May 27.1933

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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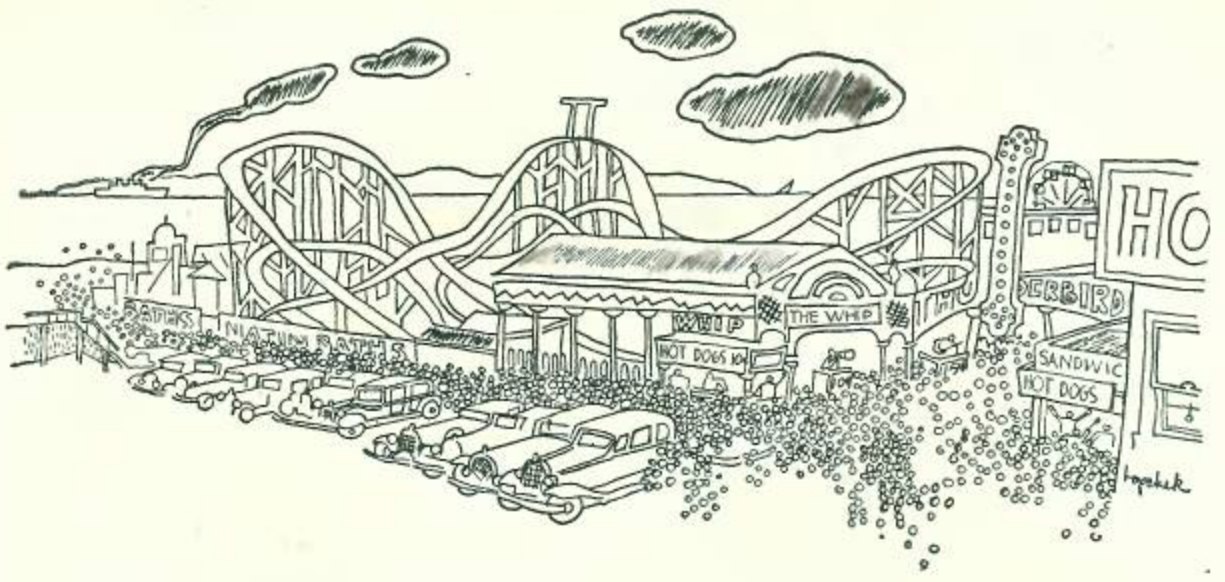
GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 3. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Decoration Day, May 30. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—A picture of tribal life among the Babbitts which combines stark truth with real entertainment. Glenn Anders, Patricia Collinge, Margaret Wycherly, and John Beal are in it. (Waldorf, 50, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

BEST SELLERS—What was "Vient de Paraitre" by Bourdet in Paris is now an amusing story of a little guy who unfortunately won a literary prize. Ernest Truex as the little guy and Peggy Wood as his helpmeet. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

BIOGRAPHY—Even if this weren't as entertaining as it is, it would be worth the trip just to see Ina Claire as the lady artist who recalls her past and her lovers—and leaves town. (Avon, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Decoration Day and Thurs.)

BOTH YOUR HOUSES—You wouldn't believe that you could be so interested in the framing of an appropriation bill in Congress as you are in this bit of political chicanery which Maxwell Anderson has exposed so cleverly. Winner of this season's Pulitzer Prize. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Return engagement ends Sat., May 27.)

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—The story of a lawyer who made good, with typical Elmer Rice glimpses into the corners of a law office, helped by the vitality of Paul Muni. (46th Street, 46, W. Return engagement ends Sat., May 27.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—In the course of this rather light bit of comedy, in which a bride is thrown from one horse to another in midstream, Tallulah Bankhead gives an excellent performance. (Times Square, 42, W.)

GOODBYE AGAIN—A very pleasantly unimportant comedy about a novelist who meets an old girl friend on a lecture tour. Osgood Perkins, with Sally Bates and a good cast, makes this one of the season's pleasures. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Decoration Day and Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—Revival of the George Kaufman-Ring Lardner play, in which the music-publishing business is used as the background for some loud laughs. With Harry Rosenthal and Lee Patrick. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—A little, but very nice, play about a small-town husband who realizes that, after all, he married the right girl. With Lloyd Nolan and Francesca Bruning. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. Decoration Day and Wed.)

RUN, LITTLE CHILLUN!—A Negro play with some grand choral singing in it, involving more of those gyrations which have become symbolic of all Negro worship. (Lyric, 42, W.)

WHEN LADIES MEET—Rachel Crothers' highly entertaining comedy of good manners, bravely acted by Frieda Inescort, Selena Royle, Spring Byington, Walter Abel, and Herbert Rawlinson. (Royale, 45, W. Closes Sat., May 27.)

WITH MUSIC

GAY DIVORCE—A light little play with music (Cole Porter's) made important by Fred Astaire's dancing, with Dorothy Stone to keep step with him. Luella Gear, Betty Starbuck, and G. P. Huntley, Jr., also assist. (Shubert, 44, W. Mat. Wed.)

GILBERT & SULLIVAN—Milton Aborn's revival of "Patience," with William Danforth, Vivian Hart, Frank Moulan, and others; through Sat., May 27, only. "The Pirates of Penzance" will be the bill starting Mon. Eve., May 29. (St. James, 44. W.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—You can't go wrong on this. Sentiment, humor, a lovely score by Jerome Kern, and a cast which includes Natalie Hall, Tullio Carminati, Walter Slezak, Al Shean, and Reinald Werrenrath. (44th Street, 44, W.)

OF THEE I SING—Last year's Pulitzer prize-winner, taking a merry poke at the fat stomach of Washington, D. C. With Victor Moore, Lois Moran, and William Gaxton. (Imperial, 45, W. Return engagement ends Sat., May 27.)

STRIKE ME PINK—Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, and Hope Williams in a large and expensive show which, with the exception of a few minutes here and there, helps to pass the time pleasantly. (Majestic, 44, W.)

TAKE A CHANCE—A good, prancing show in the Broadway tradition. Ethel Merman sings, and Jack Haley and Sid Silvers make merry. (Apollo, 42, W.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Revived by the Players Club, with Otis Skinner, Fay Bainter, Elizabeth Risdon, Ernest Glendinning, Sylvia Field, and many others. Opens Mon., May 29, for one week only. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

TATTLE TALES—A revue, with Frank Fay and Barbara Stanwyck. Scheduled to open Thurs., June 1. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

•

THE YALE PUPPETEERS—"Pinocchio at the Circus," Sat. Morn. at 11 (for children); "Uncle Tom's Hebb'n," Sat. Aft. and Eve.; "Caesar Julius," Sun. Eve.; "The Pie-Eyed Piper," Tues. and Wed. Eves.; "Mister Noah," Thurs. and Fri. Eves. (The Puppet Show, 34 W. 46. 9 P.M. Mat. Sat. 3 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin plays for dinner and supper dancing through Wed., May 31. Pancho and his orchestra open Thurs., June 1. Dances by the DeMarcos.*

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

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—The highest spot in town for dinner and supper dancing. Music by Irving Rose's orchestra.*

PLACE PIGALLE, 201 W. 52 (Columbus 5-5946)—Popular after-theatre place, with Don Alfonso's orchestra, Medrano and Donna, and Lilyan Astaire.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDEN, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Dancing to Leon Belasco's music in a room high above Central Park.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A magnificent view, with music by Meyer Davis and his orchestra.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays in the Empire Room at dinner and supper time. The Starlight Roof will open Sat. Eve., June 3, with Jack Denny and his orchestra.*

MORE ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn Heights (Main 4-8100), worth the trip for the harbor view; Freddy Martin's orchestra. . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 55 (Pennsylvania 6-5000), opening Thurs., June 1, with Rudy Vallée and his band. . . . Astor Roof, B'way at 44; and McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34, both open for the summer, Thurs., June 1.

