

Aug. 13, 1932

THE

Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER



Everybody's talking about those De Soto Color Ads



*The plates
were made by*
POWERS

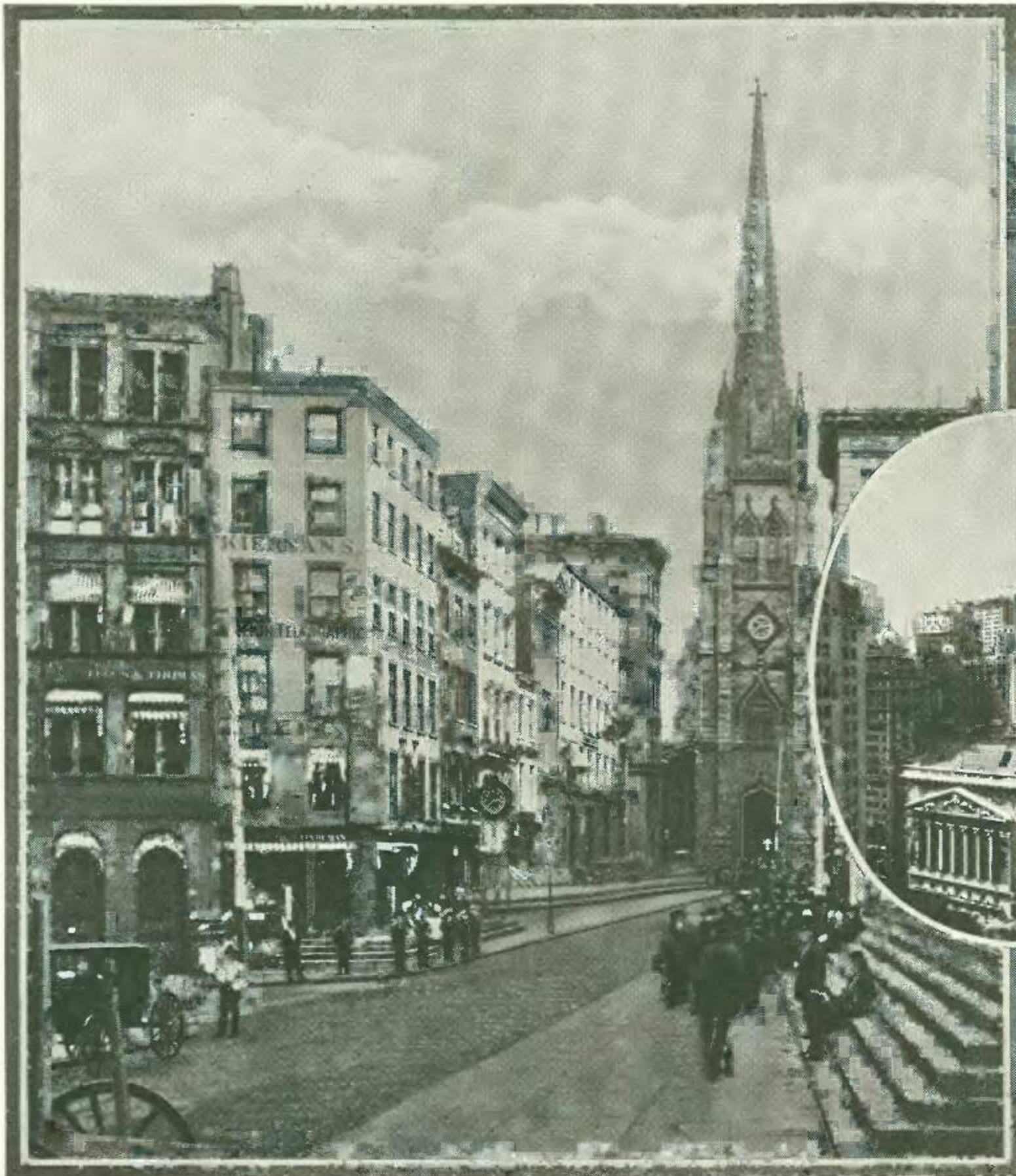
Look at that picture . . . the people . . . the car! Everything looks so natural. So lifelike! You get the feeling of *real* people . . . having a lot of fun. It just "gets to you!"

Everyone is talking about the De Soto color advertisements which have recently appeared in this publication. *The plates*

were made by Powers! We were called upon because we've been studying color photography . . . working with it for a long time. We have an expert camera-man. A new process for direct color-engraving. Complete facilities for fine four-color work of any type. Call Powers. Pennsylvania 6-0600.

POWERS REPRODUCTION CORPORATION, 205 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK

“THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, *yielding place to new*”



WALL STREET
in 1888 and 1932

When this old picture was taken, brokers' clerks hummed "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

What a change there's been in Wall Street, and every other street, since 1888!

Those may have been the "good old days." But for all-round comfort and convenience, the good *new* days (shown in the smaller photograph) have it all over them. Don't you think so?



The NEW IDEA in automatic refrigerators is Electrolux—a revolutionary improvement

WHEN mother was a girl, young ladies dreamed of coming out of the kitchen. Nowadays they're beginning to dream of going back there. That's because the kitchen is no longer the Cinderella room of the house. Instead, it's the most *modern* room.

And Electrolux has helped to make it so. Within the past four years this refrigerator has been a startling success. It has gone into more than 250,000 American homes. In Metropolitan New York, more than 3,500 apartment houses have this new idea in automatic refrigerators.

Electrolux—the one that makes con-

stant cold, freezes ice cubes, by means of a tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water. In absolute silence—simply, dependably. And at the extremely low operating cost of a few cents a day. You save money on refrigeration every day you have Electrolux.

This unusual refrigerator is backed by your gas company. You can see it at their showrooms—and at neighborhood dealers, too. Or write to us for full information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d St., New York City.



A tiny gas flame makes constant, steady cold

ELECTROLUX THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m., and that the midweek matinee will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—Four sons, their wives, and a mother in a combination which would be hard to beat for verity and entertainment value. Glenn Anders, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Wycherly, John Beal, Margaret Hamilton, and others. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 p.m. Mats. 2:40 p.m.)

BRIDAL WISE—The divorce proceedings in this little farce-comedy are not very impressive, but there are plenty of laughs in the perfectly rotten behavior of a couple of little boys. Madge Kennedy and Minor Watson head the cast. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 p.m. Mats. 2:40 p.m.)

WITH MUSIC

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—If you like nice music, this Jerome Kern score will keep you delighted. Of the original principals, Georges Metaxa, Doris Carson, and Odette Myrtil remain. (Cohan, B'way at 43.)

OF THEE I SING—Our national government and several national traits held up to elaborate ridicule, with loud laughter resulting. Music by Gershwin. Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Lois Moran are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SHOW BOAT—Practically everyone who has seen this revival likes the show better than in 1928, which is saying a great deal. Norma Terris, Dennis King, Helen Morgan, Charles Winninger, Puck and White, and Paul Robeson. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50.)

OPENING OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the date; there are often last-minute changes.)

DOMINO—William A. Brady's production of Marcel Achard's comedy, adapted from the French by Grace George. The cast will include Rod LaRocque, Robert Loraine, Geoffrey Kerr, Jessie Royce Landis, and Walter Kingsford. Opens Tues., Aug. 16. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 p.m.)

SUMMER STOCK

(Country theatres, with Broadway players in old and new plays. Curtains at 8:45 p.m., no matinees, except when otherwise specified below.)

CAPE COD—"When Ladies Meet," Rachel Crothers' new comedy, with Rose Hobart, Janet Beecher, and Walter Abel: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. "The Animal Kingdom," with Earle Larimore, Frances Fuller, Lora Baxter, and William Harrigan: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 15-20. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30 p.m. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:45 p.m.)

THE HAMPTON PLAYERS—"Six Is Company," a new play by Eleanor Carroll Chilton and Herbert Agar: Fri., Aug. 12. (Westhampton Country Club, Westhampton, L.I. 9 p.m.)

HARMON—"Street Fiddler," a new play by Erik Barnouw: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. (Croton River Playhouse, Albany Post Rd., adjacent to Nikko Inn, Harmon, N.Y.)

HUNTINGTON—Henry Hull in "The Cat and the Canary": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. (Huntington High School Theatre, E. Main St., Huntington, L.I. Mat. Sat. 2:40 p.m.)

MILLBROOK—"Men Must Fight," a new play by S. K. Lauren and Reginald Lawrence,

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 20. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

with Margaret Sullavan: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. "A New Kind of Love," a new play by Howard Koch: Mon. through Wed., Aug. 15-20. (Millbrook Theatre, Millbrook, N.Y. Mats. Fridays 2:30 p.m.)

MOUNT KISCO—"The Silver Cord," with G. P. Huntley, Jr.: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. "Men Must Fight," same production as Millbrook: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 15-20. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Old Bedford Rd., Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Mats. Fridays 2:30 p.m.)

NEWPORT—"Caprice," with Violet Heming and Frederic Worlock: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. "The Play's the Thing," with Ernest Cossart: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 16-20. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. 9 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. 8:15 p.m.; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 p.m.)

NYACK—Rockland Producing Company. "Tiger Hour," a new melodrama by Edwin L. and Albert Barker: Fri., Aug. 12. (Broadway Theatre, Nyack, N.Y., Route 9W.)

RED BANK—The Monmouth County Players. Philip Barry's "Holiday": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. (Red Bank Auditorium, Broad St., Red Bank, N.J. 9 p.m.)

SCARBOROUGH—"The Great Fombombo," a new comedy by David Wallace, based on T. S. Stribling's novel, with Suzanne Caubaye and Eduardo Ciannelli: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. (Beechwood Theatre, Albany Post Rd., Scarborough, N.Y.)

STOCKBRIDGE—"Broken Dishes," with Donald Meek: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. Laurette Taylor in "Finale," a new play by S. K. Lauren: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 15-

20. (Berkshire Playhouse, Main St., Stockbridge, Mass. Mat. Wed. 2:45 p.m.)

WESTPORT—The New York Repertory Company, with June Walker and Osgood Perkins. "The School for Lovers": Fri. and Sats., Aug. 12, 13, 19, and 20. "Chrysalis": Mon. through Wed., Aug. 15-17. "Thoroughbred": Thurs., Aug. 18. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn.)

WHITE PLAINS—"The Royal Family," with Henrietta Crosman: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13. "The Cat and the Canary," with Lynne Overman: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 15-20. (Westchester County Center, Bronx River P'kway at Central Ave., White Plains, N.Y.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhineland 4-3034)—This flowery rendezvous in the People's Park has Eddy Duchin's ha-cha orchestra.*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and supper dancing in an attractive restaurant forty-two stories above the town. Music by William Scotti's orchestra.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—People who have the St. Regis habit never seem to get over it. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and the Argentinians. Dances by Dario and Diane at midnight.*

STARLIGHT ROOF, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Cool, romantic, and as nearly chic as any roof can be in summer. Jack Denny and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing.*

MORE ROOFS—Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920), where you will find Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Rensen Sts., Brooklyn Heights (Main 4-8100), a fine view of the harbor and lower Manhattan, with Freddy Martin's orchestra. . . . St. Moritz Sky Salon, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), with Harold Stern's excellent dance music.*

Other hotel roofs: Astor, B'way at 44, cool and spacious with good food; McAlpin, B'way at 34, Eddie Lane's orchestra; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55, Noble Sissle's band; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33, Buddy Rogers' orchestra. . . . Hotel New Yorker Summer Terrace, 8 Ave. at 34, isn't a roof but is cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—With no cover charge and plenty of undressed revue at dinner and supper time: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that Village touch and not very expensive: The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—You'll have to find the rough and low-down dives for yourself; but two of the established and well-known places are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630). Revues at 12:30 and 2 A.M.

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)—Dining and dancing on the outdoor terrace.

CALAIS, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

(Valley Stream 5128)—With Jean Malin's clowning as the main attraction. Revues at 7:30, midnight, and 2 A.M.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway (City Island 8-1763)—George Olsen and his music, with a circus show at dinner and supper time.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, and good food.

POST LODGE, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y. (Larchmont 2660)—Arthur Hand's Westchester rendezvous, with Ernie Holst's dance music.

WOODMANSTEN INN, Williamsbridge Rd. at Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 2-9818)—With Art Jarrett and his orchestra.

NOTES—Leon Belasco's orchestra plays for Charlie Journal's Montmartre Supper Club, every Fri. Eve. from 10 P.M., at Vivian Johnson's, Monmouth Beach, near Rumson, N.J. (Monmouth Beach 2298).

For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759), recommended for exquisite cuisine; expensive.

Coney Island jaunters in search of seafood and dancing might try: Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; or Feltmans' Maple Gardens, Surf Ave., Coney Island.

MOTION PICTURES

FREAKS—A gruesome sketch of circus life, which is causing some talk these days. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 18 and 19; continuous from 1 P.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—Garbo, Crawford, and the Brothers Barrymore, on parade. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

SCARFACE—Perhaps you had better see this and then take a rest for a while from underworld pictures. With Paul Muni. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 16-18; continuous from 2 P.M.)

STRANGERS OF THE EVENING—ZaSu Pitts in a delightful and preposterous mystery movie. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 12-14; continuous from 2 P.M.)

NOTE—Reveries at the Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.—"Die Lustigen Weiber von Wien," Fri. and Sat., Aug. 12 and 13; René Clair's "Le Million," Sun. through Tues., Aug. 14-16; continuous from noon.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Bring 'Em Back Alive," Frank Buck's Malay jungle picture, which is a surprise even to the travelled; "Congorilla," Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and the pygmies in a so-so film of Congo doings; "Madame Racketeer," a bawdy and often funny farce with Alison Skipworth triumphant as a lady crook.

Newsreels at the Embassy, B'way at 46 (continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight); and at the Trans-Lux Theatres, Madison at 58, and B'way between 49 and 50 (continuous from 11 A.M. to midnight).

OPENING OF NOTE

LOVE ME TONIGHT—The new Chevalier picture, with Jeannette MacDonald, Charles Ruggles, and Charles Butterworth. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; opening Wed., Aug. 17, at 9 P.M., continuous daily thereafter from 9:30 A.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

HORSE FEATHERS—The Marx Brothers' latest. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

ART

AMERICANS—Paintings and water colors by the middle group of Americans, including Lawson, Schnakenberg, Marsh, Luks, du Bois, Beal, etc.: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Paintings, sculpture, and prints by contemporary Americans: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Group show of French Impressionists, for the summer: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MASTERS—"The Taste of Today in Masterpieces of Painting before 1900." Represented are Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco, Brueghel, Rubens, Corot, Delacroix, Renoir, Gauguin, Van Gogh, etc.: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN—Summer show of paintings and sculpture, with special loans from private collections: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PRINTS—A selected group covering six centuries, including Dürer, Rembrandt, Forain, Daumier, Zorn, and many others. Also, a complete set of the "Cries of London" in color: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic - Symphony, Coates conducting, concerts nightly at 8:30. An all-Gershwin program will be given Tues. Eve., Aug. 16, with Mr. Gershwin as soloist: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta. or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Last concerts this season—Fri., Mon., and Wed. Eves., Aug. 12, 15, and 17, at 8:45, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 14, at 8:30, on Central Park Mall (72 St. entrance). . . . Sat., Tues., and Thurs. Eves., Aug. 13, 16, and 18, at 8:45, on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

NEW YORK ORCHESTRA—Altschuler conducting, concerts nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors," with music, will be presented by the Ben Greet Players, Sat. Eve., Aug. 13: George Washington Stadium, St. Nicholas Ave. at 194. (Take B'way subway to W. 191 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Two-piano recitals: Fri. Eve., Aug. 12, at 10:15, and Mon. Eve., Aug. 15, at 9:45, over WABC.

N.B.C. CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Sodero conducting: nightly (except Sun. and Mon.) at 11:15, over WJZ.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Berezowsky conducting: nightly (except Sat. and Sun.) at 11:30; and Sun. Aft. at 3; over WABC.

LITTLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—James conducting: Sat. Eves., Aug. 13 and 20, at 8, over WOR.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic - Symphony, Coates conducting: Sat. Eves., Aug. 13 and 20, and Sun. Eve., Aug. 14, at 8:30, over WABC.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eve., Aug. 13, at 9, over WEAF; Sun. Eve., Aug. 14, at 9:15, and Tues. Eve., Aug. 16, at 9:30, over WJZ.

PRESIDENT HOOVER—Speaking at the unveil-

ing of a memorial to the late James Cardinal Gibbons, broadcast from Washington: Sun. Aft., Aug. 14, at 4:30, over WABC and WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Fri., Aug. 12, at 3:20 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Aug. 13 and 14, doubleheaders at 1:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Tues., Aug. 16, doubleheader at 1:30 P.M., and Wed. through Fri., Aug. 17-19, at 3:15 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sat., Aug. 20, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

GOLF—Invitation Tournament, Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 18-20. . . . Cape Cod Open Championship, Eastward Ho Country Club, Chatham, Mass., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 19 and 20.

HORSE SHOWS—East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L.I., Sat., Aug. 13. . . . Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn., Sat., Aug. 13. . . . Montauk Horse Show, Montauk, L.I., Tues. and Wed., Aug. 16 and 17.

POLO—High-goal play, Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 4, weather permitting.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: races weekdays at 3 P.M. The Saratoga Special and the Whitney will be run Sat., Aug. 13. (Train leaves Grand Central daily at 10:45 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M.)

SPEEDBOAT RACES—Annual Gold Cup Regatta, Lake Montauk, L.I., Sat., Aug. 13. . . . National Sweepstakes, Shrewsbury River, Red Bank, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 20 and 21.

TENNIS—Women's National Championships, Singles and Doubles, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I., Mon. through Sat. Afts., Aug. 15-20. See daily papers for starting times of matches. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 12:27, 12:55, 1:09, 1:33, 2:07, and 3:08 P.M.) . . . Invitation Tournament, Men's Singles and Doubles, Newport Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 15-20.

TROTGING AND PACING—Grand Circuit, Goshen Mile Track, Goshen, N.Y., Mon. through Fri., Aug. 15-19, at 2 P.M. The \$60,000 Hambletonian Stake will be the feature Wed., Aug. 17. (Train leaves Chambers St. ferry, Erie R.R., at 11 A.M., and Jersey City at 11:15 A.M.)

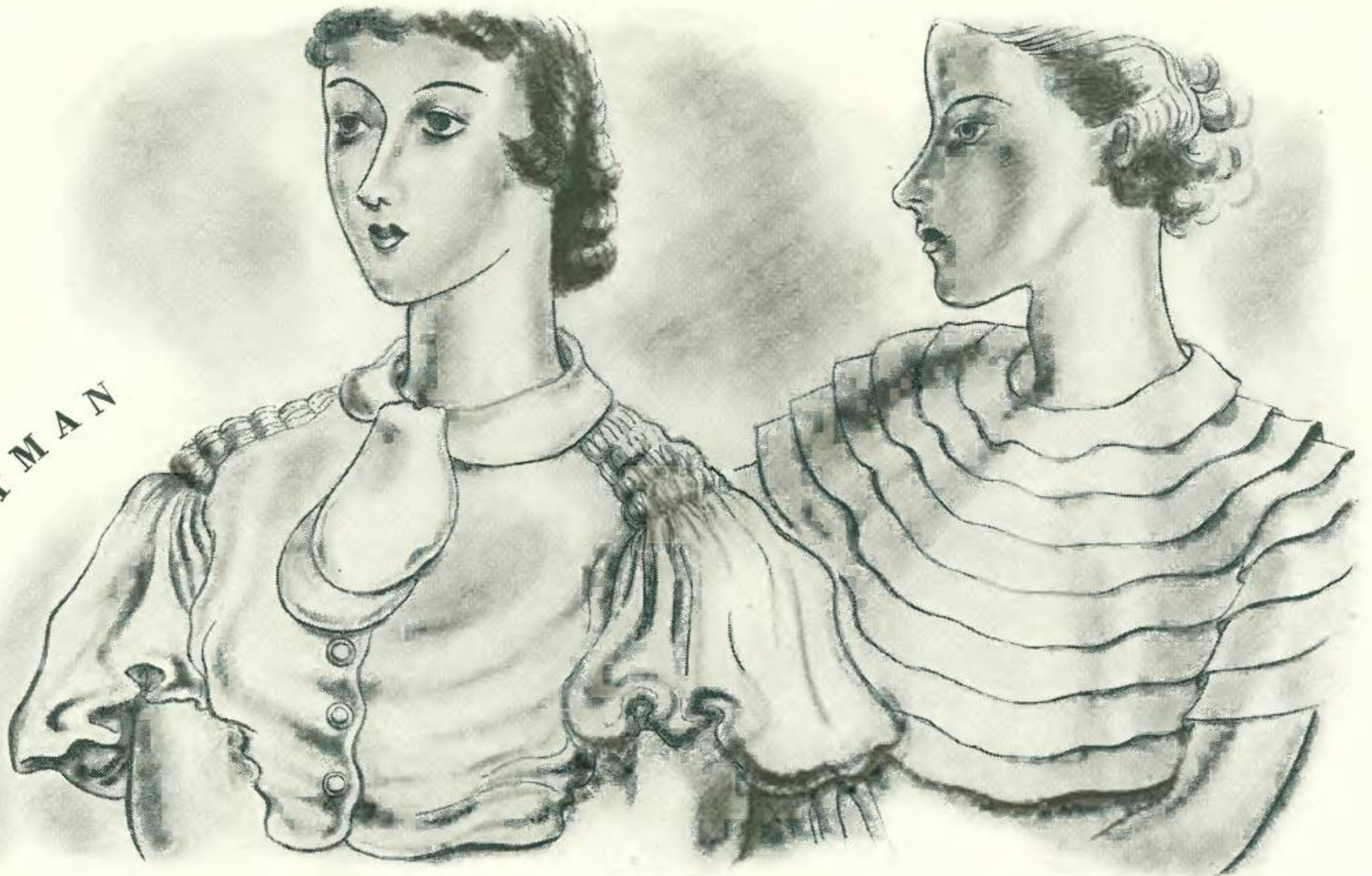
YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Cruise: New London to Newport, Fri., Aug. 12; Newport to Mattapoisett, Sat., Aug. 13; Mattapoisett to Newport, Mon., Aug. 15; Astor Cup Race, Tues., Aug. 16; King's Cup Race, Wed., Aug. 17. . . . Championship races on Long Island Sound: Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, Sat. Aft., Aug. 13; New Rochelle Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 20.

SWIMMING POOLS—Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.); Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight); Sutton, 330 E. 56 (open until 10:30 P.M.); and London Terrace, 470 W. 24 (open until 11 P.M.). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) may be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta.

For women only: Barbizon, Lexington at 63 (open until 9 P.M.); and A.W.A. Clubhouse, 353 W. 57 (open 11:30 A.M. to 2 P.M., 4:30 to 6:30, and 8 to 9:45 P.M.).



ALTMAN



● VELVET JACKET \$16.50 for evening—the new dull velvet. In black, white and wine mat velvet. Very smart and brief.

● LANVIN CAPE \$8.50—Tiers of flat ruffles in white or eggshell crepe. Fasten it in back. Wear it over silk or wool frocks

Altman introduces
“Transformations”
of 1932

All these new, perfectly topping, little fashion-wary things to transform your old clothes into 1932 fashions. Quaint little capelets . . . mad little jackets . . . ravishing twists of velvet all transform a simple gown into a glamorous effect that might have been concocted in Paris. And what price glory? Well, look and see for yourself. Quite too good to be true!



● RUFF AND CUFF SET \$4.95
Impertinently Pierrot of fine silk net. In white or eggshell.



● CAPE AND ASCOT \$10
Bagheera-type cape with ermine velvet. In white only.



● DOUBLE JABOT \$2.95
A becoming little trifle of lace and georgette in white or eggshell.



● L'AVOCAT SET \$2.95
Of shiny white silk crepe . . . inspired by the French judges.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ECONOMISTS talk a great deal about the vicious circle, or, as some call it, vicious "spiral." It strikes us that one thing that makes the circle, or spiral, really vicious is that practically everybody these days has turned into an economist on his own hook. What do we have? We have businessmen, commuters, the salt of the earth, riding into town in the morning, and what are they thinking about—their own business? Not at all; they are reading Walter Lippmann, who makes large affairs interesting and clear. Our former money barons, who used to start the day worrying about their own little business problems, now attack problems of international finance before breakfast. Before the sun is high in the sky, they have acquainted themselves with arguments for and against an artificial inflation, and have disposed of great armaments and vast debts.



