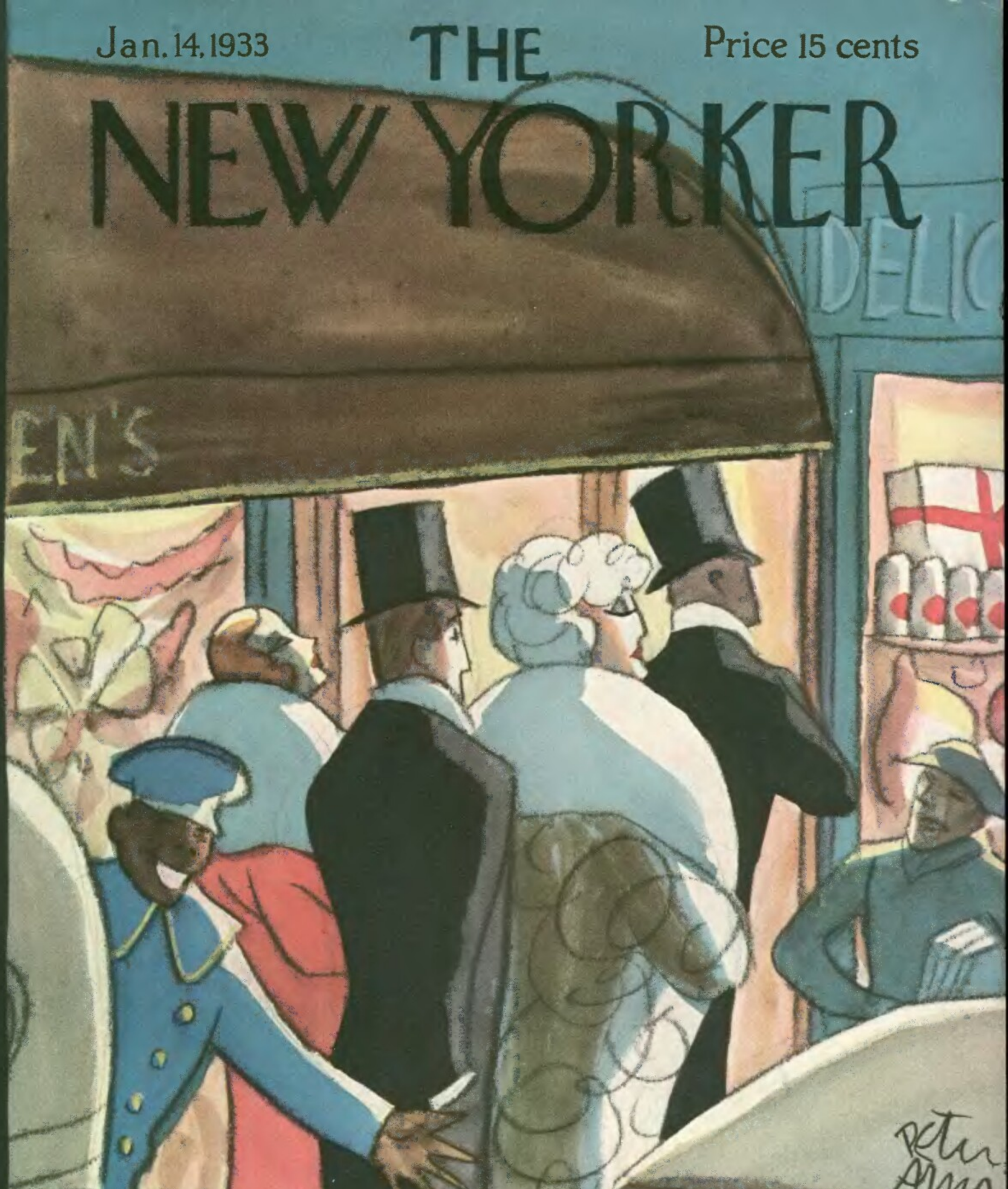
Jan. 14, 1933

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





MANY years ago, it was made a policy of the Cadillac Motor Car Company to build to an ideal, rather than to a price or to a market. This, of course, automatically removed from Cadillac designers and engineers the restrictions which price limitations impose, and left them free to work their wills in whichever direction progress seemed to beckon. Thus, quality became their watchword, and improvement their goal—and they began at once that long series of advancements which has caused Cadillac to outstrip its every competitor in the race for public favor. Now and again, it has seemed that Cadillac has reached its goal in its quest for the ideal medium of transportation; but just as often, advancement has later been made, and a yet finer car has taken form. And so today, when Cadillac advises its clientele that it has again achieved remarkable improvements in its cars—such, for instance, as the new Fisher No-Draft Ventilation, individually controlled—some may doubtless marvel, but none will doubt. For it has become a Cadillac tradition to better that which seems within itself well-nigh a perfect thing. To substantiate this tradition, there are now available a new V-8, V-12 and V-16—the last being limited to 400 cars for 1933.

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Bergdorf Goodman



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ON THE PLAZA · NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

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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. 48, January 14, 1933. 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, 1933, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Look what Happened _ when they "Looked at All Three"



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WHEN folks listened to the talk at the big New York Auto Show, what did they hear?

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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 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABBEY THEATRE IRISH PLAYERS—Limited return engagement. "Juno and the Paycock": Fri. Eves., Jan. 13 and 20; Tues. Eve., Jan. 17. "The Far-Off Hills": Sat. Mat., Jan. 14; Wed. Eve., Jan. 18. "Riders to the Sea" and "The Playboy": Sat. Eve., Jan. 14; Sat. Mat., Jan. 21. "The New Gossoon": Mon. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 16 and 21. Benefit performance of William Butler Yeats' version of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex": Sun. Eve., Jan. 15. "The White-headed Boy": Thurs. Mat., Jan. 19. "Kathleen ni Houlihan" and "The Playboy": Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M.)

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—A play of family life so true that it hurts. With an excellent cast which includes Glenn Anders, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Wycherly and John Beal. (Shubert, 44, W. 8:50 P.M. Moves to Booth, 45, W., Jan. 16.)

AUTUMN CROCUS—The wistful romance of an English schoolmistress and a Tyrolian innkeeper, made into highly satisfactory entertainment by Francis Lederer, Dorothy Gish, and a good cast. (Morosco, 45, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

BIOGRAPHY—Even if this weren't as entertaining as it is, it would be worth a trip just to see Ina Claire as the lady artist who recalls her past and her lovers—and leaves town. With Earle Larimore, Jay Fassett, Charles Richman, Alexander Clark, and others. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne, Josephine Hutchinson, Joseph Schildkraut, and others. "Camille": Fri. Eves., Jan. 13 and 20. "Peter Pan": Sat. Mats., Jan. 14 and 21. "Alice in Wonderland": Sat., Tues., and Wed. Eves., Jan. 14, 17, and 18; Wed. Mat., Jan. 18. "Liliom": Mon. and Thurs. Eves., Jan. 16 and 19. (Civic Repertory, 105 W. 14. 8:30 P.M.)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—A murder mystery which, after it once gets started, ought to keep you both mystified and on the approximate edge of your seat. With Florence Reed, Emlyn Williams, and Katherine Wilson. (48th Street, 48, E.)

DANGEROUS CORNER—Six quite decent-appearing people, including Colin Keith-Johnston and Nedda Harrigan, sit around after dinner and Tell All. Interesting, although a bit wordy. (Fulton, 46, W. 8:50 P.M.)

DINNER AT EIGHT—The Kaufman-Ferber exposé of a dinner party, showing just what has happened to the guests before they even start in on the soup. Constance Collier, Conway Tearle, Ann Andrews, Marguerite Churchill, and others. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—An author-lecturer comes across an old flame in Cleveland, Ohio, and throws quite a number of people into mild consternation. Very funny if you don't demand that sense be made. Osgood Perkins gets a real part for the first time in several years, and is ably assisted by Sally Bates, Leslie Adams, and others. (Masque, 45, W.)

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN—What might happen if a recently deceased New England painter turned out to be a genius, told by Sidney Howard (from the French) with a great deal of pleasant entertainment value. Pauline Lord and Walter Connolly head a good cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2.45 P.M.)

LUCRECE—Last two days. Katharine Cornell in a stylized and not entirely successful version of the classic rape, finely acted and beautifully mounted. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:45 P.M. Closes Sat., Jan. 14.)

MADEMOISELLE—Last two days. Grace George, Alice Brady, and A. E. Matthews, in a play about a governess whose maternal urge finds its outlet in somebody else's baby. (Playhouse, 48, E. Closes Sat., Jan. 14.)

20TH CENTURY—A wild collection of travellers raising a very merry hell on board the staid New York Central institution. Eugénie Leontovich, Moffat Johnston, William Frawley, and others. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

WHEN LADIES MEET—This comedy starts on West Tenth Street and goes all the way up to Connecticut, so you can imagine what fun it is. Very polite and amusing, and nicely played by Frieda Inescort, Spring Byington, Selena Royle, and Walter Abel. (Royale, 45, W.)

WITH MUSIC

THE DUBARRY—Grace Moore's singing and vitality lending a semblance of life to a German operetta of the very old school. (Cohan, B'way at 43.)

FLYING COLORS—The earnest Mr. Butterworth, the elegant Mr. Webb, and many others in a lush revue containing some pretty music by Arthur Schwartz. (Imperial, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 21.]

GAY DIVORCE—One of those rather nice little comedies with music (by Cole Porter) and Fred Astaire's incomparable dancing in company with Claire Luce. Luella Gear, Betty Starbuck, G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Eric Blore are also in it. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S VARIETIES—A group of old favorites in their old acts, all pleasant to see again but hardly like the days when they were new. Willie and Eugene Howard, Bert Lahr, Harry Richman, and others. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—One of Jerome Kern's loveliest scores, with a book which draws very pleasant tears from sentimental folk. Natalie Hall, Tullio Carminati, Walter Slezak, Katherine Carrington, Al Shean, and Reinald Werrenrath. (Alvin, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

OF THEE I SING—Last performances of the Pulitzer prizewinning musical satire on our national government. (46th Street, 46, W. Closes Sat., Jan. 14.)

TAKE A CHANCE—A good, rousing Broadway show, with grand singing by Ethel Merman and plenty of laughs thanks to Jack Haley and Sid Silvers. Jack Whiting and Mitzi Mayfair also assist. (Apollo, 42, W.)

WALK A LITTLE FASTER—Beatrice Lillie at her best, Clark and McCullough at their next best, and a revue which has both high and low points, as who hasn't? (St. James, 44, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

PIGEONS AND PEOPLE—A farce by and with George M. Cohan. The story is told continuously in one act, with Mr. Cohan on the stage for almost two hours without a break. Opens Mon., Jan. 16. (Harris, 42, W. 8:45 P.M.)

BIG NIGHT—The Group Theatre's production of a play by Dawn Powell. Opens Tues., Jan. 17. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

WE, THE PEOPLE—Elmer Rice's latest play, with Eleanor Phelps, Ralph Theadore, Blaine Cordner, and others. Opens Sat., Jan. 21. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:30 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

FOOLSCAP—A play by Gennaro Curci and Eduardo Ciannelli, with Mr. Ciannelli, Geoffrey Kerr, Frederic Worlock, Henry O'Neill, and Richard Whorf. (Times Square, 42, W. 8:40 P.M.)

A GOOD WOMAN, POOR THING—A play by Dillard Long, with Irene Purcell, Arthur Margetson, and John Williams. (Avon, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LATE ONE EVENING—A comedy by Audrey and Waveney Carten, with Ursula Jeans. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

•

THE PICCOLI—Podrecca's Italian marionettes, in a repertory of light opera, revue, ballet, burlesque, etc. One of the most entertaining novelties of recent seasons. (Lyric, 42, W. 8:45 P.M. daily. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. 2:45 P.M.)

THE YALE PUPPETEERS—"Uncle Tom's Hebb'n": Fri., Sat., Sun., and Wed. Eves. at 9; Sat. Mat. at 3. "Mister Noah": Tues. Eve. at 9. "The Pie-Eyed Piper": Thurs. and Fri. Eves. at 9; Thurs. Mat. at 3. (The Puppet Show, 34 W. 46.)

ANGNA ENTERS—In another recital of her episodes and compositions in dance form: Sun. Eve., Jan. 15, at 8:40. (Guild, 52, W.)

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—An informal potpourri of skits, dances, monologues, songs, etc. Something to go to on a dull Sunday evening. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Theatre, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm": Sat. Morn., Jan. 21, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin's music and Murphy and Johnson's dancing are two good reasons for going here. Should dress.

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the incomparable Beatrice Lillie and the dancing of Georges Fontana and Joyce Coles. Michael Loscalzo's music.*

MAYFAIR YACHT CLUB, 450½ E. 52 (Plaza 3-1456)—A pleasant place for supper dancing, overlooking the East River. Meyer Davis music and funny songs by Ross and Sargent.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—William Scotti's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the Grill Neptune.*

PLACE PIGALLE, 201 W. 52 (Columbus 5-5946)—Deslys and Clark with their amusing songs, the graceful dancing of Veloz and Yolanda, and Enric Madriguera's dance music make this one of the gayest spots in town.*

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Music by Anson Weeks and his orchestra in the Seaglade. Joseph Urban's undersea bower. Must dress.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Jack Denny and his orchestra, and the Argentines, play in the handsome Empire Room.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Columbus 5-1470), has recently reopened, with Jerry Freeman's orchestra and a show that includes Mildred Dore, Frances Faye, and the Ebsens. . . . Paradise Restaurant, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1680), N. T. Granlund's new place, with a revue, Abe Lyman's orchestra, and decorations by Urban.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Village Grove Nut Club, 99 7 Ave. S. (Watkins 9-9089), with a show presided over by Jack White. . . . Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), with Eddie Davis' orchestra. . . . With that Villagy touch and not expensive: The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—Two of the established and well-known places are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630). Revues at about 12:15 and 2 A.M.

HUNGARIAN—The Gypsy Trail, 228 W. 52 (Columbus 5-9066), with Hungarian entertainers and music. . . . Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), gypsy music, and Hungarian food at its best.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Sq. 6-9784), featuring songs by Adia Kuznetzoff and Tamara.

SPANISH ATMOSPHERE—El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646). . . . El Gaucho, 93 W. 3 (Stuyvesant 9-8836).

NOTES ON DANCE ORCHESTRAS—Paul Whiteman plays in the Supper Room of the Biltmore, Madi-

(Continued on page 6)

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Jay-Thorpe

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, WEST, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

son at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920).* . . . Guy Lombardo is at the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200).* . . . You will find Ozzie Nelson at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000). . . . Harold Stern is at the St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800). . . . Ted Weems plays in the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . . Russ Columbo is at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 55 (Circle 7-8000).

Leon Belasco plays in the Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000). The Prosperity Club Supper Dances are held here Sat. Eves. Should dress. . . . Harry Rosenthal plays at the Embassy Club, 151 E. 57, for members and their guests (Volunteer 5-4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

As You Desire Me—Revival of the movie based on Pirandello's play, with Greta Garbo. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues through Thurs., Jan. 17-19; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Cavalcade—The Noel Coward spectacle of England's history in this twentieth century. Admirably adapted to the screen, with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. at 11:30 P.M., and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

Cynara—Ronald Colman and Kay Francis manage fairly well in this little tale of love and its problems. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

A Farewell to Arms—Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in the screen version of Hemingway's novel of war and love. One of the best films of the season. (Paramount, B'way at 43; starting Fri., Jan. 13; continuous from 11 A.M.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang—The grim, harrowing, and tragic picture of prison life which is disturbing the conscientious citizens of Georgia. With Paul Muni. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. and Sat., Jan. 20 and 21; continuous from 1 P.M.)

If I Had a Million—A series of anecdotes on this generous notion which are sometimes amusing. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 18 and 19; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Rasputin and the Empress—The Romanoff story done with some splendor, especially as regards Ethel Barrymore's Czarina. John and Lionel Barrymore also contribute. (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.)

Strange Interlude—The O'Neill saga, asides and all, with Clark Gable and Norma Shearer. (Capitol, B'way at 51; continuous from 11 A.M.)

Trouble in Paradise—A gay and lively Lubitsch movie, with Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Kay Francis. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., Jan. 13-15; continuous from 2 P.M.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Animal Kingdom," Leslie Howard and especially Myrna Loy give some distinction to this version of Philip Barry's play; "Silver Dollar," Edward G. Robinson as one of the great spenders in the grand old days of Denver.

●

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Bitter Tea of General Yen—With Barbara Stanwyck. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; continuous from 11 A.M.)

ART

American Folk Art—The work of rural craftsmen, refined amateurs, Sunday painters, diligent females, and a few genuine artists: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; closing Sun., Jan. 15. "Early Modern Architecture: Chicago 1870-1910" opens Wed., Jan. 18.

Americans—"American Painting and Sculpture, 1862-1932." Many good paintings from the moment American art can properly be said to have a native flavor, including excellent Homers, Twachtmans, Fullers, and Ryders: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; until Jan. 29.

Birnbaum—Drawings and caricatures: Delphic Studios, 9 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 14.

Charlot—Recent work: John Levy, 1 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

De Creeft—Sculpture in lead, wood, and granite by José de Creeft: New School, 66 W. 12. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 14.

Edie—Paintings in gouache by Stuart Edie: An American Group, Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Maillol—Superb sculpture of classic clarity and strength: Brummer, 55 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Manet—Prints: Room 321, New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

McFee—Paintings and drawings; the first exhibition by this artist in four years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Melchers—Exhibition of paintings by the late



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 21.]

Gari Melchers: American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way between 155 and 156. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and holidays 2 to 5 P.M.; until May 1.

Metropolitan—The Michael Friedsam Collection. Better in its tapestries and its "minor" paintings than in examples to which more pretentious names are, with admitted dubiousness, attached: Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Miscellaneous—Water colors by Sam Charles: John Becker, 520 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Landscapes by American artists: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 21. . . . Paintings by Donnelly, Di Gioia, Picken, and Potter: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 14. . . . Paintings on theatre themes, by Eugene C. Fitsch: Painters & Sculptors Gallery, 22 E. 11. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

O'Keeffe—New paintings, with some old ones, by one of the most original of our contemporaries: Stieglitz' An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Pissarro—Handsome paintings, from the pre-impressionist seventies to the pointillist nineties: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Prints—One hundred selected by the Society of American Etchers: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., and 7 to 9 P.M. . . . "The Making of Fine Color Prints," with facsimile reproductions of Pieter Breughel: Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Terechkovitch—First exhibition in America: Gallery 144 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Wed. 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

Yeats—Paintings by Jack B. Yeats: Museum of Irish Art, 140 E. 63. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Zorach—"The Spirit of the Dance," that excellent piece of sculpture which was barred from Radio City Music Hall: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 14.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

Efrem Zimbalist—Exemplary fiddling: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 13.

Gordon String Quartet—Four eminent musicians entertain the young: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Sat. Morn., Jan. 14, at 11.

Guiomar Novaes—Final recital this season by one of the greatest pianists: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 14.

Aguilar Lute Quartet—Three gentlemen and their sister astonish with plectrum instruments: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 14.

John Charles Thomas—A major voice sings many sorts of music: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Jan. 15.

Conchita Supervia—Spanish songs and other divertissements brilliantly presented: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Jan. 15.

Young Composers' Group—Exposition of new music: New School, 66 W. 12, Sun. Eve., Jan. 15.

Beethoven Association—Chamber music and the like by surprise celebrities: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 16.

Paul Kochanski—One of the most renowned professori of the violin: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 17.

Musical Art Quartet—An unusually accomplished chamber-music ensemble: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Jan. 17.

Nicolai Orloff—Return of a subtle and persuasive pianist: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Jan. 18.

Florence Austral—A big voice, and better than that: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19.

Josef Hofmann—An opportunity for admirers of grand pianism: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 20.

Myra Hess—Distinguished doings at the keyboard: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 21.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony — Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Jan. 13, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 14, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Jan. 15; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 20, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8:45. . . . Children's Concert, conducted by Schelling: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Jan. 21, at 11.

Museum Concerts—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Jan. 14 and 21, at 8. (No admission charge.)

New York Orchestra—Sokoloff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Jan. 16.

National Orchestral Association—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Jan. 17.

Musicians' Symphony—Enesco conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Tues. Eve., Jan. 17, at 8:45.

Dessoff Choirs—Dessoff conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 21.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"The Emperor Jones" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Jan. 13, and Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8; "Lohengrin," Sat. Aft., Jan. 14, at 2; "Aïda," benefit performance, Sat. Eve., Jan. 14, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Jan. 15, at 8:30; "Tristan und Isolde," Mon. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8; "Faust," Wed. Eve., Jan. 18, at 8; "L'Oracolo" and "La Bohème," Fri. Aft., Jan. 20, at 2; "Siegfried," Fri. Eve., Jan. 20, at 7:45; "Pelléas et Mélisande," Sat. Aft., Jan. 21, at 2; "Simon Boccanegra," Sat. Eve., Jan. 21, at 8.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Jan. 13 and 20, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ.

Metropolitan Opera—"Lohengrin," last two acts: Sat. Aft., Jan. 14, at 3, over WJZ.

Boston Symphony—Burgin conducting; Albert Spalding, soloist: Sat. Eve., Jan. 14, at 8:15, over WJZ.

Philharmonic-Symphony — Walter conducting: Sun. Aft., Jan. 15, at 3, over WABC.

Lily Pons—Soloist, in General Electric Program: Sun. Eve., Jan. 15, at 9, over WEAF.

Ernest Hutcheson—Pianist, with concert orchestra: Sun. Eve., Jan. 15, at 10:30, over WABC.

Lawrence Tibbett—Soloist, with William Daly's orchestra, in Firestone Hour: Mon. Eve., Jan. 16, at 8:30, over WEAF.

Sigrid Onegin—Soloist, in Five-Star Theatre Program: Tues. Eve., Jan. 17, at 10, over WABC.

N.B.C. Symphony — Hans Kindler conducting: Wed. Eve., Jan. 18, at 9, over WEAF.

Rochester Philharmonic—Harrison conducting: Thurs. Aft., Jan. 19, at 3:15, over WJZ.

Viscount Rothermere—Speaking from London: Sun. Aft., Jan. 15, at 12:30, over WABC.

Edna St. Vincent Millay—Reading her poems: Sun. Eve., Jan. 15, at 10:15, over WJZ.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Ben Jeby vs. Frank Battaglia, 15-round middleweight championship, Fri. Eve., Jan. 13; Billy Petrolle vs. Bep Van Klazeren, welterweights, Fri. Eve., Jan. 20; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. . . . Amateur boxing: Mon., Wed., and Sat. Eves., Jan. 16, 18, and 21, at 8.

Dog Show—Pekingese Club of America: Hotel Roosevelt, Mon., Jan. 16.

Fencing—Épées, Junior Team Championship: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19, at 7:30.

Hockey—Games at Madison Square Garden, 8:45 P.M.: Americans vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Jan. 15; Americans vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Jan. 17; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19.

Indoor Polo—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Jan. 14—Squadron A vs. Allenhurst, at 8:30; Crusaders vs. Aknusti, at 9:30. At Squadron C Armory, Bedford Ave. at President St., Brooklyn, Sat. Eve., Jan. 14—Essex Troop vs. Squadron C (Class D), at 7; 1st Division vs. Los Nanduces, at 9:30.

Squash—Exhibition matches of squash tennis and squash racquets: Fraternity Club, 22 E. 38, every Thurs. Eve., at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

Automobile Show—Last two days: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Fri. and Sat., Jan. 13 and 14, 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

Motor Boat Show—Opens at Grand Central Palace, Fri. Eve., Jan. 20, at 7; weekdays thereafter, 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 28.

Beaux-Arts Ball—This year called "A World Cruise," supposedly on the Île de France, and visiting Morocco, Naples, Constantinople, Bombay, Bali, and Tahiti: guests may wear cruise dress (white only) or native costumes of any of the ports of call: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Jan. 20, at 11.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Period furniture, rugs, tapestries, and decorative objects, from various owners: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Jan. 13 and 14, at 2:15. . . . The important Shavian collection of Dr. Archibald Henderson: Mon. Aft., Jan. 16, at 2:15. . . . Paintings, by Peale, Hassam, Fantin-Latour, Pissarro, Corot, and others, from various collections: Thurs. Eve., Jan. 19, at 8:15.