TONY SARG'S BOHEMIA, B'way between 52 and 53 (Circle 7-5776)—Spacious and not expensive, with a Tony Sarg puppet show, the California Collegians, and Paul Tremaine's orchestra.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1680), with an elaborate, undressed revue and Jerry Freeman's orchestra. . . . Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), featuring Ted Lewis and a lively show.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: Mori's, 144 Bleecker; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—Two well-known places, with revues

(Continued on page 4)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
PROFILES	18
OF ALL THINGS	23
THE THEATRE	24
PARIS LETTER	28
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	32
OVER THE WAVES	39
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHIONS LETTER	42
FEMININE FASHIONS	42
THE RACE TRACK	46
THE CURRENT CINEMA	48
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	50
BOOKS	55

THE NEW YORKER
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"Serena Blandish," as we recall, had some difficulty in getting married. She lived too soon to wear this Hawes cotton evening gown which is christened for her. But with you it's different . . . and here's the dress! A Fashion Field Sunrise Lawn in the new crisp-soft finish, patterned with filagree-stripes in buttercup yellow. It's demure up the front but no farther . . . the armholes are scooped deep and the V in the back darts to your waist. Brown ribbons tie in velvety bows against your smooth skin. And Miss Hawes has invented a new kind of godet to swirl the skirt as you dance. Altogether a cotton product with powers of attraction! "Serena Blandish" is yours to use, in sizes 12 to 18, at $19.50, labeled with the Hawes-and-scissors. The Debutante Shop, **BONWIT TELLER**

FASHION FIELD FABRICS PRODUCED BY MARSHALL FIELD & CO., INC., MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • PARIS

(Continued from page 2)

at about 12:15 and 2 A.M.: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), with Ethel Waters and Duke Ellington's band. . . . Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630).

FOREIGN—Hungarian: Csarda, 203 E. 92, where cimbalom and gipsy music give that romantic touch. . . . Russian: The Kretchma, 244 E. 14, good Russian food and singing by Adia Kuznetzoff and Tamara. . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.; and El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan, near Wash. Sq.

NOTES ON DANCE ORCHESTRAS—Harold Stern plays at the Biltmore, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920).* . . . Eddie Lane plays in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (Vanderbilt 3-9200), for dinner only. . . . Bert Lown is at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 55 (Circle 7-8000). . . . Starting Wed., May 31, Don Bestor will play at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000), and Ernie Holst will be at the Hotel Lexington Silver Grill, Lexington at 48 (Wickersham 2-4400).

Henry King provides the music and Helen Morgan sings at the Embassy Club, 151 E. 57, for members and their guests (Volunteer 5-4900).*

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

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

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Featuring Tommy Clines and his orchestra.

POST LODGE, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N. Y. (Larchmont 2660)—Dick Mansfield leads the orchestra here this season.

RIVIERA, at the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000)—Broadway entertainment in a remarkable setting.

NOTE—Coney Island jaunters in search of shore dinners and dancing might try: Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; or Feltmans', Surf Ave., Coney Island.

MOTION PICTURES

CAVALCADE—Still another chance to see Noel Coward's great spectacle of twentieth-century England. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Tues. through Thurs., May 30-June 1; continuous from 2 P.M.)

FORGOTTEN MEN—A comprehensive and well-edited collection of pictures taken on the battlefields of Europe in the late war. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; continuous from 10 A.M.)

42ND STREET—Behind the scenes of a musical comedy, and how the performers live their lives, with some lively tunes and a fair degree of wit. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Fri. through Sun., May 26-28; continuous from 1 P.M.)

REUNION IN VIENNA—John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard, as the archduke and his lady friend, help to make this a very successful version of the Sherwood play. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—More than one might expect happens in a single night in this menagerie on the Danube. An adroit and charming picture. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., June 3; continuous from 1 P.M.)

ART

AMERICAN LANDSCAPES — Nineteenth-century examples: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 31.

EGYPTIAN—Wilbur Egyptological collection, newly installed by Professor Jean Capart: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

KOLSKI—Retrospective exhibition of the late Polish artist: New School, 66 W. 12. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

LITURGICAL ARTS—Exhibition of art for small churches by American craftsmen: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., May 31.

MODERN ART—Presentation of the pre-Columbian American sources, in pottery, sculpture, paintings, ornaments, textiles: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

WHITNEY MUSEUM—Summer exhibition of paintings, prints, water colors, and sculpture from the permanent collection: 10 W. 8. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

YOUNG FRENCH — The new generation in Paris, with that Romantic-Classic tinge we have already seen in Berman: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 27.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Cartoons for murals by Charles Ward; water colors by John Costigan and others: Cronyn & Lowndes, 11 E. 57; through Sat., May 27. . . . Contemporary Americans: Macy's, 8th floor, B'way at 34; through Wed., May 31. . . . Small paintings by members: National Arts Club, 119 E. 19. . . . Water colors by Miyamoto, and a group show: Midtown, 559 5 Ave.; through Sat., May 27.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82, is showing plant forms in ornament: Galleries D-6 and K-37-40. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . The Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103, has on view: A Century of Summer Styles, 1800-1900; Personalities of the New York Stage; and Cartoons, Caricatures, and Comics. Open weekdays (except Tues.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 3. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

MUSIC

ASSOCIATED OPERATIC ARTISTS—"La Traviata," Fri. Eve., May 26; "Haensel and Gretel," in English, Sat. Aft., May 27; "Faust," Sat. Eve., May 27. (Forrest Theatre, 49, W. of B'way. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

AMELIA EARHART—A tour of the city by plane, the pilot being Miss Earhart, the reporter Ted Husing: Fri. Eve., May 26, at 8, WABC.

KING ARTHUR AND THE ARABIAN KNIGHTS—Comedy business with celebrated legends, touched up with music: Fri. Eves. at 8:15, WOR.

ILKA CHASE AND HUGH O'CONNELL—Two intelligent comedians (not necessarily a contradiction in terms) in a new set of skits, with lush music by Victor Young's orchestra: Fri. Eves. at 9:30, WEAF.

WORLD'S FAIR—You can get all you want of this, as there will be broadcasts on and off schedule. Already listed are events on Fri. Eve., May 26, at 11:30, WEAF; the official opening on Sat., May 27, at noon, WEAF-WJZ; musical program, with Lawrence Tibbett and the Chicago Symphony on Sat. Eve., May 27, at 9:15, WEAF-WJZ. Floyd Gibbons turning in his own reports on Sun., Tues., and Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ.

INTERCOLLEGIATE A.A.A.A. TRACK & FIELD MEET—Step by step account from Soldiers Field by Ted Husing: Sat. Aft., May 27, at 3, WABC.

CORDELL HULL—The Secretary of State speaks on "World Economic Readjustment," on the eve of his departure for the London Conference: Sat. Eve., May 27, at 10:30, WABC.

