that roll of hair going all the way around from ear to ear was beginning to look a touch tiresome. All the millinery people last autumn had me to fight when they flatly stated that this method of doing the hair was the newest, the smartest, and everythingest in Paris. What very few people bother to remember is that, whatever styles Paris sets in other matters, so far as hairdressing goes it is approximately three years behind us. It was three years behind Irene Castle in taking up the bob; and just as late in adopting the shingle and in doing a Garbo. I don't know what new thing will crop up here for Paris to decry in all directions, but I saw one bob that looked nice and new to me. Permanently waved and longish at the sides, shingled in back, with a deliberately raggedy effect on the nape of the neck—reversed wind-blown





the Hand-Knitted BATHING SUIT is the only one that matters in Europe now. In fact, the only one that *has* mattered, as far as smart women are concerned, for the last couple of seasons. It is inevitable it should follow the course of all really good fashions and be seen this summer, worn by the right people, at the important American resorts. **A HAND-KNITTED SUIT** has the advantage of holding the figure firmly. It feels like nothing at all slipping through the water, and, since it *is* hand-knitted, it is the most individual bathing outfit you could possibly choose.

•

BECAUSE this kind of thing has always been a Franklin forte, the Franklin shops know how a knitted suit should be made—narrow-shouldered, beautifully fitted. We are showing a complete collection. In red-brown and white, blue and white, yellow and white . . . all the positive colors of this season $45

Mrs. Franklin inc.

NEW YORK · 16 EAST 53rd STREET • PHILADELPHIA · 260 SOUTH 17th STREET
RESORT SHOPS AT · PALM BEACH, BAR HARBOR, YORK HARBOR, WATCH HILL

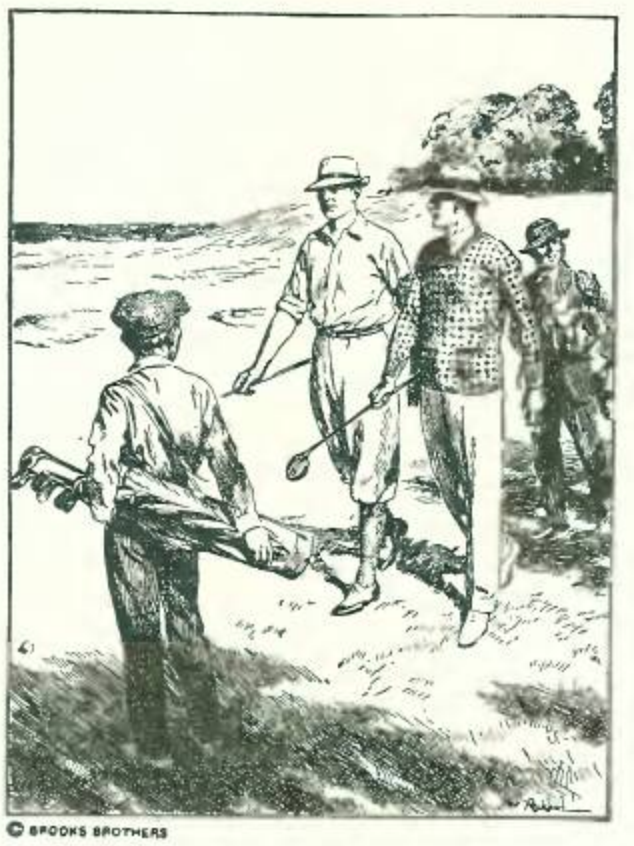
ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



© BROOKS BROTHERS

Shirts, Pullovers
Flannels
Knickerbockers

Spiked or Rubber-Soled
Shoes

Send for Illustrations
of Shirts

BRANCHES
NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

CHEZVOUS
INC.
ARTS INTERIORS
20 East 58th Street, New York City
Telephone Wickersham 2-1520

The White Elephant
Nantucket Island
Massachusetts
The Hotel is on the Water's Edge. It has a Charming Atmosphere and Exceptionally Good Food.

style. And if hats really tilt down over the right eye, what about ruffly Victorian bangs? *They're* about due.

I'm tired of it all, particularly mesh.

—L. L.

•

STORIES OF TODAY

EXPERIENCED

Jeremiah Sullivan,
Seventy-one-year-old bachelor,
Fainted as he applied
For a marriage license
At the City Hall
In Hartford, Connecticut.
His fiancée,
Mrs. Anna J. Hahn,
Aged sixty-five,
Did not faint.

She had been married twice before.

MASS PRODUCTION

The National Sculpture Society
Is bitterly protesting
The wholesale production
Of cheap war memorials.

They angrily point out
There are now three hundred
Exact duplicates
Of the statue of a doughboy
With a hand grenade,
In as many towns
Throughout the country.

DIGNITY

Mayor Jenkins
Of Freeport, Ohio,
Has warned the members
Of the City Council
Not to appear
At Council meetings
In corduroy trousers.

The Mayor declared
He would not tolerate
"Any small-town stuff
While we are conducting
Official business."

ARS LONGA

Cliff Slade,
Former star xylophonist
Of the prison band
At the Michigan Reformatory,
Is back in jail
With a fourteen-year sentence,
Though he pleaded with the judge
To "make it life."

He wants to perfect
His technique on the instrument.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

MUSICAL EVENTS

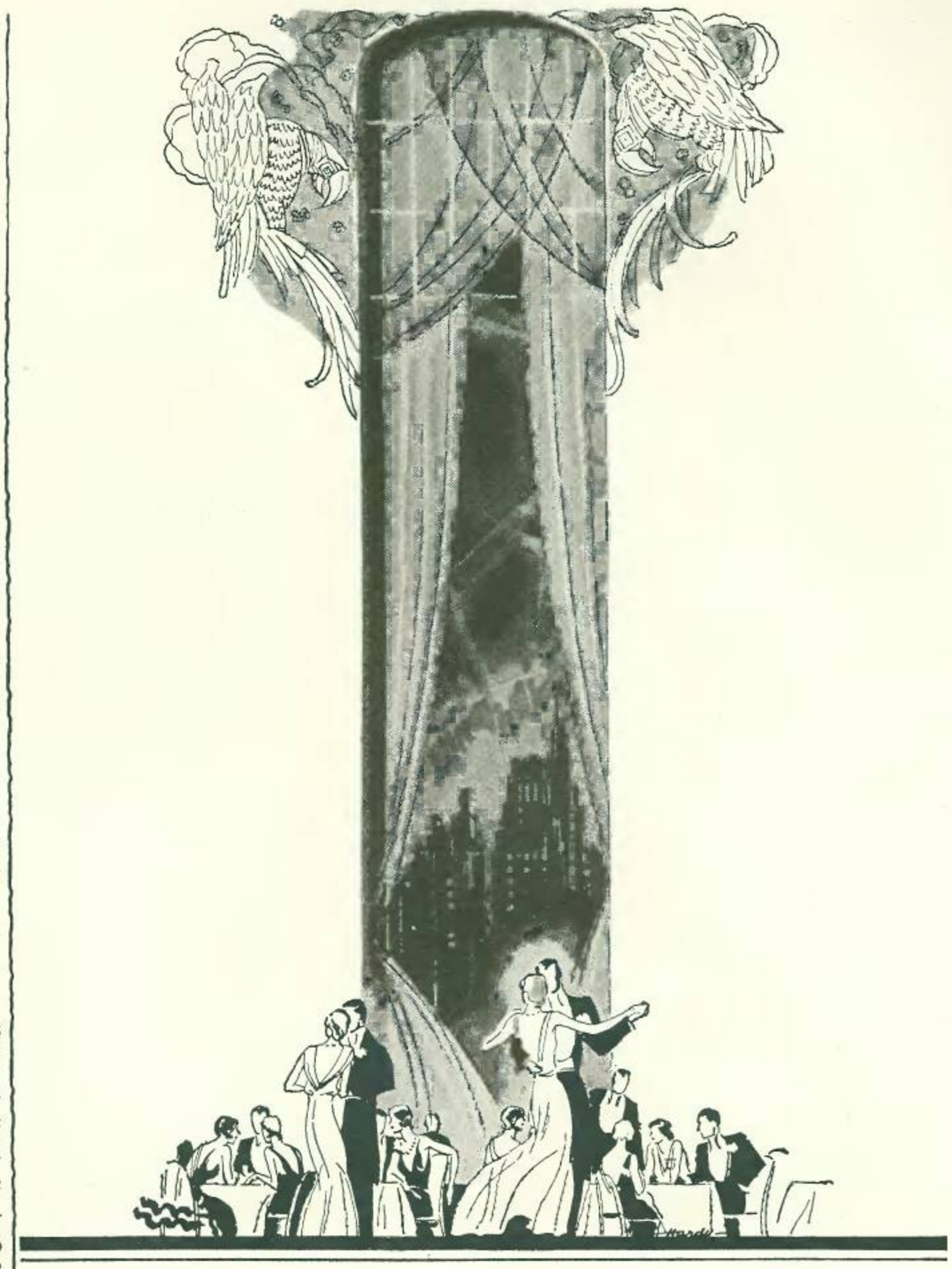
Not for "Pinafore" Pooh-Poohers



THOSE of us who review music are a snobbish lot. When a second-rate operetta like "Boccaccio" is reupholstered with a few recitatives and Mme. Jeritza and performed in the Metropolitan Opera House, we attend —and take the show and ourselves pretty seriously. When a work of genius like "H.M.S. Pinafore" is produced with taste and skill in Erlanger's Theatre, we conclude that this assignment belongs to the dramatic department. It is all rather lamentable, because the dramatic department undoubtedly would enjoy Mme. Jeritza and the recitatives, whereas a music critic should find joy and refreshment at "Pinafore."

It happens that I am more familiar with "Pinafore" than I am with "Parsifal" (to quote "Pinafore": "Horror!") and when Howard Marsh omits the confession that he is a ganglion of conflicting emotions or Frank Moulan remarks that all sailors should dance hornpipes instead of "every sailor should dance the hornpipe," I can catch the offender as easily as your perfect Wagnerite trips up a poor soprano who confuses "*versagt*" and "*entsagt.*" "Pinafore," "with English text by W. S. Gilbert," as the program so bewilderingly puts it, is a libretto of inevitabilities. An inserted word shrieks out to tell you that Gilbert was not its father. Even so traditional an interpolation as "the cat came back" in "Silent be—it was the cat" obviously is a smudgy finger to the nose, wiggled at the stern mustachios of the dramatist. Milton Aborn, director of the present performance, ought to have some sort of Pulitzer Prize for eliminating returning cats and other addenda. The "English text by W. S. Gilbert" is permitted to speak for itself; and there is nothing else in town that speaks so well.

EVIDENTLY, someone took the trouble to rehearse the current "Pinafore," and the result is a performance that does almost complete justice to the amazing score. I rarely have heard a satisfactory Ralph or a



• PARTIES IN THE CLOUDS •

Smart New York in full fiesta, on the St. Regis Roof. Gomez and Winona in brilliant new dance-turns . . . favorite St. Regis dishes . . . people you know . . . and you, dancing the cool and star-lit night away to the floating rhythms of Vincent Lopez The perfect summer evening in New York. Couvert, after 10:30, $2; Saturday, $3.

LUNCHEON . . . PRE-THEATRE DINNER . . . AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER.

ST. REGIS ROOF

• ATOP HOTEL ST. REGIS . . . NEW YORK •

DELMAN GOLF SHOES



RHONDA—*a flexible, unlined, featherweight Golf Shoe, Crepe rubber sole. Brown Russia Calf* **$13.50**

White Buckskin, crepe rubber sole, **$15.50**

These flattering Golf Shoes have the distinctive smartness of all Delman models . . . and in addition, the exclusive Delman built-in arch which gives the firm support of a high heel shoe to a low heel style.

DELMAN

SHOE SALON

DELMAN BLDG.

558 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK

1221 CONNECTICUT AVE. · WASHINGTON

PALM BEACH · SOUTHAMPTON · MIAMI BEACH

Delman Shoes are sold exclusively by the better stores in principal cities.

Josephine who was much more than a young singer battling with the Bellinian parodies of Sullivan, but Howard Marsh sings the hero without tenor poses and at once he comes to life. Ruth Altman is much the best Josephine in my rather extensive acquaintance. I think that she ought to find somebody who can show her how to produce her upper tones, but except for these forced notes, her Josephine has everything, including exactly the right flavor of travesty.

Frank Moulan, William Danforth, and William C. Gordon are old hands at Gilbert and Sullivan, but this time they are more effective than ever. Joseph Macaulay, a memorable Grosvenor in an unfortunate production of "Patience" a few years ago, steps forth as a superlative Captain Corcoran; and Fay Templeton is an astonishing Little Buttercup. Miss Templeton is the Schumann-Heink of operetta. Some of the music has been revised for her, but no harm is done, and her recitative with Mr. Macaulay would be worth study by some of the folks who sing four blocks downtown.

OF course, not all is heaven. The evening begins with an interminable "selection" of melodies, after which the overture is played. The addition of "God Save the King" to Sir Joseph's entrance is a throwback to the days when "Pinafore" was done with real water. Almost every item is encored automatically, even when there is no surging demand for it. The lighting is a fearful thing.

