Sept. 17, 1932

THE NEW YORKER

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THE
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I Think That Is Father

She didn't know for sure—and perhaps some garrulous, gossipy ewe had told her the legend of, "It's a wise child, etc."

However, what is one to do? No one selects his or her parents—we're just offspring—misdirected in some cases, yet offspring and here—the great prenatal unconsulted.

There are fortunately, case records of inanimate things selecting their manufacturers. Perhaps the best known is that of the finest blankets, which unhesitatingly chose the Kenwood Mills as their ancestors.

The wool of doubt has never been pulled over the eyes of anyone as to who was responsible for the soft, long napped, beautifully colored blankets that resist unflinchingly the laundering attack on their size or color—Kenwood modestly acknowledges the parentage.

The Kenwood Mills do not claim to be the originators of the age-old slogan, "Dyed in the Wool," but they have profited by its truth, for this is the method that makes the colors masterful in their appeal and links their beauty with their lasting life.

Say "Kenwoods" to the salesman and see how the Kenwood Mills have identified themselves with the step from sheep to sleep.

KENWOOD ALL WOOL BLANKETS

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VIII, No. 31, September 17, 1932. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

THE NEW LINE

in

Broadtail



Von Horn

Sleek, fitted, incurved at the waist, broad at the shoulder, this coat of finest black Russian broadtail typifies the fall and winter mode. Observe the free-hung epaulets, banded with the same silver fox merging into dark that composes the huge collar. Also in natural grey broadtail and black moiré caracul.

ON THE PLAZA · NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

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 matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—A picture of tribal life among the Babbitts which combines stark truth with real entertainment. Glenn Anders, Margaret Wycherly, John Beal, and Margaret Hamilton are in it. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

BEST YEARS—Katherine Alexander losing the best years of her life because Mamma won't let her alone. An underdone play on a serious subject. (Bijou, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

BRIDAL WISE—Some very amusing deviltry on the part of two youngsters, mixed up with a story of divorce and remarriage, with Madge Kennedy and Minor Watson as the grownups. Good for a lot of laughs. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Closes Sat., Sept. 17.)

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—Limited return engagement. The story of a lawyer who made good, with typical Elmer Rice glimpses into the corners of a law office, helped by the vitality of Paul Muni. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

HERE TODAY—Oppenheimer's larkish account of a couple of New York cut-ups who run afoul of a Boston family. Ruth Gordon is good as an irreverent guest. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Very nice. Not much to laugh at, but a great deal of pleasant music by Jerome Kern to listen to. With Bettina Hall. (Cohan, B'way at 43. Closes Sat., Sept. 24.)

OF THEE I SING—The reigning musical success, which makes monkeys of the National Government at Washington in a manner sometimes brilliant, sometimes tiresome. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, Lois Moran, and others. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SHOW BOAT—A revival of what is probably the best musical comedy of recent time, with a cast including Dennis King, Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Norma Terris, Eva Puck, and Sammy White. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify the dates.)

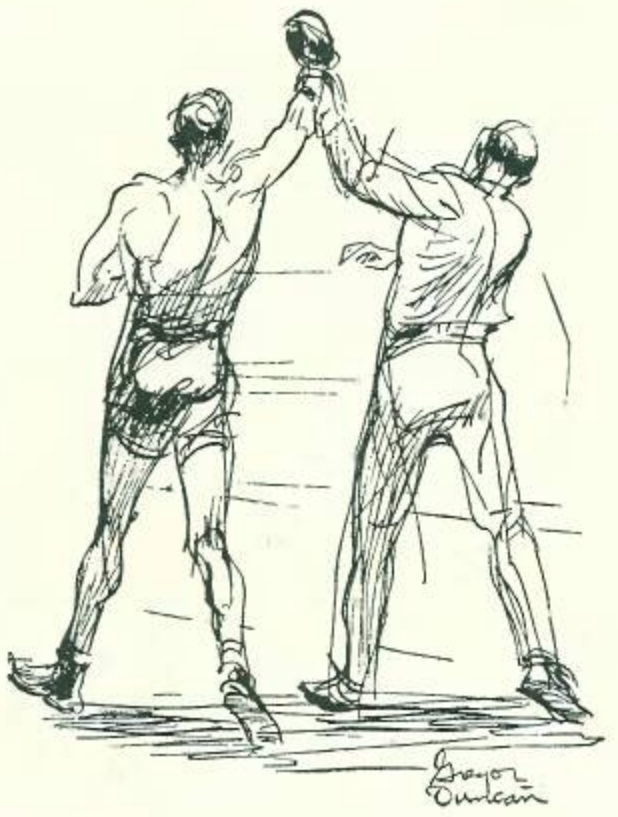
LILLY TURNER—A play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, with Dorothy Hall. Opens Mon., Sept. 19. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

THE BUDGET—A comedy by Robert Middlemass, with Lynne Overman and Mary Lawlor. Opens Mon., Sept. 19. (Hudson, 44, E. 8:40 P.M.)

•

The following productions were scheduled to open during the week ending Sat., Sept. 17:

CLEAR ALL WIRES!—Thomas Mitchell in a play by Samuel and Bella Spewack. (Times Square, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

FLYING COLORS—An intimate revue by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, with Clifton Webb, Patsy Kelly, Charles Butterworth, Tamara Geva, and others. (Imperial, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—A pleasant place to pass the early-autumn evenings, dancing to Eddy Duchin's expert rhythms.*

MAYFAIR YACHT CLUB, 450½ E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9163)—A new dinner and supper club on a terrace beside the East River, scheduled to open Wed. Eve., Sept. 21. Meyer Davis' dance music.*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and supper dancing in an aloof spot, high, high above the town. William Scotti's orchestra.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Mr. Urban's white Japanese roosters still look down from their blue-and-gold bower as you dance to music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and the Argentinians.*

STARLIGHT ROOF, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Jack Denny and his orchestra playing for dinner and supper dancing in one of the town's most elegant hanging gardens.*

MORE ROOFS—Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920), dinner and supper to Paul Whiteman's music, and it takes you back to your Palais Royal days.* . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn Heights (Main 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view; Freddy Martin's orchestra. . . . St. Moritz Sky Salon, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), with Harold Stern's dance music.

Other aërial places: Astor Roof, B'way at 44; McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34, Eddie Lane's dance music; Park Central Roof, 7 Ave. at 55, Noble Sissle's band; and Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33, Lew Conrad's orchestra. . . . Not a roof, but air-cooled: Hotel New Yorker Summer Terrace, 8 Ave. at 34, Don Bestor's orchestra.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), with an elaborate revue and no cover charge.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: 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 ask a friend where to find the various low-down dives; but two 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.

SPANISH ATMOSPHERE—El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan, at Wash. Sq. (Spring 7-0875), small and clubby, with very rumba music.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Dining and dancing on the outdoor terrace.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Good food, with Tom Cline's orchestra for dancing.

POST LODGE, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y. (Larchmont 2660)—With Smith Ballew and his orchestra.

RIVIERA, Coytesville, N.J., just across the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 2675)—A fine view of the Hudson, a show, and a Broadway crowd.

WOODMANSTEN INN, Williamsbridge Rd. at Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 2-9818)—Will Osborne and his band.

(Continued on page 6)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
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LORD & TAYLOR
FIFTH AVENUE



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

NOTES—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

À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ—Another chance to see René Clair's fine fantasy. (5 Ave. Playhouse, 66 5 Ave. at 12; continuous from 1 P.M.)

CONGORILLA—Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and the pygmies in a so-so picture of Congo doings. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 22 and 23; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE DARK HORSE—An opportune political farce, with Guy Kibbee and Warren William. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 20-22; continuous from 2 P.M.)

DEVIL AND THE DEEP—Charles Laughton gives this picture distinction, and he is helped in the task by Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 21 and 22; continuous from 1 P.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—The major Garbo film, which you should have seen long ago. (Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 10 A.M.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—The long and solemn O'Neill play dutifully screened with the help of Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at midnight.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—Revival of the popular German operetta, with superimposed English titles. (Europa, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon.)

NOTE—"Monte Carlo," with Jack Buchanan and Jeannette MacDonald, directed by Lubitsch, will be revived Mon., Sept. 19, only, at the Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; continuous from 2 P.M.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Horse Feathers," the Marx Brothers in a very funny football and collegiate picture; "Madame Racketeer," Alison Skipworth in a rowdy and often funny farce; "Speak Easily," cheerful antics on the part of Buster Keaton, assisted by Jimmy Durante.

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).

OPENINGS OF NOTE

MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM—The very superior German picture of life in a girls' school, which has been a great success in Europe. With English titles and easily followed. The postponed opening will take place during the week of Sept. 19; see daily papers for date. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

•

MOVIE CRAZY—The new Harold Lloyd picture was scheduled to open Wed., Sept. 14. (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: 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.

MIXED MODERNS—Group show of American and French painters of the advanced school: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 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.

WHITNEY—Paintings, sculpture, water colors, and prints, from the permanent collection: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

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

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

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

LITTLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — James conducting: Sat. Eves., Sept. 17 and 24, at 8, over WOR.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Pianist, with concert orchestra: Sun. Eve., Sept. 18, at 10, over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds (Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:20 P.M.): Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. through Sun., Sept. 16-18; Giants vs. Boston, Mon. through Wed., Sept. 19-21; Giants vs. Brooklyn, Thurs., Sept. 22; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun., Sept. 24 and 25, doubleheaders at 1:30 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Max Schmeling vs. Mickey Walker, heavyweights: Madison Square Garden Bowl, Northern Blvd. at 45 St., Long Island City, Fri. Eve., Sept. 23; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take I.R.T.-Flushing subway from Times Sq. or Grand Central to Bliss St. Sta.; or L.I.R.R. from Penn. Sta. to Woodside.)

FOOTBALL—Opening of season: Columbia vs. Middlebury, Baker Field, B'way at 218, Sat. Aft., Sept. 24, at 3. (Take B'way subway to 215 St.)

GOLF—National Amateur Championship, Five Farms Course, Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md.; last two days, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 16 and 17.

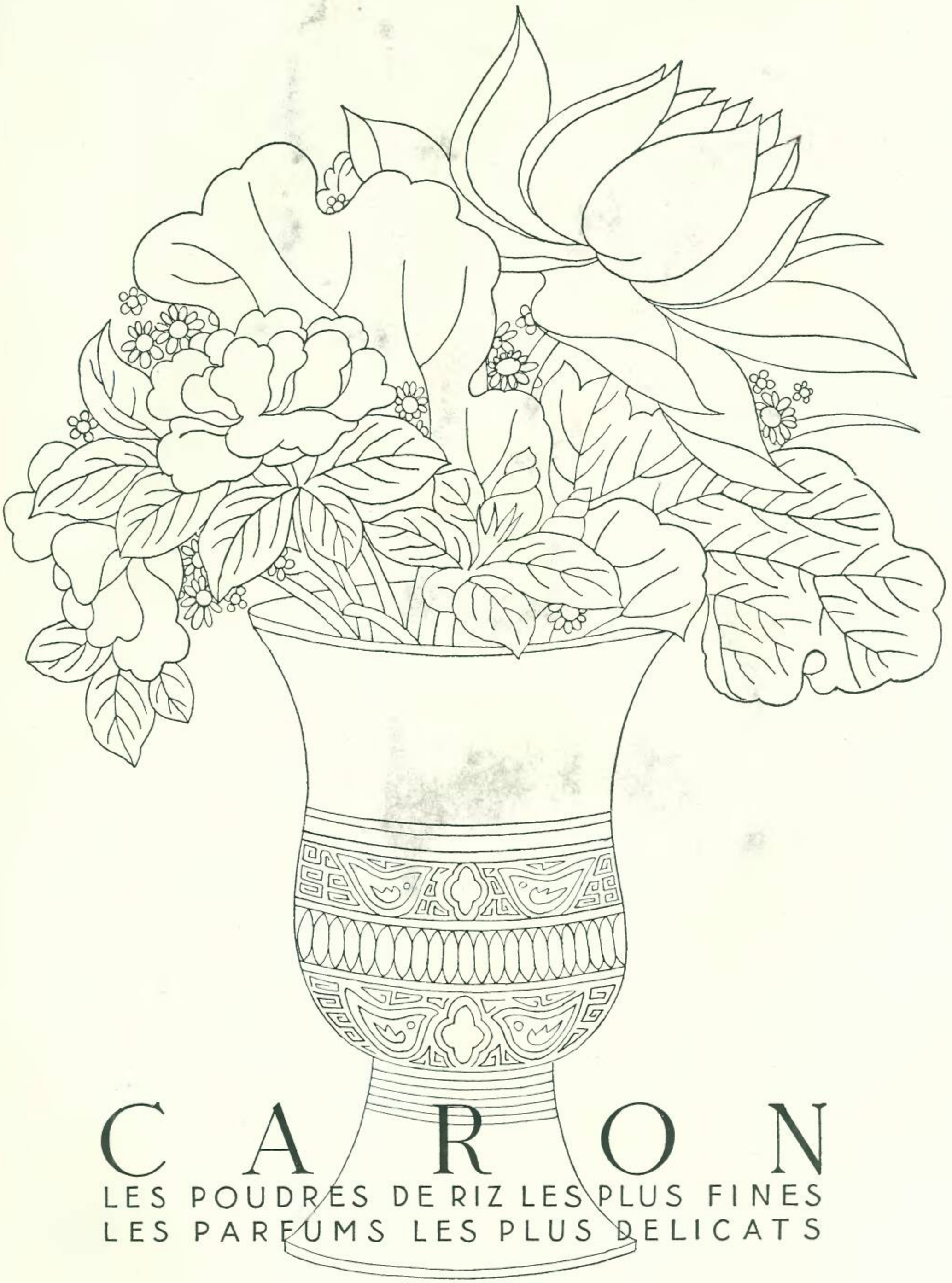
HORSE SHOWS—Wissahickon Horse Show, Whitemarsh, Pa., Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 22-24. . . . National Polo Pony Show, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Fri., Sept. 23. . . . Greenwich Horse Show, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Sept. 24.

HUNT RACES—Adjacent Hunts, on the estate of the late John W. Sterling, Quaker Ridge Rd., Greenwich, Conn., Sat., Sept. 17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, on the estate of F. Ambrose Clark, Westbury, L.I., Sat., Sept. 24, at noon.

POLO—Waterbury Cup Final, International Field, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Sat. Aft., Sept. 17, at 4. . . . Special match, East vs. West, Meadow Brook Club, Sat. Aft., Sept. 24, at 4.

RACING—Belmont Park: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Sept. 16 and 17, at 2:30 P.M. The Futurity will be run Sat., Sept. 17. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.) . . . Aqueduct track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Mon., Sept. 19. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

YACHTING — International Championship, Star Class, Southport, Conn., Fri. through Thurs., Sept. 16-22. . . . Long Island Sound races: Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Port Washington, L.I., Sat., Sept. 17; Port Washington Yacht Club, Sat., Sept. 24.



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LES PARFUMS LES PLUS DELICATS

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ALTMAN DUOSETTES give you a new fashion creed

We believe in silhouette control. We believe in the uplift movement. We know that intelligent corseting gives a soft sculptured finish to the feminine mould. We can prove that Nature can be improved upon with the soft restraint of these modern garments. Make a little vow to accent your figure's best points and tone down the others with these new Altman duosettes.

"ALTESSE" BY LILY OF FRANCE. Peach silk brocade, boned lightly in front. Alençon pattern lace uplift brassiere and panties. $19.50. Subtly fashioned silk elastic that snugs the hips, boned front and back. $35.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

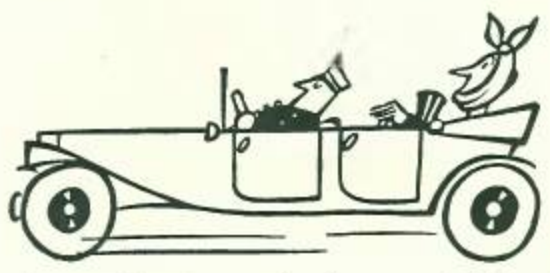
AS the bold summit of Rockefeller Center rises, framed in our window, we become daily more impatient to see Barry Faulkner's glass mosaic, which is to adorn the walls of the R.C.A. Building. Our reason for wanting to see it is that we came across the following description of it: "The theme of Faulkner's sketch is 'Intelligence Awakening Mankind.' The central figure standing above the world represents Thought. On either side are her articulate manifestations—Spoken Words and Written Words. Specific thoughts transmitted to man by Radio from the central fountainhead serve to free him from the terrors of Ignorance, Cruelty, Poverty, and Fear. A current of thought energy flows through the universe from the main source and, bursting into flames, destroys the enemies of



man. The awakening and extension of intelligence come under the headings of religion, music, drama, politics, chemistry, sports, biology, and advertising."

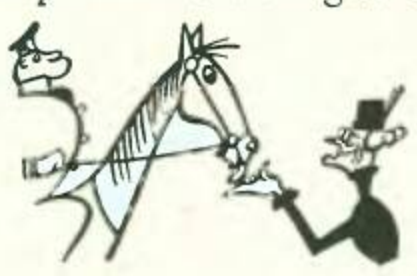
It ought to be arranged so that, by turning it, you could find the concealed tube of toothpaste.

THE latter days of Jimmy Walker have affected us with sadness, like the latter days of summer. It is with reluctance that we watch the premier exponent of extravagance and gaudiness subdued. It is with tears that we see him, who once had a good job, join the ranks of the jobless. Even the placing at his disposal of a Rolls-Royce, by the attentive and loyal Mr. Blumenthal, had its note of irony and despair; for the ex-Mayor's first journey in this elegant car—the very first place he drove to—was to the dentist's. Even his quiet sailing for the Mediterranean to regain his health. "I want to lie down," he said, as he departed. It is all like a last sad chap-



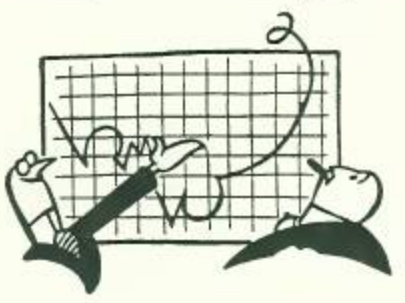
ter in a book. And to think that it was just for some silly little thing like saving the city eighty million dollars!

MR. WALKER long ago prophesied Mr. McKee's elevation to the throne. "Joe would make a logical successor to me," said Jimmy, years ago. We haven't seen any of what might be called logic in the succession yet, but one thing that McKee's drastic economy program has made apparent is the enormous flexibility and elasticity of the cost of government. It is quite an eye-opener; we had no idea things were so simple. A budget, apparently, can be almost anything. A couple of million dollars one way or another is no trouble at all. It struck us that if it is really possible to cut eighty million dollars out of the expense of government in a single day, just by ordering a few overpaid commissioners to do so, then the problem should give nobody



any pause. Certainly there is no limit to the ways of cutting down expense. While we think of it, now is the time to discontinue oats for police horses: let them live on what old ladies give them.

ALONG with the newspapers' determined policy of printing all sorts of curious little interviews with obscure but hopeful manufacturers, quoting them on the upturn of business ("Manager of Twisted Thread Concern Predicts Flood of Buying Orders"), there ought to be a companion policy of printing only such charts on the financial page as have a curve which goes *up*, regardless of what its course upward means. This shouldn't be hard to manage, because any chart can be so drawn that the line goes up, whether it indicates an increase or a decrease of something. Nothing cheers a citizen so much as seeing an Up-line. We noticed one the other day and our spirits were immeasurably raised, even though, after we



had stopped to figure out what the line really meant, we discovered that the higher the line rose the worse off the country was.

THERE is quite a lot of talk about getting the federal government to endow a national theatre, something on the lines of the Comédie-Française. People interested in the idea seem to think that a percentage of the millions of dollars that the government collects in amusement taxes ought to go back into the industry. The catch to it, probably, is that most congressmen by this time have seen "Of Thee I Sing" and would be a little slow about voting federal aid to people like

Ryskind and Kaufman. You couldn't blame them, either.

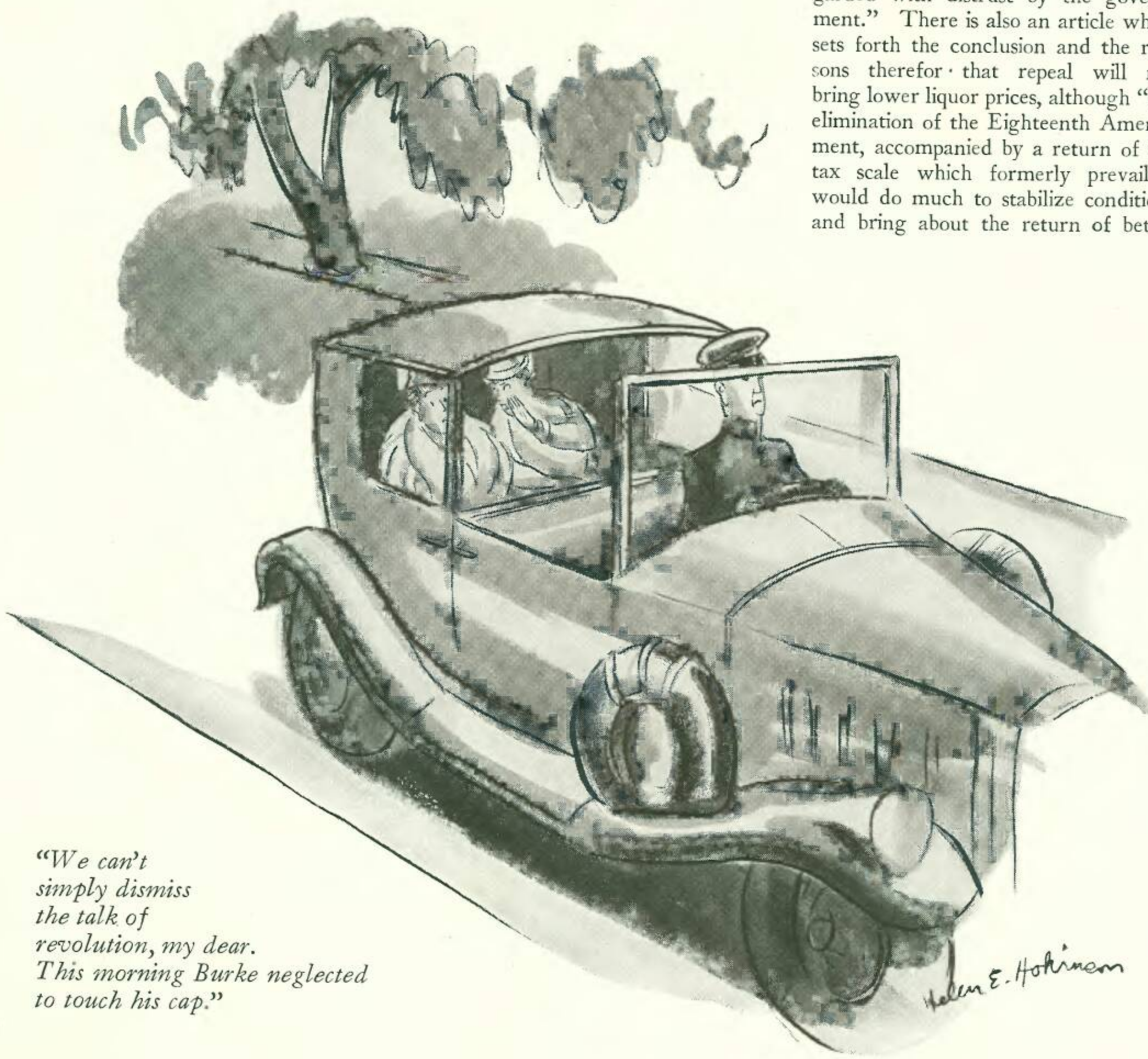
Consistent

A CHAP who this spring just dropped things where they were and went off to spend the summer in West Springfield, N.H., had trouble with his mail. It all went to Springfield, Mass. Letters with the "West" underlined half a dozen times and arrows pointing to "N.H." went to Springfield, Mass. He spent a great deal of time protesting and in the end wrote to the Postmaster-General, explaining the whole thing. In due time he received an answer to his protest. The Postmaster was very sorry; steps were being taken and everything would be done to prevent a repetition of the unfortunate occurrences. The envelope bringing the assurance was correctly addressed, but it had gone the way of the others and when delivered bore the usual stamped inscription: "Missent to Springfield, Mass."

House Organ

WE are happy to welcome into the publication field the *Liquor Market Gazette: A Journal of Information for Connoisseurs of Spiritous Beverages*, the spelling of the penultimate word of the subtitle being the *Gazette's*. It made its first appearance not long ago, issued by a bootlegger who had been thinking about it for some time, feeling that it would add tone to his business. He hired an editor, a man who used to be in the scenario department of the Fox Film Corporation, found a printer who would chance it, and came out with his first issue. It was eared Vol. I, No. 6, but that was just a dodge to make it look more established. The masthead is a well-drawn ship under sail between clusters of half a dozen barrels in the right and left foreground, an adaptation of the design which has been the publisher's trademark in the liquor business for twelve years. No names given, of course.

The first volume is chatty and thorough. It contains an article on liquor shipments, a discussion of the increasing demand for champagne, a piece on drinking in Havana, an exposure of how cutting is done, a squib pointing out that ginger ale has but one use (in a rye highball), and a rather bitter editorial denouncing the cordial shops for purveying "odoriferous and low-proof concoctions of redistilled alcohol" and for selling undersized bottles of that. The editor thinks the cordial shop is doomed. For one thing, it is "regarded with distrust by the government." There is also an article which sets forth the conclusion and the reasons therefor · that repeal will not bring lower liquor prices, although "the elimination of the Eighteenth Amendment, accompanied by a return of the tax scale which formerly prevailed, would do much to stabilize conditions and bring about the return of better



"We can't
simply dismiss
the talk of
revolution, my dear.
This morning Burke neglected
to touch his cap."

times." A generous statement under the circumstances, we thought.

We called on the publisher of the *Liquor Market Gazette* and found him a man earnestly interested in the improvement of the liquor business. He feels that the industry hasn't been developed as it should have been. "There's very little originality in it," he said. He gave us three little pamphlets he got up on gin, rye, and Scotch, each containing recipes and an erudite little essay. The word "whiskey," we learned from one of them, comes from the old Gaelic *uis gebeatha*. Bet you didn't know that.

Rush

A PRETTY, energetic, and efficient young business-woman of this island was called to Charleston a week or so ago—to help settle an estate—and started at the affair in a business-like and brisk manner. One day, as she was walking rapidly with big No'the'n strides through the business part of the Southern town, a courtly old gentleman tapped her on the arm and arrested her mad progress. He raised his hat. "There is no hurry, Madam," he said gravely, and passed slowly on.

Pride of the Department

WE inspected the John J. Harvey, the city's newest fireboat, last Saturday, our interest having been aroused by her prowess in the Cunard fire early in the summer, and then revived by the Observation explosion, to which we found, however, the Harvey did not respond. It was out of her field. The Harvey is the boat stationed just back of the Aquarium. As we arrived aboard, a fireman from Milwaukee, here on vacation, was just leaving. "Heard a lot about your new boat," he was explaining to the captain, "and when I saw her, I just left the wife writing postcards in the park there and ducked over to have a look around." There is general interest in the John J. Harvey in fire circles.