They are beginning to see things in a large way; and when a man begins to see things in a large way, he is no good as a sales-promotion manager for a waffle-iron house. It is a sad, but probably a true, observation that for businessmen to learn anything about the larger aspects of business merely aggravates conditions.

You take the bonus army. It attracted largely an assemblage of economists, men who turned to the study of economics because it supplies a substitute for job-hunting and loafing. Ostensibly they made a demonstration to compel Congress to give them a hand-out; but unquestionably they liked the life or they wouldn't have gone to Washington—that is, they preferred

it to any other life they could have worked out for themselves at the moment. The bonus-army veterans are students of a sort; and we will wager that most of them could talk your ear off on almost any subject you might bring up, and would rather talk than eat.

WE see by the society pages that the Navy, in accordance with its custom, sent a couple of destroyers to



Bar Harbor so that the officers could play tennis with the officers of the British Navy. This may be a small thing with which to bother the committee now working on cutting down government expenses, but one way to cut down expenses would be for the Navy at Bar Harbor to use last year's tennis balls.

TO walk through the lobby of the Paramount is to revive memories of a lost civilization, and the glory that was Publix. We were over there the other evening, trying to catch up on sleep, and we experienced, while strolling under the gorgeous canopy, a nostalgia for 1928 and dead things. There was a hush over the place, as in a ruins—this despite the fact that every seat



(when we got inside) seemed to be occupied. Instead of falling asleep, we began to pay close attention to what was going on. Attentively we watched a screen picture featuring Miss C. Col-

bert, and at the end heard a mechanical voice say: "You have just thrilled to the acting of Claudette Colbert." The drugged thousands stirred restlessly in their seats, surprised and pleased to realize (having been told so to their faces) that they had just thrilled to something.

Soon the organ took up the burden, clouds began to drift across a moon, and as Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford swayed dimly in the darkness below, the voice again came: "Music! We thrill to the magic of moonlight and the strains of a song." This continual assurance, from an invisible source, that we were giving way to our emotions, at last had its effect: tears fell from our eyes, and as they fell they turned into marshmallows.

THE thing that impressed us about the Erlanger-Fixel case was that the Surrogate's opinion, establishing Miss Fixel as the common-law wife of



the dead producer, was 95,000 words long. That is more than an opinion; it is a full-length novel. Many novelists have, in that number of words, not only established their heroine as somebody's wife but built up whole series of incidents in the lives of half a dozen other characters. We congratulate the Surrogate on having turned out 95,000 words, the very thought of which fills us with envy and despair.

IT must have come as a surprise to millions of farm people throughout the country to read that the City of New York Bicentennial Commission still owes Sears, Roebuck almost \$80,000 for the model of Federal Hall in Bryant Park. Anybody who

has done business with Sears, Roebuck will tell you that the way you have to do is to send them in advance a money order covering the amount of the order. We simply can't believe that Grover Whalen got a hall built without inclosing a money order for \$80,000. If he did, he must have had a pull somewhere. Or maybe he dragged in the name of George Washington.

Bad Boys

NOT all of the Nassau police are rough, apparently. Last week the mayor of one of the villages near Great Neck had to reprimand two of his officers for eating ice-cream cones while on duty. "What will people think?" said the mayor. The cops hung their heads and promised not to piece out between meals again, and the mayor went right to his office and sent out to the entire force a written order against any munching in public.

Part Time

UNTIL recently, when Parisians wanted to know the right time, they called up the Paris Observatory and asked for time service, and there was always someone on the job to tell them. A few weeks ago the French telephone administration, of late always eager to look very modern and shake off its old reputation for slackness, announced the installation of a new apparatus to give the time automatically. It went a step or two ahead of our American system, which still involves the human equation of one girl time-caller. The French hooked up a clock with a series of phonograph records and a telephone transmitter—something probably beyond the minds of our engineers. An investigating friend of ours reports from Paris that he was minded one afternoon to test out the new service. He put in his call and after a couple of slips, in which he got the Belgian Embassy and the Jardin des Plantes, he was put through to the right place. Instead, however, of a record saying "Two fifty-six" or something similar, a live, masculine voice said "Allo." Our friend was taken unawares by this and con-



"Oh Mr. Morley, I'm so mad at myself for hating you at first."

fused, but gathered himself and asked if this was the Paris Observatory Time Service. The voice said it was and our friend said: "Ah—could you—would you—ah—what is the right time, please?" "I'm sorry, M'sieu," was the answer, "but we give the right time only from nine to twelve in the morning."

Midnight Express

EDDIE TOLAN, the colored boy who became famous all over the world by winning both the hundred- and the two-hundred-metre dashes in the Olympic Games, objects to the newspaper reports that he is only five feet four. "I'm five feet four and a half," he says. That still makes him the short-

est of the great sprinters of history. Tolan took his fame modestly, autographing pieces of paper for people readily and saying "Thank you" with a quiet grin. The coach of the Argentine track team was the first autograph-hunter to get to him after he won the hundred metres. Before the day was out, Tolan had signed three hundred autographs.

Harlem has extended an invitation to him to come here this summer and one of our Olympic correspondents reports that he probably will be here in September. Tolan likes the idea; says he likes to visit New York all right, but wouldn't want to live here. He spends most of his time in Detroit, where his family lives. His father, originally from Alabama, is a cook, at present

unemployed. Eddie has two brothers, also unemployed. His mother is working, however. He worked his way through the University of Michigan, and was good at his studies. He's after a master's degree now (physical education) in West Virginia, and expects to coach athletics for a while, but what he really wants to be is a doctor. "Or a dentist, if it works out that way," he says.

Tolan wears his spectacles taped to his temples in races because twice, when they weren't taped, they fell off and, being nearsighted, he couldn't see well enough to win. He wears a bandage around his left knee in races because when he was a sophomore at Michigan he had a slight leg injury and the coach placed a white bandage around the knee. He won a race that day easily, and now always puts the bandage on. It's his only superstition, however; the gum which he chews furiously when running is not a superstition. "It quiets my nerves," he says. Somebody pointed out to him that the Olympic number on his shirt, 461, adds up to eleven—a lucky number in crap games. Tolan didn't get it at first, then he grinned mildly. "I don't shoot craps," he said.

He won his first championship race of importance three years ago in Denver, finishing in what looked like a dead heat with two others, Bracey and Sweet. The judges decided Tolan won. It was reported that in the

Olympic hundred metres he thought he had lost, because he ran up to Metcalfe and shook hands with him. He told friends, however, that he knew he had won. He has objected to a decision only once and that was when Percy Williams beat him in Canada three years ago. Tolan says the pictures of the finish show that he was a foot ahead. Tolan is a mediocre starter, but finishes fast, flailing his arms. Once he delayed the start of a championship race several minutes because in getting set he fell forward twice on his face. In the past two years he has finished second in most of his races, but the hundred metres is just enough longer than the hundred-yard dash to give him his sprinting opportunity.

Tolan was so good a sprinter even when he was in high school in Detroit that six colleges were after him. He chose Michigan partly because he wanted to play football on its famous team. The track coach, Steve Farrell, who believed him the best Negro sprinter since Howard Drew, told him that he couldn't play, that he'd have to confine himself to track activities. Tolan chewed his gum vigorously and said: "Yes, suh."

Big Parade

AN automobile manufacturer, here from Toledo, told about something that happened at his factory. For

weeks, for months, one man had been coming in almost daily, looking for a job. Nothing discouraged him. To reports that they weren't putting anybody on, didn't expect to put anybody on, hardly expected to remain on themselves, he merely nodded. Then a day or two later he would come back and ask for a job, hopefully, as if it were an entirely new idea. Life went on, and eventually the factory decided to put on some men. The personnel manager had the persistent fellow well in mind and when next he called told him to come to work the following Monday. For the first time the applicant looked doubtful.

"I'd better not come Monday," he said. "I'd have to lay off Tuesday."

The personnel manager wilted under this.

"I've got to go to Youngstown Tuesday," the applicant explained. "I've got to march in an unemployment parade."

Knighthood

WE have always felt that much goes on in the great, throbbing port of New York which never reaches the public ear—little human things, such as a brief flowering of knighthood the other day just before the Leviathan, in all her majesty, sailed away. A party of six, as we hear the story, had dropped down to see off a charming young lady. The charming young lady, a few minutes after she arrived, discovered that she had left her handbag behind her, at home. A knight sprang instantly forward. He would get it. He leaped into his car and rattled off.

The gangplanks came in. The Leviathan whistled. Sturdy men gathered to cast her off. The tugs rallied and fell into formation. The charming lady leaned anxiously over the rail. Then, as the ship began to inch away from the pier, the knight came dashing down, red of face but triumphant of eye, waving the handbag. A sailor, catching on, leaned over the rail, ready to catch it. The lady smiled happily,



"Yoo-hoo,
Department
of
Sanitation!"

then her face fell, and she waved the sailor off. "Wrong bag," she said, and burst into tears.

Merry-Go-Round

A MONTH or so ago, we printed a drawing showing a merry-go-round that was revolving clockwise. Almost at once a dozen acute and critical observers telephoned, stopped us on the street, or wrote: merry-go-rounds in this country go counter-clockwise, never clockwise. They knew this, and positively, but none of them knew why, so we set about finding out. We have interviewed, by telephone, some of the best merry-go-round minds in the East and are able to report.

First we talked long-distance to the Philadelphia Toboggan Company, one of the biggest merry-go-round makers in the world, and got, by some misunderstanding, Mr. Gerhart, their auditor. He said the counter-clockwise motion was just a custom, but put us through to the Company's engineer, a Mr. Schmeck. "There isn't any reason," said Mr. Schmeck. "It's just one of those things."

We next got hold of Mr. C. N. Brewster of the W. F. Mangels Company of Coney Island, big-scale makers of merry-go-rounds two decades ago. They've drifted into the shooting-gallery business now, but Mr. Brewster had a theory nevertheless. "It's because the first ones in this country were made that way" was his theory. "Besides," he added, "it's easier for a person to get on or off a moving merry-go-round if it's going counter-clockwise." On second thought, he added: "Not one person in a thousand gets off a merry-go-round when it's moving." He paused, and then added: "The attendants do, though."

We didn't know whether we were getting anywhere, but we went right ahead and next talked to Mr. Baker of Harry C. Baker, Inc., which makes practically all kinds of amusement-park equipment except merry-go-rounds. Mr. Baker said, however, that his company was very close to merry-go-rounds. "It pleases the public more to revolve counter-clockwise than clockwise," he said.

Mr. Frank Uzzell of the R. S. Uz-

zell Corporation said his company used to make merry-go-rounds but hadn't in years; the company now specializes in airplane swings and the Frolic. "All people in America, in walking," said Mr. Uzzell, "pass to the right, and the merry-go-round simply carries that habit a little further. In England, people pass to the left, and when I was in England a while ago I noticed that English merry-go-rounds turn to the left."

We last called Mr. Sylvan Hoffman, head of a publication called *Amusement Park Management*. He said merry-go-rounds go counter-clockwise in America because Americans are right-footed and customarily step off of things with their right foot. If a person tried to step off a merry-go-round that was going clockwise with his right foot, said Mr. Hoffman, he would impart a spin to himself and be thrown for a gool. You can see how that would be, and it's our favorite explanation for the way merry-go-rounds go. Mr. Hoffman also told us that merry-go-rounds are losing popularity fast and that that's why so many firms don't make them any more.

By the way, we asked Mr. Uzzell what the Frolic is. "It has cars," he said, "that rotate, and as they rotate swing to and fro and also undulate." Fun to do, he said, and fun to watch. What we'd really like to watch, though, is an Englishman stepping off a counter-clockwise American merry-go-round with his left foot.

Red Cent

THE New York Guild for the Jewish Blind got an interesting letter from the postmaster at Chicago the other day. It read: "Under date of April 14th, one mailing list address was returned to you with the necessary corrections entered thereon, and you were requested to remit 1c to this office

to cover the cost of the time consumed in the work of correction, but up to the present time the remittance has not been received. Kindly give this matter the necessary at-

tention so that the files in this case may be closed." It was signed by the Chicago postmaster, Mr. Arthur C. Snider (it looks like). The Guild was requested to refer, in its reply, to the date, ini-

tial, and number of the communication, which would have thrown us off because (we have seen the postmaster's letter) there is a tiny "7" way up in the left-hand corner, a "LH-302" way down under that, and "HCS DM S" in the upper right-hand corner. Mr. Daniel Archer of the Guild remitted the penny in cash (postage stamps are not accepted in closing 7 LH-302 HCS DM S files; you have to mail a penny, or maybe a cheque for a penny). The remitted penny has closed the case; the Post Office makes no charge for time consumed in collecting a penny to pay for the cost of time consumed.

Till the Cows Come

FOR the past sixteen years little ads have been appearing in the Public Notices columns of the various New York papers, signed George Hiram Mann, or Hiram Mann, or sometimes just Mann. They always hammer at the same idea. Lots of people have asked us just what the idea is. If you haven't come upon one of the Mann insertions, here's a sample from a recent *Herald Tribune*: "Garnerites! Texas Congressman actually blocked payment \$322,000 wages due NAVYITES!!! Hiram Mann." Here's another: "Again I challenge Tammany's best speaker; debate; millions wages due Navyites. Mann." That's been going on since 1916. The ads have cost Mr. Mann more than six thousand dollars. Here's the story:

Almost sixty years ago, workers in all United States Navy Yards were promised pay for overtime. Taking the government at its word, thousands of such workers put in from two to six hours' extra work a day for more than four years. At the end of that time, the government owed several million dollars to some ten thousand men. The highest claim was eighteen hundred dollars, the lowest fifteen cents. Nobody ever got a nickel. Hundreds of the gypped patriots rode, or walked, to Washington back in the eighties and nineties to put in their claims, without avail. Many died discouraged. In 1908 the Navy Department suddenly announced that Action was just around the corner. About fourteen hundred of the aging workers filed their claims once more. These were held valid by the Court of Claims; they totalled \$322,000. Thousands of Navyites (a word Mr. Mann invented) didn't file: too old, too far away, too tired.

So-o-o-o, the \$322,000 wasn't paid



then, and it hasn't been paid since. Both Houses would have to pass the appropriation measure. Three Senates have taken action, but the House has never done anything about it. "Pure goddam cussedness" is the reason, Mr. Mann told us when we called upon this relentless champion of the Gyped at his home on Pineapple Street, Brooklyn. He's sixty, large, grizzled, and good-humored despite all his frustration, an attorney with offices at 4 Hanover Square, Manhattan. He got interested in the notorious Navy standup in 1915, while acting as attorney for a Navy man in a court-martial. He pledged himself to make a fuss about the case until something was done. At first he also hoped to turn an honest dollar in lawyer's fees as representative of the Navyites. "As time went on, however, it became an ideal," he told us. Fewer than a hundred of the Navy Yard overtimers are alive today, Mr. Mann said, and they are eighty or ninety years old.

Mr. Mann has tried seven times to get elected to the House so he could take up his crusade in Washington, right at the top. The most votes he ever got was three hundred. He keeps hammering at Tammany to debate the subject with him. He wants especially to meet Dudley Field Malone on the platform. Tammany's record on the Navyites is wicked, says Mann.

In the eighties, Mann was a Senate page in Washington. When he can't sleep, he repeats to himself the rollcall of the 1890 Senate, which he remembers perfectly. Usually drops off in the midst of the third repetition. Next day he's up early, refreshed, preparing a new ad; never runs fewer than one a week, and often one a day when

he's going good. "I'll keep ringing changes till the cows come home," he says.

Happy Passaicans

HALFWAY to Passaic, the other day, the Passaic bus made a stop and an oldish gentleman climbed eagerly aboard. He sat down beside a passenger whom we shall call Mr. Crandall. They talked pleasantly together. When the bus reached Passaic, Mr. Crandall asked the gentleman

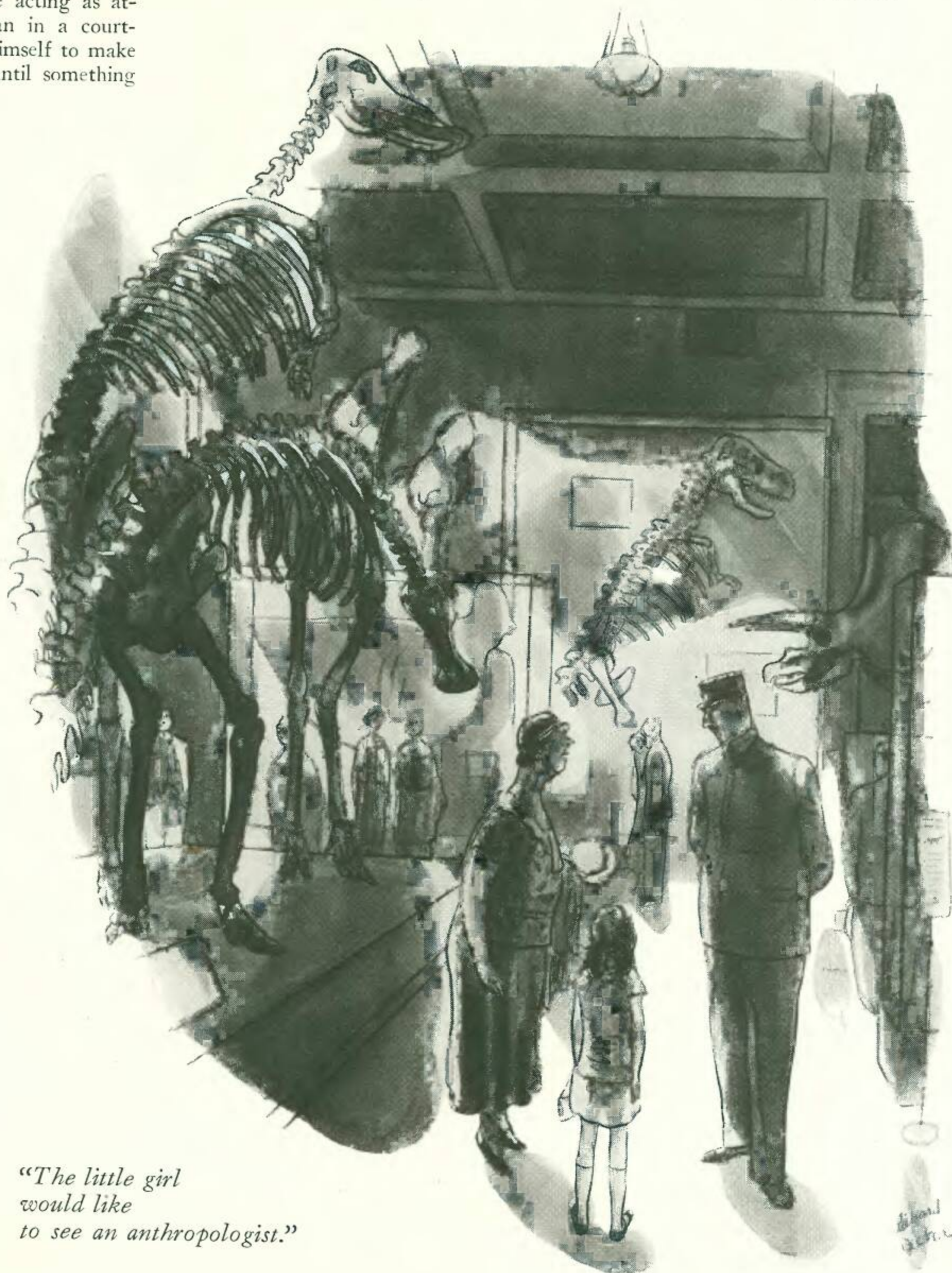
whether he lived in Passaic, or whether he was transferring to another bus.

"Why, I'll be getting into my car here," the gentleman replied.

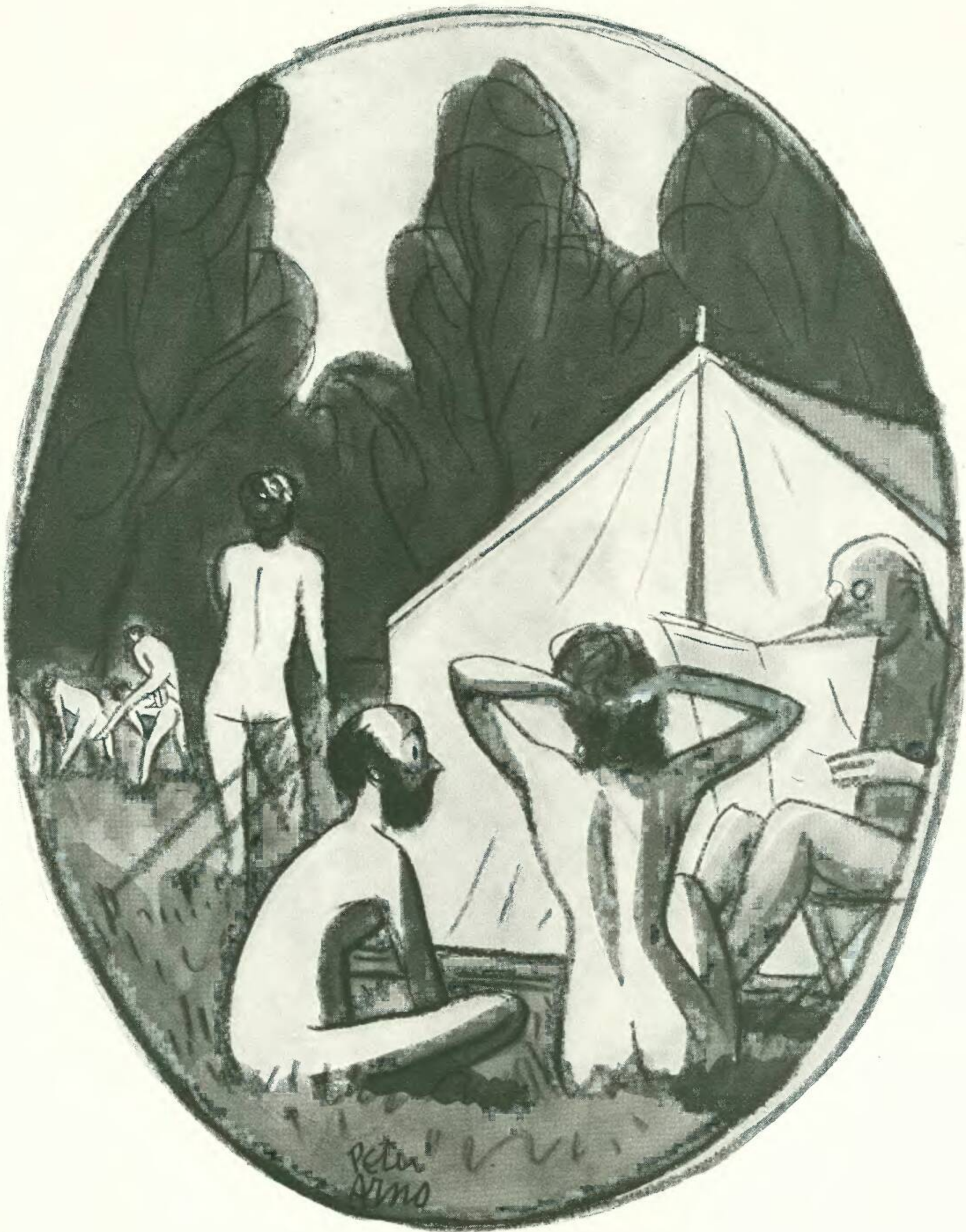
"You leave it parked here?"

"No," said the other, "my chauffeur has been following along after the bus." Then, seeing that the matter wasn't clear yet, he added, somewhat wistfully: "I just decided to get on the bus because, when my car passed it, everybody inside seemed to be having such a good time."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"The little girl would like to see an anthropologist."



"Do I wear a black tie tonight for the Throckmortons?"

CAVEAT VENDOR

"HENRI," said Mr. Mott, "do you know anybody might like to buy the Renault?"

Henri looked startled, his habit when spoken to, and put down his brush and dustpan. He made no reply—also a habit; merely let his mouth fall open a little wider than usual, and tossed the lovelock back from his thin, brown forehead.