INTELLIGENCE TEST OF RADIO AUDIENCE—The most daring program ever attempted. Dr. Frank N. Freeman conducts the test: Mon. Eve., May 29, at 8:30, WEAF.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—He will be heard in the exercises at the Arlington National Cemetery: Tues. Aft., May 30, at 2, WEAF and WABC; and at the graduation ceremonies at Annapolis: Thurs., June 1, at noon, WJZ and WABC.

ENGLISH DERBY—Overseas transmission of what happens in this eminent competition: Wed. Morn., May 31, at 9:30, WEAF.

MISCHA LEVITZKI—One of our finest pianists, entertaining weekly: Wed. Eves. at 10:30, WEAF.

GRACE MOORE AND LOU HOLTZ—New series, with the popular opera star and the popular cane virtuoso, but without his cane. Lennie Hayton's excellent orchestra helps out: beginning Fri. Eve.. June 2, at 10, WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Fri. through Sun., May 26-28; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Sun., June 2-4. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Tues., May 30 (doubleheader at 1:30 P.M.), and Wed., May 31. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

CREW—Adams Cup, Harvard-Navy-Pennsylvania, Charles River, Cambridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., May 27. . . . American Henley, lightweight championship, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., May 27.

DOG SHOW—Morris & Essex Kennel Club, Giralda Farms, Madison, N. J., Sat., May 27.

GOLF—Metropolitan Open Championship, Winged Foot Club, Mamaroneck, N. Y., last two days, Fri. and Sat., May 26 and 27. . . . Long Island Amateur, Garden City Country Club, Garden City, L. I., Thurs. through Sun., June 1-4.

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Club Horse Show, Old Mamaroneck Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., May 26 and 27. . . . Tuxedo Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., June 2 and 3.

RACING—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Sat., May 27. The International Steeplechase and the Toboggan will be run Sat., May 27; the Acorn Stakes, Mon., May 29; the Corinthian Steeplechase, the Fashion Stakes, and the Withers, Tues., May 30. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Davis Cup, American Zone Final, United States vs. Argentina: Chevy Chase Club, Chevy Chase, Md., Thurs. through Sat. Afts., May 25-27, at 2:30.

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Track & Field Championships: Soldiers Field, Cambridge, Mass., Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 26 and 27.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: American Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., May 27; Harlem Yacht Club, Tues. Aft., May 30; Knickerbocker Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., June 3.

OTHER EVENTS

AUCTION—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Books from the Farnham, Tyler, and Merrall libraries: Fri. Aft., May 26, at 2:15.

NEW YORK STATE REPEAL CONVENTION—Delegates voting for what may be the Twenty-first Amendment: State Capitol, Albany, Sat., May 27, at 11 A.M.

NOTE—Wed., May 31, is the last day to get New York motor driving licences renewed.

VAN RAALTE

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GAY

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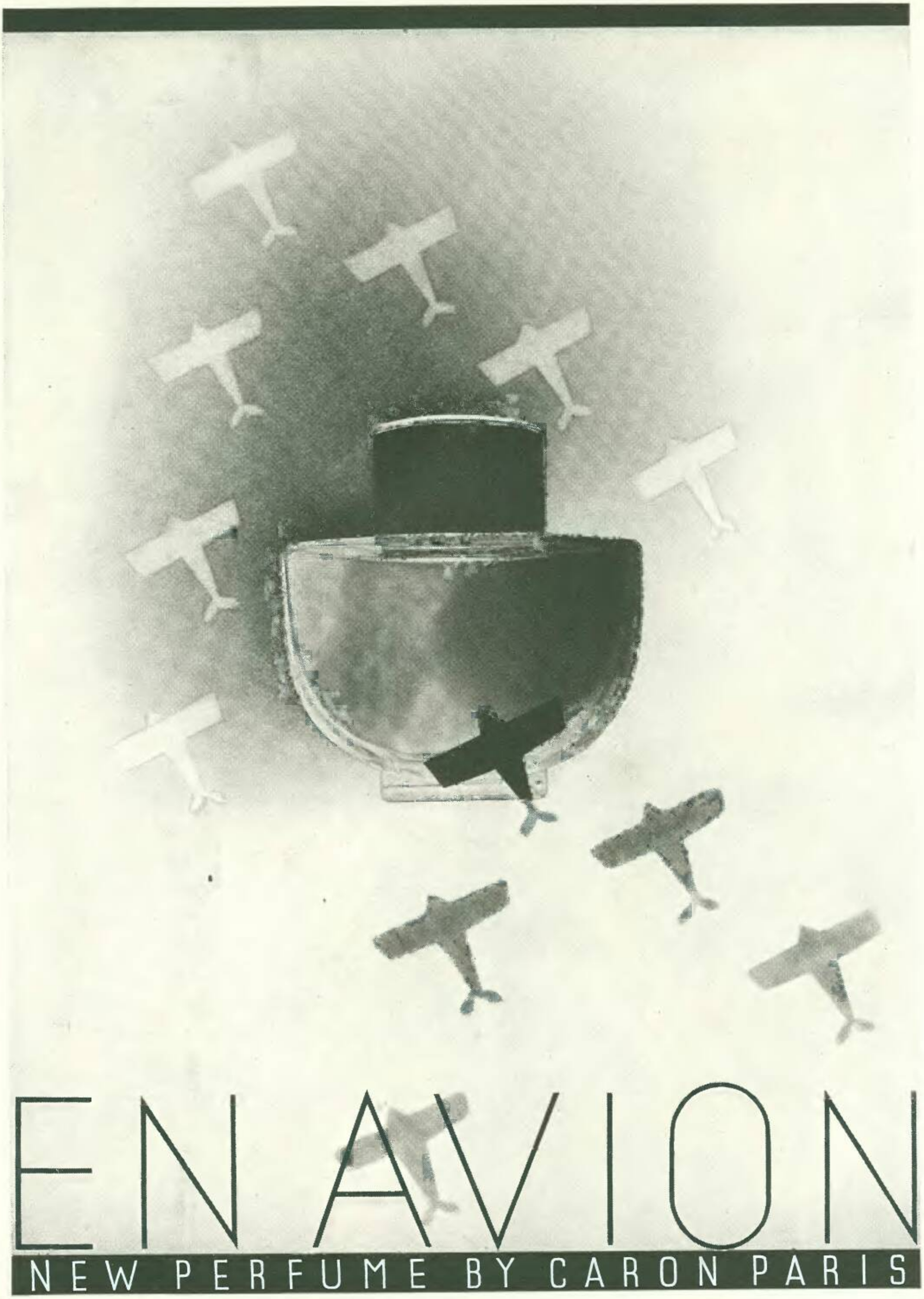
NEW **STOCKINGS**

•

Here is spice for your most intriguing ensemble . . . with just the right tang to chase away all possible monotony from your next pair of hose. Checkers are gay . . . Checkers are fun . . . Checkers are smart. Perched at the top of the most haughtily unadorned chiffons, a pert drop-stitch checker design appears, clever and fresh. *Note three practical points:* Each check is a *run-stop* . . . The top is unusually stretchable . . . "Flextoe" affords a perfect fit. Checkers—$1.00 a pair.