The Harvey has everything a fireman could dream of. Her motive power is gas-electric; gasoline motors run generators which supply electricity for motors which turn the propellers. It's complicated but it works an enormous saving. The rest of the city's fireboats (we have a total of ten) are steam-driven, and have to keep up steam all the time. This is expensive. The Harvey's motors lie idle except when she's going somewhere. Carrying gasoline on a fireboat may sound risky, but they've got around the danger: automatic shut-off valves, bells which ring and lights which flash in case of leakage, the tank itself separated by a dead-air space from the hull of the vessel, which insulates it against heat. Anyhow, it isn't gasoline that explodes but a mixture of its vapor with air. On the Harvey, instead of drawing off the gasoline in the ordinary way, they force it out of the top of the tank by pumping in water at the bottom, which, being the heavier liquid, stays underneath. The result is that the tank is always full: no air for the gasoline vapor to mix with.



The boat, gasoline and all, was in the thick of things at the Cunard fire and came through nobly. She worked steadily for twenty-seven hours, pumping fifteen million gallons of water onto the pier. At that, her pumps rarely went at more than half capacity. Full on, she can handle sixteen thousand gallons a minute. A fraction of this goes over the Harvey herself, through perforated pipes which run all around the hull under the railing and all around the eaves of the deckhouse, keeping the vessel showered. Not that she isn't fireproof; there isn't a stick of wood in her. It's to protect the firemen and the paintwork. It looks pretty, too.

The Harvey throws a broadside from eight "deck guns," or swivel-mounted nozzles. Also she has hose and special equipment for boarding and landing parties, such as whirling nozzles like lawn-sprinklers for lowering into the holds of burning steamers and bent nozzles for getting behind piling. She has searchlights and floodlights for night fire-fighting and even a small motorboat for getting in under piers and other places where the Harvey herself can't go; it can pump seventy-five gallons a minute itself.

The Harvey's territory extends around the Battery and up both sides of the island, as far as Grand Street on the east and Canal Street on the west. She answers an average of about two alarms a day. She answers all alarms which emanate not only from her shores but also from one block inland, so that she often goes racing up the river only to find a small tenement-house fire which the land companies have already put out.

Greenwich-on-Hudson

UNABLE to get satisfaction from the agents, the lessee of one of those ancient, high-stooped houses on Christopher Street went to Boston to see the owners: two sisters, elderly spinsters. Surrounded by horsehair furniture and whatnots, the ladies gave him audience. He described to them the ingrowing plumbing, the octopus-like furnace, the crumbling plaster, the leaking roof, as their eyebrows arched higher and higher. He gathered they were not even remotely interested in present-day real-estate problems, but he plunged ahead, telling about his subrenting difficulties, and wound up with a plea for a reduction in rent.

After a pause, one of the ladies spoke. "We know very little about the things you have been telling us," she said. "Our agents take care of everything. But do you think that the rent is excessive, with all the natural advantages of the house—the view of the Hudson, the rural atmosphere, the gardens, and the fields?"

It came out that they hadn't seen the house since their return from the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, which was fifty-six years ago. They didn't even know Christopher Street had an electric trolley. The lessee came back to wrestle with his plumbing and leaks, which, after all, seemed simpler.

Magician

DR. SALO FINKELSTEIN made his first public appearance in New York the night Jimmy Walker resigned, so the edge was taken off his show. He's a better man than old Gunga Jimmy, however, and deserved more notice than he got. He's the world's greatest lightning calculator. He's been staying at the Hotel Breslin here for months, running out every now and then to nonplus the profs and students of Harvard, Yale, and other colleges with his mathematical miracles.

Dr. Finkelstein, slender, round-shouldered, Polish, bespectacled, thirty-five, and nervous, entertained a handful of people in the Museum of Science

and Industry the night of the Big Resignation. To begin with, he drew a square on a blackboard, divided it into twenty-five spaces, and wrote numbers down as fast as they were called out by his audience until the twenty-five spaces were filled. Then, instantly turning his back to the board, he repeated the twenty-five numbers horizontally, vertically, and in a spiral that ended with the number in the centre space. This, said the Doctor with his accent, was nozzing. He called for a three-digit number and somebody gave him 347; then another, and somebody yelled 468. Dr. Finkelstein wrote them on the blackboard and in exactly 2.7 seconds put down the product of their multiplication—slow, as his mind works. He can add up fifteen digits, for example, in a quarter of a second, or as fast as you can swat a fly.

The great Salo was brought here in February by the Psychological Corporation, a grave and dignified body of educators including Dr. Angell of Yale and John B. Watson. Since then he has been mystifying college folk. He was up at the Department of Psychology at N.Y.U. off and on all summer. They tested all his tricks, but didn't come to any conclusion as to how he did them. He knows, though. Says he has a powerful "visual memory." The hardest calculation he ever made was the multiplication in his head of two ten-digit numbers. He multiplied some number like 1,897,-845,632 by some number like 7,954,-623,795. He did this at the University of Warsaw in 1925, thereby taking the world's mental-multiplication record away from the late Dr. Ruckle, a German whiz who had multiplied two eight-digit numbers. It gave Finkelstein a bad minute or two. He hasn't done a ten-digit multiplication since: too exhausting.

Dr. Finkelstein was born in Lodz. His father is a bank cashier, and no genius. Salo had an ordinary education, never going beyond algebra in math. He got started calculating in his early twenties, when he saw an itinerant calculator multiply 387 by 976, or two numbers like that, in his head. It took the man four minutes. Salo went home, practiced up, and found he could do three-digiters in four seconds. He became famous and went around awing the naïve professors of European colleges. The government of Poland, nobody's fool, hired him for its Statistical Office, where he worked for five years, replacing forty adding machines. He never made an error. He quit to go in for calculating as a profession. Makes a fair income at it by charging small fees for appearances and says he's proud to aid psychology. He gets showy vaudeville offers, but turns them down.

At his New York demonstration, he offered to reduce a four-digit number to the sum of four squares. Somebody called out 9,731. Finkelstein closed his eyes and thought about two minutes. Then he wrote down 93 squared, plus 7 squared, plus 32 squared, plus 3 squared. A sad man at an adding machine found this was right.

Salo knows a thousand dates—births, deaths, etc.; he knows pi to three hundred places after the decimal point; he knows to seven decimals the logarithms of the numbers from 1 to 200. His mind is a jungle of numbers. When somebody happened to mention 347 at his show here, he said it was the year (B.C.) that Plato died, the phone number of the president of the University of Vilna, and that 4.000347 is the logarithm of 10,008.



"I feel like God!"

• •

Consort

PARDON us for again mentioning the Postal Telegraph's personal-service bureau, but it does do interesting things. Recently an East Hampton matron ordered a tall, blond escort, able to dance well, and with a thick foreign accent. Postal, which doesn't really care for the gigolo business but is in it as a favor, wasn't sure it had a

thick foreign accent on hand, and asked tactfully if this were absolutely necessary. The lady said it was, as it would enable the man to steer clear of conversations too brilliant, smart, or cultured for him. When the talk got over his head, he could plead inability to speak or understand English well. He could just smile, and be blond and tall, and dance well, and nobody would know he was from Postal. They would think he was from Poland. Postal dug up a man and the matron paid him twenty dollars for the evening, and expenses. He was a Russian noble, fallen upon hard times, and, as a matter of fact, able to hold up his end even in an East Hampton conversation. Postal escorts, we hear, are drawn from young men known personally to Postal officials or, in a pinch, from the Burns Detective Agency. We hear the Burns Agency will supply escorts to meet any demand.

Another mission recently performed by Postal was the purchase and delivery of two peacocks as a present to a surprised family in Westport. The order came from Ernest Hemingway, the writer, who telegraphed from Casper, Wyoming. Postal didn't bat an eye.

Duck-Protectors

IF you lock the wings of a live duck, the Humane Society will get you, as it did one duck-wing-locker last year. Personally, we wouldn't know how to go about locking a duck, and the Society's pamphlet listing the five hundred and eighty-one cruelties to animals which it investigated last year doesn't explain. We can, however, explain some other things about the Society, which has nothing to do with the S.P.C.A., which we told about recently. The two societies really care very little about each other. The Humane Society was founded by Mr. David Belais, a naturalized Frenchman, in 1904; he had been an S.P.C.A. man but quit that society in 1903 to start his own, which is much smaller but quite zealous. It has only about half a dozen agents, but its directors, among whom are William Rhinelander Stewart, Walter Beinecke, Herbert Bayard Swope, and General Louis W. Stotesbury, also wear badges and can arrest people for beating horses, putting too many rabbits in one crate, etc. General Stotesbury is a diligent arrester; he has taken a lot of people to Headquarters, usually for not having blankets on their horses in cold weather. Most of the offenders arrested are fined. Last year, one man was sent to jail.

The Society keeps terribly busy. Its agents peep into bird stores, backstage at theatres, in and around stables, to see that all is going well with whatever animals are on hand. Twenty or more pet-owners phone its offices—at Seventh Avenue and Thirteenth Street—every day, asking advice. Twenty-four thousand animals were examined by the Society last year, many at its free clinic. Forty-six cats were removed from trees and telephone poles. A hundred and forty-four emergency horseshoes were given to embarrassed horses.

Just this year, a medal was established by Mr. T. J. Oakley Rhinelander to be awarded every year to whoever had performed the most notable act of kindness to a dumb beast. It was awarded for the first time just a few weeks ago, to B.-M.T. Motorman Joseph J. Krankoff for slowing his train to two miles an hour behind a Pomeranian which was walking along the track. The dog was picked up, safe but tired, at the next station.

On the day before Christmas every year, the Society puts up a big Christmas tree, known as the animals' Christmas tree. Children bring their pets and drivers bring their horses, and get free food for them. A horse that has had a bad year gets a pail of apples, some oats, a watering pail, blanket, and an open bridle, and its driver a pair of gloves. Well-to-do horses just get apples and oats. Railway Express drivers show up in a body. (Their horses are considered well-to-do.) A Boy Scout band plays and a boy dressed as Santa Claus hands out the presents. Youngsters bring cats, dogs, monkeys, rabbits, and canaries.

The Society is supported by its members. It has a lot of honorary vice-presidents, among them George Arliss. The vice-presidents haven't got police powers; Mr. Arliss, therefore, would have difficulty arresting a duck-locker. The commonest offence prosecuted by the Humaners is "Driving a sore animal." More than three hundred drivers were hauled in for this offence last year. Three people were arrested for "Racing animals." One man was found idly plucking feathers from a duck. Another was caught igniting the tail of a collie.

If your pussycat is up a tree, call CH 3-5635.

Hat

A NICELY dressed, sane-looking gentleman of forty-five autumns or so was driving down Fifth Avenue in a bright roadster with the top down, the other day, when suddenly he removed his hat, a very new brown felt of modish make, and threw it away. In case anybody saw this extraordinary gesture, we can explain how it happened. The gentleman, a bit absent-minded, has two cars, the other being a sedan. He thought he was in the sedan and had tossed his hat over his shoulder onto the back seat.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Roosevelt is the weakest man in the country, Miss Gledhill."



"I'll always be waiting, Madeline."

DEAR OLD PARIS

MEMORIES BY ONE WHO HAS NEVER BEEN THERE
BUT HAS HEARD AND READ PLENTY ABOUT IT

SEVERAL days ago I went up to the attic to get some moths for my new blue serge suit, and in going through an old trunk came across a faded velvet beret and a small reddish beard.

The beret and the beard I had worn in my student days in Paris! . . . I sat there for what seemed an hour—and, in fact, was an hour—lost in dreams of those dear, dead days.

Father had not wanted me to become an artist. He wanted me to join the business and learn it from the bottoms up. He was a brewer. I tried, but I couldn't do it. Milwaukee stifled me. I felt that there was something in me that was very precious that Milwaukee would kill unless I escaped. I knew I had to get away, or perish. I had to be free; free to live my own life in my own way, free to express myself. Father could not understand. There was a scene.

I left, and went to Paris. But Mother sent me plenty of money.

IT seems ages ago that I dropped into the little *pension* in the Rue de la Paix, behind the Gare du Nord, off the Boulevard des Capucines, and bought that red beard. It cost but a franc. (Imagine getting a beard these days for a franc.) I remember Liane, the little *cocotte* who sold me the beard. She was my first love in Paris, a gay wisp of a girl, as affectionate as a puppy. We used to wander hand in hand, back and forth, over the Pont Neuf on spring nights when the air was soft with that wonderful softness the air has in spring in Paris.

I bought the beret at a quaint little shop in the Faubourg St.-Germain, just off the Rue St.-Honoré. A dear old Frenchman in a smock and wooden *sabots* kept the shop, but his daughter, Marie, a ravishing blonde, did most of the work. She was the fourth sweetheart of my student days in Paris. On a summer night when the air was soft with that marvellous softness the air has in Paris in summer, I would finish my painting, hurry over to the Rue St.-Honoré, and help Marie put up the shutters. Then we would leave *Maman* (as the French call their father) sitting in front of the shop, smoking his pipe contentedly, and we two would wander off, hand in hand. The old gentleman would smile and wave at us with that tender understanding of young love which the French display so well whenever there is a sufficient *dot*.

Marie and I would go to Foyot's, in the Place Pigalle just off the "Boul' Mich,'" for *escargots*. Gad, when I think of those *escargots* at Foyot's in the old days, prepared as only Pierre could pierre them, with that heavenly sauce that only he could conjure. Pierre could do things with a leek, some white wine, a bit of parsley, an onion, and a piece of old shoe leather, that you wouldn't believe possible. The sauce prepared, he would place it near the snails. Entranced by the magic concoction, they would troop out of their shells and pop one by one into the sauce, willing martyrs in the cause of good cuisine. *Et voilà!* There were your *escargots à la Pierre*.

Pierre's daughter, Diane, used to help him. I wonder what happened to that dainty, delightful minx who was the seventh love of my student days in Paris. On autumn evenings, when the air was soft with that divine softness of air in Paris in autumn, I would call at Foyot's for Diane.

"*Mais*, aren't you going to help me *avec les escargots ce soir, ma petite fille de joie?*" her father would inquire.

"*Enfer avec les escargots*," Diane would retort gaily, and off we'd go to a little *bistro* called the Chat Rouge. No, it wasn't the Chat that was Rouge; it was the Moulin that was Rouge. The Chat was Noir, and it was on the Place de la Concorde, just behind the Madeleine (an *église*).



In those days only a few of us knew about the Chat Noir. George Moore used to come there, for one. He was a struggling young *concierge* at the time, or struggling *with* a young *concierge*; he told me which, but I have forgotten. Marcel Proust used to come there, too. A strange sort of chap, Proust. He was a neurotic, and an asthmatic to boot, and he would never leave his room. I shall never forget what an odd sight it was to see Proust come walking down the Boulevard des Italiens, in his room.

Of course, when I was studying in Paris, French cooking had not yet been invented by George Jean Nathan, but one could get perfectly good food at Napoleon's Tomb, which was run by a magnificent old rip named Margot. I can see her now—grizzled, bearded like a pard, fierce of eyebrow, keys jingling at her apron—taking her seat at the cash register and shouting "*Alors!*" at the harassed waiters.

Dear old Margot. She was like a mother to me.

Matisse used to go to Margot's, also Matosse and Matasse and Matoose. I often saw Monet and Manet there, and Manit and Manot and Manou, and sometimes W.

And the singing we students used to perpetrate! *Mon Dieu*, it's a wonder our singing didn't bring on a second Terror. Our favorite was an old Provençal ballad called "*Samedi soir le bain*," and if I remember correctly, it went like this:

Tais toi, mon bijou,
Tu sais que je t'aime,
Allons, dis donc, au Sorbonne!
Zut! Alors!

It used to make us cry, especially if we were homesick. Then there was another, called "*Peut-être*," if I remember rightly:

Mon petit choux,
J'adore vous;
Il n'y a pas des papillons?
Hein! Alors!

We sang that one when we were happy.

And such arguments as we students used to have, while the saucers piled higher and higher. We knew it all, or thought we did. How innocent, how naïve we really were, yet how furious we should have been if anyone had told us at the time that we were naïve or furious. The *vin rouge* wasn't potent enough for us Americans. We had to improve on it, greatly to the disgust of the French. We used to mix the *vin rouge* with *vin bleu* and drink the result, which was *vin pourpré*. But the French wouldn't drink the mixture. They used it for their fountain pens.

Fountain pens remind me of those

Sundays at Versailles, watching the Fountains play. There were five of them, all accomplished musicians. There were the mother and father (piano and harp, respectively); a son who played the violoncello; another son, "Poodles," who supplied the comedy relief; and Louise Fountain, the daughter—dark, beautiful Louise, with such eyes! She played the B-flat cornet. Naturally, I was not long in making the acquaintance of Louise and that acquaintance quickly ripened into—ah, but one does not kiss and tell.

I SHALL never forget my first Quat'z' Arts ball. It was there I met Lucienne, the twenty-seventh sweetheart of my student days in Paris. A group of riotous, fun-loving students had stripped poor Lucienne of every last vestige of her costume. She didn't seem to mind awfully. I, *moi-même*, was no better off, a crowd of souvenir-hunting midinettes from Les Invalides having swept gaily over me, leaving me as bare as a tree after a visit from a swarm of locusts.

"Aren't you a mannequin in Worth's on the Rue Lamarck?" I asked Lucienne.

"Yes," she replied.

"I thought I recognized your face," I said. "It makes dawn. Will you drive out the Bois to Les Halles with me for some of that onion soup for which it is famous?"

"Oh, Monsieur is kind, but I am not dressed for onion soup."

"Nonsense, little goose," I told her. "Come just as you are." So off we went to Les Halles to watch the farmers and their oxen trudging in at the dawn laden with onion soup from the Hautes-Pyrénées, Normandy, and the Côte d'Azur. It was in December, and the air was soft with that entrancing softness of air in Paris in winter.

I recall the picnics at St.-Cloud—the funny, middle-class French families having their Sunday outing; husband, wife, children, mistress, all very gay. And Prunier's. I wonder if the chicken à la King à la Prunier's is still as good as it was. And the dear old Paris sewers—ah, but I ramble on until I grow tiresome.

THEY unveiled a bust of me at the Hall of Fame the other day. I looked about me at the eminent men who had gathered to honor the "greatest painter of the ages," as they were kind enough to term me. There were Dr. Nicholas Butler, Professor Irving Babbitt, Dr. John H. Finley, President Lowell, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and a host of others. And as I looked about me, I became sad. The years had passed. Father was wrong and I was right. I had fame, wealth, honor; but, as I said to myself that day, what does it mean to me? Now that I've got it, what does it *mean* to me? Has it brought me happiness? I wondered.

And suddenly I thought that, with all due respect to Dr. Butler and all those eminent gentlemen, I would gladly give them all up for one hour of youth and happiness with Liane, or Marie, or Louise, or Diane, or any one of the two hundred and seventy-four sweethearts of that first rapturous year as a student in Paris!

—FRANK SULLIVAN

• •

OF ALL THINGS

McKEE may not be as good in character parts as his predecessor was, but he has an eye for striking and novel effects. The pictures show him mayoring inside the City Hall instead of on the front steps.

•

What this city needs is a financial genius who can make ten dollars grow where one grew before. For mayor, if they can catch him, Russell T. Sherwood.

•

The old question, "What are little boys made of?," has been answered by Dr. Jacob Sanders. It turns out to be bicarbonate of soda.

•

In the midst of the political mess, New York found time to remember the past. We have been celebrating the golden jubilee of those noble institutions, electric bulbs and Weber & Fields.

•

Campaign slogan for a Certain Party: "He kept us out of funds."

•

Statistics show that campus romances make the most durable marriages. Only one union in seventy-five came to grief. Old grads say you can't get weddings today like Alma Mater used to make.

•

There is much hopeful talk about the upswing, and in this vicinity work has been found for many idle hands. Notably, those of the receiver.

•

Colonel Hutchinson was fined for landing in Greenland without permission. A Greenland traffic cop has few bright spots in his life and must make the best of his opportunities.

•

The universe is expanding rapidly, Sir Arthur Eddington says. Personally, we shall decline to believe this until we hear it from the lips of Roger Babson.

•

It strikes us that the drys are in a pretty desperate situation. There is nothing so pathetic as a prohibitionist forced to vote the Prohibition ticket.

•

Eastern colleges have had to reconsider the ban on radio broadcasting. The alumni, it seems, could not think of anything to do with their Saturday afternoons.

•

The G.O.P. leaders still feel pretty nervous about California. The folks out there cannot understand a man who wants to stay away eight years.

•

Kaye Don does not seem to get things quite straight. Last year his boat started too quickly and this time it stopped too soon.

•

Owing to bitter poverty, there are to be fewer nationwide hookups this campaign. The two parties will have to think up cheaper ways to save the country from each other.

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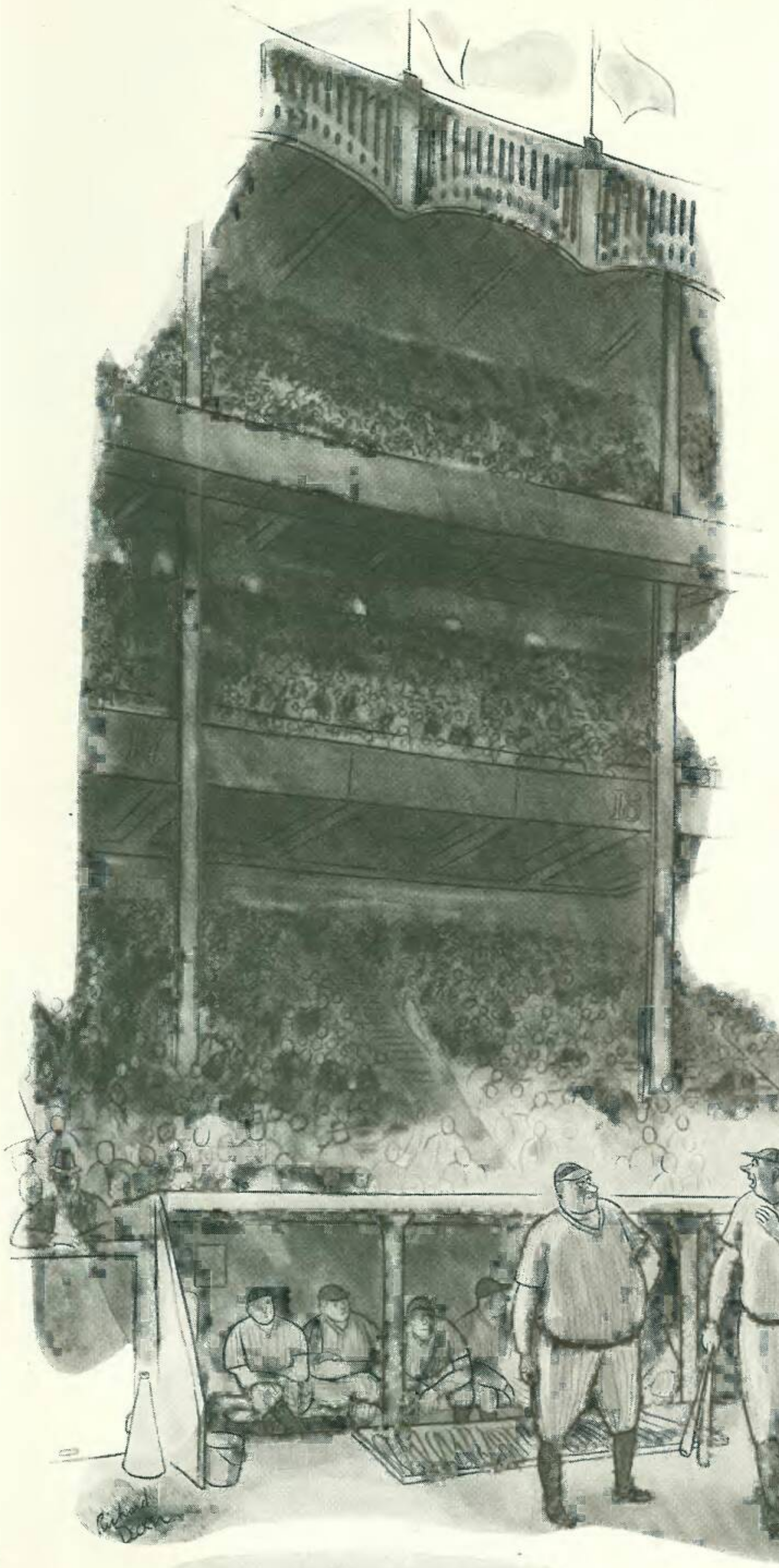
Iowa farmers still insist that nobody shall buy any goods from them. If there is anything they hate, it's a customer. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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RHYMES FROM OUT OF TOWN

This morning on an enamel dish
I saw the shapeliness of fish,
Trim mackerel whose rainbowed sides
At dawn had parted the cold tides
Now gleaming, accurate, lying here
A detail worthy of Vermeer.

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



"How many strikes did you say was out?"

ORDEAL BY BIRTHDAY CAKE

IT is a little late in the day now, I am afraid, to start a campaign against birthday cakes. The thing has become pretty well established, what with so many birthdays during the last hundred years and so many people laughing too loudly whenever a cake has been brought on. You would think that, when a thing had taken on the nature of a ritual like this, some of the *surprise* element might be dispensed with. You would think that we could take it in our stride like men. But then there would be no birthday cakes. And what a pleasant surprise *that* would be!

In the first place, the one in whose honor the cake has been baked is usually made miserable by it, unless he be a Mussolini or a Jack Sharkey. There must be a touch of megalomania in a man who relishes such sudden hysterical concentration on himself in the midst of a pleasant evening. Without a word, to have the room darkened and all conversation hushed, and then, amid a low chorus of "oohs!" and "ahhhs!," to find yourself the focal point of an onrushing comet of candles is not an experience which puts the average man at his ease, especially if he happens to have a spoonful of strawberry mousse in his mouth at the time.

It is especially embarrassing if the celebration happens to take place in a room where there are strangers eating at other tables, for they, too, enter into it with so much glee, standing up and peering across to see who the lucky sap is, and even applauding lightly as their part in the humiliation. Even if the affair is pulled off in the bosom of the family, the entrance of the cake immediately solidifies all the

other members of the tribe into a subtle alignment against the poor recipient, all delighting in any confusion he may show and adding to it by cries of "Speech, speech!" The whole affair, instead of being a tribute, becomes a Roman holiday, with the guest-of-honor standing alone in the arena without his trousers.

In the meantime, the victim must simulate a pleased surprise and say: "Well, I'll be—" or "What! For *me!*" in a tone which implies that the tiny Cratchits at their Christmas dinner were a band of blasé old *gourmets*. This fools no one, however, for no one is really as excited as he is pretending and there is a general feeling that, aside from the satisfaction of the impresario who cooked the whole thing up, the Big Moment is something of a flop. *Nothing* could be as surprising as every birthday cake is supposed to be, and eight out of ten among those present are glad when the *feu d'artifice* (and if ever there was a fire of artificiality it is a birthday cake) is over and the tension relaxed.

But the worst is yet to come, with the blowing out of the candles (of which there are never enough to give the affair a real point, necessitating an explanation that there had to be one candle for every ten years "and one to grow on") and, high point in the torture, the cutting and eating of the cake itself. The hero never can cut it evenly, and usually ends by tearing off great chunks in desperation, a desperation which is nothing compared to the futility of trying to choke down large mouthfuls of rich, dry pastry on top of what has presumably been a moderately filling dinner. If people are going to insist on birthday cakes' being eaten in full view of a crowd, they should make the cake of some moist or crisp material which does not induce strangulation at the first bite. Actors who are forced to eat a full dinner on the stage are in no more painful position than a party of satiated diners, all cramming fistfuls of dry crumbs into their mouths and trying to say: "It really is a marvellous cake! Who made it?" Those down at the other end of the table can get away with dropping it under the cloth or slipping it to the dog, but the Birthday Boy himself is never let off anything, and must go through with it to the end if it kills him—still looking surprised.