"We're leaving next week, you know," Mr. Mott went on. "If we could sell it here, it would save driving it up to Paris."

No answer. But Mr. Mott knew, from the troubled look which supplanted the nervous-fawn expression on the boy's face, that he had heard and understood.

"Well, ask around in the village this evening. If they want to know the price, say twelve thousand five hundred francs. Though I might go down to ten. Also, Henri, a hundred to you if you find a buyer. Do you think you can?"

Henri grinned timidly, and used an idiom of his native village: "*Je crois beaucoup, Monsieur,*" or, in English: "Can a duck swim?"

THE next morning Henri reported that although many of the leading citizens had admired the Renault, including the merchant of fishes, the mayor, the merchant of colors, and the jeweller, only one seemed likely to prove the French equivalent of a red-hot prospect. This was Henri's friend Monsieur Marteau, local agent of Felix Potin the grocer. Henri recommended him with unaccustomed eloquence.

This Marteau had been, during most of the summer, somewhat of a thorn under the fingernails of the Motts and the Poulterers, joint tenants of the Villa Ha! *Ça Me Plaît!* At first rejoicing that the little seaside village of Ste. Amélie should possess a Potin agency, they eventually discovered that they were being royally gypped, and toward the season's end had taken much of their trade elsewhere. They didn't so much mind being gypped. Gypping—which must not be confused with cheating—they knew is the common fate of summer visitors all the world over, and that it describes merely a rural custom of fixing the price of any commodity at what can be got for it. They did, however, feel annoyed that the termination of commercial relation-

ships should be accompanied by charges of faithlessness, ingratitude, and American cupidity. M. Marteau had been hurt and a little dignified when Messrs. Poulter and Mott had called at his shop with proof that he had been adding a few francs over the current local price to everything he had sold them; but he hadn't much to say. His wife, on the other hand, from behind her shiny black books in the *caisse*, had had a good deal to say, and had said it, in anger. Thereafter, though the civilities had been scrupulously observed, commercial relationships had been cold rather than sunny. Necessary purchases had been concluded with almost imperially formal dignity and politeness. "More like exchanging prisoners than buying soap," Mrs. Poulter reported, after one visit.

THUS it was doubly difficult for Mr. Mott, when M. Marteau did call a day or so later to inspect the Renault, to change his footing and shift rapidly from the lofty rôle of injured buyer to the deferential attitude required, since the beginning of time, of him who has something he wants to sell. Mr. Mott wasn't used to it. He didn't like it.

He hoped he was successful in hiding such feelings, however, as they walked out behind the villa to inspect the car. Yet he was conscious of a contrast: M. Marteau, young, muscular, brisk, vivid, his black eyes snapping with purpose; a man of commerce who knew his own mind and was used to making it up instantly. And Mr. Mott himself, trying to give the impression of a man out walking with his dog who is stopped and asked if the dog is for sale, of a man, in other words, who is interested in almost everything in the world—bees, flowers, books—except selling his automobile. He was quite sure that, far from deceiving M. Marteau, he didn't even fool Henri, who looked on, a pail of water in one hand, a pail of garbage in the other, his mouth, as usual, partly open. Mr. Mott thought to himself that never had the Renault looked so battered, dented, old, and disreputable as at that moment.

M. Marteau's eyes flashed into

every dent. He opened everything that would open, shook or pounded everything that wouldn't. Never was a car so completely examined. He felt of its hocks, and looked grave. He started the motor, put his ear to its bosom ("What, no stethoscope?" Mr. Mott thought) and listened, then shook his head. He found a floorboard missing. "Ah!" he said shortly, as if all were over.

Finally he turned to Mr. Mott. "Henri has told me, Monsieur," he said, with kindly incredulity, "that you demand twelve thousand francs for this little—er—automobile. Is that true?" His voice contained nothing but the most impersonal curiosity.

"Twelve thousand five hundred," Mr. Mott corrected him nonchalantly.

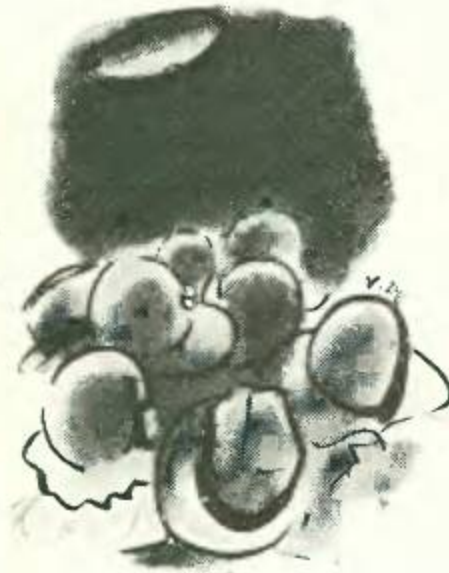
M. Marteau laughed, and Mr. Mott could have sworn it was perfectly spontaneous. "In that case, Monsieur, I regret infinitely having taken so much of your time. I will say goodbye, Monsieur, and express the hope that next summer will again see you in Ste. Amélie." He held out his hand; then, without another word, turned and headed for the gate.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Mott called after him weakly. "What do you think is a fair price?"

M. Marteau turned and came slowly back. "A fair price? Doubtless what you have asked, Monsieur. *Mais*—alas, it is a price which is not in accord with reality. At nine thousand francs—every centime I could scrape together—at such a figure we might discuss matters further. But twelve thousand! No, Monsieur. You are not serious."

Mr. Mott said: "Well, I'm sorry. It's a good little car. And with the demountable seats in the tonneau it would be admirable for your purposes. Consider. At one moment a truck, for the pursuit of one's affairs, at another, a handsome touring car to take one's wife and children out to drive. The car unique, if I may say so. It is conceivable, however, that in my devotion to this car I have placed a slightly too high price upon it."

The conversation was resumed, with the result that almost immediately Mr. Mott came down to eleven thousand. M. Marteau, much more reluctantly,



came up to ten. There they stuck. Mr. Mott was at a disadvantage. He was a poor hand at bargaining and knew it. He was simply unable to work up the passion necessary to impress his opponent with the iron of his purpose. M. Marteau, born with this passion, had spent a lifetime in trade, training it dexterously to his will. The difference between them was that when Mr. Mott said that eleven was his last word, he didn't mean it, and both of them knew he didn't; when M. Marteau said ten, even increasing it thus from his previous last word, he did mean it, and the fact was common knowledge to every observer. At the moment, however, neither would give in, and they parted; M. Marteau to think it over, Mr. Mott glad of a little respite for adjusting his pride to the inevitable.

THE following evening, when M. Marteau returned, they resumed dickering in the parlor, over a bottle of wine. There was never any question, in Mr. Mott's mind, of the outcome. He was on the run and knew it. At the next to the last moment he said, without assurance: "Well, it seems we can't agree. It's a pity . . ." Then, with what sounded even in his ears like spurious geniality: "I tell you what we'll do, we'll toss a coin—eleven or ten." He took a franc from his pocket. "Call, Monsieur. *Pile ou face.*" M. Marteau, as he shook his head, didn't even look amused. "Well then," said Mr. Mott, "*coupons-nous la poire*—let's split the difference. Ten thousand five hundred." And he slapped the table, as he had once seen a man do in a play; but the effect was spoiled by his partly missing the table, and then, when foolishly he tried again, by his bringing his hand down in a pool of spilt wine. M. Marteau, naturally, was not impressed. "*Tenez, Monsieur,*" he said with polite scorn, "be serious, I beg. That is not business. We are not, after all, children." He waited quietly for Mr. Mott to say: "All right, then; ten it is." Mr. Mott felt the words rising inexorably in his throat, fought vainly a moment, and pronounced them. They rose, shook

hands, and sat again. Mr. Mott refilled the glasses.

"And now the details," said M. Marteau, taking command.

"Exactly—the details," echoed Mr. Mott, wondering what he meant.

"I stipulate first that Henri be not permitted to drive the car again. Although he is undoubtedly a young man of the greatest amiability, his skill as a conductor leaves something to be desired. Second, the missing floorboard must be replaced. And that is all. I will prepare the agreement of sale, and if you will have the kindness to call at my shop tomorrow morning, we can complete the transaction then."

"Agreed, Monsieur," Mr. Mott said, rising. "And that reminds me. I'd like to use the car to help take us to the station tomorrow. Will it be convenient for you to wait until then?"

"Perfectly. I myself will accompany you to Nantes, and drive the car back. Good night, Monsieur."

"Until tomorrow, then. Good night."

No sooner had the door closed behind M. Marteau than Mrs. Mott and Mr. and Mrs. Poulter came in from the dining-room, where they had been hiding and listening in the dark, and laughed at him. Mr. Mott took a ten-franc note from his pocketbook and handed it to Mr. Poulter. "You win," he said. "I really thought he'd be sport enough to toss."

Mr. Poulter shook his head. "Bees-néss," he said, "and *le sport* are two

very different things. Where have you been all summer?"

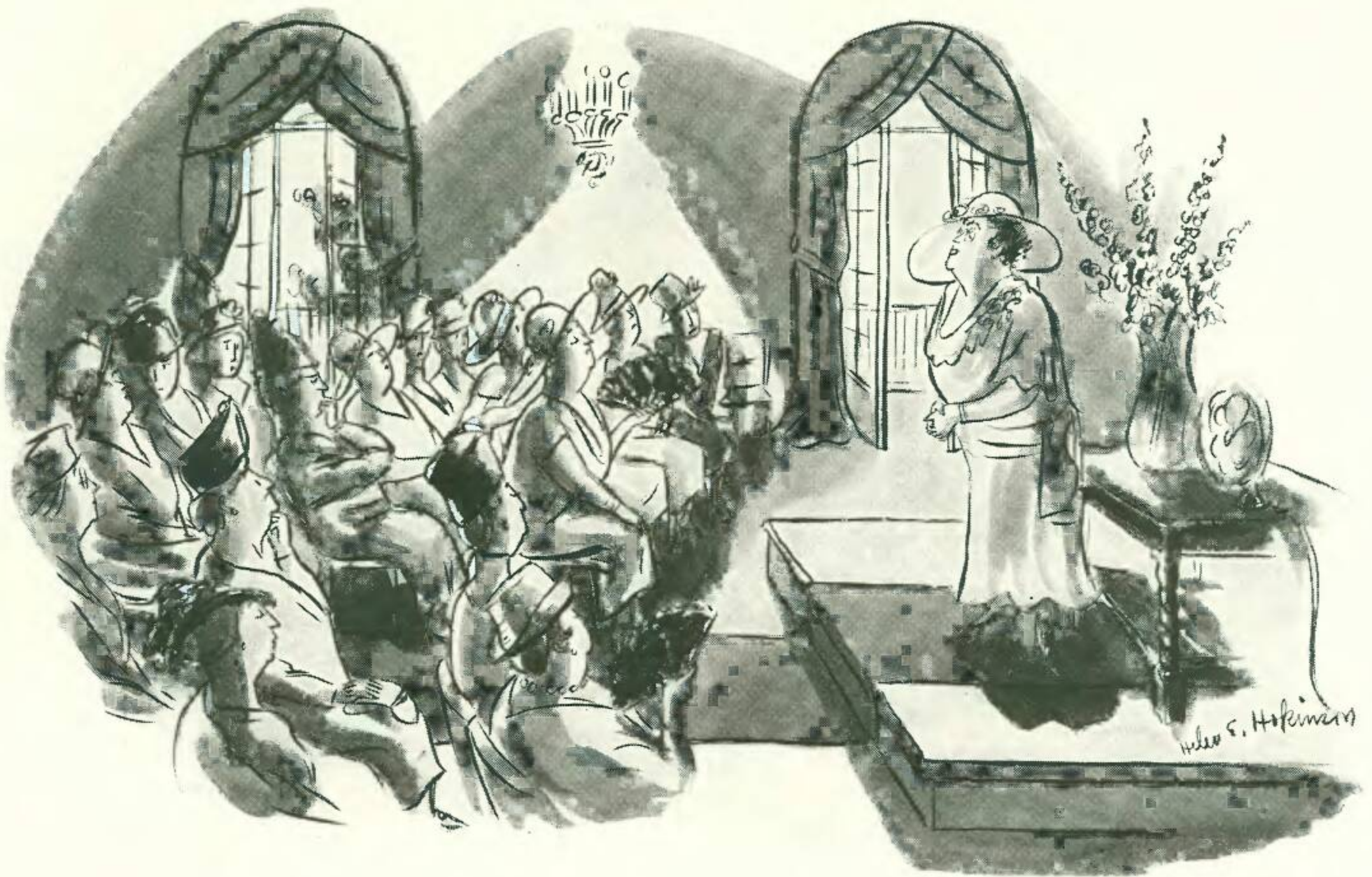
THE next morning early, Mr. Mott, accompanied by Henri, set out for Nantes ahead of the others, who were to follow in a bus hired from the undertaker. They stopped first at the garage to pick up the missing floorboard, and found that the garage-keeper had thriftily incorporated it into the washing stand, but would be happy to uproot it again for his friend Monsieur Mott, and give it to the new owner when he called for it. Then they stopped for M. Marteau.

For Mr. Mott, who was driving, the trip to Nantes was a nerve-racking experience. M. Marteau had warned him, when he got in: "Drive carefully, Monsieur. Remember, in case of accident, the car is still yours." He sat beside Mr. Mott, and when danger threatened—as it does so suddenly on French roads, from vagrant beasts and cyclists—he got some good effects with sudden indrawn breaths and sharp cries of "*Attention!*" so that when, after two hours, they reached the Nantes station and pulled up beside the undertaker's bus, which had got there first, Mr. Mott was somewhat shaken.

The final steps of the transaction were immediately begun. M. Marteau produced the bill of sale, and using the bonnet of the car as a table, affixed the stamps, which Mr. Mott cancelled with his signature. M. Marteau counted out ten thousand francs in notes and



"Mamma always gets sore and spoils the game for everybody."



"I refer, of course, to the disgraceful incident at the country club."

held them out to Mr. Mott, who offered the bill of sale in exchange. To Mr. Mott, it seemed somehow to be an exciting and dramatic moment, and so it doubtless was. For at the moment their hands made contact, and not a second before, ownership of the car flowed like a ghostly body down Mr. Mott's arms, through the papers, up M. Marteau's arms, and lodged in his heart. M. Marteau seemed to swell, visibly—or maybe it was only pride, thought Mr. Mott. They shook hands.

THEN Mr. Mott sprang his little triumph. "Monsieur," he said, "I thank you. We have both done well. For your part, you have gained a little car which, I know, will give you perfect satisfaction. For my part, I too am contented; for the sum you gave me is the exact price I paid for it, at second hand, last spring." At last, he thought to himself, smiling evilly, a genuine commercial conquest! He turned to Henri. "Here, Henri, is the one hundred francs I promised you for finding a purchaser. Goodbye to you both, and good luck."

In the face of such a body blow M.

Marteau kept his composure admirably. "You have done well, Monsieur," he smiled. "I congratulate you. But I too am not uncontented; for after all, had you not spent the summer in our beautiful little Ste. Amélie, where would I have found the money with which to purchase your car? *Au revoir, Monsieur, et bon voyage.*"

They shook hands again, and parted.

Mr. Mott walked thoughtfully toward the station entrance; as he reached it he turned for a last look. What he saw was M. Marteau in the act of handing a banknote to Henri, who laughed as he put it in his pocket.

"Now what do you suppose *that* was for," Mr. Mott wondered to himself. He is still wondering.

—DONALD MOFFAT

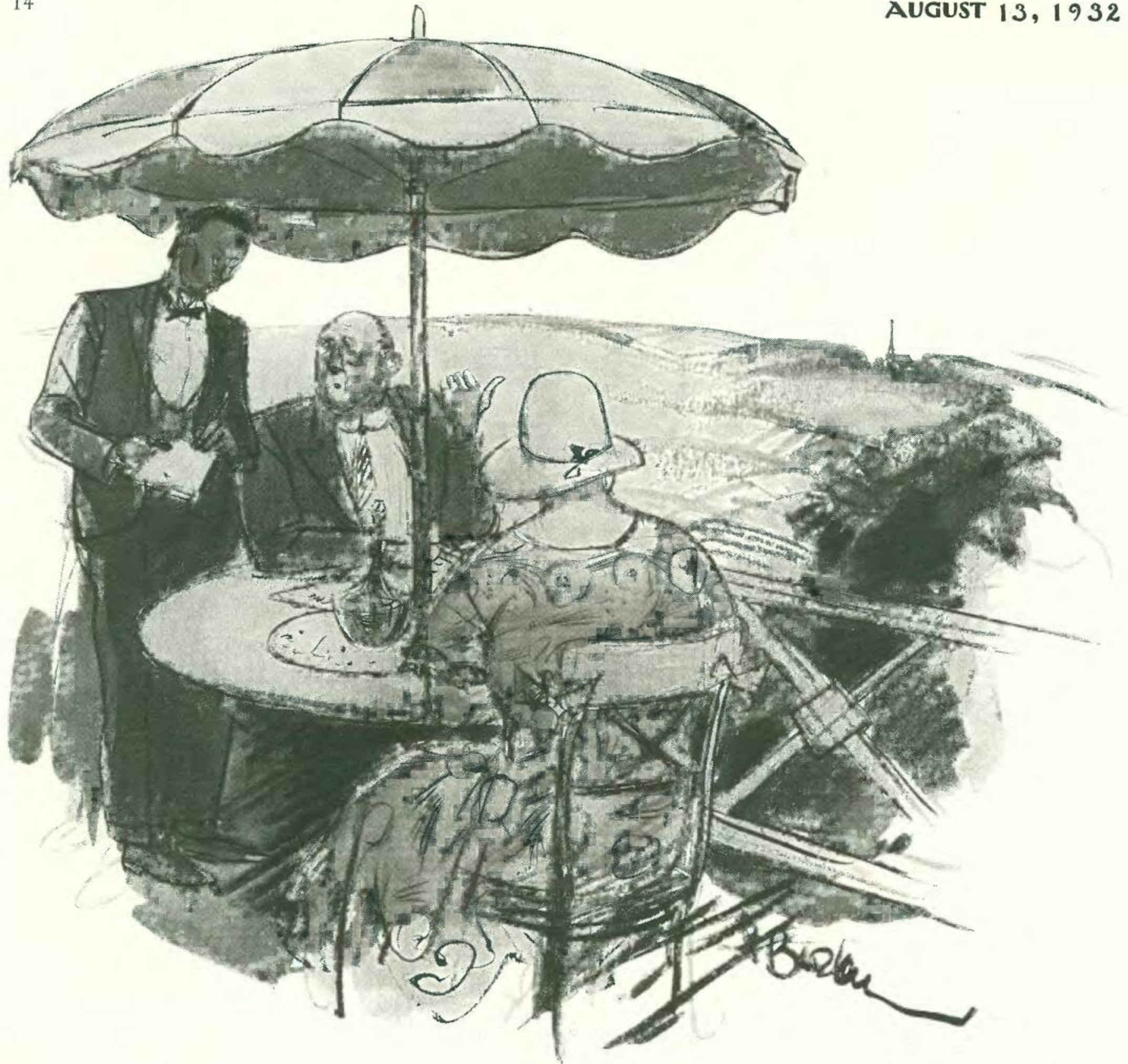
SONG FROM AN X-RAY TABLE

Man worketh hard year in, year out,
Turning both short and tall stones,
And what is it really all about?
He ends up owning gallstones.

Man toileth hard both day and night,
Climbing life's hill and hummock;
What gets he for his pains, poor wight?
He gets an ulcered stomach.

Ah, Man, who feeds a secret pride,
Thinking himself inscrutable!
The X-ray sees right through his hide
And finds him most unsuitable.

—E. B. W.



"What denomination?"

THOUGHTS IN THE AQUARIUM

THE HERRING

SOME fishes become extinct, but Herrings go on forever. Herrings spawn at all times and places and nothing will induce them to change their ways. They have no fish control¹. Herrings congregate in schools, where they learn nothing at all. They move in vast numbers in May and October.

¹It has been figured that if the offspring of a single pair of Herrings could be permitted to multiply unmolested for twenty years, they would exhibit a bulk ten times the size of the earth. Sometimes I think that is just what has happened.

Herrings subsist upon Copepods and Copepods subsist upon Diatoms and Diatoms just float around and reproduce². Young Herrings or Sperling or Whitebait are rather cute. They have serrated abdomens. The skull of the Common or Coney Island Herring is triangular, but he would be just the same anyway³. Red Herrings, Kippered Herrings, and Bloaters are found

²Diatoms and other Plankton can be raised at home in a bowl of sea water containing a few germs. Raising microscopical objects is discouraging at first, until you get used to not seeing them.

³The nervous system of the Herring is fairly simple. When the Herring runs into something, the stimulus is flashed to the forebrain, with or without result.

in the Firth of Forth⁴. They are eaten by people who eat that sort of thing. Anchovies have conical snouts⁵. Rivers from which Alewives have been driven by the construction of dams can be restocked by placing a number of mature Alewives above the dams. The Alewives will fall over the dams, but they can be placed back again and again until you lose interest. The Menhaden or Mossbunker or Pogy or Hardhead or Bughead is nothing much.

—WILL CUPPY

⁴Bloaters are held in some esteem by connoisseurs of smoked fish. But then, connoisseurs of smoked fish are a class apart.

⁵Sprats are often substituted for Anchovies, Alewives, Whitebait, and Sardines. You can do almost anything with a Sprat if you don't tell it.

THIS WEEK'S HOROSCOPE

WE enter this week into the influence of a recently discovered planet which has completely disrupted the science of astrology: that of Avis (the Bird). All those who were born during this week, or in any week in good aspect with any of the other planets, and all those attempting any financial, amatory, or even ambulatory enterprises, will be distinctly out of luck. Staying indoors, preferably in a closet, is indicated until we are out of the orbit of Avis. Coming out of the closet after that is optional, but not recommended.

Avis was originally supposed to govern the destinies only of horse-racing, filling inside-straight, and playing quarter gambling machines in saloons, but during the past three years it has extended its influence until it embraces practically every form of human activity, except possibly stacking the dishes until morning and not shaving. It is favorable to procrastinators and people who sleep a lot, for, under it, those who don't do anything at all have the satisfaction of not having done anything wrong. All others spend the following weeks kicking themselves.

Let us take up the specific days of the week and see what is in store for us:

SATURDAY, August 13—In the early morning those having an inclination to get out of bed will not find things going their way. Left shoes will be hard to find, shaving water will not run hot, and four-minute eggs will be found to have been boiled two minutes. If possible, it will be better to remain in bed until noon, being careful not to lie too close to the edge. A sharp eye should also be kept on the plaster above the bed. Later in the day things will be a little better, as the chances of making unwise investments will have been decreased by one-half. Perhaps a little turn around the room with the aid of a stick will do no harm, although the stick should not be too sharp and should under no circumstances be swung off the ground.

A little clear soup may be eaten, very slowly to avoid choking.

SUNDAY, August 14—This will be a good day, in comparison with the rest of the week, for there will not be so many trucks in the streets and people stay indoors more anyway. If in the country, all invitations to play tennis, go swimming or paddling, or even to take long walks in the hills, should be sternly refused. (This will be a good out for a great many people who don't want to indulge in these exercises anyway. Don't forget to take this horoscope along with you to show your host as proof.) For those who like to play games of chance *for fun*, the late afternoon and early evening will be propitious. Any seafood which has been kept in the house since Saturday should be avoided.

A child born on this day will have better luck than its father, but will inherit a tendency to unwise investments.

MONDAY, August 15—Let's not talk about this day.

TUESDAY, August 16—Profit (intellectual) and pleasure will accrue to those who visit free museums and picture galleries today, while places of historical interest, if they are not situated under overhanging cliffs or in too-ramshackle structures, can't do a bit of harm. In the way of financial ventures, a good government bond may be bought without too much risk. (Mind, we said "a good government.")