I could add to the catalogue, but it would be misleading. This "Pinafore" is a grand show. It will be with us the rest of this week, and may be repeated later in the season. If you have a musical friend (one of those superiorities who sniff at Sullivan) invest two dollars in his salvation. Take him to Erlanger's Theatre and have him listen to Sullivan's handling of the ensemble, of recitative, and of a text that only a musician of exceptional sensibility could set with success.—R. A. S.

•

UNIVERSITY Graduate—With pleasing personality and attractive appearance desires position in accounting or sale departments. This is an exceptional opportunity for wide-awake employers as this man has experience, intelligence and executive ability. Write a letter of not more than 150 words to Z 432.—*Adv. in the Pittsburgh Press.*

And enclose a photograph of the board of directors?

A Bit of PARIS in NEW YORK



Henri

CONFISEUR

40 W. 46TH ST., NEW YORK

An a la carte FRENCH RESTAURANT also featuring a $2.50 HENRI DINNER which will be served nightly from 6 to 9 and all DAY on SUNDAY



THE BEVERLY . . .

an hotel conducted for people who are at home in the atmosphere of a well-conducted home.. and who patronize The Beverly for that reason.

One to four rooms . . .
On Lease or Day-by-day

The Beverly

125 EAST 50 ST.

Wallace K. Seeley, Mgr. Telephone, PLaza 3-2700

THE RACE TRACK

Questionnaire in the Metropolitan—Beelzebub's Cup—High-Priced Horses

IT seems to me that the appellation of champion has no place in racing. It savors too much of dog shows—where every other entrant is Champion So-and-So of This-and-That—and comes too readily to the tongue of the man who has backed the winner and takes longer to cool off than the horse. One heard it on all sides after Questionnaire came strolling away from his field three furlongs from home in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park last weekend.



ALTHOUGH he was on my list of horses likely to do well this season, I was agreeably surprised on my reintroduction to James Butler's colt earlier that week. Last year Questionnaire was an unprepossessing animal, just a tough hide but always doing his best, as the horsemen say. Over the winter, however, he has grown into a fine, big colt filled out in the right places, with an abundance of muscle and a coat that carries a rare bloom. The story of the Metropolitan is not difficult to unfold. Questionnaire broke well from the rail, but there was a breathless moment or two when Polydorus and Curate bore over sharply and Her Grace stumbled, tossing her jockey in a long, twisting loop. (He landed on his head, burying his cap in the mud to his ears, but rode the winner of the next race.) Halfway around the turn Polydorus and Curate tired, and as Questionnaire was left in splendid isolation his owner's face lighted up with a victorious smile. In spite of the mishap to Her Grace, I shall continue to have Questionnaire on my side, particularly for the Suburban.

I AM disappointed in Charlie Schwartz' Cree. When he won the Harbor Hill Cup last autumn, I thought he was the best three-year-old jumper I had seen in years (so did Thomas Hitchcock, who developed him) but last week he was beaten twice. After the Charles Appleton Cup, Rigan McKinney, who rode him, and Max Hirsch, who trained him, met in the stand and each tried to take the blame for Cree's fading away into the shadowy background until Schwartz called it a draw. Ed Bradley's Beelzebub, who won the Harbor Hill three years ago, galloped and jumped to such purpose that he never was headed after the first half-mile of the Appleton Cup.

A NUMBER of interesting two-year-olds were out last week. Mrs. Jock Whitney's Brocado (a full sister to Toro) beat Joseph Widener's Foxiana (a filly by Stefan the Great who I am told is one of the best-fancied in the barn) with George Widener's Straightlace (a full sister to Jack High) third. Then we saw the Greentree Stable's Pro Bono, a half-brother to Twenty Grand. He is good-looking but evidently lazy, for he was slow to settle to running.

WELL, this weekend we shall see George Widener's Jamestown run for The Withers, a race, no doubt, that he will win. He is such a fast horse, and seems to sweep over the ground so effortlessly. Twenty Grand, of course, will not run until The Belmont, but perhaps it will be just as well to take a look at Jamestown's opponents. Clock Tower will be one of them, and Ladder, third in The Preakness, another. And I think it would be interesting if Ed Bradley were to start a filly, Baba Kenny, against colts.

OBVIOUSLY, Mrs. H. C. Phipps must have had her card well marked when she gave $30,000 for the two-year-old Caerleon at the sale of the late Gifford A. Cochran's horses last week. He is a fine-looking colt, however, and Henry McDaniel, who trained him this spring, tells me he can really run. I daresay Epithet, who was bought by the Warm Stable for $20,000, will do most of his racing in Kentucky and Illinois.

METROPOLITAN MOMENTS: R. M. Appleton's yellow beaver top hat. . . . The Japanese ladies the crowd mistook for Siamese royalty. . . . Ed Bradley with a seat stick. . . . Norrie Sellar wearing his Turf & Field Club badge on his left sleeve cuff. . . . Joseph Widener and Barclay Warburton receiving congratulations over Miami's pari-mutuel victory. . . . The not-so-liberal odds of the new autograph-collectors. —AUDAX MINOR



Every Day is Decoration Day NOW

THE Pros of America are busy these days pinning decorations on hundreds of golfers who have just graduated from the dub class. The modest speech of acceptance usually begins—"*The day I got my new Kroydon Clubs my game began to improve.*"

At Last The Perfect Shaft

Kroydon's wonderful invention duplicates a hickory shaft—weight, whip, balance and feel—in everlasting steel. This Hy-Power Steel Shaft is years ahead of any other shaft ever offered to the golfing world because it *aids control, adds distance, and stays right forever.* Rustproof with a non-reflecting, chromium plate, satin finish and every one *unrestrictedly guaranteed* even against breakage.

Shock-Absorbing Joint

The Hy-Power Shaft is fused into the club-head with "Kroydon Metal"—soft, shock-absorbing and everlasting. *No steel-to-steel contact.* The head will never work loose.

New "Muscle-Back" Blades

Kroydon Irons for 1931 are all new models especially designed for the new ball. The weight is centered *at the back of the short, deep-faced blades* to put punch in your shots. You'll get distance that *no other* irons will give you.

Sold by Pros and at Leading Stores

Matched Irons—Sets of 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10—$41.75 to $100. Individual Irons, $5 to $10. Matched Woods, $30 to $75. Individual Woods, $5 to $25.



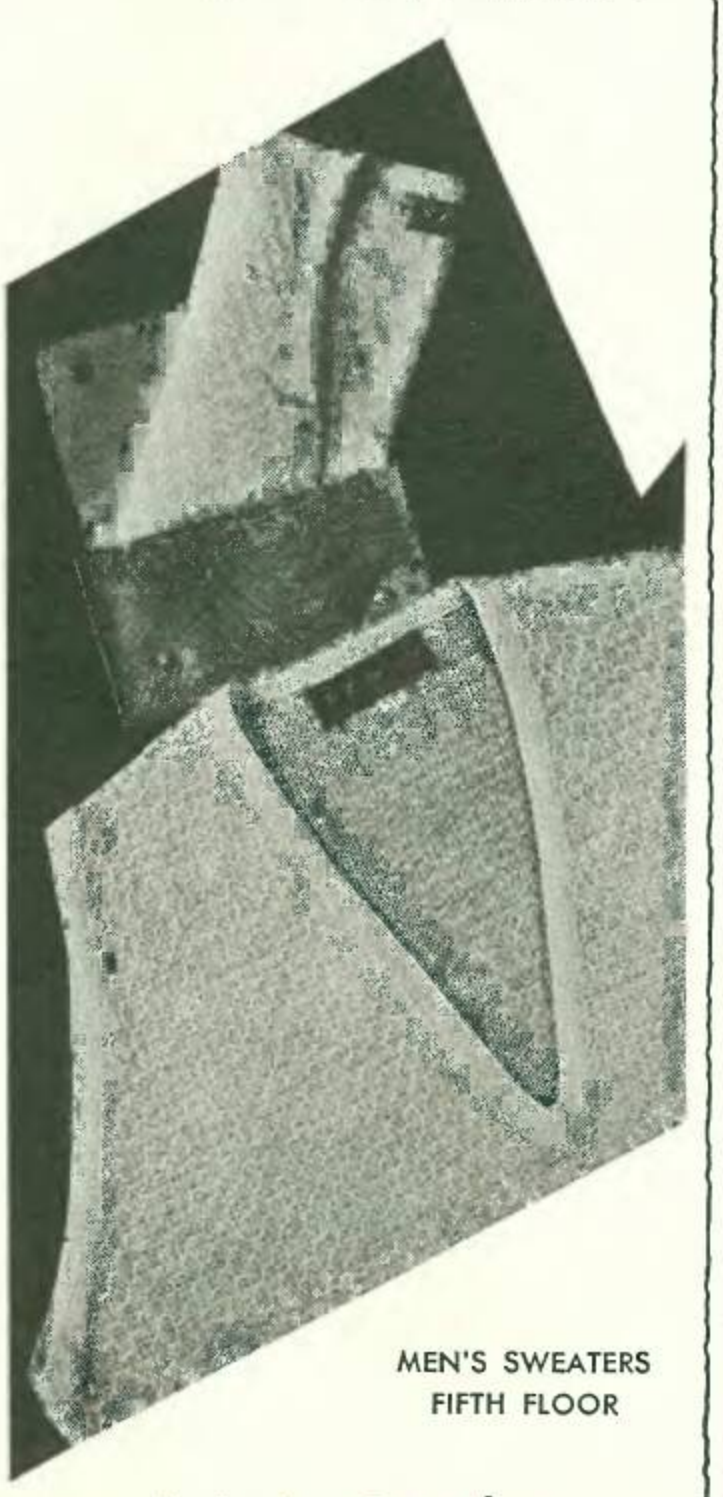
Write to The Kroydon Co., Dept. N, Maplewood, N. J., for "Billy Kroydon's" interesting Booklet on Golf.

Kroydon

Clubs for Better Golf



THE Maharajah was right! He was so enamored of this marvelously soft and light English slip-over when he saw it in a London Shop that he bought 274 for himself and all his retinue. Now Macy's has it for American golfers. Surely you'd like one—it is knitted of finest cashmere in shell stitch and weighs only 1½ oz., $14.89. Leather case to carry it in, $2.74.



MEN'S SWEATERS
FIFTH FLOOR

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York

TEE AND GREEN

Prospects at Carnoustie —Young Wealth in the British Amateur



AMERICANS who see the British Open at Carnoustie next week are going to come home very well pleased with their own courses. And plenty of Americans are going to be there, for Carnoustie is accessible—a tough, sea-twisted, weedy spit of land pointing into the sea winds above Edinburgh and just below Dundee. It's a freakish kind of course to play a championship on but typical of Scotch seaside country: not particularly long or craftily trapped, narrow in the fairway, and having wide, generous greens. Like most courses of its kind it's nothing much when the wind isn't blowing; the last three holes, in particular, aren't up to championship standards. The fifteenth and sixteenth are drives and short pitches; the seventeenth is a short one-shotter; the eighteenth is another drive and pitch. But when a gale is cutting over it, Carnoustie is no place for strangers.

PERHAPS it's just as well that the course will be helping the British, who learn their game on layouts like that. They are liable to need help. Mac Smith, Gene Sarazen, Tommy Armour, Horton Smith, Joe Turnesa are a tough crowd to tackle—the ablest crowd of pros, I think, that has ever gone over from here. Besides the usual flock of dark horses—the weather-beaten, unknown pros, young and old, who flock into the tournament from all the courses of Ireland, Scotland, and England—Britain has two white hopes: Ernest Whitcombe and Henry Cotton. Henry Cotton is a sort of Walter Hagen there now; although his personality is entirely different from Hagen's, he has a similar knack for showmanship. Whitcombe played beautifully in the Thousand Guineas tournament at Leeds.

Then there's Mac Smith, who is technically an American now, but who knows Carnoustie very well indeed, so well that if he wins, the British are sure to reclaim him as a native son. From the dramatic point of view, winning this tournament is Mac Smith's duty.



BLUE MOON SPREADS
(CHEESE . . . PLUS)
PLUS WHAT?
PURE, RICH, SWEET CREAM!
THAT'S WHAT.

+ Just imagine: Rare, ripe old cheese, mellowed with rich, fresh cream. + You'll never leave any in the refrigerator...much less on your plate. + Epicures' delight. + The fussier you are about what you put in your tummy, the more you'll brag about your new discovery.



The 4 Phases of B★M★S are:
AMERICAN • PIMENTO • ROQUEFORT • LIMBURGER
BLUE MOON CHEESE PRODUCTS, INC.
718 WASHINGTON AVE. NORTH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

BLUE MOON
SPREADS
CHEESE + PLUS

Keep Physically Fit

MEDICINE BALL

SPECIAL SUMMER RATES

It's fun to exercise with us.

Separate gymnasiums for Men and Women.