Furniture by Arden Studios

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16.50

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CALVIN COOLIDGE once said that when the need is great, a leader arises. We shall presently see whether he was right, for the time is at hand. One wonders whether leadership is possible any more. The leader who has arisen locally, on the wings of the electorate, is Mayor O'Brien, a genial bullfrog croaking economy to the Board of Estimate while the pond itself slowly dries up. We attended the public meeting of the Board last week. It was the Mayor's first appearance. Various distasteful matters were at hand—the transportation people wanted money to extend a subway, Queens wanted some money to complete a highway, Richmond wanted the city to take Mr. Hearst's advice and Buy American, Justice Kernochan was whining about his salary cut, and a pump in the water-supply department needed refueling. We happened to sit directly in front of a little man who talked, quietly, all through the meeting. He was describing to his neighbor, in low tones, the monotonous dilemma of civilization as it immediately affected him: no job, getting old, no prospect of a job, machines taking his place, no money to pay interest on mortgage, unemployment increasing despite economy. He had once had a good job in the cellar of City Hall, and had just wandered into the meeting today because he had nothing better to do and it was a chance to get in out of the cold. Against this curious wispy obbligato of disaster came the large sounds of the municipal fussing—the overworked water-pump, the unhappy Justice, the distraught borough presidents. It seemed like a moment in history, a time for a leader. We could almost hear his voice, saying: "For a while we will hold no more meetings of the Board of Estimate; there isn't time."



EVEN Coolidge, before he died, realized that things were changing fast. He said he felt out of key. He admitted that the public servant of the future would have to get hold of a new point of view and a broader-scale conception of society. We read with attention the account of his last hours. He went to the office early, but there wasn't much to do. It made him restless, nothing much to do. In the middle of the morning he came home, and there wasn't much to do there either. He talked for a while with his secretary. He went down cellar and stood for a moment, watching a man put coal into the furnace. A little while later he was dead. That was all there was to it. He died a thrifty man and an idle one, in a world grown both thrifty and idle.

OUR next leader, if we are to have one, will have to be a Coolidge freed of Vermont, a fisherman who has taken off his stiff collar. Big roads run out of Vermont, and that is the point. Piety, frugality, keeping one's house in order, are still primary personal virtues, but they apparently have become secondary social ones. The leader who arises now will have to be frugal in affairs and extravagant in thought. And we will probably spite him anyway: we will probably get him for parking too long in front of the wilderness, or for neglecting to file a personal-property tax in the Promised Land.



THERE is no dearth of potential leaders, but they are having a tough time getting going. One difficulty is that they hate each other so. Economist makes nasty faces at Technocrat. Technocrat thumbs nose at financier. Financier pouts at Communist, Communist at Socialist, Socialist at the League for Independent Political Action. God only knows what the president of the Queens Chamber of Commerce thinks about the secretary of the North Side Democratic Club of Flatbush, but he probably thinks something. The trouble with the present reaching-out toward a collective form of society is that nowadays a leader would rather be a Socialist than right. Or a Communist. Or a Capitalist. Maybe we ought to form a bowling club, so we could get to know each other.

PROBABLY the man who understands all these matters better than most, and who knows the peculiar weakness of all earth-dwellers, is the telescope man of Bryant Park. He charges ten cents for a look at the tip of the Empire State Building, and only five cents for a look at Vega, star of the first magnitude. The tip of the building, being not far away, is pleasantly comprehensible to his customers. Vega, being three times as remote as Sirius,

merely gives them a feeling of cosmic despondency, a dizzy, uneasy moment in West Forty-second Street. They find it more comforting to pay five cents more, and not see so far.

Fiduciary

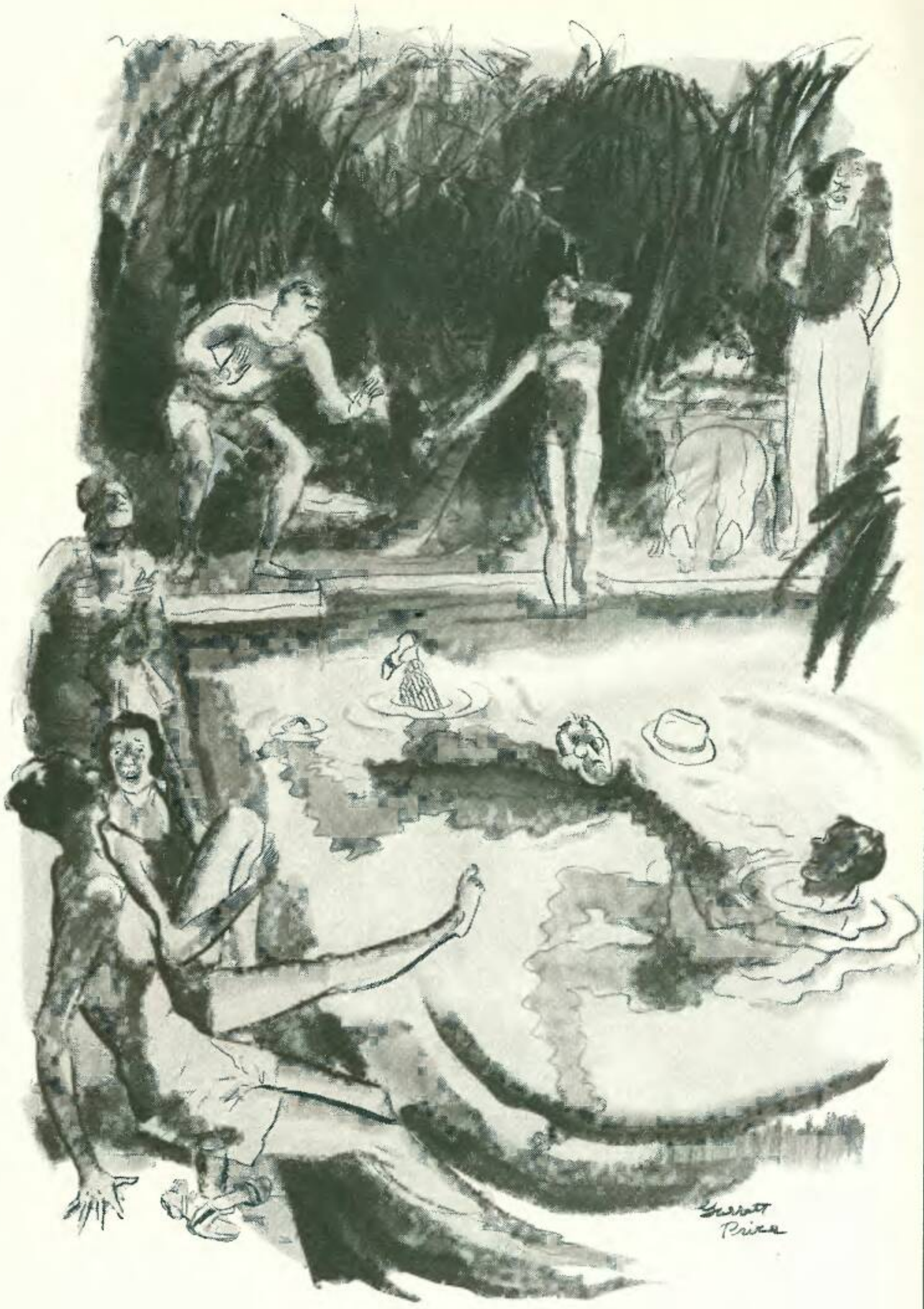
THE other morning we swaggered into the Guaranty Trust Company's Fifth Avenue branch to tell them a little joke. We had discovered in the phone book a firm called the Guarantee Truss Company, and we thought that the bankers might be amused to hear about it. It seems we were too late. About a year ago an Italian had appeared at the bank with his wife; the two of them stood square in the middle of the marble hall looking about nervously. An officer stepped up and asked the man what he wanted.

"My doctor, he say I gotta have truss."

"What kind of a trust?" asked the officer.

"Forty-inch. Not too expens'."

THIS reminiscence reminded the Guaranty of another little joke, and we stayed around while they told it. When the Shah of Persia died, the Guaranty found itself handling the estate. It was no mean assignment. The Shah had named six wives, and a couple of unnamed ones turned up for good measure. A technicality arose when somebody invoked a law of Persia to show that the Guaranty Trust wasn't fit to administer the Shah's estate, because a Christian couldn't be the executor for a Mussulman. So the Guaranty had to go to court and prove that it wasn't Christian. Didn't even say its prayers at night.



"He's so morose lately—he doesn't laugh at a thing."

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One in Fifty

A GENTLEMAN wreathed in sad vapors has just taught us a new game—which he plays to take his mind off life. It is a game of fancy, for men only, and is played as you walk along the street. The idea is this: from among the next fifty ladies whom you pass while strolling, one is to be chosen who shall accompany you to a desert isle. You simply start counting "One, two, three . . ." as the ladies come along, always bearing in mind that the time is getting short, and that your island mate must be found before you get to fifty. Otherwise the fiftieth lady goes with you, even though her face might kill all the trees on the place.

The difficulty of the game is the shortness of time for a decision. It is against the rules to turn around and look back at anybody. The player must decide instantly whether he is to cast his lot in with, say, No. 22, who is passable but no ball-of-fire; or whether he dares wait it out, in the hope that the perfect island maiden will dart out of a doorway in time for the fiftieth count. Certain sections of town are better than others for this game. Madison Avenue in the Forties and Fifties is good. Never play it on the side streets between Broadway and Sixth. There is, of course, no reward except a spiritual one; and it is like solitaire in that nobody except yourself knows whether you've won. Sometimes even *you* don't know.

Adjustment

BEFORE we forget it, there was a funny thing that happened at that Board of Estimate meeting last week. When Mr. O'Brien plopped himself down, flushed and smiling, in the big leather chair, it was apparent that the chair was too far away from the desk for comfort. Promptly two husky at-

tendants picked the Mayor up, chair and all, and set him down where he belonged, close enough to do business.

His Honor was a strange contrast to Jimmy Walker, whose thin ghost still hangs around such gatherings. We had often watched the great Walker skimming lightly through the blooming fields of municipal minutiae, never missing a daisy, and it used to be a pleasure to note his butterfly flight—in the days before anybody cared much about anything. Mr. O'Brien, whose monument is a 95,000-word decision in the Erlanger-Fixel case, is considerably heavier in action. He seemed dazed in the presence of subway extension and highway finance, like a schoolboy who didn't understand what was on the blackboard. Seated between Mr. Mahon and Mr. Berry, he had his hand held by two or three technicians who hovered about in the rear. Only in the larger, more general matters, such as his ringing pronouncement in favor of strict economy, did he seem to be sure of himself. Then his voice rang forth, and he became very, very severe. The rest of the time, he was listening to whatever was being whispered into his ear by his contemporaries. It is really not possible to report accurately a meeting of the Board of Estimate, because the microphones are placed wrong. They amplify the secretary, calling the roll on motions, but do not amplify the persons standing behind the Mayor's chair, prompting.

Once Mr. O'Brien became rattled when he forgot what the motion was. "The Secretary will call the roll on the motion to . . . the motion to . . ." He paused, unable to think what it was, and his head fell back and his eyes popped grievously. But for the most part he kept step, gave careful attention to Senators and small petitioners, scowled at all attempts to pilfer the public funds, and seemed anxious to get on to things and to be a good mayor, if he could figure out how.

Be Kind to Animals

Travellers sojourning in Majorca are shocked to find that the natives are almost never known to treat animals with any gentleness. They pluck chickens alive because the feathers come out easier that way, they give pigeons to their little children to play with, and they are mean to rabbits and pigs. Greatly disturbed by a long succession of distressing scenes, an American lady who had been several weeks resident in one of the villages there called upon the local mayor to protest and to explain the general idea of prevention of cruelty to animals. The mayor was courteous and attentive, but he didn't get the idea. The lady explained again, slowly and in detail, but what with the limitations of her Spanish and the strangeness of her notion, he was even more bewildered. He gathered, however, that she was talking about something having to do with the American tourists and the suffering



"Don't you think, Albert, now that the upswing is here, we could afford to get Mother a chair?"

of animals and he pondered the matter deeply. Finally his eyes lighted up. "Ah, Señora," he cried, "I have it! We shall have a bullfight."

Fish

DR. NORBERT L. LEDERER lives in a roomy apartment in the West Seventies with his wife, two thousand tropical fish, a canary, two bulldogs, and a Galápagos turtle. He has the largest private collection of fish in town. Dr. Lederer (he's a Ph.D., University of Vienna) keeps his fish in fourteen tanks, the biggest of which holds thirty gallons. This one is in the living-room; the others are in the bathroom, his study, his bedroom, and so on.

Dr. Lederer feeds his fish twice a day; in the morning dried shrimps, at noon tubifexes (tiny water worms). He wears a blue dressing-gown when he feeds them, and whenever they see him in this, they rush to the surface with their mouths open; when he takes the gown off, they don't know who he is and treat him coldly. Sundays he feeds them daphnias (small crustaceans); daphnias are expensive—his fish eat fifty cents' worth in ten minutes.

The Doctor is the only person who ever succeeded in raising piranhas in captivity. Piranhas are gangster fish and live in the Amazon. They can reduce a horse to a skeleton in five minutes by ganging him, if he is unlucky enough to fall into the Amazon. Dr. Lederer feeds them his surplus guppys, of which he has a lot (one of his lady guppys had a hundred and sixty-seven young one night). His surplus of rarer fish he sells to the Aquarium Stock Company on Chambers Street. He gets from eighty to a hundred dollars a month thus. He spends ten dollars a month on fish food.

His rarest fish is the *Metynnis Roosevelti*, which was named after the better-off of the two most famous Roosevelts, who got them in the Amazon on one of his trips. They cost thirty dollars each, and are hard to keep alive. There probably aren't six pair in private hands in the country. Dr. Lederer got his in Hamburg, which is the world's clearing house for tropical fish. He has sixty kinds of fish in all, including Indian glassfish, which are so transparent you can see their internal organs, and Siamese Fighters, which have lungs instead of gills, and have to come to the surface for air or they would drown.

Dr. Lederer isn't fifty yet. His father was in the consular service and he lived in Vienna from the age of eight to twenty-one. His pets there included a hedgehog, two hawks, an alligator, ten dogs, some newts, and a pair of Moroccan jumping mice. Later he lived in London and Paris. He came here twelve years ago. He has dozens of interests. He is president of the Lederer Glue Company and has his office, like his hobbies, in his home. He is treasurer of the Authors Club and writes about fish for fish periodicals—mainly about diseases of tropical ones, for many of which he discovered cures. He also writes on European murders, they being another of his hobbies. He is doing a book on bridge now. He gave S. S. Van Dine the chess and mathematical dope for "The Bishop Murder Case," also dope for other Van Dine mysteries. His library on criminology is one of the best in the country. Newspapers sometimes, during big murder stories, ask him for his opinion. His friends send him clippings of all good murders in remote places. He referees many important chess tournaments, was a major in the war, and has a fine collection of revolvers, bayonets, gas masks, and helmets. He likes going to concerts and playing his Victrola. He has five thousand phonograph records. We haven't the slightest idea where he keeps them.

Orchidaceous

ALTHOUGH our major efforts have always been devoted to rubber plants, we are thinking some of trying to grow orchids. There is an outfit called the Orchid Guild of America which is trying to introduce orchids into the home. (Incidentally, Peggy Joyce now has a home herself.)



"Some day I'm bound to meet her."

Membership in the Guild is for life. It costs one hundred dollars, and for that you receive twelve orchid plants, guaranteed to bloom in rotation the year round. That is, every month one of the plants will produce. You also get the right to vote at the annual meeting.

The Guild has a conservatory in New Rochelle and an office on 42nd Street. We phoned them and asked whether it was really feasible to grow orchids in a New York apartment and they assured us it was. The only catch is that one must have a case built for them—a sort of miniature greenhouse, to maintain decent temperature and humidity during the more rigorous moments of a steamheated and debauched existence. Orchids, contrary to popular opinion, are fairly hardy, but they don't do business till they are seven years old. They are not rooted in soil, but derive their life and looks from twisting themselves around a fern. The Guild supplies only mature plants. They come in six or eight varieties, and the Guild even arranges to board them while the owner is away on vacation. The whole thing sounds inviting; all we need is the hundred dollars, and permission from our rubber plant.

Advanced

A MOTHER setting about entering her five-year-old daughter in one of the advanced-method schools presented the child, according to instructions, for a psychology test. In the course of this, the examiner, an owlish lady, asked, "Are you a boy or a girl?" The little girl regarded her steadily for a moment and said, "Boy."

The examiner looked very grave indeed through all the rest of the test, and when it was done drew the mother aside and said that all sorts of development difficulties threatened. She used a lot of large psychological terms. The child's confusion about her sex was ominous. The mother was naturally pretty much upset. Driving home, she asked her daughter why she had told the lady she was a boy. "Aw," said the little girl, "when a person asks you a dumb question, it's all right to give a dumb answer."

The Election

LAST week was an unusually active one for us—we even managed to get to the meeting of the Electoral College at Albany. The first session was held in the Executive Chamber in the Capitol. Everybody was rather jolly, in a slightly embarrassed way. Forty-seven chairs were ranged in front of a huge, flat-topped desk. On a smaller desk beside it stood a galvanized-iron can with a slit in its top and a paper pasted on its side reading: "New York State Electoral College 1933." A little after noon the room was filled with electors.

Electors are usually chosen from two groups: office-holders and others active in politics, and people who contribute to campaign funds or whose relatives do. Some of the more prominent electors this year were the Messrs. Curry, McCooey, Farley, Olvany, and Herman Baruch. Among the smaller fry were Mayor Otto of New Rochelle, a Clifton Bogardus of Brooklyn, a Seymour Van Santvoord of Rensselaer, a Frederick Krull of Niagara Falls, and so on up to forty-seven. There were five women, including Mrs. George Gordon Battle. Electors get no pay, but they do get liberal expense allowances, which this year they turned over to Mr. Roosevelt's Warm Springs Foundation.

Elector Edward J. Flynn called the College to order. There were a few photographers and reporters on hand and about twenty eighth-grade schoolchildren from Troy whose teachers had brought them over to see the government working its little mysteries. A bishop invoked divine blessing and then the roll was called. Only one elector was missing: George W. Loft, the candy-man. Mr. Flynn made quite a long speech, pointing out that in the event the President-elect had died, the Electoral College would then be meeting to select a President.

Elector Morgan J. O'Brien was made Temporary President (of the College, not the country). Electors Hardy of Oneida and Dapping of Cayuga were then appointed to escort him to the big desk. It was then announced that Mr. Loft had wired that he couldn't make it. A gray-haired lady from Syracuse was elected to his place. Then Elector Farley was elected Permanent President. He rated three electors as an escort. The Temporary President made a little speech, gave the Permanent President his gavel, and went back and sat down. The schoolchildren stirred restlessly. President Farley made a speech, and then Elector Flynn invited the whole College out to lunch. Elector Olvany moved that the invitation be accepted. This was seconded and adopted. Elector Godfrey Nurse, a Negro, moved for a recess until three o'clock.

The afternoon meeting was held in the Senate Chamber, starting at three-twenty. The school-children were on hand again, in the gallery, and about a hundred other people drifted in. Mr. Farley began by saying that the College would now select a President and Vice-President, and that he had already come to a decision in his own mind but would listen to arguments. There were no arguments. Roosevelt and Garner were elected and Hoover's last chance was gone, and ours too, probably, we reflected. The electors filed by the ballot can and dropped in their votes. Mr. Farley then said, "The tellers will please announce the results." The school-children showed some interest here. The tellers, however, didn't open the can and count the votes. One of them simply said, "Forty-seven votes for Franklin D. Roosevelt for President of the United States." The children seemed disappointed. The rigmarole was gone through for Garner, and then a wire was read from Roosevelt saying he wished he was there.

Resolutions were passed to wire congratulations to the two lucky candidates and to communicate the results of the balloting to the President of the Senate in the prescribed manner: one copy by mail and another by messenger. Each elector then signed no fewer than sixteen documents, relating to expenses, etc. Elector Van Santvoord now moved that ev-er-body pay a call on Governor Lehman and off they went for the Executive Mansion, vowing that they had never had a better time and certainly would come back again in 1937. The children started off for Troy.

Hollywood Item

THE old-school spaciousness still persists in Hollywood, at any rate. A big executive out there wanted to see the picture "Maedchen in Uniform" when it opened at a Los Angeles theatre (for the purpose of deciding whether to do it over with an American cast, in English, for the popular-movie trade). He was too busy to get down to the theatre, so he had the manager on the phone, explained the situation, and asked to have the film sent to his home so he could run it off in his own projection-room. The manager, happy to oblige, said he would send it out as



"Just a mimute, Abbott. I know how to handle these chaps."

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soon as the showing was completed; along about eleven o'clock, that would be. The executive said he didn't want to sit up that late. The manager said he didn't know what else he could do. The executive said he knew what *he* could do. He could send over a fleet of fast automobiles from his studio and have the film hurried to his house, reel by reel, as fast as it was run at the theatre. He did, and as soon as the first reel was completed, it was rushed to an automobile, tossed in, and hurtled through the California night. Before it got to its destination, the second was on its way, and so on, through ten reels.

Travellers

AN advertising agency has a policy of encouraging ideas from any and all members of the staff, thinking to leave no grain unturned. They get some odd suggestions, of course, but now and then a good one bobs up, from a telephone girl maybe. Early the other morning, John, one of the older officeboys, burst in upon one of the heads of the business bubbling with a swell idea. You make, he explained, two pictures. One shows a man and a girl on a honeymoon trip. "To Hot Springs," John explained. The other shows "two people on their way to Reno to get a divorce." John's boss nodded and said it certainly was interesting and undoubtedly could be made quite striking. But what, he wanted to know, would it advertise?

The officeboy looked at him rather pityingly. "Trains," he said, explaining the obvious. —THE NEW YORKERS

ONE OF THREE

I WAS coming out from a wedding with a couple of other ushers—well, it wasn't exactly the wedding, it was the wedding reception—when an Ancient Mariner stoppeth me.

"You fellows go on ahead," I said. "I want to talk with Grandpa here." So they went on ahead.

"Well, gray-beard loon," I said to the Ancient Mariner, "what's on your mind?"

"Well, you cock-eyed pubert," he came back at me, "I got a story for your paper. Do you want to hear it or don't you?"

"I've got just four minutes before I pass out," I said. "Let's sit down here on the curb. And don't take as long as Coleridge did."

"You keep a civil tongue in your head, or I won't talk." And with this he took off his beard in order to get his sibilants out better, and began:

"I HAD just returned from that trip I was telling you about (I shall make no attempt to do this in dialect, if you don't mind) when we had had that little trouble with the Albatross, and I was naturally a bit jumpy. Jumpy and pretty sore at albatrosses. As a general thing I like animals, but this one had gone too far. So I set about thinking as to how I could get back at one. I am more the vindictive type, in case it interests you."

"It doesn't," I said, "but go ahead."

"Well, I figured it out and I figured it out, and pretty soon I says to myself—"

"I thought you weren't going to do this in dialect," I interrupted. "What kind of talk is 'I says to myself'?"

"Sorry. So I *said* to myself: 'Why must it be that a dead albatross brings bad luck to sailors? Why couldn't a dead sailor bring bad luck to an albatross? Why couldn't a sailor dog an albatross all over the world, daring him to take a shot and finally driving him crazy?' It seemed like a good idea for a way to avenge my mates, and, being a man of few words, I set about doing it.

"First, I had to find an albatross. We were in port at Salem at the time, so I goes—so I went, pardon me—down to Boston, where I heard there was an albatross-fancier, and picked out a nice, healthy bird who looked as if he might be fun to worry.

"'Shall I wrap him up to take out, or will you eat him here?' the man asked me.

"'I don't want him at all,' I said. 'Just turn him loose and I'll give him five minutes' head-start.'

"So the man turned the albatross loose, and as he started out, I yelled at him: 'You're laughing now, you son of a sea-cook—'"

"No nautical slang, if you please," I said. "Remember, you promised."

"Oke," said the Ancient Mariner, blushing furiously. "Well, anyway, I gave him a pretty nasty sendoff and told him I'd be seeing him. Then I got into a little Moth plane I had hired for the occasion and started out after him.

"He set out for Brazil, with me just behind him. Once I caught up with him close enough to yell: 'Remember, it's good luck to have a sailor following you!'"