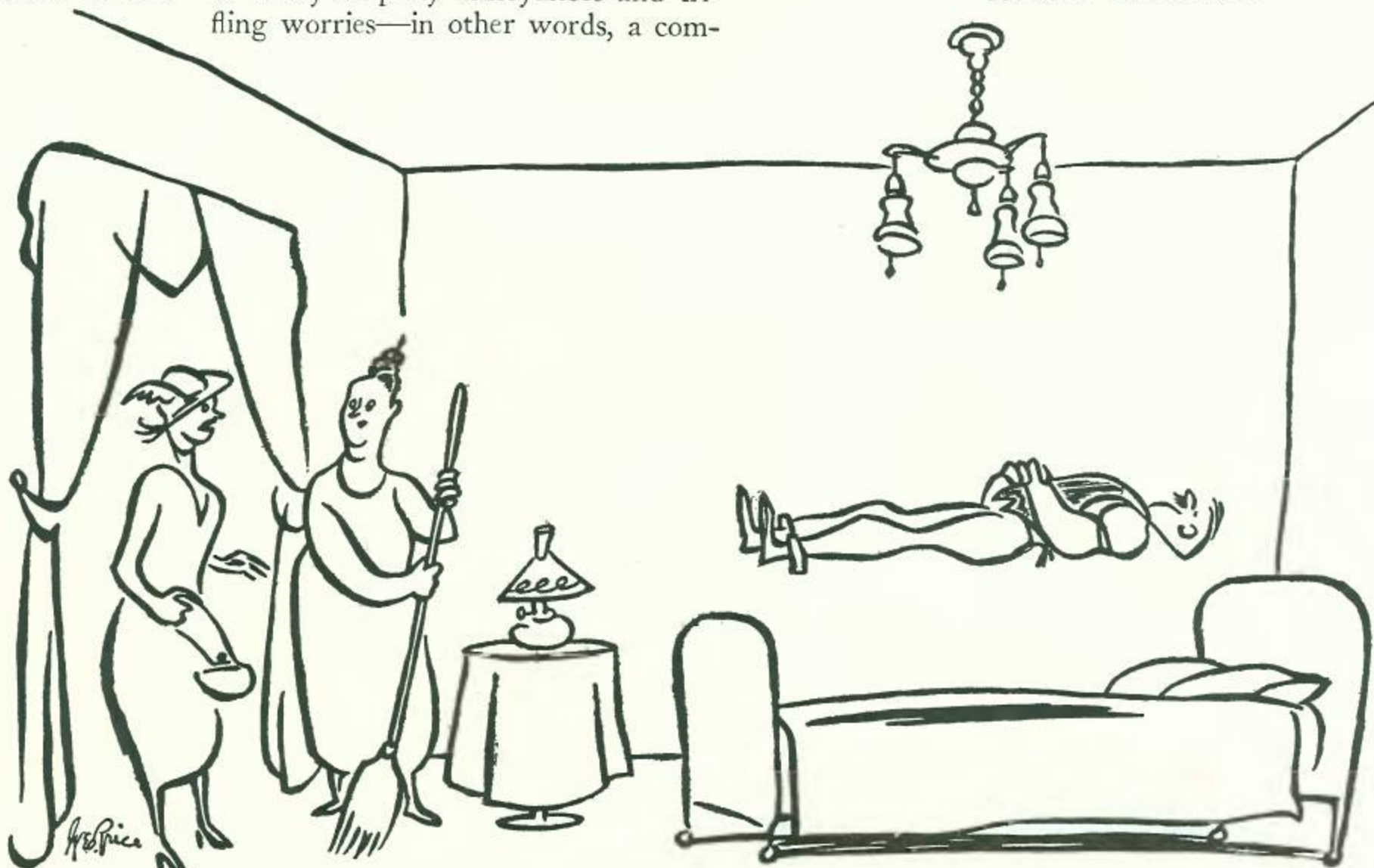
WEDNESDAY, August 17—This will be a day of petty annoyances and trifling worries—in other words, a com-

paratively good day. People sailing on ships will be especially irritated with passport troubles and insufficiency of passage money. People landing on ships will have to sneak off without tipping the last two stewards on their lists. Those giving parties will run out of vermouth and have to shift to orange juice. But the larger disappointments and failures will be held in abeyance today. Saving up for tomorrow.

THURSDAY, August 18—A honey. Mark this off on your calendar and pull the blinds down. Today's child would do well to reconsider the whole thing and ask to be scratched. If you thought that Monday was bad, just poke your head outdoors along about six P.M. today and look around. The day will be propitious, however, for high-class murdering and arson, provided you take care not to burn yourself in the latter venture.

FRIDAY, August 19—Along about noon of today, we emerge from the influence of Avis, but nobody should take it seriously until about three P.M., after the Stock Exchange has closed. Then go very cautiously, gradually working up to a mild elation along about ten P.M. After that it will be all right to slap someone on the back, provided he isn't averse to being slapped on the back under the best of conditions. Things will go a little better from now on, but don't make a fool of yourself just because you have been tipped off. We merely said "better."

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



"He's been up a week now, and there's nothin' we can do about it."

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE ROCKING-CHAIR SCANDAL

COMPARATIVELY few New Yorkers visited Central Park on Saturday, June 22, 1901, because the weather was cool and windy, and greater attractions were to be found elsewhere. Those who did, however, were pleasantly surprised to find, near the Casino and along the Mall, rows of bright-green rocking-chairs instead of the hard benches upon which they had been accustomed to sit. Half of the new seats were armchairs, with cane bottoms. Blessing Tammany Hall and the good city fathers, then as now synonymous, a hundred or more citizens promptly ensconced themselves in the comfortable rockers. Just as promptly, two men, smartly uniformed in gray and carrying satchels slung over their shoulders, appeared and demanded five cents from the occupant of each armchair, and three cents from each of those who had chosen the less pretentious seats. There was considerable grumbling, but the majority paid. Those who refused were summarily ejected. The collectors answered all questions with the same reply:

"Them's Mr. Spate's chairs."

The newspapers were still very busy with the Philippine insurrection, which had ended only three months before, but space was found next morning for brief items about the extraordinary new feature of Central Park. That afternoon reporters called upon George C. Clausen, president of the Park Commission, and asked why it was now necessary to pay for seats in a public park. Mr. Clausen talked freely. It appeared that a man named Oscar F. Spate, whom Mr. Clausen had never seen before, had walked casually into the offices of the Park Commission and said that he would like to place a few chairs in the parks and charge people for sitting in them. He explained that this was the custom in Paris and London, and that it would doubtless be a very good thing for New York. Without trou-

bling the other members of the Commission about such a trivial matter, Mr. Clausen had given Mr. Spate a five-year contract, under which Mr. Spate had agreed to pay the city five hundred dollars a year for the privilege of installing chairs in the parks of Manhattan and Staten Island.

It came out subsequently that Mr. Spate had ordered six thousand chairs. Other facts, figures, and implications came out subsequently also. The newspapers, delving into the matter, estimated the cost of the chairs at a dollar and a half each and estimated Mr. Spate's potential gross revenue as between two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars a day. A man whose name was not given, who said he spoke for Mr. Spate, told the reporters that the chair magnate had actually invested thirty thousand dollars in the scheme. The journalists, putting the value of the chairs at nine or ten thousand dollars, inquired innocently where the other twenty thousand or more had been spent in this simple deal with the municipality.

"Well," said the spokesman, vaguely, "there're always expenses in a thing like this, you know."

Mr. Spate himself was finally found in a little cubbyhole in an office building. He gave this statement to the newspapers:

"I'll put in as many chairs as the Park Commission will allow. The attendants who collect the charges are in my pay. They will wear gray uni-

forms, and each will look after about fifty chairs, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. A five-cent ticket entitles the holder to sit in either a five-cent or a three-cent chair in any park at any time during that one day, but the holder of a three-cent ticket can sit only in a three-cent chair."

Further, Mr. Spate defended his plan on the ground that the charge for the rockers would serve to keep dirty loungers away from the parks. This statement aroused much indignation. Various city officials at once informed the newspapers that above all things they were friends of the poor. The Central Federated Union adopted a satirical resolution urging the city to barricade the parks and admit only the clean and the prosperous, and sent it to the Park Commission, together with a serious resolution vigorously denouncing both Mr. Clausen and Mr. Spate. The *Tribune* said editorially that it was "only another instance of the hopeless stupidity of the present Park Commission," although the *Times* favored the idea, provided the prices were properly regulated. The *Journal*, of course, flew at once to the colors in violent defence of the right of the poor man to sit in the public parks. Commissioner Clausen pointed out that there were always plenty of free benches in the parks except on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, and the *Tribune* said caustically that unfortunately those were the only days on which there was any great demand for seats. A resolution demanding an investigation was introduced in the Board of Aldermen, but was immediately tabled.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Spate had put more chairs in Central Park, and long rows of the green rockers also had appeared in Madison Square. Those who tried to use them without paying were thrown out by Mr. Spate's collectors, many of whom were unnecessarily rough. Despite the increasing discontent, however, there was no actual trouble for several days. If Nature hadn't taken a hand in the matter and come to the rescue of the poor man, it is likely that the excitement would have died a natural death within a few weeks. The chairs would have remained, and their numbers would have been increased. In a year or so, New York would have acquired the habit of paying for seats in the parks, and would probably be doing so to this day.





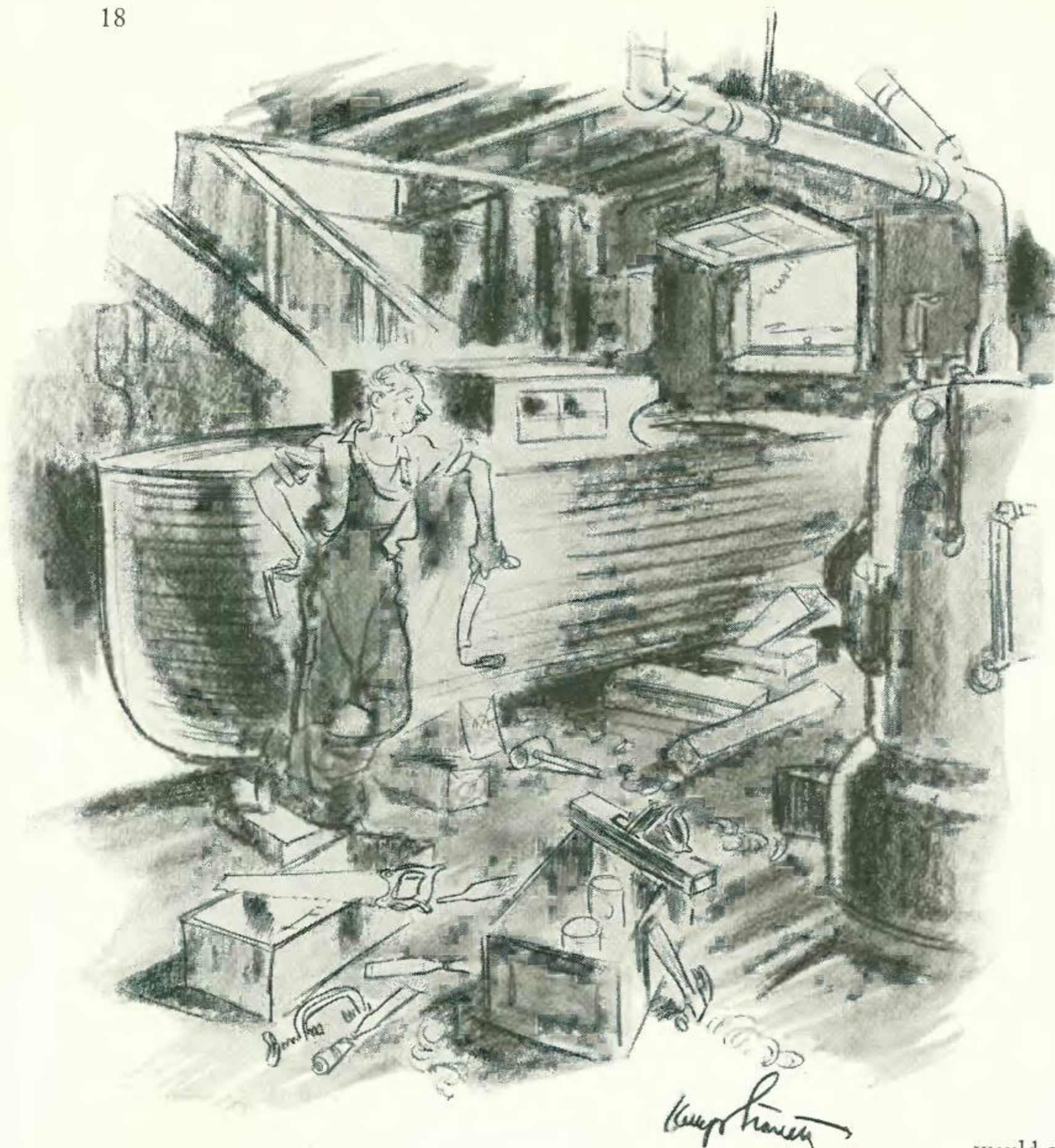
"You beast!"

On Wednesday, June 26, 1901, the thermometer at the Weather Bureau registered 90 at 11:45 A.M. This was the beginning of one of the hottest periods New York has ever known. The next day, Thursday, the temperature was again 90 degrees, and three deaths were reported. On Friday, the thermometer registered 94 degrees, and on Saturday 92 degrees, causing sixteen deaths. Fifteen more persons died on Sunday, which, with a temperature of 97 degrees, was the hottest June day since the establishment of the Weather Bureau in 1871. Monday, July 1, the temperature was 98 degrees, with sixty-six deaths, and on Tuesday the thermometer registered

99 in the shade. It was the most torrid day New York had experienced in twenty years. Throughout the five boroughs, two hundred deaths were reported. City officials ordered the parks kept open all night. Thousands slept on the grass. On Wednesday, July 3, there were three hundred and seventeen deaths, and fifty-seven on July 4.

IT was this wave of fearful heat that brought disaster to Mr. Spate's ambitious plans. New York flocked almost *en masse* to the parks, to find that great numbers of the free benches had been removed for repairs, while most of those that remained had been moved

into the broiling sunshine. Many were actually too hot to sit on. Mr. Spate's handsome rockers, however, were under the shade trees and the bushes, in the only places where even the slightest degree of comfort might be found. After several days of agitation, rioting occurred in Madison Square on the afternoon of July 6. A man sat in one of the rocking-chairs and refused to pay five cents to the collector, who promptly pulled the chair from under him. A crowd which had been standing around jeering began to shout: "Lynch him! He's Spate's man!" With the angry mob at his heels, the collector fled across the street into the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was rushed



"Gad! I wish I'd known I was goin' to build a boat."

upstairs and locked in a bedroom. The crowd milled about the hotel lobby for half an hour or so, and then returned to the park. Later in the afternoon, the Madison Square crowd attacked another Spate hireling, who had ejected a boy from a three-cent chair, and a policeman who tried to interfere was thrown into the park pond. Mr. Spate's collectors fled, and throughout the remainder of the day the members of the mob took turns sitting luxuriously in the comfortable rockers. In the evening, they carried several away as souvenirs and destroyed others.

On Sunday, July 7, a crowd of young men and boys gathered early in the morning before the chairs near the Casino in Central Park, and annoyed Spate's men by marching back and forth in columns of two. As they marched they sang, to the tune of

"Sweet Annie Moore," a popular ballad of the period:

We pay no more,
We pay no more;
No more we pay for park
Chairs any more.
Clausen made a break,
One summer's day;
And now he ain't
Commishner no more.

The marchers attracted a large crowd, which soon became so threatening that Mr. Spate's few paying sitters abandoned their chairs. Thereupon the mob swarmed into the rows of rockers, smashing a dozen and carrying away as many more. One of Mr. Spate's attendants made a half-hearted attempt to collect his fees and save his employer's property. He quit, however, when a woman jabbed him from behind several times with a hatpin. She chased him away, screaming that

he was an oppressor of the poor.

The next day, there was trouble in Madison Square. A score of boys went from chair to chair, sitting in each as long as they pleased. They were protected by a large crowd which repeatedly threatened to lynch the Spate attendants if they interfered. One of Spate's men slapped a boy, and was immediately escorted from the park by half a dozen policemen, who had great difficulty protecting him. On July 9, there was almost continuous rioting in Madison Square. About the middle of the afternoon, two young men took possession of two rockers, and loudly offered to pay one thousand dollars to any of Spate's attendants who would eject them. Two tried, and were promptly knocked down, whereupon the crowd enthusiastically kicked and pummelled their fallen foes. One of the young men hurled two rockers into the park pond, and said that thereafter he would destroy a chair every time he struck a Spate collector—and that he

would strike a collector every time one of them got near enough. He was not again molested, for he had by now been recognized as Terry McGovern, featherweight champion of the world. The other young man was Joe Humphreys, later the well-known prizefight announcer. Six other chair-sitters, however, were arrested by the police and marched to the West Thirtieth Street station. Each was followed by more than two hundred men and boys, marching in lockstep and chanting:

Spate! Spate!
Clausen and Spate!
Spate! Spate!
Clausen and Spate!

RIoTING continued in both Madison Square and Central Park during the next few days, an enormous mob invading Madison Square on the evening of July 10, smashing many of Mr. Spate's chairs and driving the collectors away. Police Commissioner Michael Murphy forbade the police to help Mr. Spate's men make their collections, and later ordered the cops

to make no arrests except on warrants which had been properly procured from a magistrate. Several magistrates immediately announced that they would think twice before they issued warrants for disorder in the parks. Commissioner Clausen told the newspapers that he regretted the turn that events had taken, but that unfortunately Mr. Spate's contract could be revoked only by the Park Commission, even though the Commission had not had a hand in making it. A few hours later he reversed this opinion, and said that he personally would immediately cancel the contract. Mr. Spate promptly obtained a court injunction restraining Mr. Clausen and the Park Commission from interfering with him. At this point, Mr. Clausen asked the Board of Estimate to provide five thousand new park benches for free use, and with much flamboyant oratory in praise of the poor man, the Board appropriated twenty thousand dollars for this purpose.

Despite this sop, the situation became so serious that both in Central Park and in Madison Square Mr. Spate piled his chairs in heaps and rented them only when paid in advance. The new method didn't work, however, for as soon as a customer procured a chair, the crowd wrecked it, or passed it along from hand to hand until it vanished, later to ornament someone's flat. Throngs of men and boys also made raids upon the piles of chairs or, when not doing this, kept up a constant bombardment with stones against Mr. Spate's attendants. Several times Mr. Spate himself appeared in the parks to look after his investment, but invariably left in a hurry, followed by a crowd.

On July 11, Max Radt, vice-president of the Jefferson State Bank, obtained a Supreme Court injunction restraining Mr. Spate and the Park Commission from charging for park seats. The writ was served upon Mr. Spate the next morning, and he at once put his chairs in storage—except two in Madison Square which he had rented earlier in the morning. The occupants refused to accept a refund. They said they had engaged the chairs in good faith, and intended to sit in them all day. They did, too. The crowd, its sympathy switching to the renters when they turned against Spate, kept them supplied with food and water, and when they got up occasion-

ally to stretch their legs, delegations accompanied them, carrying the chairs and fighting off Spate's men.

Several other citizens and friends of the poor man obtained injunctions against Mr. Spate within the next few days, and he said at length that he would abandon his project. He dropped out of sight as quickly as he had appeared, and all the legal actions which had been brought against him were abandoned. A week or two later, the Park Commission announced that Mr. Clausen personally would purchase all of the Spate chairs and present them to the city. They would at once be placed in the parks and lettered plainly: "For the exclusive use of women and children." Moreover, the word "FREE" would be painted on them in large letters. All this may have been done, but if so it was done very quietly, without benefit of reporters.

—HERBERT ASBURY

REMORSE UNDER THE "L"

Chicken and peas,
Salad and cheese,
Why in the world did I ask those
people?

Lemons and gin,
Oh to be in
A padded cell on the Chrysler
steeple! —MARGARET FISHBACK

OF ALL THINGS

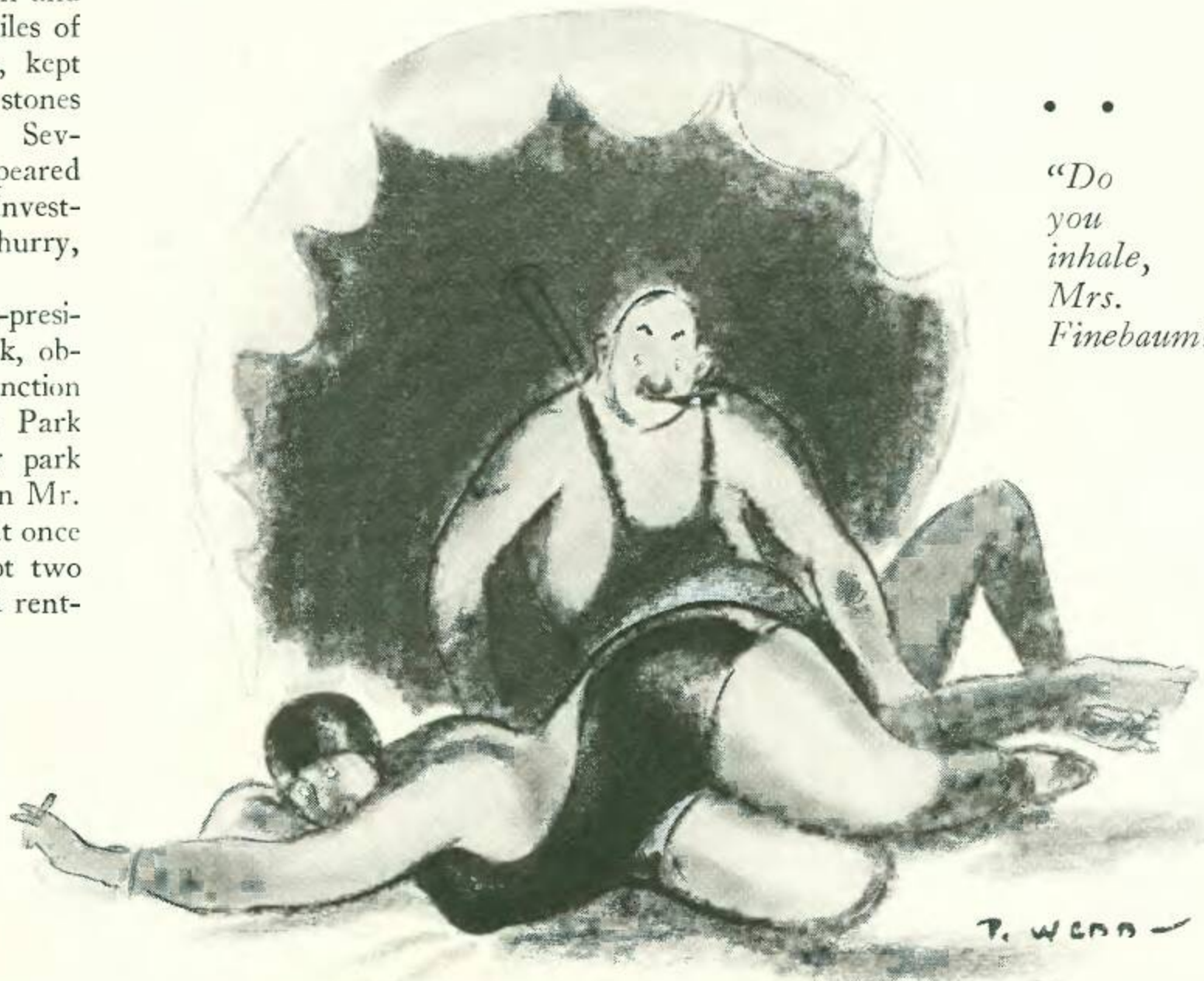
REFERRING to the army's glorious victory at Washington, Pat Hurley says the troops restored order with "unparalleled humanity and kindness." A cheery smile with every tear bomb.

We are told that Roosevelt plans speaking tours to all sections of the country, including, perhaps, the Pacific Coast. Before long we'll all be calling the Governor's house the forgotten mansion.

The Democratic candidate condemns the wild radicalism of the current administration. It is understood that he views with particular alarm Comrade Hoover's eight-year plan.

The United States has accepted an invitation to a world economic conference at which there will be no discussion of debts, reparations, tariffs, or disarmament. Perhaps our statesmen can get them to do something about putting down the Borotra menace.

The nations of the western hemisphere have warned Paraguay and Bolivia that they will not recognize any conquests made by force. The best



• •
"Do
you
inhale,
Mrs.
Finebaum?"

thing to do would be to give the disputed territory to its present occupants, the mosquitoes.