HOT BOX

Open for inspection

Dr. Savage Exercise Institute
122 East 42nd Street
N. Y. City Tel. CAL. 5-0286

Some twenty-five years ago he left Carnoustie, and since that time he has played fine golf in many places, but he has never won a national championship anywhere. At Hoylake he could have won if he had been able to play the last five holes in the same figures as Hagen. He was leading Jim Barnes by five strokes at Prestwick, with only one round left, when the gallery broke away from the marshals and rattled him so that his game went to pot. Last summer he played the best golf of his life and came near winning both Opens: it was Mac Smith, who was playing championship golf before Bobby Jones could walk to school alone, who chased Jones for 144 holes and almost beat him. All of which is reason for believing that he hasn't an outside chance at Carnoustie, for a man's golfing luck usually runs in its course to the end.

WITH George Voigt, Cyril Tolley, and Roger Wethered all put out simultaneously in the fifth round at Westward Ho! the finals of the British Amateur turned into an event more interesting to sociologists than golfers. It presented the spectacle of two agreeable and extraordinarily rich young men meeting in a friendly match after having triumphantly overcome the piddling opposition of inferior incomes. Eric Martin-Smith is the son of Everard Martin-Smith, a banker who is no mean golfer himself. John De Forest, runner-up, is the son of one of the richest barons in England, who decided that no price would be too great to pay for having a champion in the family. So De Forest came over here and took lessons from Stewart Maiden and Horton Smith, and played around the country in the best company he could get into. Then, to stimulate him to do his best for England, his father promised him $1,250 for every round he came through, and a bonus of $5,000 if he got in the finals. That made young De Forest careful. In his match with Roper, he lay face-down on the green to study every putt. This Roper just went ahead and putted. He is a former coal-miner who has graduated into a clerkship. But this wasn't the time when the poor lad with his borrowed clubs trimmed an effete scion of wealth; De Forest beat him, and then the two rich young men put on a very exciting match for their final. Possibly the moral is that golf is still a rich man's game—if the rich man is good enough. —N. B., Jr.

the boats of the month

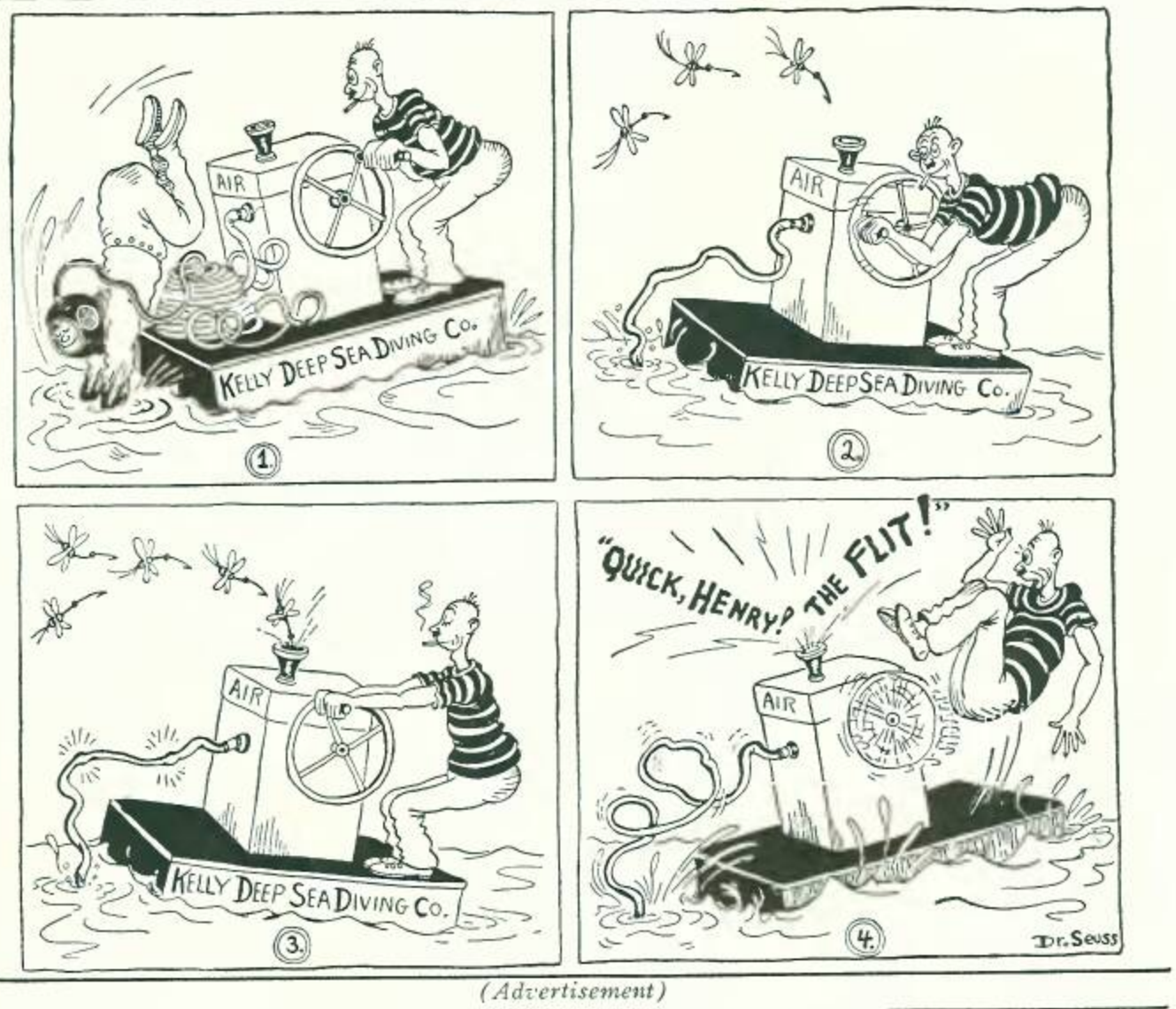
JUNE

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

57 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
TEL. BOWLING GREEN 9-3880
OR YOUR LOCAL AGENT

COLUMBUS · JUNE 1 · JUNE 22
EUROPA · JUNE 4 · JUNE 20
STUTTGART · JUNE 4
GEN. VON STEUBEN · JUNE 11
BREMEN · JUNE 14 · JUNE 30
DRESDEN · JUNE 18
SIERRA CORDOBA · JUNE 19
BERLIN · JUNE 25

ENGLAND · IRELAND
FRANCE · GERMANY



(Advertisement)

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

FENIMORE CAMPS
at Cooperstown, N. Y.



Small, exclusive camp for boys 6 to 14, from Christian homes. Riding and Jumping taught by Russian Cavalry Officers. All other sports. Companion Camp for Girls. Adults in June and September. For Booklets address Mr. and Mrs. Clifford N. Braider.

FENIMORE SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP
240 East 20th St. (Gram. 5-1408 Ex. 2) New York



HAPPY because she decided to come on with her husband to mad, gay, whirling New York — because, in fact, she's right in the very heart of it now — at Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue — where she's found her Roosevelt suite nevertheless as quiet and comfortable as their country house. Happy because we've been able to do so many little extra things for her, like hand-laundering her hankies overnight, delivering her mail right to her room, serving her piping hot, crisp breakfasts in bed. Yes, she's happy! And so, naturally, he's happy too. Which, of course, makes us all just as happy as we can be!

The ROOSEVELT

Madison Ave. at 45th Street, New York
Edward Clinton Fogg – *Managing Director*

UNITED HOTELS

THE OARSMEN

Spring Day—The Childs Cup and the Lightweights



AT least three of the Eastern college crews will enter the races at Poughkeepsie and New London unbeaten as a result of the execrable weather which prevented the rowing of Cornell's Spring Day regatta on Lake Cayuga last Saturday. Harvard, for the first time in several years, goes to its camp at Red Top this week to train for New London with a record which includes victories over Navy, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and M.I.T., while both Cornell and Syracuse will row at Poughkeepsie as undefeated crews.

IN the Childs Cup regatta, to be held at Princeton this Saturday, Pennsylvania and Princeton may make trouble for Columbia, a crew that seems to have lost its early effectiveness. With two fixtures as hard as its races against Navy and Yale coming so early in the season, it was necessary to develop the Columbia varsity a bit faster than normal, and after the Yale race it was inevitable that the boat should fall into a slump; but the slump has lasted longer than was expected, and this is giving Dick Glendon, the Columbia coach, real concern. Nearly every man has developed a tendency to rush his slide on the recovery, and the shell has begun to wobble and check badly. When the eight is going as it should, I have seen it row a full half-mile, at the end of a four-mile pull on the Hudson, and space at least a foot with the stroke somewhere between 39 and 41—but that was before the slump.

In one way, however, Glendon has been fortunate: he has not had to shuffle the men around. He is working the crew out of the slump, not shifting its seating order and hoping blindly for a change in form.

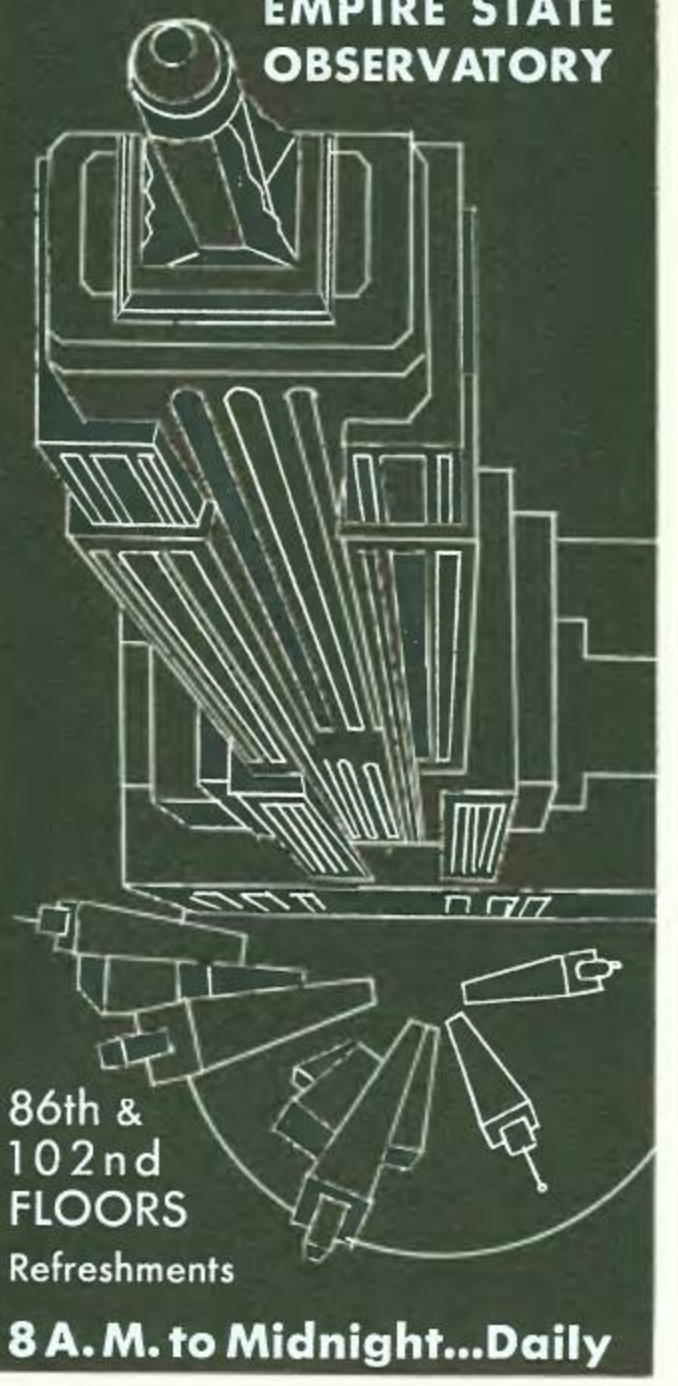
PRINCETON and Penn, neither of them the winner of a varsity race this season, have been preparing for the Childs Cup by the shifting process. Neither has hit on a stable boating order for weeks, and Princeton, among its numerous changes, suffered a really serious loss when Johnnie Pease, last year's captain, was forced to give up rowing. As a crew it is still an unknown quantity. Penn will enter a heavier and stronger eight in this race than it sent

See the Million Lights of Gotham

VISIT THE TOP OF NEW YORK

A New Thrill After Theatre

EMPIRE STATE OBSERVATORY



86th & 102nd FLOORS

Refreshments

8 A. M. to Midnight...Daily

KITCHEN ESSENTIALS



W. G. LEMMON & Co. LTD

820 MADISON AVENUE New York

Between 68th & 69th Streets

against Harvard and Navy, and it is a crew that has both experience and excellent form; what it lacks is punch.

BESIDES the Childs Cup regatta, this Saturday will see the rowing of the varsity lightweight championship race at Philadelphia and an informal freshman lightweight championship at Princeton, between Yale, Columbia, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. With so much attention focussed on the official varsity and freshman crews, few people pay much attention to the 150-pound boats, which are usually made up of men too small for the standard eights. Yet in the few years of their existence —they were started by Joe Wright at Pennsylvania just before the war— they have already won encouragement as well as recognition from rowing officials. Columbia's 150-pound crew of 1929 and Princeton's of 1930 went to England to row in the English Henley, and this year Yale is going out to the Coast to race Washington.