THE same protest which I am weakly trying to make against birthday cakes applies to surprise parties in general, all being grouped under the general head of Mob Sadism. Thanks to the current shortage of party funds and a temporary national moroseness, we have, for the time being, been relieved of this aggravated form of refined lynching to a large extent. Perhaps when we emerge from the Depression, we shall find ourselves a greatly chastened people, less given to partying by formula. Until then, we might as well let the matter ride. It really isn't terribly important.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

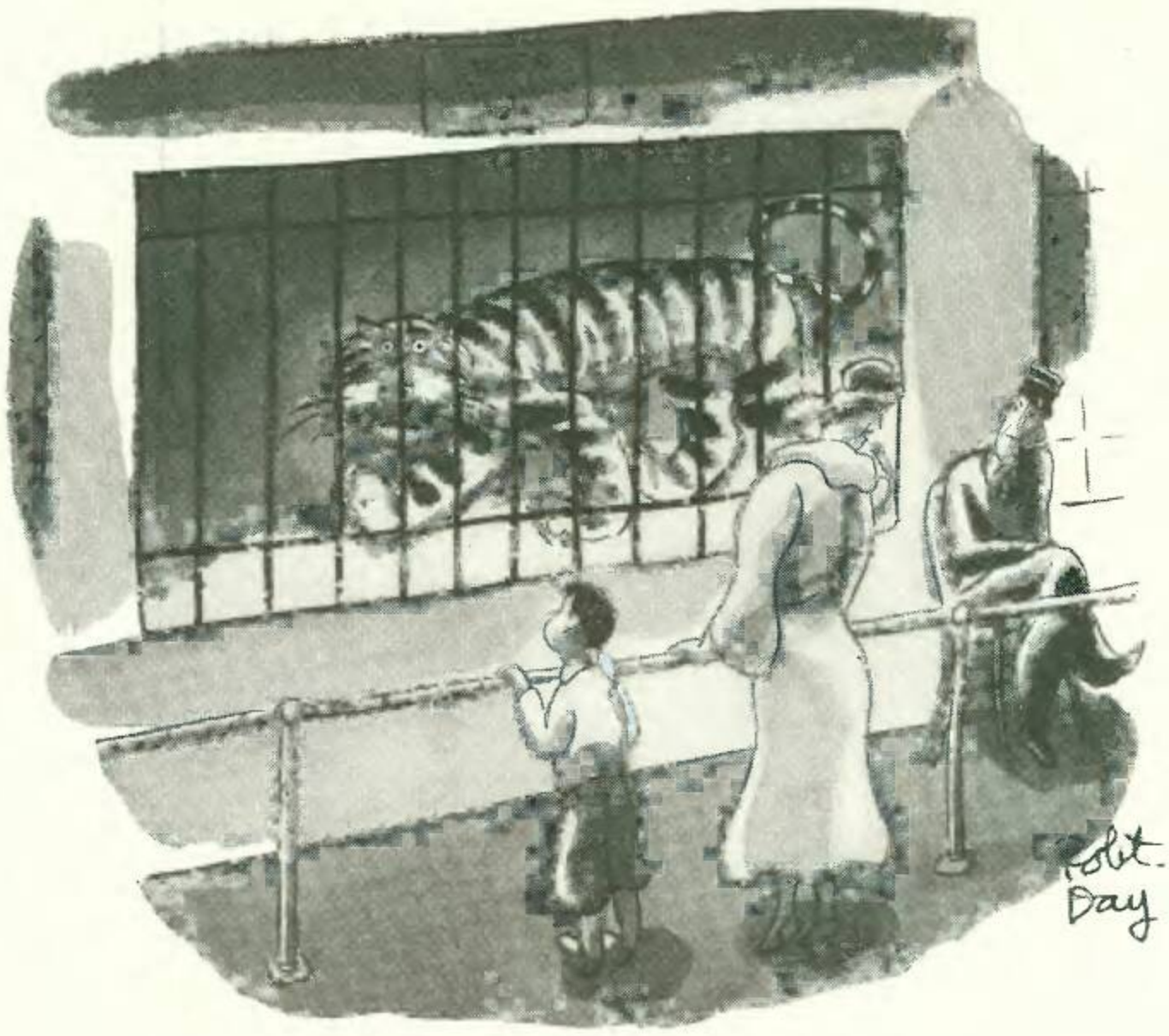


"Hello, Sol. Dis is Gus. How's de market for paintings?"

DINNER AT EIGHT

PEOPLE were coming to dinner. Two, four, six, and Angelina, who would play hostess, and himself; that would make eight. He would be host to seven people, for Angelina was officially a guest. He was a bad host. He knew it. A good guest, but a bad host. Living in hotels, too, it had been simpler to entertain. He was accustomed to hotels. This apartment of his own—that strange urge that had come over him, after all these years, to abandon hotels and restaurants, and have what is called a "home"—what a mistake that was! A home and things, possessions, a splash of sentiment! He had enjoyed himself for years, been free, and now sentiment had overcome him, and he had got the heirlooms out of storage and was settled down, and had guests coming in for dinner. Seven were coming in to dinner at eight. Seven at eight. Or was it eight at seven?

Was it possible that he was confused, and that he had asked them to come at seven? Had he asked eight people, perhaps, to come at seven? Eight at seven, or seven at eight? Certainly he had asked only seven. Or that French woman at the tea yesterday—had he asked her? Suddenly he was sure that he had asked that Frenchwoman. Or if he hadn't asked her, she thought that he had. It was his French. His French had got him into a lot of trouble before, even without all the cocktails he had been gulping down when he had talked with the Frenchwoman. She had been squealing "*Oui-oui-oui*" at him for hours and hours, and of course one of those "*oui*"*s* meant that she was coming to dinner. The French could read an invitation into anything. They always accepted. They never knew too much English, either; just enough to interpret every remark as an invitation. She would appear at seven. Or at eight! "*Madame la Comtesse.*" And there was no man for her. He must get another man. It was too late to get another man. The Comtesse would have to struggle along without a man. For once! With the Frenchwoman there would be nine. His table wasn't big enough for nine. The Frenchwoman would have to sit at a little side table. Alone in a corner! She would sit there and nibble and mumble in French to herself. All through dinner they would hear her over there in the corner: "*Enchantée—exquise—ah, ces Américains, ce sont des enfants!*"



"He wants to get out."

• •

Clearly his mind was going. He knew perfectly well that he had not asked that Frenchwoman. Anyhow, he hadn't given her his address. He hadn't told her where he lived. Imagine saying "Central Park South" in French. No, there would be eight at dinner, eight at eight.

IT would be a few minutes after eight when they sat down, of course, because of the cocktails. They would have cocktails in the big room overlooking the Park, and then he would lead his guests down the corridor, which was handsome and rather a pride of his, lined with its etchings, to the dining-room. It would be a stately progress, on the grand side of things. He hadn't given up hotel life for anything casual or shabby or slipshod. The gentlemen should, though he knew they wouldn't, give the ladies their arms, and on they should go. Tum, ta, ta, ta! Suppose the cocktails were bad. The bootlegger's wife had just had a child, a most inopportune nativity which the good merchant had told him all about, and the excitement might have confused his chemistry. Suppose the cocktails were poison. Suppose that on the march to the dining-room one of the guests dropped dead. Or had convulsions. If a guest had convulsions, should he have them too, just to be polite, just to make everybody feel at ease? Hadn't Queen Victoria smashed a glass once to put a guest at ease? He thought it was Queen Victoria. If one of Queen Victoria's guests had had a fit or spasm or convulsions, from bad liquor in Windsor, would she have had them too? If one of the guests dropped dead, should they go on with the dinner? If he dropped dead, would they simply go on and eat without him?

The bootlegger might drop in for a chat, to tell him about the new baby and his wife and her symptoms and the expense of the thing. Because a new life had come into the world, had the price of Scotch gone up a bit? Bootleggers were becoming such worthy family men. He had said when he had delivered the last case that he had wanted advice about the hospital bills and certain details of the affair. Suppose he chose this occasion. Guests wouldn't discourage him. They, the eight of them, would have to sit about and listen to the problems of the *accouchement*, and the dinner would be ruined. In a hotel you had some protection, people didn't get in, but in an apartment they could just ring the bell and be there—for the doormen really didn't bother half the time—and there was nothing to do about it. There were

all those hit-or-miss friends of his, too; they might easily pick out this moment to drop in for a drink. Nothing could keep them out. And Aunt Ella! Oh, Aunt Ella! "No, dear, I've had my supper, but I might take a piece of cake and a dish of cream. So glad to meet your friends. I've always wondered about them." If Aunt Ella appeared, there was nothing to do about that either.

Aunt Ella wouldn't make any disturbance. Some of those others might easily stir up a rumpus. They'd say easily: "Ah, gwan in and eat and we'll stay here and send out for some sandwiches. Don't mind us." He had those friends, too. One had as many lives in New York as one had acquaintances, as many facets and phases. And they didn't mix, these phases. Keep them apart, or you'd go crazy. His dinner guests, Aunt Ella, the bootlegger, the noisy crowd, they'd all get there together that night. He foresaw it. It would be his ruin. His downfall. Just because he had wanted, for once in his life, to give a dinner of dignity in his own house! What a mistake, what a mistake! He must call it off. He must telephone, send telegrams, say he was sick, dying, dead.



PERHAPS no one would come. Perhaps he would get dressed up and no one would come and he would eat the dinner alone, all those eight places at the table and he alone sitting there. Perhaps they hadn't believed him when he had asked them or had found something more amusing to do, or more important, and were just going to ignore him. Perhaps they knew he was going crazy and had just accepted to humor him, to keep him from flying out of his head entirely. He certainly had not been quite reasonable, quite in his right senses, when he had planned this dinner.

Ah, the telephone. They weren't coming. This was the first call. One after another they would call up and explain that there was a death in the family or a touch of the bubonic plague and they'd have to stay in a day or two.

"Ah, Angelina, you'll be over at quarter of eight. That's good of you. Thanks a lot. Yes, I count on you. Yes, I am glad you're coming."

—JOHN MOSHER

PROFILES

COLORATURA SALESMANSHIP

OVERDEVELOPED salesmanship is generally listed as a major cause of the depression. It is also a major cause of the disruption of the American family. Home life has not been the same since the members of the average household tried to live by selling stock to one another. Of all the pre-crash supermen, no group is more objectionable today to a hero-loathing public than the super-salesmen. Few individuals contributed more than Jimmy Elliott to the late super-sales era. He trained armies of shock salesmen. He turned thousands of decent citizens into dynamic personalities, distributed millions of the snarling desk mottoes which used to browbeat visitors and officeboys, and wrote more than three hundred success books. He went bankrupt printing success books, but this was out of respect to tradition, as it is a binding custom for success publishers, success preachers, and success magazines to go bankrupt. Even the stars could not save Belle Bart, the girl astrologer, from going bankrupt when she published "Success Through the Stars." Elliott overrode the venerable tradition in one respect: he paid off his debts, climbed out of bankruptcy, and went on publishing success books faster than ever.

Salesmanship has not yet wholly been stamped out. It lingers here and there in its breeding places ready to break out again, if the better-times menace becomes really serious. Like the next war, the next sales campaign is going to be more terrible than ever. Elliott is already experimenting in a small way. He is organizing a corps of musically driven salesmen who meet in the morning at eight-thirty on the tenth floor of the National City Bank Building at Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, sing themselves into a frenzy, and then hurry to the detached-house and double-house sections of New York City to sell electrical washing machines and other General Electric domestic engines. Six mornings and three nights a week, each Elliott salesman excites his genius by songs and passionate speeches on the improved flat-plate ironer and the portable home laundry. But this does not satisfy Elliott. He looks forward hopefully to a day when he will build the world's biggest pipe organ to pump music into the Elliott sales force. Elliott's tuneful salesmen are picked men. One, for example, owned a seat on the Stock Exchange in 1929. Others are former executives and professional men. They are inspired not only by carols and anthems, but by the wisdom which Elliott harvested in his Business Builders, Piggly-Wiggly, Man Messages, Phonofilm, metal-shoelace, and other historic campaigns. He has at present a choir of only five hundred salesmen. Later on, thousands of Elliott-trained human torpedoes are to be loosed at society.



James W. Elliott

IN putting washing and ironing plants into the home, Elliott is more or less ungrateful to the laundry industry, which gave him his start in life. His father, keeper of a general store at Sparks, Georgia, died in 1899, when Jimmy was nine years old. Jimmy became partly self-supporting at nine; wholly so at twelve. He worked his way through a Methodist preparatory school by operating an agency for an Atlanta laundry, an experience which profoundly influenced his life. Dealing with aggrieved clients, explaining away torn and scorched shirts, fostered one of his greatest characteristics: his colossal mollifying ability. He stands alone in his power to make men enjoy grief. They have come at him talking about district attorneys, grand juries, and sheriffs, and have departed revelling in their distresses. It was not only the burns and rents in the wash that gave Elliott his early practice as a placater and consoler; another human problem was created by the Du Barrys of the Atlanta laundry, who persecuted the Methodist-prep lads by writing jeering or provocative inscriptions inside their collars. Elliott developed some of his pacifying ability in soothing an embittered fellow-student who had received a collar message saying "Now that you have one collar, John, why don't you buy yourself another?" During his school days, Elliott sold not only laundry, but newspapers, ice, melons, and shoes. When he started out for himself at the age of fifteen, he had a chance to go into the shoe business at Sparks, but was deterred by the calculation that there were only eight hundred persons in the region and that, if he sold each person a pair of shoes annually, his gross profit would not be more than sixteen hundred dollars. Another calculation flashed through his mind. New York City had a population of four million; selling one pair of shoes to each New Yorker would mean a gross profit of eight million dollars. He migrated to New York.

This abrupt expansion of a sixteen-hundred-dollar idea into an eight-million-dollar idea is a normal Elliott process. When he contemplates anything, it becomes vastly magnified. The eyes of his mind are hundred-inch telescopes. He loves bigness as Barnum loved it. He wanted to have the biggest force of stock salesmen on earth, and he had it; three thousand salesmen were working for him in 1922 in the ill-starred James W. Elliott's Business Builders, Inc. After he had produced two box-office successes, he wanted to be the biggest theatrical producer on earth, and started to make ready fifteen plays for Broadway at the very time when the talking pictures were smothering the stage. Because it was the biggest painting ever painted, forty-five feet high and four hundred feet long, Elliott sank half a million dollars of his own money in bringing the "Panthéon de la Guerre" to this country. Appalled by the minuteness of Madison Square Garden, he projected a hundred-million-dollar sporting structure covering eleven blocks along the Hudson River in the Fifties, with an arena bigger than the Flavian amphitheatre, with pools bigger than the Baths of Caracalla, with diamonds, gridirons, and courts,

with stages big enough to mount the Battle of Waterloo on approximately the original scale, with yachts darting in and out on the waterside, with hangars encrusting the roof like dovecotes. He had his mirage translated by Warren & Wetmore into stunning architectural drawings and claims he obtained pledges of seventy million dollars before the crash discouraged his associates. Every time the market goes up, Elliott gets out the architectural drawings and begins thumbing and shuffling them furtively.

Like some of Elliott's other grandiose illusions, his dream of supplying five million New Yorkers with footwear remained unexecuted. When the fifteen-year-old boy, an undersized lad with a Napoleonic head, arrived in New York in 1905, he could not even find work as a shoe salesman. He peddled books and sold subscriptions for *Collier's* and *Life*. Happening to room in a literary and dramatic lodging house west of Times Square, he thought of becoming a man of letters. He wrote at short stories, novels, and plays, but his pen began automatically turning out sermonettes egging youth on to noble achievement. While he was trying to keep himself alive on one ten-cent Eighth Avenue beef stew a day, he was grinding out success literature. His ambition changed, however, one evening when he watched sleek men in silk hats entering the Hotel Astor; Nick, the Astor headwaiter, told Jimmy they were businessmen; Jimmy determined to be a businessman. Reading that Hugh Chalmers was earning seventy-nine thousand dollars a year as sales manager of the National Cash Register Company at Dayton, Ohio, Elliott migrated to Dayton, Ohio. That was during the era of affirmative salesmanship, when the representatives of one of the big companies were coached in the knack of bumping, as if accidentally, rival cash registers off the counters, casually demonstrating that they were made of cast iron and highly shatterable. For the next few years, Elliott sold cash registers, adding machines, computing scales, electrical meat-slicing machines, and other specialties. The slicer, which is now in every delicatessen, was at first difficult to sell; delicatessen men were afraid it would cut their fingers. Elliott has a scar now where he sliced a finger almost off in demonstrating that this was impossible. He thrust his wounded hand into his pocket before the accident was noticed, continued the safety demonstration, convinced the prospect that the machine was foolproof, completed the sale, and rushed off to a surgeon.



"Mac, wake up! We're in the famous Hoosac tunnel!"

ELLIOTT's early career was impeded by an odd streak of conservatism. He did not believe in overcoats. As a Georgia boy, he had never worn one. Since he could not endure cold, the first crisp day of autumn was a signal for him to resign and hurry South. His whole history has been a series of reckless plunges into the unknown, but he

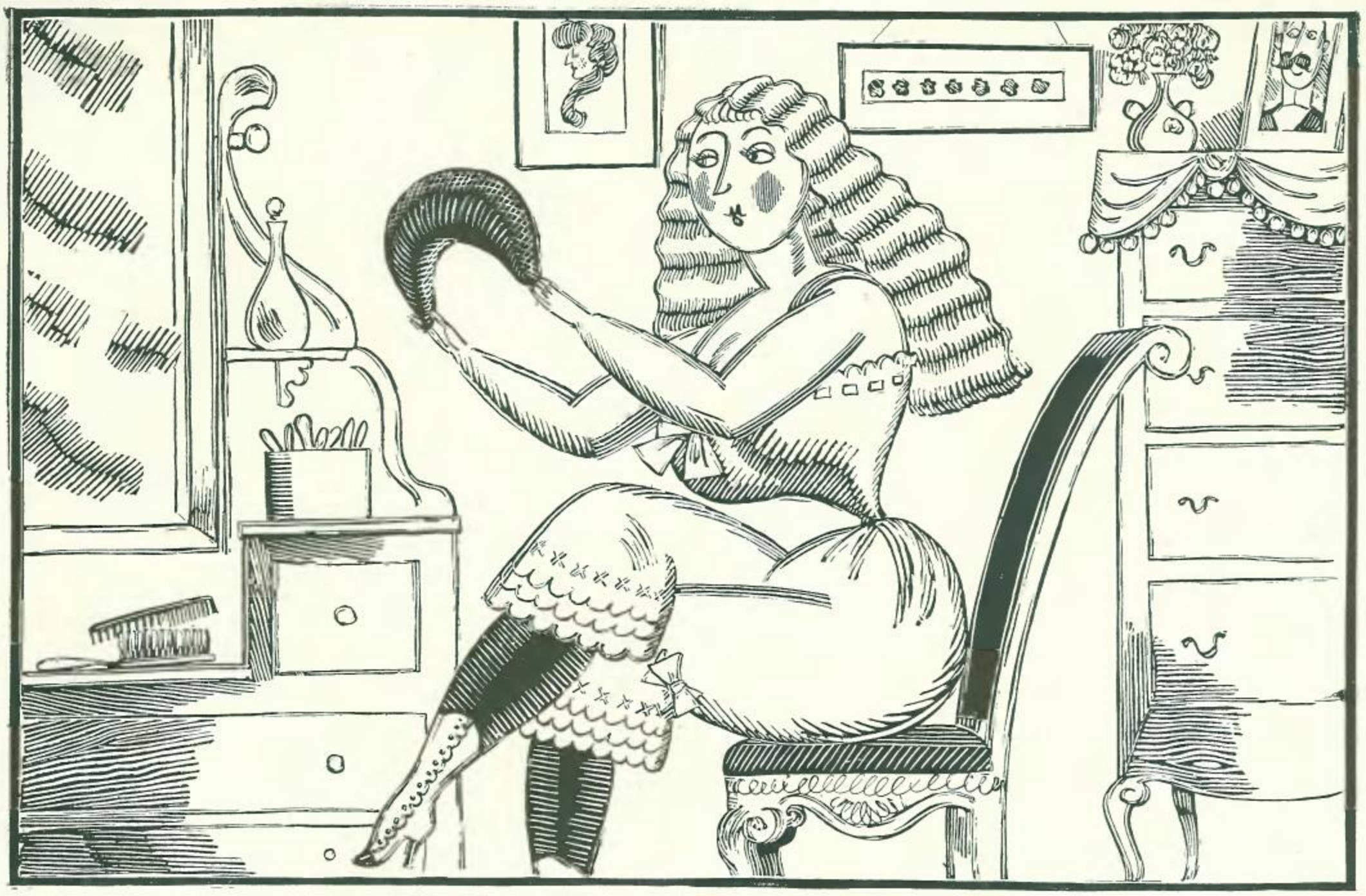
was twenty-three years old before he could brace himself for the adventure of putting on an overcoat. As he shifted about the country with the seasons, he was constantly going broke, but defeat merely roused his creative powers. When he was seventeen years old, the pangs of hunger changed his life, converting him from an ordinary salesman into a fantastic business conjurer. He was stranded in El Paso when this conversion took place. As he sat in his room trying to invent some scheme for promoting a meal for himself, his eye fell on a laundry slip. He remembered from school days that laundry agents received a twenty-per-cent commission. A vision came to him. Why not stimulate the business of a laundry by giving away a parcel of land with every parcel of laundry? In San Francisco, a few weeks before, Jimmy had spurned the business of selling inaccessible mountain peaks because he conceived it to be unethical. It now occurred to him that it would not be unethical to give away mountain peaks, or any other form of real estate. With the backing of an El Paso laundryman, Jimmy acquired for a few dollars a tract on the Rio Grande, named it Summerland, cut it up into lots, and gave one lot to every person who signed a contract to patronize the laundry to the extent of one hundred dollars in the course of a year. Fifteen hundred such covenants were signed, Elliott receiving twenty dollars a covenant. He moved on to Dallas and tried to repeat the operation, but failed, because the national laundry organization had sent out a circular letter threatening to excommunicate any laundryman who collaborated with Elliott. The El Paso incident taught Elliott, however, to rely on his imagination, which he has done ever since with sensational results. After the Summerland venture, Elliott sold the James W. Elliott Pianoforte by flamboyant advertising which scandalized the peaceful pianoforte industry. The following year, he sold five-cent cigars. For a time he toured the Middle West, writing volumes on the glorious history of small towns and the immortal citizens who bought page advertisements.

When he was twenty-three years old, he bought an overcoat and became sales manager of the Todd Protectograph Company of Rochester, New York. His first act was to promote everybody. Eighty salesmen were selling the check-protecting device; Elliott opened eighty branch offices, made the eighty salesmen branch managers, and hired eight hundred new salesmen to work under them. Then and since, his strength and weakness have been his eagerness to promote everybody; he seeks to turn all Elliott men into big shots, but it does not always work. The king in "The Gondoliers," who tried the universal-promotion system, found that "when everyone is somebodee, then no one's anybody." In his present sales campaign, Elliott has modified the promote-'em-all plan by creating a variety of honors and rewards as well as promotions. The salesman is boosted from salesman to field captain, from field captain to division manager, from division manager to unit manager, from unit manager to branch manager. Salesmen who cover themselves with glory in the field are mentioned in the speeches and rewarded before everybody with hand-autographed copies of Count von Luckner's latest work, prizefight tickets, and other coveted items. The entire washing-and-laundering-machine sales force is divided into four units, called the Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt units. Each unit has a banner of its own, and the unit which sells most machines in one week is rewarded by having its banner in the foyer at the Elliott headquarters all of the next week.

BEFORE he became sales manager for the Protectograph in 1913, Elliott had perfected the inspirational sermonette. At first he mimeographed and peddled them under the title of "Sales Tawks." Later he called them Man Messages and printed them as small books. From 1911 to 1917 he wrote one every week. By 1917 seven hundred of the largest employers



"I'm just a bundle of nerves this morning."



The RED HOT PAST

A DAINTY REQUISITE OF MILADY'S TERLET - The RAT

ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR THE "IT" MAN OF WOOD CUTS

in the country were distributing them in their plants to stiffen the morale of their employees. The Man Messages are success books in a broad sense, but their aim is to make the reader a better man in every way. Elliott is primarily a moralist, an Old Testament prophet. He gives at times the effect of being a schemer, a financial wizard, a promotional magician, but fundamentally he is guileless, innocent, puritanical, unsophisticated. His conscience-stinging Man Messages are reminiscent of Epictetus, Elbert Hubbard, and the lessons learned at Mother's knee. By 1917 he was the great oracle of industrial belles-lettres. During the war he received the offer of a major's uniform and a soft berth at home composing exhortations to heroism and sacrifice; but he entered the army as a private, rose to the rank of top sergeant, was wounded, and spent seventeen months in the hospital.

Organizing the James W. Elliott's Business Builders, Inc., in 1919, Elliott and his three thousand salesmen in three years raised nine million dollars by stock sales to the public. Dividends were to come from the profits of a balloon-tire company, the Daniels automobile, the Urban color movies, Piggly-Wiggly, and other sources. The balloon-tire company was a year or two ahead of its time and suffered the fate of pioneers. None of the enterprises thrived except the Piggly-Wiggly stores. Elliott operated these under a licence from Clarence Saunders of Memphis, Tennessee, inventor of the Piggly-Wiggly store, in which the housewife, basket in hand, helps herself to groceries and pays at the exit. In Clarence Saunders, Elliott encountered a genius more feverish than his own. "I'm going to be the greatest man in the country," Saunders told him. "Ford and Woolworth will be pikers beside me." Saunders borrowed ten million dollars to make a fool out of Wall Street. Traders had been selling his stock short. He cornered the stock; market manipulators theoretically owed him countless millions. Then the Big, to use an archaism, Interests reacted. Blows rained on Saunders. His stock was expelled from the exchanges. His backers recalled their loans. The Department of Justice, then under the spirited management of Harry Micajah Daugherty, had him indicted seven times. Though only an innocent bystander, Elliott was crushed by the machinery that had been set in motion against Saunders. Twenty-two banks simultaneously notified Elliott that they were short of help and could no longer handle his accounts because said accounts involved too much bookkeeping. Wholesalers and jobbers refused to make deliveries to Elliott's twenty-four stores. Big bakers would not even supply him with bread. An indictment was slapped on Elliott. After the

shorts had been saved, all the indictments were dismissed, but Piggly-Wiggly and Business Builders had collapsed. Elliott had a nervous breakdown. When he recovered, he received an attractive offer to resume the writing of success books. He said "No."

In a few months Elliott was on his feet again, conducting a stock-selling campaign for the Phonofilm, or De Forest talking pictures. President Coolidge made a talkie on the White House lawn. Elihu Root, Charles W. Eliot, and other grand mandarins were induced to speak for the Phonofilm by the argument that posterity insisted on it. The leaders of the motion-picture industry, however, were certain that the public would never pay to see talking pictures. A strong effort was made to have Elliott indicted for felonious misrepresentation because he publicly predicted that talking pictures would be successful. The Phonofilm was, however, about a year ahead of its time. It succeeded merely in blazing the trail for the Warner Brothers, who came in with the Vitaphone and revolutionized the industry. After the Phonofilm campaign, Elliott turned to the stage and produced two great money-makers in "Castles in the Air" and "The Gorilla." His connection with the theatre had started in 1921 with the production of "The Man in the Making," a play by Elliott about Elliott. Besides those mentioned, he produced fifteen plays, none of them gold mines.