Up to press time, the President had not called out the army to rid Washington of the mob which is trying to get handouts from the R.F.C. The big mistake the B.E.F. made was not putting up at the Mayflower.

Jack Garner is still being bitterly criticized for saying "I am a bigger man than Hoover." Some feel that the Speaker has damned himself with faint praise.

It seems that Hitler's rosy promises have a strong appeal to the inexperienced German youth. He fills the position recently vacated by Santa Claus.

News from the Olympic Games is splendid. At last our country has won an international conference.

The Japanese report that General Ma has been killed. This puts an end to a remarkable career and the chief support of many a poor but honest pun-maker.

Our firefighters have emphatically rejected Walker's suggestion that they take a month's cut in pay. It seems that a fireman, unlike some other city employees, derives all his nourishment from wages.

The Swiss government warns the natives that an Alp is moving. We do not know what caused this, but it was evidently not faith in the success of the Geneva Conference.

The Democrats believe that Herbert H. Lehman will make a strong candidate for governor. He will also help the national ticket by splitting the Herbert vote. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

BIRTHDAY PROTEST

Be as foxy
As I may,
Here am I
Again
At bay!

—MILDRED WESTON

LOVERS AS GUESTS

THE idea that Love—Love with a capital "L"—is everything occurred to Mr. Paley in the middle of the night. It was like a balm in his mortification and chagrin. Love is all. That has been so often stated by those who seem to have authority on the subject that Mr. Paley wondered he had not thought of it before. He would have been spared these miserable hours of wakefulness. His pride need not have suffered as it had. The fact that the dinner which he had offered a young couple that evening had been so bad as to be ludicrous need not distress him. His guests were in love. They had been aware of nothing but themselves. When there is love, what does the menu matter?

When he had invited Miss Parsons and Mr. Ford to dine with him, he had warned them that his new cook was a woman of the simplest talent, and that his arrangements in his bachelor flat were most rudimentary. He had not, however, dreamed then that

things could go quite as badly as they had. "Just a simple dinner," he had said, and they had accepted with pleasure. It was a convenient plan for them anyhow, as they were just running into town for the theatre, coming in, all coos, from a suburb, eager for a little night life. It had been a plan worked up rather at the last minute; and as Mr. Paley's cook was spending the afternoon with her mother, he had not been able to advise her of the extra requirements until he had got home from the office.

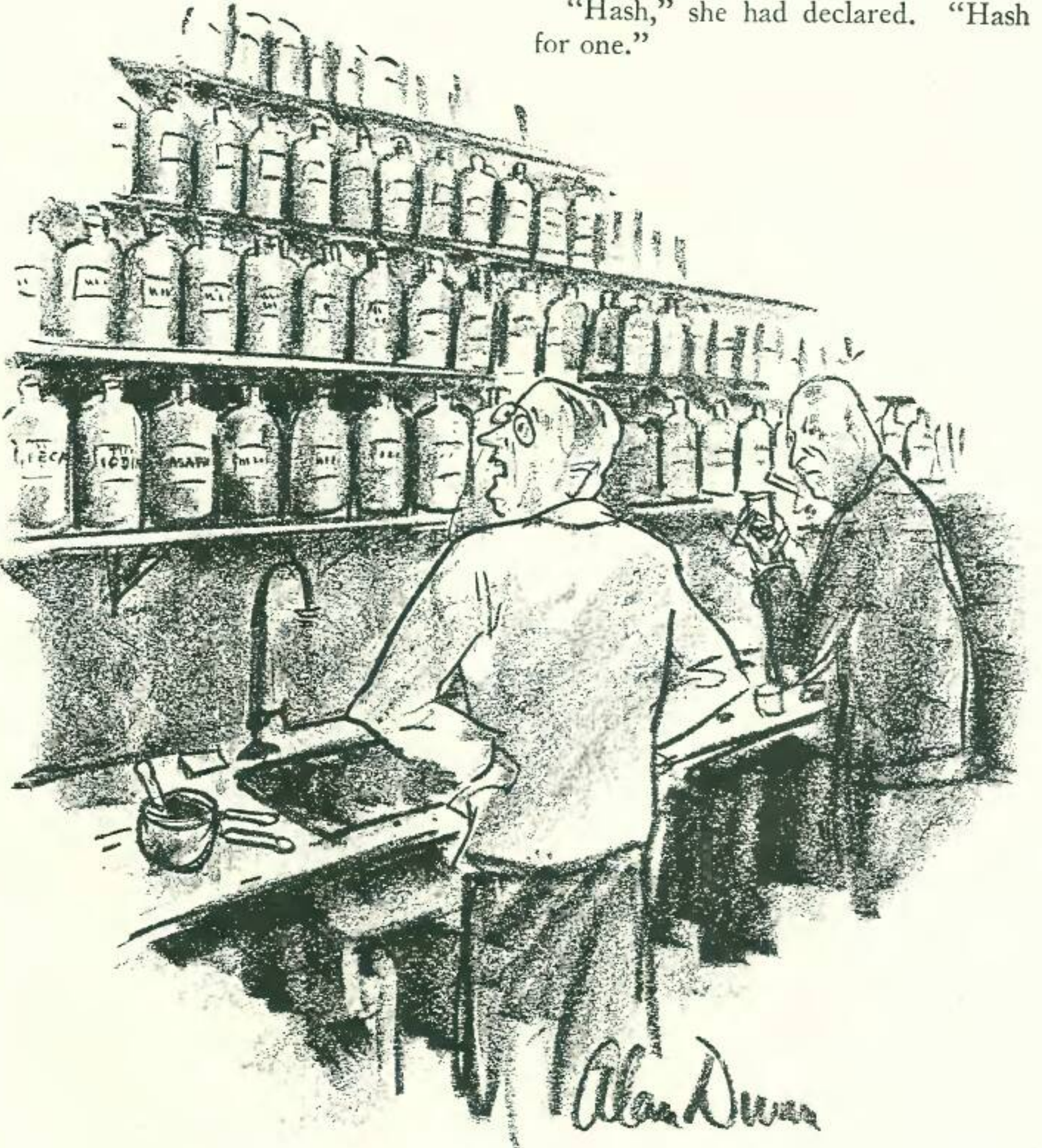
"There will be three at dinner," he had announced to her, casually opening the kitchen door, and only half noting the big black face bent over a number of bundles, out of one of which a slim sliver of a green bean slid.

"Company?" she had cried, wheeling tremendously around as though at a shout of "Fire." "You got company?"

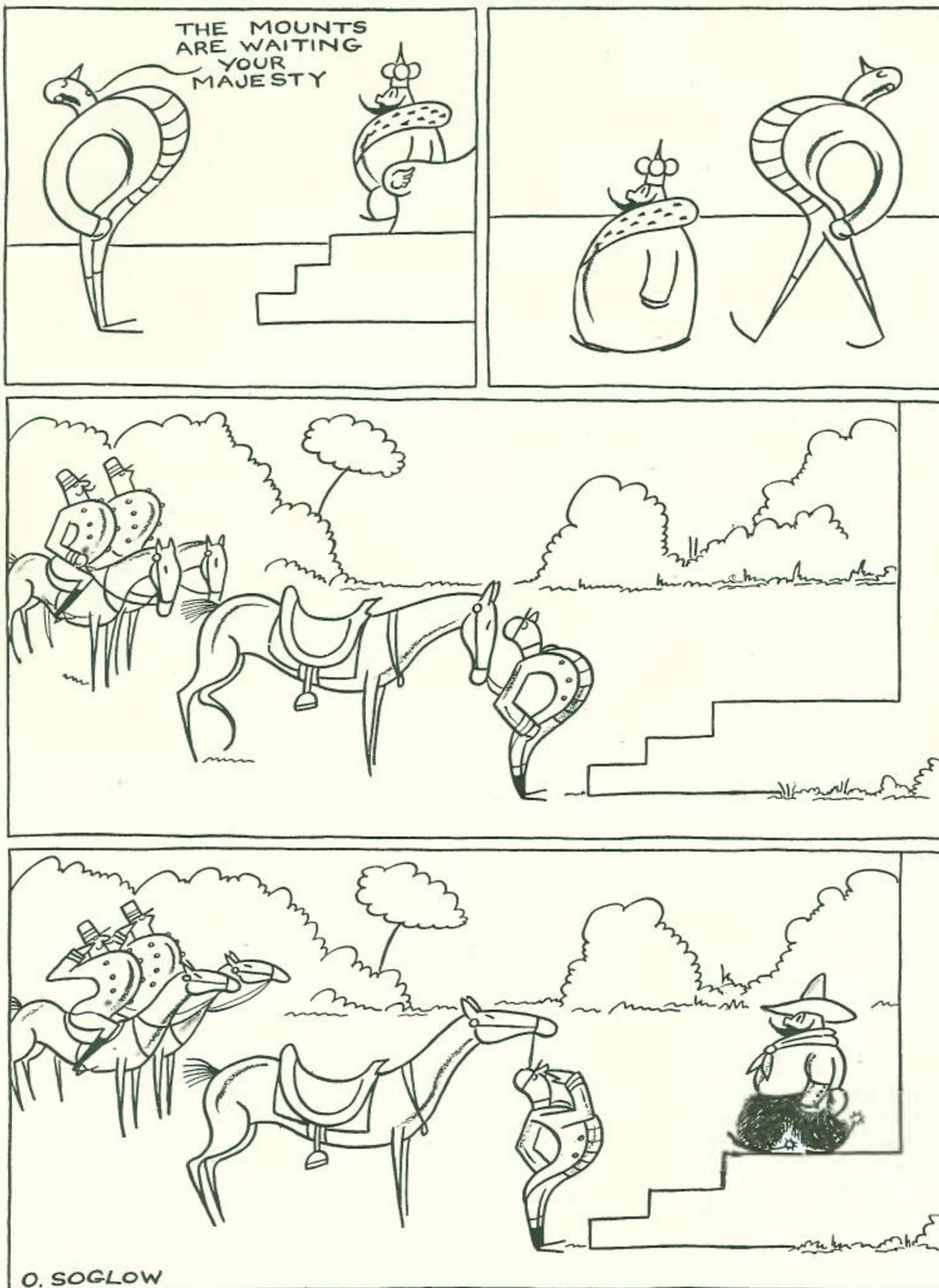
She had seemed, he thought, to stress the mild little occasion unduly.

"What are we to have for dinner?" he had inquired, peering at her reprovingly. He disliked excitable blacks.

"Hash," she had declared. "Hash for one."



"We're all out
of pilocarpine hydrochloride, codeine sulphate, and gin."



It had been amazing, too, what Eliza had done with the filets. Mr. Paley was unable to remember when he had ever before had an unpalatable filet. These, however, came forth from her African magic as stiff little wooden discs. One might expect sawdust. This is undoubtedly the worst meal ever served in a civilized house, Mr. Paley had decided. He had glared over his guests' heads at Eliza, openly glared at last, hating her, until suddenly her thickened senses had seemed to become aware of his wrath, and he had then suddenly had the horrid suspicion that she, turning quickly away though, had thrust out at him her unappetizing tongue.

"On a raft, perhaps," he had apologized humbly, "a dinner like this might be excusable."

Eliza had come back in the room then, and before he entirely saw what she was up to, she was passing the parsley to Miss Parsons and Mr. Ford, passing the bleak sprigs of it, served on a saucer of kitchen crockery. Before the absurdity of this performance Mr. Paley was speechless. He watched his guests each take a sprig, lay it aimlessly on their plates, not knowing exactly what should be done with it. Miss Parsons looked at Mr. Ford, and then at the parsley, and then, with an effort Mr. Paley had thought valiant, she lifted it to her lips and nibbled it carefully. She had been trying to be civil. It had been at that moment that Mr. Paley touched the depths of his mortification.

NOW, however, lying in his bed, he knew that they had noticed nothing unusual. In his innocence he had overlooked the enchantment of Love. What was parsley to lovers? They had been content because they were together. He could have given them sawdust, indeed. He could have given them hash. They had Love. Mr. Paley realized acutely that he did not have Love. No, he hadn't Love, but, he thought smugly, switching on his light, he could poke around in the kitchen and make himself a sandwich.

—JOHN MOSHER

Obviously hash for one would not suffice for three. Hash itself seemed an ungenerous dish to offer lovers, in for the night life of the big city. Humbly cognizant of the straitened resources at his command, equally, too, aware of unexpected Congo lights in the eyes of this Eliza, he was inspired with the possibilities of filets mignons. He would telephone and have them sent around at once.

"Filets mignons," he said to Eliza, "small steaks. Beefsteaks."

Perhaps filets mignons were not the perfect diet for those in the throes of a great passion, as were Miss Parsons and Mr. Ford. However, they were not only lovers; they were commuters as well. They would require something of substance to sustain them

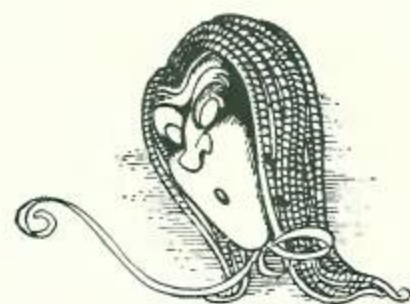
through their evening at the theatre. Mr. Paley had an irrelevant sense of sympathy for those who would be seated near them. More than one good play had been spoiled for him by the murmurings, gigglings, and general behavior of the amorous. It was in honor, though, of their romance that he had been spirited to add an order of parsley, that parsley which had later proved the last straw of the unfortunate dinner.

BY the time his guests had arrived, Eliza had become so much a storm over Africa that he had not dared go into the kitchen for the bitters, and the cocktails had been all but undrinkable. That had been the start of the miserable evening. Awful cocktails!



SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE VANISHING LADY



ON Wednesday night of last week, for reasons which escape me, the publishers of "The Good Earth" gave a dinner—nay, a banquet—in honor of the Pearl S. Buck who wrote that most triumphant novel. This seemed so exquisitely ingenious a punishment to have inflicted upon her puzzled and blameless head that she must still be wondering what they would have done to her if her book had been a failure. The dinner was held in the galled Jade Room of the new Waldorf-Astoria. There, in Mrs. Buck's honor, on an evening of unbearable heat, some two hundred-odd people of our town assembled docilely at the appointed hour and, in a state of acute discomfort, stuffed themselves with expensive groceries and then, in the ghastly tradition of such occasions, sat around on gold chairs and listened to speeches. There were all there who never miss such functions, from Dr. John Finley, who does so much dining out in behalf of the *New York Times* during the course of a year that he must seldom have a chance for a snack at home, and that old reliable, William Rose Benét, who responds automatically to every three-alarm invitation to a booksy dinner, to such unexpected flâneurs of the exotic as Rube Goldberg and Sidney Lenz. And, of course, the book critics. They were present in what is technically known as a body, and, if I may snatch a phrase from my old friend, Mr. Mantalini, a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body. One could not help speculating on the thoughts of Consul-General Chang, who looked them all over while he waited his call to make what turned out to be the briefest and most winning speech of the evening. As he sat there, slim, elegant, and a trifle owlish, and watched the literati toying with their edibles, it must have seemed to him an uncouth and singularly inexpressive way for a people to exalt some one of their number for an achievement of the spirit. I, myself, could not escape the impression that Mrs. Buck was also politely mystified. Later she told us all that, throughout the greater part of Chinese history, novelists had been regarded as such negligible creatures that they were ignored by their contemporaries and handed on nameless to posterity. One gathered that she was beginning to think it a good idea.

THIS first public appearance of Mrs. Buck's in the eighteen months since "The Good Earth" began its quiet and inevitable conquest of the American people brings to an end an entertaining and instructive chapter in the history of American publishing. What entertained the mere onlooker was the spectacle of a latter-day publisher, on whose grateful doorstep chance had deposited the manuscript of the year, being baffled by the circumstance that he could not indulge in any of the Barnumism to which the world of letters has lately become addicted. Confronted with her inaccessibility (a matter of preoccupation, ingrained reticence, and sheer mileage), that world then decided that she must be one of those queer recluses who, like Colonel Lawrence, make quite a career out of shyness. Therefore the magazine which bought the sequel to "The Good Earth" as a serial proudly hailed her in some of its more conspicuous type as "unassuming." It is the implica-

tion of that adjective that if a more normally constituted woman had written "The Good Earth," she would have followed it hotfoot to America, lectured furiously from town to town, hung on William Lyon Phelps's every word, autographed three hundred copies in Macy's window, and generally behaved like a tasty mixture of the Grand Duchess Marie and Trader Horn. When so austere and even disdainful a craftsman as James Branch Cabell will descend from the battlements of Poictesme by the postern door, ride posthaste to New York, and let his party be publicized by the deafening Tiffany Thayer and broadcast by that dependable romp, Corey Ford, it is small wonder that what once would have been considered a natural display of decent reserve should have made Mrs. Buck a marked woman. It is into such an odd mixture of belles-lettres and ballyhoo that she has now made her delayed entrance, for the Bucks returned to America in July for a year of post-graduate residence at Cornell. I thought her publishers might then have taken a hint from the fact that, after all, "The Good Earth" had sold quite a few copies under its own steam. But no; once here, she was ushered into New York just as the elephants are brought into Madison Square Garden. The cameras met her at the Waldorf where, since she is, after all, no elephant, they caught her in the act of looking up from her reading. Unfortunately, the results make her look like a rather depressed faculty wife when she is, as Peter said of Wendy's mother, a very pretty lady. Then, with pencils poised, the reporters gathered round Mr. and Mrs. Buck and enquired about her feelings when the cable brought the news to Nanking that she had won the Pulitzer Prize. It seems she was dusting in the attic at that time, and I gather that she felt just about the same. Then the reporters and photographers retired and the literati were brought in and fed.

ALL of which must seem a curious kind of bread-and-butter letter from one who, after all, attended the dinner under no compulsion except the morbid fascination which such grisly occasions have exercised ever since that night more than twenty years ago when I sat and watched Arnold Bennett writhe in agony through a long and fulsome dinner given by the late Colonel Harvey, in the course of which John A. Dix, who was then Governor of New York and who, I feel sure, had never heard of "The Old Wives' Tale" before he received his invitation, rose and described the guest of honor as a fountain-pen held in the hand of God. And although it must seem by this time that I have not only broken bread but faith with my host, I confess to having enjoyed myself. It was interesting to see Mrs. Buck, inexpert as a speaker and obviously bewildered by the curious gentry around her, turn at last to that source from which all her strength has come. She read aloud a lovely old fabric of miraculously apposite Chinese prose transmuted with a cadence which is half the secret of her alchemy and thereby turned the evening at last into a quiet triumph. Then too, as some gross fellow said on leaving, it was a darned good dinner for a couple of Bucks.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

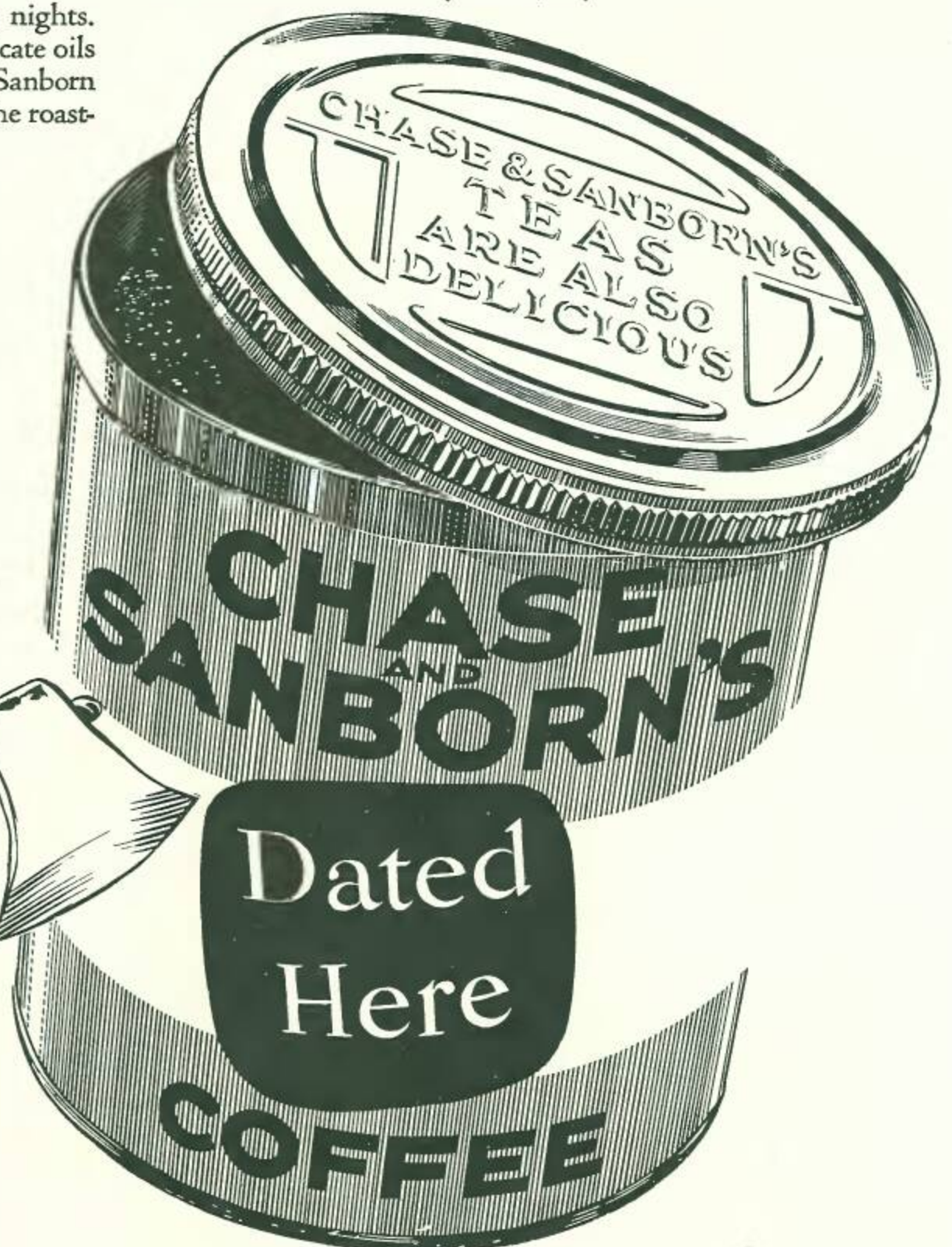


ELIZABETH: "And do you then forget I am the Virgin Queen?" ESSEX: "Aye, that you are—no matron would serve rancid coffee."
 ELIZABETH: "You have a date with the executioner, Sirrah!" ESSEX: "Zounds, Liz, death itself is sweet beside your undated coffee."

Fresh coffee saves many a head! Even a queen can't get away with coffee that is bitter from rancid oil—and most men, like Essex, have been about enough to know that the right coffee doesn't lead to headaches, indigestion and sleepless nights. Coffee is a perishable food like cream and butter. Its delicate oils turn rancid soon after roasting. That's why Chase & Sanborn *date* their coffee—rush the superb blend straight from the roast-

ing ovens to your grocer by their daily "fresh-food" delivery system. Make history as a hostess—serve only Dated Coffee. That will be a famous date in your history!

Look
for the
DATE
on the
Can



A REPORTER AT LARGE

KNICKERBOCKER VILLAGE-II

WHEN Fred F. French was making his plans to buy real estate for his Knickerbocker Village project between Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, he held conferences, for the sake of secrecy, at his home instead of his office. His wife returned one afternoon to find every room in the apartment, including kitchen, pantry, and maids' rooms, filled with conferees.