At all the Better Stores

"...BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS"


EN AVION
NEW PERFUME BY CARON PARIS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

INSPIRED by President Roosevelt's stirring peace proposals, we have started to keep a list of nations which have announced their willingness to abandon weapons of aggression "if other nations would, too." We have a fairly good start. Russia said it a couple of years ago at Geneva. Germany said it last week, in just those words. The United States said it a week ago Tuesday. Venezuela said it the following Friday. That makes four nations we think of at the moment which have said they would disarm "if other nations would, too." We shall soon see whether they mean it, or whether they are bluffing. All they need is a scorekeeper, and we are going to be it. Some morning we shall publish the simple statement that "The following na-

tions have said they would disarm if other countries would, too." And then run a list of every nation in the world.

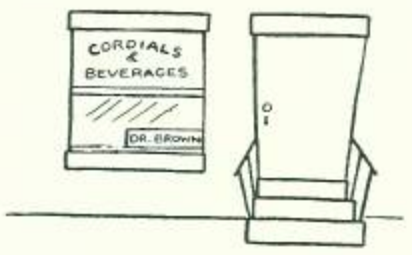
POSSIBLY in the small type of the daily news you missed what seemed to us the outstanding comment of the week on the affairs of the world. It was found in the published results of Yale's elections, along with the "most popular man," the "most likely to succeed," etc. The seniors, voting on the sombre question of what was the "hardest subject," solemnly decided by a plurality of nine votes that it was Accounting. Thermodynamics this year came in a bad third.

LIFE from our window takes on a mellower tone. A few months ago we looked out on barren cliffs of empty steel and stone, surmounted by two large chromium fans twirling ominously in the pale gray sky. Now the fans have rusted and are still; and on the back roof of a Forty-sixth Street building some fellow is fixing up a little beer garden, with white palings and a green shade.

SPEAKING of gardens, our plea for hotels to come out into the open has met with action in one or two quarters, notably the Chatham, which has

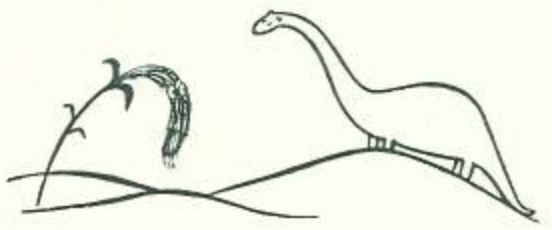
a sidewalk café now—all but the sidewalk. They have put tables on the upper reaches of Vanderbilt Avenue where it goes into its private phase, and there, with an awning running overhead and the White Plains local express running below, one can sip beer and dream one's long noonday dreams—such as whether or not you are going to get the right hat when you go out.

IN our zeal for perfect health we visited a drugstore last week and bought a medicinal pint of I. W. Harper's bourbon, seventeen summers old. The druggist seemed well satisfied with



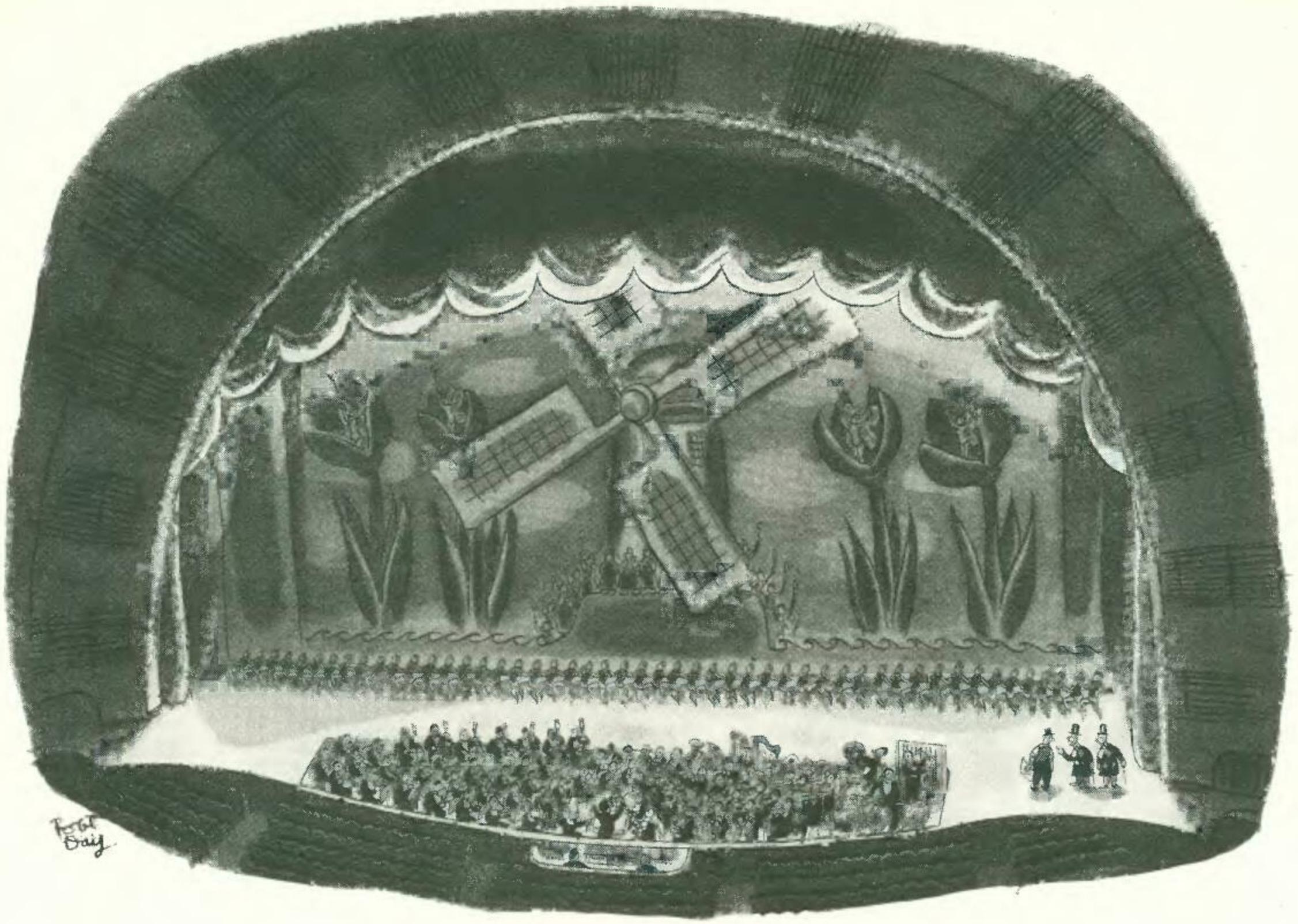
the volume of business which the new law was throwing his way. He had been busy as a mouse for two days, running downtown getting necessary papers filled out which would enable him to carry on where the bootleggers are leaving off. The government is merciful, distributing its largess around from one people to another. Doctors can now open their quiet offices as cordial shops; and cordial shops can stock hairnets and shaving cream. Of course, the racketeers are not dead yet: they are buying drugstores, we hear. As for us, we have set up a little laboratory in our apartment, where we can manufacture our own aspirin tablets.

WE have long awaited a politico-economic expression from our favorite writer, J. Otis Swift, who writes "News Outside the Door." The other day we got it. Mr. Swift, writing about the common horse-tail (*Equisetum arvense*), which helped pave the way for plant life on the earth, says: "The horse-tails saw the birth of animal life; its struggle up to sunlight and



intelligence; they may see its decline and obliteration if man does not keep the Law." That was all he said, but it seems to cover the situation surprisingly well.