Until two years ago, Elliott used to boast of the number of times he had been broke. Nothing, he claimed, equalled the inward satisfaction of floundering in a financial quagmire. He found that his mind worked faster in an atmosphere of replevins, injunctions, liens, and attachments; he liked to have sheriffs, bailiffs, marshals, process-servers, and auctioneers about him. Two years ago, when he turned forty, business troubles began to lose their charm. It was this which caused him to engage in the comparatively safe enterprise of selling electrical domestic contrivances. He claims to have settled down.—Alva Johnston

PRELUDE

This mountebank, this saltimbanque, this leaper
of mortal benches and immortal hoops,
this saltatory fool, who would as soon
fling you his quacksalve dogma from the moon
as from the circus tent—the cunning one,
the laughing one, who thrives in half-lights, makes
his laughter ring among white ribs of graves—

he, who of bitterness makes the healing word,
sells crucifixes to the crucified,
or crucifixions to the not yet dead—
claps on his mask, laughs out of terror,
sings like a bird in the thunderbolt itself—

nimble comer and goer, haunter of crypts and cells,
quicksilver heels, who tells his lies for love,
tells you your fortune in the thistledown,
and draws such magic down, from fine belief,
as almost makes the dead man rise again—

praise him, fools, follow him, for he goes
by such bright paths as only godhead knows;
cross his palm with silver, for he will give
gaily, out of his heart (for that is he),
the one thing the heart needs, the need to live.

—Conrad Aiken

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THOUGHTS IN THE AQUARIUM

The Codfish

THE Codfish inhabits the New England Coast and is bleak[1]. Boston is built on Codfish bones[2]. The Codfish has a sort of face because he has to have a mouth. He opens and shuts his mouth, but he never says anything. He has a barbel or cirrus on the chin and abnormal ventrals and a vacant stare, but no synovial bursa. The heart of the Codfish is made of cartilage and contains only one auricle and one ventricle[3]. Codfish have no vices, but their virtues are awful. The Codfish family is millions of years old and some of them look it. If you poke one with your finger and the dent remains, it is too late. He can be made into glue[4]. The head of the Codfish gradually ossifies and is fed to Cows in Norway. Codliver oil is given to disobedient children. The female Codfish lays ten million eggs, but most of them never hatch. They are better off[5]. Some fishes are brilliant in spring, but the Codfish is never brilliant. If there is a Codfish around, you know it[6]. If there are two, you move away[7]. —Will Cuppy

[1]The Cod must not be confused with the Bleak (pronounced Blay), so called from its pale color. The bleakness of the New England Cod is entirely a psychological affair, resulting from climatic conditions. The Newfoundland Cod is foggy.

[2]America is very rich in fishes. If we as a nation are suffering from the lack of any one thing, it is probably not fish, especially not Codfish.

[3]All fishes, of course, lack the mimetic or facial muscles so characteristic of the mammals, and are therefore unable to express their emotions above the neck. The emotions of most fishes would be difficult to express, anyway.

[4]Fish glue is used in sizing and general repair work. Nobody quite knows what sizing is. When people are asked if they wish to have some sizing done, naturally they say yes. And it goes on the bill.

[5]The fertility of the female Cod is one of the marvels of science. One would have supposed—well, almost anything else.

[6]It has been said of this group of fishes that the Whitings speak only to Haddock and Haddock speak only to Cod. Nobody speaks to the Hake.

[7]While on a fishing excursion off Eastern Point aboard the yacht United States on July 22, 1873, Miss Fannie Belis of St. Louis succeeded in capturing a Codfish weighing one hundred and thirty pounds. Miss Belis has left no data concerning the sex of this fish. It is probable that she had no way of knowing. Possibly she would not have cared to know.

THE THEATRE

GHOSTWRITER'S CRAMPS

IN his comedy "Here Today," George Oppenheimer flirts around with the idea that a Boston family might conceivably get sick of entertaining New York celebrities who did nothing but cut up. I doubt that this idea is sound, but am willing to let it go. It is my notion that the capacity of people in outlying cities to endure the antics of celebrated clowns from New York is unlimited. They love the whole nasty business of having New York people around, and are so flattered by the presence in their home of notables that they will put up with anything at all: alcoholic excess, ridicule, broken furniture, anything.

Another slight defect in "Here Today" was the intimation that New York wags were ephemeral, that, though they were here today, they would be gone tomorrow, while Boston families went on forever. Of course that is ridiculous. There is no hardier perennial than a New York writer; he makes the Peabodys and Saltonstalls and Lowells and Coolidges look like a night-blooming cereus.

So you see, Mr. Oppenheimer was working against odds in developing a comedy on this theme, and is to be congratulated for doing as well as he did. He has given us, in the part of Mary Hilliard (Ruth Gordon), one amusing and well-drawn character; the sort of literary lady who thinks, with some justification, that life is a lark and who feeds on other people's platitudes, turning them deftly to her own use—as being the nearest hook to hang a gag on. This lady's former husband, himself a literary light, has fallen in love with a Boston girl, and it is to his aid that Mary rushes, half in earnest, half for the fun of it. She is accompanied by still another literary person (the play is full of them) and between them they spend three languorously agreeable acts in the sort of malicious cutting-up that I am told goes on where bright people get together. It all takes place in Nassau, whither the Bostonians have gone on vacation.

Miss Gordon was as cunning as a mouse in the slyly familiar part of Mary Hilliard; and Sally Bates, who bears the strange burden of being both Bostonian and unhappy in love, provided one or two authentic moments in which I caught a slight intimation of what the play would have been about if there had really been any play there. As it is, "Here Today" gets pretty boring—a well-acted, suave comedy whose factitious and monotonous qualities are bravely mitigated by the players themselves and by the smart direction of that most relentless Bostonian of them all, George S. Kaufman.

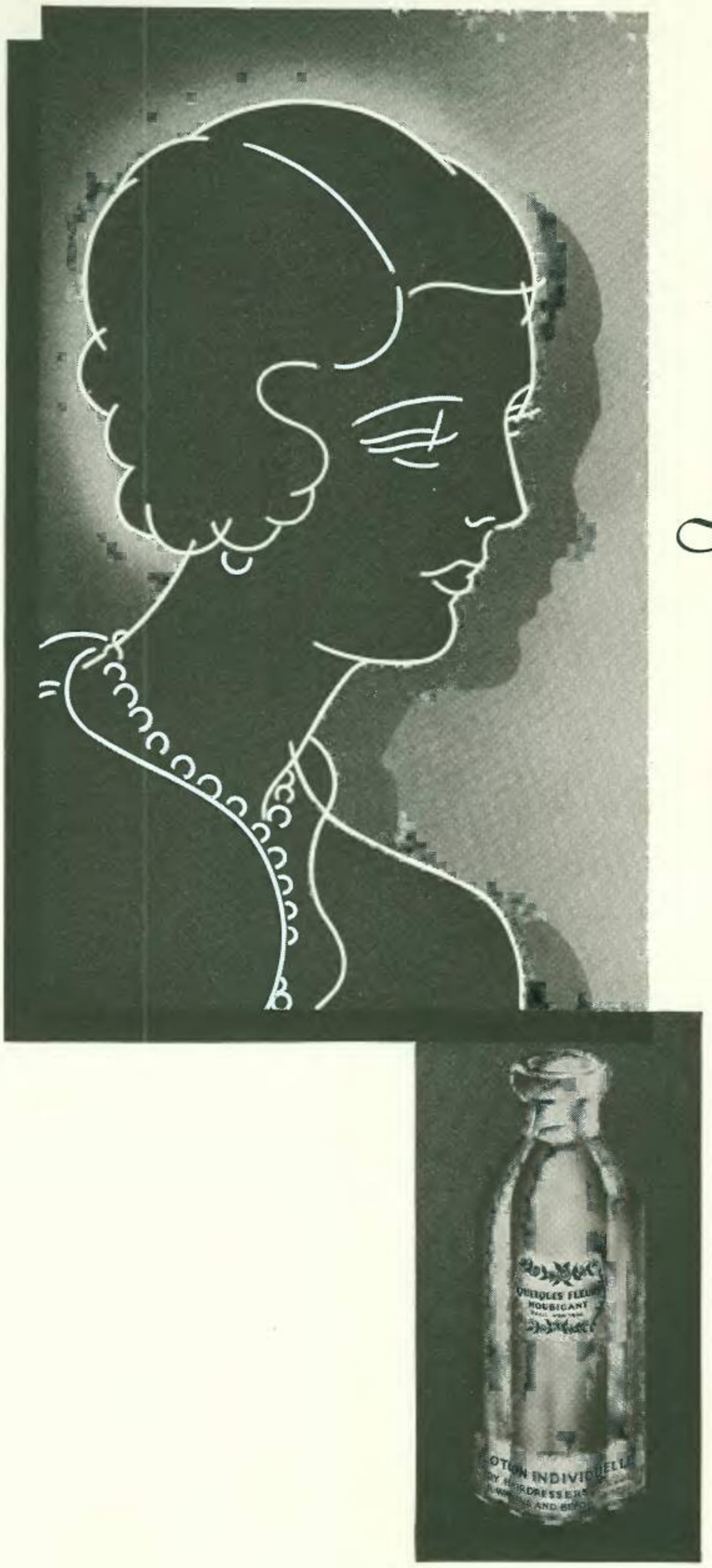
Incidentally, it has been rumored around that a couple of characters in the play are based on real celebrities, and I guess there must be something to it, because if Stanley Dale wasn't meant to be Theodore Dreiser, then I must have been seeing things!



"Suppose you was called upon to defend a woman's honor."

THE Theatre Guild, before lending Mr. Claude Rains to Arthur Hammerstein and L. Lawrence Weber for the melodrama called "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," should have looked into it and found out what he was getting into. They should have learned that he was going to have to carry the head of the Premier of France around with him in a valise. Also, that he would be expected to play a character much like Cyrano, without the benefit of Rostand. Those were two of the drawbacks. A third was the revolving stage of the Broadhurst Theatre, by means of which the director was always able to whisk him out of sight in the middle of a scene.

I had hoped that "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" was going to be about plastic surgery, of which I am very fond. But the minute the curtain went up on Mr. Rains carry-



Have You Inoffensive Hair?

Hair beauty is more than wave, texture and highlight. Hair beauty is fastidiousness, too; the knowledge that your hair is gossip-proof in its immaculate cleanliness, its air of just-washed freshness. For you can't wear a hat, use a curling iron or enjoy normal pore action without your hair offending. Shampoos are necessary, of course, but to have sinless hair throughout the intervals between shampoos, ask your hairdresser to apply Houbigant's Lotion Individuelle as a last rinse. It perfumes the hair with delicate fragrances which endure, subtly, delightfully, until your next "appointment". Lotion Individuelle rids the hair of persistent grime, oil and soap residues which cling after the shampoo. And it softens the hair, making it supple, pliant, more receptive to the wave, which sets naturally, lustrous with sheen.

Odeurs

QUELQUES FLEURS . . . BOIS DORMANT

IDÉAL . . . FLEUR BIENAIMÉE . . . ETC.

■

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ing a valise containing the by-products of decapitation, I knew it was goodbye plastic surgery, hello Jean Bart. The story turned out to be the simple tale of an ugly ghostwriter who sliced off his employer's head in jealous pique. By this overt act he reclaimed his *own* head—the idea being that a ghostwriter, as long as the man for whom he works is alive, can't really call his head his own. (And if that doesn't make Rostand a piker, what does?) In this instance, the ghostwriter, who was a grotesque fellow physically, had a double reason for wanting his employer's scalp, for that dirty rat had not only used the ghostwriter's brains for his political advancement, but had also used the ghostwriter's lovely wife for sport.

The part of Paul Verin, the cringing scribbler who shrunk from the world and finally did murder, demanded from Mr. Rains the sort of character acting that must be a cinch. Toward the end, when partial madness swept over him, he turned more and more inanimate and finally froze like a rabbit for whole minutes at a time. When an actor goes into a dead trance like that, I yearn for the Living Statues at the circus; in particular, the one where the white horse is lying on his back. However, most of the play is as lively as anything and rushes you along through gay carnivals in the Boulevard Clichy, seduction scenes in sidewalk cafés, air raids, moments of renunciation and remorse, rainy nights in railroad stations, and sound effects by the Effectaphone Company. The lovely blonde vision, through all this mess, of Miss Jean Arthur, who plays the ghostwriter's wife, was enough to make the thing a little bit disturbing as a spectacle, how-



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ever phony it was as a bit of playwriting.

THE Bijou also houses a play about a victim of self-sacrifice, this time a daughter who is sacrificed to the whims of a spoiled mother. "Best Years" is an interesting play because Katherine Alexander, in the rôle of Cora Davis, takes it up and makes it so, and because "the home" as a destructive force is always an absorbing theme. Cora Davis' story, I don't doubt, is the story of many girls whose jealous mothers have deliberately thwarted the normal course of love and life; but of course for every such mother there are about twenty who are equally trying to the young because they lean over the other way. This play, which is by Raymond Van Sickle, somehow seemed strangely out of date, part of another decade. Daughters these days, even in small towns, usually manage to escape their mothers easily — through their job, through their automobile, through any of a dozen devices of this accommodating era. But I enjoyed it as a bit of slightly shopworn realism and I thought that Jean Adair, as Mrs. Davis, gave a good performance.

THE simple body functions have come into their own in a revue called "Ballyhoo of 1932," at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. It is probably just as well that the stage has finally decided to experiment with the idea, for nobody can appreciate how well off the theatre was before all taste was abandoned till he has seen Miss Lulu McConnell in Scene 6.

The revue seldom strayed away from the basic assumption that all functional matters were funny; although once, at the end of the first act, it swept into an elaborate and noisy prediction that the way out of the depression is through ballyhoo—a prediction in which we found more hope than truth, and not a great deal of either. Willie Howard and his brother Eugene, Jeanne Aubert, Miss McConnell, Bob Hope, and Vera Marshe were some of the principals who lent their not inconsiderable talents to this spirited, melodious, and discouraging entertainment, which reached its gloomy zenith in Scene 13, behind a hedge.

—E. B. W.

•

Burr avenue will spend the week end in New York City.
—*Westporter (Conn.) Herald.*

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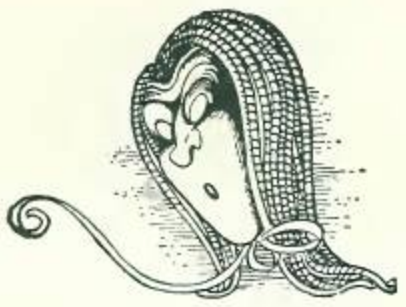
NEW YORK AMERICAN

NEW YORK'S LEADING WANT AD NEWSPAPER



SHOUTS AND MURMURS

FOR ALPHA DELTA PHI



IN these random notes on contemporary American life, the conviction has been not infrequently expressed that banquets are bores, that he who arranges one (especially in warm weather) is at least a semi-public nuisance, and that those who attend them are defectives. Yet on Labor Day your apostate correspondent drove a hundred and fifty miles across the mountains through the holiday traffic and wedged himself panting into a dinner coat, merely to be present at such a function, whereat many speeches were made, including, oddly enough, one by himself. The banquet, with Bruce Barton in the chair, was the wind-up of the Alpha Delta Phi Centenary convention, for it was just one hundred years ago that this most distinguished of the Greek Letter societies was founded on the lovely hilltop of my own college. Before you are lost in wonder at the heroic lengths to which a sentimental old grad will go in behalf of his beloved fraternity, perhaps I should explain that Alpha Delta Phi is not my fraternity at all, beloved or otherwise. I was there as spokesman for the other Greek Letter societies. I was immensely set up by the assignment until it occurred to me, too late, that, after all, it was not they but the Alpha Delts who had appointed me, with the notion, perhaps, that, as a specimen of the kind of man whom the other crowds took in, I would add a relish to their dinner.

It is an eerie experience on an evening of song and fond recollection to be the only Bœotian present. I knew then how George S. Kaufman's famous ancestor, Sir Roderick Kaufman, must have felt. He was the one, you may remember, who went on the crusades—as a spy. I had an uneasy feeling that some aged and myopic alumnus would give me the grip. The Alpha Delt salute is, I believe, no such complicated and embarrassing stranglehold as that with which the brethren of Sigma Phi assault each other on meeting. Still, I thought it best to run up my colors at once. Wherefore I explained to the famous banker on my left that I was a Theta Delt. "Thank God," he exclaimed, in the manner of one already fed up, "I don't have to call you brother." I was not quite sure how I should take this, but he went on in a kindly way to suggest that I might have a reunion of my own with the waiters. "From your Tuskegee chapter," he explained. Later, when some speaker recalled how an early and valorous Alpha Delt had once climbed to one of the high peaks of the world to carve the star and crescent in the everlasting rock, I took pleasure in reminiscing to my neighbor, the banker, about the night in college when some of us had been at great pains to etch that same insignia in the snowbank outside the Alpha Delt hall.

SOME of my best friends are Alpha Delts. To two members of that society from the Hamilton College chapter I owe much. It was Samuel Hopkins Adams of the Class of 1891 who, when I came out of college, persuaded the New York *Times*, against its better judgment, to take me on as a reporter. But already Walter Scott Kimball of the Class of '51 had come to my aid at a time of even greater need. Dr. Kimball was a general practitioner in Little Silver, New Jersey. On a bleak day in 1887, he drove seven miles to our house through the snow, and on his way home was able to spread the news throughout the countryside that it was another boy at the Woollcotts'. Dr. Kimball's daughter drove the cutter on that momentous occasion, and often spoke afterward of how bitter cold it was and what an unconscionable time I spent on the mere business of being born. Even so, it seems to have put ideas into her head. For (of course, after the proper legal and biological formalities) she went my mother one better and gave birth to Edmund Wilson.

Kimball, '51, and Adams, '91—I felt no little satisfaction in acknowledging my debt to these men. But as one who always enjoys catching life in the act of rhyming, I think that I most savored the dinner as a reminder of, and a sequel to, the September afternoon in my college days when I was thrown off the veranda of the Alpha Delt hall. The word "thrown" is an insufficient description. I was picked up and carried off as to an incinerator. It happened during the rushing season in my senior year—that feverish period when the different fraternities must seduce incoming freshmen with an air of conferring a favor upon them, must pursue yet seem pursued. It is no work for men. The comedy of such a time has been immortalized by George Fitch (*olav hasholem!*) in his memoirs of dear old Siwash. The anguish, as far as I know, is yet to be written. It was a season in the college year when I felt myself peculiarly inadequate. Then, if ever, I knew I was not the type. My own brothers in Theta Delta Chi were clearly of the same opinion. Not by words so much as by manner, they suggested that, whereas, once a freshman had been pledged, he would begin to discover I had a heart of gold and would come in time (years, perhaps) to be proud of knowing me, I might, at first glance, be frightening to a callow observer. I was, they intimated, an acquired taste. They were struggling to express an idea which the late Mrs. Janis was later to put into words when I overheard her explain to someone that I was like a fine old olive. More bluntly, they said that if I *would* persist in wearing those old corduroys, that paint-daubed turtle-neck sweater, and that red fez (to which, for reasons which escape me, I was defiantly addicted), it might be best for the future of Theta Delta Chi if the freshman class were not to see me at all. Well, I could take a hint. It was clear that I must vanish for a time from the temple of friendship. Where to go? That was the only question. After some thought, I hit on a rather good answer. I cut all my classes for the day, drew "Anna Karenina" from the college library, stole some apples, went up to the Alpha Delt hall, and sat on the veranda, prepared to spend the day. As speculative knots of freshmen drifted by, I would look up from my book, lean over the rail, leer at them seductively, and cry out: "Don't you want to join our frat?" Some Alpha Delt seniors, returning from classes late in the day, caught me in the act. The aforesaid ejection took place in due course. But it was too late. They had a hard time getting a delegation that year. It was almost the end of the chapter.

Dear me, that was four-and-twenty years ago, and here was I, forgiven at last and breaking bread with them in convention assembled. Through the smoke-haze of the dining-room, I could see one of the plug-uglies who performed that memorable act of dispossession—he and a couple of other fellows. Today it would take the whole fraternity.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

A SHORT AND THRILLING TRIP FOR THE MAN WHO HAS "BEEN EVERYWHERE"...

Perhaps there's scarcely a country in the world that has not felt the tread of your foot. Perhaps looking down at tugs nosing a liner out is an old story to you, and you've seen most of the world's great cities from the air. Perhaps you feel that transportation in any form can show you little that's new. Yet we feel we can promise you a thrill in a trip that will take only an hour, and keep you within sight of the Empire State Building all the way. We invite you to ride in, and drive, the new Packard Twin-Six. We won't attempt to describe its comfort, its "aliveness," its breath-taking speed, or the closest approximation to complete silence the motor industry has yet contributed to this noisy world. All we ask is that you ride in the Twin-Six, and let your own experience be the judge. Drive it—and learn that an automobile can still quicken that blasé pulse of yours. Call today, and we'll arrange the time.

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NOTHING OVER TEN CENTS

NOT dreaming evil could befall me, I went into the five-and-ten-cent store—the one in Fifth Avenue opposite the Library. The simple collector's instinct drove me in, wishing only to add a few specimens to my already large collection of Early Woolworth. Feet on earth, eyes level, limbs and wind sound, I walked in. How could I know I would, as one in a trance, buy $12.90 worth of five-and-ten?

All I bought is downstairs now: four large boxes, which in the presence of my pitying family I am unable to open.

Let me try and trace what occurred to me: what fatal thing undermined the brain, what insidious poison blurred the judgment, what, in fact, could ail a person who could spend nickels and dimes to the extent of $12.90.

WHAT, indeed, do those boxes contain? Piled menacingly and darkly upon one another, they take up the whole side of the sitting-room. There are your huge packages marked: "GLASS FRAGILE DON'T DROP." I *know* that I bought no glass, that I hurried past opulent counters glittering with topaz, amethyst, crystal, and jade. But the spectacle of acres of glasses, some tall and beautiful and slim, thin, translucent green; tables of rich pigeon's blood; tables of glittering, suave amethystine; tables of glass refracting splintered light from topaz depths, unnerved me. This, all this, was within my grasp for five cents, or ten cents. I looked fixedly into a small sea of emerald green. Strange thoughts flowed through my mind. I said:

"I could buy you, but I will not buy you. I could buy tables of you. I could buy *all* of you." For I had wealth. I had over fifteen dollars in my pocket. Suddenly I, who was poor, became Crœsus. I was Millionaire.

Illusions of the power of great riches undermined my reason. Meantime on all sides of me were happy-faced women reaching out hands so rapidly that they seemed like centipedes. Some culled objects rhythmically, as though picking berries. Others snatched like the famished. Others grabbed in a furtive, animal way. As I looked at them, I saw they, too, were overcome with the riches of the earth. They were all as drunk, as drugged, as I, with riches and power. . . .

I consulted a modest list. I bought a whiskbroom. I bought two. Yes, I



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can now remember, as I retrace the fatal steps which I took; I remember it was first the brushes which seduced me, having escaped the dazzle of the glass (I know I must have escaped it, in spite of the boxes). It was the little intricate brushes made to get dust out of all sorts of strangely shaped corners, little brushes with which one might well have cleaned out cobwebby corners of one's brain, which undid me. Yet somewhere deep within me tolled the warning bell: "Why brushes shaped like 'S's? Why loops? You have no bottles shaped like summer squash."

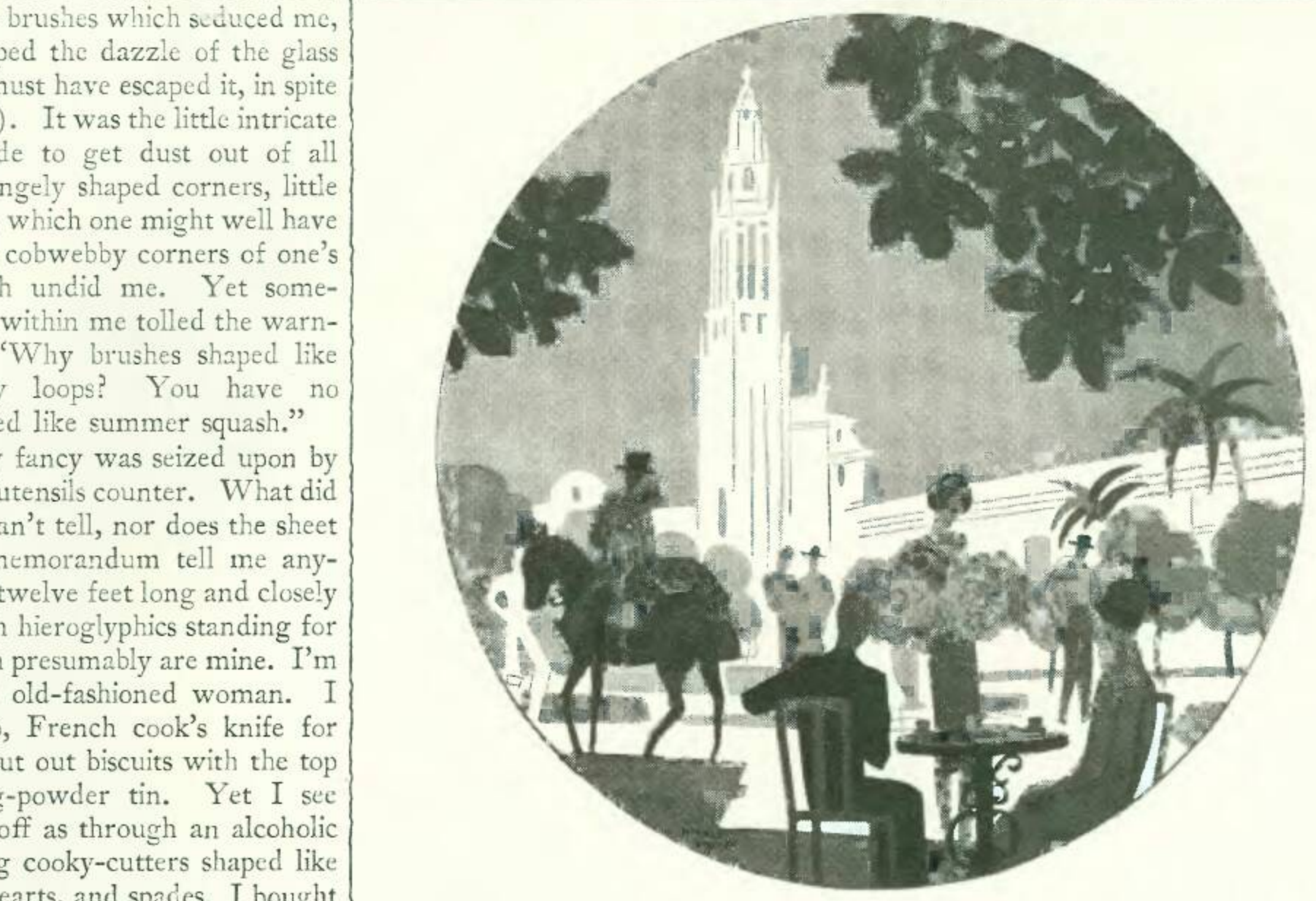
Then my fancy was seized upon by the kitchen-utensils counter. What did I buy? I can't tell, nor does the sheet of yellow memorandum tell me anything. It's twelve feet long and closely marked with hieroglyphics standing for things which presumably are mine. I'm a plain and old-fashioned woman. I like a sharp, French cook's knife for slicing. I cut out biscuits with the top of a baking-powder tin. Yet I see myself, far off as through an alcoholic haze, buying cooky-cutters shaped like diamonds, hearts, and spades. I bought egg-slicers and horrid little things for cutting potatoes into queer shapes. I don't know what I bought; I only remember a New England-looking saleswoman who said to me accusingly:

"Modom, you have eighteen kitchen utensils."