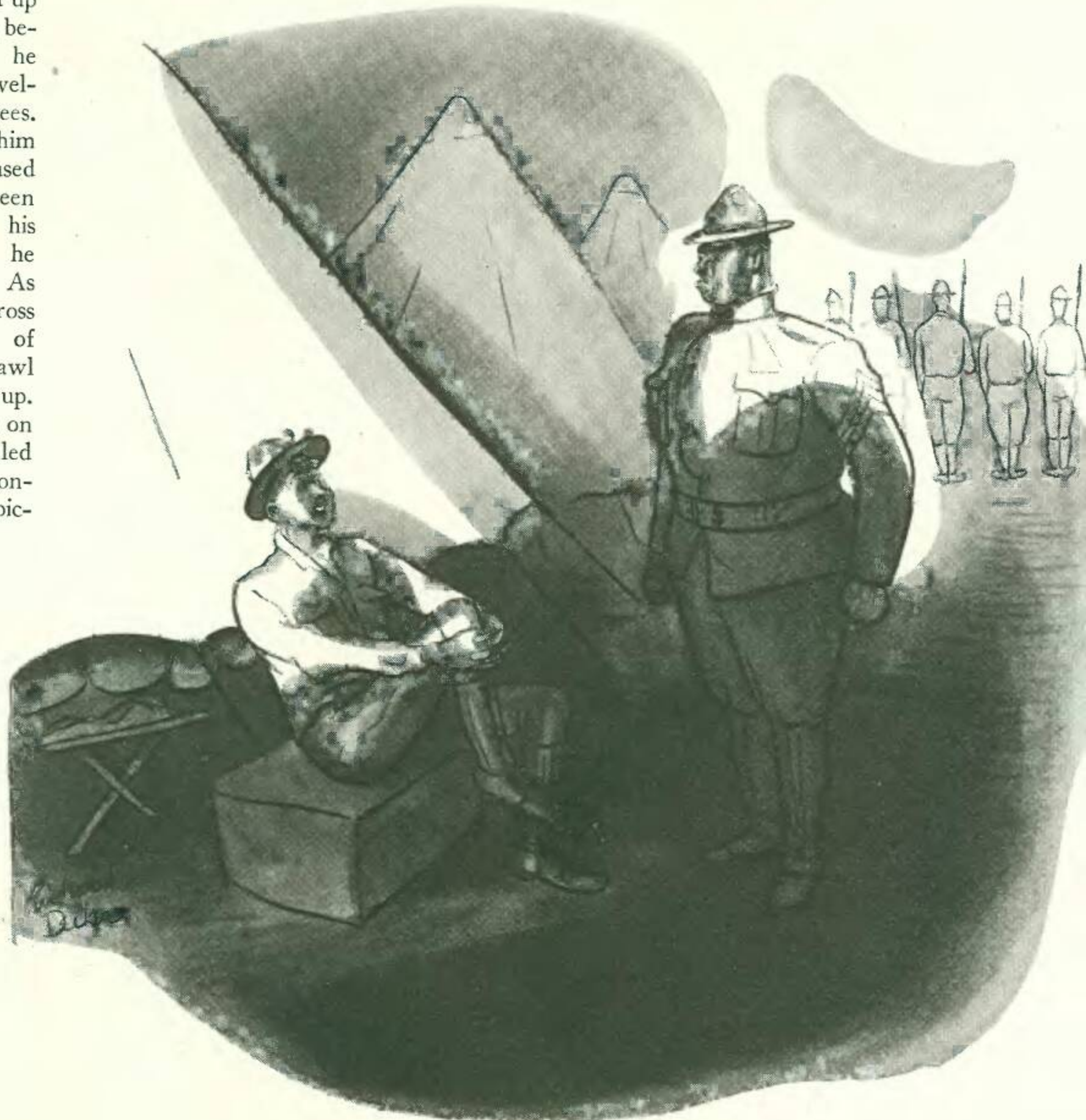
Most of these groups were sitting or standing around maps. The Big Chief, as French was called, was on all fours. He would take part for a time in one conference and then move on to another group. "Don't mind me," he said. "Go ahead with your conference." He adopted this plan of locomotion because he was doubled up with pain. When he stood up or sat down, his suffering became unendurable, but he could obtain relief by traveling on his hands and knees. His doctors had ordered him to the hospital, but he refused to go; everything had been planned and timed for his big real-estate raid and he could not postpone it. As long as he could move across the carpet by a sort of trudgen or Australian-crawl stroke, he would not give up. Always one to do things on a grand scale, French called in ten specialists. Their conclusion from the X-ray pictures was that an immediate operation was needed. Writhing and doubled up with pain, the realtor insisted that they conveyed no such impression.

At the beginning of the property-buying campaign, however, French was rushed to St. Luke's Hospital and operated on. This was a setback to the venture because the operation silenced the builder's silver tongue. He is an orator, a Mark Antony of business. He has changed the skyline of Manhattan by spell-binding. He talked Tudor City into exist-

tence. His eloquence was never more needed than at this time; for, while his dummy corporations were buying the Knickerbocker Village properties, French was financing them by the sale of stock in the Fred F. French Operating Company. The double drive, both for the East Side realty and for the money to buy it with, had to proceed before the Big Chief was wholly out of the ether. His salesmen, used to having their blood set on fire by the realtor's burning rhetoric, became comparatively cold and spiritless. Stock sales fell off. The salesmen needed one of the rousing camp meetings at 551 Fifth Avenue to rekindle the divine spark of salesmanship. In these revivals French pleads with his staff with the exaltation of a Moody or a Spurgeon. In his religio-

commercial enthusiasm, he has translated Scripture into go-getter dialect. For example, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you" becomes "Knock until you break the door down" in the French version. But, with French flat on his back after a severe operation, his apostolical fervor was missing for the first few days of the sales drive.

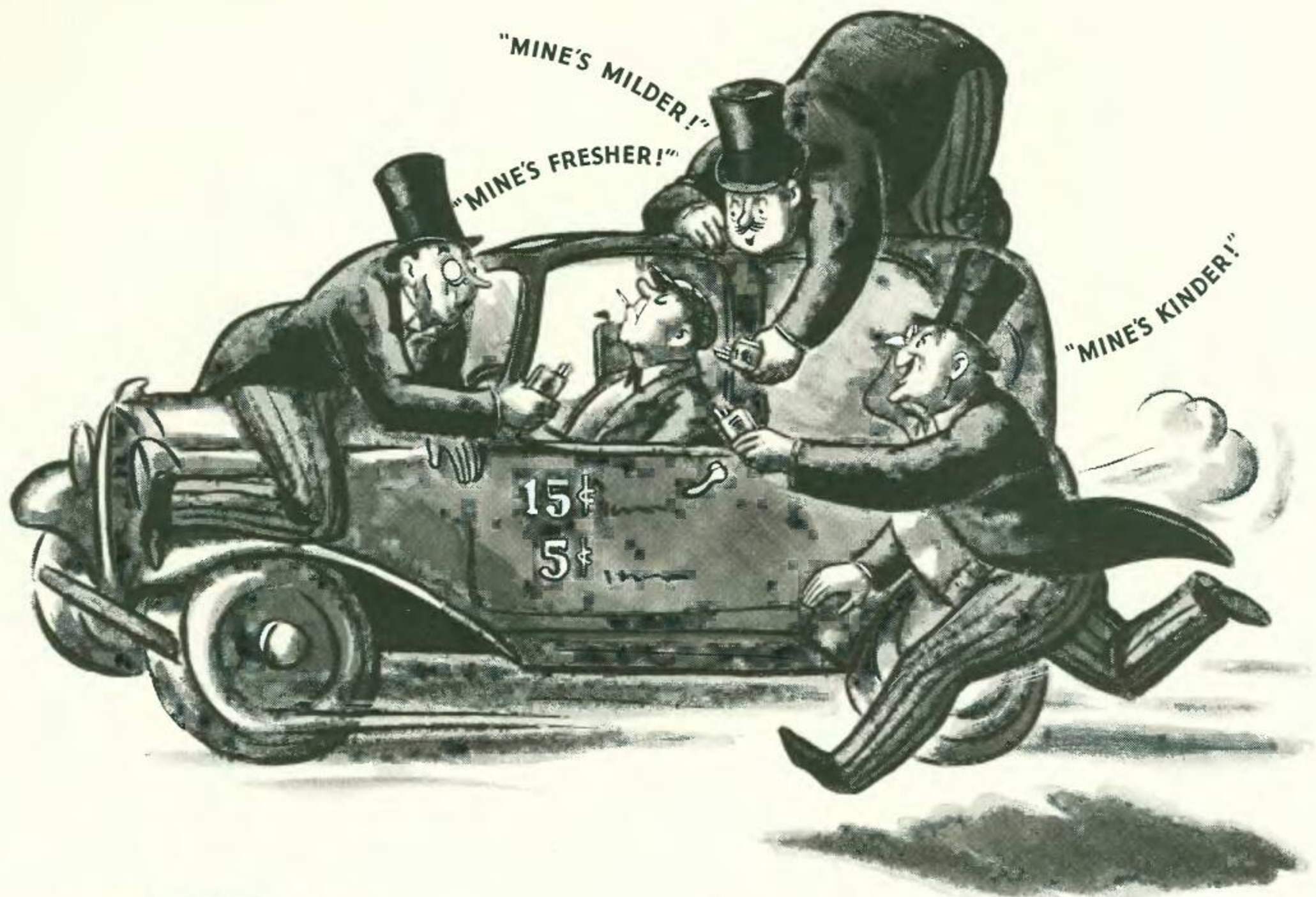
Five days after the operation, however, French announced that he was opening his hospital room as an office. His doctors would not hear of it. "Then wheel me out of here," said French. "There are plenty of other hospitals." The doctors yielded. French ordered his sales force to be called together on the seventh day following the operation. He sent for A.T.&T. engineers and had a mi-



"I think I'll just loll around camp today, Sergeant."

"Oh Yeah?"

BUT SCIENCE SAYS O.G. IS THE BEST CIGARETTE"



*This is to certify that in 75 repeated tests made of four leading cigarette brands . . . measuring the heat content of each cigarette by the Calorimeter method . . . it was shown that OLD GOLD is from 112 to 156 B. T. U's. COOLER than the other brands.

Signed: NEW YORK TESTING LABORATORIES
G. Brinton Jack, Jr., Director

NO MATTER how fast you travel . . . you can't lose the cigarette ads. Each brand never stops trailing you in its pleasant effort to win you over.

For our part, we say: "If you thoroughly enjoy the brand you're smoking, STICK TO IT. All modern cigarettes are good."

On the other hand, if you're looking for the cigarette of finest inherent quality, why not look for proof instead of adjectives.

Here's the testimony of Science:

In 75 laboratory tests*, checked by scientists of 2 universities, OLD GOLD was found to be the coolest cigarette, and therefore the most delightful cigarette in every way.

OLD GOLD won these tests because it is made of the PUREST and choicest tobacco . . . free of all heat-generating flavorings. That's the "why" of "not a cough in a carload." The "why" of O. G.'s greater taste appeal, and throat-ease.

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THIRSTY NEW YORKERS!

... here's your health drink—Saratoga Geyser Water! Bubbling as champagne—but with none of the heating after effects. Lively as a pup on a lead but easier to take. Refreshing as a rising stock market.

- Saratoga Geyser is Nature's own alchemy! Naturally carbonated, then bottled for you by the State of New York. No additions. No subtractions. Saratoga Geyser comes to you as it comes from the earth.

- Drink it with your meals, between meals, or before you set the alarm clock.

- At druggists, grocers, restaurants and hotels in bottles with the green, shield-shaped label.

*Come To Saratoga
For a Bath!*

- No—we're not being personal—just helpful. And how relaxed and fit you'll feel after you've treated yourself to a course of Saratoga health baths! Naturally carbonated mineral waters from the Lincoln wells are used in Saratoga State Baths.

- An illustrated booklet describing the State owned waters and baths is sent, if you write. Saratoga Springs Commission, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.



**SARATOGA
GEYSER
WATER**

crophone suspended from the ceiling of his room and a loudspeaker installed in the sales auditorium in the French Building. One hundred and seventy salesmen assembled. Whispering from his bed in St. Luke's in a weak, quavering voice, the Big Chief reached unprecedented emotional heights. His men rushed forth, some in tears, and quadrupled their stock sales.

FROM his bed French took charge next day of the realty-buying campaign. He organized two additional dummy companies, making five altogether: the Allied Metal Yards, Inc., the Tenement House Renovation Company, Southern Markets, Inc., the Druiss Company, and Dikram Ebrahimian, Inc. The Allied Metal Yards was headed by Samuel D. Selikowitz of 90 West Street, a dealer in structural steel, who was supposed to be buying sites for steel warehouses. Selikowitz's life was threatened by an aged Greek who controlled the banana pushcarts. The Greek, through long residence in the vicinity, had achieved a patriarchal status; he realized that, if the old neighborhood were broken up, he could never make a fresh start in the patriarch line. The Tenement Renovation Company was a well-selected name, implying that the company was engaged in buying up and modernizing the ancient hutches of the East Side. Southern Markets, Inc., was thought to represent Southern capitalists buying sites for produce markets. Edward Aisenbrey, a real-estate buyer for Southern Markets, was busy enough to keep amateur detectives and professionals on his trail all the time. The Millionaire Barber, one of the big East Siders, haunted Aisenbrey and started bidding against him every time the broker made an offer for the property. Finally, Aisenbrey went far outside of the boundaries of the proposed Knickerbocker Village and began negotiating; the Millionaire Barber followed him and continued to outbid him. Not until the Barber was overloaded with distant properties did Aisenbrey return to the Knickerbocker section and start buying again. The fourth and fifth dummies were the Druiss Company and Dikram Ebrahimian, Inc. The gossip was that Dikram was a wealthy Armenian who was buying a site for an Armenian colony on the East Side.

One problem was that of concealing the source of the twelve million dollars which were being shovelled out for the East Side properties. Large sums were

drawn daily from the Chase National Bank by George A. Walker, head of the Fred F. French Operating Company. At secret meetings he gave the money to heads of the dummy companies, who deposited it in their own banks, drawing out cash each day to pay property-owners. Bankers were startled by the size of these cash transactions, but concluded that they were connected with large bootlegging operations. The money was handled discreetly enough to cover French's trail.

FRENCH is not an unreserved admirer of his own eloquence. (The loss of the one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars can be traced to that fact.) Sometimes he is the victim of a sort of civil war, his ears and nerves rebelling against his voice. At the first signs of this revolt, he usually goes on a hunting trip, and, to deprive himself of any pretext for orating, he hires a guide who understands no English. In 1928, after a long oratorical campaign, his whole being was in mutiny; the situation became so acute that he went far into the interior of Alaska to hunt grizzly bears. On the journey from Seward to Fairbanks, he was greatly impressed by a fellow-traveller named Howard Kappler. "You ought to come to New York," said French. Kappler took the advice. He arrived just before French started his buying campaign. Kappler was assigned to one of the dummy corporations, the Tenement House Renovation Company. By using an unknown man, French reasoned, he could aid in protecting his secret. Kappler did well enough for a time. One day he handled fifty bills, each of ten thousand dollars' denomination, without a fumble. Later, however, he tricked a bank into cashing cheques totaling one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. Then he disappeared. Kappler got a good start because it was difficult to proceed against him without broadcasting the secret that French was the man behind the boom in East Side real estate.

Otherwise, the buying proceeded according to schedule. The campaign took place on historic ground. The site of Knickerbocker Village had in its day been successively the aristocratic suburb of New York and the city's worst slum. The names of some of the streets have curious histories. Market Street is a slap in the face for George the Third. It was George Street until the War of 1812; then the Common Council did

its bit by erasing George and substituting Market. The beginnings of national consciousness are reflected in Madison, Hamilton, and Monroe Streets. Before the Revolutionary period, there were no Americans of continental dimensions, and the streets were named after local celebrities. Madison Street had been Bancker and, previously, Bedlow Street; Monroe had been Lombard, Lombardy, Lumber, and Rutgers Street; Hamilton had been Cheapside. The great philanthropic and beer family of Rutgers still survives in the names of the section. Henry Street is named after Henry Rutgers, Catharine Street after his grandmother, and Bedlow Street after his father-in-law. Batavia Street is said to have been so named because members of the Rutgers family came from Batavia.

French's agents bought up sixteen properties in Cherry Street, which was the street of the Presidential mansion in the eighteenth century and the sailor's red-light district in the nineteenth century. It received its name from the cherry orchard of Richard Sackett. George Washington took the home of Walter Franklin at 3 Cherry Street as the first Presidential mansion in 1789. Catharine Street, the most misspelled street in New York, was the Fifth Avenue of a century ago. Brooks Brothers started their business at Catharine and Cherry Streets in 1818 and Lord & Taylor followed at 47-49 Catharine Street in 1823. The degradation of the section began in the first half of the nineteenth century, and in the second half it was the most squalid quarter in America.

AT the end of his buying campaign, French made a survey of his holdings. This produced some curious sociological notes. A rough census of the population of the fifteen acres was taken. The families were counted. Allowing five members to a family, the total was eleven thousand. French was not satisfied and ordered a count of the individuals. This reduced the population to about seventy-five hundred. The families actually averaged three and a half members instead of five. Birth control, it appears, is no longer a monopoly of the wealthy and cultured. The Roman-Catholic section of the lower East Side is now a small-family section. Some of the old tenements acquired by French had no natural light; there were kitchens, dining-rooms, and bedrooms without windows. But the heavy death and



EXAMINE one of these amazing wafers of Peek Frean's AllWheat Crispbread. It's hard to believe that anything so thin and dainty can possibly be *whole* wheat. But when you bite into it and begin to *crunch*—you know you're chewing on real substance!

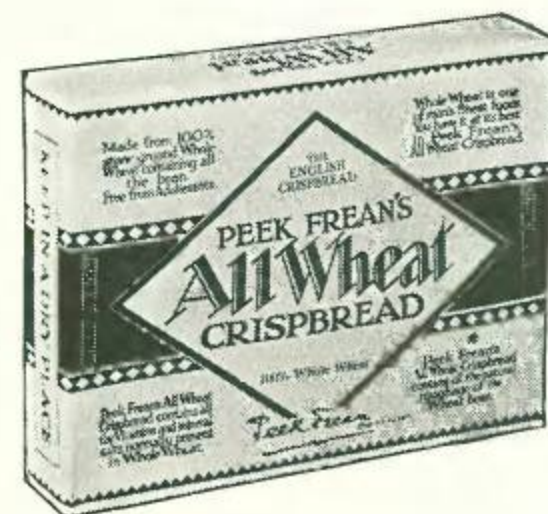
Actually, Peek Frean's AllWheat Crispbread is 100% whole wheat. It contains *all* the bran, mineral salts and vitamins of the whole grain, with the *starch content completely modified*. Nothing has been added and only the unwanted water extracted.

Unlike other whole wheat products Peek Frean's AllWheat Crispbread has a delicious flavor and *stays crisp indefinitely*. You eat it along with your meals and it keeps you fit. Look for the orange and black package at better grocery and delicatessen stores. It isn't expensive.



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GENUINE ENGLISH

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277 PARK AVENUE

Park Avenue Gardens
[47th to 48th Street]

"277" appeals to people accustomed to the best who wish convenience of location, like the comfort of housekeeping and appreciate having available such services as these:—

- Hourly maid service
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- Valet service
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- Catering
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SHOPS connected by house telephone:

- Florist shop
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—and last but not least, rentals that are adjusted to today's income levels.

- * 7 Rooms \$3300 up
- 6 Rooms \$2400 up
- 5 Rooms \$2150 up
- 2 Rooms \$1150 up
- *and Gallery

Restaurant Crillon

PRIX FIXE DINNER \$1.50
LUNCHEON \$1.00

Douglas L. Elliman & Co.
Management

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disease rates of former years are things of the past. Because of the war and restrictive immigration laws, the region ceased to serve as a receiving station for immigrants, and overcrowding ceased. Education, better knowledge of diet, and general health instruction have made the community a healthy one in spite of the character of the housing. The greatest surprise experienced by French in the entire Knickerbocker Village operation was the discovery that he was the possessor, in the backyards of some of his tenement houses, of seven small buildings of a type which he had believed to be extinct in Manhattan these past thirty years. Certain landlords, too thrifty to install modern plumbing or fearing their tenants would resent it, had continued right down to the present to sponsor the rural type of outbuilding, or jakes, as the Elizabethans called it.

THE prices paid by French varied from two dollars and forty cents a square foot to fifty dollars, the top figures being paid for properties needed to fill out a block. The prices paid were about what had been estimated. The entire campaign was a masterpiece of speed, efficiency, secrecy, and mystification. At the end of two months, however, prices were running wild. A curbstone market had been established, and speculators were bidding properties up to fantastic figures. French stopped buying. Even after that, speculation flourished for a time. Finally the crash of 1929 ended the boom and checked, temporarily at least, the ambition of French to capture the remainder of the forty-five acres lying between the two bridges. The insiders religiously kept their oath of secrecy for more than two years. A few smart real-estate men came to the conclusion that French was the only man with the imagination and audacity for such an enterprise, but they were not certain of this until French applied last December for a reduction in the taxes on the buildings.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the second of two articles on Knickerbocker Village.)

TCH, TCHK DEPARTMENT

[From a letter in the Boston Transcript]

It would be much more accurate if she had suggested that his parents had lived over here and were American citizens many years before he was born, and that his birth in Hungary was merely the unfortunate result of a touring expedition.

At Peckett's
on
Sugar Hill

one hears guests talking about St. Moritz and Paris and meandering along the Rhine—of sunny days on Waikiki Beach and Bermuda sands.

At Peckett's discriminating folks come to be rejuvenated in a Colonial atmosphere—eat delicacies which possess rare ingredients professionally blended—and too, to enjoy the exquisite panorama of the White Mountains.

We should like to send you our brochure. May we?

Autumn reservations are now being filled.

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New Hampshire

More Landscape and Less Landlord!

That is, Less to Pay and More to See! • Rents within reason and a view without obstruction! • A residence for people who *don't* want to give up fine standards of living, but who *do* want to give up the extravagance which such standards usually connote.

ALBERT AUWAERTER, Manager

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Two friendly roofs to shelter you in the heart of land and water sports. Delicious food—modern—comfortable.

Rates: Single . . . \$2 to \$3
Special rates for weekly or monthly stays
WHEN MOTORING: Stop for the Roger Smith dinner 90c to \$1.25.

ROGER SMITH HOTELS
Stamford, Conn. White Plains, N. Y.

TEE AND GREEN

*Jurado from the Argentine—Golf
à la Samurai—A Tip on the Amateur*

THE Professional Golfers' Association, which looks after professional golfers and their wants, has never been bothered by that necessity for making hairline discriminations which keeps the U.S.G.A. on its toes most of the time. It functions in more easygoing style and this, as might be expected, often works out for the best. A case in point came up when José Jurado, playing in the preliminary rounds of the P.G.A. tournament, failed to qualify at Detroit. This looked like a fairly serious omission until someone reflected that the P.G.A. regulations made no mention of how many times a player could try to qualify. As the qualifying rounds in different parts of the country take place at different times, there was nothing to prevent Jurado from coming on to New York and trying again. He promptly did so.

It would have been a pity if Jurado had been forced out of the tournament by his first failure, for he is just the kind of player who might help to make Sarazen's try for his third major prize of the year excitingly difficult. In this country, no one had heard much about Jurado until he nearly tied Tommy Armour for the British Open a year ago. He was better known in England, where he was the Prince of Wales' favorite pro, and in the Argentine, where he had caddied and shown cattle millionaires how to play. When he came over this spring, Jurado behaved as though Hagen, with whom he had been friendly abroad, had been coaching him in ways to appeal to American galleries. Instead of cursing quietly when he missed a putt, Jurado gaily turned a somersault on the green. He chuckled and waved his hands when he sank a long one. After the Open, when he and Hagen went on an exhibition tour together, Jurado was gracious about answering the request that insular hosts are almost sure to make of any Argentinean. He danced the tango whenever he was asked to do it, with a dexterity which he acquired several years ago in London night clubs.

JURADO, the only first-rate professional in South America, is also the only foreign pro who has done anything of note here since Vardon and Ray

came over a decade ago. Tomekichi Miyamoto of Japan was a disappointment. He started out well, though, carrying Billy Burke to extra holes in a match just after he arrived, and he is a player whom we, at least, will miss.



Miyamoto cried "O.K." when he made a good shot and cried "No O.K." in exactly the same tone when he missed one. As an orderly Japanese should, he never missed an appointment, went home early, visited the practice tee regularly, took no drinks of any sort, answered all his letters promptly and in his own handwriting, such as it was, and purchased numerous gifts, including three pairs of moccasins, for his wife and small daughters. He played golf in a samurai manner, never making what he considered an "uncourageous" shot. He planned every stroke as though he expected it to be his last, for that hole, and doubtless thought it would have entailed a loss of face to act otherwise. This may have had something to do with the fact that the Japanese Government, which sent him over, presently recalled him, for not winning many prizes.