"'I heard different!' he yells back, but I could see that he was nervous. He tried to cut across to the sea, but I was right there behind him, jeering and pointing my finger at him, so he turned back inland and started flying low across to Peru. I had brought along a watchman's rattle and some of those rubber Bronx-cheer things, which I kept blowing at him until he was pretty near crazy.

"Then I drew up on him again and yelled: 'You don't dare shoot me—you don't dare shoot me—'fraidy cat—'fraidy cat!' and he began biting his under lip and trying not to hear. By this time we were well out over the Pacific and he was in a rage.

"He came down at New Zealand and I made a pretty landing, just clipping his tail.

"'Look here, sailor,' he said. 'I can stand just so much of this. Bad luck or no bad luck, I'll shoot you down, so help me Louis Agassiz.'

"'Go ahead and shoot, you old albatross you,' I said. 'But you know what happens if you shoot a sailor that's following you, don't you?'

"'In some states you get a bounty,' he said, trying to be flip.

"'All right, buddie,' I said. 'Go ahead and get your bounty, if you don't care how you make your money. But you won't be in very good shape to enjoy it,' I said. And I made a face like a dead albatross, which frightened him—and frightened *me* a little, too."



"I'd give my right arm to play the violin like you do, Mr. Bolenska."

I LIFTED the Ancient Mariner's beard from off his lap and held it up to his chin.

"Beards on!" I said. "Your four minutes are up, and you are

definitely *not* holding my attention."

"Don't you want to hear how it all came out?" he asked, in a pleading voice.

"I am mildly interested to know what became of the albatross," I said, rising from the curb and adjusting my immaculate silk hat.

"I got him completely cowed," said the Ancient Mariner, "and he came back with me in the plane, half laughing and half crying at being let off so easily. I have him right here, in case you want to talk to him."

"Oh, no you don't!" I screamed, and ran like the south wind to catch up with my brother ushers.

"I have had the most amazing experience," I said to them, and told them the story practically word for word as I have told it to you, my dears. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

JOURNEY AROUND MY ROOM

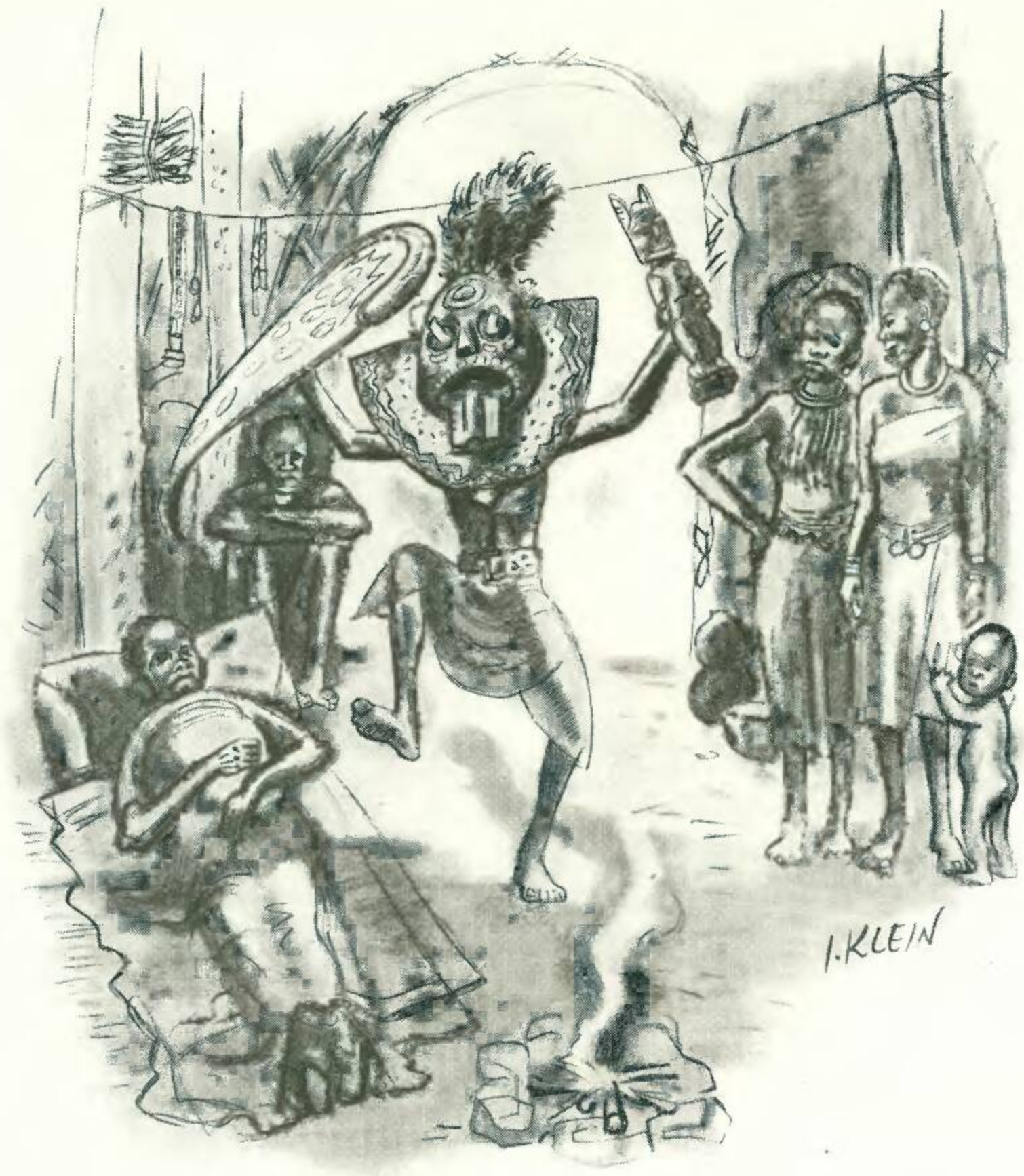
THE most advantageous point from which to start this journey is the bed itself, wherein, at midnight or early in the morning, the adventurous traveller lies moored, the terrain spread out before him. The most fortunate weather is warm to cool, engendered by a westerly breeze, borne from the open window toward the ashes in the grate. At midnight, moonlight lies upon the floor, to guide the traveller's eye; in the early morning, the bleak opacity that serves the traveller in this region as sun brightens the brick wall of the house across the yard, and sheds a feeble reflected glow upon all the objects which I shall presently name.

This is a largish room, almost square in shape. It faces east and west, and is bounded on the north by the hall, which leads, after some hesitation, to the kitchen; on the south by someone's bedroom in the house next door; on the west, by backyards and the Empire State Building; on the east, by Lexington Avenue, up and down which electric cars roll with a noise like water running into a bottle. Its four walls are chastely papered with Manila paper. Its floor is inadequately varnished. Its ceiling bears all the honors away: it is quite lofty in pitch, and it is clean, absolutely unspotted, in fact, save for a little damp over the fireplace, which, from some angles, looks like a fish. A fireplace, resembling a small black arch, occupies a middle position in the south wall. Above it, a plain deal mantelpiece of ordinary design supports a row of books, a photograph of the News Building taken from the Chanin Building, four shells from a Maine beach, and a tin of Famous Cake Box Mixture. Above these objects hangs a Japanese print, depicting Russian sailors afflicted by an angry ocean, searchlights, a burning ship, and a boatload of raging Japanese.

THE initial mystery that attends any journey is: how did the traveller reach his starting point in the first place? How did I reach the window, the walls, the fireplace, the room itself; how do I happen to be beneath this ceiling and above this floor? Oh, that is a matter for conjecture, for argument pro and con, for research, supposition, dialectic! I can hardly remember how. Unlike Livingstone, on the verge



"Have you got one of those for about three dollars?"



"The doctor has a wonderful bedside manner, hasn't he?"

• •

of darkest Africa, I have no maps to hand, no globe of the terrestrial or the celestial spheres, no chart of mountains, lakes, no sextant, no artificial horizon. If ever I possessed a compass, it has long since disappeared. There must be, however, some reasonable explanation for my presence here. Some step started me toward this point, as opposed to all other points on the habitable globe. I must consider; I must discover it.

And here it is. One morning in March, in the year 1909, my father opened the storm door leading from the kitchen to the backsteps, on Chestnut Street, in Ballardvale, a small town in Massachusetts, on the Boston & Maine Railroad. A bare March sky with wind in it shed its light over the street; the gutters ran with melted snow under ice as thin as a watch crystal; last year's maple leaves lay matted on the lawn. My father and I walked down the hill toward the station, and said "Hello, how are you today" to Mr. Buck, to Mr. Kibbee, and to Stella Dailey. Old Jack Leonard had backed his horse up in front of Shattuck's store. A bag of potatoes, a ten-gallon kerosene can, and a black hound sat in the wagon, and a yellow cigar ribbon, tied to the whipstock, fluttered in the cold air. Across the tracks, the willows by the bridge let fall into the foaming water a mist of reddening boughs. The mill dam roared. The windows of the mill sparkled in the March sunlight falling without warmth. The station platform was empty. Above our heads the station master's wife shook her duster out the window, under the scalloped eaves. On this platform, for nine hundred mornings, I have said goodbye to my father, and each morning he has given me a kiss smelling of cigar, and a penny, and I have looked carefully at the Indian on the penny's head, and at the wreath on its tail, and have remarked the penny's date. But now I am older, no longer at the age when one looks at the dates on pennies. I am going away. I shan't ever see again old Leonard, or Shattuck's store, or the hydrangea bushes in front of Forrest Scott's house that in autumn spilled dusty-blue petals over the grass, or the mill dam, or the mill, or the swing in Gardners' yard, or the maple tree in my own, or the hedge of arbor vitae around the Congregationalist church. Or hear, in the night, the express whistling for the crossing, or, in the daytime, the Boston train, and the train for Lawrence and Lowell, braking down for the stop, ringing its bell around the curve. Now, this morning, the Boston train is coming in from the fields beyond the river, and slows and brakes and stops. The steam shrieks out of the engine and smoke trails out, into the clear morning, from the smokestack, blotting out the willows and the mill dam. The conductor lifts me up to the step. That is the reason for my presence here. I took the Boston train in March, 1909.

GRANTED, then, that the traveller is here for an assigned, an established reason, the journey may proceed due west by slow degrees from the fireplace. Here I come upon two chairs that look worn to the bone, and a large, square green bureau, in execrable modern taste. The surface of this last is scattered over with objects of little real or artistic value. A sharp turn to the right brings me to the window, giving onto the brick wall before mentioned, and tastefully draped in dotted swiss. Then the entire west wall unrolls before the eye. The window is flanked to the immediate northwest by two pictures: one of a thun-

derstorm, and the other of a small bunch of violets. I then come upon a hanging shelf whose well-proportioned but inadequate interior can house nothing larger than a 16mo. So that here all the 16mos in the apartment lie down together, the lion and the lamb: "La Madone des Sleepings," "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," Whitehead's "Introduction to Mathematics;" the poems of Baudelaire, William Drummond of Hawthornden, Waller; the plays of Chekhov and Thomas Middleton; "Walden; or, Life in the Woods;" "The Turn of the Screw," Montaigne's Essays, and "Taras Bulba." Beneath this truly horrifying array of literature is situated a large and comparatively unused desk, on which stand displayed pictures of myself and several other people, a pot of pencils, largely decayed, a cashbook that serves as a bill file, an inkstand that serves as a letter file, and a letter file that serves as a bill file. Also a lamp, an ashtray, a stamp box (empty), two postcards, a paper knife made out of a cartridge and bearing the arms of the city of Verdun, and a large quantity of blank paper.

The north wall contains nothing of interest save the bed and the traveller moored therein, a table, a lamp, and a picture of a water jug, a bowl, two lemons, and a pear (by Vlaminck). The east wall, on the other hand, is filled by an object of immense interest and charm, an object that combines service and beauty in unequal parts. It is an armoire; within its doors lie shirts, towels, pillowcases, and sheets, but the doors themselves—what serviceable quality could dare to compete in importance with this beauty! Vertically, along the edges of the doors, carved from wood, two garlands fall, composed of roses, rose leaves, pine cones, grapes, sunflowers, bursting figs, and lobster claws. The size, the stability of this piece (which has been lent to me by a friend until such time as she can find a purchaser for it), should hearten the traveller. On the contrary, it is at this point, precisely when the end is in sight, and the starting point almost gained, that the catastrophe of the journey invariably occurs.

For it is here, as I nearly complete the circle set, that at midnight and in the early morning I encounter the dream. I am set upon by sleep, and hear the rush of water, and hear the mill dam, fuming with water that weighs itself into foam against the air, and see the rapids at its foot that I must gauge and dare and swim. Give over, says this treacherous element, the fear and distress in your breast; and I pretend courage and brave it at last, among rocks along the bank, and plunge into the wave that mounts like glass to the level of my eye. O death, O fear! The universe swings up against my sight, the universe fallen into and bearing with the mill stream. I must in a moment die, but for a moment I breathe, upheld, and see all weight, all force, all water, compacted into the glassy wave, veined, marbled with foam, this moment caught raining over me. And into the wave sinks the armoire, the green bureau, the lamps, the shells from the beach in Maine. All these objects, provisional at best, now equally lost, rock down to translucent depths below fear, an Atlantis in little, under the mill stream (last seen through the steam from the Boston train in March, 1909).

—Louise Bogan

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MEMORANDUM FOR AN INFANT BOY

[Who Was Foully Attacked by Ogden Nash Last Week in This Magazine]

When Ogden Nash's daughter is one,
She'll constitute no menace, son;
But when Ogden Nash's daughter is twenty,
Her handkerchiefs will be small and scenty.

As older and older you get to be,
So, I am sorry to say, will she.
When you attain to the height of your powers,
What'll you be doing? Buying flowers.

My son, there are things in life much finer
Than wooing the daughter of a poet (minor):
You could wait on table in a Pullman diner,
You could follow the path of the Forty-niner,
Or fire an engine, or stoke a liner,
Or even become a scene designer.
Yes, son, there are things in life much finer
Than courting the daughter of a poet (minor).

When Ogden Nash's daughter is two,
She'll be in no shape to bother you;
But when Ogden Nash's daughter is thirty,
Her intimate things will be soft and purty;
She'll be wearing a different kind of shirty
And her hands and face will be far from dirty.
She'll clothe herself in garments filmy—
A thought that already's enough to kill me.



She'll be tastefully, even artfully, dressed,
With an eye to the colors that set her off best;
And when you shall reach of life the prime
She'll be taking a lot of your valuable time.

My son, there are things in life much higher
Than attending the daughter of a versifier:
You could always become a piece-goods buyer,
You could sit on a flagpole, or on a church spire,
You could be a buff at a popular fire,
Or twang what's left of your father's lyre,
Or sing in the Methodist Episcopal choir,
Or operate a fleet of Packards for hire,
Or walk a tight, or a slackish, wire,
Or establish a Priory and be the Prior.
Yes, son, there are things in life much higher
Than falling for the daughter of a versifier.

But the very advice I give to you
Holds good for Nash's daughter, too.
There's lots that a girl considers finer
Than cooking for the son of a poet (minor),
And the thing I especially wish to disparage
Is ever getting out of a baby carriage.

So bless you both and make you happy!
It's normal to have a worried pappy.

—E. B. W.



OF ALL THINGS

THE Japanese general asked the Chinese defenders of Shanhaikwan to apologize for putting up resistance. This reminds us that President Hoover has never expressed his regrets to his successor for his discourtesy in carrying those six states.

•

Japan, after all, is the only nation which really knows how to avoid war. The worst that ever happens is a painful situation requiring tact and a dash of firmness.

•

If Mayor O'Brien really intends to do some decapitating in the interest of economy, we hope he remembers the sound old rule: Two heads are better than one.

•

Owen D. Young said that Insull's only fault was that he had too much faith in the United States. And even that little weakness has been overcome by the broadening influence of travel.

•

The sympathy of our people will go out to James A. Farley in his plight. He would like to resign as Boxing Commissioner, but there are so many applicants for the job that he can't get out of the building.

•

Gold has been discovered in Kenya, East Africa, and already a law has been passed getting the natives out of harm's way. It is a well-known biological fact that people of dark complexions cannot be allowed to dig for the root of all evil.

•

The insulting word comes from Canada that beer of less than ten-per-cent potency is not popularly regarded as fit for internal use. A four-per-cent brew is on sale there too, but they don't call that beer in Quebec.

•

U. S. Idle Need Cash, Senate Hearing is Told—Headline in the *Herald Tribune*. Another sacred confidence violated.

•

Does President Hoover realize, we wonder, that he now has less than two months left in which to do something which will meet with the approval of Hiram Johnson?

•

The Radio City Music Hall is trying a radical change in program, but if the management wants a really sensational act at reasonable cost, here it is: One Singer Midget.

•

The president of the Dollar Line is quoted as indorsing the Buy American movement. There is nothing so annoying to a steamship company as foreign commerce. It clutters up the boats and makes trouble for all.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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NEW YORK, Dec. 20 (US)—Ready to buy back old world art treasures from indigent American former millionaires, Edward Jonas, noted Paris art dealer, arrived in New York today aboard the French liner Champlain, with $2,000,000 in gold in his pocket.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

It would be our luck to leave it in our other pants.



"Mind if I show my cow around?"

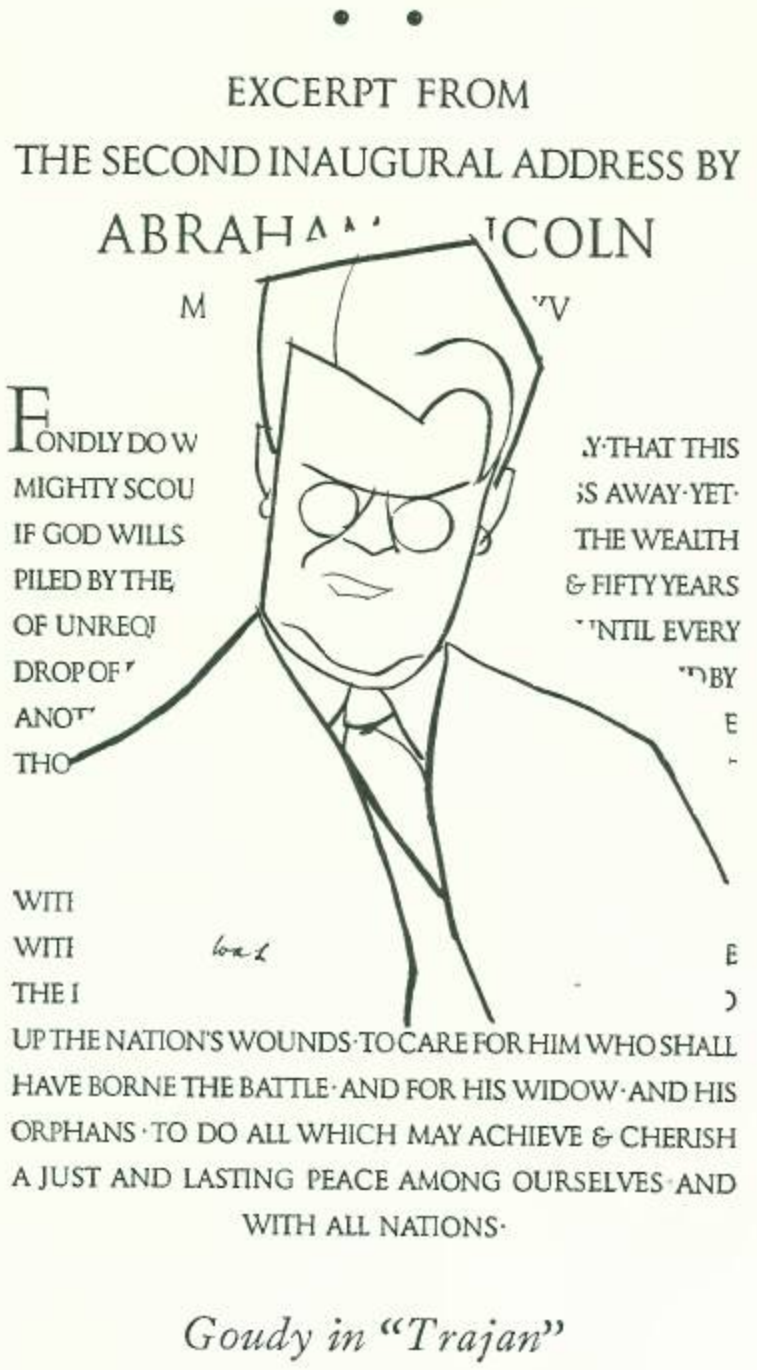
PROFILES

GLORIFIER OF THE ALPHABET

FREDERIC WILLIAM GOUDY is a miracle that came out of the Middle West. There was no way to predict him and there is no way now to explain him; he happened. At thirty years of age he was an obscure bookkeeper fresh out of a job; he was not even a printer. Today, at sixty-seven, he is the greatest type-designer in the world, and all those who take joy in beautiful books are so deeply in his debt that no price can be put upon their owings.

The full measure of Goudy's stature in his field can only be made clear if he is compared to the masters of the past—Jenson, Caslon, Baskerville, Garamond; each made one, two, or three fine type faces. William Morris achieved a reputation with two type faces, and Ricketts and Cobden-Sanderson with one each; Bruce Rogers, a brilliant contemporary, has produced two. Goudy has designed between seventy-two and seventy-five, and with the exception of a few early experiments they are all excellent. It is no exaggeration to say that he has revolutionized printing here and abroad, but his importance to the general public is not based on his work alone. He fought the fight for beauty and dignity in type when decent printing was almost unknown in this country; he was the missionary who converted practical printers away from, to use Robert Ballou's phrase, the "decorated monstrosities of the nineteenth century," and made an honest woman of his craft.

GOUDY never expected recognition from the general public; he deliberately chose for himself a field of craftsmanship or art (he says type-design is one of the minor arts) in which anonymity is the rule. Few of even the most literate people think of printing and of type as other than a mechanical thing. Yet the making of type was originally the task of the artists and artisans, and not of machinists and apprentice boys. Many of the most beautiful letters in existence were designed only a few years after Gutenberg had invented movable type. In Italy, for instance, many of the early types were designed and cut by the Renaissance goldsmiths, contemporaries of Cellini. Printers then were not mere union-scale workmen, but artists and craftsmen who were patronized and endowed by kings.



Goudy in "Trajan"

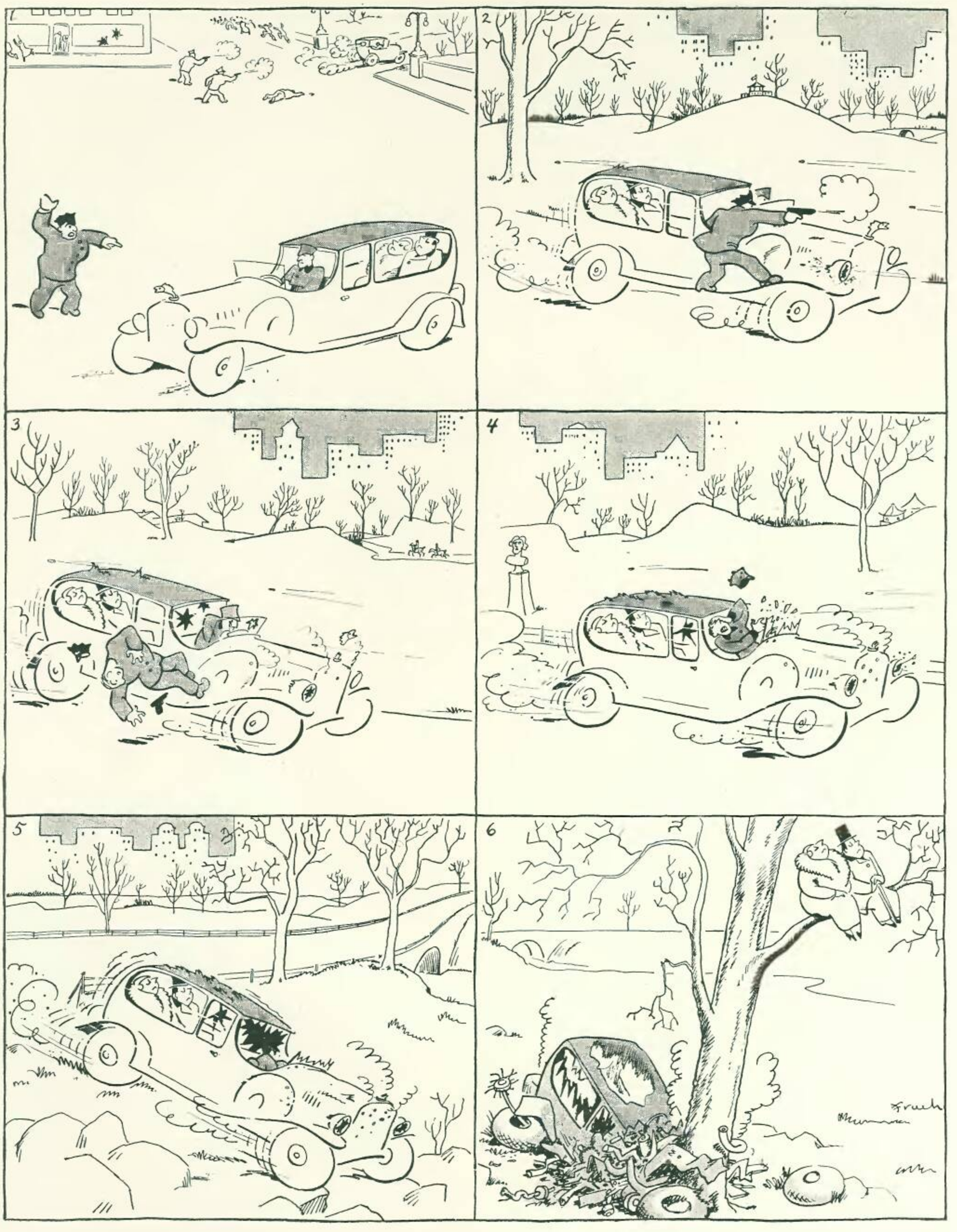
As the public became used to types, beauty was forsaken in favor of utility. By the middle of the nineteenth century, original type design was a lost art. Letters had become standardized; they were refined and elongated and squeezed together and ugly. Publishers wanted to get as many words as possible on a page. When printers sought variety, they went off on a baroque spree with types full of curlicues and feather edges. Goudy is one of the men who brought a tradition back into its own. He was not responsible for the revolt against ugliness —William Morris and Emery Walker began the crusade—but he followed closely after and was able to combine dignity and beauty and a compactness that made his design as practical for publishing as the ugliest of the squeezed and compressed alphabets.