These eighteen unknown utensils do not include the pots, the pans, the pot covers, the double-boilers, the coffee-percolators which I bought. Why did I buy them in pairs? Did I think for a moment: "Male and female created He them"? That I was carrying out the great harmonious design of creation?

IT is here that oblivion swept over me. I came to later, just at the moment when I was stretching out my hand to buy a small china elephant with purple spots, in full flight, carrying on its back a crate of gaudy gumdrops. From some still undimmed fragment of my brain had come the warning that I, going out to tea, had no need of a spotted elephant. I swayed waveringly to the cashier's desk.

"Twelve-ninety, Modom," she said



SPAIN — *So Soignée!*

BY WILLIAM B. POWELL

A travel tip, dear reader: if you're in France this Autumn, and don't dip down into Spain, you're missing one of the continent's most alluring spots. This languorous, glamourous country is as exciting today as it has always been—and, if anything, it is smarter.

Northern Spain in Autumn is most charming, and here's a suggestion for a perfectly grand tour. Come down from Biarritz and cross the Spanish border just above San Sebastian . . . what a lovely little harbour and what well-run hotels await you. Dance, play tennis or golf—and take in a bull fight (even though you detest it, it will prove to be a useful dinner table topic all Winter!). Thence proceed along the coast to Santander, distinguished as ever and still a mecca for polo enthusiasts, thence motor across Spain through the picturesque Pyrenees. When you reach the Mediterranean, turn South and in a few hours you'll be in Barcelona, a city gay and booming . . . of course, you'll compare it to Paris—but you'll find it has its own distinctive attractions . . . loads of restaurants in and around the city where you'll order from menus either French or exotically Spanish . . . but though Barcelona is modern as Berlin, it abounds in plenty of ancient bits (don't miss the picturesque dance the people do in groups on the streets, each night in a different part of the city) . . . just a few miles South of Barcelona is a fascinating little seaside resort called Sitges—Americans are rare there, so run down and "discover" it.

* * * * *

Spain is unbelievably accessible. Almost all of the transatlantic lines stop at Spanish ports such as Vigo, Cadiz or Gibraltar . . . Boats ply regularly between Genoa, Marseilles, and Barcelona . . . there are fast through expresses from Paris to Barcelona . . . you can fly quickly from many points in France and Italy to Spain's leading cities . . . and if you're going from America, any tourist agency will show you how to make your journey easy and delightful!

Ask your Travel agent for all the details—sailing dates, etc. They will all be happy to furnish you abundant literature about the fascination of this enchanting land.

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snappily. I asked for a chair. A fat woman opposite looked at me with a compassionate eye.

"Ain't it a fact," she said. "I came in to spend fifty cents, and I spent six dollars." I looked around and I saw that at least I was not alone. And then I realized that the great tower of Woolworth was builded not out of nickels and dimes, but was erected from dreams and madness, spun from visions and illusions. I realized that the sky-smiting tower was built from an impulse which has carved empires: the desire for loot.

I went away grasping convulsively a large paper bag with a ship in full sail upon it, bought who knows why.

—MARY HEATON VORSE

•

HOROSCOPES

I've high esteem for horoscopes—
They give one such romantic hopes.
Mine said I'd meet a very fine
Young man in 1929,
And intimated wedding rings,
And other such inspiring things.
I waited for him all the year,
But that young man did not
appear—
Unless he was a tax-collector,
Or, possibly, the dog-inspector.

In 1930 speculation
Was to achieve the elevation
Of my depressed financial state.
But something must have sidetracked
Fate—
The stocks I bought that happy
spring
Today are not worth anything.

A voyager upon the sea,
A traveller in *wagons-lits*,
I should, before the year was done,
Have been in 1931.
And yet, despite the friendly stars,
I only rode on trolley cars.

But though my fortunes have declined,
I'm vastly gratified to find
That 1932 should be
A most propitious year for me,
With riches knocking at my doors,
And sojournings on foreign shores,
And gentlemen of many nations
Offering fervent protestations.

For even though I seem to stay
At home in quite the usual way,
And no one names me as an heir,
And suitors are extremely rare,
It's very comforting to know
That Heaven never planned things so!

—MIRIAM VEDDER



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THE TENNIS COURTS

6–4, 6–4, 6–4



VINES' final ace, kicking up the chalk on the service line and sending Cochet to defeat in straight sets, meant several things. It meant, primarily, that Vines is now, without dispute, the ranking player of the world; a legitimate successor to McLoughlin, Bill Johnston, Tilden, and to Cochet himself. Last year he won the American championship, but always, between him and unquestioned supremacy, stood Cochet, the wizard, the maker of impossible shots. Now Vines has beaten Cochet twice; once at Roland Garros in five sets (a dubious victory, since the outcome of the Davis Cup final had already been decided and there was no special reason for Cochet to extend himself), and last week, conclusively, at Forest Hills.

THERE is nothing new to say about the American final. Vines was at the top of his game, and he literally hammered his opponent off the court. In beating Allison in the semifinal—an Allison playing, probably, as well as he ever has or will—Cochet's effortless, sharply angled stroking seemed the apotheosis of tennis. In Vines, however, Cochet met a strategy equal to his own, coupled with a crushing speed that gave him no opportunity for the delicate volleying on which his game is based. Perhaps for the first time in his tournament career, Cochet was definitely on the defensive: again and again he was forced to drop soft shots into his opponent's forecourt and then to watch helplessly while Vines smashed the ball into the corners for clean placements. Altogether, Vines' performance was one of those rare experiences in sport when the spectator has absolute confidence in one of the contestants. After he had tied the first set at four-all, it was clear that Vines could win almost as he wanted to. He was taking fantastic chances; his flat drives always just clearing the net and always angled, it seemed, to land directly on the lines. Somehow, though, even when he missed three or four easy ones in succession, you were sure that a crucial point would produce an unplayable service or drive. Even in his dismal, 75-game match with Sutter, when he

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was missing setups that would have been easy for you or me, one had something of the same feeling about Vines' game: that under pressure he was still capable of perfection. Which, to be sententious, is probably about the only definition of a champion.

COCHET's defeat also brings up the dreary old question of next year's Davis Cup matches. Looking back on the Challenge Round in France, it is hard to believe that Borotra's victory over Vines was anything but an accident. Even at the time, almost everybody thought that, but felt that the same thing might be said about Cochet's defeat. Now, however, it seems pretty certain that we can count on the American champion for two points, and upon almost any of our doubles combinations for a third. With Allison or Sutter in the other single, even a clean sweep is quite possible.

AT the end of the season, and with no encouragement whatsoever, all such departments as this are in the habit of making tentative national rankings for the year. My own, which follows, is drawn up in the absence of any formal data on the season's tournaments—intuitively, you might say: 1, Vines; 2, Allison; 3, Sutter; 4, Lott; 5, Van Ryn; 6, Stoefen; 7, Wood; 8, Shields; 9, Mangin; 10, Gledhill.

I am not prepared to defend any of these choices, and I am not at all interested in any suggestion or criticism.

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS: Why is the Long Island Railroad incapable of devising a system by which special trains to Forest Hills could be operated at a speed slightly in excess of six miles an hour? . . . Why can't the radio and movies get together so that it wouldn't be necessary to give the winners their cups more than four times? . . . Why do people who audibly know nothing whatever about tennis make up at least fifty per cent of every tennis gallery? . . . And why, do you suppose, is there a soft "g" in Mangin?

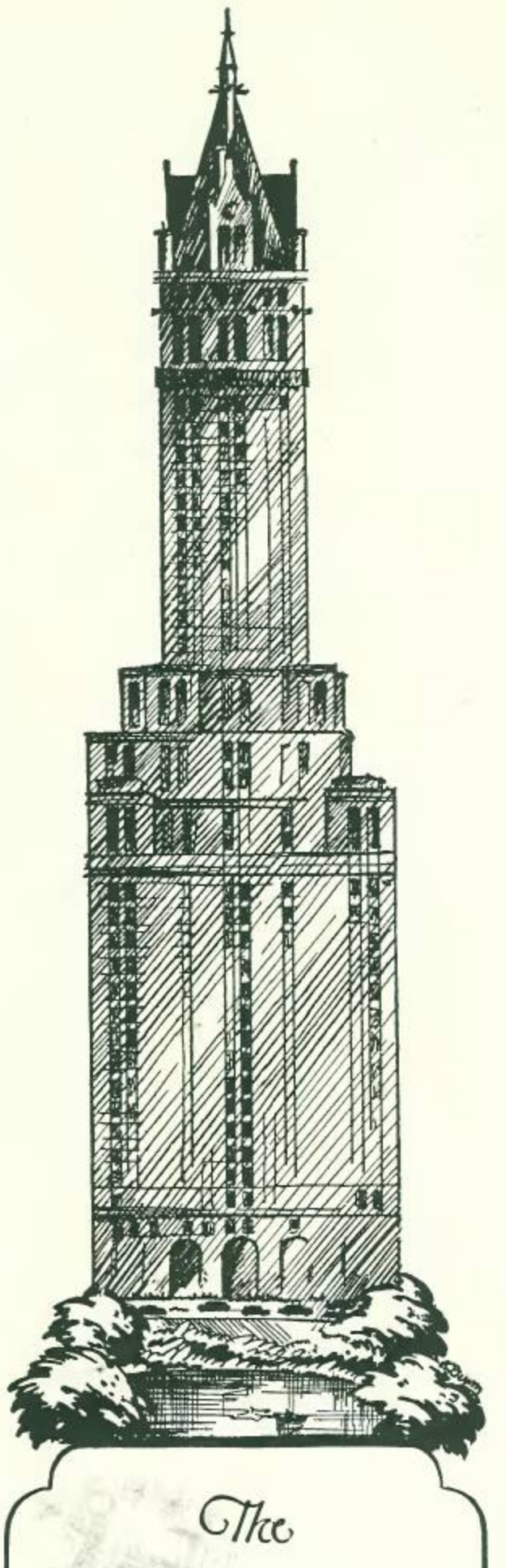
—W. G.

•

"Rudy and I love each other very much," sobbed the police chief's daughter as she staggered back from the brink of divorce. "I am going back to my Rudy, because I love him so much. I am sorry I lost my head and came out here for a divorce, because I love Rudy so much.

"I am going back to make amends to Rudy for my headstrong mistake, because I love him so much."—*The Mirror.*

She loves him.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RED HOUSE

FROM Union Square, the Revolution, so much whispered about, so fashionably dreaded, is but a step away. Around the corner, at 48-50 East Thirteenth Street, are the national headquarters of the Communist Party of America, filling all of a nine-story building which runs through a whole block from Thirteenth to Twelfth Street. In the spring of 1930, when they were ejected from the old-fashioned edifice fronting Union Square—now used as an annex of S. Klein's store—the Communists merely moved their business furniture around the corner to more commodious quarters on the nearby side street: a plain business structure, with large, square plate-glass windows composing the base of its dreary façade, which dates distinctly from the Reign of Terror in American architecture. The small capitalists, mostly cloak-and-suit dealers, who formerly occupied the other floors, quit the place in horror of their new neighbors, and so the Communists, for whom business has been picking up ever since 1929, took over all the nine stories and all the one hundred thousand square feet of office space, naming their beehive the Workers' Center.

Upon the outside of the house of Communism there is no vulgar display of a reputed new affluence. There is no shingle out to show the character or function of the institution. There is not even an office directory in the vestibule. Downstairs, however, at No. 50, a noisy cafeteria of the second class lends character; it is filled with gaunt, dark-faced men and women Reds, ostensibly from the neighboring lofts, who use the place as a coffeehouse club. Adjoining, at No. 48, is the Workers' Bookshop, which has a broad touch of Russia: prominently displayed are many books from the U.S.S.R.; pictures of Stalin, smiling ever so faintly, wearing a cap with a visor; also the numerous works of John Dos Passos.

The interior of the building is informal; there is a confusion of hastily lettered posters and bulletins on the walls everywhere. You mill about among rushing Communists on every floor. Here are plump, dark-eyed girls and unshaven young men. There is a litter of cigarette stubs and waste paper, despite the command of a placard:

KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN
Maintain proletarian order and discipline in your Center

In the corridors you stumble over wooden packing cases filled with revolutionary pamphlets. Upon one of these, in a dim passageway, a pair of lovers are seated, holding hands, unmindful of the incendiary literature beneath them. The girl is dressed all in white, very neat and fresh; the young man, shaggy, cheerfully perspiring, is clad in blue denim, his open shirt exposing his muscular chest.

The touches of proletarian Coney Island are offset, however, by the machinery of a serious bureaucracy all about: typewriters, adding machines, telephone switchboards, desks in flimsily partitioned little offices. These are administered in great part by sad-faced radical Jews, bespectacled, dogmatic-looking; outside of New York, it is said, the Party takes on a more Nordic complexion, boasting even of many recruits who were formerly members of the Ku Klux Klan. Also, among the functionaries at the national office, there is a new accretion of intellectual or crusading Yankee women of obviously middle-class breeding and somewhat elegant appearance; these are the children of the abolitionists and rum-fighters of older times. There are no signs, however, of the young millionaires who have lately been giving aid and comfort to the revolutionary cause, such as John Hays Hammond, Jr., and Corliss Lamont, son of the Morgan partner.

On the lower stories, you pick your way carefully through empty meeting and banquet halls, past offices of Finnish and Swedish labor unions, of the Young Communists' League, of the Women's Council (organization of housekeepers, houseworkers, and rent-fighters). On a middle floor, attained by a creaking, red-painted elevator cage, is the Workers' School, with its eighteen classrooms and 1,236 enrolled students. Above are the press and editorial rooms of the *Daily Worker*, official organ of the Party, and on the top floor the suite of the Central Executive Committee.

THREE years ago, when the bull markets were boiling everywhere in the U.S.A., Communism was rumored to be down and out, shattered by internal strife and hard times. Stern criticisms were visited upon the leaders by colleagues in the U.S.S.R., a ruthless house-cleaning was begun. Issuing from its underground existence of the earlier, postwar years, the Communist Party has entered a new political phase; it openly professes an ambition to succeed the Republican administration of President Hoover by peaceful methods and has placed its official candidates in the field for President and Vice-President: respectively, William Z. Foster and James Ford, Alabama Negro. The campaign is on to win millions of votes—a million in any



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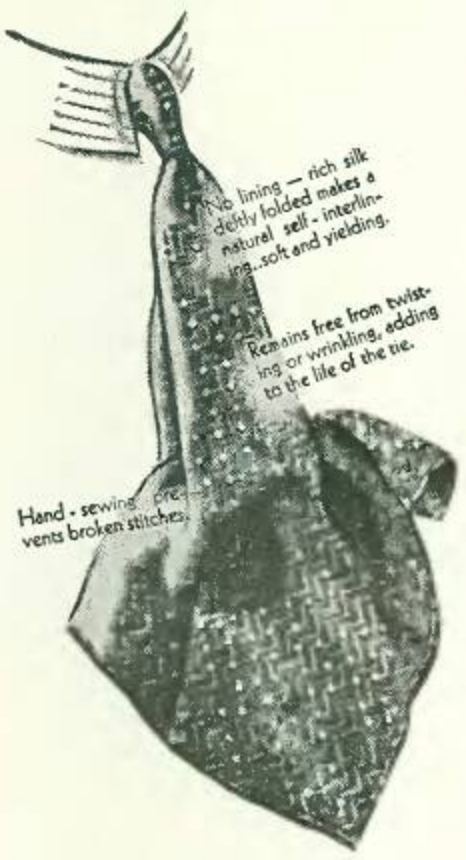
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case, the last Party convention stipulated; the revolutionary movement, directed by the three hundred staff workers in East Thirteenth Street, strains itself mightily for the quite peaceful and conventional task of electioneering. Tons of leaflets are printed and issued, election buttons are distributed; dishevelled couriers, field workers, hat-passers, and canvassers go up and down in the red elevator.

But upstairs everything is much calmer. You sense the rigid, disciplined organization working from the top down. The Central Executive Committee of twenty-five members resembles more an episcopacy than the steering committee of an ordinary political party; it has a power over the membership almost equal to that of Tammany's bosses over local Democrats. The executive in charge of the national-office work is the secretary of the Party: Earl Browder, of Chicago, originally from Kansas.

EVERYONE here is addressed as Comrade. Comrade Bill Foster is about, preparing for his "swing around the country." The celebrated Left Wing labor leader is a tall, amiable Irish-American of fifty, quiet, deliberate, and patient in manner. When he puts on pince-nez to read letters or telegrams brought by a secretary, he looks especially gentle, even professorial.

Foster chews at an orange as he describes the working of his party. He claims only fifteen thousand members who hold and pay for red tickets, making a party small indeed, but he says that it is deliberately kept small, so that it may be an aggressive "spearhead" of leaders, agitators, and shock troops, with membership conferred as an honor or privilege. But with its affiliated Red unions and subsidiary propaganda agencies—sometimes headed by famous authors, such as Theodore Dreiser, or by bourgeois radicals—the movement may be said to embrace some five hundred thousand additional followers, as Hamilton Fish has estimated. "And he ought to know," Foster adds with a grin.

A worker, a printer from the *Daily Worker's* presses, comes to the door and calls Foster, interrupting us. There is a whispered, jocular consultation, at the end of which the stout printer gives the Communist chief a playful punch under the belt. Foster in return clamps a bear hug upon the printer, wrestles with him a few moments, then lightly tosses him out the door, and resumes his lecture, walking up

and down. There is nothing pompous or undemocratic about him.

"Why do we make no more rapid progress?" he says. "But, man, think what a tremendous bourgeoisie we are up against in this country; the most powerful capitalism in the world!" He sounds almost melancholy. Is the revolution many years away, after all? But still, Communism offers a bright future for the young man of today, he holds; something far more bracing and adventurous than the career of a bond salesman or a junior executive.

"Tell them that Communism is a good investment for the future. Tell them that once there was a Philadelphia soap manufacturer who, during the war, loaned the Russian Bolshevik Party five thousand pounds sterling on a note signed by the executive committee of the Party. Years after, when he had died, his heirs presented the note to the Soviets and were paid in full with interest."

Comrade James Ford, the colored candidate for Vice-President, a war veteran and a graduate of Fisk University, seems much more the intellectual than Foster. He has a strongly African face of great intrinsic refinement, recalling Paul Robeson's. His candidacy has aroused much excitement in Harlem, East St. Louis, and the land below the Mason-Dixon Line. Over two thousand Negroes have entered the Communist Party; and many other fervent sympathizers have been gained, especially among colored women in whom the revivalist spirit is still strong, though they may be weak on Marxism.

Another high official, one who acts as my cicerone and informant, points through the window of the bare office in which we sit toward the tower of the Empire State Building. "That fine building is nearly empty," he says in a sharp, hard voice. He is a Middle-Westerner, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, lantern-jawed. His smile is deeply ironic. He continues: "We waste nearly everything nowadays. When we have a Soviet United States, we'll fill that building up to the top."

THE life of the good Communist is often, according to his own lights, wildly adventurous, and it is full of a severe virtue. If he has a job, he must pay two per cent of his wages to the Party, or an average of sixty cents a week; he must also pay his Left Wing union from twenty-five cents to one dollar a week, as well as give to special funds. From all these various

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sources, it is estimated, the income of the Party is over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year and sometimes reaches five hundred thousand dollars by dint of "drives;" for the present national elections a special fund of one hundred thousand dollars is being raised through the sale of Communist Election Fund Certificates at twenty-five cents each. For many years, there has been no Russian gold available here.

If he works in a factory or a shop, the good Communist must be one of a nucleus or "cell" of three or four Reds who, operating in secret harmony with the Party's executives, seek to infect their environment; carry on *agit-prop*, or "agitational propaganda," in greater danger sometimes than church missionaries in savage lands. He must watch for "grievances" to exploit; he must help publish a shop paper, usually mimeographed, and openly or secretly distribute this among his fellows—all the time looking out for industrial spies, placed about to weed out men like him or even "bump them off." At orders from above, he must be ready to throw up his job to picket or lead a strike, braving blows on the skull from policemen, and imprisonment. But as if this were not enough, his leisure time must also be freely sacrificed. At night he must attend committee meetings of his union or other gatherings of his Red comrades. These conferences, filled with passionate, cataclysmic debate in the Marxist idiom, may often last into the small hours of the morning, although it has recently been the fashion even among Communist leaders to choke off talk and stress action. And whatever time is left after that must be devoted to studies! For the Communist must educate himself at home or at school in such heavy subjects as Dialectical Materialism, Fundamentals of Marxism, Leninism, Trade Union Strategy—these are among the courses given at the Workers' School.



STILL more frenzied activity marks the life of the Communist officials, the "paid" staff workers or field workers. They must be up at six or seven o'clock, sometimes even before dawn, to scurry about the city handing out leaflets before factory gates, putting up stickers. Then, after a quick breakfast, they hurry to the office at Thirteenth Street. They get there at eight o'clock, work all day until six, with a possible assignment at the noon-hour recess to give a stump speech somewhere. After some two years of training in a bureaucratic post, the staff worker may be sent out for field work, taking a job in a factory as a manual laborer, acting as a missionary or an observer, sometimes armed with a movie camera. (A course in motion-picture photography is now given for Party members.) Some of the errands are far from peaceful: in the Kentucky coalfields, for instance, the New York agitator may be shot on sight.

It is a Spartan existence, this being a good Communist, and all they can possibly earn in wages, from the leaders such as Foster and Ford down to the lowest staff worker, is thirty-five dollars a week, which they actually collect about half the time. Many of the staff workers, moreover, are unpaid volunteers; for instance, the teachers at the night school. And if a man fails in his duties—so stern is the discipline—he may be denounced, suspended, or expelled from membership, branded forever as a weakling, with his name and face printed in the *Daily Worker* if the breach is serious enough.

From this hard pace there is a little relaxation, usually at weekends, when the Communists may attend picnics with other Comrades, and their wives and sweethearts, at Coney Island or Bronx Park. In their private lives, the manners of Communist men and women may be much less puritanical. They are candid about sex; they are not, however, opposed to marriage, as is commonly believed: some of the leaders, such as Foster, are married and repair to the Bronx every night. But it is considered best for a good revolutionist to avoid heavy domestic burdens. Drinking, on the other hand, to a point of evident intoxication, is censured and may lead to expulsion. Slothfulness is penalized. One staff worker at Thirteenth Street, known for his brilliant if sporadic accomplishments, has never been able to have a red ticket of membership be-

cause he sleeps till nine or ten o'clock in the morning.

AN important department of Communist tactics is concerned with parades of the *enragés*, and with the staging of these eye-filling "spontaneous demonstrations." The technical success of a big parade is as vital to Union Square as it is to West Point or the Red Men. Besides all the special occasions for street activities or public protests which may arise at any moment, such as the demonstration before Mayor McKee last Saturday, there are the regular Red holidays, on which ceremonies are held; May Day (May 1), Sacco-Vanzetti Day (August 22), and Russian Revolution Day (November 7).

There is a special thrill of excitement during the preparations for one of these public ceremonies in New York. Headquarters throbs with activity for from one to four weeks in advance, depending on the magnitude of the affair; all staff workers go into action at high speed, like a big sales campaign at Ford headquarters. Plans and charts are drawn up; all the Red trade unions, all "units"—that is, organizations allied with the Party—are "contacted;" pledges of attendance and donations are exacted; messages, questions, answers fly back and forth until the hour of the demonstration.

Sometimes, as on last May Day, according to the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* (Rep.), as many as sixty thousand marchers are assembled; and since Union Square cannot hold this crowd, they line the streets, six abreast, from Tenth to Twenty-first Streets, with the police out in force following all their motions. Stump speakers thunder above the throng. Effigies and placards, referring to revolutionary matters all over the earth, are borne aloft. And most picturesque of all are the Young Pioneer marchers, educated for the class struggle almost from birth, all brimming nevertheless with Boy and Girl Scout spirit. These young folks always parade in excellent order, singing insurrectionary songs in shrill voices, and also, at halts, giving their yells under cheer leadership: "Are we in it? Well, I guess! Communists? Communists? Yes, yes, yes!"

Nowadays, the songs are often soldier tunes; "Marching Through Georgia," or "Hinky-Dinky Parley-Voo," or "Over There" may be altered to "The Red Flag," or "Banker and Boss," or "Fighting Rebels." Even "Boola-Boola" has been sung to Bol-



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shevik verses, which gives a clue to how much college spirit has lately gone into the movement:

We're out to fight for our great cause,
  We'll win, we cannot fail.
So rah, rah, rah, so rah, rah, rah,
  We're not the ones to quail.

CHORUS:

Boola-boola, boola-boola,
We want no fooling, we'll stand no ruling, etc.

ACCOMPANYING the needle workers and clothing makers who compose the mass of the city's Communist army, there are sometimes said to be detachments of "wild men," shock troops placed in a position to defend the line against unexpected attack or interference. These strong-arm boys are generally recruited from among sailors, stevedores, and restaurant workers, all spoiling for a fight, even with the city's finest if need be.

Each mass demonstration, as the Bomb and Riot Squads well know, has its element of unknown danger. A moment of tension may come, as in March, 1930, when, with hostile forces drawn up, out of an ominous pause a slight move on either side may open a street battle. The police detest the Communists, not only because of their "Bolshevized" commotions in the streets but because of the insults which the fierce Communist women heap upon them while scratching and biting.

In Union Square, recently, the Communists were *en masse*, as usual, for some political cause and had taken to singing the old I.W.W. chant, "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," whose chorus ends:

Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again!

One of Commissioner Mulrooney's stalwarts, six-foot, craggy-headed, swinging his nightstick with nervous energy, looked on from the edge of the crowd, untouched by the afternoon's propaganda. At length, turning to me after appraising my white collar and bourgeois hat, he confided with a snort:

"Give us a handout? *Handout!* That's all they're after, the big slobs. They want to take away the money that you and I make by using our brains! Eh?"—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

•

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AMELIA FIELD considers herself a connoisseur of people.

"People are fascinating," she says. "I like to study them. Just watch them when I go out anywhere. Why, it's fascinating."

After everyone present has been made to admit, by Amelia's tireless insistence upon a response, that people are, indeed, a fascinating study, she will explain that the prime secret of her success is observation. It is her boast that with one swift but inclusive glance she can take in and, more wonderful, remember later the details of any woman's costume, whether those diamonds were real or not, and how much the whole business probably cost. That is observation. Moreover, with the aid of this power, she has also discovered that she alone, of all the people she knows, really observes.

She is very fond of making a demonstration of her observation. In a streetcar, her bright eyes scan the occupants quickly, letting off not one miserable citizen. The lime-whitened pants of the laborer arrest her just as much as the silver fox of the expensive lady. She pokes her companion sharply. "Don't look now, but did you notice that man, the third from the left? What a terrible thing: to have to go out on the street with a birthmark like that! I feel sorry for him. No, of course he doesn't think I'm staring at him. Don't be silly."

THERE must be another section in her mind, reserved for a catalogue of pregnant women ("I shouldn't think they would enjoy going out, looking like that, with everybody staring at them") and still other compartments, all with their tags, for smart costumes, queer faces, outlandish behavior, signal rudeness, all the vagaries of human nature and appearance. All are acutely observed, carefully stored for future reference in Amelia's conversation.