THE U.S.G.A., of course, could have been counted on to deal more strictly than the professionals' organization with "floaters": players like Jurado. The only new regulation about the National Amateur says that a player who prefers to qualify at a course outside his own section must submit his case to a U.S.G.A. committee.

This is to prevent hungry entrants from picking easy courses, or qualifying districts in which the competition may be comparatively soft. Last year's experiment in sectional qualifying turned out well. Ouimet and the British Walker Cup players are alone exempt from the preliminary rounds this year. We have a notion that one of the latter may redeem the defeat which his team is sure to receive in September by winning the U.S. Amateur a week later. —R. L. T.

NORMA—Please return to Apt. 203. Husband.—Adv. in the Los Angeles Examiner.

(In case you've forgotten.)

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YOU don't have to have stringy, sticky, unmanageable "Vacation Hair" just because you enjoy swimming, golf or other outdoor sports in summer. Get acquainted with Kreml, that marvelous German Hair Tonic. It prevents salt, wind, sun and cold showers from ruining your hair, replaces the oil, keeps your hair smooth, lustrous, healthy A great economy for women; it makes waves last longer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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NOT STICKY—
WON'T DRY THE SCALP

And when you wash your hair use the New Kreml Shampoo—a wonderful new preparation that keeps the hair soft, lustrous and easy to manage—especially compounded for use with Kreml to get the best results. Same guarantee.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, AUG. 8
A LOW RUM-
BLEHEREABOUTS
HINTS OF LOW-
ERED WAIST-
LINES. SO FAR,
THEY HAVE
BEEN SHOWN IN
ONLY ONE COL-
LECTION, AND
PRETTY UGLY,

TOO. WHY DID WE EVER STAND THEM SO LONG? MIRANDE DOES LOVELY EVENING DRESSES WITH LONG, FULL SLEEVES OF CONTRASTING COLOR AND MATERIAL. CHANTAL SHOWS BABY PINK AND NICE GREENS: MINT, ABSINTHE, AND SPINACH. (I MEAN COLORS, NOT BEVERAGES AND VITTLES.) OTHERWISE, BROWNS AND REDS ARE ON THE UP. OUTSTANDING FASHIONS THUS FAR, IF ANY, ARE HEAVY WOOL JACKET SUITS AND STOUT TOPCOATS. INCIDENTALLY, DON'T EXPECT AMERICAN BUYERS TO BRING HOME THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES THIS YEAR.

B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK

FEWER clothes may romp home from the Champs-Élysées than in more lush seasons; that is certain. But you may depend on it that what clothes do arrive will be ballyhooed with as much chichi as ever. Once more you will reject a hat that is not becoming or suitable to your needs, and cower before the salesgirl and the buyer as they whimper in unison: "But that hat is very smart. It's from Agnès. She wears it *herself*." Once again they will try to bully you into wearing absinthe green, which makes you look jaundiced, and meet all your protests with the haughty statement that absinthe is very chic. People whose shoulders are too broad to start with will have to endure the open scorn of the *vendeuse* when they refuse dresses with flaring bits or blousy effects around the upper arms. You might just as well get braced for it. The idea persists, and the shops do their best to nurture it, that smartness is a thing that can be applied externally, like rouge.

Well, it isn't. If you had ever worked on the staff of a first-class fashion magazine (ah there, Condé!) and tried to find mannequins to photograph in the new clothes, you'd know real suffering. Day after day I used

to yelp in with some beautiful slim creature in tow, get her hair slicked down and waved smartly by Emile, apply Bergdorf's best, jewels by Mauboussin, shoes by Delman, alabaster lamp courtesy of Jones & Erwin—and did I get smart photographs? Once in a hundred new experiments I did, and deserved a raise for *that* high average. The other ninety-nine turned out to be pictures of pretty girls, immaculately dressed, and nothing more. I've been around, in my austere moments, where Cholly Knickerbocker's "fashionables" gather, and it is darn seldom you see among them a woman who gives you a kick, in the fashion sense. They have on Chanel's latest success, they are well groomed and charming, but they have no more flair than a schoolteacher. Apparently, there is no such thing as a smart costume *per se*, and to be a smart woman requires, besides the costume,

a swish of the soul, a sophisticated attitude toward life, and an intangible type of verve that will make some stray unknown flash at you in any crowd.

TAKE the new hats, for instance, and don't laugh. You've got to have the right mental attitude to give them the right dash. Either you must take yourself so seriously that no shadow of a doubt enters your head that you are not the most fascinating woman since Du Barry, or you must be highly amused at the nerve of you, daring anything so gay and cockeyed and all. You must put them on your well-coifed head at the correct crazy angle, but never, never spoil the effect by walking forth soberly planning the next day's menu or fretting about Junior's adenoids or wondering whether your husband will raise hell about the price. You can't feel apologetic



"Stop and reason, Madam. What kind of goldfish could it be that a drugstore gives away free with a ten-cent tube of toothpaste?"

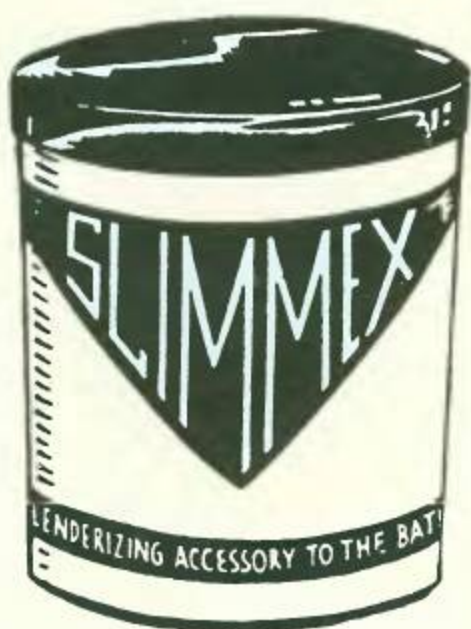
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LIME DRY *by* **HOFFMAN**



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...a new before-the-bath massage cream... based on a famous French formula...that is an important asset to your program of achieving the slim modern silhouette.

5.00
the jar

TOILETRIES
STREET FLOOR

SAKS • FIFTH • AVENUE
49th to 50th Street



about your lid—at your age, too—without suddenly looking either drab or ridiculous. I have seen a woman plan costumes that verily, verily, were the katz as costumes, and look like just another well-dressed woman in them. Why, ladeez of the Woman's Club for Better Betterment, why? Just because the poor, unfortunate girl, instead of forgetting the dress she had on and thinking of herself as an enchantress, was always trying to remember to hold her tummy in.

YOU go to Paris (but you don't know Paree) and, if your costume is commented on at all, does anybody say: "What a smart little Augustabernard you have on"? Only the American buyers. People don't pick out details of your costume over there. It may be last year's Nobody-in-Particular's model with the hat jammed down more rakishly than usual because of *joie de vivre* trouble, but somebody will leap up and say: "How smart you are today!" The hoopla spirit and what's-going-to-happen-next sense of adventure characteristic of us bums when in Paris give the final accessory to a costume, and don't let anybody tell you different. As you browse through a book of old tintypes, you may come across a woman who particularly arouses your interest. The dress and hairdo may be quaint and make you laugh, but the woman herself has a lilt of the head and a sparkle in the eye that would make *her* chic in any age. Very sacrilegiously, to the interests of better business, I sometimes think that the epidemic of buying cheap clothes that hit this panic-stricken town was a good thing for many women who up to that time had been perfectly-turned-out clotheshorses. Their hats, dresses, coats, shoes, and accesso-



TEEMING

with bright ideas

- THERE'S a French Line official whose sole duty nowadays is to give you a good time on the Summer Cruises. He teems with all manner of specialties. In fact, he's hand-in-glove with Al Rogers, Inc., the Broadway theatrical agency who supplies star talent for each cruise.

- They're gay affairs, those French Line Cruises! A convivial company is always to be found on board the *S. S. France*. There's no too-definite routine to mar your complete freedom. Yet there are scores of entertaining things to do, if it's your pleasure. You eat the most delicious food at any time from special buffets all over the boat. Your every wish is gratified.

- There are six days and nights of gorgeous gayety on the August 20th and August 27th cruises. And there are trips ashore at both Bermuda and Halifax... with opportunities for shopping, sight-seeing and swimming... All this can be enjoyed for as little as \$75.

- Then, on Friday, September 2nd, comes the Labor Day Cruise to Halifax... four days of it... minimum rate \$40. A real bargain in short vacations... for if you throw in Saturday morning, *there are no business days lost*.

- Two Summer Cruises have already had their happy endings. Our French Line official is still teeming with bright ideas for these three remaining cruises. They'll be the best yet! Book soon through any authorized travel agent... French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

**6-DAY CRUISES
TO BERMUDA AND HALIFAX**

AUG. 20 & 27 **\$75 UP**

**4-DAY LABOR-
DAY CRUISE TO HALIFAX**

SEPT. 2 TO 6 **\$40 UP**

French Line

ries had been lacquered on according to the smug fashion dictates of expensive shops and were worn with the same perfect smugness. No imagination on the part of the wearer at all. When these ex-rich women started rummaging through the bargain counters, yipping the war cry "How do they do it for only ten ninety-four?" they didn't get good clothes, and they didn't get smart clothes, but they had a glee about discovering a bargain that gave them a certain air. It hadn't been there before. When these women go back to good clothes again, they will be more interested in what the latest Chanel does for them individually, they will think of funny new ways of arranging the scarf, and they should wear them with a gayer and more nonchalant attitude than heretofore.

And look who's talking! Nobody has more fun out of life; but, somehow, the stocking always has a run in it, or the handiest handbag was intended for an evening costume instead of a tailored suit. You have to have the combination. —L. L.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEW YORK?

[THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON
PAGE 36.]

1. What is the annual per-capita expenditure for jewelry in New York City?
2. What is the minimum wage upon which a girl can decently live in New York City?
3. What is the per-capita, per-diem lickage of postage stamps in New York City?
4. What is the ratio of pretzel consumption between the city's speak-easies today and the saloons before prohibition?
5. How many stray cats are there per mile of street in New York City?
6. What percentage of adult male New Yorkers know where to get a drink of liquor?
7. What percentage of importance does the average New York businessman attach to clothes in hiring female help?
8. How many out of every thousand families in New York City are blessed with the absence of a radio in the home?
9. How many New Yorkers drink themselves to death every week?
10. What percentage of New York City's streets are unpaved?

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IT IS EASY ENOUGH TO BLAME RUSSIA

LAY-UT free-edom reeng." Now if we will all be seated, all the members, I will call the meeting to order. Very well, I hereby call this, the first meeting of the Orange County Liberal Women's Society, to order. There being no minutes from a previous meeting, we will, of course, have no reading of the minutes. I have always thought that Mr. Roberts was wrong when he decreed that in Roberts' Rules of Order you should always start with the reading of the previous meeting. It always seemed rather silly to me, and I think that since this is a Liberal Society, we can abrogate some of the older customs that we always more or less took for granted. However . . .

Now, my dear comrades, we all know the purpose of this rather revolutionary step which we have taken in the life of our community. As members of the various civic organizations—notably the Afternoon and Evening Delphian Societies, the Flower Guild of the Hospital, the P.-T.A., and other civic organizations—as members of these societies, clubs, and associations we have always in the past given little heed to politics. True, your humble chairlady has had some what might be termed parliamentary-politico experience while serving on the County Committee of the State Women's Republican Committee, but despite this fact, I would say that, in the broadest sense, we Orange County women have pursued a hands-off policy with regard to partisan politics.

BUT this was the philosophy of another day: nineteen twenty-eight, and seven, and six, and the other years when this country was steeped in an orgy of wealth upon which we may well look back in shame. Few of us were guiltless. Rare was the woman, or even the man, who saw the fatal handwriting on the wall, the man or woman who paused in the day's occupation to consider whither we were drifting. Our national leaders were at fault. Men who might be expected to warn us of the disaster towards which we were heading. Did they? The answer comes only too readily. No! Mr. Hoover took office on March the

fourth, nineteen hundred twenty-nine, ample time in which to acquaint our nation with the facts as they were. Mr. Coolidge, then no longer our first chief magistrate, strove valiantly to warn us in his daily column in the *Tribune*, on the front page, where all could see it. But did Mr. Coolidge dare to come out in so many words and say: "Mr. Hoover is not warning you of what is to come on a certain day in November this year"? Mr. Coolidge could not, for his hands were tied. It would have been unethical for him to do so. And, of course, meanwhile Mr. Hoover was sitting down there in the White House doing nothing. He was simply taciturn. As one of our comrades' sons, Dwight Inness, would say, there was never a peep out of him. And so it is Herbert Hoover, President of these United States of America, that I hold directly responsible for conditions as they are today.

NO, no. I am not asking for applause. Please. I want our energies directed, my dear comrades (not that I don't appreciate your kind reception), but I would much prefer that we direct our energies to the election of Franklin D. Roosa-velt, Governor of the State of New York, and John M. Garner, of Texas. For President of the United States and Vice-President.

To continue. There are those among us who are of the opinion that our difficulties today are caused by Russia, on account of the wheat. But it is easy enough to blame Russia. It is easy enough to blame any foreign country. France or England. But remember that Russia was just as much our ally during the World War as was France or England. I have been told by competent authorities, people who have spent a great deal of time in Russia, that even the worst Bolshevik, Soviet, or anarchist is far, far too busy straightening things out

in his own country to want to come over here and stir up trouble. Indeed, even papers like the great New York *Evening Post* will tell you that right here in this country the men who never even got to France in



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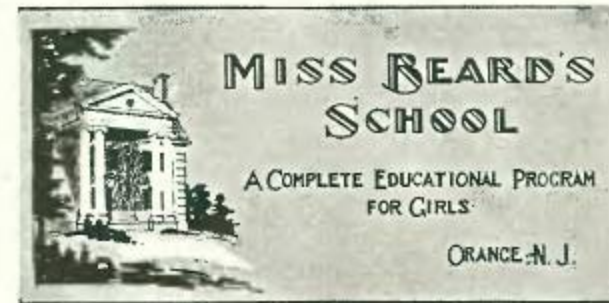
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the war are causing just as much chaos as the worst Russian agitator. So let us not blame Russia, but look to our own.

One cannot look upon the face of Franklin D. Roosa-velt without realizing that there is a man of character, a man who has a family and a great interest and devotion for his native land. He has his detractors among those who are content to go along while Herbert Hoover sits there in the White House doing nothing. But with Franklin D. Roosa-velt in the White House, my dear comrades, we shall see changes. This great man of the people will lead us out of the wilderness. He will bring us back to the prosperity that is our rightful heritage!

In conclusion, I wish to explain that it was not my intention to make a political address, but only wished to lay down the principles under which this Society was founded. Therefore I will now call this meeting open for discussion. Mrs. Uhlein? . . .

—JOHN O'HARA

DO YOU KNOW YOUR NEW YORK?

[ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 33.]

1. Thirteen dollars. (Official figures of the United States Census Bureau.)
2. Twenty-five dollars a week. (Recent estimate of the Welfare Council.)
3. One postage stamp. (Report of the United States Post Office Department.)
4. Two to one, in favor of the speak-easies. (Statement of Benjamin J. Lebowitz, acknowledged pretzel king of the eastern United States.)
5. Approximately nine hundred and thirty. (Estimate of J. M. Loughborough, secretary of the International Cat Society.)
6. Ninety per cent. (Estimate of Georges G. Valot, director-general of the French National Bureau for the Study of Alcohol.)
7. Thirty-five per cent. (Estimate of Miss Dorothy Crowne, president of the League of Advertising Women of New York.)
8. Four hundred and nine. (Report of the United States Census Bureau.)
9. About seventeen. (Report of the Registrar of Records of the Department of Health.)
10. Thirty-nine per cent. (Official municipal figures.)

—W. E. FARBSTEN

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Clive Brook—Claudette Colbert in "Man from Yesterday"

THE CURRENT CINEMA

High Finance and Low

THINGS have come to such a pass in our daily life that the most fantastic melodrama of high finance seems perfectly acceptable. Were it not for that state of mind of ours, both "American Madness" and "Skyscraper Souls" would seem absurdities, but they are the two new pictures of this week of any interest at the time of this writing, which is before the four Marx Brothers have come to our rescue with "Horse Feathers." Now they are just little true stories, aside from their perfunctory sentimental features, which may be dismissed anyhow as unimportant, since money is the issue.

"Skyscraper Souls" is another slap at us poor lost things on Manhattan. It portrays our greed and viciousness (the latter very mildly, of course) and shows to what ruthless lengths we'll go when the desire to own a skyscraper, a very common craving here, you know, overcomes us. The building that Warren William, as the speculating financier, at last acquires—securing it by all the strategies of selling short, and those market maneuverings beyond, God help me, my learning—looms high above the Empire State and stands, evidently, somewhere down on West Fourteenth Street (near the Salvation Army *palazzo*, I thought), which seems an unlikely locality for the offices it holds; a jeweller's, for instance. The financiers—the group of them involved in this real-estate stalagmite—seem guileless fogies in the manner of stage magnates, excepting Warren William, who is young and debonair and undisturbed through it all, seldom bothering with the strain of acting. Taken all in all, though, the picture has its diverting moments; it moves rapidly; it's a little silly, but not always dull. For purposes of the screen, there would seem to be more activity in these souls of the skyscrapers than in those of the third floor back.

In "American Madness," there is a compelling, spine-shattering run on a bank. The spread of panic is nicely done. Of course this is one of those things, too, that at the moment can't be laughed aside. That the situation is saved in this instance by grateful depositors who have been assisted by the bank in the past is too fanciful, I fear. There is also a little too much



moralizing by the president of the institution (Walter Huston), and his lines about "not collateral but character" get wearisome after a while, yet the scenes in the bank, the great safes, the truths about tellers it reveals, are of interest.

LEAVING matters of finance entirely, "Guilty as Hell," from the "Riddle Me This!" of the stage, is a wobbly vehicle for Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. They may be the two scrapping pals of their career—one now a police captain, the other a reporter—but the mystery story doesn't give them much scope for their special humor. When Lowe, as the reporter, looks upon the body of the strangled woman and remarks: "Too much necking," it doesn't strike the world as a big laugh. The whole thing is a little heavy, which isn't what we want in this kind of thing, certainly, and the young lady whose brother is in the death house appears chic and singularly placid, and the eminent physician who is actually guilty suggests more a chiropractor in a pet than anything else.

"DOCTOR X," the medical profession faring badly this week, is the latest horror bit. It just goes wild all over the place, trying to give us the shivers with the old tricks: the monster "moonkiller," the nonsense—now grown so tedious—of ridiculous scientific apparatus, figures in the dark, claws reaching out from doors, and a whole academy of physicians all of whom, I gathered, had cannibalistic leanings. The novelty of the offering is a compound called "synthetic flesh," stewed up by one of the epicures. You would do better to stay home and have a good laugh at your own jokes.

—J. C. M.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wallace, now at Ashland, Ky., rejoice to hear of a new daughter making her arrival at their home in Pomeroy. She will answer to the name of Betty Lou.—*Pomeroy (O.) Democrat.*

If at all.

CHAPMAN'S HOMER MARKS 4-2 VICTORY
—*Headline in the Times.*

Over Kipling's "If," perhaps.

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I have noticed your spritely ads in the New Yorker and other magazines and it seems to me that if you could hint to the Hay Fever sufferers that Listerine Cigarettes would help them, you would be doing them a favor they would greatly appreciate.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Reede Ames

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THE RACE TRACK

*Ladysman a Topnotcher—Faireno's
Two Handicaps—Equipoise Again*



HAPPY GAL is not our best two-year-old. Nor, perhaps, is Ladysman; but I fancy the official handicapper has a higher opinion of him than when he assigned him 114 pounds for the Albany Handicap. Those who fancied Ladysman for the United States Hotel Stakes (he was four to one) naturally would say that he won in a trot. Thus one enthusiast, after the colt had cooled out, but before the enthusiast had: "A wonderful performance! He'll win the Special and the Hopeful. Never mind your Caterwaul and Crowning Glory; my night to howl will come after he has beaten them, too!" Perhaps the gentleman is right; I wish I knew. At any rate, I heard an offer to wager \$10,000 (we've turned the corner, but there were no takers) that Ladysman would beat Happy Gal the next time they met.

I had had such good reports of Ladysman that I included him in my dozen two-year-olds. Still, there was nothing really electrifying about his victory last weekend. It was the showing of a good colt and a fit one. Let us judge him, then, at that. However, he won the sweepstakes more easily than Pompey, his sire, did seven years ago. Happy Gal, who dashed so brilliantly through her field in the Flash Stakes on the opening day, was away slowly. So was Sandy Bill, who in my book is a sprinter. Ladysman pegged them back easily. As for the others, I think we saw a race horse in the making in The Darb (a good-looking colt by St. Germans from Maud Muller), who finished fourth.

I daresay William Woodward regretted a bit that Malley, who knows Happy Gal so well, could not ride her in the United States Hotel Stakes. The boy was more profitably engaged at Chicago, where he rode Faireno to victory in the Hawthorne Handicap. Faireno is at his best form. Nothing could have been more convincing than the way he slammed his field in the Saratoga Handicap. It is unfortunate for the chairman of The

Jockey Club—fortunate for other owners—that Faireno is not engaged for the Travers Stakes or the Saratoga Cup.

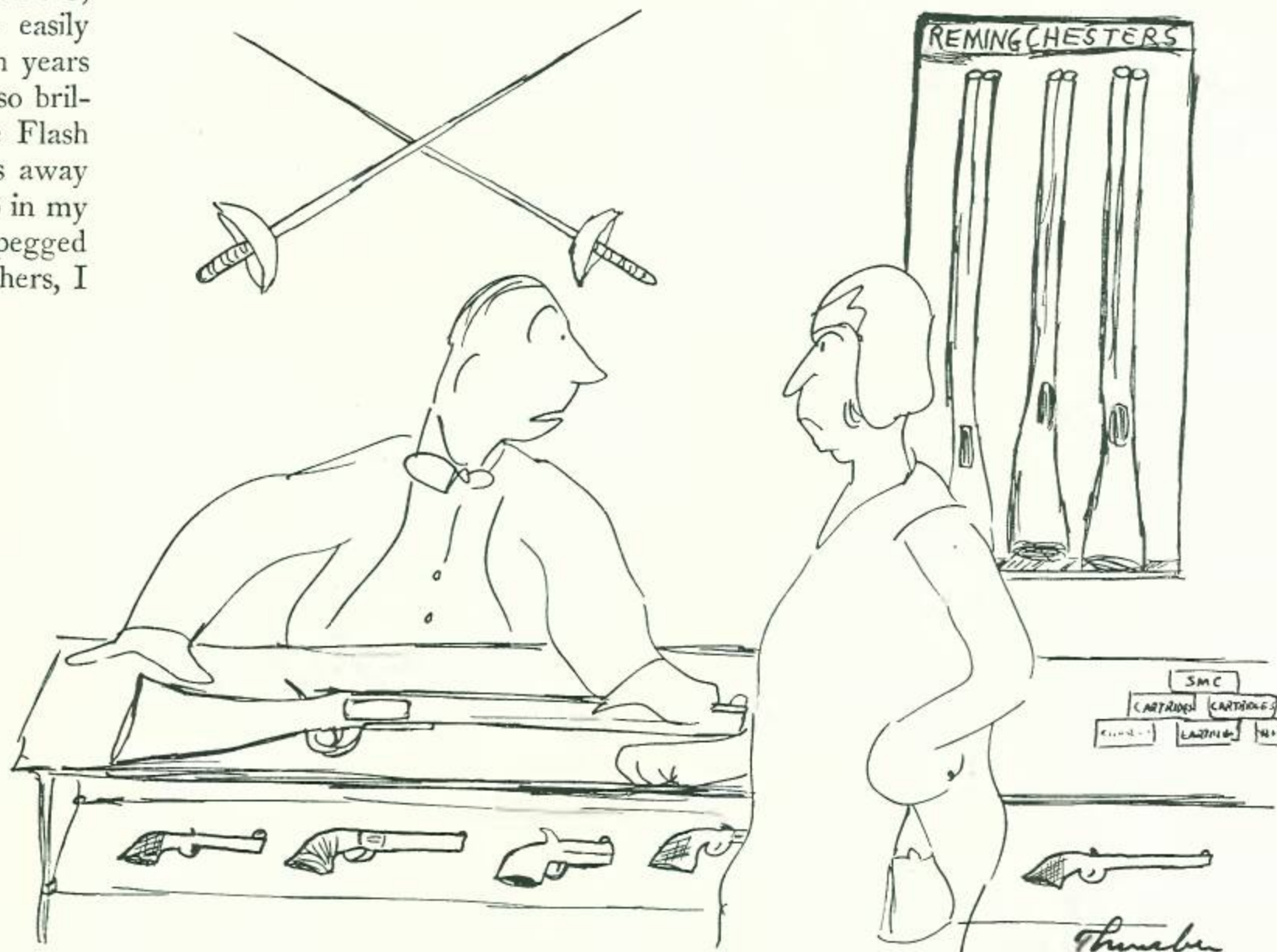
EQUIPOISE had little to do in the Wilson Stakes and he polished off Blind Bowboy and Pompeius neatly, but I'm afraid he has developed a streak of temperament from too much travelling. In the paddock, I remarked to Mrs. Jock Whitney how well he looked, but she suggested that I look at him again. I did and then confessed he seemed much lighter than at Belmont. Too much travelling. But rest and Saratoga water should set him right for the autumn racing.