It is a pity the Schuylkill is not broad enough for the seven lightweight crews representing Yale, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Navy, and Cornell to line up at the start. As it is, the race will be rowed in heats, with four crews in one and three in the other, and the first and second crews in each of the trials meeting in the final for the championship. Yale appears to be the most promising boat of all, this spring. It has soundly beaten Princeton, Columbia, Harvard, and Pennsylvania. Cornell is entered for the first time. Navy has already lost to Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the lightweights will never achieve the distinction of rowing for their championships before such crowds as Poughkeepsie and New London draw, but they are at least putting an end to the idea that rowing is a sport for big men only. In a way they are making rowing democratic. —M. R.

•

HELP WANTED—Student contemplating matrimony desires meeting clever man who will dissuade him. J. H., University of Minn. Postoffice Box 264.—*Adv. in Minneapolis Journal.*

Just show your fiancée this ad. That'll clear it up.

•

HOROWITZ SOUNDS BEETLE WARNING—*Headline in the Providence Bulletin.*

By rubbing his legs together?


MRS. NORMAN OGDEN WHITEHOUSE

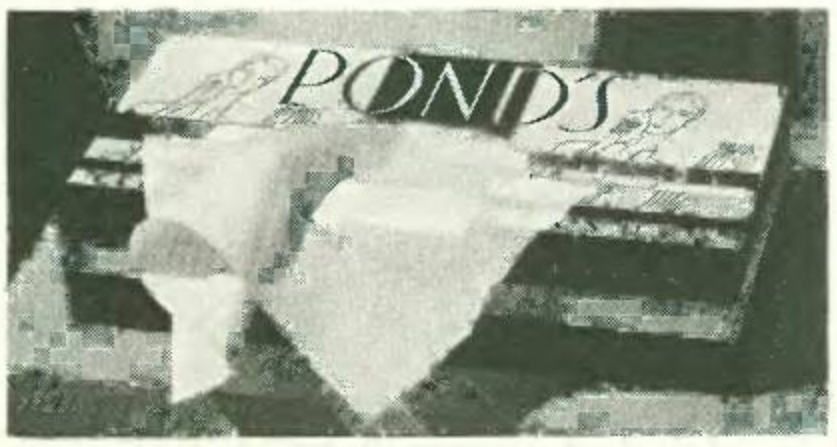
"The best way to remove cold cream I ever found"

says **MRS. NORMAN OGDEN WHITEHOUSE**

LUXURIOUSLY softer, Pond's Tissues are better for removing cold cream than towels, "rags" or any ordinary tissues . . . their swansdown softness protects the beauty of your skin. And their absorbency is 52% greater by laboratory test than that of ordinary tissues . . . Hence they *blot* up all cream and dirt instantly and completely—no danger of clogged pores to disfigure the skin! "Nothing ever removed cold cream so perfectly," leading society women agree.

Marvelous as handkerchiefs, too, Pond's Tissues are indispensable when you have a cold, to guard against danger of reinfection. Use once and throw away. Don't run the risk of carrying germ-filled handkerchiefs about with you! Pond's Tissues come in white or lovely Parisian peach color. 50¢ and 25¢.

POND'S *Tissues*



CHECK OFFER: ☐ Send FREE sample of Pond's Tissues. ☐ For 10¢ enclosed send samples of Pond's Tissues, Skin Freshener and famous Two Creams.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. E2, 118T Hudson St., N. Y. C.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1931, Pond's Extract Company



A Treat For Everyone!

New York's Two Outstanding Hits! . . . .

AL JOLSON (in person)

in "THE WONDER BAR" a continental Musical Novelty, presented by MESSRS. SHUBERT and MORRIS GEST. BAYES THEATRE, W. 44th St. Eves. only at 8:30

• • •

MELO A great play by HENRY BERNSTEIN

with BASIL RATHBONE, EDNA BEST, EARL LARIMORE. Evenings at 8:45 ETHEL BARRYMORE THEA. W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Dwight Deere Wiman presents

MARY BOLAND

in Paul Osborn's comedy hit

VINEGAR TREE

8th Month

PLAYHOUSE W. 48th St. BRy. 9-2628 Eves. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"If you're seeking a thrill in the theatre, don't fail to buy 'Five Star Final.'" *Charles Darnton, Eve. World*

"It gave me a thrilling evening in the theatre and I recommend it to you."—*Heywood Broun, Telegram*

ARTHUR BYRON

IN

FIVE STAR FINAL

CORT THEA., 48th St. E. of B'way Eves. 8:50, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents

(In association with HARRY MOSES)

GRAND HOTEL

with EUGENIE LEONTOVICH, SAM JAFFE, HORTENSE ALDEN SIEGFRIED RUMANN & others

NATIONAL THEATRE, West 41st Street

MATS. WEDNESDAY & SAT. at 2:30

Curtain promptly at 8:30 sharp
No one seated during first scene

PLYMOUTH Theatre W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

THE COMEDY HIT OF THE SEASON

SAM H. HARRIS presents

"ONCE IN A LIFE TIME"

A New comedy by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman

MADGE *and* OTTO

KENNEDY KRUGER

in

NOEL COWARD'S

Hilarious Comedy

PRIVATE LIVES

TIMES SQUARE THEATRE, W. 42nd ST. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

KATHARINE CORNELL

in

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

by Rudolf Besier

Presented by Katharine Cornell

staged by Guthrie McClintic

at the Empire Theatre

"A splendid American playwright at her best."—*J. Brooks Atkinson, N. Y. Times.*

JOHN GOLDEN presents

AS HUSBANDS GO

by RACHEL CROTHERS

JOHN GOLDEN Theatre, W. 58 St., Cir. 7-5678

Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Thurs. ONLY 2:30

"A Symphony of Blue Notes and Black Rhythm"

Ethel Waters

in LEW LESLIE'S

"Rhapsody in Black"

World's Greatest Colored Artists

SAM H. HARRIS Thea. W. 42 St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER presents

"The outstanding dramatic success of the season." —*Burns Mantle, News.*

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

A NEW PLAY BY PHILIP BARRY

with

ZITA JOHANN *and* HERBERT MARSHALL

HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

Evenings at 8:40

Fannie BRICE *Phil* BAKER *Ted* HEALY

in a Deliriously Lunatic Revue

Billy Rose's

CRAZY QUILT

with 50 Hoydens Unwrapped For Hot Weather

44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PROVINCETOWN Sends Another Success to Broadway !

AFTER 6 WEEKS DOWNTOWN

PRECEDENT

"Worth seeing."—*New Yorker*

BIJOU Theatre, W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. LAc. 4-0734

. . . . . THE IMMORTAL YANCEY OF "CIMARRON", WITH LOVABLE JACKIE COOPER ("SKIPPY") IN THE GREAT HUMAN DRAMA OF THE CITY



RICHARD DIX

"SKIPPY" COOPER

with MARION SHILLING in

"DONOVAN'S KID"

R K O Radio Picture

RKO MAYFAIR

Broadway at 47th BRyant 9-6851-52

ROXY

7th Ave. & 50th St.

Raoul Walsh's

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

A Fox Movietone Picture with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

EDMUND LOWE

GRETA NISSEN | EL BRENDEL | FIFI DORSAY Marjorie White

EXCELLENT STAGE SHOW

An hour's panorama of World Events--

EMBASSY NEWSREEL THEATRE TIMES SQUARE

Continuous 10 A.M. to Midnight

CHANGE OF PROGRAM WEEKLY

FOX MOVIETONE AND HEARST METROTONE EXCLUSIVE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS PROGRAM

25¢ 25¢

MIDNIGHT SHOW on SATURDAY

JOHN BARRYMORE LAST WEEK

in SVENGALI

BOBBY JONES in "HOW I PLAY GOLF" "Chip Shots"

HOLLYWOOD B'way 51st St.

Continuous—Popular Prices

"A SENSATION—David Belasco has given us an actress who is also a singer." —*Darnton, Eve. World*

DAVID BELASCO presents

HELEN GAHAGAN

"TONIGHT OR NEVER"

BELASCO Thea. 44th St. E. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

RACING



Daily

At The World's Finest Race Course

BELMONT PARK

Six Feature Events at 2:30 P. M.

Saturday, June 6th

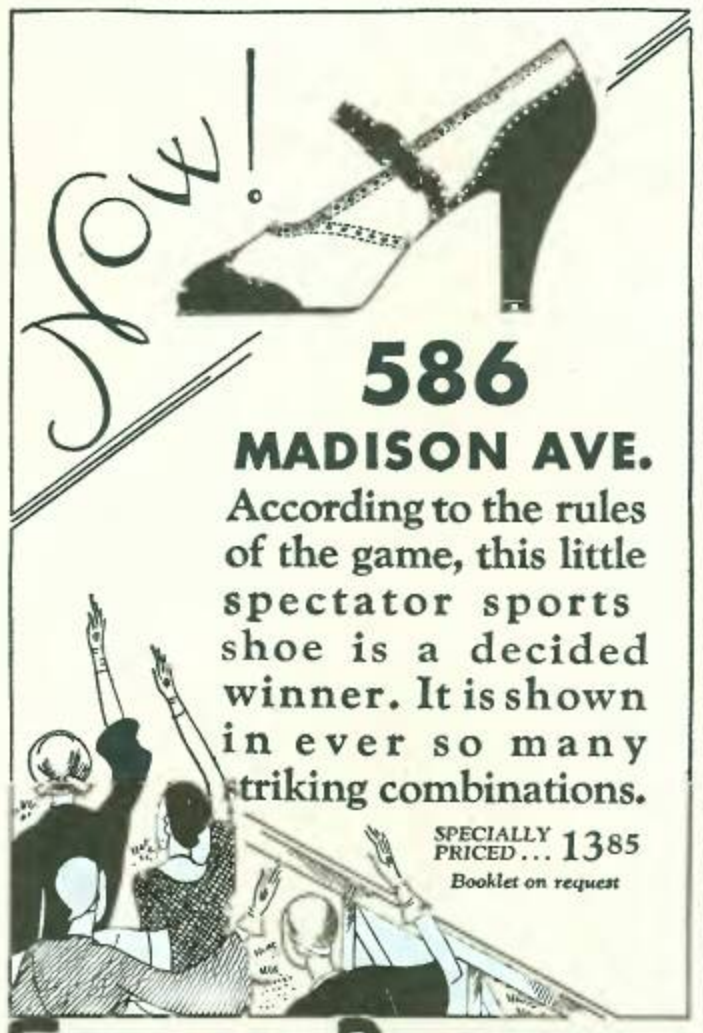
$17,000 SUBURBAN HANDICAP

SPECIAL RACE TRAINS

Leave Penna. Station, 33rd St. and 7th Ave., also Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, at 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30 and 1:50 P. M. Special Cars Reserved for Ladies. Free Parking Space for Automobiles.

Grand Stand and Paddock, $3.85

Including Tax



FRENCH BOOTERY

586 MADISON AVENUE

Bet. 56th and 57th Streets, N. Y. C.

LEADING *Amateurs* PLAY

BTN

BEST IN GOLF

BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO...SPRINGDALE, CONN.

Pacific Coast Dist. Curley-Bates Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle.. Leading Pros and shops sell the BTN Line

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Messieurs Clair and Chevalier—Subdued Miss Bow—Warning



THERE is a new picture out with somewhat the same kind of laughs in it that you found in the Charlie Chaplin show. This is "Le Million," at the Little Carnegie at the moment—possibly for many moments—and in spite of the fact that it is as French as this vermouth they sell is said to be, it suggests those old Yankee nickelodeon comedies we used to see back in 1910 or thereabouts. The old comic items, such as the chase and the burlesque of grand opera, form the backbone of its action, and yet this film is definitely as novel as anything now being shown. It belongs, indeed, to the class of artistic offerings officially dubbed "modern," and I am told by my correspondents in the various legations abroad that all those persons most up on things, as it were, have laughed their jaded heads off over this picture. I suppose that you might as well get that laugh checked off before you sail, so that you will have more time for the tears of the Tuileries.

The young man who directed this picture and contrived something new out of so many old gags is that René Clair who directed, you may remember, "Sous les Toits de Paris." I am not sure that I think this picture quite as agreeable as "Sous les Toits." It's funnier, more on the side of crazy farce, and for many a day I shall be grateful for the grand-opera scene and the laugh it gave me—and it's paced so fast it makes a Mack Sennett comedy of the old school look like a minuet—yet I think it rather lacks the charm his other movie had. My slight choleric hesitancy about the piece, for instance, may be based on the fact that the management shoved me so far front that all the music was a great din in my ears. This is a word to the wise: sit far back in the theatre when you see the picture.