"I saw the most awful thing today. Grace was with me, but she never notices anything about people. I had to point it out to her. Funny, how some people have no observation."

Or she may remark:

"Look at that man, the one just turning to the left there. Well, he is Mrs. Johnson's husband, and *he* has been married before, and *she* has been married before, and they both have children by the other marriages!"

Amelia waits, a little pathetically,

Balanced Values in

HAMPTON CO. Durene THE FINEST COTTON

OUTSTANDING AUTUMN FASHIONS

Balanced values are created by the magic foursome of authentic styling, correct design for fit, superior quality of yarn and fabric, fine workmanship.

We have sketched here just a few of the many fine garments made of Hampton durene which we sponsor as balanced values because of unusual finished quality as well as style. You may check our reasons as given.



Spiroflex—New fall all-in-one. Continuous spiral of elastic knitted in mesh fabric of Hampton durene. Very flexible. Pointed cup-shaped bandeau of double rayon mesh. Peach. By Carter. At Best & Co. $5.



Kayserettes — New fall model. Mesh tights and vest knitted of Hampton durene in rib construction. Flesh and white. By Kayser. At the better shops. 50 cents each garment.



Athletic shirt of Hampton durene knitted in graduated Swiss rib with slightly fitted waistline. Look for Hampton durene label. By Ide. At leading haberdashers. 50 cents.



LeGant—Girdle of Youthlastic fabric—lastex woven with Hampton durene yarn. Two-way stretch. French peach. By Warner. At Franklin Simon & Co. $10.



Lord & Taylor #551 outsize semi-sheer silk hosiery. Narrow heel pocket. Toe, heels, sole and welt reinforced with Hampton durene. Fall hosiery shades. By McCallum. At Lord andTaylor.$1.65.



Dura-Cord—Gloves knitted of Hampton durene in corded construction. All fall shades. By Grewen. At B. Altman & Co. $1.50

Hampton durene is a superior quality two-ply yarn specially mercerized for added strength, luster, and absorbency.

You will find these "balanced values" in the better stores.

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40 WORTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Byron G. Moon
Director



Made by **MILGRIM**

COPPERHEAD ... a brown that is neither light nor dark nor bright nor dull ... in a new woolen so soft it has fairly a fuzz ... accented as you see it by pebbled satin with the same warm glow

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READY-TO-WEAR . *now from* **$55**

SALYMIL SHOP *now from* **$19.50**

MILGRIM

6 West 57th Street

CLEVELAND DETROIT

for her effect. Sometimes it doesn't quite come off and then Amelia becomes really angry.

"Why," she sputters, "I should think you'd see the point. Don't you think it's *peculiar?*"

Amelia's observation is successful, too, because there are so few things she is afraid to see. Squeamish individuals sometimes avert their eyes; Amelia's hold their gaze, bright and unwinking, to take in the bright blush of some shame, the agony of embarrassment, the trembling lip of one about to weep, the utter deadness of a corpse. Fascinating.

BESIDES her ability to see externals so clearly, Amelia is also blessed with insight. To her all humans are transparent; motives and emotions lie revealed because, as she says, "I can read them like a book." For example, her cousin, Tom, has dropped in to see her. He is determined not to mention the fact that his wife has just bought a new fur coat. He knows that Amelia would consider this rank extravagance, in their position, and would not hesitate to tell him so. His manner, as he thinks of these things, shows a strain, a trace of evasion. But she reads him like a book; she feels at once that he is trying to conceal something from her, and she is immediately determined to unearth it. Adopting the manner of the prosecuting attorney for the State, she fires a barrage of questions at him:

"Tom, you don't look a bit well. Is there anything the matter with you?"

"Oh no, Amelia, I'm fine. Except for a cold I had recently, but that was nothing much."

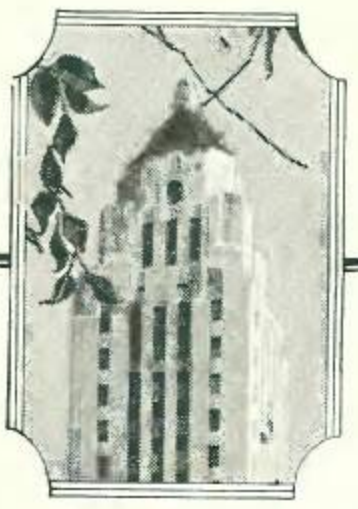
"Yes, I know you. You wouldn't admit that you're sick if you were dying. Have you seen a doctor? Colds can develop into pneumonia. Of course, I know you don't feel you ought to spend money on doctors, with all your expenses, a wife and a family and a big house. Really, I don't see how you can keep on working so hard."

Tom is suddenly seized with a racking, but entirely nervous, cough.

"There! What did I tell you!"

Tom soon manages to leave, depressed by his visit, but congratulating himself upon not having mentioned the fur coat. That night, Amelia, having read Tom like a second-grade primer, is able to give her husband an exciting account of the conversation.

"Poor Tom. He came in here this afternoon looking ghastly. He's get-



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These apartments are triply spacious—Studio living rooms, unusual length and width, 28' x 17', plus 13 foot ceilings, with wide and high windows, double the usual light, air and space. Other distinctive features: dining balconies, wood-burning fireplaces, bath for every chamber, many closets.

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OR YOUR OWN BROKER

ting tuberculosis and won't do anything for it. Well, I don't know what Elsie and the children will do if anything happens to him. But then, what can you expect? She's so extravagant that he has to work night and day to make money. And then he never has a cent left, even to pay for a doctor, sick as he is."

Amelia's husband is surprised by the news.

"Why, I had lunch with Tom the other day. He looked all right. He seemed to be in pretty good spirits, too."

"Oh, well, of course *you* would think so. You never observe. I never in my life saw a man who could be with people so much and observe so little about them."

Amelia's husband, knowing from experience that she is about to read him, too, like a book, retires into silence and a widespread newspaper.

AMELIA does not find her husband's behavior at all unflattering to herself. Rather, she feels that his inability to enter into her exciting discoveries is a grave defect which stamps him as "queer." Nearly everyone else she knows is queer in the same way, but she has decided that human beings are made in this unsatisfactory mold, and there is little to be done about it. "The leopard cannot change its spots," she will tell you, for little sayings of this type comfort her. Nevertheless, she has never ceased, in the face of continual rebuffs, to try to change the glaring spots on everyone around her.

It is her proudest boast that "I am just an average woman." This is not modesty on her part, for she really considers it a distinction to be average. So few people are—except herself. And naturally, knowing herself to be so supremely sane and normal, Amelia wants everyone else to share her good fortune. When those around her seem to resent her constant attentions, to pull away and go about their own affairs, she is not a bit discouraged. These people may indeed be freakish, stubborn, abnormal, or stupid, but she considers them her own, to be studied and admonished at will. If, at times, those whom Amelia tries so hard to help seem flagrantly ungrateful—well, that is their way. Meanwhile, she can only keep her eyes wide open, in censorious amazement. "People are so peculiar, I think," she goes on saying. "I like to study them."

—B. G. L.

Sports Swagger



Swagger lines . . . smart, three-quarter length . . . lots of flare . . . furs with great character but not expensive. These are the winning points of Gunther sports coats that go travelling, or to town or country. These new coats have a well-bred chic that only master furriers know how to achieve.

(Left) *Leopard cat,* one of the most striking of sports furs, worked with up-and-down lines that add to your height. The sleeves are very new . . . $195

(Right) *Mink* from Japan goes sporty in a coat with a full flare and a grand big collar. With an eye to economy we have priced this lovely fur at . . $375

Gunther

FURS

666 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

JUST about this time, so the schedule on the wall informs me, all the smart, smart people of N'Yawk head for the country to view hunts, hoss races, polo, and other sporting events. Well, it would never raise the social standing of you climbers to appear in printed chiffons at Meadow Brook, so this week is devoted to ferreting out a few of the new notions in tweeds and knits.

Down around Peck & Peck, they persist in their waggish talent for fashion nomenclature. Boss Tweeds are what they are talking about these days. Some are veritably men's tweeds from Scotland, fashioning topcoats that your husbands would covet, and tailored two-piece suits: some fitted and single-breasted, some double-breasted. In a slightly more feminine vein, there is a dendy suit: the coat is knee-length and unbelted, buttoning in double-breasted array right up to the tiny turn-over collar at the throat. The knitted dresses here are also better than ever. Some are nubbly and soft and look like tweeds; some very subtle, in tiny irregular check patterns. The newest improvement on the traditional suede windbreaker for golf is two bands of knit inserted up each side of the back to give complete freedom for the swing. For skating, the lumberjack's clumsy buttoned and belted jacket appears in plaid tweed lined with rabbit. And the separate blouse-sweater things are grand. I liked best a sports shirt made of a red-and-white nubbly knit with a red leather belt, though they told me I would go for some plaid sweaters, which look hand-knit and are to arrive any instant. Besides this, some curious quirk of the public mind sends people who like purple and iris and such colors scurrying invariably to Peck & Peck. So they fuss a lot to get their purple and violet and iris right, even in materials that are tough to dye. Just in case you are interested.

THE most recent swoop into Seventh Avenue, where our manufacturers hold forth, took me to Davidow and gave me a kick, blasé though I be. You remember the type



of dresses we all lived in five years ago: little two-piece jumpers inspired by Chanel, with buttons and belts (we wore them around our hips then, but you know the type). Well, dears, they are sneaking back, and I didn't realize until I saw them that I had missed the things. I didn't realize either that I was homesick for natural kasha and natural cashmere jersey until I saw them, too. Saks-Fifth Avenue have a two-piece kasha dress with a white piqué collar, and another sports dress with a yaller tweed skirt and a double-breasted jumper of raspberry knit. Bonwit Teller harbor a couple of the cashmere-jersey things, with narrow red belts, red buttons, and little scarves around the neck. Welcome home!

When it comes to those swagger, tweed ensembles of three or four pieces to serve as the basis of your country wardrobe, Abercrombie & Fitch rate your personal attention. The things are much gayer and less matter-of-fact this year than heretofore. There are all kinds of ensembles with long topcoats accompanying two-piece affairs of the cardigan-jacket type that may either button and belt over your lingerie or swing free over a sweater or blouse. The outside coat may be of the swagger type or trimly belted (mostly, there is both a leather and a cloth belt). They adore Ascot ties here, sometimes giving you two to a costume. They like plaids cropping out in skirts and scarves, with plain jackets and coats over them. You really can do all kinds of interchanging with the costumes, and the prices are reasonable: forty-nine fifty for the swankiest red tweed coat that ever decorated a bleacher is representative.

But maybe you won't be able to get upstairs to see the tweeds. They have a new, lazy man's cocktail-shaker on the ground floor. You



"Pardon me, lady. I'm just looking for my Bon Ami."

PECK & PECK



"Prince Eddie" Plaid $79.50

WE TURN TO COATS

Here are two infallible ways to Face your Fall - in a classic loose-swinging topcoat (with a dash of bright scarf at the neck) or in a "soft" coat that deftly absorbs the new fashions in neckline, in shoulder, in sleeve.

There's one outstanding topcoat for Fall, the Prince of Wales' new plaid (or would you call it a check?) Peck & Peck has it in the selfsame royal model and plaid, cravanetted and reversible (H.R.H. himself wore it in black-and-white but there is also a brown-and-white, if such is your Fallish pleasure).

The unlined tweed topcoat, seasonably seasoned with flecks of white and brown, has leather buttons - and very important, too.

Just a soft-spoken foreigner arrives (the imported monotone woolen, to the right) with just the right scarf neckline, dropped shoulder, wide armhole.

And, for the new ways of fur with a coat, we point to the baby leopard yoke and tiny collar on a Crinkle Gora Cloth coat, of three-quarter length.

Peck & Peck



Tweed topcoat $19.50

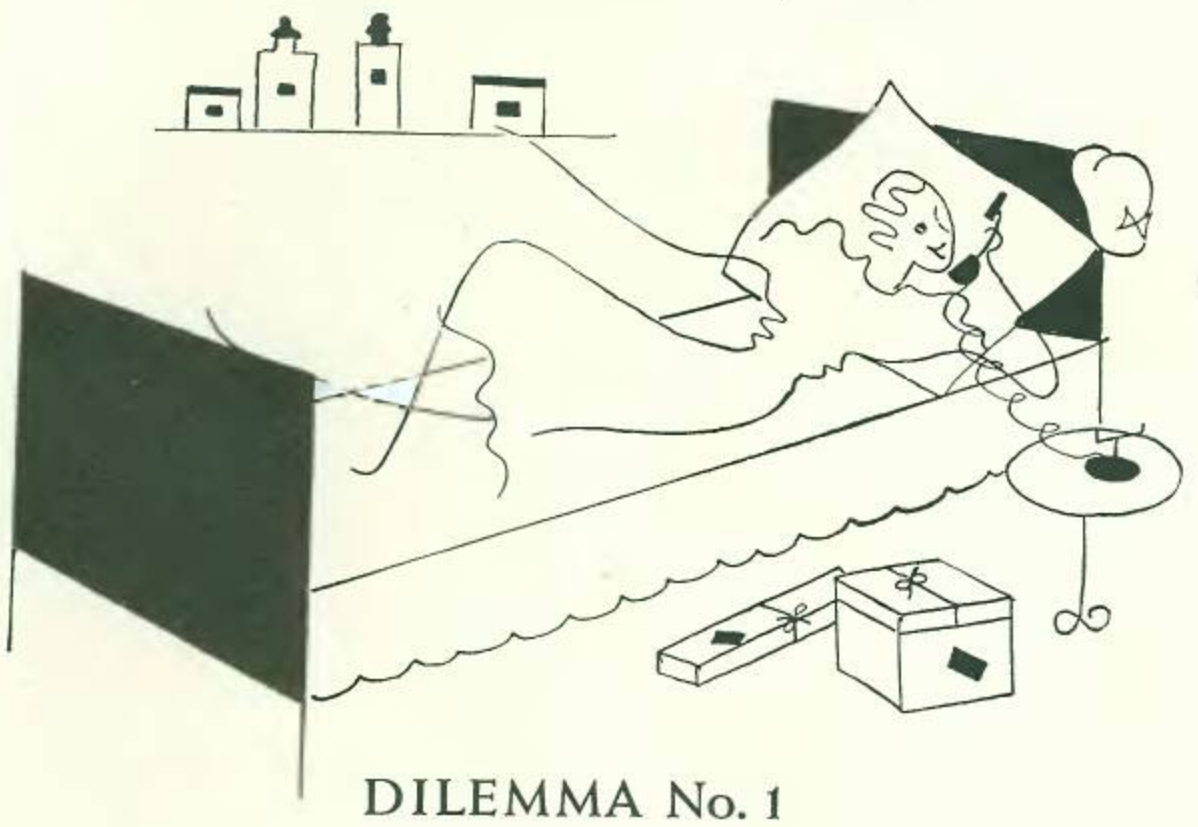
Baby leopard on wool. $79.50

Imported wool scarf coat $55.

WHITE PLAINS CHICAGO BOSTON NORTHAMPTON DETROIT MINNEAPOLIS ST. LOUIS PHILADELPHIA

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Dilemmas Elizabeth Arden Has Solved



DILEMMA No. 1

A Message from Mars

It has been a day of disappointments. A hopeless shopping tour, luncheon with poor Sarah and tea with Aunt Emily who doesn't approve of you. You vow that nothing short of a message from Mars will cause you to move. And then, out of the ether it comes! A call from Peter Pratt...in town for the night only. It's tonight or never so you say, "yes...in an hour." What are you ever going to do about your face?

SOLUTION: With Elizabeth Arden's Cleansing Cream, Skin Tonic, Cleansing Tissues, you thoroughly cleanse your face. Then, using equal parts of Muscle Oil, Anti-Wrinkle Cream and Pore Cream, you make a creamy blend which you apply to your face and neck, carefully spreading it over the entire surface. You lie down for a few minutes. With Cleansing Cream and Skin Tonic, you remove this "mask" and with it goes every tired wrinkle, every sign of unhappiness. Your skin is clear and morning fresh! You understand better than ever why this combination of preparations which Elizabeth Arden calls her "Three-In-One Treatment" is given with such success in her Salons.

A smoothing in of your favorite foundation, a careful application of Elizabeth Arden's Exquisite Rouge, Lipstick, Powder, Eye Sha-do, and Cosmetique. And you are ready for anything...anybody...even Peter!

With these Elizabeth Arden Preparations on hand, you can meet the most dire beauty emergency:

Cleansing Cream	$1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $6.00
Skin Tonic	85c, $2.00, $3.75
Cleansing Tissues	$1.50, $2.25
Pore Cream	$1.00
Anti-Wrinkle Cream	$2.00, $3.50
Muscle Oil	$1.00, $2.50, $4.00, $14.00



NO INCREASE IN PRICE...*Elizabeth Arden is happy to announce that, due to the splendid cooperation of her distributors, the price of her preparations is not affected by the new Sales Tax. Miss Arden's preparations will continue to be sold at their regular prices which are, as always, the lowest consistent with their superior quality.*

ELIZABETH ARDEN
691 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK CITY

LONDON · PARIS · BERLIN · ROME · MADRID

© Elizabeth Arden, 1932

wind up the top, and something inside spins like those soda-fountain things, mixing everything all oop.

TO get back to more frivolous subjects, Franklin Simon have always been noted for the coy charm of their inexpensive lingerie. Right now, several things lurk there that you will like. For instance, there are Tighties. These are little pants, either of tailored satin or lace-trimmed crêpe, with meshy Lastex rubber on the sides. There are garters that button on, and they give you smooth contours and quite a lot of holding-in without that girdle feeling that so many women hate. They are $4.95, and people who use them are fanatics on the subject. You can get them also in combinations, with Lastex brassières built in, if you can ask for Tytettes without sniggering. Franklin Simon have a grand array of nightgowns at $5.95: some of them very hussy, with lace fronts and suspender backs; some of them demure, with fluttering bits over the shoulders. And they are proud of their nightgown jackets: flippant little things of lace or satin or crêpe in such a variety that you can match them up in sets with practically any nightgown or slip in the place. There is also hullabaloo over a strapless slip which they swear really stays in place. The brassière has that light boning just below the armpit which makes it cling; that's why.

Downstairs, look at the gold jewelry for your woollens: all kinds of gold-snake things, gold balls arranged this and that way, discs strung together; junk like that. Look also at the Whippersnapper sets for your schoolgirl daughter. Only $2.95 buys a little felt beret and a felt envelope bag big enough for sizable schoolbooks.

I MIGHT as well warn you: there will be an epidemic of dresses around town in that dull-finish slinky jersey made of Acele. They come in autumnal colors, finely striped, checked, boasting plaid overpatterns, and the like. Dresses with wide belts and buttons up to the throat, where stiffly starched little collars occur, are a favorite design. The material doesn't look as incongruous for sports as you would think; on the contrary, it is



very attractive. But I do think that the style will be done to death in no time. —L. L.

AS TO MEN
Saddle, Field, and Blind



WE can now return to autumn sports, for which the stores have assembled some interesting items. Take Altman, for instance. The sixth-floor sports department has a new and practical vest that combines the best features of a leather windbreaker and a sweater. The vest itself is chamois, and in addition there are softly knitted wool sleeves. A zipper fastener, instead of buttons, keeps the front closed to the exact point you wish, and the vest may be had in a deep wine shade as well as in the conventional pale yellow; $6.95. Altman is likewise sponsoring a special offering of 1933-model golf clubs—both irons and woods—by Butchart & Nicholls. All the clubs are steel-shafted and the woods have a red spot set in the head by the edge of the face, to catch your eye and keep it where it belongs. Woods and irons are $8.50 each.

Should you care to look far enough ahead to the long winter evenings, Altman also has a grand new table for table tennis (*née* ping-pong). It is steel, light enough to be portable, and sturdy enough to be rigid and not warp; $39.50. Also, ask to see Monaco and Irish Luck, two new dice games: simple, exciting, and liable to be quickly detrimental to any bankroll.

FOR an autumn on a horse's back, you may like the new Whippy saddles at Spalding, who has taken note of the growing tendency over here to ride with the European seat: these are deeper, and the flaps are hung further forward to provide for the use of shorter stirrup leathers.

In his tack-room sort of store on Forty-fourth Street, hard by the Yale Club, Wayne Watkins has a cleverly arranged cleaning chest for leather equipment. This not only offers everything needed for keeping tack in shape, from buckets to rags, but also has an arrangement of sliding and folding panels that gives you saddle racks, table tops, and soap shelves. The whole thing is self-contained, and on wheels; $65. A wardrobe trunk called the Tack-In-Tact

For days with a tang, the

TWEED COAT-DRESS



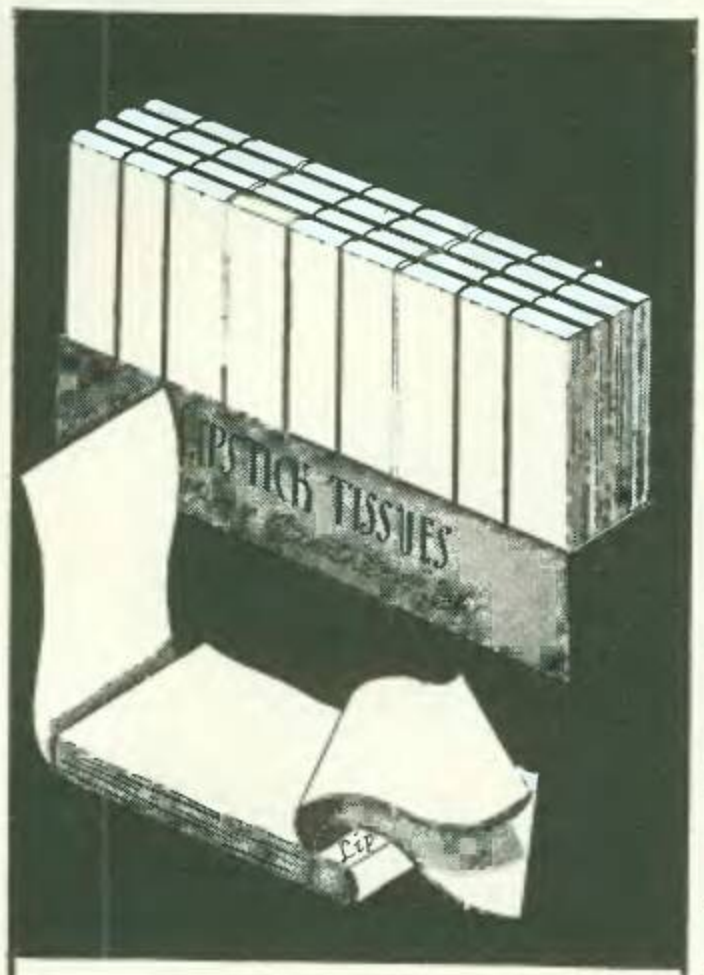
It has a style all its own, this good-looking coat-dress of a British type bold herringbone tweed, with unique double-breasted closing and tiny gilet of white piqué. Exclusive with Best's. Brown or wine. Sizes 11 to 20. **22.50**

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GARDEN CITY MAMARONECK EAST ORANGE BOSTON

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should be a boon to owners of show horses. It is designed to contain six saddles, bridles, coolers, and blankets, as well as brushes, combs, and other accessories, and affords a permanent and private tack room under all conditions of travel and exhibition; $195.

As you probably know, Hermès has closed its New York branch temporarily. Hermès saddles, nevertheless, are not lost to us, for Basil Grant and Billy Post have the agency for them at their tack room down at East Williston, Long Island. Incidentally, E. Vogel, the bootmaker, has added a special department to his Warren Street shop for ready-to-wear or custom-made riding habits.

REMINGTON has brought out a new model "over-and-under" gun, 12-gauge. The barrels are thirty inches long; the lower a modified choke, and the upper full choke. Ejection is automatic and the grip is narrower than usual. The single sighting plane afforded by the "over-and-under" arrangement is a big help in trap- and skeet-shooting.

Also, there is a new .22 Hornet cartridge on the market, from the arsenal of Griffin & Howe. Owing to a special bullet and load, it has a muzzle velocity of 2,500 feet per second. The makers claim it will not ricochet, so, as they naïvely point out, it "can be used in populated districts." That ought to be good news for the gangs.

To help you get your eye in, Abercrombie & Fitch maintain their own trap-shooting grounds on Bell Avenue at Bayside, Long Island; these are available for coaching, testing, gun-fitting, and practice. Lessons, by appointment, are $5 an hour. In the A. & F. store in New York, gunners might well inspect the Burberry hunting coat, with its convenient set of removable game pockets, as well as numerous other pockets and pleats designed to give greater comfort in field and blind. Waterproof, and $37.50.

Another Abercrombie gadget that met with great success this summer might well be a thought now for duck boats. This is an outboard motor that is worked by hand; it is, of course, noiseless, and with little exertion it can be made to propel a ten-foot skiff at rowing speed. —H. F.

•

TRAIN HITS 2 ASLEEP IN AUTO ON CROSSING, AWAKENING THEM
—Headline in the Evening Post.

It's time they were up.

It is still fashionable to be thrifty, especially in the matter of personal dress. If QUALITY is given prime consideration economy is sure to follow.

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FIFTH AVENUE · NINTH STREET

POLO

The End of the Open



THE fans had the icing before the cake in the recent Open championship, for the final, contrary to all the laws governing the satisfaction of the customer and the maintenance of tradition, was a complete anticlimax. The series began a week before, with Aurora facing the Hurricanes; but people didn't get very excited over that, as nobody expected to see either in the final. They were merely interested in seeing Pat Roark advance his team after his long trek from England. Next day, Sands Point, unbeaten since their formation, and carrying most of the money in spite of Eastcott's historic defeat of Templeton in a practice match, went down to a sensational defeat that provided all the thrills anyone could ask. Eastcott set out to show that their last victory was no flash in the pan, and they tore into Tommy Hitchcock's men with a vim and a disregard of odds and probabilities so complete that they disorganized Sands Point from captain right down the line. Many people said that if the game were replayed, the result would be different; but bookies don't pay off on that, and the blue stands saw the unprecedented spectacle of Hitchcock and Pete Bostwick, his No. 1, held to a goal apiece. Bostwick in that position has always spelled an inevitable string of goals, but this time, though he had many a shot at the uprights, he was so hurried and harried by Bobby Strawbridge and the inspired elder Hopping that he missed all but one; and so the favorite was beaten.

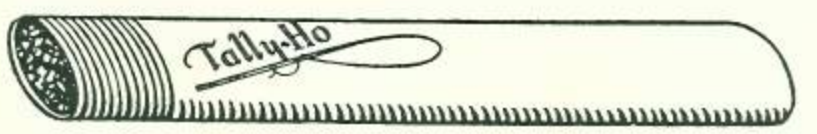
NOW, by all the laws of comparative scores—on which, no matter how frequently they are disappointed, people still bank—Eastcott should have made short work of Greentree in the semifinal. Instead, that match provided another surprise and the other high spot of the tournament. Again, the game was a dogfight from beginning to end, with the score seesawing and both teams going all out on the best ponies in the world. Gerald Balding rose to great heights for Greentree, Rube Williams and Cecil Smith proved their claim to International calibre, Jock Whitney was very adequately tucking in goals. To bal-



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A convenient box of 10 (with *amber* tips to protect the lips) for 10 pennies.

A flat packet of 20 for Twenty pennies
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ance the scales, the younger Hopping wasn't quite at the top of his form, and the front end of the team wasn't quite pulling its weight.