PERHAPS a reason for our difficulty in keeping the natural law is our preoccupation with the unnatural, or stupor-natural, law. Last week in the Republican primaries over in Jersey, the people were voting Yes or No on the question: Shall the act entitled "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act to amend an act entitled "An act for suppressing vice and immorality" (Revision), approved March twenty-seventh, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four,' which amendment was approved February twenty-eighth, one



"When can we have the stage to rehearse our number?"

thousand eight hundred and ninety-three," be adopted?

Even vice itself is rarely so devious; certainly never so elusive.

Interlude

AN Englishman, who is a Fellow at Harvard, felt the call of the Southwest in the early spring weather, bought a Ford, and started out. He remembered that Americans keep to the right, instead of the left, in driving, but somewhere in Westchester County he became confused on a left-hand turn and went head-on into another car. Neither automobile was going very fast, so nobody was hurt, but the Englishman was summoned to court. While the judge was listening to charges and defences, protests, and apologies, a court attendant stepped up to the bench and said, "It's two minutes of two, Your Honor." The judge verified this by a glance at the courtroom clock, halted the proceedings, and turning to the defendant said that his son, a tenor, was on the air at two o'clock, and would he mind if they all listened in? The prisoner bowed, and said he would be pleased. The radio was turned on, the singer's voice came out clear and strong, and for fifteen minutes everybody sat and listened. At 2:16 o'clock the judge resumed his judicial manner, briskly summoned all to order, and fined the Englishman twenty-five dollars and costs.

Trees

SOME while ago our race-track reporter mentioned in his column that the trees and formal garden of the Turf & Field Club at Belmont Park are as lovely as you would find anywhere. He spoke, in his remarks, of "the boxes that John D. Rockefeller once tried to buy" and several persons have asked us what boxes. Boxwoods, then. There are eight fine examples of English boxwood trees on the grounds surrounding the old house at Belmont that is leased (for a dollar a year) to the Turf & Field Club by the racing association. The house is more than a hundred and fifty years old, and its history is vague. Nobody in the club knows who built it, but there is a tradition that Louis Philippe lived there for some months in 1796. You're supposed just to accept this when a club member mentions it; not to argue. Anyway, the place was bought by a member of the Manice family about 1800, and this gentleman began to import and set out some fine and rare trees. Many have been blown down by storms and others have died in their alien soil, but many beauties are still there: the boxwoods, cedars, and ginkgos from Japan, a paulownia tree and a fringe tree, cedars of Lebanon, and fine beeches from England. There is also a mammoth American beech on whose bark, deeply cut, are the initials "T.R.," supposed to have been carved there at some time by the late Theodore Roosevelt himself: another tradition of the club.

Rockefeller became interested in the

boxwoods back in 1910, the year Charles Evans Hughes stopped race-track betting in the state. Rockefeller wanted the trees for his place at Pocantico Hills, where he has the largest collection of boxwoods in the country. Thinking that with the abolition of betting the club might disband, he made a modest offer, and was refused. He kept boosting his offer until he had reached two thousand apiece. It ended there, but the board of directors said later that if he had gone to twenty-five hundred, he could have taken them away. Mr. Rockefeller couldn't get them for that now, though, and wouldn't have to try. Fifteen hundred will buy the very best boxwoods in these times. You might buy a few, plant them, and forget about them.

That is the story of the boxes that Rockefeller couldn't buy.

Purist

HOUSTON STREET, you may or may not know, was named after General Sam Houston, whose name was pronounced "Hue-ston." In New York, of course, it's called "House-ton." Texans visiting here and learning of the outrage usually fume about it, but accomplish nothing. They have at least one subway guard on their side, however, but whether he's a Texan or not we don't know. He's Interborough Guard No. 0898 on the Seventh Avenue subway. "Hue-ston next!" he always calls out. People who want off at House-ton Street probably just ride on by, but after all, right is right.

Star Commodore

THE commodore of the largest one-design-yacht organization in the world is George Arthur Corry. He is international head of the Star fleet. Though he is seventy-one now, he is no club-window commodore; he's out in all sorts of weather, as he has been for fifty years. He has five hundred trophies, most of which he won between 1900 and 1916 on western Long Island Sound. He used to race seventeen-foot Bugs, the smallest keel boats of their day. They were thought too small to be recognized as yachts until one day in 1909 when a northeaster came up. When Larchmont called off a regatta for large boats, Corry took out his Bug and, followed by three others, sailed over the course. In 1911, the twenty-two-foot Star succeeded the Bug. It has a flat bottom, fin keel, Marconi rig, and a sail area of about 265 square feet. Corry wanted to call them Bugs too, but Stuyvesant Wainwright asked him if, as Commodore, he wanted to wear a gold cockroach on his sleeve. He decided a star would look better. There are almost a thousand Stars now, comprising sixty-nine fleets in eighteen nations; about two hundred Stars in local waters. Commodore Corry's Little Dipper is No. 1 Star. His original Little Dipper was No. 17 in 1923, the year of the first international race, and Taurus was No. 1. Corry bought Taurus and renamed it Little Dipper, thinking No. 1 ought to belong to the Commodore.

Between races, Commodore Corry straps on a pedometer and visits the department stores as representative of the Peerless Petticoat Company, of Boston. Covers 150 miles a month. Hasn't sold a petticoat in years now, and thanks the Lord the company also handles underwear. He stands on his head for ten minutes every morning. Cured himself of neuralgia that way twenty years ago and has kept it up. He's seen at his best on the porch of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, of which he is the founder. He's very trim and nautical, in a two-and-a-half-inch collar (made specially) and a black ascot tie.

Many years ago in a roller-skating rink in Brooklyn, the Commodore ran into Miss Mary L. Linington. He knocked her down, in fact. He picked her up and later married her. She was his frequent sailing companion. He used also to take his mother out. She fell overboard once in a race. He dragged her back into the boat without altering his course. "Georgie," she gasped, "you lost my hat!" The Stars are wet and uncomfortable, and they can point higher into the wind than any racing boat except a Cup defender, both strong favorable points to enthusiasts.

The Commodore is proud of letters from the Prince of Wales, Sir Thomas Lipton, and J. P. Morgan, praising his seamanship. Once when he was on his way to a regatta and got becalmed off Oak Neck in Manhasset Bay, a steam yacht came along and offered to tow him to the starting line. The man at the wheel was Morgan. Little Dipper gets a fresh coat of paint once a year, and it's a joke around the Manhasset Club that she's all paint and no wood. He retorts that if he could afford several suits of sail and a rubdown and new finish every year, there wouldn't be any fun in racing. This spring, however, Little Dipper has had a scrape-down and a new deck, and entrants in this summer's local elimination races are looking anxious. The international contest this year will be held at Long Beach, California, in August.

Castaway

A YOUNG law clerk, working late one night in his office on the nineteenth floor of a downtown building, finally got things cleared up and sauntered, very tired, out to the elevators. He rang the bell, but there was no answer; he rang again, no stir of activity came from the other end of the shaft. After five minutes of this, he decided that the elevator man was either asleep—it was almost midnight—or dead; these are parlous times. He didn't feel up to walking down eighteen floors, so he tried to figure some other way out. After some thought, he decided to phone the police. He called Headquarters and explained the situation. Headquarters more than rose to the occasion. Before many minutes, the elevator came up to the nineteenth floor, its operator attended by two uniformed policemen. They escorted the young man out of the building. The operator had been sitting in the car on the first floor wide-awake, reading. The elevator button on the nineteenth floor was out of order.