Goudy has gone back to the early masters for much of his inspiration. He is, if you will, a traditionalist, but he is not a copyist or mere adapter. His types are beautiful because they are simple, they are dignified, they are sturdy and honest and strong. He has never forgotten that a type which distracts attention from the subject matter is wrong. Because he was once a hand letterer, he conceives a type not in individual letters but in massed effect. That is one of the reasons his pages manage to be compact without sacrificing legibility. He makes a black page of great solidity and with a minimum of white space; yet it has clarity, and there is no eyestrain.

Goudy borrows ideas wherever he finds them, and then, again, he makes a design with no apparent source. Three of his most distinguished types have their origin in antiquity. "Forum Title" is based on a stonecutter's letters of the first century. "Trajan Title" is almost a facsimile of lettering on the Trajan Column in Rome. "Hadriano" was done in 1918 after Goudy had taken an actual rubbing of three letters on an early Roman inscription in the Louvre and added other symbols of the alphabet in the same spirit. This particular type is an evidence of the speed with which Goudy sometimes works; he began the design one noon and it was complete at three the next morning. On the other hand, he still turns occasionally to a black letter he began thirty years ago which has never yet seen the light because it does not satisfy him.

Pioneering has never been a particularly profitable industry; Goudy's early years were all struggle, and even now, when recognition and all honors have come to him, he is not entirely free from concern for his livelihood. Nevertheless, it would be silly to bespeak for him either sympathy or solicitude; he has spent most of a lifetime doing just what he wanted to do and he has taken joy in every fragment of the work which has made him great. His, too, has been the satisfaction of refusing compromise. He has never cheapened his product and he has never sought to please anyone's taste but his own.

Goudy is not a modest man about his achievements; he knows his work



is good and he will tell you so. He is, however, curiously humble in many ways, almost naïvely pleased with public recognition, greatly appreciative of the honors which have been bestowed upon him. These public certificates of merit include the gold medal of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, the Friedsam gold medal of the Architectural League of New York, and the gold medal of the American Institute of Architects. Goudy's humility has its origin in the fact that he is unassuming and touched with a natural simplicity. Goudy, the master, is still a boy out of Shelbyville, Ill., and the Dakotas, stagestruck by the beauty of composition and a little uneasy in the presence of his polished inferiors. He is a short, plump, genial man who looks like a Sunday-school superintend-

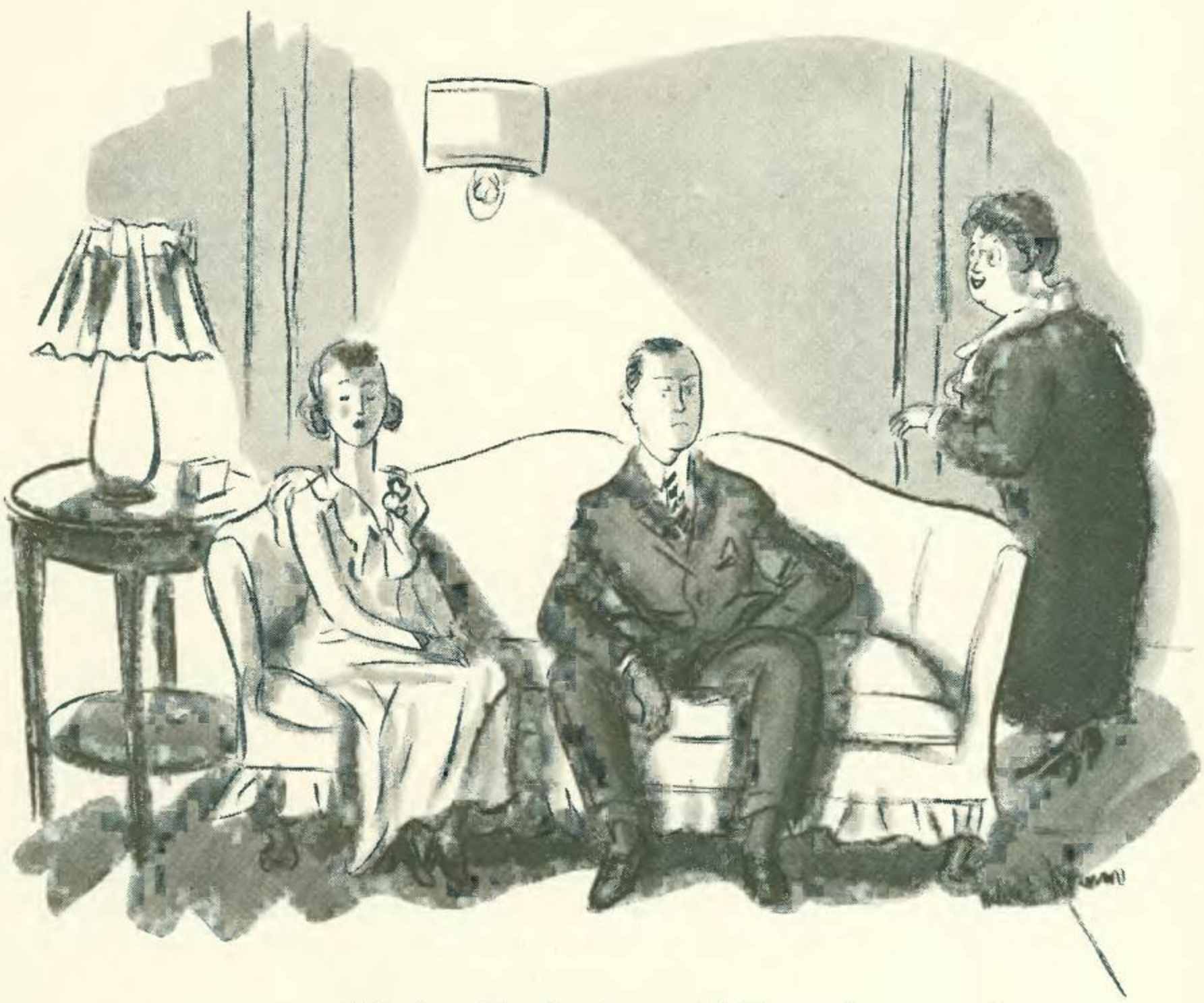
ent. He wears steel-rimmed spectacles and neat gray suits. A rebellious lock of yellow-white hair is always draping itself over a squinted left eye. A certain shortness of breath is the only evidence that he has passed a pink-cheeked and vigorous middle age.

IT is Goudy's beginnings that make his career a miracle. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than Shelbyville, with its Middle-Western flatness and its ramshackle frame buildings, and Kelmscott on the upper Thames. Yet out of Kelmscott came William Morris' "Chaucer" and the revival of printing, and out of Shelbyville came the man who was to carry on the work William Morris began. Goudy's father was a schoolmaster, and, at the age when Morris was setting off for Oxford, we find Goudy still in high school and acting as the school janitor for ten dollars a month. At the same time he was busy copying drawings from books, but it was not until he took a position as assistant to Shelbyville's leading paperhanger that he gave definite indication of the bent his talent was finally to take. The paperhangers did over the Presbyterian Sabbath School one week in spring; but when they had finished, Goudy was still dissatisfied. It seemed to his artist's eye that the various panels were bare and empty, and he set about to remedy the situation. He pasted up the whole place with well-chosen Bible texts, cutting the letters from bizarre wallpaper. He redrew the ornamental letters from examples in an old Bruce Foundry specimen book (the typographical Bible of the old tramp printer) borrowed from the local newspaper.

The years immediately following were not calculated to develop any infantile outcroppings of talent. Just after Goudy graduated from high school, his father became a federal probate judge in South Dakota, then one of the rawest territories of the raw Northwest. The elder Goudy combined a real-estate business with his judgeship, and Fred served for three years as bookkeeper and clerk. Then came a period of wandering from job to job through the Middle West. Already he was reading all the volumes he could buy or borrow about typography and he managed to teach himself practical printing in small-town shops. In 1895, he met C. Lauren Hooper, an English instructor, in Chicago, and the two of them decided to establish a press where fine booklet work could be done. Thus the Camelot Press came into existence at 5 Dearborn Street. There they published the *Chap-book* (one of the first arty magazines) for Stone & Kimball. Seated in his boarding-house window after work one summer night, Goudy drew an alphabet of capital letters in an idle half-hour, and sent it off to the Dickinson Type Foundry in Boston. If the Foundry could use the alphabet, he wrote, he thought it was worth five dollars. The Foundry sent him ten dollars. It was a good investment; the type, known as "Camelot," is still selling today, thirty-eight years after.

SHORTLY before the *Chap-book* was discontinued, the Camelot Press vanished and Goudy went back for a final wrestle with his ledgers. In 1897, he married Bertha M. Sprinks of Berwyn, Ill., and presently became cashier of the *Michigan Farmer*, an agricultural journal of some pretension, but about a year later he found himself once more out of a job. He was thirty, and he decided he would waste no further time on occupations which didn't interest him. A precarious living which put his time at his own disposal was, he decided, better for his soul than security and a regular pay check. He returned to Chicago. First he did book covers and initial letters for A. C. McClurg & Company, the publishers, and advertising layouts for various department stores and clothiers. In his leisure, however, he was busy with type design.

It was in 1903, and partly by accident, that Goudy became a publisher. He evolved a handsome alphabet which he used in lettering advertisements for



"Perhaps Mr. Beasley would like to play a game."

Kuppenheimer clothes, and the company decided to have the letters cut as a type. Eventually the firm, after getting foundry prices, concluded the project was too costly, and turned back the designs, already paid for, to the artist. Goudy had a type on his hands and he was convinced it should be used. So, with a partner and three hundred dollars, he started his own press at Park Ridge, Ill.; he had an old barn as his plant, a hand proof-press, and one hundred and fifty pounds of type. His first book (limited to two hundred copies) was an essay on printing by William Morris. The Kuppenheimer type, which plainly shows how deeply Goudy had fallen under the influence of Morris' work, now is known as "Village."

During the next few years, Goudy moved to Hingham, Mass., then to New York, and the Village Press went with him. Mrs. Goudy, taught by her husband to set type, supplanted the partner in the firm, and her encouragement and high ability as a craftsman enabled Goudy to weather difficult periods. To be sure, the family endured privation. Goudy won the bronze medal for book-printing at the St. Louis World's Fair, but that made him no money. He remembers one day in 1908 when there wasn't a penny in his pocket. He and his wife robbed their young son's bank of ten cents for subway fare to their Twenty-third Street office in the old Parker Building. The Goudys fasted through breakfast and lunch. Late in the afternoon, just as they were dismally anticipating a long walk home to 117th Street, Henry Noble MacCracken, now president of Vassar, strolled into the shop. He had heard that the Village Press had published an edition of Bliss Carman; he bought the Carman (a fifteen-dollar book of handsome workmanship) and before he had reached the ground floor in the elevator, the Goudys, clattering down the stairs, were already there with his greenbacks and on their way out to eat.

The same year brought what would have been, to some people, a devastating blow. Fire destroyed the Parker Building and the entire plant of the Village Press. Goudy was forty-three years old; there was nothing to do except to start over. He obtained desk room in an advertising agency in return for odd drawing jobs, and turned his designing once more to commercial ends.

In July, 1909, Goudy managed to scrape together enough money to go abroad. During later years, he was to make seven more trips to England, Belgium, Holland, France, and Italy for study, but his first visit to the cultural treasure houses of the old world was of real importance. Until that time, Goudy had been a printer and a typographer and only incidentally a type-designer. But his ideas began to bloom in Europe; when he came home, he turned almost exclusively to design.



NO story of Goudy would be complete without mention of his first and most faithful patron. They had met when both were tenants in the Parker Building. Mitchell Kennerley was getting his start as a publisher and he commissioned Goudy to design a new font of type to be used in the making of books, and a new letter for chapter headings. The commission resulted in two of Goudy's greatest types, "Kennerley" and "Forum Title." "Kennerley" has been called by a British authority "the most beautiful type put within reach of English printers since the first Caslon began casting about the year 1724." No type face, with the exception of "Caslon," has ever achieved wide popularity so quickly. It was recognized immediately for what it was, a work of genius.

Once Goudy was delivered from the danger of want, great designs began to follow one another with rapidity. He reëstablished the Village Press at Forest Hills, and there produced a number of fine books for Mitchell Kennerley and others. These included H. G. Wells' "The Door in the Wall," printed in "Kennerley" type, which some critics (Goudy doesn't agree with them) have called the most distinguished book of modern manufacture, and two books of Goudy's own authorship, "The Alphabet" and "Elements of Lettering." A fifth edition of "The Alphabet" is currently being prepared; it is both a handbook of lettering with plates by the author and a scholarly history of paleography. His achievements in printing did not deflect Goudy from what he considered to be his major work. His type designs first won wide recognition in England. By 1916, he had sold eight new faces to the Caslon Foundry there, and the years just after the war began to bring him a steady, if small, income from the commercial foundries here.

Even as recently as fifteen years ago, foundry men who paid good money for a type design were considered wild, quixotic spendthrifts. The copyright laws are such that it is comparatively easy to borrow and to adapt, and many Goudy letterings have found their way into general use without profit to him. Some of his friends, consequently, thought it was a happy circumstance when the American Type Founders Company purchased "Goudy Old Style," today one of his most widely distributed fonts. The Company bought the type outright for fifteen hundred dollars, and has never regretted its bargain. In addition to the profitable return from "Goudy Old Style," the company succeeded in making three types sprout where one had grown before. The designer at its plant redrew the original letters (this still annoys Goudy) to produce two additional alphabets. Goudy nowadays never sells a design outright to a foundry; he has grown smarter as a businessman, and demands and gets a twenty-per-cent royalty on sales of his types to presses and printers. It would be futile to catalogue Goudy's type faces here. They have become so numerous that the designer can no longer think of names for the new ones, and often notes them unromantically as 38 E or 51 C. Since 1920, he has been art director of the Lanston Monotype Company. In addition to the general supervisory character of his work, he also delivers a specified number of new type faces each year. His first design for Monotype was "Garamont" (the *American Mercury* until three years ago was printed in this face) and it caused a real sensation in the printing world. Some sixty thousand dollars' worth of "Garamont" matrices were sold over the country within the first four months after its release—a record in itself.

From the first, Goudy worked extensively for advertising agencies, and he still does so. Few people realize what part advertising has played in

bringing printing out of the era of "patent medicine" type. The agencies demanded a handsome presentation of their selling talks and they got it. The present importance of Goudy's design is best evidenced today by picking up a random copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Often half the advertisements there are set in one or another of his faces. So far as advertising captions are concerned, however, you may be sure that if a display is done in a fantastic design or reveals a selfconscious preciosity, Goudy had nothing to do with it. He has only contempt for the freak effects. Sometimes the types have been sold outright to the companies in question; Procter & Gamble and National Biscuit, for instance, have their proprietary types. In another field, there is the *Woman's Home Companion* with a proprietary font; Goudy designed especially for the magazine the body type in which it is set.



"I certainly made that judge look silly."

•

GOUDY, after years of wandering from one place to another, has now apparently settled down for good. He says that all his life he has been a "fool for luck," and accepts his present home as one more evidence that, when he set out to make life give him what he wanted, the cards were stacked in his favor. Twenty years ago he was one of the pioneers in the Forest Hills community. With touching faith in his destiny, he bought a lot there priced at twenty-eight hundred dollars; he had ten dollars to his name and borrowed forty dollars to make the down payment. Nine years ago, bothered by the growing pressure of suburbanism, he sold his Forest Hills holdings, and with the money bought a place at Marlborough which he calls Deepdene. There he has a beautiful Colonial house, and his printing plant and workshop are located in a hundred-and-fifty-year-old mill only a few steps away.

Deepdene has become within the past few years a sort of Mecca for printers and craftsmen. Scores of them visit his plant every year to see the master at work. Dissatisfied with the way in which commercial firms followed out his designs, he taught himself to cut his own matrices after his sixtieth birthday, and now every step in printing, from the drawing of the letter to the completed book, can be done in his own backyard and under his own direction. The Village Press is still a closed corporation; Mrs. Goudy is the compositor (and there are few better in the country) and Frederic T. Goudy, their son, is the mechanician and general-utility man. There are no other employees. Seventy miles away from the capital of industrialism and mass production, the Goudys live and work as did the great artisan families of the sixteenth century.

The secrets of any artist's working methods are always hard to get at. Some years ago, when Goudy was giving a course of lectures on lettering at New York University, one of the bright young blossoms of the campus lifted her pencil above her notebook and said: "Professor, just how do you design type?" His answer will serve here.

"You think of a letter," Goudy said gravely, "and then you mark around it." —MILTON MACKAYE

•

It was a very exciting day for the Princess Sybile. On the way from the station to the Palace she waved her hand several times to the people.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Royalty is so hysterical!

TECHNOCRACY AND WILCOX

THE woman sitting on the sofa beside him was so talkative that she made Mr. Wilcox blink. Smart, too. She told him that everything was going to be entirely revolutionized. Golly, Mr. Wilcox thought. Women were quick. Caught on to everything quick. The woman told him that in the future a very high standard of living would be maintained for the entire population of America by every adult's working four hours a day four days a week. "Only sixteen hours a week!" she exclaimed. "Just think of it!"

"Golly," Mr. Wilcox said, thinking as fast as he could. "Get long weekends that way."

The woman wasn't listening. She was talking about energy determinants and the end of an era. She was talking about leisure and the release of human values. Mr. Wilcox squinted his eyes, trying to remember if he had ever seen her picture in the paper. Hadn't caught her name. Must be somebody big. "Ever since the dawn of civilization," she told him, "man has been struggling to decrease his toil and increase his leisure. Now technologists have won the victory for him."

"Hah!" Mr. Wilcox said. "Have?" He wondered what she was talking about. Hard to follow women. They jumped around so. Just now she had jumped to razor blades. Technologists, she told him, could produce a razor blade that would last him a lifetime.

Might be all right, Mr. Wilcox thought. Might not.

Technologists, the woman went on, could also produce an automobile that would last him a lifetime.

Mr. Wilcox was interested. "Good car?" he asked. "What kind?" Rolls-Royce probably, he guessed. He'd heard of people keeping them on and on. Better to turn them in, though. New models, better lines.

Technologists, the woman continued, would produce a suit of clothes that would last ten years. Shirts that would last four years; shoes that would last five. Golly, Mr. Wilcox thought, how'd she have it all down so pat? Husband a technologist, probably. Probably made clothes. She told him that the entire system of selling for a price would go. The entrepreneur would go. Individual enterprise would go. Stocks, bonds, investments, savings, insurance would go.

"Will?" Mr. Wilcox said.

"Certainly," she said, smiling warmly at him.

"When?"

"At once," she said definitely. "The reorganization of civilization along technological lines is not only desirable but necessary if we are to avoid complete economic disaster."

MR. WILCOX looked at her dazedly. Suppose she knew? he thought. Seemed to. Women did, sometimes. Religious ones. Spiritualists; that kind of thing. Spooky. He glanced around the room. All the other people were having a good time, talking and laughing about ordinary things. He edged into the corner of the sofa and fiddled despondently with his eyebrows. He was marooned with this woman who knew everything that was going to happen and who talked on and on about it, stripping him of everything he had.

Mr. Wilcox sighed, listening to her. As far as he could make out, there was going to be a big change right away that would leave him with a car and a razor blade that would last him a lifetime. Have to get them without paying for them, too, he gathered, because there wasn't going to be any money. How'd he get them? he wondered confusedly. Have a suit, too. Last ten years. Never wear the thing out. Get sick of it. No money to get another. No job even. No private enterprise. He thought regretfully of his big, smoke-filled office. Never get another job, these times. Income gone, job gone, five-year shoes, ten-year suit that probably wouldn't fit, same old car year after year, no money to buy anything, nothing to do.

"What'll I do?" he asked forlornly.

"Do?" the woman repeated brightly. "Oh, whatever you are fitted for. It doesn't matter. The important thing," she said, turning her animated gaze full upon him, "will be that, whatever you do, you will only have to work four hours a day four days a week. The rest will be leisure."

Mr. Wilcox nodded uneagerly. Might sleep late, he supposed. Wouldn't, though. Be like vacations. Always thought you were going to sleep till noon every day and woke up sharp at seven.

"It will be wonderful," the woman told him. "No more striving for gain, no more competition, no more greed, no more hard work, no more insecurity. Think what a paradise this country will be, with everyone released from toil, to develop, to expand, to create!" She clasped her hands and bounced a little against the cushions, thinking.

Mr. Wilcox thought, too. He thought of his days and all their little, pleasant pursuits. Be all over pretty soon, he concluded dejectedly. At length he managed to smile feebly at the woman beside him.

"Think we'll have beer by then?" he asked her. —FRANCES WARFIELD



SMALL FRY

Impersonation of the sissy

•

UNCALLED-FOR EPITAPHS

G. McN.

"Oh boy! I'm down—I'm up—in
Heaven!
The Nine Apostles—No, it's Seven!—
Oh boy! St. Peter's got the ball!—
I'm wrong, it's Luke!—No, wait,
it's Paul!"
Good old Graham!
Always the saham.

J. V. McK.

I'd rather be right than Mayor.
. . .
I was.

E. G.

Here lies the Quite Forgotten Man.
His name is Mister—Mister—Gann.
—OGDEN NASH

THE THEATRE

SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE SLUMP

ONCE again we have the unhappy spectacle of an actress picking a play for herself because it contains a rôle calling for free-wheeling and gamut-running, neglecting to notice in her excitement that the play itself is simply terrible. This time I refer to Miss Helen Menken's personal production of John Colton's "Saint Wench."

Nothing short of a frenzy for personal gamut-running could have blinded Miss Menken to the fact that Mr. Colton, in spite of his experience (or perhaps because of it) in "Rain" and "The Shanghai Gesture," has here bundled together some of the choicest sprigs of fustian seen on the stage since the days when fustian was all the go. Somewhere, way down deep next to the skeleton of his play, there is an idea which might have been dressed up into a fairly acceptable dish of wurzle-flummery, that of a maid, half-saint, half-romp, who is bulldozed into going the whole hog in sainthood by a holy man who happens to react chemically to her charms. Not new, but usually good for matinées.