Then, in the sixth period, Smith came a crasher that looked like deciding the game; but his Texas blood was up to a pitch which—miraculously, to us effete Easterners—made it possible for him to finish out the match at top speed in spite of a broken elbow. But he couldn't play in the final against Templeton, and Eric Tyrell-Martin, who has been out in California all year, rushed to the aid of his fellow-Briton, Balding, and took Smith's place. However, not even the ties of blood could make him fit into the once-perfect organism which was Greentree, and the game was a positive rout for the Yale club. Winston Guest set a new all-time high for Open championships by scoring nine of the sixteen goals. Templeton played the whole game as though the score were tied, never letting up the pressure which cracked Greentree wide-open from the first bell; and against which they could never reorganize, although they went into a desperate huddle at the half and emerged with a changed lineup. Three goals were all they ever made, and the good-sized gallery which had paid to see a hair-raising, nip-and-tuck battle, saw one team give another a lesson in polo, in all its branches.—FREE HIT

•

POT LUCK
AT A FIFTH AVENUE FLORIST'S

I never witnessed such a thing
  As potted four-leaf clovers till
I saw them stocked by Mr. Schling,
  Each ornamented with a frill
Labelled "Good Luck." How glib, how bold
  Of him to think that luck's a thing
That can be snared and reared and sold.
  How impudent of Mr. Schling!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

SIR:

Should you ever be in the market for beautiful dancing; nothing vulgar. Should appreciate an interview at your convenience.

Will dance gratis for any charatiables. Been featured on Bway.

Do Hawaiian Spanish Oriental dancing. Also I dance for smokers, nude.

thanks.

—Letter received by a gentleman who entertains.

File it in our "To Think About" folder, Miss Nulty.

Ten

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OVER THE WAVES

LIFE OF THE BOSWELLS

No Visitors, N. Y.

HARDLY a man is now alive
Who recalls that in 1795
Occurred the death of a Mr. James Boswell;
A joke on his doctor, who'd thought that he was well.

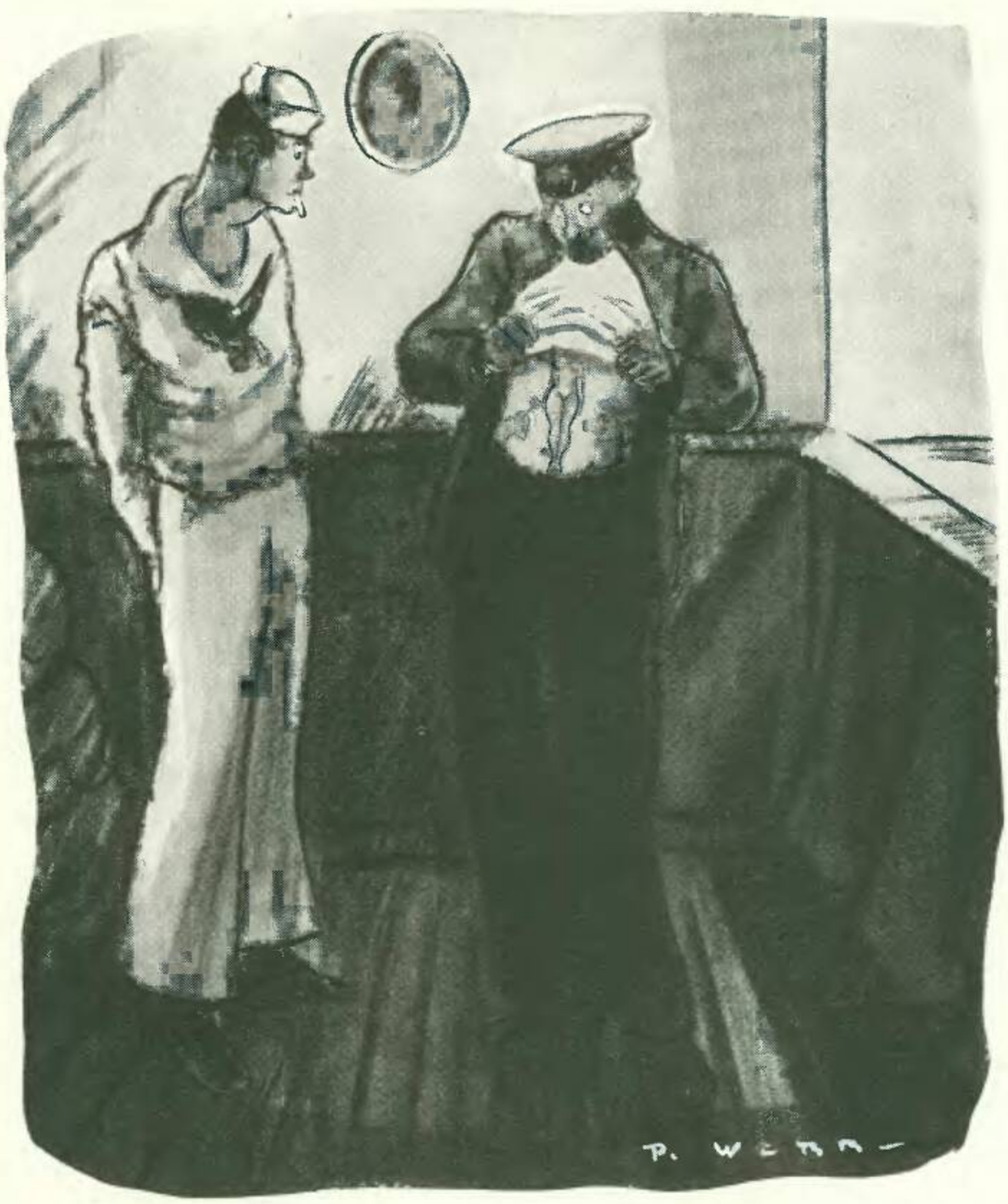
I COULD go on in this manner for a week [Yes you could—Ed. Yes I could—Auth.] but the result would be as disgusting to reader, editor, and author as was this department a fortnight since, when I started out by trying to please a worshipper in Danbury, Conn., who wanted a few facts concerning Paul Whiteman and his self-styled musicians, and wound up by creating the dismal impression that The New Yorker was Mons. Whiteman's house organ and I his general press representative, whereas neither I nor any other copyboy even faintly connected with The New Yorker's staff (its what!) has willingly talked to Mons. Gershwin's floor leader since California got too hot for him.

The purpose of part of this piece is to show a bit of appreciation for Ol' Marse Boswell's kindness in that six-volume eulogy of my International, All-Time Literary Hero, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who won himself eternal fame by virtue of his notorious indolence, by bragging that he had "lounged" from the age of eighteen to the age of twenty-one, and by getting himself nicknamed The Great Lexicographer by writing a dictionary and misspelling forty-eight of the seventy words he knew, being, no doubt, a radio announcer.

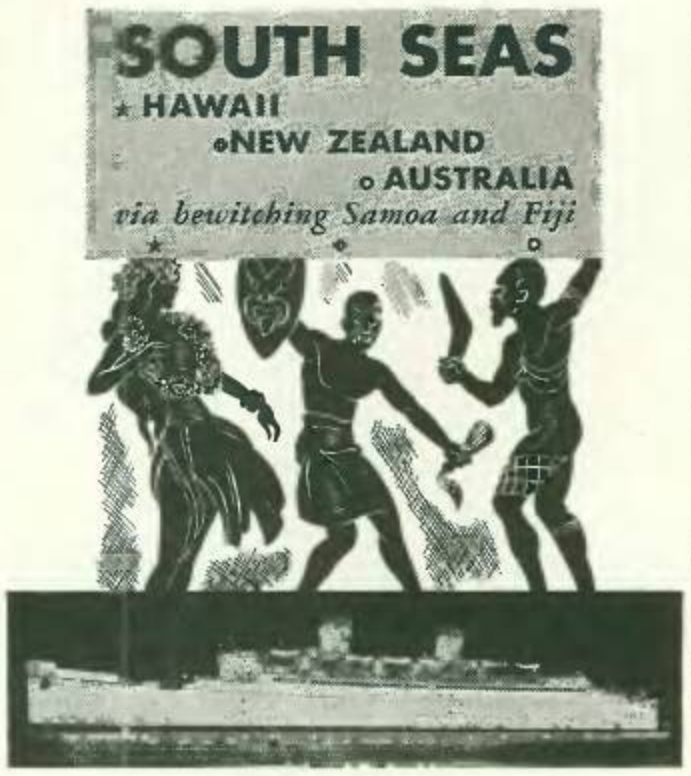
Whether he was Mr. Boswell's own doctor I am not sure; in sooth, I faked that line about the doctor. Doc Johnson outdied Jim by eleven years, but that's no sign he didn't lay the groundwork for Bozzy's extinction, though the percentage of leeches who pass on while you still owe them for even one visit would just about pay the next quarterly dividend on Fisk Rubber. However, if there hadn't been a close friendship between some doctor and James Boswell, why should one of the latter's three sisters be called Vet?

WHEN I asked my Latvian swineherd how I might repay in a measure the debt we Johnson disciples owe the Boswell family, he suggested that I give some publicity to the Boswell Sisters in one of the magazines that are under my thumb. They are radio artists and, while he had heard that their work (they sing) had real merit, they were unlikely to "get anywhere" (he picks up slang as if it were so much slang) unless they were "plugged" in the "public prints." Just at this time I began receiving the Columbia Broadcasting System's daily reports on its plans and interesting items regarding the personal habits, tastes, modes of life, etc., of its artists—the regular press matter sent out to radio reviewers employed by the newspapers, but to print which in full they unfortunately lack space. From these reports, Latvy and I have been able to clip thousands of words of Boswelliana as well as human-interest details concerning other Columbia stars. Today I feed you a little fanfare about the Boswells and, to prevent a recurrence of the embarrassing Whiteman scandal, will try to serve you also small tidbits designed to tickle the palates of Etting, Downey, and Mills Brothers admirers, together with delicate morsels from the menus of N.B.C., which, I grieve to say, doesn't send me its publicity.

In the case of Columbia, I will add brief comments of my own so that the boys who pay for my stuff will not think that I do all my work with shears and glue. Editors and readers can spot what I have written by the absence of quotation marks—" ". What I have lifted from Columbia's press man will carry quotation marks —" ". When I mention an N.B.C. hero or heroine, quotation marks—" "—will be unnecessary because, as I have said, the N.B.C. press bureau treats me as if I were Col. Crater Q.



"I wonder if I know you well enough to show you this."



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Sherwoodnagle. But let's try to make use of what little room is left:

THE late James Boswell's sisters are Connie, Martha, and Vet. Connie, a basso-cantante or baritone, often has a program by herself. For such a program the broadcasting company is obliged to pay a fee to the American Society of So-and-So because she sings regular copyrighted numbers which the Society and its members own. On the other hand, the broadcasting company might put up an argument about royalty when the three gals harmonize, for then the lyric is done in code and, unless you have caught the title, you can't tell whether the tune is "St. Louis Browns" or "Cabin, Stay Away from My Honey's Wolf." Just the same, no one is likely to tune in on some other station while this trio is bearing down, not even to hear Mariani and his Marionettes.

"The Boswell Sisters have saved every piece of fan mail they ever received. All the missives to the harmonizing trio are packed in bundles and sent to New Orleans for safekeeping in the Boswell attic." Mine—well, once a month I get Latvy to put them in an empty aspirin container. He uses the other half for an attic. "It's not their sense of harmony, but their sense of humor that keeps those Boswell girls going. That's why, as Nat Shilkret quips, 'All's well that Boswell.'" What with Nat and Jack Benny and one thing and another, prospects are bright for Paul Lannin's All-String Arcady. Wind instruments require wind and there is danger that bands equipped with quippers will laugh themselves out of it. Unless Mr. Conn or Mr. York (I knew him well) invents a giggolo— But I seem to have quit quoting.

"Today they sing, 'Put That Sun Back in the Sky.' But it's usually night, midnight and sometimes dawn. They huddle in pajamas around a big piano in their heavily draped suite on Central





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HOTEL WHITE

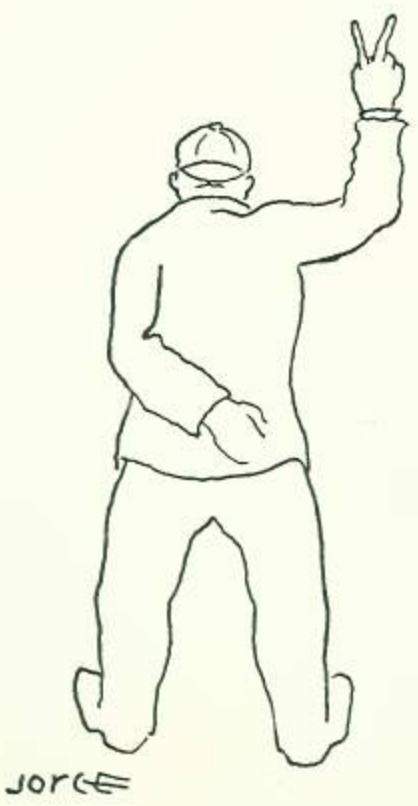
Lexington Avenue at 37th Street
New York City Lexington 2-1200

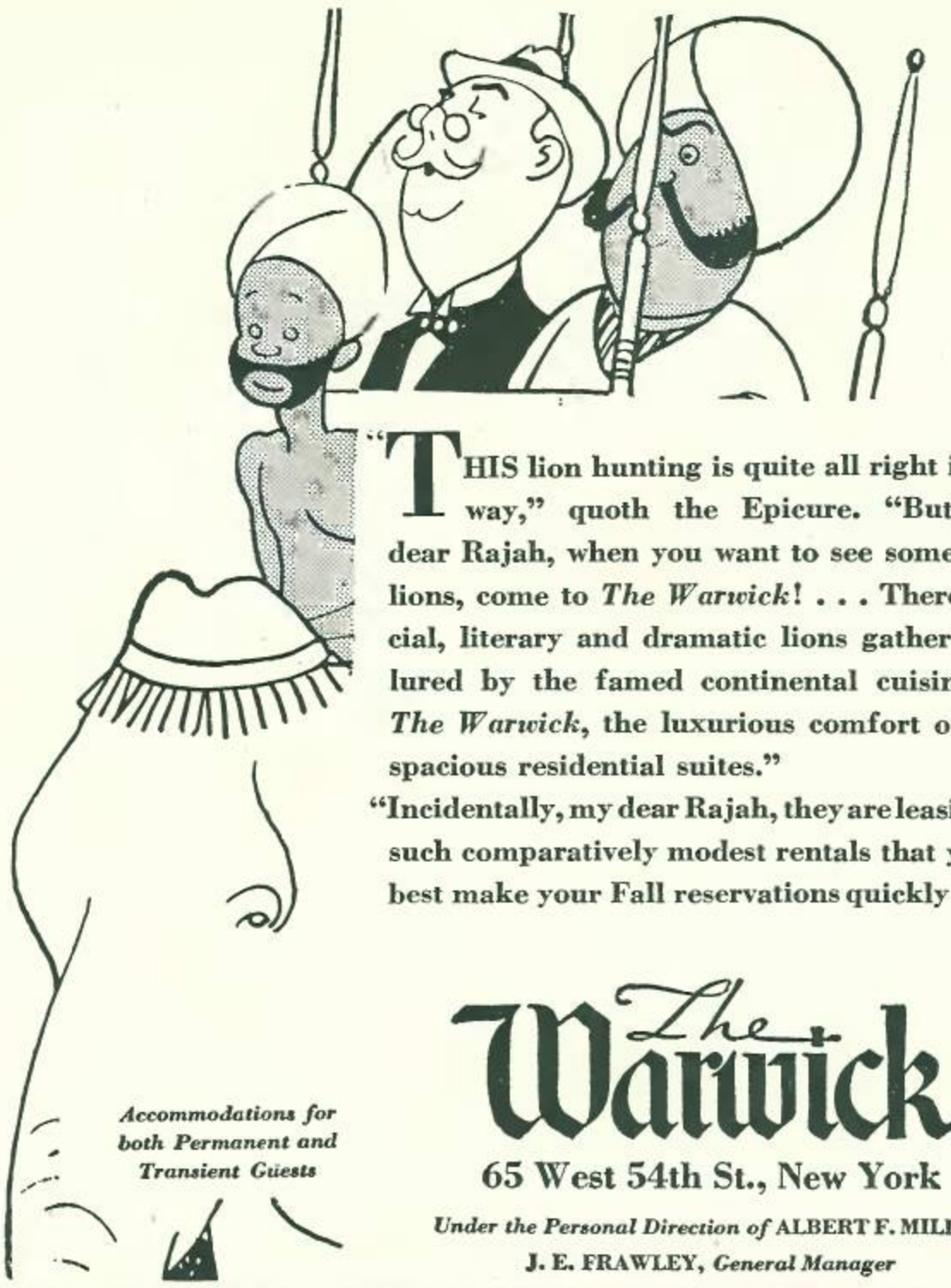
Park. They sing in muted voices and Martha taps out the accompaniment in pianissimo. Connie tries out the 'hot licks.'" Even at this time of year, those Southerners would suffer in New York without huddling around a big open piano in heavily draped pajama suites, sipping New Orleans hot licks such as only Connie knows how to mix and serve at the proper temperature.

"Sometimes, when they strike a snare or seek variety, they start in at the end of a song and work backwards." And sometimes, believe it or not, the Insensible Audience doesn't know the difference. "Often an improvisation comes to them suddenly." Whereas, you take most other Boswells and they'll testify that their improvisations call up ahead and give them a chance to order a couple mo' po'k chops. "Occasionally they work in a dash of harmonious 'pig Latin'—lyrics arranged in the gibberish of school days. It comes out 'hot.' If work reaches an impasse, they relax for a moment at other things. Connie, who paints, may swish a brush. Martha, a cook by hobby, stirs up some of her famous southern dishes. Vet curls up around a book. But not for long."

Probably we all ought to be satisfied with finally knowing what pig Latin really is and that it comes out hot, but I, for one, am just longing to improvise myself into that heavily draped suite during an impasse and catch Connie swishing, Martha stirring up dishes that must be famous, perhaps notorious, by now, and Vet curling and curling herself around a book until, in record-breaking time, she finds out which is the top and which the bottom.

HERE I've pulled another Whiteman. I haven't even got started on the Boswells, let alone mentioning





"THIS lion hunting is quite all right in its way," quoth the Epicure. "But my dear Rajah, when you want to see some *real* lions, come to *The Warwick*! . . . There, social, literary and dramatic lions gather . . . lured by the famed continental cuisine of *The Warwick*, the luxurious comfort of the spacious residential suites."

"Incidentally, my dear Rajah, they are leasing at such comparatively modest rentals that you'd best make your Fall reservations quickly! . . ."

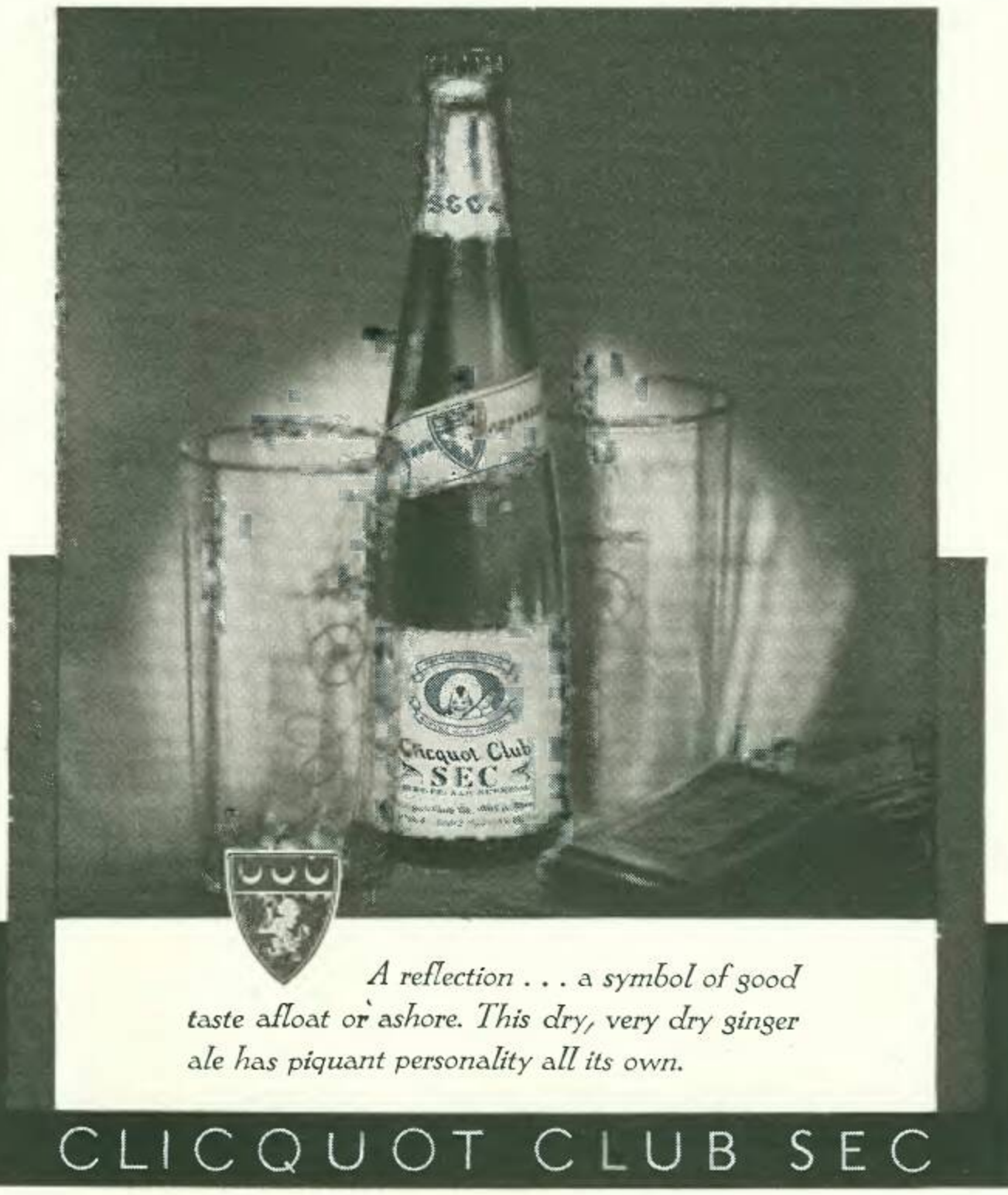
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And there is critical comment, lavishly illustrated, of the current performances: Here To-day, Best Years, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Ballyhoo; a multiplicity of personality material turning around people who are prominent, and properly so, in the theatre.

You will like the new October Stage.

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THE
STAGE
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anyone else, and they tell me I've already run out of bounds. The best way to do, I think, is to beg pardon for neglecting the others this time and to finish as briefly as possible, much more briefly than I want to, on the fascinating subjects who have been most prominent in this essay, subjects to whom I will revert as soon as I can dig up another excuse. Well, then:

"In such times [days when they can snatch only an hour or two of sleep] Connie describes the three as 'Winkin, Blinkin and Nod.'" She ought to have been a poetess instead of a swisher. That New Orleans attic contains two letters that money couldn't buy, "one from the first couple who named their baby 'Connie' and one from a lady in Brooklyn who prays for them every night." The Boswells or the couple?

"When on the road, the Boswells have singled out their correspondents and amazed them with a phone call or an invitation to tea. Connie's idea of a vacation would be a motor tour of the towns where such favored fans live." Me, I would rather borrow a machine gun and visit the place where they make Waterman fountain pens.

"The Boswells are gregarious. They like people." That, you must bear in mind, is what the Columbia press man testifies, and he is naturally biased. Friends of mine on the inside tell me that actually they are sociable, jolly, chatty, hail-fellow-well-met, and quite easy to know.

"It amuses them if a pompous tuba player drops his horn.

"'We keep going with a sense of humor and a liking for people,' is the way Connie sums it up. 'But most of all, I guess we just like to sing.'"

There is a bare possibility that we can squeeze in one small non-Boswell item. Sure it's worth it:

"Jacques Fray and Mario Braggiotti, C.B.S. international pianists, combined business and pleasure with a trip to Newport. After a recital, they visited St. George's School which Braggiotti once attended."

And chances are that all the students, in order to amuse the famous alumnus, posed as pompous tuba players and went around dropping horns.

—Ring Lardner

•

One thing appears certain: This country will elect as President a man whose name contains a "double oo."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

We guessed it! You mean either Hoooover or Rooosevelt.

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Plater to Champion—Tips on Steeplechasing—Angles



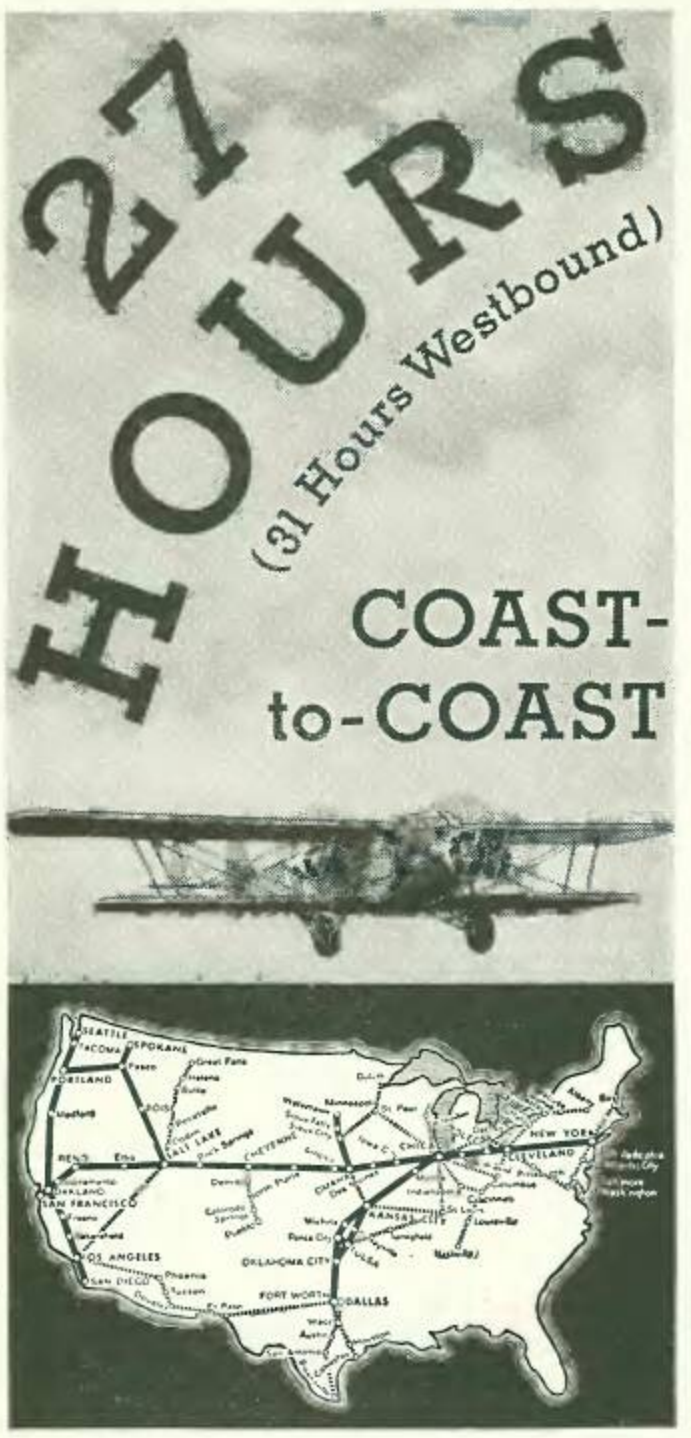
LEADING in the winner of the Lawrence Realization Stakes is no novelty to William Woodward. There was Aga Khan, and Gallant Fox, and last weekend at Belmont Park it was Faireno. Still, it is the sort of duty that never becomes irksome to any owner.