AFTER Morfair had introduced himself a four-lengths winner of the fastest race at six furlongs at the meeting, regret was expressed that he was not better engaged for sweepstakes. Perhaps it is not such a tragedy, after all. Morfair strikes me as a brilliant sprinter, but that is all. Nevertheless, he gave Pete Bostwick a rocking-chair ride to win at seven furlongs.

THE middle fortnight at Saratoga always is the most enjoyable.

Everybody is settled down, and the fat, lazy days do not begin to pall until along about the middle of the fourth week. This weekend we have the Saratoga Special, in which all the top-class two-year-olds will meet at even weights. As I have made a firm resolve to follow Caterwaul until I find something better, he is my choice. I am of the same opinion about Equipoise, who I expect will run for the Whitney Stakes, at a mile and a quarter, the same afternoon. As all good things run in threes—says Ed Bradley—Top Flight should win the Alabama Stakes (our oldest race for three-year-old fillies) next Wednesday, August 17.

THE Honourable George complains that the management has taken the canoes from the lake in the infield, from which he used to observe the morning gallops. (Doubtless someone wanted to play Lohengrin.). . . . Mr. Vosburgh believes handicaps should have larger purses and more prominence. . . . Six riders for Lester Doctor's steeplechase are training by running six times around the Red Spring every morning. —AUDAX MINOR



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SEVERAL of the tenors you read about have gone into the sure-fire business. Mr. Gigli, for example, has recorded that excellent popular melody, "Marta," with considerably more devotion than he has poured into the "Song of India," which makes the disc a double (Victor 1570). Herr Tauber tears into "La Paloma" and "Torna a Surriento" with the enthusiasm that he lavishes on Lehár, and if you don't mind hearing these airs to German texts, the wax is a fine demonstration of what happens when a tenor Takes Trouble (Columbia G-4069-M). More astonishment may be yours when you hear Georges Thill uncork "Ridi, Pagliaccio" as "Pauvre Paillasse." If the M. Thill could sing like this on all occasions, life would be simpler for people who run opera houses. With the Leoncavallo self-starter comes "J'aurais sur ma poitrine" from Massenet's "Werther," an aria which ought to have more hearings and which M. Thill does perfectly (Columbia 2685-D).

There is also current a new record by John McCormack, in which James P. Dunn's effective "The Bitterness of Love" is sung brilliantly. The other side contains one of the finest of all McCormack offerings: Hugo Wolf's lovely "Anacreon's Grab" (referring to a German grave, not a political deal). The record is a must (Victor 1568).

PERHAPS you heard John Alden Carpenter's ballet, "Skyscrapers," at the Metropolitan once upon a time—when people complained about having work to do. Economics can affect music, and today the idea behind the score is dated; but the music remains surprisingly effective, especially in the stunning performance directed by Nathaniel Shilkret for Victor in the Musical Masterpieces Album 130. Mr. Shilkret makes the most of the "American" aspect of the excerpts and expounds the bright orchestration lightly but firmly.

THE Léner Quartet, which must have the largest record list of any


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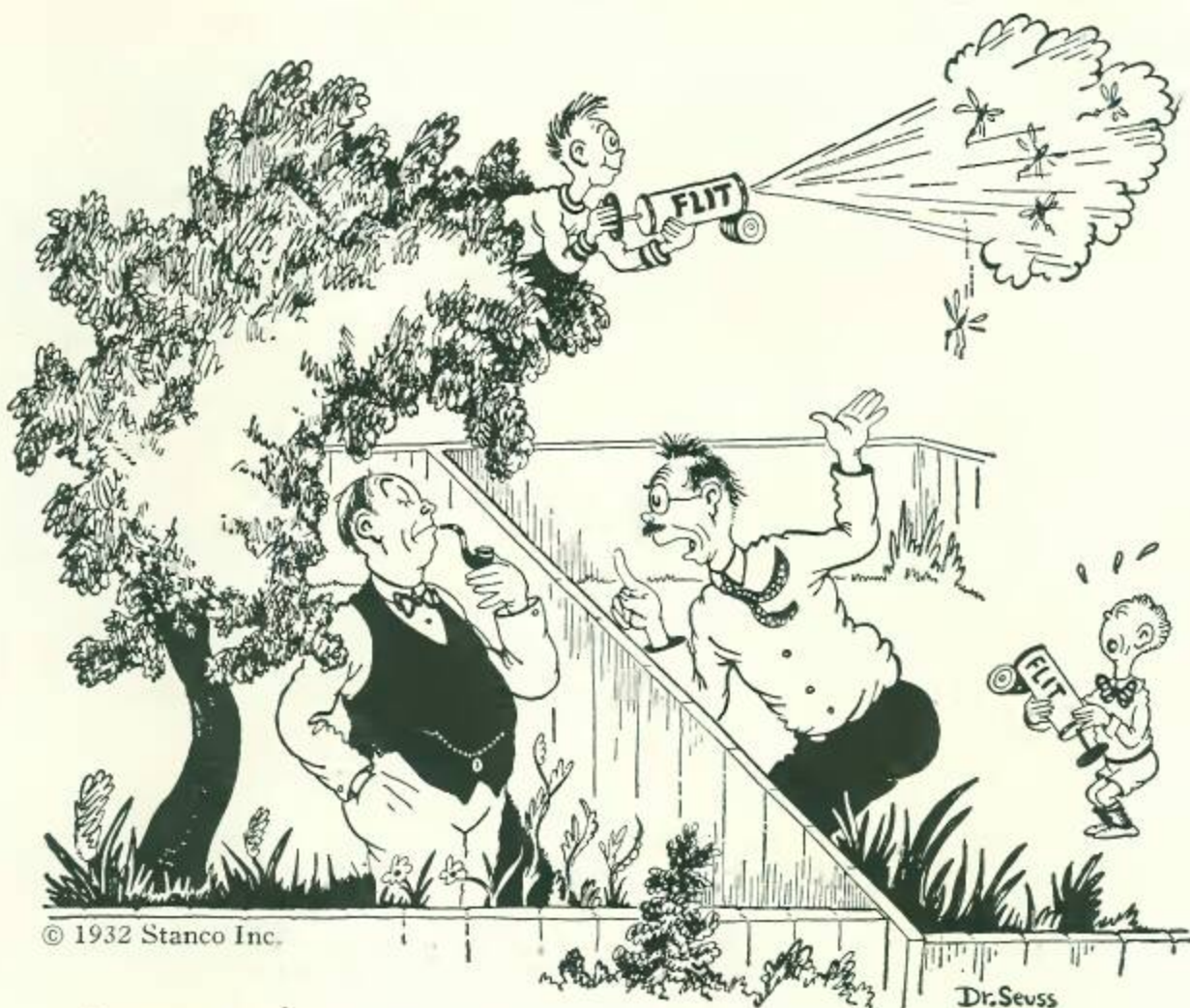
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Baltimore, Md.

foursome, has added to its honors with Brahms' A-minor Quartet, Opus 51, No. 2, which you will find in Columbia's Masterworks Set 173. It's unusual to come across such solid stuff in the summer, and chamber-music collectors will be properly grateful. The Flonzaleys, now disbanded, seem to have assembled not a few discs for Victor before their dissolution, the latest release being a medley of "Turkey in the Straw" and "Old Zip Coon," coupled with "Sally in Our Alley," all arranged by the able Alfred Pochon and played neatly (Victor 1569).

WILLEM MENGELBERG sends remembrances in the form of three overtures, all played by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam and recorded by Columbia. They are a new version of "Coriolan" (68049-D), a lusty "Freischütz" (68042-D), and an interesting novelty: the first "Leonore" overture of Beethoven (68055-D), which explains why the third "Leonore" is so popular, but nevertheless is recommended for those who find charm in the lesser works of the great.

The Philadelphia Orchestra—directed, of course, by Mr. Stokowski—has another choral, "Aus der Tiefe Rufe Ich," massively played in a stirring transcription. As the arrangement is anonymous, it probably is by Mr. Stokowski, who does these things so beautifully that he might just as well identify himself (Victor 7553).

Bruno Walter-assemblers will like his doings with the Funeral March from "Götterdämmerung," in which he has the assistance of a nameless ensemble (Columbia 68044-D); and for those who care for Berlioz, Sir Hamilton Harty and the Hallé Orchestra are eloquent with the Royal Hunt and Storm from "Les Troyens" on Columbia 68043-D. —R. A. S.

Mrs. Fred Gordon, 5203 Monte Vista Street, owner of the famous cat, Silver, who sports two extra toes on each foot, reported spending an enjoyable day at the beach last Wednesday.—*York (Cal.) News.*

It's nice to get a complete change, now and then.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the *Des Moines Register*]

Aida Marroquin, hailed as the prettiest girl student in Guatemala City, caused many a male heart to jump aboard the liner Santa Cecilia.

UNCLE WIGGILY

I MADE the acquaintance of Uncle Wiggily several months ago in the columns of the Newark *Evening News*. Cedric's nurse, his mother, or someone, had introduced the lad to this fictional immortal, whereupon I realized that my own introduction to him would follow immediately. My surmise was quite correct. Thereafter, unless I spent the evening in town or was otherwise out of reach of my young son's subpoena, it became my duty to read the Uncle Wiggily stories to him.

AT first I followed the adventures of the rabbit gentleman with pleasurable interest. He had amusing friends. He seemed like a good guy. To be sure, he was a lazy fellow, grossly self-centred, and something of an exhibitionist. But many of us are inclined that way. Even now that I have turned against Wiggily, I can recognize his good points.

I think that my dislike of Wiggily, which increased as my acquaintance with him wore into weeks, and then into months, derived not so much from impatience with the rabbit gentleman as with his historian, Mr. Howard R. Garis. I began to mistrust Mr. Garis. It occurred to me that he was either excessively naïve or was deliberately glossing over Uncle Wiggily's character, giving him too many of the breaks. The latter conviction grew, and with it my irritation, first toward Mr. Garis and then, as I have said, to include Wiggily himself.

For instance, when I began reading the Wiggily stories I accepted at face value the status of Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. She was, Mr. Garis informed me, the muskrat lady housekeeper. But I am, I trust, no fool. I perceived soon enough that there was something more than a professional servant's gesture in her solicitude about Uncle Wiggily's getting his feet wet, in her arrangements for his bath, and whatnot. I communicated my suspicions to friends whose acquaintance with the rabbit gentleman, owing to their having children older than Cedric, dated back a long time. These friends laughed knowingly. "Oh yes," they said, "Uncle Wiggily has been carrying on an affair with Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy for years."

Now I am sufficiently sophisticated not to be upset by the instances of unconventionality that occur around us. What annoyed me was not the eternal triangle in the Wiggily home but the

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priggish way Mr. Garis acted about the affair. He would compel us to accept Wiggily for what he pretends to be in spite of his own evidence, often less than thinly veiled, that he is something else. Then there was Wiggily's own insufferable smugness. It nettled me when I thought of how the two of them had taken me in at first.

WHILE neither Uncle Wiggily nor his Boswell has abandoned the pose of Wiggily's rectitude, both of them have become bolder than ever of late. I refer to the story in which the rabbit gentleman calls upon Mrs. Bow Wow, the dog lady, in the absence of Mr. Bow Wow.

The weather is beastly and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy does her best to keep Uncle Wiggily at home. Her solicitude for him is as touching as ever, but he is palpably anxious to be off. One guesses that the housekeeper is losing her hold upon him. He puts on his rubber coat and stalks through the rain to the home of the Bow Wows.

"Mr. Bow Wow was working down in the bone factory but his wife was home, so Uncle Wiggily went in to ask how her husband was," wrote Mr. Garis. Hmm. The idler Wiggily must have known very well that her husband was working. The story continued: "Oh, Uncle Wiggily, I am so glad to see you," barked the dog lady," etc.

"Why was she glad to see Uncle Wiggily?" asked Cedric.

What could I say? "She wanted to buy some enlarged photographs from him," I lied.

"Daddy, Uncle Wiggily don't sell photographs," protested Cedric.

"Yes he does," I insisted. "I'm sure that I heard somewhere he had gone into the picture game." Howard Garis had put me in a hell of a hole.

The crowning touch of the sorry situation was Wiggily's asininity, or callous indifference, in publicly compromising Mrs. Bow Wow. He left his rubber coat and hat on the Bow Wows' porch, instead of taking them inside. What happened? Why, the Fox and the Bob Cat, sworn enemies of Wiggily, came along and recognized the coat and hat at once. One need not be told how quickly the story was all over the neighborhood.

I feel sorry for Mrs. Wiggily, of whom Mr. Garis has told us little. I wish he might tell us that she is going to Paris or something. But then, she has the children.

—GEORGE CECIL COWING

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BOOKS

Difficult Reading



WHAT are you going to do—do you mind if I ask you a personal question?—if you're a book-reviewer and you find yourself face to face with an Important Book that you can't possibly read? There's A. S. M. Hutchinson, for example. I know as well as you do that he's Important, at least in the sense that he has an enormous following; his books sell into the tens of (maybe the hundreds of) thousands, and surely some small portion of that great invisible audience must even now be waiting for me to give them the word about his latest effort.

And there you are; I couldn't read it. You can't say I didn't try. For one thing, the publishers (Little, Brown, by the way, and the book is called "Big Business") announced that here Mr. Hutchinson had abandoned his pipe-smoking, moor-tramping heroes and gone back to the lighter style of his earlier "Once Aboard the Lugger." "A rollicking, joyous venture," they promised on the blurb jacket. "Something to do with a will and a disappointed heir—and the trouble is precipitated by the fate of seven fat pug dogs. . . . The story moves faster and faster to a climax which may be likened to a firecracker exploding in a bowl of whipped cream."

I did hope to get to that climax, if only to see what such an odd event would be like when translated into English prose, but in spite of dogged efforts I failed to make it. I found the plot so needlessly complicated and the telling of it so tediously involved that I was lost in it almost before I started, the humor so heavily underscored that the absence of the parenthetical "Ha, ha!" seemed the only concession to the perceptions of the reader, the whole thing so stuffy, so thoroughly windy, that—well, that I got no further with



it than Page 74. Maybe you'll be able to do better than that. Maybe, on the other hand, you won't.

INDEED, this week seems to have been signalized by a good deal of difficult reading. "The Journey Inward," translated by Willa and Edwin Muir and published by the Viking Press, is a novel by a young German, Kurt Heuser, which seems (judging by the quotations on the blurb jacket from the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*, the *Muenchener Zeitung*, and so on) to have made quite a stir abroad. It's about a surveyor named Jeronimo who, journeying into the African jungle, travels also toward the mystic centre of his soul. I struggled after him for a time, cutting my way through the lush growth of romantic dialogue that sprang up everywhere, dodging the long, thick-coiling introspective passages that, serpent-like and as deadly, festooned the pages; but treks like that take the heart out of a man, and I wasn't much past Page 106 before I gave up the struggle and set my face back toward the coast, and the sight of a white woman again. I left Jeronimo drinking and exchanging endless confidences with Haberkorn, the planter, and after that I really can't tell you what happened to him. I don't think you'd care.

AFTER all this, "The Family Circle," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles and published by Appleton, seemed as clear and sparkling as—well, you know—one of those mountain pools. There's this to be said for the old-fashioned novel: you always know where you are. Mr. Maurois' story is about one of those French provincial ladies, so dear to the novelists of the eighteenth-century, who revolt against life and its dullness; and once you're well started in the book, you know to the fraction of an inch where it will end. But even a familiar journey can be

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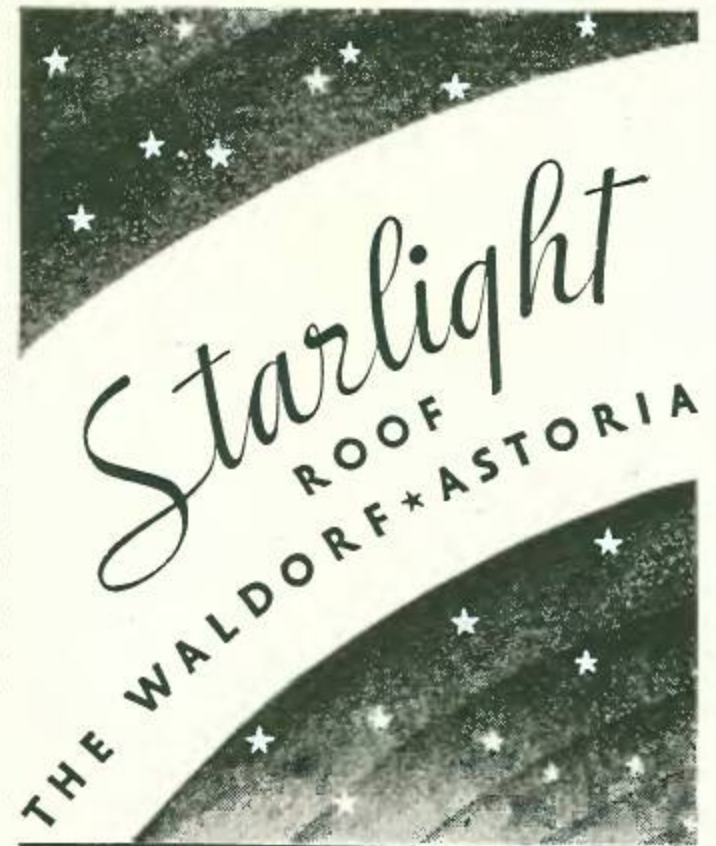
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enjoyable, and this story is told with such good taste, and moves with such sunny certainty toward its conclusion, that I found it quite delightful.

THEN there's "I Have No Regrets," the memoirs of a consummate *rastaquouère* and confidence man, named Lieutenant Bringolf, in the gay days before the war, edited by Blaise Cendrars, translated by Warre B. Wells, and published by Dutton. Whether or not there is a Lieutenant Bringolf I cannot say (that man Blaise Cendrars is capable of anything), but if he does exist it makes the whole thing the more amazing, for, even though handicapped by the weight of truth, his story rises to heights of fantastic knavery hardly surpassed by the Barry Lydons, the Roderick Rands, and the other great fictional rascals of the past. It's lively, exciting, and diverting, and I'm sure you'd enjoy reading it.

"COQUETRY FOR MEN," by Horace Coon and published by the Amour Press, is better than it sounds. It's a kind of modern "The Gull's Hornbook," lightly written, pointing out the perils man must face venturing in the kingdom of womankind. I noticed one odd thing, however. "Let the poor dears think they're having their own way" is the essence of Mr. Coon's counsel, which is the traditional advice given women for succeeding with men. But it set me to wondering. What becomes of the battle of the sexes if both sides are busy executing strategic retreats? Maybe the battlefield is deserted, and nobody knows it. —R. M. C.

Rens Palmer, formerly of Woodridge and now of Big Lake, Texas, en route to Washington, D.C., where he will join the bonus marchers, stopped in Middletown Wednesday night and was the guest of Harold Warren, 127 Wisner Avenue. —Social note in the Middletown (N.Y.) Times Herald.

We hope they made him comfortable.

Anita Block, playreader of the Theater Guild, speaking yesterday before the summer students at Columbia University, named Eugene O'Neill, Elmer Rice, John Howard Lawson, Maxwell Anderson, and Sidney Howard as the five outstanding playwrights in America tonight.—The Sun.

After a good dinner, we suppose.

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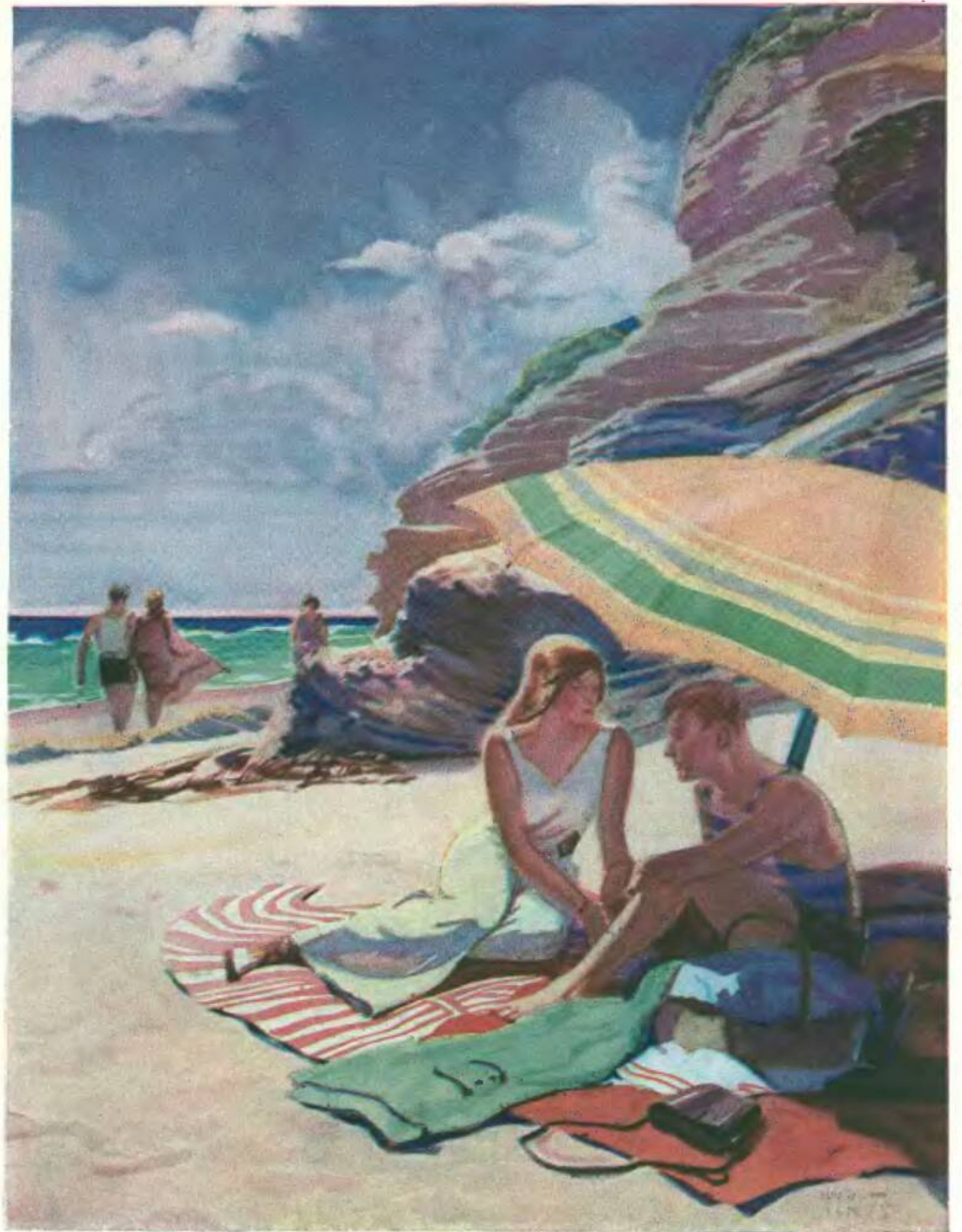
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