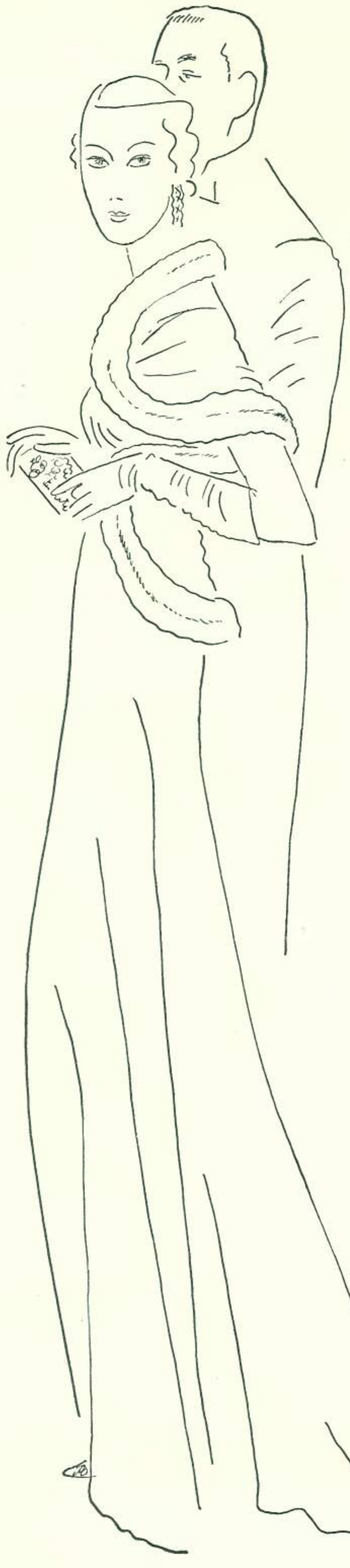
But Mr. Colton has evidently had some idea of making his characters talk Trabian, or Croatian, or whatever language was spoken in those countries where the men wore two hats, one on top of the other, and bedslippers curled up at the toes; and Mr. Charles Hopkins, who directed the piece, has felt it best to keep to his old Punch and Judy-Milne technique, letting his actors bound and leap in and out of windows and fly through the air like Trabian pixies. Miss Menken, in her wanton moods, is never at an angle of less than thirty degrees, and once, in the bulldog grip of her bandit lover, achieves a perfect forty-five with the aid of a table. Mr. Edward Leiter, as the impetuous bandit, clears the entire stage with two bounds every time he wants to make the French window, which is practically every four minutes, constituting quite a lot of bounding. And the young ladies of the company, of which there were a great many too many, gave the impression of working on concealed pogo sticks—and loving it. The air in Trabia must have been marvellous. Mr. Russell Hardie, as the many-horned husband, didn't do any bounding, but he really had nothing to bound about.

In addition to all this nervousness, many of the characters in "Saint Wench" suffered from bad acting, a complication which the production could ill afford. In short, there would be little use in devoting this space to a review of it were it not for the hope that constant heckling on the part of the articulate public might induce our stars to think twice before they elevate themselves to a fat part in a thin show. "Saint Wench" has been kicking about for several years (it was done some time ago on the Pacific Coast by Miss Ruth Chatterton, at the very conception of which the imagination reels) and several of the more cagy producers passed it up. It took an actress-producer to settle the thing once and for all.



"I've got that headache again."

THERE is something a little depressing about witnessing Mr. George White's new edition of his "Music Hall Varieties," not because it is depressing entertainment in itself but be-



ONE OF SIX

DESIRABLE BACHELORS

KEEP THEIR CALENDARS

OPEN FOR THIS GIRL!

Her assured manner, her bright banter, make any man proud to take her about. She knows that she's attractive; men's eyes flatter her make-up. How does she do it? Well—for one thing, she is very insistent on preserving a *natural* kind of beauty. But other girls can share—can buy—her secrets!



She trusts her complexion to Coty Face Powder because Coty blends a tone that's a twin to her skin. She finds, in Coty Face Powder, amazingly fine, smooth *texture*, assured *purity*, and alluring *fragrances*. Look for the gay powder-puff box, or the new de luxe box.

Coty



The "Vulcania" was especially designed for voyages to warm climates.

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Easter in Jerusalem. Azores, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Cannes, Naples, Athens, Egypt, Holy Land, Rhodes, Patras, Palermo. First Class $535 up. Tourist $235 up. Shore Excursions optional.

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cause it brings home the fact that we really are in the midst of pretty parlous times. Where, in the old days, would you have been able to find so many headliners gathered together, like sheep in a storm, each doing his old stuff, obviously *faute de mieux?* It isn't like one of the lavish "Scandals" of the twenties, in which headliners wallowed about in gold and silver drapes, singing new numbers, cracking new gags, and flashing new contracts. Here we have Harry Richman, Bert Lahr, Willie and Eugene Howard, Tom Patricola, Eleanor Powell, and the Loomis Sisters, an array good enough to have drained any but the most distended bank account in boom times, all banded together in what must be a fairly last-minute attempt to keep working, and Mr. White himself in a quite understandable attempt to keep expenses down as low as possible. It is depressing to feel that one can get such a good show at such low prices.

For it is a good show, if you haven't seen it all somewhere before. Mr. Richman sings with his accustomed incisiveness, but is dependent on old favorites, with suggestions solicited from the audience. Mr. Lahr does his stuff as well as ever, but there is a feeling that two nights before the show opened he didn't quite know what he was going to do for numbers. The Howard Brothers are here, with their old "Pay the Two Dollars" sketch (still good), "The Feud," and the big "Rhapsody in Blue" finale to the 1928 "Scandals," with Mr. Richman but without the full-stage splurge of that happier year. And Tom Patricola is back as the dancing governor, always a grateful item on any bill but a little sad in its implications of sterility. It doesn't make so much difference about Miss Powell's dancing or the Loomis Sisters' singing. They would have been the same anyway year in and year out—and pleasant.

So, if you are a very young person who didn't go to the theatre much before the Blight, or an old person who likes to revive memories and cry softly into someone else's beard, you will have a good time at Mr. White's "Music Hall Varieties," even though it does seem more like a benefit than a regular show. We used to take old acts from favorites in vaudeville year in and year out, and love them. We might as well make up our minds to like them now, for evidently it is all that we are going to get for a while.

—Robert Benchley

COURT GAMES

Legs versus Head—Ladies at Play

SHORT of building a glass court—which would probably look like the Hall of Mirrors from the inside and like an immense aquarium from the gallery—there does not seem to be any way to adapt the game of squash for even moderately large crowds. No doubt this is all for the best; now that bridge, ping-pong, and even coasting down a hill have become definitely spectacular, it is comforting to have one sport which remains, inherently, a game to play rather than one to observe. On the other hand, it is a little surprising to attend one of the weekly exhibitions at the Fraternity Club—which are among the few metropolitan squash events open to the public—and find no more than a hundred and fifty people huddled in a gallery which, despite the fact that it is one of the most commodious in the city, necessarily bears a marked resemblance to the rafters in an old-fashioned attic.



THE Professional Squash Association, which puts on the matches, has a lively sense of the dramatic. The performance between Walter Kinsella and young Robert Cahill of the Bronxville Field Club, at the last such *soirée* we attended, turned out to be an engrossing contest between Cahill's legs and Kinsella's head. Kinsella's has never been a style which it would be either wise or easy to imitate. The older he grows, the less he likes to move about; and the less he moves about, the more points he wins by employing an intuition which amounted the other evening to a sort of lightning geometry and left young Cahill puffing and bewildered. Between Kinsella's match and two brisk games of squash tennis in which Charlie Costello of the Princeton Club outwitted Thomas Plower of the Fraternity Club came what was undoubtedly the *pièce de résistance* of the program: a squash-racquets match between Margaret Bostwick of the Bronxville Field Club and Carola Winter of the Cosmopolitan. Miss Bostwick played with considerably more aggression and won, as she deserved, in straight games. Her opponent was given to easing up whenever she had a point well in hand, and it seemed to upset her when one of her shots landed on Miss Bostwick's back. Whenever this occurred, as it did quite frequently, she grew apologetic and lost several points in a row.

ANYONE who has watched much women's golf would be quite prepared to guess the principal weakness of the feminine technique at squash racquets. It is not an inability to hit the ball hard, though even the best women players naturally get much less pace on the ball than men. Just as women golfers putt poorly as a rule, women squash-players are least effective in the departments of the game that call for subtlety and precision. Their corner shots go in too high. Their drop shots generally miss the tin by three feet or more. They have a tendency to use a tennis stroke from all positions instead of controlling the racquet with the wrist, and, far from not moving around enough, they show a great tendency to overexert themselves to no purpose.

All these unhappy deficiencies make it apparent that, for the present at least, the best women players are scarcely a match for men in Class C. How long this will remain true is a very different matter. Three years ago, there were scarcely a dozen women in the country who played squash racquets regularly. By a conservative estimate, there are several thousand this season. The Metropolitan Association has five new clubs listed this year. In the galleries at out-of-town matches, women generally outnumber men, and in town, at the Junior League Club, which has more courts than the Colony or the Cosmopolitan, squash racquets has long since superseded the pastime of sticking pins into sample babies. With the game developing so rapidly, there is no sense in making any rash predictions as to the outcome of the National Championship this year. If we had to put down a bet, it would be on some member of the British team which is due over here at the end of the month to play in the National and in the team matches that will be held at the same time.

—R. L. T.

•

Housekeeping.—A young white girl with refs. to hell with housework and waiting on table. Box 362 Tribune.—*Situation-wanted adv. in Salt Lake City Tribune.*

References may be good; attitude is wrong.

Gladys McCune

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BEAUTÉ SALON, INC.
517 Madison Avenue, New York

"I'VE MET INTERESTING PEOPLE"

by

CAPTAIN S. G. S. MCNEIL, R. D., R. N. R.



Captain S. G. S. McNeil, recently retired, on the bridge of the Mauretania during her famous run of 4 days and 17 hours across the Atlantic. Captain McNeil, in his 31 years with the Cunard Line, also commanded the Berengaria and Aquitania. The accompanying reminiscences are drawn from his long career . . . many are quoted from his book, "In Great Waters", copyright, 1932, by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.

I have sailed the seas for 47 years. These 47 years have been rich in adventure, in interest and in variety. They have taken me to all parts of the world; they have included four active and exciting years in the British Navy during the war. They have seen me in command of large and speedy Cunard transatlantic liners.

Naturally such a life is filled with vivid experiences and impressions which give me many a cherished memory. And, as I think back over these years, I realize that it is people, perhaps even more than events, that fill my retrospective hours.

Few men have had my rare opportunity to know literally thousands of vital and interesting people . . . people who are important in finance, in diplomacy, in music, in sports, in business, in the theatre, in practically every walk of life. The hours I have spent with these people on shipboard, when they were relaxed and happy and carefree, have been among the most enjoyable and informative hours of my life.

I am inclined to believe, as a teacher told me in my youth, that one learns more from other people than from any other source. Certainly my own life has been far more interesting and enjoyable because of the contacts and friendships I have formed with people who have crossed in Cunard ships with me.



"Mr. Thomas Lamont has crossed with me several times. He never fails to impress me with the world-wide scope of his knowledge and with the penetrative quality of his mind."



"Norma Shearer travelled with me in the Mauretania. Apart from her cleverness as a film actress, she is a most attractive and gracious woman . . . delightful to know or to meet."

"Mr. Otto H. Kahn, whose patronage of arts and whose relations and business connections take him so frequently to Europe, has a quality found in many men of truly international importance: the ability to put one immediately at one's ease."

"I have, of course, heard Miss Lucrezia Bori at the Metropolitan, and have met her on several crossings. Her beauty matches the glowing quality of her voice. To me she is the soul of song."



"Charlie Chaplin always appealed to me as an artist. Then one night on board, in front of a group of important business men, he advanced many of his economic beliefs. It was instantly apparent that he was very well informed and very sound. It appeared to me that Mr. Chaplin would have been just as big a success in commerce or banking as in the films."



"I admire Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. All of the adulation of the public has not made them the least bit conceited. And I think the education of the young niece whom Mary has adopted is governed by a lot of common sense."



"Mr. Owen D. Young has crossed with me in the Berengaria and the Mauretania. It is an education as well as a pleasure to hear him talk informally. His modest and engaging personality seems to aid his brilliant logic in making intricate subjects readily understandable."

"Quite apart from my respect for his achievements in business, Mr. Charles M. Schwab impressed me as a man . . . a warm, sympathetic, forthright personality."





"Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, that gifted couple of stage and screen, have crossed with me in the Mauretania. It is no wonder that enthusiastic audiences find their acting most 'natural'. . . for they are quite as dynamic and amusing on shipboard as on the stage."

CUNARD LINE TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

THE "NEW AQUITANIA"

Always a favorite . . . now coming from the builders' hands virtually a new ship! 64 additional outside rooms each with bath made out of 121 former cabins. Complete theatre and concert-hall added. A new note in transatlantic luxury.

Express Service to Cherbourg and Southampton: Berengaria, January 27 . . . Aquitania, February 4. Frequent Cabin Class sailings from New York via Boston or Halifax to Plymouth, Havre and London, and to Cobh and Liverpool. From Montreal via Quebec to Plymouth, Havre and London, and to Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool. From Saint John, N. B., and Halifax to Plymouth, Havre and London and to Belfast and Glasgow.

CUNARD WEST INDIES CRUISES

Five 12-day MAURETANIA Cruises from N. Y. Jan. 21 . . . Feb. 4, 18 . . . Mar. 4, 18, to Trinidad, La Guaira, Curacao, Cartagena, Colon, Havana, $155. up . . . FRANCONIA 10-day cruise from N. Y. Jan. 28, $112.50 up . . . Four 9-day FRANCONIA Cruises from N. Y. Feb. 10, 24 . . . Mar. 10, 24, to Nassau and Havana, $102.50 up . . . MAURETANIA 9-day Easter Cruise from N. Y. Apr. 9, $120. up . . . MAURETANIA 7-day Spring Cruise from N. Y. Apr. 1, $95. up. Franconia Cruises sail from Boston day previous.

THE "NEW BERENGARIA"

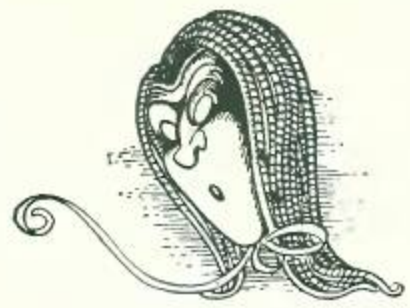
During the period from February to April extensive alterations will be made in the Berengaria, providing in First Class a large number of new outside rooms with private bath . . . rooms equal in spacious luxury to any afloat. Also the whole D Deck, now First Class, will thereafter be available as Tourist Class.

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT • NO ONE CAN SERVE YOU BETTER • OR CUNARD LINE • 25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW



WARSAW, DECEMBER

OF course, not every tourist leaving Moscow can expect to have the prettiest girl in town come down to the station and kiss him good-bye. Such a boon rewards only those who have given some thought to the small-change of gallantry, which varies from country to country and from time to time. I suppose that in New York one still woos a fair lady's smiles with candy, orchids, and perhaps an occasional wrist-watch. Then I remember that in Peking the guest who was dearest to the harried hostess was the one who had thought to bring her fifty pounds of cleanly ice. But other countries, other currencies. If I found favor with the lovely Muscovite, it was because I had discovered in my duffle just the packet for her. No doubt the late Mrs. Reginald Wilfer would have said I was paying her an indelicate attention, but she herself had no such qualms. She clasped the tender token to her bosom and cried out with unintentional accuracy: "Ah, I am so exciting!" To those of my countrymen who plan visiting the Soviet Union in the near future, my final advice is to say it with toilet-paper.

The night-ride to the frontier was uneventful. I shared a compartment with a black-a-vised French Communist who wore plus-fours and puce-colored underwear. As I was nimble enough to pop into the lower berth before he could say Jean Robinson, he was driven into retreat in the upper one, from which dim-lit eyrie he would stick out his head from time to time to ask me hopefully how many strikes were now in progress in New York. Once when I snorted with laughter over the book I was reading—a feeble detective story by William Le Queux—he wanted to know what the joke was, but I despaired of making clear why I was amused by this paragraph:

> The head of a murdered woman was certainly an off thing for a man to carry about in his luggage. The mystery had now assumed the magnitude of a veritable enigma.

Then at noon the next day, the neat, bustling, inexcusably cheerful station at Stolpce, Poland. The first cup of good coffee in weeks. Flagrantly trivial newspapers to read. And a great buoyancy of one's spirits. All returning travellers mention this curious lifting of the sense of oppression—sometimes unnoticed until it does lift, just as you realize how foul the air of a room has been only when you get a whiff from out-of-doors—this exhilarating relief which even one who has hugely enjoyed his stay in the Soviet Union does experience on quitting its territory. There is a good account of that experience in one of the essays on Russia by the incomparable John Maynard Keynes, the Britisher who wrote "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" and married Lydia Lopokova—in the order named, I believe.

THERE is nothing mysterious about it. Every man who was ever demobilized remembers this sensation of a recovered freedom. Freedom to sit on a park bench and starve, perhaps. But freedom, brothers, freedom. Or let me illustrate the sensation less portentously. Do you remember how in school it was the way of the more spirited youths to choose, when they had a choice, the back seats in the classroom? They wanted to sit as far as possible from teacher. Well, I fancy that the enveloping sense of restriction in the Soviet Union varies inversely with the distance from the inscrutable Kremlin. When I noticed—or thought I did—that, in comparison with Moscow, the people of Leningrad seemed somehow more carefree, I decided it was only because they were further away from teacher. Still within reach of the ferrule, of course. But further away.

I would not seem to suggest that the visitor from afar is treated even in Moscow with anything except the utmost consideration. But the most pampered foreigners at work there become infected by the surrounding unease. For instance, they usually avoid mentioning Stalin by name. You must guess whom they mean by some such subterfuge as His Nibs. We would be subject to a similar tension in New York if men at lunch together instinctively avoided talking out loud about Mr. Curry. A few days ago I was roaming the rooms of the Museum of Western Art, where they have an astounding collection of Van Goghs and Gauguins. I had come to a halt before an early Monet so fraught with an untranslatable nostalgia as fairly to liquefy the onlooker. A noted American specialist drifted towards me and passed on a rumor that had just arrived by the grapevine route from the Ukraine. Without visibly moving his lips, he whispered: "I hear that some of the kulaks down there have shot a few of the Y.M.C.A. boys." This struck me as an explicable if somewhat drastic action, and I did not learn until later that, in the discreet code used by Americans in Moscow, the term Y.M.C.A. means the secret police of the Gay Pay Oo. I suppose that if my friend the specialist had told me the news without recourse to the code and at the top of his lungs, there would really have been no untoward consequences for either of us. But just to play safe, one takes to walking softly in Moscow. Does that give you a clue to its atmosphere?

ALL the way here from the frontier, we devoured the newspapers. Russian journals making snoots at Stalin from across the border. Polish journals from Warsaw. Even an old copy of the London *Daily Mail* which had somehow found its way to Stolpce. It was not merely their holiday triviality which made them such refreshment. After weeks of high discourse on economic planning, after weeks of restriction to newspapers in which no item affecting less than a million lives could make the front page, and nothing more personal than a tractor could be mentioned at all, it was downright exciting to come upon gazettes in which the individual, as such, recovered his identity. For instance, we read with interest a despatch from Rome reporting that Otto Kahn had killed himself by leaping from a high point of the Coliseum. He turned out to be a mere journalist of that name from Frankfort. Then the Buda-Pesth police announced with pleasure that they had cleared up the mystery of the disappearance during the past six months of some twenty-five local girls. They had all been found locked up in the apartment of a textile manufacturer

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BEATRICE LILLIE—*wittier, lovelier, more debonaire than ever in "Walk a Little Faster." "Faithful use of Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in perfect condition," she declares.*

WE'VE seen Miss Beatrice Lillie romping away with the hearts of hopelessly enslaved audiences in "Walk a Little Faster."

We've seen Miss Natalie Hall enchanting the most hardened theatre-goers as she frolics gracefully through "Music in the Air."

We've seen Miss Marguerite Churchill, Miss Mitzi Mayfair, and Miss Dennie Moore winding the adoring multitude around their respective little fingers.

And while we're ready to believe it's partly talent and partly charm and partly *je ne sais quoi* —we know one secret of their fascination is their marvelously lovely complexions.

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who, the newspaper reported, had been "using them for the satisfaction of his anomalies." A different one for each? we wondered. And we pounced on the juicy testimony in the case of the brilliant young London surgeon whose name had been stricken from the Medical Register on the complaint of a Mr. B. This Mr. B. (so identified in the cautious British press) accused the doctor of having got gay with Mrs. B. Examined by his own counsel, the doctor denied adultery with Mrs. B. and denied with even greater heat that he had ever called her Boo. Darling, perhaps. But not Boo. On this point, Mr. B.'s counsel pounced in cross-examination. "Do you mean to tell this court that you never called her Boo?" "Never," the doctor replied stoutly, and then, faltering, he added: "I did sometimes call her Boo-Boo."

Please do not charge me with having invented this. In this connection I should like to quote a favorite author of mine if only because I could not so much as mention him in Moscow without every Russian's turning pale. I mean Mr. Trotzky. He will soon be back in Prinkipo, sulking in his tenets. In giving a few telltale excerpts from the nitwit correspondence of the late Tsarina, Trotzky exclaims: "Now don't say I made this up. You *can't* make up things like that."

IN a few moments I start for Berlin—Berlin, where the elegiac voice of Moissi is imparting nobility to the great final speech of "Zu Wahr um Schön zu Sein" von Bernard Shaw! Berlin, where a package of Camels—God save the mark—costs $1.50! So no more for the present. *Do svidaniya.*

—ALYOSHA WOOLLCOTT

•

PORTRAIT OF A WIFE

MISS CRADDOCK didn't change her name at the office because it would have been a bother, after seven years of being "Miss" something, suddenly to become "Mrs." something else. After talking things over seriously with her husband, she decided not to change her name on her bank account, either. They put a calling card on their door saying "Mr. and Mrs. F. Downey and Miss Evalyn Craddock," so that letters would be left for her under both names. Then she didn't think anything more about it until it dawned on her that the maid who cleaned the apartment every

day thought she wasn't really married.

At first, Miss Craddock was angry to the core of her respectable soul. She was so furious that she couldn't say anything to Mr. Downey about it, but she did express her indignation to one of her friends in the office.

"How precious!" her friend said. "Weren't you *thrilled?*"

Miss Craddock hadn't been thrilled, but as she began to ponder the subject, she finally confessed that there *was* something a little exciting about being taken for a—well, for a—for a mistress. She had read a good many books about mistresses: glamorous, seductive ladies who meant far more to a man than a mere wife. She wondered what it would feel like if she were a mistress. This was difficult for her to imagine, for she had not yet become used to the feeling of being a wife. For instance, when Mr. Downey stepped out of the bathroom only half clad, Miss Craddock couldn't get over the impression that she was in the wrong apartment, and hearing his conventional oaths issue from what had previously been her exclusive closet never ceased to shock her.

Miss Craddock had the feeling that others besides the maid in the apartment house took the "Mr. and Mrs. and Miss" card on the door with a grain of salt. You couldn't fool them; they knew there were only two persons living in that apartment. She caught herself referring too obviously to Mr. Downey as "my *hus*band" and emphasizing his irregularities in coming home at night. Of this byplay, Mr. Downey was unaware, but the friend at the office was the recipient of Miss Craddock's confidences.

"I know they think we are living in sin," Miss Craddock said. "They look at me so funny when I go in and out. I shudder to think what my family would say if they knew. They're so conventional. I must confess, though, it's fun. Of course, it would be entirely different if I didn't know that we *are* safely married."

The night Mr. Downey came home drunk and went to sleep in the armchair, without coming to bed at all, Miss Craddock took the "Mrs." off the card on the door. Mr. Downey wondered why he never got bawled out for that late and disorderly homecoming. He never noticed the changed card. Miss Craddock held her head high when she passed other persons in the hall. She was finding marriage very exciting. —Myra M. Waterman

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



I KNOW that I should be getting prophetic, around this time, about the kind of fashions that Paris will spring on the gaping world late this month, but it takes this girl a good two weeks to recover from holidays like the last, and besides, I never like to prophesy, because of I am usually wrong. I can only mumble a few fervent wishes, chief among which is the hope that Schiaparelli, whose creative art I adored at the beginning, when everybody thought she was hard to wear (I wish they would realize that she still is), would relax. She doesn't realize what her stunting of recent seasons has done in Amurrica. Money isn't everything, Madame. You'd stop and think if you had seen as many apologetic, terrified faces shrinking between your hats and your shoulders as I have. How's for maybe square hips for a change this season, *hein?* I wish the milliners would start making just a few crowns for deep heads again; that the buyers would explain to me whether it is that Louiseboulanger isn't good any more or whether they have merely forgotten that belle; and that the Paris people would keep on working with grays. Suddenly they have made them in shades that are becoming, and the good work should keep up.