"Le Million," of course, is in French, but a little trick of interpolating English explanations of the story has been slyly woven into the film, so that language problem—if it is a problem—need not worry you. I

NORTH BRITISH

GOLF BALL

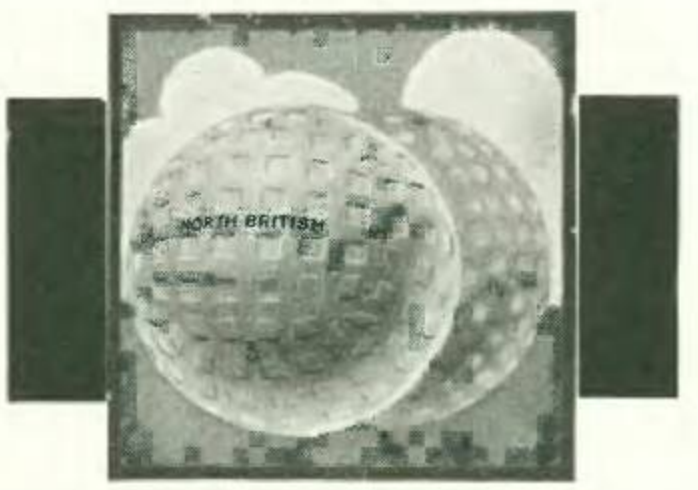


Quickest Off the Club Head

If split seconds ever count, it's at that moment when a stationary golf ball checks the through sweep of your club. That slight retardation for a fraction of a second governs distance. It is vital to your game.

Retardation, in the North British Ball, has been reduced to a practical vanishing point. Quicker off the club head than any other ball, with instant response at impact and tremendous power, it flies far and true without "soaring" in the wind. You get greater distance at *all* times, with easier control, while golfers who have dallied with the new large sized ball on windy days are particularly grateful for the longer, truer and non-soaring flight of the North British. $1.00 at your pro's with either surface markings.

Made by
The North British Rubber Company, Ltd.
Castle Mills, Edinburgh, Scotland



DISTRIBUTORS

NIBLETT-FLANDERS CORPORATION

15 Beekman Street New York City



• COTTON

the only way to apply liquid cosmetics . . .

• COUETTES

the only cotton ready-cut for all cosmetic uses

● Here is the newest aid to all beauty aids. When your beauty preparation says "apply with cotton" (as it nearly always does) use a Couette. These thirsty pads are ideal with liquids. Creams removed with a damp Couette leave that imperceptible film that protects and supples the skin. For deodorants, hair tonics, as a powder puff, use Couettes. Send 10 cents for sample.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



might go on a bit more at length, I suppose, about this movie, but there is a Lubitsch picture on hand, and that too deserves commendation. It's a pleasure this week to find two pleasant pictures, especially as a young man from New Haven, signing himself "a hopeful student," has been so good as to write that he has almost despaired of finding an entertaining movie. I think the student might enjoy "The Smiling Lieutenant," at the Criterion now, with Chevalier. It's attractive, gay, I guess; as much on the Gallic side of things, that is, as a Teuton can be Gallic. I refer in this last, of course, to Mr. Lubitsch. As the best director of light comedy our movies have, he sustains his position here pretty well. He does at times repeat old stunts, suggesting, occasionally too apparently, some of the trickeries of "The Love Parade," and sometimes he is a little more listless than he has been. The Oscar Straus songs are lively, and the ladies of the extravaganza, Miss Claudette Colbert and Miss Miriam Hopkins, do well. Miss Colbert perhaps is naturally a little too grave in gesture for her rôle, and she yields the sensational honors of the piece to Miss Hopkins. Miss Hopkins sparkles in this picture. I don't think she "runs away" with it as do some, but she is variable and quick and pretty and very good. M. Chevalier has not altered his familiar and successful stage mannerisms, and I don't find them tiresome.

MY New Haven correspondent wonders why I review "rotten" movies at all. I do not consider as "rotten" movies such, for instance, as Clara Bow's "Kick In," in which she appears as a subdued, grave Miss Bow in heavy melodrama, and not exactly as her vast public expects her to be; nor do I so describe Robert Montgomery's "Shipmates," nor Elissa Landi's "Always Goodbye," nor Richard Dix's "Donovan's Kid." No, I don't call them "rotten." These are four just ordinary pictures, and my reason for listing them is by way of warning you that your pleasure in them will be mild. That little affair of Mr. Woolsey's, "Everything's Rosie," of course I might be inclined to put down on the records as—well, I hesitate to employ the New Haven terminology. As for my reason for reviewing pictures which we shall say are not brilliant offerings, I suppose it's that desire to warn the public. Those who are no longer hopeful sometimes appreciate a warning. —J. C. M.



How is your French? Do the more personal plumbing problems confuse you? Do you know what to say when rescuing an elephant from drowning? You will find a wealth of information and inspiration in this story of the Motts and the Poulters during their holiday at the villa *Ha! Ça Me Plaît.*

$2 Doubleday, Doran.

a villa in brittany

by DONALD MOFFAT

orloff
william hombach
hairdressing
permanent waves
509 madison ave.—53 st.—— new york
tel. volunteer 5-0063

NEW★OCEAN★HOUSE



SWAMPSCOTT ★ MASSACHUSETTS
DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN

The North Shore's foremost resort hotel. Ideal seaside and country environment . . . . health-giving, salt sea breezes. Every recreational feature . . . golf . . . private bathing beach. Easily accessible to all historical points. Booklet.

★ CLEMENT E. KENNEDY ★
President.

Winter Resort—Vinoy Park Hotel St. Petersburg, Florida

READING AND WRITING

Words, Words, Words



THERE are times when images blow to fluff, and comparisons stiffen and shrivel. Such an occasion is surely at hand when one is confronted by Dreiser's latest museum piece, "Dawn." One can but revise a none-too-hot dialectic of childhood; ask, in rhetorical aggressiveness, "What writes worse than a Theodore Dreiser?;" loudly crow the answer, "*Two* Theodore Dreisers;" and, according to temperament, rejoice at the merciful absurdity of the conception, or shudder away from the thought.

THE reading of "Dawn" is a strain upon many parts, but the worst wear and tear fall on the forearms. After holding the massive volume for the half-day necessary to its perusal (well, look at that, would you? "Massive volume" and "perusal," one right after the other! You see how contagious Mr. D.'s manner is?) my arms ached with a slow, mean persistence beyond the services of aspirin or of liniment. I must file this distress, I suppose, under the head of "Occupational Diseases;" for I could not honestly chalk up such a result against "Pleasure" or even "Improvement." And I can't truly feel that "Dawn" was worth it. If I must have aches, I had rather gain them in the first tennis of the season, and get my back into it.

This present Dreiser book is the record of its author's first twenty years. It requires five hundred and eighty-nine long, wide, and closely printed pages. Nearly six hundred sheets to the title of "Dawn;" God help us one and all if Mr. Dreiser ever elects to write anything called "June Twenty-first"!

The actual account of the writer's early life, and of the lives of his mother, his father, and his nine brothers and sisters which colored and crossed it, is wholly absorbing; but, if I may say so, without that lightning bolt coming barging in the window, what honest setting-down of anyone's first years would not be? And Mr. Dreiser had, in addition, the purely literary good fortune to be a child of poverty—for when, in print, was the shanty not more glamorous than the salon?

Nor should I cavil at the length, and hence the weight, of the book, were it all given over to memories, since if a man were to write down his remembrances and his impressions up to the age of five, much less of twenty, six hundred pages could not begin to contain them. But I do fret, through "Dawn," at the great desert patches of Mr. Dreiser's moralizing, I do chafe at such monstrous bad writing as that with which he pads out his tale. I have read reviews of this book, written by those whose days are dedicated to literature. "Of course," each one says airily, "Dreiser writes badly," and thus they dismiss that tiny fact, and go off into their waltz-dream. This book, they cry, ranks well beside the "Confessions" of Rousseau; and I, diverted, as is ever the layman, by any plump red herring, mutter, "Oh, Rousseau, my eye," and am preoccupied with that.

But on second thinking, I dare to differ more specifically from the book-sie-wooksies. It is of not such small importance to me that Theodore



"Some day I must bring my mandolin over."

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVE. at 34th ST.
NEW YORK



WE HAD THIS SPORTS GIRDLE MADE ESPECIALLY FOR US IN ENGLAND—

We suggest it for sports because it is so brief, so light, so supple, but there is no reason at all why young women couldn't "live" in it the whole summer through— it is so compact and comfortable.

Fine Imported Elastic in peach—26 to 32 . . . $13.75

Imported Silk Milanese Bandeau—32 to 38 . . $3.90

CORSETS — SECOND FLOOR

Dreiser writes in so abominable a style. He is regarded, and I wish you could gainsay me, as one of our first contemporary authors; it is the first job of a writer who demands rating among the great, or even among the good, to write well. If he fails that, as Mr. Dreiser, by any standard, so widely muffs it, he is, I think, unequipped to stand among the big.

For years, you see, I have been crouching in corners hissing small and ladylike anathema of Theodore Dreiser. I dared not yip it out loud, much less offer it up in print. But now, what with a series of events that have made me callous to anything that may later occur, I have become locally known as the What-the-Hell Girl of 1931. In that, my character, I may say that to me Dreiser is a dull, pompous, dated, and darned near ridiculous writer. All right. Go on and bring on your lightning bolts.

OF the earlier Dreiser, the author of "Sister Carrie" and "Jennie Gerhardt," the portrayer of Muldoon and of Paul Dresser, in "Twelve Men," you don't think I could be so far gone as to withhold all the reverent praise that is in me, do you? But then I read all those hundreds of thousands of words that made up "An American Tragedy" and, though I hung upon some of them, I later read the newspaper accounts of the Snyder-Gray case, and, still later, of the cornering by a hundred or so of New York's finest of the nineteen-year-old "Shorty" Crowley. And I realized, slowly and sadly, that any reporter writes better and more vividly than the man who has been proclaimed the great reporter. It is a quite fair comparison. Mr. Dreiser, with the Chester Gillette case, had a great story; the unnamed men of the daily and the evening papers with the tales of the unhappy Ruth Snyder and the bewildered Judd Gray, and the little Crowley boy who never had a prayer—they had fine stories, too. But they would have lost their jobs, had they written too much.

The booksy ones, with that butterfly touch of theirs, flutter away from Dreiser's bad writing and but brush their wings over the admission that he possesses no humor. Now I know that the term "sense of humor" is dangerous (there's a novel idea!) and that humor is snooted upon, in a dignified manner, by the lofty-minded. Thus Professor Paul Elmer More raises a thin and querulous pipe in his essay on Longfellow—I think it is—to say that



Plenty of Room Down Below . . .

IN DAVY JONES' LOCKER

Don't you believe a word they tell you of empty ships and a "poor travel year" and liners going about simply begging people to come into their cabins. Spring and summer fever are breaking loose, and nobody is staying at home! You'll have a stateroom between the devil of a propeller and the deep blue of Davy Jones' Locker. No matter *what sort* of a trip or tour you're taking, and no matter *when* you're planning to go, you won't get the very cabin and sailing you want

unless You Come to AMEROP!

We'll reserve you a choice cabin... for an independent tour to Europe; for the marvelous 68-day European tour, including 18-day cruise to Russia and Scandinavia on the de-luxe CAP POLONIO, and all for $10 a day; for the 5-day ocean cruises that are going over big; for California by way of Latin lands. We arrange any or every part of any tour... and at no added cost. Why not send for the Booklet that tells all about any of these tours?

AMEROP
TRAVEL SERVICE
400 Madison Ave. at 47th St.
NEW YORK
Telephone WIckersham 2-5156



Modern Art In Corsetry

Corsets and Corsilouettes

Girdles made to order for smart young people specially priced.

Evening Brassières

Strapless—Clinging—Slenderizing

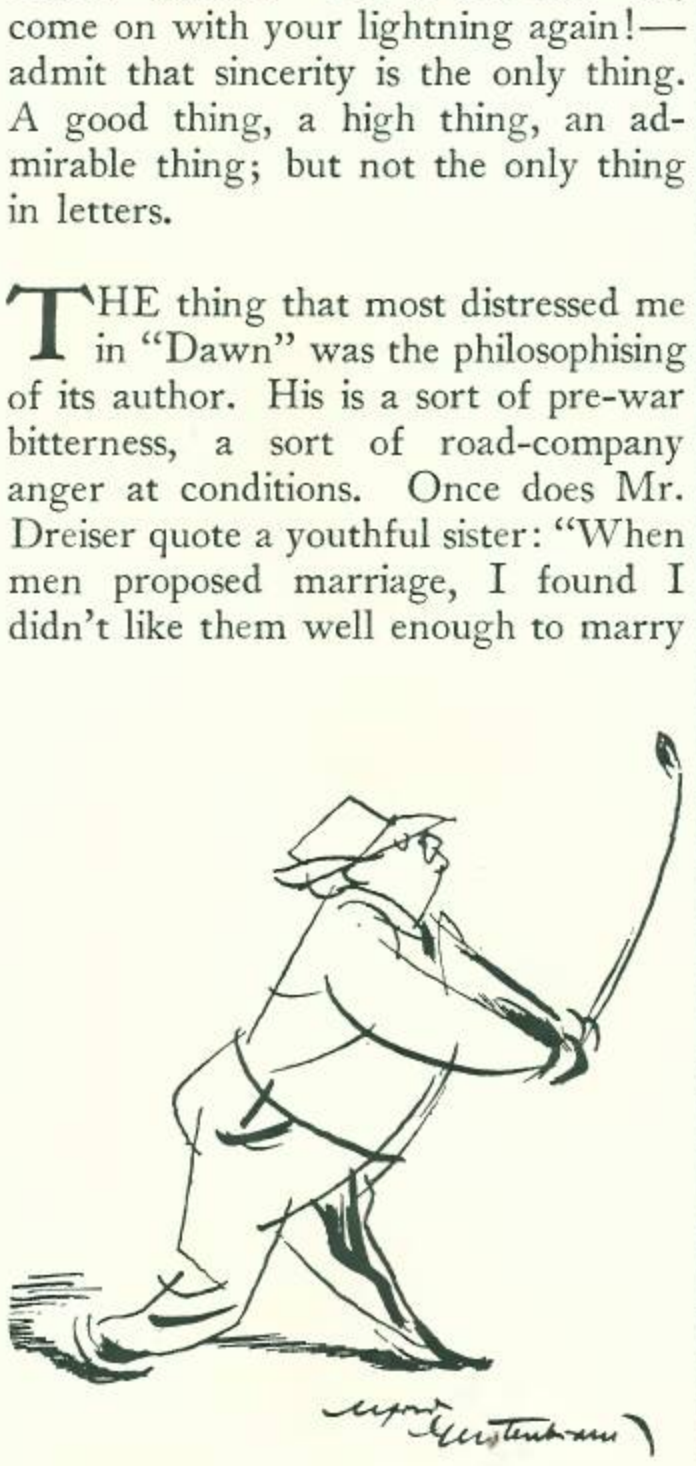
MISS ELEANOR, Inc.
(Formerly with Mme. Binner)
44 West 56th Street, New York
Circle 7-5655