Termites and Twins

IF you need stink-bomb, twin, or termite insurance, you might get in touch with either Mr. James Hipwell or Mr. Monroe Flegenheimer, both of William Street. They have special licences from Lloyd's. You've probably heard that Lloyd's will insure anything, which isn't strictly true. When they can't get the data to figure probabilities, they turn you down. When the newsreels first sent men into the air to take pictures, Lloyd's wouldn't insure them. Didn't have the data. Later they got the figures and began to write policies. They won't insure when the personal element is too strong, either—as against failure in business. Sometimes Lloyd's own underwriters will band together and do queer and frivolous things. They're

just betting privately, in effect. On the other hand, Lloyd's do issue many policies not legal for American companies, which means business for Messrs. Hipwell and Flegenheimer.

For instance, Lloyd's will insure against malicious damage. Hence the cheeriness in Mr. F.'s tone when he says, "In the last four weeks, five thousand stink bombs have been thrown in the garment centre." Mr. F. has issued many stink-bomb policies, at about fifty cents on the $100. So heavy is their stake that Lloyd's have placed a picket in the district to watch for gangsters. Mr. F. has often been asked about repeal insurance, but the government won't let him write a policy, holding it would be "against public policy." He knows of some men in the liquor industry, however, who have gone to London and got policies there. Rain insurance is an old story. Most baseball clubs take it out, and many department stores for days when special sales are held. Insurance against twins is quite common. The rate is five per cent, or higher. "We figure this way," says Mr. F. "The only people who ask for it are the ones who are suspicious." Last fall, Mr. F. insured a lady's sense of smell. She was a perfume-buyer for a Chicago firm. She went to Paris, got a cold, and couldn't tell one scent from another. She collected her expenses. Mr. F. once wrote a policy against a ship's not sinking. It was for the producer of the movie "Hell's Angels." He had assembled ten airplanes to bomb an old hulk. He got worried over the loss in case the ship didn't sink. A Lloyd expert looked the situation over and a policy was written for $200,000; premium, $500. He was pretty sure it would sink. It sank. Just lately a Lloyd's policy was issued on a group of nude statues in Marion, Ohio. The townspeople were throwing stones at them. Mr. F. told us that Paderewski's famous $300,000 policy on his fingers was *bona fide* and that the pianist had once collected heavily when afflicted with rheumatism.

In England, says Mr. F., you can get dozens of different kinds of insurance on the same policy—more economical than here, where a separate policy must be had for each thing. He showed us a Lloyd's Householder's Comprehensive Policy, which provided for "Loss by Fire, Lightning, Explosion, Earthquake, Thunderbolts, Subterranean Fire, Bursting Water Pipes and/or Heating Apparatus, Burglary, Housebreaking, Theft and/or Larceny, Aircraft, or Articles dropped therefrom; and Loss or Damage caused directly by Rioters, Strikers, and Persons taking part in Insurrections or Civil Commotions." A reassuring document. Mr. F. has not had a single application for termite insurance yet. Nor has Mr. Hipwell, whom we also asked. "As an underwriting proposition," said Mr. Hipwell, "it'd be a gamble. No one knows where an ant comes from. One morning everything as clean as a whistle, next morning an army around you."

Blighters

FROM far Osaka comes to us a report on an odd little item appearing in the *Japan Chronicle Directory*, which supplies information on foreign firms doing business. The information is obtained by the questionnaire method. The entry in re the Vacuum Oil Company is this:

"44 Urafune-cho 3 Chome, Nakaku
"Tel. Chojamachi 3-2937. PO Box 73. F. W. Brown, Acting Manager
"(No reply—Yokohama report Vacuum Oil were bloody impertinent. Cut the blighters out.)"

We feel there ought to be more little bits like this in business directories. Lighten them up.

The Facts on Beer

LAST week, Mr. Herbert Schwarz, of the United States Brewers' Academy (which is fifty years old this week and full of old traditions and new hopes), took us patiently by the hand and led us through some facts and figures about beer. In telling about the renascence of Lüchow's, you know, we complained that beer experts always seemed a bit vague and mystical when it came to fractions and decimals. Well, Mr. Schwarz is an eminent beer man, and here's what he told us, without any shifting of his feet or changing the subject. He said that most lager beer before prohibition had an alcoholic content of between 4¼ and 4½ per cent by volume, which means that the present limitation of 3.2 by weight and 4 by volume lowers the pre-prohibition average by only a quarter to a

"It's Lida Bascom's husband—he's frightfully unhappy."

half per cent. (When a brewer says "beer," he means both beer and ale; when he wants to leave ale out of it, he says "lager beer.")

The chief differences between the four "malt beverages"—beer, ale, stout, and porter—lie in the type of yeast used to cause fermentation and in the process of brewing, Mr. Schwarz said. These two factors produce the characteristic flavor of each of the four. All of them are "stored," that is, lagered, but you speak only of "lagering" beer. You *say* "stored" for the other three. We don't know why. Beer always reaches its full alcoholic content during the first seven days of its fermentation; lagering doesn't increase that. Mr. Schwarz wouldn't say just how long lagering should last. There is a wide difference of opinion on that.

Dark beers are produced by the use of highly roasted malts, known as caramel malts or black malts. These darken the beer, and also give it its special flavor. Actual "colorings," made from malt, are often used to darken beer, stout, and porter. Ale has a larger amount of hops than beer, which gives ale its special flavor, together with what it gets from "ale yeast" as against "lager yeast." Stout is darker than dark beer, of course, and one of its characteristics is a pronounced malt flavor. English and Irish stouts often run as high as 6 per cent alcohol by weight; American stouts, before prohibition, were around 5½. Porter doesn't run quite as high as stout.