WHEN you look over the new clothes at Bergdorf Goodman, you wonder why you ever thought that the rough crêpes in thirteen-ninety-five lines looked like the real thing to you. They are using the loveliest fabrics—fabrics to be seen and touched, rather than to be glorified in harsh type like this-a. They have an evening dress in black with white blobs scattered over it; necktie silk they call it, but it is the sort of taffeta necktie you give your grandpappy for Christmas, and is frightfully chic used this way. Another evening dress is fashioned of dishtowel linen (for the South, dopes), complete with fine red crossbar and everything. Then, a material called Marganza, which is like a starchy marquisette, fashions one of those transparent, peekaboo dresses that until about this minute were somehow looking dowdy. Look at a navy crêpe evening dress with a high neck, a sailor collar, and a white piqué jacket, and at an evening dress of satin in a marvellous color that can only be described as a gold-gray. There are lots of suave little dresses with jackets for Palm Beach, made of all kinds of new fabrics: duck cloth, of all things; crêpes with a tiny fine stripe; a crocheted type of linen lace that is being seen all around for both day and evening. And, of course, new variations of funny crunched crêpes that I have given up attempting to describe.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH heard the word "capes" being bandied about and promptly went haywire. They have all kinds of separate ones for the South, usually buttoned at the throat, fitted over the shoulders, equipped with arm slits, and descending to knee or three-quarter length. They show one in a gay checked homespun over a simple suit of unlined white wool. As a change from sweaters for golf or tennis, they feature gaily colored little jackets of Angora wool, cut like a single-breasted sack suit, except for the deep inverted pleats down each side of the back for freedom. There are a couple of suits destined for warm climes that you might buy now (at present writing, the fool tulips are sticking their heads up in Westchester). One has a bright dark-blue skirt, a white piqué vest type of blouse, and a jacket made of a wool that looks for all the world like a hooked-rug weave. This has wide piqué revers. The other costume, expensive and hoopla, starts forth with a white crêpe-de-Chine blouse and a buttoned-up-jumper type of jacket, adds a dash of a skirt, and covers all with a swagger coat held at the neck with one button. A separate fox scarf flaunts a napkin ring at one end for the other end to slip through. For summer sports, this shop, like all the others in town, loves beach dresses



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IF you see a super-swank woman sweeping through some social gathering in a coat or jacket of white bengaline, the chances are that Muriel King, at 32 East Sixty-first Street, ran it up. It is a heavily corded, stiff material with a satin finish, and she dotes on jackets of it, made with wide revers, wide shoulders, and the sleek fitted line through waist and hips for which she is noted. You wear these over black dinner or speakeasy dresses. Her long coats of it for evening also make fashion writers reach for pencil and pad everywhere. Another black-and-white notion of hers is jackets made of a very heavy white satin, worn over black corduroy skirts and having black scarves that do the innumerable things she trains them to do. All clothes designed and made to individual order; at custom prices, of course.

THE good old days of chivalry and high romance have been revived by the stunt of a place called Fleur du Jour, Murray Hill 4-0292. For one lone dollar, a single flower—tin foil, pin, "Good Morning" on the box, and all—will be delivered to the loved one daily for ten days. Send it anonymously, and the most hardboiled woman will wonder and wonder. —L. L.

AS TO MEN
Parkas and Bathing Suits—Choosing Skis

TIME to think of snowshoes and skis and bathing suits, Lake Placid and Palm Beach. All this began the other day when we saw a skiing suit in a window at Rogers Peet. We always have taken our winter sports vicariously, but we thought we might like to stand on the sidelines this year —if that's what they call them. Well, this suit was blue and the shirt fastened with a zipper. Investigating further, we were told that the outfit was made of Herkules cloth, imported from Norway; the shirt cost $15, the trousers $10, and a cap to match, with flaps that pulled down over the ears, $3.50.

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work, and Brooks have lots of things to keep you comfortable at fifteen below. Chamois underwear, for example. The shirts are $20 and the shorts $15. They also have suits of water-repelling cotton (you dress up in layers, like an onion, for skiing) to wear over the blue Melton ones. The jacket costs $4, the trousers $2.50, and mittens to match $1.75. We liked a cream silk poplin suit (yours for $16) to be worn as a top layer to keep out the wind. The shirt has a parka hood, fringed with yellow bear's fur which meshes in front of your face and keeps the wind out of your eyes. Bear's fur, it seems, is not affected by the moisture of your breath in extremely low temperatures, while other furs quickly fringe your face with icicles.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH, Spalding, and Alex Taylor offer a wide range of choice in skis. The imported ones cost around $20 a pair, and the American from about half that upward. Some experts prefer the Norwegian, which are made of hickory; the American ones are of hickory, ash, or pine. An obliging Norseman at Alex Taylor told us skis should be as high, stood upright, as you can reach. Skis for jumping are wider and heavier than the all-around ones and have three grooves, instead of one, on the bottom.

Although the harness that fastens the ski to the shoe is important, there seems to be little choice between the attachments of Gresvig and of Haug. The best shoes are imported from Norway, and cost around $20. Bamboo ski-poles are preferred to those of Tonkin wood because they are lighter. And you should have at least three kinds of wax (for dry, sticky, and wet snow) to smear on your skis.

With our age and comfort in mind, we prefer toboggans. However, Abercrombie & Fitch could tempt us with a Skiboat. It's a miniature iceboat, with a scarlet sail, and costs $45.

WHETHER you're going North or South, or simply want to brighten up a bit in the country, there are odd jackets and slacks in plaids, checks, and plain colors. All the shops have them. If you are tired of Glen Urquhart plaids, there are District Checks. These, although inspired by the tartans of Highland clans, vary in every locality. Some originated a long time ago, when Highland dress was forbidden and Scots sewed their kilts between their legs to comply with the



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law which said trousers or nothing. A dozen designs also are named after mountains (we liked Ben Cruachan), several after regiments (the Scots Guards and Horse Guards); and the Prince of Wales (Pip-o-Wink, says my friend the ex-signaller) is a gorgeous plaid of red, white, and navy blue. The designs also are used for wool mufflers and wool ties.

For tropical wear you can get jackets of Soloro cloth, which is lighter and more sun-resisting than gabardine, and slacks of shantung, which incidentally makes up into smarter suits than linen.

Tripler's contribution to the adornment of loungers in cabañas along the Florida coast is the Club Nautique fishermen's trousers. They are made of light French canvas and cost $7. We like the red ones, which are the same shade as the old *culottes rouges*. They go well with a Juan, a half-sleeve jersey with a zipper fastening at the neck. About the only innovation we saw in bathing suits was high-waisted cotton gabardine trunks (also at Tripler) which we were told shed water, and dry twice as quickly as flannel or knitted ones. They come in dark blue and cost $4. By the way, if you're going to Palm Beach, you'd better take along a bathing-suit top, for the chief of police down there says they're going to be worn this season.

ODDS AND ENDS: Izod of London has a shop in Rogers Peet's Fifth Avenue branch, where you can get Burlington Arcade haberdashery and the well-known Dozi shirts for hunting, polo, golf, and tennis. . . . Saks has a new chamois golf jacket that permits more play for the arms. . . . French, Shriner & Urner show black suede shoes for evening wear. . . . Tripler offers a canvas bathing bag with a rubber lining, that is big enough to hold everything you'll need at the beach. —E. K.

•

The Pleasant Hour Circle met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Will Poundstone. After the usual business session a delightful program was given. Song, "Someone is waiting for me," Mrs. Bary; song, "Grandmother's Chair," Mrs. Dinwiddie; reading, "If I Should Die Tonight," Mrs. Wright; song, "Did You Think to Pray?" Mrs. Lafe Lisher; song, Verna Lisher, "Will You Love Me When I'm Old?"; song, Mrs. Orahood, "Six Feet of Earth Makes Us All One Size."—*Lamar (Mo.) Democrat.*

A pleasant hour if that's what you like.

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Dexter Maine

STORIES OF TODAY

AVOCATION

The Navy Department ruled
That naval officers
Must wait two years
After leaving the Academy
Before they marry,

Characterizing marriage
As an "outside diversion."

ATTENTION MR. SUMNER

The *Osservatore Romano*
Criticized the United States
For showing a nude figure
Of a discus-thrower
On one of its five-cent stamps.

The editor branded this
As an insult to childhood,
Adolescence, and womanhood.

COSTLIER CULTURE

The shilling charge
For viewing Shakespeare's will
In Somerset House
Was recently raised
To two shillings.

For one shilling,
One may see only
A photostatic copy.

THE LAST STRAW

Mrs. Jonathan Holden
Of Pleasantville, New York,
Filed suit for separation
From her husband.

Although they had
Eight children of their own,
He had insisted on adopting
Twenty-four more.

THE MODERN TOUCH

Prince Lennart of Sweden
Decided to modernize
The ancient castle
He owns in Germany.

The first thing he did
Was to install a burglar alarm.

BUSINESS BASIS

The Polytechnic College
Of Russellville, Arkansas,
Has a date bureau
For men and women students,

With a service charge
For a successful arrangement
Of from ten cents
To twenty-five.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



"COME, COME, COME
AND MAKE EYES WITH ME UNDER
THE ANHEUSER-BUSCH"



ACH, that Herman was a fellow. He would pick out some cooing young couple, stand at their table, and sing the comical Anheuser-Busch song while the girl's cheeks blushed as pink as her lips.

Then while the room rang with laughter, jolly Herman would start back on his rounds. More Pilsner to this table... more pretzels to that... and to both, more Liederkranz!

For forty years, Liederkranz has been one of the best-loved of all cheeses. What a rich, nutty tang, what a soul-warming flavor it has! Is it any wonder that it's the cheese so many call for when spirits run high and life, for the moment, is a very jolly affair?

And while it's a cheese you somehow associate with a red checkered table-cloth, a midnight bottle, and good healthy slices of rye or pumpernickel, Liederkranz can comport itself nobly in the highest social circles. Many a wise hostess has added to her fame by serving it as a dessert.

If you have never sampled the delights of Liederkranz, get a package... spread it thick on bread or a cracker... and discover one of the great cheeses of the world!

LIEDERKRANZ

One of *Borden's* Borden's 1857 Fine Cheeses

THE BORDEN SALES COMPANY, 99 HUDSON ST., N.Y.

FAMILY TWIG

THE dinner conversation had dealt briefly with the Five-Year Plan through the soup. It came around to eugenics with the meat. Mr. Mims sat forward in his chair eagerly and kept his lips parted, because this, he felt, was a subject really worth talking about. Mr. Mims, a small man with pale eyes and a shadowy mustache, enjoyed few subjects more than family trees and sterilization statutes and breeding for brains. He had some carefully-thought-out comments of his own to make if he were ever given half a chance.

Mr. Mims, to tell the truth, had managed to bring up the eugenics topic himself. He had more guile than innocence when he wondered out loud, but mildly, how the Soviet government stood on breeding up the race. Then that sturdy fellow up near the host had pounced on the subject, and had snatched it away from him, leaving Mr. Mims back in the rôle of listener. Mr. Mims seemed always to find himself listening nervously at the very moment he wanted very much to say something.

He felt particularly secure about this eugenics subject, because his own mother had been a Bradford: traced her lineage straight back to old William Bradford of Plymouth.

"Now, you take me," he was fond of imagining himself interrupting boldly. "My grandfather traced his ancestry straight back to old William Bradford, the second governor of Plymouth Colony, although I bear the name of Mims. My father's name was Mims. Whirlwind courtship and elopement, y'understand."

He often thought that he would break out with *that* some time.

That sturdy fellow who was holding forth up near the head of the table. Mr. Mims almost sneered openly. He called himself Evans, the sturdy fellow did, but he might very easily have been a Kallikak, Mr. Mims thought. He detected degeneracy in the fellow's loose mouth and slanting forehead.

Evans, it appeared, was all in favor of eugenics. He had been reading a book lately: "The Fruit of the Family Tree." Pretty apt title, eh? Well, by Jove, there were the facts all spread out for you, and it was high time America was waking up to them. The tide of morons was rising steadily while the fine old families were petering out. The sturdy Evans adjured everyone at the table who had not read "The Fruit of the Family Tree" to do so at once. They'd learn for themselves what this country was up against

Mr. Mims bowed his head and made little passes at his faint mustache with his napkin. In a minute, now, just as soon as Evans paused for breath, he would speak out in a ringing voice: "That's all very true, but now you take my own case. I come from Mayflower stock, although my name is Mims. . . ." That ought to hold them. Petering out, indeed!

EVANS slowed down a bit, searching for more emphatic words, and Mr. Mims swallowed and put down his fork in anticipation. He glanced up. Now was his time. Evans had gone back to his food.

"Now, you, uh," Mr. Mims began with a dry mouth. The enthusiastic young man with spectacles across the table from him beat him to the breach, however, the same young fellow who had had so many figures on the Five-Year Plan handy to crush opposition a short while before.

"Personally, I think this eugenics stuff is a lot of applesauce," the young man was saying in a positive voice. "I know that book, 'Fruit of the Family Tree.' That fellow Wiggam, who wrote it, is all wet."

Mr. Mims leaned forward, his small gray eyes intent on the young man across the table. He was going to say: "Yes, but I come from Mayflower stock, for example," but he had no more than got his mouth open when the young man looked away and went on, talking in the direction of Evans.

"You simply can't breed human beings for character and intelligence in the same way that you breed race horses for speed," the young man continued. "There's where the fallacy lies. It won't do at all. Human behavior is too much a matter of environment."

"Ah, but environment isn't—" the sturdy man began.

"Now, you take—" said Mr. Mims hoarsely at the same moment.

No one heard him, because the young man took the conversation away from Evans. Mr. Mims was glad, at any rate, that that fellow Evans had met his match.

The enthusiastic young man said: "What these fake eugenicists do is simply take the evidence they want, just what suits their purpose, and let all the rest go. Take that study of the Jukes family; that's all been exploded. For that matter, what were some of the first families of America? Convicts! And what does a Mayflower ancestry signify, when you come right down to it?"

The young man blinked in rhetorical pause. Mr. Mims pursed his lips and frowned. Now, now, was this any way to talk? This was going a bit too far He began: "Yes, but take me—"

The plump girl on his left smirked



"If it takes your last dime, gents, it's worth it to know your future."

Let's buy a CAR!

WE know a man who ought to have his head examined.

He admits he needs a new automobile, but says he's *ashamed* to buy it in times like these.

Apparently he doesn't know that Prosperity Boulevard is jammed with millions of rattletraps driven by muddy thinkers like him, costing men jobs and holding commodity prices down to ruinous levels.

Yet all this time, bottled up in the country is enough *delayed buying* to break the back of the depression and send America whistling to work.

If you really want to see 1933 off to a flying start, march down to Grand Central Palace this week and buy a new automobile.

Select from that gleaming galaxy of gala cars the one that best suits your needs and dreams and be *proud* to drive it.

If your station in life rates a limousine or town car, then buy it and hire a chauffeur.

But if you can only manage one of the most reasonably priced automobiles, buy that, the principle is the same.

No other investment you can make will be farther reaching in its benefits.

Every car sold means more employment in offices, factories, mills, and mines—more food consumed, more clothing purchased—buying stimulated in every branch of industry.

Every car sold means an upturn in the power curve and in freight car loadings.

Every car sold means an earlier stiffening of commodity prices all along the line—in steel, copper, glass, lead, lumber, rubber, oil, cotton, wool, dyes.

Go look at those cars. Examine those prices.

Never before in the history of the whole industry would your dollar stretch as far.

Let's give Old Man Depression one more kick in the pants.

Come on America, let's buy a car!

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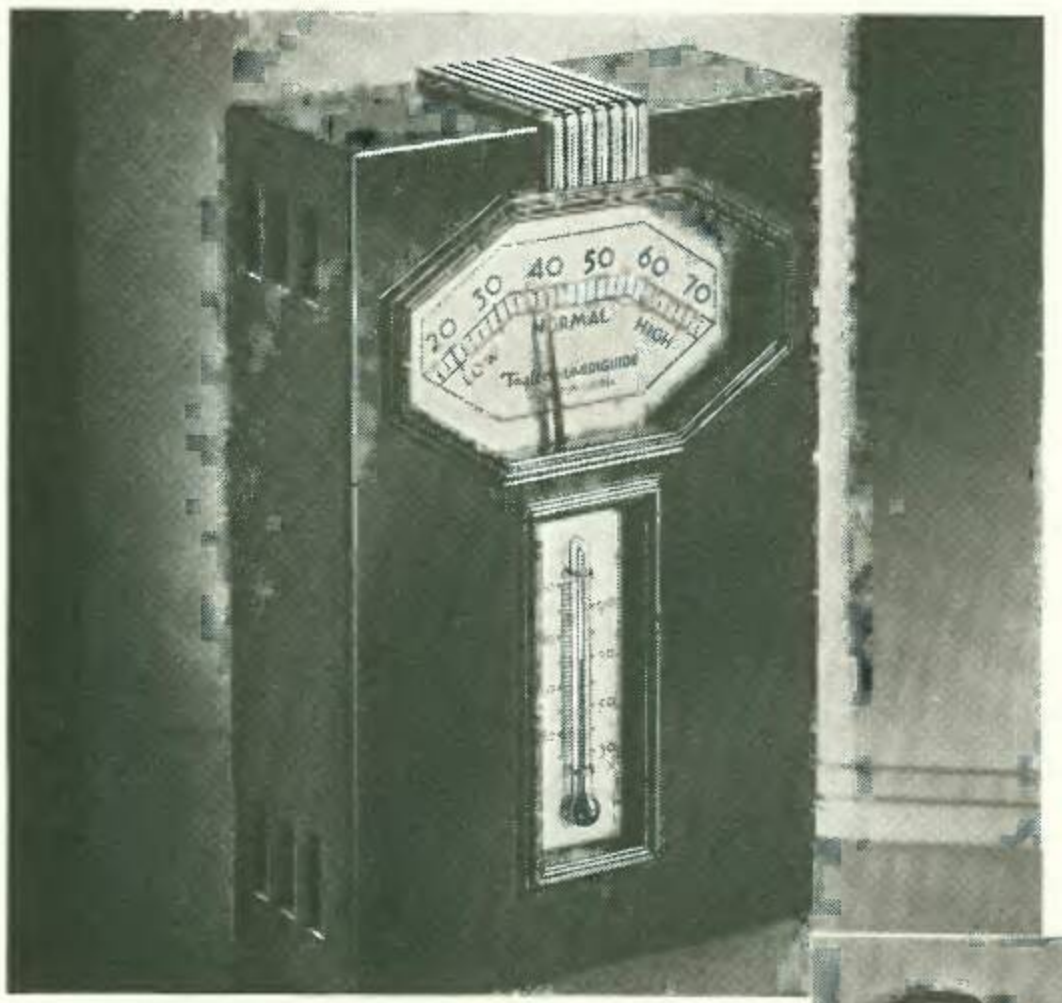
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MAYBE . . . MAYBE NOT

YES—Aunt Susan had that motto embroidered on punched paper and was frightfully hipped on it, if you get me—but nowadays one judges the weather by a Taylor Stormoguide, and the Taylor Humidiguide registers the amount of humidity in one's room.

For modern people know that weather instruments are safer guides than old sayings and that Taylor Instruments are recognized everywhere for their accuracy. Taylor makes all types of weather, temperature and humidity instruments, for both domestic and commercial use, as well as fever thermometers. No home can afford to be without the information these instruments supply. You will find a full line of Taylor Instruments sold by the better shops throughout New York. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada.



TAYLOR HUMIDIGUIDE, *Hampton model. No. 5538. Shows air condition at a glance—humidity with hygrometer, temperature with thermometer. Ebony finished case 6" x 4" with chrome highlights.*
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Taylor INSTRUMENTS

(Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Mississippi)

and exclaimed roguishly: "I guess the Mayflower must've been as big as the Aquitania if it *did* bring across all the ancestors people claim it did!"

"Not at all! Not at all!" said the young man loudly. "There's just my point exactly. Do you realize that if only one couple who came over on the Mayflower had had three offspring grow to maturity, and each of these three offspring had borne three offspring—and that's just being conservative for the sake of the argument, because they sure enough had *families* in those days—and if each succeeding generation had continued to do the same, the number of direct—*direct*, mind you—Mayflower descendants in this country would be, roughly, four million seven hundred thousand and some odd. Now, all those would be from only *one* Mayflower couple. Never did stop to think of that, did you? But you can figure it out for yourself. It's just a mere matter of geometrical progression."

MR. MIMS got it all right. He saw the point. All those people! Strange, he never had had that brought to his attention before. Why, nearly everyone in the country must have Mayflower ancestors by this time. Surely that couldn't be right. Still, figures don't lie. All those people spread out over the country like so many germs. Doctors and thugs, artists and shoplifters, congressmen and movie stars, plumbers and professors. Nearly five million of them, just from *one* Mayflower couple. Mr. Mims closed his eyes for a moment, feeling very dizzy.

When he opened them, the plump girl on his left had turned to him and was asking with a condescending smile: "What's your opinion about it, Mr. Uh?"

He started and said: "I beg pardon?" His opinion? Everyone was silent, waiting for his opinion. Even Evans twiddled his glass morosely. Everyone turned eyes on him. Now was the moment for him to sweep them off their feet: Take me. I'm a good example. My mother was a Bradford, direct descendant of William Bradford, Mayflower stock, although she married a Mims.

"I said, what do you think about this eugenics idea?" the plump girl repeated, raising her voice slightly.

"What do *I* think?" said Mr. Mims weakly. "Why, the whole thing is staggering, isn't it? Goodness, yes; simply staggering! I'm simply staggered by it all." —GEORGE MILBURN

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Emperor Tibbett—Bad Boys of Music

EUGENE O'NEILL's "The Emperor Jones," the tale of the decline and fall of the self-appointed ruler of "an island in the West Indies, as yet un-self-determined by white marines," is strongly operatic, thanks to the pervasive tom-tom that pounds through most of the action and the voodoo noises that punctuate the hallucinations of the hunted Jones. Louis Gruenberg's opera, a setting of a condensation of the O'Neill text, produced last Saturday afternoon at the Metropolitan, somehow seems less operatic than the original—which is a tribute to Mr. Gruenberg's ingenuity. If you want to play with critical slide-rules, "The Emperor Jones" is *mélodrame* rather than opera, and what of it?



Mr. Gruenberg constructed his own libretto from Mr. O'Neill's drama, with the consent and approval of the playwright. Except for the phrases allotted to the chorus, all of the words are the real O'Neill, and a comparison of the printed play with the score shows that Mr. Gruenberg's telescopings are ingeniously to the point. He has eliminated the closing scene, in which Jones is shot offstage by natives, and substituted the suicide of the Emperor with the silver bullet which he had reserved for an ultimate contingency—a shift that tightens up the action, although it throws away a touch of symbolism and irony. As the irony is pretty deliberate, its loss is no ground for keening.

THE Gruenberg score is an underscore, so to speak. There is only one short stretch of out-and-out singing, an adroit interpolation of "Standin' in de Need ob Prayer" just before Jones sees the vision of the slave block. There are fragments of themes, and Jones whistles a jaunty "essence" edition of "'Way Down Upon the Swanee River" as he starts on his journey through the woods, but most of it is harmonic and orchestral coloring for the story. The vocal part contains bits of recitative, sections of spoken singing, and much undraped dialogue. The music always is at the service of the stage, and it performs its service well, except in some of the interludes which didn't register, at least at the première.

Most of the honors go to Lawrence Tibbett, whose Brutus Jones tops even his Simon Boccanegra. He is on the stage continuously after the first few minutes, and he plays the part brilliantly, swinging convincingly from the bluster of the over-dressed dictator to the pathetic fear of the under-dressed victim of his own imagination. His singing of the spiritual is completely in the picture, a model of simplicity and beauty, and he maintains the naïve dignity of the fantastic Emperor even in a difficult death scene. I think that this opera establishes him easily as the first singing actor of the day.