Curiously, some horses earn great reputations without doing anything to deserve them. With Faireno it's the other way. Because of his conformation and his action (you can criticize both), or his beginnings (his biography might be titled: "Up from the Halter Brigade, or From Selling Plater to Champion"), most of us never have taken him as seriously as he deserved; and we'll probably refer to him as just a fair horse in an off year. Nevertheless, as John Madden used to say, opinions die, but records live; and Faireno has won two classic races and three major sweepstakes this season.

As a race, the Realization Stakes was a commonplace parade. Faireno was away in front, as he likes to be, with lengths between him and his field. Over Time chased Faireno, and War Hero (how can a horse play one so false?) chased Over Time, while Gusto and Osculator chased all three. Then the crowd cheered, the band played "Hail to the Chief," Mr. Woodward faced the photographic firing squad, and half the Turf & Field enclosure started for their motors.

RACES like the Brook Handicap bring back my faith in steeplechasing. I don't remember a more brilliant recovery than the one by Tourist II at the last fence. Well, in the paddock before the race, someone told me that someone told him that Laddie Sanford told someone else that Tourist II was a hundred pounds better than anything else in the race. Still, if Rigan McKinney had taken the short way home with Green Cheese, he might have won; and if Tourist II had not stumbled, he would have won more easily than he did.

As Azucar was being saddled for the Thornhedge Steeplechase earlier in the



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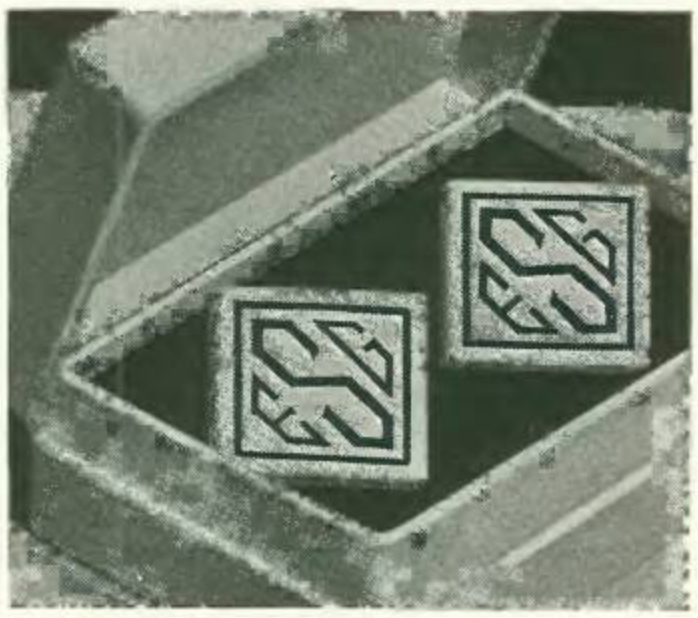
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week, I suggested to Pete Bostwick that no jumper was a 1–3 chance. "I don't know about that," he said. "I'd rather bet on a jumper at odds-on than on a flat horse. So much can happen to a horse in a race on the flat: he can get away bad or get shut off." I did not ask him what he thought after Citron beat Azucar; I was thinking the same thing.

I daresay Azucar would have run much better without that preliminary gallop. Joe Widener's luck was out last weekend, for Golden Way, who had carried Garner to three victories in a row, also failed dismally in the Champagne Stakes, won by Mrs. Payne Whitney's Dynastic.

BELMONT PARK was lovelier than ever this autumn, but it takes a week to become oriented to the curious angles of the winning post on the Widener Course, and almost everybody gets upset over the close finishes: so many thought that The Pelican had beaten Misguide (I wish he had); that Illusive had beaten Poppyman by more than a length, although the judges said the margin was a short head; and that Malimou had beaten Our Sallie. Diogenes Checkpoints, who is all for trigonometry, suggests a row of furlong and sixteenth poles be placed on the other side of the course, too, so we could gauge distances better.

THE FUTURITY this weekend. After the running of the Hopeful Stakes a fortnight ago, there was no question that Ladysman was the season's best two-year-old. While some few oppose him now on the score of doubtful stamina, it would be well to remember that Pompey, his sire, won The Futurity the first season the distance was increased to seven furlongs.

HAPPY GAL was not good enough to win the Matron Stakes. There was an idea that racing her to the front in the Hopeful had taken too much out of her and that she had nothing left when Ladysman swept past her in the last quarter of a mile. In the Matron, Malley delayed his run until two furlongs from home, but she never could get close to Bradley's Barn Swallow.

AT BELMONT PARK: Harry Paige looking over the amateur riders. . . . Overcoats on the lawn. . . . The Honourable George's Last-Day Double: Ladysman for The Futurity, and Faireno for the Jockey Club Gold Cup.

—AUDAX MINOR

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At Nice,
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Three thousand dollars.

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And she threw the winnings
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But specified that they
Be carefully preserved
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Tried to commit suicide
By wading into the river,
He forgot the handicap
Of his wooden leg.

It got stuck in the mud.
He was extricated
By passing pedestrians.

AMEN

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—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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TEE AND GREEN

Ouimet, F., Author



WHEN, speaking about Francis Ouimet a week or two ago, we took occasion to congratulate him on having never written his autobiography, it was with every confidence that our felicitations, however impertinent, were at least no breach of the caliperic accuracy for which this department has been noted. The prompt arrival, from its publishers, of a volume called "A Game of Golf: a Book of Reminiscences," by Francis Ouimet, therefore caused us some surprise as well as pleasure. We were a little relieved to find that, strictly speaking, "A Game of Golf" was not an autobiography. It concerns itself chiefly with Ouimet's competitive experiences and thus amounts almost to a complete history of the most stirring events in American golf during the past twenty years. It is also an epic of the clubhouse piazza, an apotheosis of that type of total recall which, among sporting people, is particularly noticeable in bridge-players, Russian officers, and golfers.

TO anyone who is unable, without shutting the eyes or clasping the forehead, to remember the last nine holes of golf he played, the first part of Ouimet's book will seem principally to be a prodigious feat of memory. Even to golfers who keep, as more sedentary *bons vivants* treasure lists of wines, a mental card index of all their most successful rounds, Ouimet's triumphs of recollection may seem almost as shattering as his scores. A 2–3–3–3–3–3 finish in the semifinals of the Massachusetts State Amateur in 1913 might, of course, have been the kind of thing that would have made any player save his scorecard. Another advantage open to the author of "A Game of Golf" and fortunately denied to his inferiors was that of being able to look up most of his important matches in the newspaper files. On the surface, though, it does not look as though Ouimet had spent many afternoons in the Boston Public Library; his memoirs seldom taste of warming-over. He speaks about his playoff with Vardon and Ray as though it had happened yesterday afternoon. On the eighth hole, he hit an



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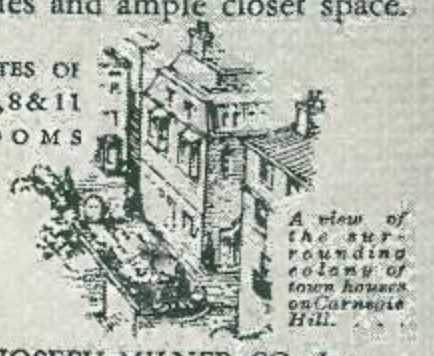
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iron shot and handed the club to his ten-year-old caddy, Eddie Lowery, who said: "Your ball is stone dead!" Ouimet says: "I wanted to think it was, but I wished also to prepare myself in case it was not. Therefore I said to Eddie: 'It is not stone dead, but I believe I shall have a putt for my three.' "

OUIMET feels, obviously, hat all his great matches belong, not to a slightly quaint past when golfers wore peaked caps, tight knickerbockers, and Norfolk jackets, but to an afternoon no longer ago than yesterday, or at most last week. It is extraordinary to see how easily a feeling so natural and so genuine can communicate itself in his book. So quickly and gaily does he run over many seasons which have been foreshortened for him by the pleasure of his game that, when the name of Billy Howell crops up suddenly in the chapter on last year's Amateur, it is hard to realize that Ouimet's jaunty stroll has covered twenty years, from tee to green. Ouimet also finds this hard to comprehend. When he was playing young Paul Jackson last year, he heard someone say: "This looks like a father-and-son tournament." It made Ouimet reflective for a moment. "I suppose," he says, "the gray hairs around my temple gave me a paternal aspect alongside of the much younger-looking boy I was playing . . ."

As Ouimet goes on to say, a golf match is no place to think of such things. If "A Game of Golf" is not exactly an autobiography, it comes close enough to being one to make our antic compliment seem not only ignorant but peculiarly inapposite; to make us want now to congratulate Ouimet, not for having avoided writing a book about himself, but for having written such a good one. —R. L. T.

•

In the petition the girl stated that when 13 years old she entered a soft drink parlor and took a glass of buttermilk. The next thing she knew, she said, she woke up in a Chicago hotel room with a marriage license under her pillow. —*Cleveland News.*

And the sun streaming in the window?

•

The Fox Brooklyn Theatre will present a dramatization of Gustave Flaubert's romance, "Madame Bowery," under the screen title of "Unholy Love," beginning Friday.—*The American.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The New German Picture



WITHOUT any doubt, "Mädchen in Uniform," soon to open at the Criterion, is an extraordinary, a unique picture. Nothing has been done like it in the movies, and I do not expect that it will ever be duplicated, for in its making there was involved, I am sure, a personal taste, an individual experience and point of view, a directly creative instinct of the sort generally seeking its expression in the written word, in painting, in music, and for which the elaborate mechanism of the cinema would seem least favorable. Distinguished, though, by a rare taste, by a true and pure beauty, this picture is, in fact, that "step forward" in the movies so often heralded, catching swiftly and surely, as it does, one of the most difficult and least easily comprehended adventures of the human spirit; and it should be noted now that this step forward is characterized by none of the innovations of camera technique or of screen acting or direction, but, as is the way often with advancement, only by a simplicity and by an honesty. Actually far more mature in conception and more ambitious in effort than such an endeavor as "Strange Interlude"—running, incidentally, almost as long in time as that screen production, though seeming, I assure you, far more brief—it has a directness and yet a delicacy, the sense of a mood such as is found, for instance, in the stories of Katherine Mansfield.

"MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM" has been running at the Théâtre-Marigny in Paris for twenty weeks and for longer than that in Berlin, and more than any current stage play it has been the thing to see abroad. That its presentation here was momentarily obstructed by our censors, on the grounds of a pathological interpretation of its theme, was amazing to Europeans, who can never accustom themselves to the idea of how few meanings we Americans have for the word "love." That the picture is passed now by the censors may indicate that not only the movies are growing up.

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the picture, which is in German, of course. I am inclined to think that perhaps a hasty glance over a synopsis would be enough for anyone who didn't know a word of German to understand all that was happening on the screen. It is the story of youth meeting authority and impersonal discipline for the first time, and of the need youth has for sympathy and love, and its bewilderment that life offers obstructions to these very things. In this Prussian school for the daughters of army officers—for highborn young girls, that is, in whose family affairs even Royalty is interested—the most sensitive of all the pupils sees in one of the assistant teachers a woman with that beauty and tenderness she craves, that breath of life for her in a world that has become altogether an institution. Nor is there anything in the telling of this fragile and perturbed emotion that is casual or loose or vulgar, its delicacy framed firmly and placed appropriately in the setting of the school and its system.

IN the person of the headmistress, resembling somewhat the later pictures of Queen Victoria, there is all the style authority can have, perhaps on one occasion in the picture held up to ridicule when the higher power of the royal princess is brought before it. There is a scuttling and scurrying then which is slightly ridiculous, one of the few humorous moments in the film. In the furtive antics of the girls, too, there is at times a liveliness, but the tone of the picture is grave and poignant, poetic in its picture of the young girls, in the beauty of the one teacher whom they adore; and were it French, it might in fact have aptly borne that title used already for a very different sort of masterpiece: "À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs." —J. C. M.

•

Dr. Dublin said reports of the first 1,000 cases, submitted by Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, director of the service, showed not a single death as a direct result of childbirth. Two men had died of disorders not attributed to motherhood. —*Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.*

We don't know what they could have been.

•

An informal bridge luncheon and tea will be held Saturday evening at Miss Smith's home. Bridge will be played early in the evening and the tea is expected to be gin by eight o'clock.—*Suffolk County paper.*

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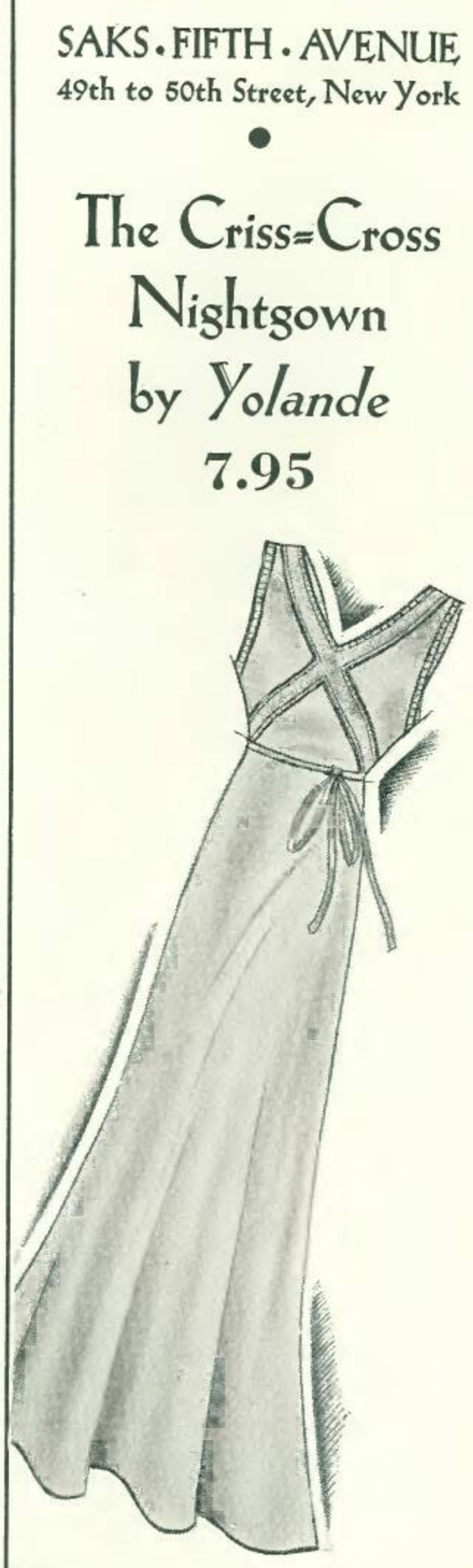
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BOOKS

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THERE is a category of novelists whose one claim to serious consideration seems to be their industry. Starting usually at an early age, they produce book after book, none very good and none very bad, but in the end their mediocrity, by sheer accumulation, takes on weight. The slowly lengthening list headed "Books by Mr. So-and-So" opposite the title page gives each new volume an increasing importance, until in the end one comes to regard his career with an awe usually reserved for heavenly bodies, whose punctuality and dependability are proverbial: one knows that, come what may in our earthly affairs, on the approach of the autumnal equinox Mr. So-and-So (or, to be just, perhaps more often it's Mrs. So-and-So) will appear majestically in the literary sky with another book.



I hope there won't be many offended if I confess that Hugh Walpole, to my mind, comes in that category. Thirty-one volumes is the total of his previous publications; his thirty-second—out on time, almost to the minute—is "The Fortress," published by Doubleday, Doran. Now, Mr. Walpole has never let Mr. Galsworthy get more than one or two jumps ahead of him, and long before the "Forsyte Saga" had reached its conclusion he had started a saga of his own, thus adding a good deal to the confusion of English-speaking readers. Mr. Walpole's saga has to do with the fortunes of the Herries family, and began, as all sagas should, at a comfortable distance back in the Middle Ages. "The Fortress" is the third in this series, and brings us up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, where we find all the Herrieses, now grown numerous, brawling among themselves: one Herries building a great fortress on a hill overlooking the home of another, presumably so he can throw rocks down on his head; other Herrieses running away to become nursemaids, lecturers, labor leaders; still other Herrieses marrying, disastrously, where they shouldn't. How it will all end no one, except possibly Mr. Walpole, can tell. My own impression, on reading the book, was chiefly one of amazement that an author, after so much practice, could still formulate his plot in so creakily melodramatic a fashion, and write of it in a manner so conscientious and dull.

BUT then, there are any number of authors on this week's list for whose works I, personally, don't care very much. In spite of this handicap they have gone on making great names for themselves, and so I suppose I'd better say something about their latest efforts, on the chance that you may be among their admirers. I thought I'd better confess to my own disaffection first, though, so you'd know which way my bias tended. I don't want to lay myself open to the charge of fairness in the matter of critical opinion.

For one, there's Hendrik van Loon's "Geography," published by Simon & Schuster, and this book is five hundred and four pages long; which more or less rules it out as far as I am concerned, since I've never had any great love for Mr. van Loon's Outlines of this or that. I observe, however, that it describes, compendiously, the world and its natural wonders, all in rather a "now if I can only make this simple enough I'm sure you'll understand" manner; and that the whole is illustrated abundantly, though not always very lucidly, by drawings of the author's making. As an added feature, the paper book-jacket, which comes folded double, when unfolded reveals a pictorial map of the earth, also by Mr. van Loon's hand, and quite unsuitable for framing.

Then, too, there are "The Intimate Notebooks of George Jean Nathan"—which is published by Knopf, and is more or less what you'd imagine—and a kind of personally conducted symposium discussing the why and what of things, called "On the Meaning of Life" and edited, rather obstreperously, by Will Durant. It's published by Long & Smith.

WE have pleasanter things, of course. Morley Callaghan's "A Broken Journey," published by Scribner, is a tale of two brothers, a girl, and frustration, and is a very good



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book indeed. Whether or not you quite agree with Mr. Callaghan about the motivation of his characters, you can hardly fail to be won by the dignity of his writing, and by the high skill with which he creates, and maintains, a mood of almost dream-like inevitability throughout the book.

Another book you might like is "The Little Golden Calf," a novel by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov, translated by Charles Malamuth and published by Farrar & Rinehart. Unlike most novels from the Russian we've been seeing, this one is funny: a mad, sort of picaresque, tale of the adventures of four scapegraces, cozening their way across the Communist states. Better not miss it.

I'd recommend, too, "Darling of Misfortune," by Richard Lockridge, published by Century, a biography of Edwin Booth, describing his melodramatic career with sound authority, understanding, and wit.

TWO more: "Laughing Torso," by Nina Hamnett, published by Long & Smith; a book of reminiscence, intimate and informal as a letter home, about the life and personalities of the Latin Quarter, by one who has been a habituée since prewar days. It's the best of this type of thing I've run across. And "Sappho of Lesbos," by Arthur Weigall, published by Stokes; a biography of that half-mythical poetess which tells little of the lady herself (since, confessedly, little is known), but much, and that charmingly, of the life that went on around her in those ancient days.—R. M. C.

•

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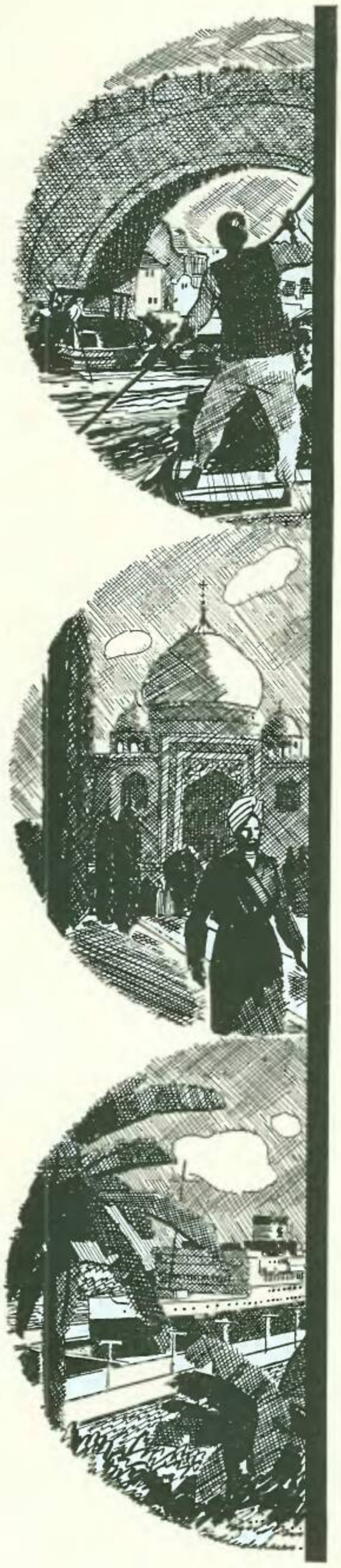


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A NEW YORK TEMPEST, by Manuel Komroff. A famous *crime passionnel* of the eighteen-thirties, fictionized with skill.

HOT WATER, by P. G. Wodehouse. Another Wodehouse, as insane and as enjoyable as all the others.

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THE FAMILY CIRCLE, by André Maurois. A smooth and well-fashioned novel of French provincial life, and woman's place therein.

OBSCURE DESTINIES, by Willa Cather. Three fine stories of life on the prairie a half-century ago.

FARAWAY, by J. B. Priestley. A cheerful tale of rather prosaic adventurers, hunting treasure in the South Seas.

THREE FEVERS, by Leo Walmsley. A remarkably fine, fresh, and lucid novel of life among the fishermen of the North Sea.

GENERAL

A NEW DEAL, by Stuart Chase. A very persuasive invitation to that bright Utopia, the Planned Society.

LET THERE BE BEER!, by Bob Brown. Beer as a drink, as a stimulant to song, as a *désaltérant*, as practically everything. One of the most refreshing books of the season.

MORE MERRY-GO-ROUND, anonymous. Another bookful of amusing inside stuff about our political chieftains.

LOST LECTURES, by Maurice Baring. Delightful and graceful essays on literature and life in the nineties.

BETWEEN WHITE AND RED, by Erich Dwinger. Adventures in the 1919 fighting between Russians, White and Red.

I HAVE NO REGRETS, by Lieutenant Bringolf. Amusingly outspoken memoirs of an international confidence man.

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SOME OF THE NEW MYSTERIES

MURDER IN THE BASEMENT, by Anthony Berkeley. Murder in a boys' school, with those amusing Roger Sheringham characters and quite a bit of whimsy.

MURDER INTENDED, by Francis Beeding. A good story with one of the most endearing murderers of the year.

MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT, by Mignon G. Eberhart. A trained nurse takes a case with the Right People, and gets mixed up in a neat murder.

RED HERRING, by Edward Acheson. A remarkably good study of the perfect crime. People with minds for detail are sure to like it.

JENNY NEWSTEAD, by Marie Belloc Lowndes. Another famous case rehashed in the "Letty Lynton" manner.

THE RED CASTLE MYSTERY, by H. C. Bailey. The nearly watertight plot makes it a mystery you won't forget in a hurry. Joshua Clunk is the detective.

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LAMENT

[Quatrain regarding the unhappy effect made upon the author by the title of the magazine which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is to edit for Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, and which has made it practically imperative for the author to vote for Mr. Hoover.]

Babies: Just Babies—
Without any "maybes"
It gives me the rabies
—Babies: Just Babies!

—BERTON BRALEY

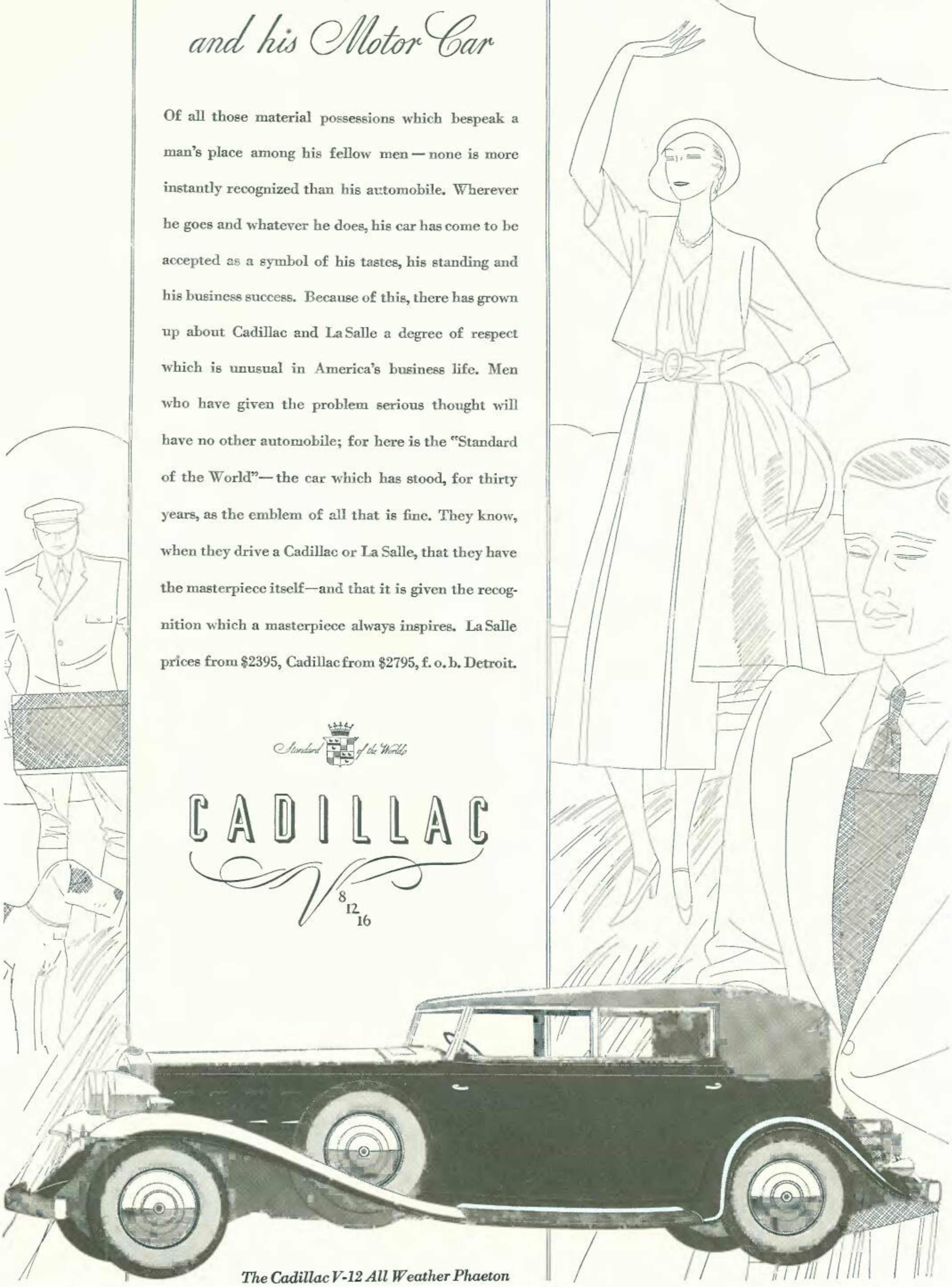
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