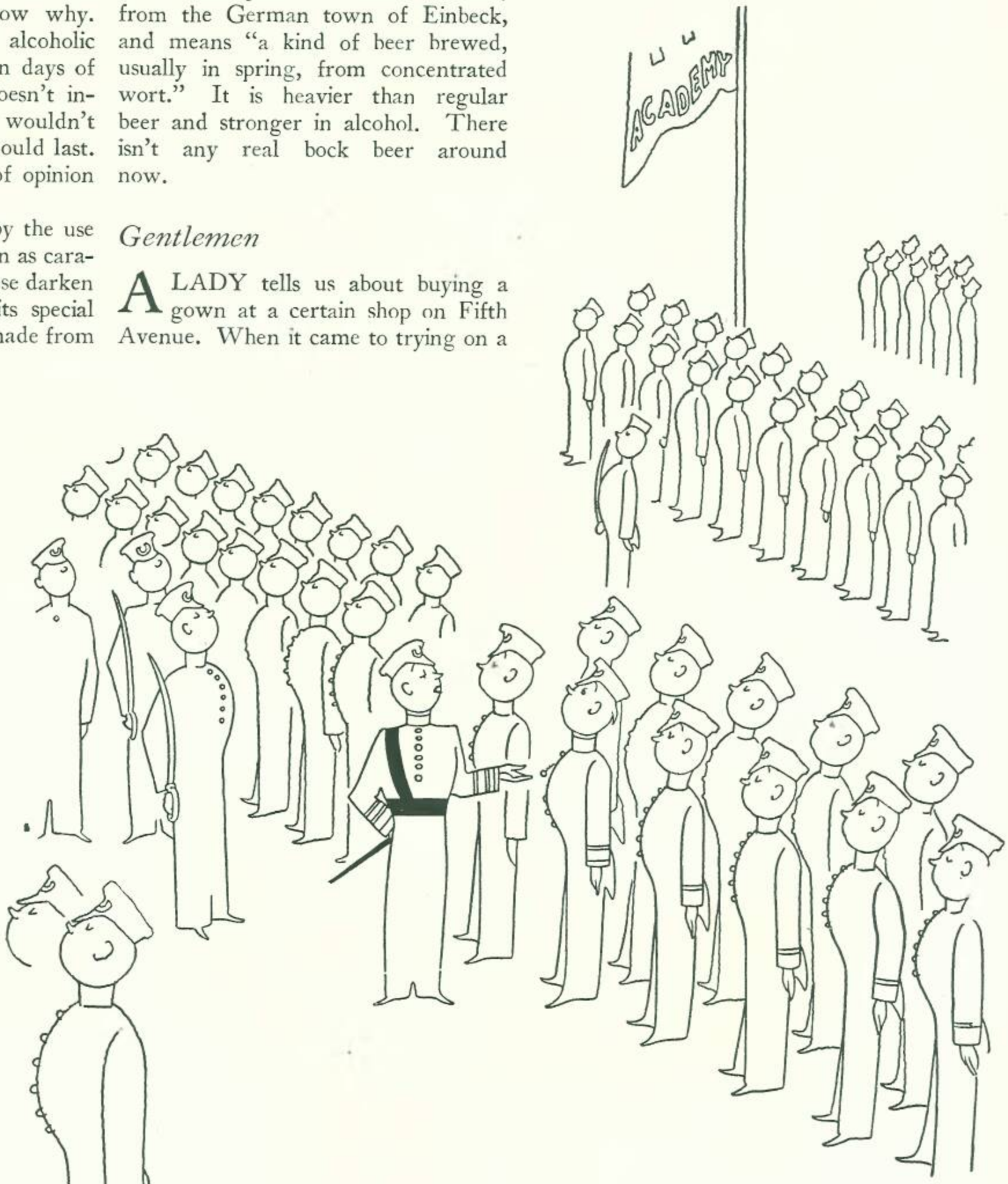
In the old days, beer was nearly always lagered in wooden tanks or vats. These are still used today, but the tendency is largely toward glass-enameled, steel, or aluminum tanks. Beer is lagered at a temperature close to freezing. Ale, stout, and porter are stored at about thirteen degrees warmer than freezing. During the storing of ale, dry hops are often thrown in, about a quarter of a pound to a barrel, and remain until storing is over and then are taken out. That makes ale more aley. Licorice flavoring substances are often added to porter, which makes porter more portery. The main purpose of lagering and storing is to add mellowness and mildness to the brew.

Ale is not so easy to bring within the confines of the 3.2 law, because a greater fermentation is necessary to produce good ale. New mashing methods are being used, though, Mr. Schwarz said, and these make the new ales taste very like old-time ales. We asked Mr. Schwarz about bock beer. It's a corruption of Einbecker Bier, from the German town of Einbeck, and means "a kind of beer brewed, usually in spring, from concentrated wort." It is heavier than regular beer and stronger in alcohol. There isn't any real bock beer around now.

Gentlemen

A LADY tells us about buying a gown at a certain shop on Fifth Avenue. When it came to trying on a garment she selected, they showed her into a fitting-room on the third floor, overlooking the street. It was a nice day and the full-length windows were open. Preparing to disrobe, the lady looked apprehensively at the building opposite. The saleswoman, with a proud glance across the street, reassured her. "That's Tiffany's," she explained. "The men there are different. They never look."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Good Lord, Armitage, another war hovering on the horizon, and look at that button!"

POP

FIVE people, men and women, out of the copy department of the Griver-Wharton Company committed suicide, not all of them while Frank Blandin worked there, but during the life of the company. That might have been eighteen or twenty years, and during that time forty men and women might have been employed. Others from other departments died violent deaths.

There was Pop Porter—a fat, good-natured man who was office manager in Frank's time. One night he fell down the marble stairway of a club when he was drunk, went pitching and tumbling down, and broke his neck. Frank had a fondness for Pop, who had been a farmer boy raised on an Illinois farm over on the Mississippi River side, and who had come up to Chicago to get on in the world. He had a simple, childlike faith in advertising. "It is what has made America great," he said sometimes to Frank. "Now you look at us, what we are. Ain't we the richest, the smartest, the most Christian people on God's footstool?" Pop's saying such things never annoyed Frank.

"Sure. You're right, Pop. Why even a native of darkest Africa, if you shook him down out of his breadfruit tree and asked him the question, would agree to that. Breadfruit grows in trees, doesn't it, Pop?"

Pop didn't know. He came frequently into Frank's office to sit for a moment and to regret that he wasn't a copy man or a contact man. "Gee, I'd like to see this get to be the biggest agency in America." He would come with a childlike smile and ask Frank, "Say, Frank, why can't we get Armour & Company and Chesterfield Cigarettes and Standard Oil and General Motors?"

"I don't know. What's your idea about it, Pop?"

"Well, I thought one of the boys might go to those places and ask."

"I see," Frank would say. "'You spend ten million a year. We'd like to cut in on that. There's a half-million a year we could make out of that.'"

"Ah gee, Frank, I guess you're laughing at me," Pop would say, going out of the office with a puzzled look in his eyes.

POP owned a big old car he had got at second-hand from George B. Griver, the president of the company, and although the car was liable at any moment to break down, he liked to go off, once or twice a year, squirrel-hunting on his father's farm.

Once he took Frank with him and they loaded the car, taking with them a case of whiskey and two cases of beer. At the little towns along the way, they stopped and got a tin pail filled with ice into which they put the bottled beer. "Now don't go tell Pa about the hooch we got," Pop said, when they got down near the farm. By that time the beer was gone. He covered the case of whiskey with an old raincoat Frank had brought. "He's against it," Pop said. "He doesn't think I ever took a drink in my life. Why he and Ma don't even know I smoke."

Frank had an idea. "If he sees the wooden case, he won't know what it is. I used to live on a farm over in Indiana. You tell them we are going over there on our way home and it's a present I am taking to my folks."

That put an idea into Pop's head. "We got to stop at the next town," he said, and at the next town he bought two bright-red neckties for his father, and at a little greenhouse got a potted plant for his mother. "She's got plenty of flowers, but she will make just a hell of a fuss over this. Say, Frank, a fellow's folks are nuts, eh?" Pop wasn't married and was afraid of women. His father was a small, thin, nervous man, a bit like Frank's own father, and his mother was a giant. She had arms like the legs of an elephant.

THEY took three days going down, stopping along the way to hunt squirrels and drink the beer, and when they got to the farm they stayed for a week. The father and mother were simple, kindly people and very proud of their one son. Besides Pop, there had been three other children, all girls, but now they had all married and had left home.

Pop and Frank hunted squirrels and spent long afternoons lying in the woods on the bank of the Mississippi. Just at that place there was a high bluff and the river made a great bend. It was late summer and the days were hot and still, and it was a joy to Frank to lie on the cool ground at the wood's edge, and dream the afternoons away.

One afternoon they had brought a bottle of the whiskey and Pop kept drinking. His tongue got thick and presently his mouth fell open and he slept. He was one of the kind of men who can be very drunk and in an hour apparently quite sober. He had got some kind of fragrant seeds at a drug-store in one of the towns they had come through and carried a supply in his pocket. "If I was married now and had to go home and kiss my wife, she'd be onto me, but Ma and I never kiss. We never did kiss in our family."