Maestro Serafin handles the taxing orchestral music skillfully; the chorus, augmented by a Negro group, makes the most of its moments; Mr. Windheim has learned a surprisingly plausible Cockney lingo for the part of Smithers; Miss Besuner intones her few lines as an old native woman clearly and tunefully; and Hemsley Winfield rises from the hitherto consecrated confines of prompter's box to leap about effectively as the Congo Witch-Doctor. Jo Mielziner's settings are attractive and practical, and the whole production is another advance for the Metropolitan.

THE bad boys of music are having a time at our symphony concerts. Mr. Stokowski brought in Dmitri Shostakovitch's third symphony, a rambling rumble with political implications. Shostakovitch, a revolutionary of twenty-six, already is having difficulties avoiding the old Czar's hymn in his finale of a "May Day symphony." Mr. Koussevitzky imported Mr. Prokofieff and his fifth piano concerto, a flashy whimsy. His third piano concerto still is good. Mr. Walter, now gracing the podium of the Philharmonic-Symphony, introduced a suite from Strauss' "Schlagobers" ballet, some of which was written when the Herr Doktor was touring hereabouts. *Schlagobers* is a dessert of whipped cream, and Dr. Strauss seems to have whipped it with a steam drill.

All of this music does a bit of nose-thumbing. The trouble, however, is that this gesture no longer is especially scandalous, and the composers are thumbing their noses to spite their faces.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

A New Lincoln—Chrysler Stage-Settings—Cadillacs on Parade

IF there is an excess of superlatives in this department, we must ask your indulgence. We did our tour of the stands at the Grand Central Palace last week and liked it, though we were quite granite-jawed, beetling-browed, and steely-eyed as we listened to salesmen. Then we told them yes, we drove a car, a late 1932 (whatever that might mean). This strategy was quite effective; most of them lost interest in us right there. Still a dutiful observer, we decided to take a ride in one of the new Lincolns.

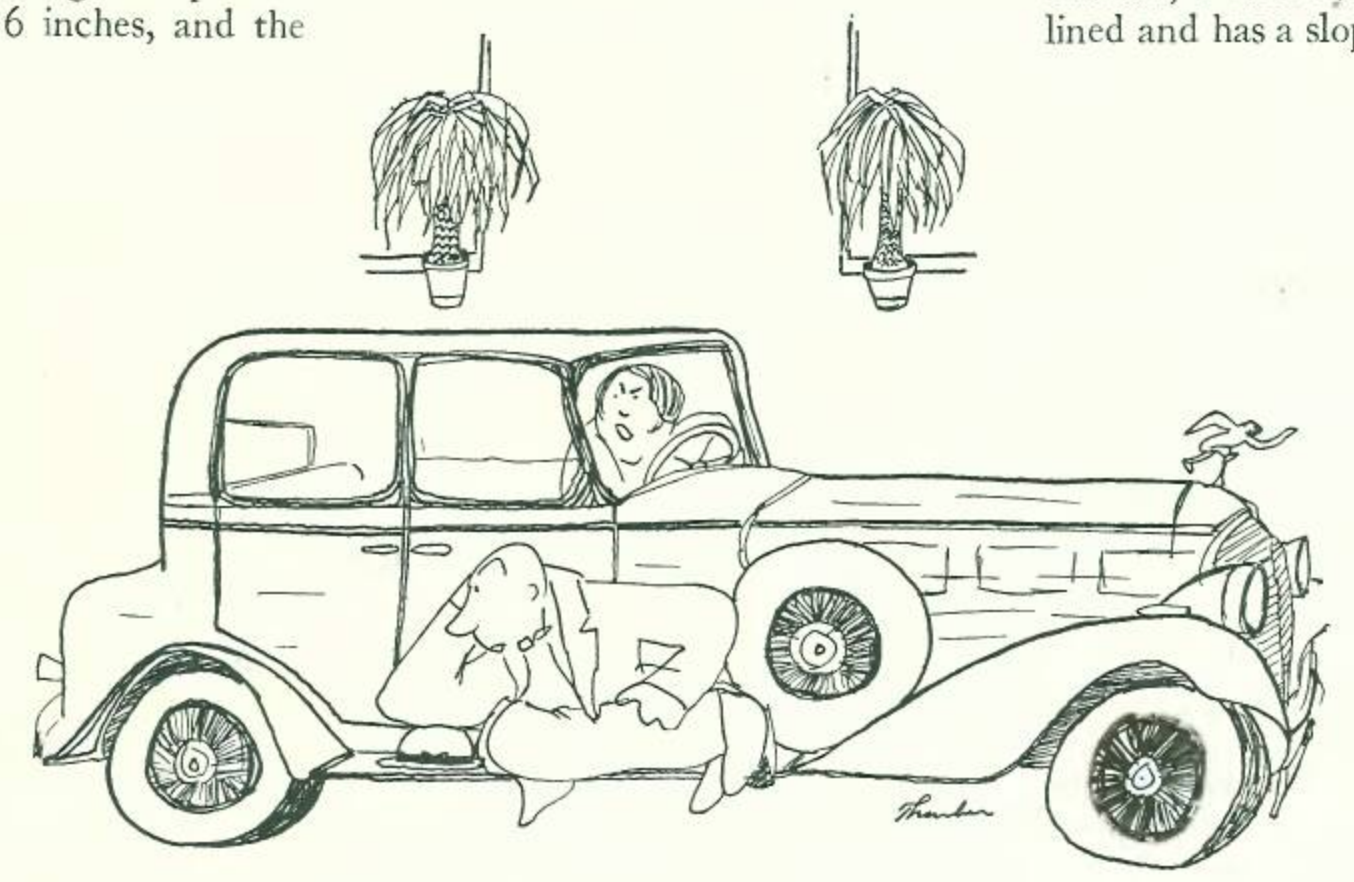
Well, we have presided over the destinies of a Lincoln before—of many, in fact—but this V-12–136, to give it its factory name, was a revelation. It will go as fast as you care to drive (the speedometer is calibrated to 110 M.P.H.) in complete silence with smoothness and ease, and it is amazingly handy in traffic. In amplifying its catalogue of virtues, I shall not prattle of dual-downdraft carburetors, and other technical details, but the engine develops 125 brake horsepower at 3,400 R.P.M., and there are booster brakes capable of checking such power. The wheelbase is 136 inches, and the ten body types have the grace and appointments characteristic of Lincoln.

TO get back to the Grand Central Palace, this Automobile Show was more like a Salon. We recall years when the exhibits would have made a first-class funeral cortège; but body-builders had an opportunity to express themselves this season, and they did. We are thinking of Auburn's carmine twelve-cylinder speedster; Studebaker's Nile-green convertible sedan; Dodge's maroon eight-cylinder convertible sedan; Hupmobile's silvered six-cylinder cabriolet, with a real disappearing top; Graham's green sedan; Oldsmobile's brown six-cylinder cabriolet; Willys' cream coupé; Buick's powder-blue convertible; Rockne's blue roadster; and Stutz' burnt-orange victoria.

Chrysler struck a new note in stage-settings for stands. Instead of the usual chromatic collection of cars, six body types of the Sixes, Royals, Imperials, and Custom Imperials, done in smoke gray, were grouped on a cream-colored carpet, and all the salesmen wore cream-colored flannels. (We'd like to have had the dry-cleaning concession for the week.) Plymouth's stand, a turret of black and chromium that turned on a black-and-red carpet (the set was done by Henry Dreyfuss), was a close second with us.

One heard less of mechanical details at this Show, possibly because carmakers have gone about as far as they can in the perfection of the present engines and chassis. Free-wheeling has become optional on Cadillacs, La Salles, and the new short-chassis Lincolns, while Packard, Pontiac, and Oldsmobile have dropped it altogether.

Cadillac and La Salle have gone streamline, with sharp noses, skirts on the fenders, rows of horizontal hood louvers, and stylized bumpers. We saw three of the four hundred built-to-order V-16 Cadillacs: long, sleek, black examples of luxurious coachwork by Fisher, each with a golden girl for a motor mascot. We liked the convertible sedan, upholstered in pigskin (this was shown at the Waldorf); $9,000, delivered in New York. Also we liked the Chevrolet phaëton, for $632. Visitors to General Motors' show got the biggest kick out of talking into the sound-detector which visually indicates the atmospheric pressure of the voice.



WE dropped in at the Hotel Roosevelt to see Packard's Hall of Precision, and watched the workings of a stroborama, a contraption that does things with light rays so that you can study the surge of springs (it may mean nothing to you, but it means a lot to automotive engineers) and makes an engine piston, jiggling at 300 or 3,000 jiggles per minute, appear to be standing still. We also saw an instrument that can weigh the dot over an "i" and another that can measure a hair to a hundred-thousandth of an inch—which is splitting hairs more than we care to right now.

Packard's line this year includes a new big Eight, a Super Eight, and a Twelve. These have their own version of ventilation control for closed cars. The front-door windows, and those in the rear quarters in sedans, do not slide up and down: they are divided, and both sections swing on pivots.

CONTINENTAL MOTORS' contribution to the traffic problem that attracted most attention at the Show was the Beacon, which they say will do thirty miles to a gallon of gas. The Beacon, a four-cylinder car, is streamlined and has a sloping V-front radiator. The four-door sedan sells, delivered in New York, for $495. The Beacon, and the Flyer and Ace (also Continental products, but six-cylinder cars), have what they call winged power, a new type of three-point engine mounting.

INSTRUMENT-BOARDS are more legible; they are dials, instead of slits and futurist designs. Chrysler and De Soto have particularly good ones, and so has Graham. Hudson's is horseshoe-shaped instead of round. Incidentally, all Hudson Sixes have a rack of paper towels under the instrument-board.

In the gallery of gadgets we saw about everything, from Stewart-Warner and Bendix power brakes down to an electrically lighted screwdriver. This had a bulb on the blade and a battery in the handle, and if you ever tinkered with your car in a badly lighted



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Best Grade Fresh Beluga $8.50 lb.

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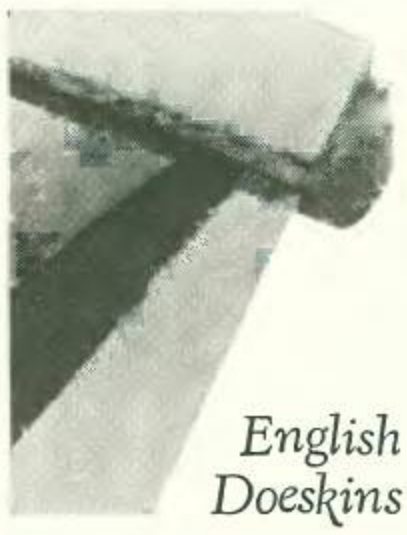
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garage, you can guess what a help something like that could be. We've always believed that bumpers were made to be bumped, but we saw rubber bumper protectors. Some drivers we know should have them. . . . What with improved and automatic lubrication, we have motoring without smears—almost. Well, the American Grease Paint Company has brought out a new type of lubricant for door latches. It comes in a container that looks like a lipstick, and we have been assured that the grease leaves no stain. However, we did not make a personal test. —SPEED

•

FINISHED

Her head is dosed
with stolen notions,
her skin composed
of creams and lotions;

her speech is shot
with foreign phrases;
a feeble lot
intone her praises,

who caught her young
and taught her capers,
who put her tongue
in curling papers,

who tied her tight
with affectation.
Quite out of sight
her destination.

She's all at sea
and rocking badly,
she scans the lee
and windward madly,

a pleasure craft
obscurely dented,
with skipper daft
and mate demented,

and in the hold
imported folly,
a monkey old,
a talking Polly.

Her spirit hid,
her wits are twisted;
the load has slid,
the ship has listed.

—PEGGY BACON

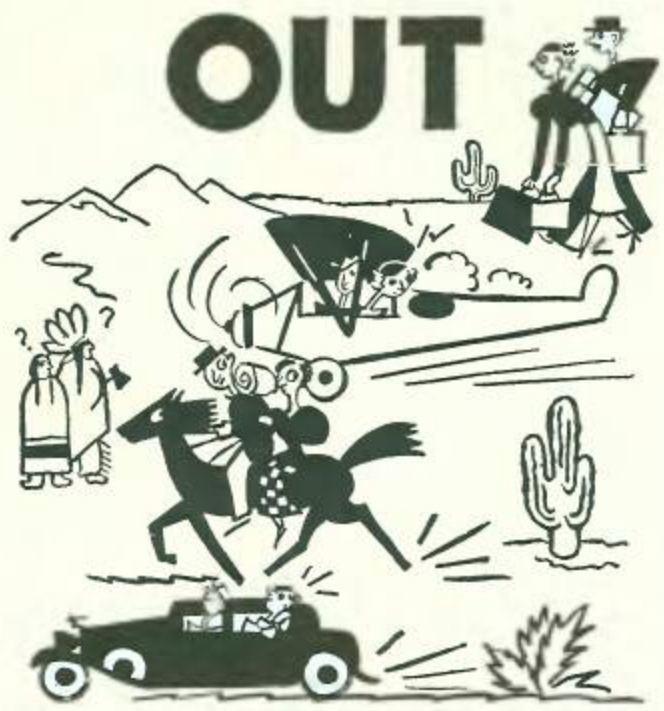
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Just one way

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"Your cocktails are *Sissies!*"

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OVER THE WAVES

Ring In! (Two Weeks Late)

No Visitors, N.Y.

YOU folks will probably wonder why I am writing a piece about the New Year when it's pretty near 1934 already. Well, folks, I intended this piece for the issue of December 31, but during the holidays, relatives and other folks seemed to overlook the "No Visitors" sign on the door and I can't even write a postcard when the room is reeking with people and folks. Do you understand, Johnnie dear?

Now last summer, I listened one night to Miss Grace Moore and heard her announce that she was about to sing a request number, a song requested by her mother down in Jellico, Tennessee. It was a beautiful song, beautifully sung, of course. When it was over, Miss Moore said, into the mike, "Were you listening, Mother dear?" Two months ago, I heard Morton Downey, at the end of his program, say, "Good night, Lover," that being what he calls his wife. And John Charles Thomas recently wound up his evening's entertainment with a soft-spoken "Good night, Mother," which is perhaps his nickname for his mother.

Well, folks, you have surely guessed by this time why "Johnnie dear" appears at the end of the first paragraph. It is a sample of my cute new scheme of communicating free of charge with my own pals and relations. Johnnie is my eldest son, a tall, handsome (and why not?) fellow employed by the *Herald Tribune* as a leg-man, the newspaper term for a reporter who legs his work. That's a pun, Sister dear. (I have two sisters in Niles, Michigan, and when I get out that way and meet them, and remember their faces but can't recall their names, I say, "Sister dear," and the one I am looking at replies. In this case, each will think she is the one addressed, and they'll both run a temperature.)



WELL, folks, the delay in publication necessitates a wholesale slashing and revision of the first draft of my article. Youse folks who go for annual statistics will have to be satisfied with a scant list. I will leave out the names and records of the dozens of comics who call the audience folks forty to fifty times per program, merely stating that on Thursday, November 17, Charles Godhelpus Winninger was leading the league with 3,104 folkses and looked like a cinch for the championship, but in five broadcasts, Al Jolson piled up a record-breaking 3,567, of which over 2,000 were crowded into the Chevrolet half-hour on Friday evening, December 30, giving him the title by a margin of seven hundred folks. How are you, Wife dear?

Imitations: The 1932 prize for persistence in attempted imitations goes to Georgie Price, recently, but not always decently, heard on the Chase & Sanborn tea hour. Georgie's complete imitating record for the times I listened-in was:

AB	R	H	BB	SO	PCT
32	0	0	0	32	.000

Hello, Millie. (Millie is a sentimental gentlewoman from Georgia. She was told I had insomnia and recommended Ovaltine.)

"St. Louis Blues": You may have heard this song. It was written, or put together, by W. C. Handy and, as he composed or edited it, was and is the undisputed champion of blues. It was on the air approximately 12,048 times in 1932. To the best of my knowledge, Paul Whiteman was the only person with sense enough to play it as Mr. Handy composed it. Everybody else interpreted it. First prize, a slightly used La Palina cigar, is awarded to Miss Kate Smith for the most murderous interpretation. Are you homesick, Dave? (Dave is my youngest child and is the fourth son that his gold-star mother has given to Andover.)

The Best Rhyme: Up to the first of December, the race among the lyric-writers for this honor was breathlessly close. Then somebody, still anonymous to me, passed them all like an Eddie Tolan with the following inspired, polysyllabic world-beater: "Michigan" and "fraternity pin." The name of the song is "My Old Fraternity Pin" and it was written, no doubt, because of the deserved success of another 1932 collegiate anthem, "All-America Girl." The sequel, if you haven't heard it (in fact, whether you've heard it or not), tells of the trouble an alumnus of Old Something had keeping track of his old fraternity pin, and at one point in the story it passed from the hands of a freshman at Old Purdue into those of a co-ed at N.Y.U. Not yet discouraged by the apparent

futility of my various crusades, I am moved to suggest to the board of regents or governors or whatnot at Old Purdue and Old N.Y.U. that they put an end to these ribald parties organized by the old co-eds at the latter institution, which invariably end in worse than death, or even the loss of an old fraternity pin, for the innocent frosh of Old George Ade's old alma old mater. Hey, Walter. (That's for Walter Winchell, who said that if I didn't mention the fact that he was back on the air, he, etc. It's WJZ, which I can't hear, thank Golly, at 9:30 P.M. every Sunday; Jergen's Hand Lotion.)

Congratulations: To Pontiac for landing Stoop and Buddnagle. And congratulations to Royal Gelatin on its new program, consisting of Ken Murray, a good comic who would be just as good without his unnecessary roughness; Ward Wilson, a mimic who, I am told, reminds you of the people he mimics; fair vocal soloists, a good chorus, and a great orchestra, directed by Vic Baravalle and provided with arrangements by Russell Bennett. With Mr. Bennett's arrangements and Vic's direction, your orchestra could be made up of a comb and half a ukulele and still be classed as great.

Also congratulations to Morton Downey on the birth of young Mr. Downey. The old man wrote a special song for the occasion; title, "Welcome Home, Little Stranger." The first time the kid sang it, the nurse said she knew now where the old man got his voice.

Sorry, Mr. Ruffner, for calling you a chorus man in "Princess Flavia" when you really had a part.

HINTS TO SPONSORS' SECRETARIES: If your bosses are looking for sure-fire talent, with names, read them this list: The Boswells, the Revelers, Ohman and Arden, with Arden's orchestra and a program already set. Good night, Florence, Ruby, Dorothy, Jane, Victoria, Frances, and Lucille, dear. (These are all sister-in-laws.)

—RING LARDNER

•

From the THUMB marks on the THROAT Fordney knew Malek had not been strangled from BEHIND and that, therefore, he had seen his assailant.

It would have been extremely awkward and difficult to leave THUMB marks on the throat when strangling some one from behind. TRY IT!—*The Daily Mirror.*

Well, we'll keep it in MIND.

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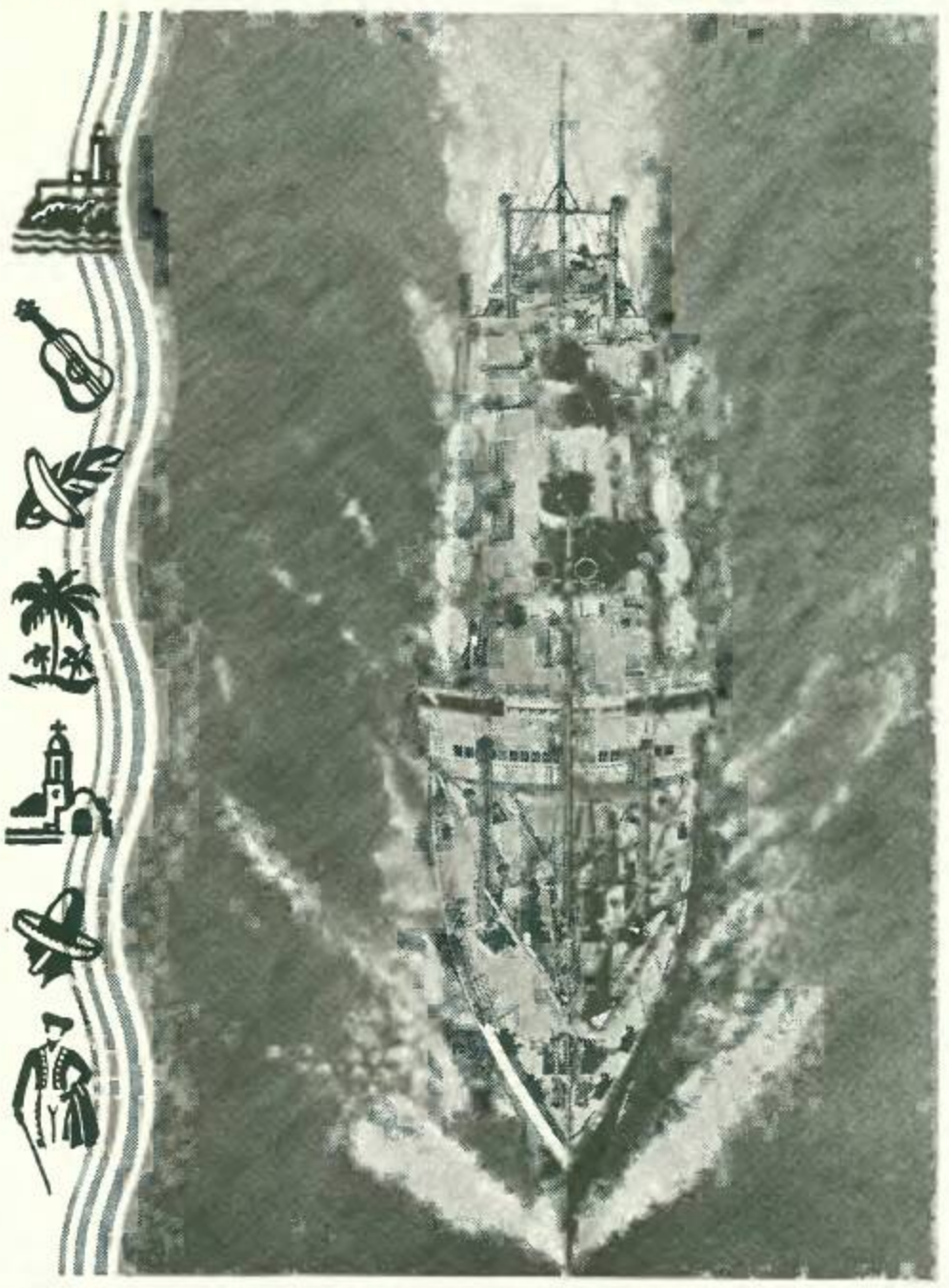
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CARNEGIE HALL, Sun. Aft., Jan. 22 at 3:00
MENUHIN
Mgt. Evans & Salter (*Mason & Hamlin*)

CARNEGIE HALL, Mon. Eve., Jan. 23 at 8:30
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HOROWITZ
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Twentieth Century

NOW there is a quite general exultation among moviegoers in town about "Cavalcade." It is called the great film of years, and there is even, I believe, a sense of injustice felt among Times Square authorities on such matters that Noel Coward was not knighted for the authorship of the play on which the movie is based. Leaving this last point to the conscience of Sandringham, I myself am glad also to pipe meekly that it is very good, that up to the end, up to that comment upon contemporary habits, anyhow, it is an extraordinarily adept bit of showmanship, spectacular often, in truth a highly memorable picture, a picture I am told, and can well believe, more satisfactory than was the London play.



THAT its sole concern is with the matters of English history since the turn of the century and thus that its appeal is irrelevant to us is, of course, nonsense. We can cry our eyes out now over the death of Victoria with an ease that might contrast oddly with our composure before the demise of our own dear Cousin Susy. Thus, in this huge spectacle we are thrilled and stricken by the anguish and triumphs of an English family during the Boer War; by their sorrow at the death of their Queen; by their personal connection with the Titanic disaster, an episode ingeniously and simply handled in the fashion of a stage blackout; by their own experiences with the last war and its consequences. All these big scenes have been selected and presented with great cleverness. The costumes and the general detail of manner of the periods have been scrupulously tended to. Sometimes the personal drama of the characters, especially of the Cockney servants of the family, drags a bit, and is touched with the commonplace.