there were those who claimed that Longfellow had no humor—of whom I am the first ten. All right, suppose he hadn't, he says, in effect; humor may be all very well for those that like it ("Only fools care to see," said the blind man) but there's no good making a fetich of it. I wouldn't for the world go around making fetiches; yet I am unable to feel that a writer can be complete without humor. And I don't mean by that, and you know it perfectly well, the creation or the appreciation of things comic. I mean that the possession of a sense of humor entails the sense of selection, the civilized fear of going too far. A little humor leavens the lump, surely, but it does more than that. It keeps you, from your respect for the humor of others, from making a dull jackass of yourself. Humor, imagination, and manners are pretty fairly interchangeably interwoven.

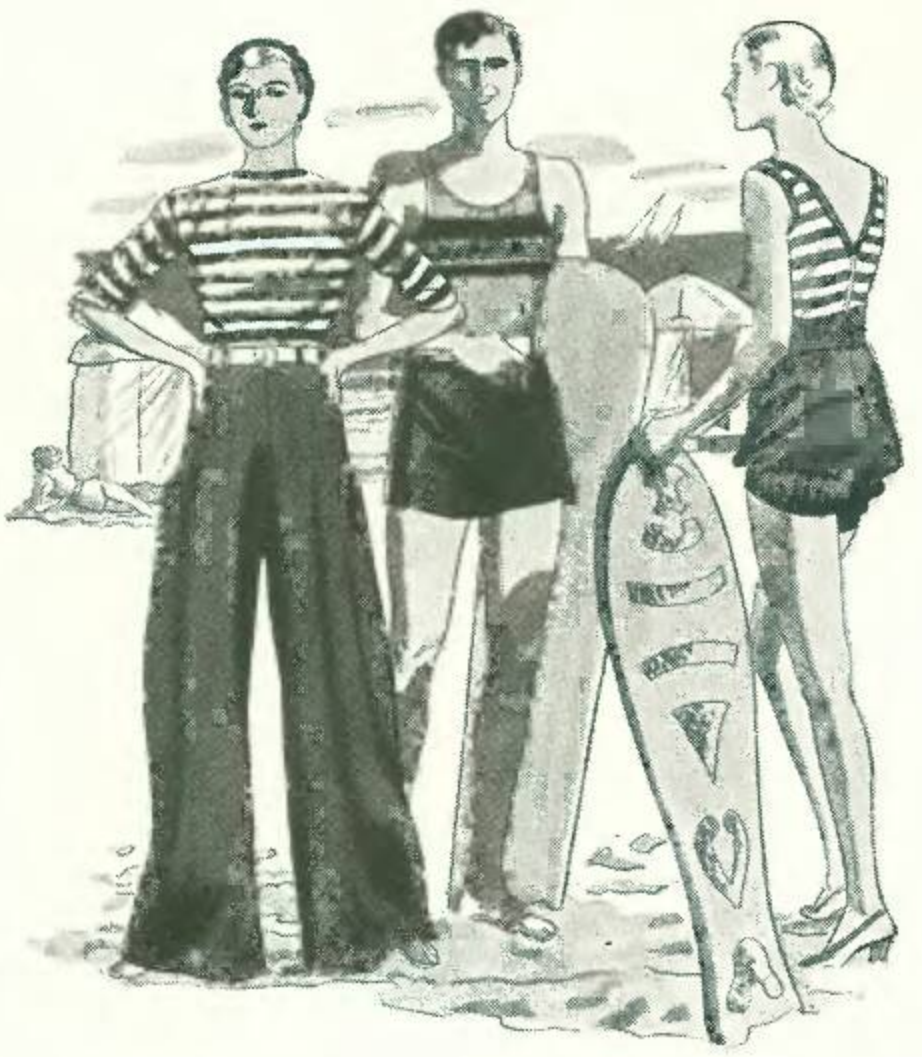
Mr. Theodore Dreiser has no humor.

I know that Mr. Dreiser is sincere, or rather I have been told it enough to impress me. So, I am assured, is Mrs. Kathleen Norris sincere; so, I am informed, is Mr. Zane Grey sincere; so, I am convinced, was Mr. Horatio Alger—whose work, to me, that of Mr. Dreiser's nearest approximates—sincere. But I will not—oh, come on with your lightning again!—admit that sincerity is the only thing. A good thing, a high thing, an admirable thing; but not the only thing in letters.

THE thing that most distressed me in "Dawn" was the philosophising of its author. His is a sort of pre-war bitterness, a sort of road-company anger at conditions. Once does Mr. Dreiser quote a youthful sister: "When men proposed marriage, I found I didn't like them well enough to marry



Tips from our "beach-combers" made these Bradleys right



LAST WINTER, Bradley's fashion scouts hurried from beach to beach . . . keeping eagle eyes upon the "smart 'uns."

Everywhere, these carefree people literally spent their days in beach pajamas or swimming suits, preferring those with a wearable, workmanlike character inspired by gay peasant costumes and roistering sailor outfits.

The swaggering sea-going character of the navy-and-white Bradley three-piece beach ensemble (No. 27318-27380, illustrated) gives it a claim to chic that can't be challenged. The one-piece bathing suit boasts full knickerbocker-style trousers, and zipper sun-back. The jersey is a copy of a Mediterranean fisherman's shirt. And the pajamas, after Schiaparelli, have a ribbed top which makes them fit snugly at the hips and fall straight to the ground. The price is about $29.50. . . . The man's two-piece suit (No. 29372, illustrated) has a scant upper and short but slightly fitted trunks, which are cut for both swimming and sitting comfort. Comes in six color combinations, and is priced at about $7.50.

These are just two of the 1931 Bradleys which (to use one critic's words) are as smart as the very dickens. See them at the good stores. . . . Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin.

BRADLEY

SLIP INTO A BRADLEY AND OUT-OF-DOORS © 1931

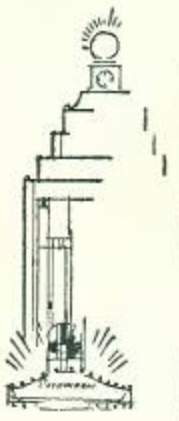
bee in your bonnet



we're giving you a buzz, in your hat, of course, to remind you that nowhere in new york can you get such superior entertainment as that now ensconced at

the paramount





where there's "the lawyer's secret"... and paramount's surprise as buddy rogers makes an auspicious debut as a "heavy."

the rivoli-united artists

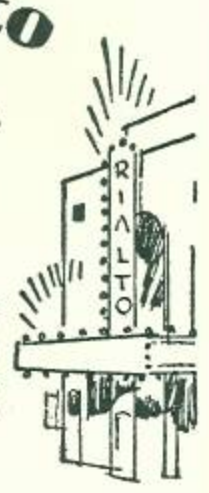




where universal has planted charles g. norris' "seed" ... and under the sun of popular acclaim it promises to take root.

the rialto





where there's "she-wolf of wall street"...may robson giving a gorgeous female impersonation of betty green.

the criterion





where there's lubitsch's "smiling lieutenant", maurice chevalier torn between claudette colbert's dark loveliness and miriam hopkins' blonde beauty—simply ripping.

luxurious and comfortable these are

publix theatres

them, but when they told me I was beautiful and wanted to give me things and take me places, it was a different matter. Where I liked a man, it was easy enough to go with him—it was fun—there wasn't really anything wrong with it that I could see. Aside from the social scheme as people seem to want it, I don't even now see that it was."

On this the author comments: "At this point I am sure any self-respecting moralist will close this book once and for all!" But, you know, I must differ. I don't think that's enough to warrant the closing of a book by even the most self-respecting of moralists. I think that Mr. Dreiser believes that the world is backward, hypocritical, and mean, and so, I suppose, it is; but times have changed and Mr. D. is not now the only advanced one. I think the self-respecting moralists are much less apt to close the book "at this point" than are those that get a bit squeamish over the authenticity of a woman who says "Aside from the social scheme as people seem to want it—"

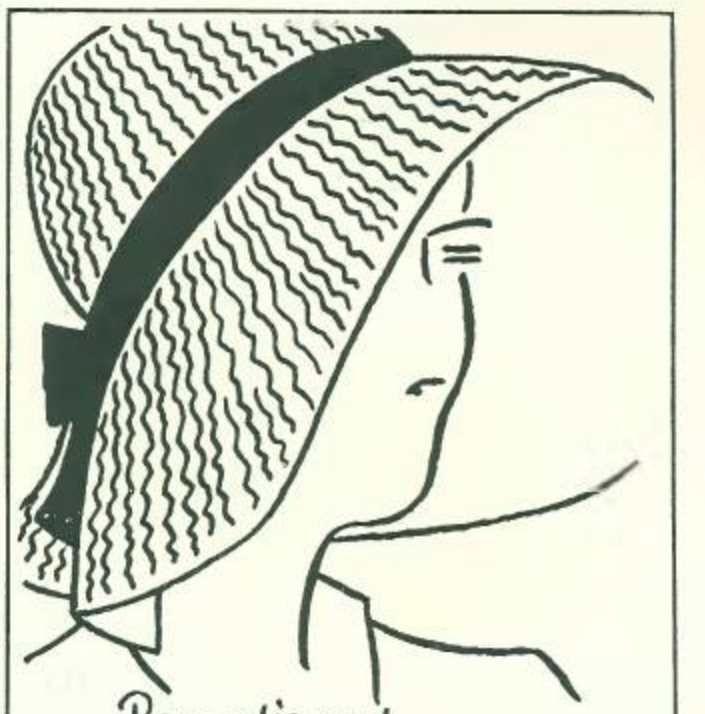
Early in this little dandy, you saw that I had been affected by the Dreiser style. That, maybe, is responsible for this plethora of words. I could have checked all this torrent, and given you a true idea of Theodore Dreiser's "Dawn" had I but succumbed to the influence of the present-day Nash and the sweeter-day Bentley, and had written:

Theodore Dreiser
Should ought to write nicer.
—CONSTANT READER

•

IN THIS YEAR OF ROTOGRAVURE

Girl in inset, lithe and limber,
Picked for daisy-chain-girl timber.
Stanford co-eds snapped in poses
For their carnival of roses.
Upper-left-hand picture, readers,
Shows the Smith field-hockey leaders.
Pipe the Holyoke freshmen, would you?
Couldn't sneeze at them, now, could you?
Wellesley campus cleared of brambles
For the barefoot Grecian gambols.
Barnard sophomores are oh so
Keen to stage "Il Penseroso."
Goucher girl from Kansas City
Heads the Senior Prom Committee.
Gaze on Radcliffe's queen of archers,
Gaze on sundry pageant marchers.
Spring is here, and all the papers
Teem with college maidens' capers.
—PARKE CUMMINGS



Romantic and Sophisticated models by Mignon
18 EAST 53rd STREET NEW YORK



A WIDE STRAP

indicates the new vogue ■ the holes with white underlay make interesting trimming ■ patent, brown calf or white buck ■ Shoecraft high arch and narrow heel
$18.50

Unusual mail service

Send for folder N. Y.



SHOE CRAFT

fitting the narrow foot

sizes to 11 AAAAA to C

Salon: 714 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

..WHERE PARIS DINES..