Something of the dragging of the plot may be due to the generally rather ordinary acting of everyone concerned with the exception of Diana Wynyard as the lady of the house, the heroine of the whole spectacle. She happens to have the conservative charm and dignity to be expected of the woman she is representing, and she adds a finesse to every scene she has. She has so much the old-school delicacy that I remember being a little shocked and finding it quite out of character when she smokes a cigarette. After all, she smokes only one in the whole picture, and it seemed to me odd that she should indulge herself in this way on the station platform after seeing her son off on the troop train.

She has mostly to face calamities. Mr. Coward has been concerned largely with the catastrophes of these three decades. It was not a very happy period, we are led to believe, though imbued with dignity. The present is not happy, either, as Mr. Coward sees it, though on the other hand hysterically hilarious. For the film's sake, it is rather too bad, for the picture necessarily slumps sadly, that after the depiction of events that were consequential in their day and had grandeur, he should hold up as symbols of the times the behavior of completely inconsequential and wholly trashy groups, and content himself with the nonsense about the "jazz age" which is the theme of half the bad pictures we see. Fortunately, the rest of the movie easily carries this rueful triviality.

YOU may find yourself at one or another of the new pictures. There is Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny," a "bad" woman in willow plumes—bad, but how throbbing with self-sacrifice and the real, finer virtues! How much a victim of circumstances, just those old circumstances! Then there is Robert Armstrong as an ex-convict who saves the Country from the depredations of the "big shots," a sort of Teapot Dome group, in "The Billion Dollar Scandal." —J. C. M.

•

ON THE LIKELIHOOD OF SOUTHERN TRAVEL

My spinal column's cold and clammy,
But though I hanker for Miami,
And Southern suns, and sand, and tropic
Moonlight—in my misanthropic
Way I look for no such favors.
The South compiled by the engravers,
Typographers, and artists in
The steamship booklets, fat and thin,
Is all I see in store for me,
Unless I count the Battery.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

LOEW'S
Jan. 13, 14, 15 | Helen Hayes—Ramon Navarro in "THE SON-DAUGHTER"
Jan. 16, 17 | WARREN WILLIAM in "THE MATCH KING"
Jan. 18, 19 | "IF I HAD A MILLION" with a cast of 15 big stars!
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Jan. 13, 14, 15, 16 | Helen Hayes—Ramon Navarro in "THE SON-DAUGHTER"
Jan. 17, 18, 19 | 2—BIG FEATURES—2 "IF I HAD A MILLION" with a cast of 15 big stars! & WARREN WILLIAM in "THE MATCH KING"
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PLAZA 58 bet. PARK and MADISON AVENUES
PLAZA
Thur., Fri., Sat. Jan. 12, 13, 14 } Herbert Marshall—Mary Boland "EVENINGS FOR SALE"
Sun. & Mon. Jan. 15 and 16 } Marie Dressler—Polly Moran in "PROSPERITY"
Tues., Wed. & Thur., Jan. 17, 18 & 19 } Return Engagement GRETA GARBO in "AS YOU DESIRE ME"

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JOHN GOLDEN presents
WHEN LADIES MEET by RACHEL CROTHERS
ROYALE Thea. W. 45th St., CH. 4-0144, Eves. 8:40, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Arthur J. Beckhard presents his second production since "Another Language"
Goodbye Again
A New Play by Allan Scott and George Haight
with OSGOOD PERKINS SALLY BATES
MASQUE Thea. W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. $1 to $3 (plus tax) Lac. 4-0040
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

AVON Theatre, 44th St. West of B'way Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
John H. Potter presents
A GOOD WOMAN, Poor Thing
A Comedy by Dillard Long with IRENE PURCELL & ARTHUR MARGETSON
Staged by Arthur Sircom
Supervised by Charles Dillingham

BREAKFAST OF A LITERARY FAMILY

IT was breakfast-time at Hyde Park, and the family of the President-elect, grouped at a large family table, was eating breakfast on the sun-dappled veranda so familiar to readers of the Hearst magazines, the Macfadden magazines, *Forum*, *Fortune*, etc. The tone of the party was a lot different from that of the idyllic days when daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, cousins-in-law, grandmas, grandchildren, and visitors whose relationship was too complicated to figure out were always trooping out to the expansive ancestral lawn to be photographed as a family group for the news syndicates.

The old freedom and family cohesion were gone. The news syndicates were gone; the editors of *Fortune* were gone. The editors of Mr. Macfadden's magazines, the editors of Mr. Hearst's magazines, the editors of *Forum*, the editors of practically everything with any newsstand circulation were yelling for copy. Whoever finished breakfast first would get first hold on the household typewriter, and the strain of eating fast while watching one another was beginning to make them all look like the Sitwells.

THE President-elect, sitting at the head of the table, beamed and waved his hat from time to time. He didn't have to worry about a typewriter. He had a secretary. If copy was late for the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Hearst could jolly well take it out on her. Great-grandmamma didn't have to worry, either. A couple of professional autobiographers from *Good Housekeeping* were upstairs doing all her writing for her, and much of her remembering. Nevertheless, it was a strain. She was going to feel a lot easier when the girls finished squabbling over what she remembered and the final installment of "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a President" was off to the editors.

"I suppose," said the President-elect, beaming and waving his hat to cheer them up, "I suppose that every real American boy sometimes cherishes the hope that he will some day be President."

All the members of the family got out notebooks and old envelopes and noted it down. Then they got into an argument about whom it ought to belong to. None of them paid any attention to Grandmamma, who, trying to

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smooth things over, recalled that it or something like it had been said by Millard Fillmore. It didn't help. Dirck, Cornelius, Jan, Claus, Stella (by marriage), and Henrietta, the family seamstress, banged their plates around and made faces. Henrietta even threw her napkin ring.

"He said it a week ago," she insisted. "It's in Chapter Three of my book, 'Pajama-Making for a President.' By Heaven, the mugg that swipes it will settle with me!"

"He said it two months ago," Dirck said with dignity. "It's been in my book, 'My Eighth Cousin, the President,' at least that long, and I can prove it. Now, Henrietta—"

"Two months!" exclaimed Stella. Not being directly related, she threw a banana skin. "He said it *eight* months ago! It's been in my book, 'The President's Daughter-in-Law'—"

EVERYONE blushed. "Really, Stella," said the President-elect, beaming with annoyance, "you must change the name of that book. Call it something else. You really must. This is from the heart, old girl. Who is the publisher, by the way? And what terms did you get out of him?"

Stella blushed. "Seven cents a word," she faltered shyly, "and the moving-picture rights." There was a chorus of derisive screams, yells, catcalls, and boos. Even the President-elect beamed indignantly.

"The moving pictures are among our greatest institutions of public information," he said, "but—"

"In times like these," cut in the wife of the President-elect, thoughtfully, "everyone must help everyone else." Once more, all of them snatched up their memo pads and feverishly took down the quotation. It was as bad as breakfast with the Van Dorens.

"Nine words," Stella mumbled over her tablet, "at seven cents a word is—"

"A telegram!" announced the President-elect. "It's from Mr. Macfadden. He wants a two-hundred-thousand-word autobiography from the baby."

"The baby!" cried Stella. "The baby can't write!"

"He *must* write," said Grandmamma. —MARION LAY

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Providence Journal*]

People who thought it was a hold-up vied with people who thought it was a gang murder in getting away from there fast. A mounted policeman on a nervous horse rode off in all directions.

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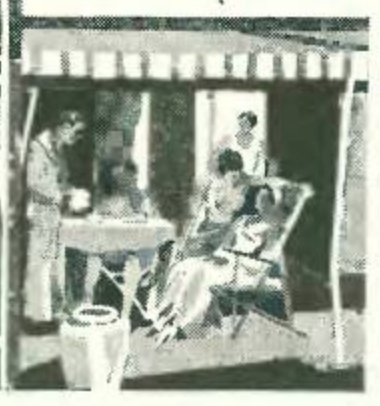


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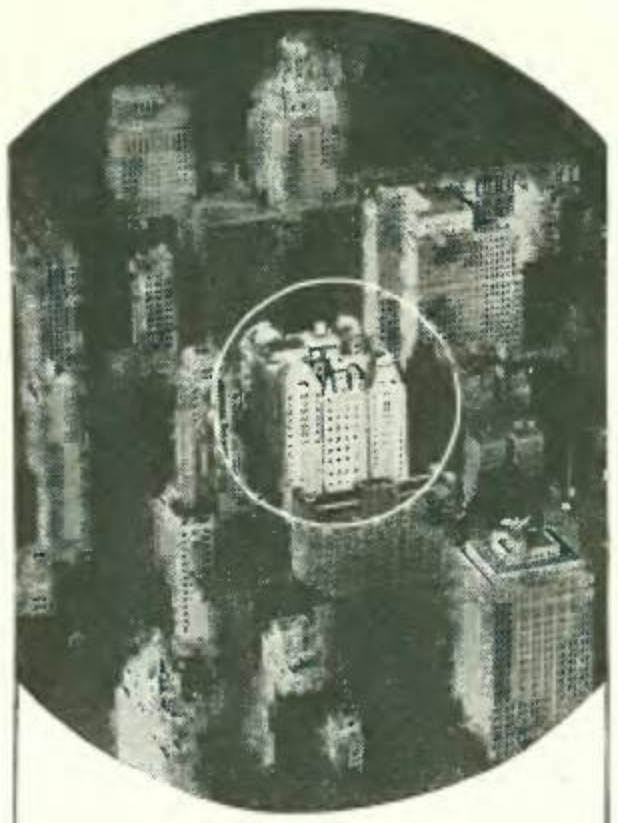
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THE SKY LINE

Two Theatres



SO many foolish things have been said and written about the melancholy pile known as Rockefeller Center that one approaches the new theatres there with the feeling that the auditoriums are probably composed of hanging gardens faced with Indiana limestone in a modified Egyptian style, surrounded on each side by smaller balconies forty-six stories high, with a microphone and television screen attached to every seat. But the deed is better than the word. The fact is that both the International Music Hall and the RKO Roxy are so far above the Hollywood-Grauman-Paramount-Albee tradition that it is scarcely fair to couple them in the same breath.

I would indeed be a pretty ungrateful critic to say less of these theatres; for, ten years ago, I observed in the *Freeman* that some day an architect would be bold enough to design the electric sign and metallic awning as the chief decorative motif of a theatre's façade; and in both theatres the architects have done this. The lettering of the signs seems to me unsatisfactory in its proportions, and the RKO emblem is definitely bad; but at least Reinhard & Hofmeister, the architects, did not at first design a Greek temple and then wake up and find to their great surprise that it was necessary to cut into the front with an awning and an electric sign. Moreover, when the Paramount Theatre was opened, I urged that in such theatres colored lights should be used instead of architectural ornament; and lo! in both new theatres colored lights are at work.

THE Music Hall is the more positive and dashing piece of architecture. From the moment one enters the lobby, with its panelled circles of lights, one has a feeling that the atmosphere of the place will be gay; and on the whole it is, although the very gayest spot happens to be Donald Deskey's dizzily mirrored women's powder-room—from which half the human race is barred. There is a touch of the new Waldorf in the refined golds and browns that pervade the theatre; and this seems to me regrettable. Was it the unconscious ef-

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HURLS DEFY IN PENTHOUSE REVEL

Officers of S. P. E. D. Ejected from Home of Rich Clubman Who Later Apologizes

Howling with rage and brandishing a l-q-r bottle, Richard Wilson last night ordered representatives of the Society for the Prevention of Extravagant Drinking from his sumptuous home at 1803 Park Avenue, where they had been sent by Wilson's friends to show him how to make up g-n. "Don't try to tell me how to save money," he is alleged to have shouted. "If I want to throw my money away that's my business!"



Stop Buying These!

Arraigned today before Magistrate Jones on a charge of extravagant conduct, Wilson was contrite. "If I had only listened to the S. P. E. D. men," he moaned, keeping a tight hold on his head, "I wouldn't have a l-q-r bill of $136 this morning. I didn't realize that Red Lion Flavor cuts the cost of hospitality squarely in half. Try this bottle of Red Lion tonight, Judge. It flavors a gallon."

At the offices of the local agents of the S.P.E.D., W. A. Taylor & Co., 12 Vestry St., N. Y., it was learned today that Red Lion is on sale at most grocery and drug stores.

RED LION
IMITATION
GIN *Cooking* FLAVOR

fect of the *Zeitgeist?* The whole Music Hall seems to have been "built around" Mr. Winter's golden mural, whereas brighter, purer colors not merely would have been more jolly but might have made the golden mural impossible. In the other theatre, designed by Eugene Schoen, the effect is even more sombre. On the other hand, Mr. Schoen used a strong blue for one of his walls, and this worked so well one wishes the note had been struck more often.

All the elements, good and indifferent, in the Music Hall are outweighed by the excellence of the auditorium itself. The ceiling descends like a telescoped portion of an eggshell to the semicircular opening of the stage itself; and the panels through which the lights are cast follow this movement down to the stage. Every line pulls one's eye toward the stage. The effect is stunning. Mr. Rothafel has been given credit for this form of theatre; but the truth is that it was used before in what has hitherto been the best auditorium in the country, the Hill Auditorium at Ann Arbor, designed by Ernest Wilby for Albert Kahn. Although to talk of intimacy in a theatre of this size is nonsense, the sight lines from the most distant seats are perfect, and the architects, by creating an illusion of nearness to the stage, have overcome one's natural impulse to commit suicide by stumbling on a step of the top balcony.

THE auditorium of the RKO Roxy is quite differently conceived. For one thing, it harbors a monumental electrolier suspended from an equally vast plaque decorated with gigantic figures: a somewhat distracting element. Moreover, the proscenium opening breaks the smooth curve of the walls, and, since there was no need for the stage to touch the ceiling, it would have created a more unified effect to lower the top and carry some of the wall around.

In sum, both these theatres are at least halfway to a firm and consistent modern architecture; and the auditorium of the Music Hall is more than halfway: it is very nearly there. Plainly, in Rockefeller Center, the worst is yet to come. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

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YOU NEED A REST

THE family moved from the dining-room. Barbour hung behind with his wife's aunt, Mrs. Carstairs, and observed with some anguish that his wife, his father-in-law, his mother-in-law, his brothers-in-law, and his wife's cousin were leaving him with Mrs. Carstairs. Katharine, his wife, was setting up a folding table; his father-in-law was getting cards and chips from a windowed closet near the fireplace. Plainly he was out of it; it was like Katharine to leave him stuck with Mrs. Carstairs.

Mrs. Carstairs sat with a fixed smile, watching the fire, and watching the others begin to play poker. After the first hand had been dealt, she turned to Barbour. "Well, now we can have a nice talk. You know, when I was a girl, poker was unheard of. I mean by that, of course, for girls. A girl in those days—well, if she knew anything about poker, you can rest assured she didn't let on."

"Oh, well. You know, Mrs. Carstairs—" said Barbour. His wife, a cigarette dangling from her lips and her head cocked to one side to keep the smoke out of her eyes, was opening for three pink chips, she said.

"Mrs. Carstairs! Call me Aunt Hilda. My goodness! Such formality!" She smiled. "Light up one of your cigarettes if you like. Everyone else is smo—yes, even Katharine is smoking. Not that I really mind. I mean about Katharine. If her mother doesn't mind, and you don't, I don't see why I should concern myself with what she does. Although—well, we won't talk about it. Tell me, how do you like your work?"

"Oh, I like it pretty well. It isn't awfully interesting, but a job's a job these days," said Barbour.

"Yes, I suppose so. My husband used to take that attitude."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said my husband—Katharine's Uncle William—that was his theory. Nothing ever disturbed him. Nothing. Not even when he went bankrupt. I don't often talk about that, because it's a painful subject, but this attitude everyone seems to have today, the young people especially! My father—I'm almost glad he isn't alive today. The





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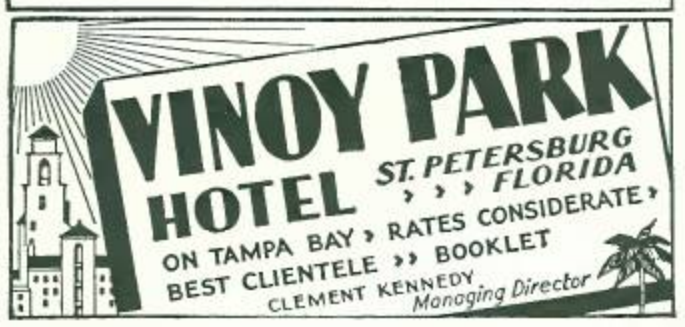


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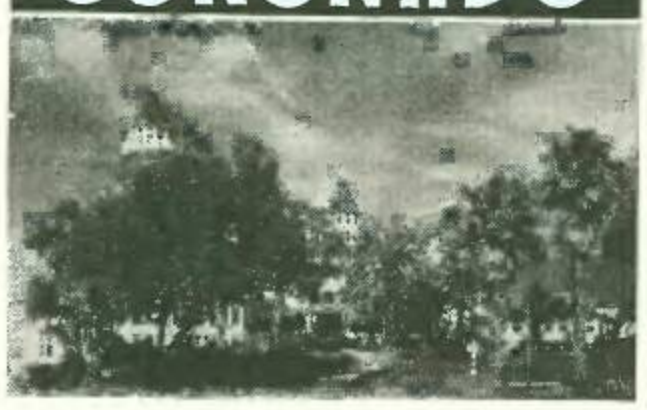
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way he worked so that we girls could have every advantage!"

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. Father came home from Harvard and Grandfather gave him a two weeks' holiday, and then put him in the bank. He had to get there on the dot of eight o'clock every morning until Grandfather retired."

"Well," said Barbour. At that point, Katharine shouted "Boy!" as she raked in some chips. Mrs. Carstairs ignored the noise.

"OH, yes," she said. "That was one of the rules of the bank. Every morning at eight. That never happens nowadays. Don't you think Katharine looks tired?"

"Why, not very. We got in pretty late this morning, but she's the healthiest person in New York."

"Do you really think so?" said Mrs. Carstairs. "She seems so nervous. Just look at her."

"Oh, that's because she's playing poker. She loves it."

"I know, but she's so taut. I don't think she's well. And if you're planning to have any more children—"

"But we're not," said Barbour.

"Still, we can't always be abso*lute*ly certain, can we?"

"Well . . ."

"Exactly. The Carstairs *and* the Smiths nearly all had large families, and isn't your family rather large?"

"I'm the youngest of four," said Barbour.

"Well—four. That's not a small number. Yes, I think Katharine ought to have a rest. I really do."

Barbour rose. "Will you excuse me just a minute, Aunt Hilda?" He joined his wife at the table.

"Hello," said Katharine.

"Hello yourself. I'll take your hand," he said.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Check the bet, Father."

"Get up at the end of this hand or I'll *pick* you up. You go talk to Aunt Hilda. You need a rest."

—JOHN O'HARA

•

STRAYED from Elysian Fields near Tonti, black and white female beagle hound, old and fat. FR 6816.—*Adv. in New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

And just not happy there.

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BOOKS

Here and There

THERE'S a variety of books about distant places and odd doings to be noted this week. First in importance is Jacob Wassermann's "Bula Matari," a biography, published by Liveright, of the explorer Stanley, whom most of us know chiefly for his part in what is certainly one of the most famous dialogues of all history. It may interest you to learn, by the way, that according to Mr. Wassermann's account there were actually four lines spoken at that immortal meeting, as follows:



Mr. Stanley (advancing with sun helmet lifted): Doctor Livingstone, I presume?

Dr. Livingstone (lifting his cap with a kindly smile): Yes.

Mr. Stanley: I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you.

Dr. Livingstone: I feel most thankful that I am here to welcome you.

I am sorry to have to reveal this undue garrulity of the two gentlemen, particularly in view of Mr. Stanley's regrettable display of emotion in his second remark. However, it must be admitted that Dr. Livingstone's reply restored a proper degree of formality to the interview.

But indeed, one learns a great deal that's new from Mr. Wassermann's book about this almost legendary personage—at least I did, who'd never read Stanley's "Autobiography," or any of his other writings. For instance, that his name was really John Rowlands, and that the name he later made famous was that of a New Orleans merchant who adopted him when, after escaping from an English workhouse home and having all sorts of other adventures, he finally made his way to this country.

He was then only seventeen years old, and he spent most of his youth in the South and Southwest. The Civil War broke out when he was in his early twenties, and he was soon in the thick of that, fighting with a delightful impartiality, first on the Southern and then on the Northern side. He first saw Africa when, in 1867, he went out as a correspondent of the New York *Herald* to follow a British military expedition against Abyssinia, and the search for the lost Dr. Livingstone that made him famous was undertaken as an assignment of the same newspaper. Thenceforward, he was almost constantly exploring the dark interior.

But Mr. Wassermann sees him less as a true explorer than as a soldier-adventurer, a kind of medieval conquistador transplanted, to his own misfortune, into Victorian times. He undertook his expeditions for whoever would pay him best, exploring the African lakes for the British and the Congo for the Belgians, quite impartially; and his journeys were inspired not by the desire for pure discovery but by the urge for conquest. He always came back from his voyages with detailed plans for the exploitation of the territories he'd traversed.

This streak of hard practicality was the cause at once of his success and his undoing. It furnished the impetus for his astonishing achievements, but it also set the soft and hypocritically sentimental Victorians at odds with him. While almost single-handed he was opening up the continent of Africa for trade, the world that profited by his exploits was buzzing with fantastic tales of his cruelty and viciousness. "Africa is in me," he said, and certainly he was happiest there; England seemed less hospitable than Uganda.

Mr. Wassermann's life of him is, on the whole, an able and understanding effort. Most of its material, I believe, is drawn from Stanley's own writings, and it is rather a *précis* of these more voluminous autobiographical works than a collection of new data on his career. The result, necessarily, is a rather partisan account, which leaves the reader occasionally with the feeling that only one side has been heard from, and that a prejudiced one. But the man's exploits *were* daring and venturesome, and about most of them, after all, there was no one to testify but himself. I think you might enjoy it.

"SARDINIAN SIDESHOW," by Amelie Posse-Brázdová, published by Dutton, is another that might please you. The author, who was studying art in Rome at the outbreak of the war, is of Swedish birth, but her husband happened to be an Austrian subject, so as a result both of them were packed off to Sardinia to be interned as enemy aliens. The book is the story of their adventures there, as well as a pleasantly

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

informal study of life in general on that backward and out-of-the-way island.

Arrived there, they found quite a colony of expatriates of all descriptions, ranging from young artists like themselves to aged archeologists still dazed by the startling events that had befallen them. Moreover, supervision was rather lax, since an island is presumably a difficult place to escape from, and anyway the natives themselves were vague as to what the war was about. So the exiles were left free to roam about pretty much as they pleased, attending peasant weddings and whatnot, and if Mrs. Posse-Brázdová's account of all this is a little on the mild side, there's also an air of cheery courage about it that's quite engaging.

THEN there's "Jehol, City of Emperors," published by Dutton, which is Sven Hedin's description of the magnificent aggregation of Buddhist temples and lamaseries known as Jehol, now falling quietly into ruins in the Mongolian desert. The book is primarily an account of the doings of the expedition, headed by Mr. Hedin, which was sent out to do the field work necessary for the building of a reproduction of one of the temples for the World's Fair at Chicago this year, but Mr. Hedin has embroidered his recital with so many charming bits of Chinese history relating to the temple city, and has illustrated it so profusely with delightful photographs of the structures there, that I think you'd find it extremely interesting.

And, finally, I must call your attention to "Foot-Loose in India," by Gordon Sinclair, published by Farrar & Rinehart, which seems to me to set a new and practically unbeatable high in the matter of travel-story thrillers. I wish I had room to say more about Mr. Sinclair's gift for alliterative epithet, his talent for conjuring up dangers where none exists, his skill in the art of anticlimax and his mastery of the dime-novel technique as transposed to the travel book. Maybe the subtitle will give you an idea. It is: "Adventures of a News Chaser from Khyber's Grim Gash of Death to the Tiger Jungles of Bengal and the Burmese Battle Ground of the Black Cobra."

Or if you see the book lying around, turn to Page 81 and read the triumphant chapter describing how he "crashed the gate" for an interview with "India's holy humbug," Mahatma Gandhi, and how he told that "naked fakir" exactly what he thought of him.

Read it and weep. —R. M. C.

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