"Invaluable if you're going abroad; heartbreaking if you're not," —*The New Yorker*. New handsized Airways Edition of this world-famous guide to gastronomical Paris. Over 200 restaurants with prices and complete wine table.

by JULIAN STREET

•

$2 Everywhere

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

Miscellany

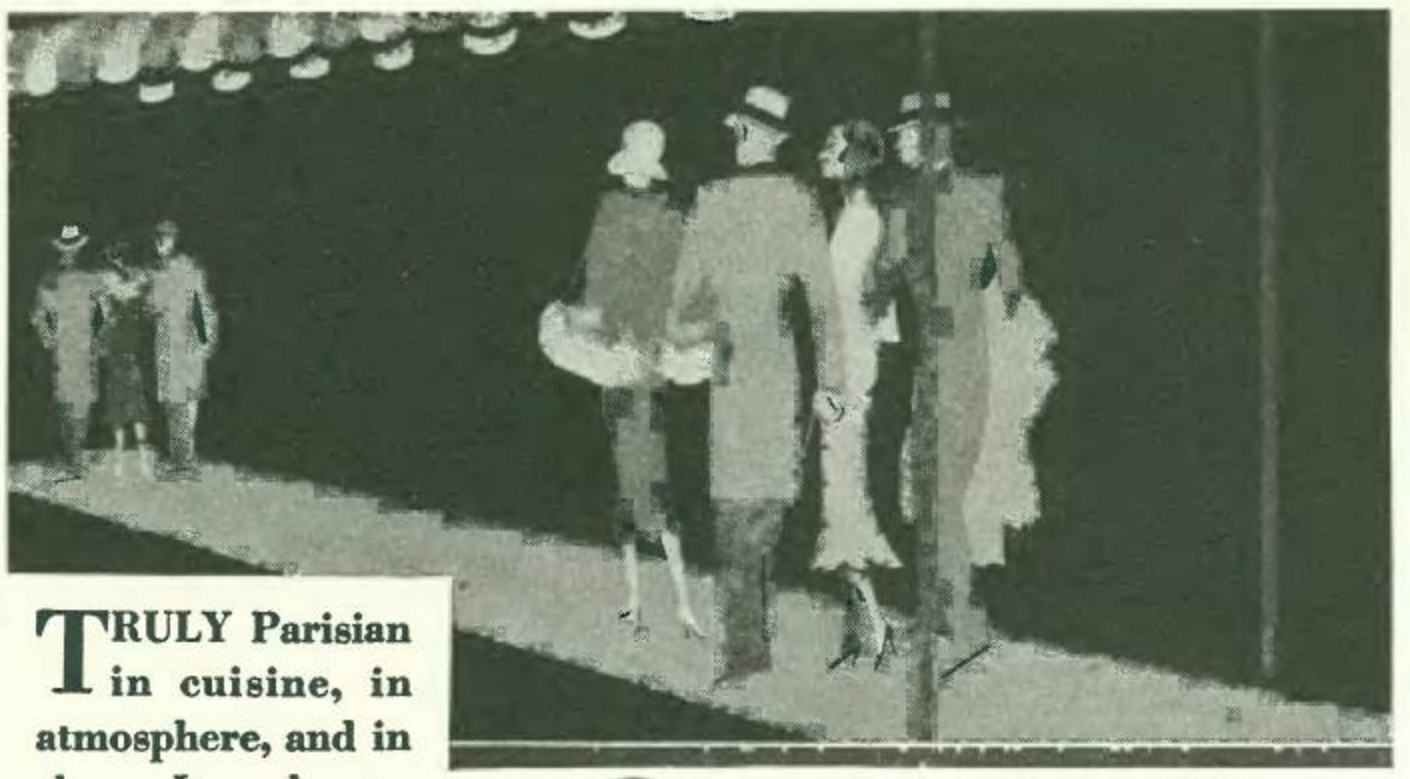


THERE'S rather an odd assortment of books this week, none of them specially good, all of them fairly readable. We might equally well start with any one of them, so long as we start in. Let's begin, then, with "World Champions," by Paul Morand, which is published by Harcourt, Brace. It's a novel, and concerned with that race whose doings seem to hold such a peculiar interest for Europeans nowadays: namely, the Americans. It has also the distinction of being, so far as I know, the only book to have a relay team for its hero.

The four members of the team are students at Columbia as the story starts, and the narrator is an instructor in French at the same university, as well as being more or less the confidant of the boys. They win a world's championship before graduation, and in the process of doing so weld themselves into so compact a unit, not only physically but spiritually, that a final parting seems unbearable to them and they make a pact to return every ten years, from wherever they may be on earth, to a stated meeting place for a reunion. Many and many an undergraduate has made a similar oath but few have kept it, which shows that youthful promises are vain. These four keep it—a very praiseworthy thing in itself, but one which operates to the detriment of the book.

Having graduated in 1909, their first meeting comes due in 1919. One is by now a budding financier, who has been in China but has dropped everything there to get back and see the old crowd again. Another has become a prizefighter; a third is just back from the war, where he'd made a name for himself as a combat flier. The fourth fellow doesn't turn up, but his wife does, to inform them that he's in prison for some phony doings in the way of stock manipulation.

Now that, you'll admit, is something pretty special in the way of divergent careers. In the ordinary run of things, I suppose, the financier would have sent hearty greetings by cable but have stayed away himself, the war ace would have been out on a bat, the fighter



TRULY Parisian in cuisine, in atmosphere, and in charm, Longchamps is the natural rendezvous of smart New Yorkers.

RESTAURANTS
Longchamps

New York City

423 MADISON AVENUE
Bet. 48th & 49th Streets

1015-17 MADISON AVENUE
Bet. 78th & 79th Streets

40 EAST 49th STREET
Bet. Madison & Vanderbilt Aves.

28 WEST 58th STREET
Off Fifth Avenue

55 FIFTH AVENUE
North-east Cor. 12th St.

19-21 WEST 57th STREET
Near Fifth Avenue

All Restaurants Longchamps are open daily including Sundays and all Holidays for Breakfast, Luncheon, Afternoon Tea and Dinner from 7:00 A.M. to 11 P.M.

THE
Surrey
HOTEL

20 EAST 76th STREET

Designed to meet the approval of a Select Tenantry. Luxurious, cheerful Suites in a Quiet, Residential Neighborhood in the Smart Seventies. Available for Immediate or October Occupancy. Furnished and Unfurnished. *Several Suites in the Lower Price Range.*



WHEN
•
:
•
Mme.
BINNER
CREATES

your corset . . . she works *miracles* with your figure!

Under the magic fingers of the world's most famous corsetiere your lines are *actually transformed*! And more . . you have corset *comfort* you never thought possible.

For the *first* time at these unusually *low prices* you can revel in the superb fit . . and *prestige* of Binner creations!

SPECIALS!

Semi-ready girdle.....$25

Semi-ready all-in-one.....$35

Mme. Binner
748 Fifth Avenue

In the new Sherry Building at 58th Street

FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND
MODERATE CHARGES
OPEN ALL YEAR
THE WORLD'S LARGEST RESTAURANT



MACY'S SUMMER DELIVERY
—from May 15 to September 15, brings food fit for the gods to your rustic refuge, if you are within the fifty mile radius. Otherwise, modest charges according to weight and distance.

ORDER LOTS OF GOOD FOODS FOR SUMMER

from

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway, New York



No wonder
those Volga Boatmen
sing, when they are right at the
fount of Macy's salted Beluga caviar.
Great, round eggs, piquant of flavor.
From 1 oz. size 34c to 16 oz. $4.59.



We wait for a full moon when the Moontide Springs are full of spicy water, and right on the spot we weave spells that make our famous *Red Star Ginger Ale a sensation. $1.39 doz.

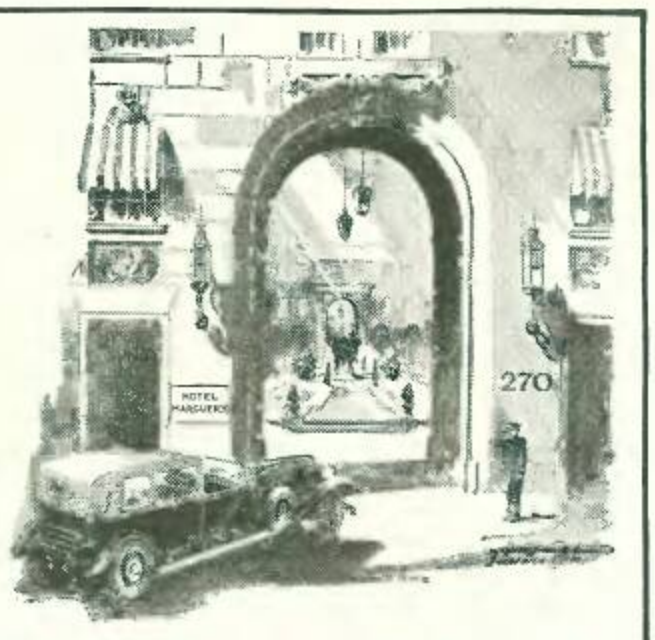
*Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

would have forgotten what it was all about, and nobody would have bothered about the man in jail. Mr. Morand, however, keeps them all together and even follows them as far as their next decennial, in 1929, when pretty nearly everyone has fallen in love with one of the other fellows' wives and things generally have got far too complicated for us to go into here. It just shows that the old American customs are best, and ex-classmates shouldn't see too much of each other. As for the book itself, I hardly think you'd want to read it, except during a very idle hour. It's far from being up to Mr. Morand's best.

THERE are two more books by foreign authors. One is "The Night's Candles," by René Roy, published by Macmillan. In 1917, during the attack on the Chemin des Dames, Mr. Roy received a wound which caused permanent blindness. He was then twenty-three years old, and the book is the record of his experiences from then until now when, at the age of thirty-seven, he holds a post as State Engineer of Bridges and Waterways in France. He has, then, made a practical conquest of blindness as an impediment in the ordinary way of things, and the book is largely a setting-forth of the arrangements, mental and otherwise, a blind man must make with life. There's no insistence on the emotional side of the situation; instead, the whole thing is as simply set down as a diary—full of rather humdrum, day-by-day philosophical observations, together with an occasional incident, trivial in itself, which somehow suddenly awakens in us an understanding of all the tragedy of blindness. It's a very honest and appealing recital, and I think you'd like it.

FURTHER, there's "Schliemann," the new biography by Emil Ludwig, published by Little, Brown. Heinrich Schliemann, of course, was the man who, while all the archeologists investigating the Homeric legends were following their own noses, followed Homer, with the result that he





6 to 15 Rooms—all share this impressive environment

AN outlook over the large central garden . . . smart motor entrances from Park and Vanderbilt Avenues . . . parking facilities at your door. The rooms are unusually quiet and regal in size . . . and the service sets the standards for Park Avenue, yet rentals are astonishingly low. Your inspection is invited.

270
PARK AVENUE

Office on Premises or Apply to

Douglas L. Elliman & Co.

15 East 49th St. PLaza 3-9200

Welcome



For a meal..a weekend or a Summer.
You'll have a glorious time!

IT'S rare to find two *new fireproof* hotels at the very hub of summer sports, both water and land! You have found them in The Roger Smith Hotels . . *beautifully appointed, expert service* and with a *table* fit for epicures! Outdoor Terrace dining. Choose either hotel . . they are equally delightful. A test weekend will convince you . . and then you'll be interested in the Special Budget Plan we've worked out for longer holidays . . For a couple: Twin beds and bath, all meals, tips, incidentals *and* commutation ticket for as little as $68.50 *a week!* A gloriously *happy* Summer at a gloriously *low* expenditure. Could one ask more? Write to either hotel.

When motoring stop for our famous five-course dinner . . 90c to $1.25. Served at both hotels.

Look for the giant electric signs atop the

ROGER SMITH HOTELS

White Plains, N. Y. Stamford, Conn.

uncovered the site of the ancient city of Troy, and set the minds of his contemporaries buzzing in consequence. Scientists were dismayed, and rather hurt, that an amateur—"a complete stranger to every scientific method," as one of them observed—should come meddling in their business. On the other hand, artists were electrified by his discoveries. Flaubert, one remembers, made a special journey across the desert to view the excavations, and was inspired by the sight of them to write "Salammbô." Even fashions in dress for a time showed a classical influence.

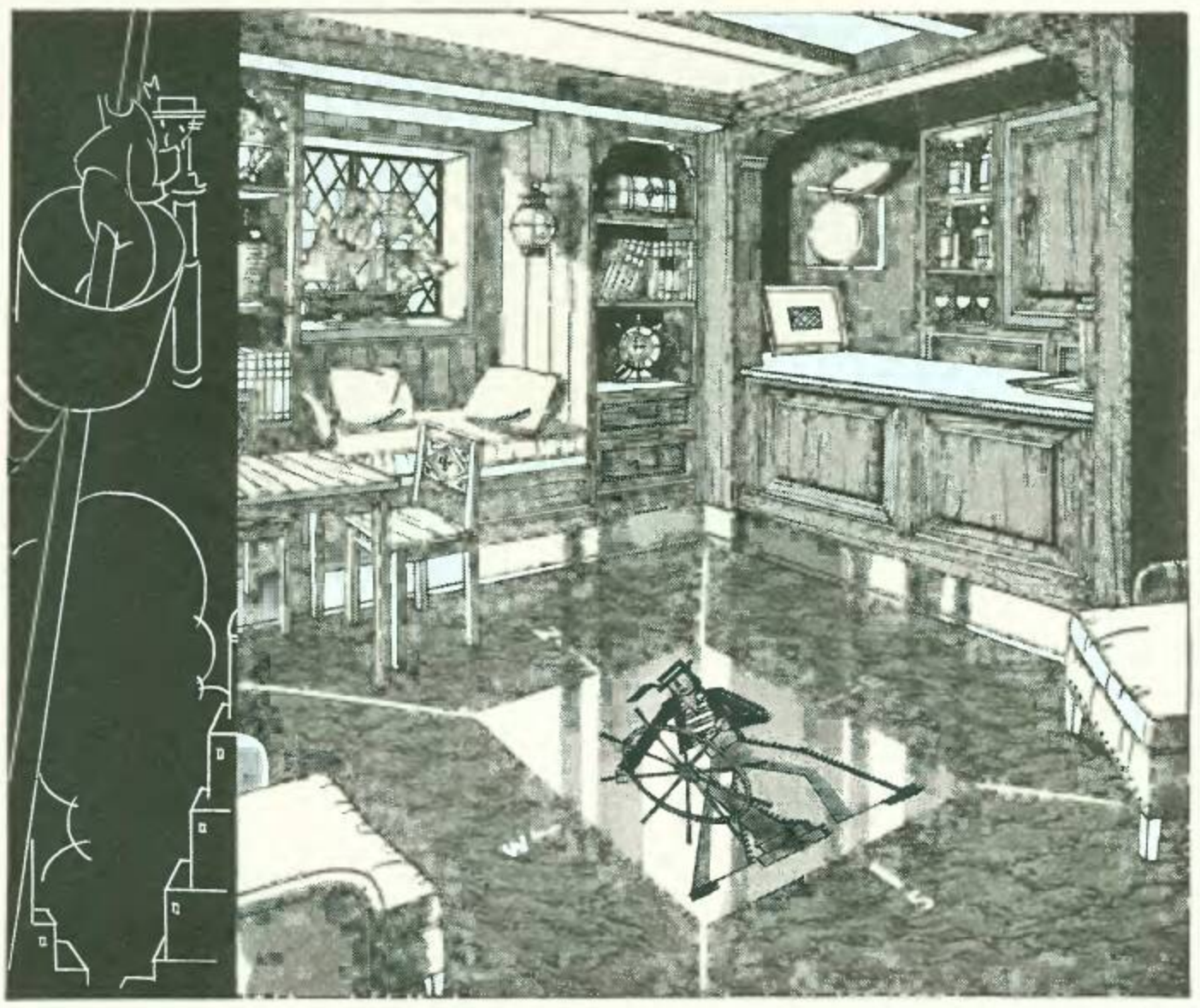
Nowadays Schliemann, except for that one bright achievement of his life, is pretty much forgotten, but Mr. Ludwig, in preparing his biography, suffered from no lack of material. Methodical and painstaking, during his life the man had kept voluminous diaries, chronicling every incident of his wanderings, as well as business records, letters received and copies of letters sent, newspaper clippings—everything, in short, that might even conceivably be of value to the biographer—and his family had piously preserved these documents during the forty years after his death before that biographer at last appeared.

With such a wealth of material to draw on, Mr. Ludwig may be excused for quoting largely, which he does so copiously that in many cases the quoted excerpts run for three or four pages without a break. All this undoubtedly made things easier for Mr. Ludwig; also, fortunately, it adds to the interest of the book for us, in the minute and detailed recital it affords of the man's varied and wandering career. You'll be interested in the book, I think, especially if you, like myself, have always known about Schliemann, but have also wondered whatever else he did besides discovering Troy.—R. M. C.

•

Holland J P auto & team trucking
1834 McKinnon. MI ssn-5400
Between the hours of 6 P M & 7 A M
If no answer call Shop.....MI ssn-8004
If no answer call.....EV rgreen-0300
If no answer call.....SK yline-5385
If no answer call.....DE laware-3714
If no answer call.....EV rgreen-1463
If no answer call.....EV rgreen-3005
If no answer call.....EV rgreen-0848
If no answer call.....RA ndlph-4161
If no answer call.....VA lencia-3346
If no answer call.....MI ssn-8558
—*From the San Francisco Telephone Directory.*

Maybe it would be simpler not to move.



. . . . We can always give you a good steer

If you want to deal 'em out Nor' Nor' West (or directly North of East for that matter) you've always got a handy compass bearing on this floor to set your course by. A great floor—nautical but nice.

It's the kind of floor we're doing for New Yorkers who like the distinctive, the unusual. It's a Sealex Custom Floor.

Some people take their designs dizzy, some take theirs dignified. But almost anything is possible in these custom-designed and custom-laid floors of Sealex Linoleum.

We've supplied stars for Westchester floors. We evolved a gazelle for a Manhattan foyer . . . and dolphins to skim over a navy blue Sealex ocean on the North Shore. We're open to any suggestions and full of them ourselves.

But remember this, when caviar canapes get stepped on, and glasses give unexpected lurches, there's no mourning-after spot on stain-proof Sealex Floors.

Prices range from very little to very much. But it costs nothing to have one of our contractors or dealers estimate. Telephone us, or stop in at our Fifth Ave. show-room.

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



"Mist' Curley—yo' ain't got NUFF'N *in dat bag!"*



Well, I fooled George—for once. He told me he had been portering so long he could tell by hefting a bag just what was in it. Nor were his powers merely muscular. "Ex-ray eyes" he said he had.

So I asked him—"What's in my bag, George?" (It looked as husky as the steer it was made of, yet it was unbelievably light.)

And the old veteran hefted it, smiled—as though he thought I was trying to fool him. And finally—"Mist' Curley," he said, "Yo' ain't got *nuff'n* in dat bag!"

"Right, George," I said—I wouldn't spoil the old fellow's fun. But he was wrong. That bag contained plenty of a traveler's necessaries—yet with all its freight it was as light as the average bag is when stark empty! A Talon Slide Fastener accounted for that.

All other things equal, a Talon-fastened bag will be amazingly lighter than one that isn't. In other words, about *half* as heavy—and a dozen times more convenient! Bags equipped with Talons have neither clasps nor catches. They can be opened instantly—and as quickly closed. They're mighty smart-looking, too, if you're particular about that—and most of us are.

Whether for Summer vacation ventures or for a steady diet of travel, you want the advantages of Talons on the bag you buy. They'll stand all sorts of abuse—indefinitely. They won't stick, jam, or rust—if they're *genuine* Talons. And that's easy to tell. The genuine has TALON right on the pull-tab.



Aero Bag—a husky, roomy bag, surprisingly light in weight. Fitted with a Two-way Talon Slide Fastener.



Ladies' Traveling Case—feather-light. Made in many leathers. Talon fastened—can't open accidentally.



Golf Bag—Talon Fasteners on ball pocket and compartment. With or without carry-all bag to match.



Kit Bag—a real man's bag of stout cowhide. Talon-fastened—it can be opened or closed in one instant.

TALON

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE SLIDE FASTENER THAT ALWAYS WORKS

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

New York · Boston · Philadelphia · Chicago · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Seattle

Imagine a tray-full of these at the country house!

The sound of tinkling ice as the maid emerges to the porch—the exclamations as the burst of lovely color on the tray is set down before the guests—the discovery that these graceful "glasses" are not glass, not china—the sly host who purposely lets one tumble to the floor and cascade down the steps and retrieves it unbroken*—and you're one ahead of the Joneses!

Here is a green one with a black coaster. We were tempted to show the cool ivory and old-blue combination, the yellow and lavender, the sportive mandarin red and black, but the ten colors provide ninety possible pairs—so you'd better match them up yourself in the china-and-glass department of any good department store!

And, while you're there, you'll find tea cups and plates and utility tumblers for bath-rooms and nursery, picnic outfits, bridge table sets, in colorful "Beetleware"—all the pieces so dainty and delicate that if they were made of china they would shatter under one cross look! "Beetleware" is about six times as tough as glass!

Look for the name "Beetleware" on the bottom.



☆ 

"What, never?" "Hardly ever!"

BEETLEWARE CORPORATION

A Division of American Cyanamid Company

535 Fifth Avenue New York

"Beetleware"

The 10 "Beetle" colors are:

Green
Red
Pink
Dark Blue
Old Blue
Yellow
Orange
Black
Ivory
Lavender



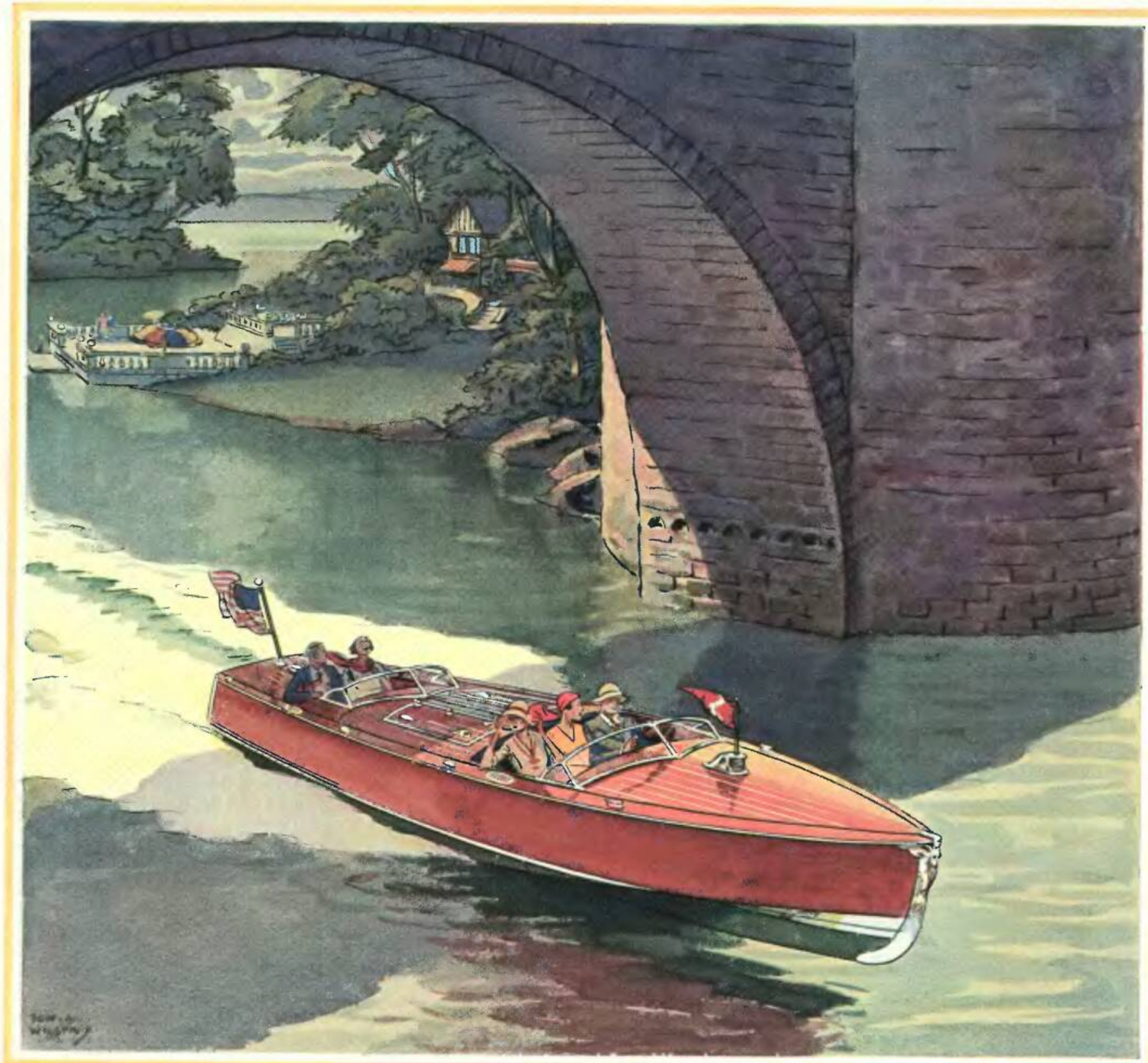
Utility tumblers for bath-room and nursery

Plates, 3 sizes

Children's dishes

Sherbet or egg cup

Cups for tea or coffee



ILLUSTRATED—THE 125 H. P., 35 M. P. H. 21-FOOTER, $2295—THE 30 M. P. H., 40 H. P. 16-FOOTER IS $1095—THE 300 H. P., 45 M. P. H., 28-FOOTER IS $4995

GO ADVENTURING ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ Your Dodge Boat takes you out beyond the walls of everyday existence ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ Freed from all restricting rules of traffic you find the whole refreshing romance of wide waterways awaiting you ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ Whisk along at speed made even more exhilarating by the comfort and security inherent in the quality of every boat that merits the Dodge name ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ Drive the 40 h. p. 16-footer at its thrilling thirty miles an hour, or command the 300 h. p. of the 47 mile speedster ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ Both give you that same feeling of dependable confidence ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ Oak-ribbed sturdiness, mahogany planking, double bottoms, and every boat thoroughly tested in the water before shipment ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ The name of Dodge has always stood for dependability never better deserved than by the swift security of these Dodge Boats ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ 16, 21, 25 and 28 feet lengths, closed or open, with complete equipment, at prices from $1095 to $5795 ⌁ ⌁ ⌁ Write for the Dodge Catalog.

DODGE BOATS

HORACE E. DODGE BOAT & PLANE CORPORATION. Works: Newport News, Va. GENERAL SALES DEPARTMENT: 21 West 46th St., New York City