He was lying on his back under a tree at the edge of the bluff, the big silent river below. He told Frank that when he was a boy he had read a book called "Huckleberry Finn"—"I ain't read a darn book since," he said—and had wanted to go adventuring down the river on a raft but never had. When he slept, his mouth was open and he snored lustily. There he lay, with his big paunch and his short, sturdy legs, a kind of American Falstaff of the advertising world, without Falstaff's wit, loving food and drink, loving his Pa and Ma, his head full of the details of the business of Griver-Wharton. Frank sat beside him, keeping the flies away with a branch cut from a nearby bush.

AND this was the man who, within the year, was to fall down the marble stairway of an advertising club—he was very proud of his membership—and was to break his neck against a marble post. Often the things actually seen are not the most vivid. For Frank Blandin, always, after the accident, the picture of a fat, red face with bewildered eyes, the huge, fat, round body rolling helplessly, the little blue eyes staring into the face of death.

That and Pop Porter's Ma, in the farmhouse, down in Illinois near the Mississippi River, in the kitchen cooking, standing over a hot stove on a summer day, the big arms and the great face with the tears rolling helplessly down, much as Pop had rolled to his quick and merciful death.

—SHERWOOD ANDERSON

"Can you direct me to the Bear Mountain nudist camp?"

"Yes dear, I see him. But I can't find Times Square."

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MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR

[THE RESULT OF READING WELLMAN'S "THE ART OF CROSS-EXAMINATION" FOR A WEEK, AND HEARING "ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY" PLAYED CONTINUOUSLY AT THE SAME TIME ON A PHONOGRAPH IN THE NEXT APARTMENT]

THE District Attorney cross-examines the witness:

Q—What did the old flotilla do?

A—It lay.

Q—Lay? Lay where?

A—On the road to Mandalay.

Q—The road from Mandalay to where?

A—That I can't say.

Q—Why, do you mean to say that you don't know where that road led to?

A—It led to Mandalay.

Q—Yes, I heard you say that; but where in the other direction?

A—I don't know; I never knew.

Q—Oh, you never knew, yet you were on that road, were you not?

A—Yes, sir, I was on it.

Q—And it never occurred to you to ask anybody what was at the other end of the road?

A—No, sir.

Q—You just walked along, not caring.

A—Yes, sir. You see, the way it was, I got on that road—

THE COURT—Answer the District Attorney's questions, without making any comments of your own.

A—Yes, sir; I mean Your Honor.

Q—Don't you know that road ends in a phonograph?

A—No, sir, I don't—I didn't—know that.

Q—So you're willing to swear that you had no knowledge of this commonly known and widely accepted fact?

A—Well—yes, sir.

Q—All right. Now, there were flying fishes, you say. What did they do?

A—They played.

Q—Played at what?

A—I don't know what they played at. They just played.

Q—Well, you saw them play, didn't you?

A—Yes, sir. I saw them.

Q—And you are sure they were playing?

A—Oh, yes, sir.

Q—But you have no idea of the nature of the game, sport, or contest in which they were engaged?

A—No, sir.

Q—Were they playing poker?

A—No, sir, I don't think they were.

Q—You don't *think* they were. But you are not sure?

A—Yes, I'm sure about that. They weren't playing poker.

Q—Was it bridge?

A—No, sir, it wasn't.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Your Honor, I don't know what to do with this witness. It must be evident to the Court that he is reluctant to furnish any information.

THE COURT—Now, think carefully and don't be frightened. Nobody is going to harm you. You say the flying fishes played. What the District Attorney is trying to ascertain is the nature of the game or sport in which they were engaged. Was it polo?

A—No, Your Honor. Oh, no. They didn't play polo.

THE COURT—Where was the playing done?

A—In the water.

THE COURT—Mr. District Attorney,

you may take the witness again. I would like to say that if counsel would adopt the Court's method of interrogation we would make more rapid progress. It is a process of elimination. A few questions have established the fact that the flying fishes played actually in the water. That excludes at once all open-air and field games. It excludes also every variety of table game, such as bridge, cribbage, poker, and so on, as these games are manifestly impossible when the players are immersed in water.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY—So the fishes were playing in the water. How do you know they were playing?

A—Well, they looked as if they were playing.

Q—Are you sure they were not fighting?

A—No, they seemed to be playing.

Q—But you said positively a few minutes ago that you were certain they were playing. Now you say they merely "seemed" to be playing. Which statement is true?

A—It is my impression that they were playing.

Q—Well, now your statement has dwindled down to an impression only. And even if they were playing, you have no idea what game it was. Am I right?

A—Well, yes, I suppose so.

Q—You said on the direct examination that you saw a heathen maiden?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—And that maiden was doing what?

A—When I saw her she was kissing a foot.

Q—Whose foot?

A—It was a foot of the great god Budd.

Q—How do you know it was the great god Budd?

A—Well, everybody said so.

Q—Who is everybody? Can you name any one person who told you that it was the great god Budd?

OPPOSING COUNSEL—I object, Your Honor. What is the meaning of this rigmarole?

THE COURT—What does this evidence lead to, Mr. District Attorney?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY—My purpose is to show the complete unreliability of this witness, that he makes positive assertions without adequate reasons, and that he mingles facts and vague impressions without regard to their import.

THE COURT—Objection overruled. You may proceed.

Q—So you cannot tell me how you knew it was the great god Budd?

A—No, sir. It was, though.

Q—How many times previous to this occasion had you seen this god?

A—I had never seen him before. That was the only time.

Q—Then you really don't know much about it, do you?

A—All I know is that this girl was there. Her little cap was yellow, and her skirt was green, and she looked like Thebaw's queen, and she smoked a whacking big cheroot, and she kissed a heathen idol's foot, and—

THE COURT—One moment. I told you before to answer the questions of the District Attorney. You are not called upon to volunteer information. [To stenographer] Strike that out of the record.

Q—You know a lot, apparently, but the very thing I want to find out is what you can't tell me. I want you to tell me, in simple terms, how you knew that the foot she was kissing was the foot of the great god Budd.

A—I knew it was.

Q—Yes, you've said that. The knowledge didn't come out of the air, did it? You must have acquired it in some way, or did you imagine it?

A—I don't know how I learned it.

Q—All right. I thought so. Now, in the first trial of this case you gave some testimony about the dawn. Will you please repeat the statement you made at that time?

A—About what?

Q—About the dawn.

A—I said the dawn came up like thunder from China across the bay.

Q—Like thunder?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—May it please Your Honor, I have here in my hand a letter from the United States Weather Bureau which I intend to put in as evidence. It is in response to a letter of inquiry from me. Before offering it in evidence I shall read it to the witness. The Bureau says: "Dawn and thunder are unrelated phenomena. Thunder is a sound which accompanies lightning. Dawn is a phenomenon associated with sunrise. Its chief characteristic is a gradual increase of light in the eastern sky. Dawn makes no sound. The Bureau cannot find any record of a dawn having come up like thunder." What have you to say to that?

A—Well, I don't know.

Q—In the face of this scientific statement of fact from the Weather Bureau, do you still assert that the dawn came up like thunder?

A—It was merely a poetic manner of speaking.

Q—I see. A poetic manner. Then the dawn didn't come up like thunder?

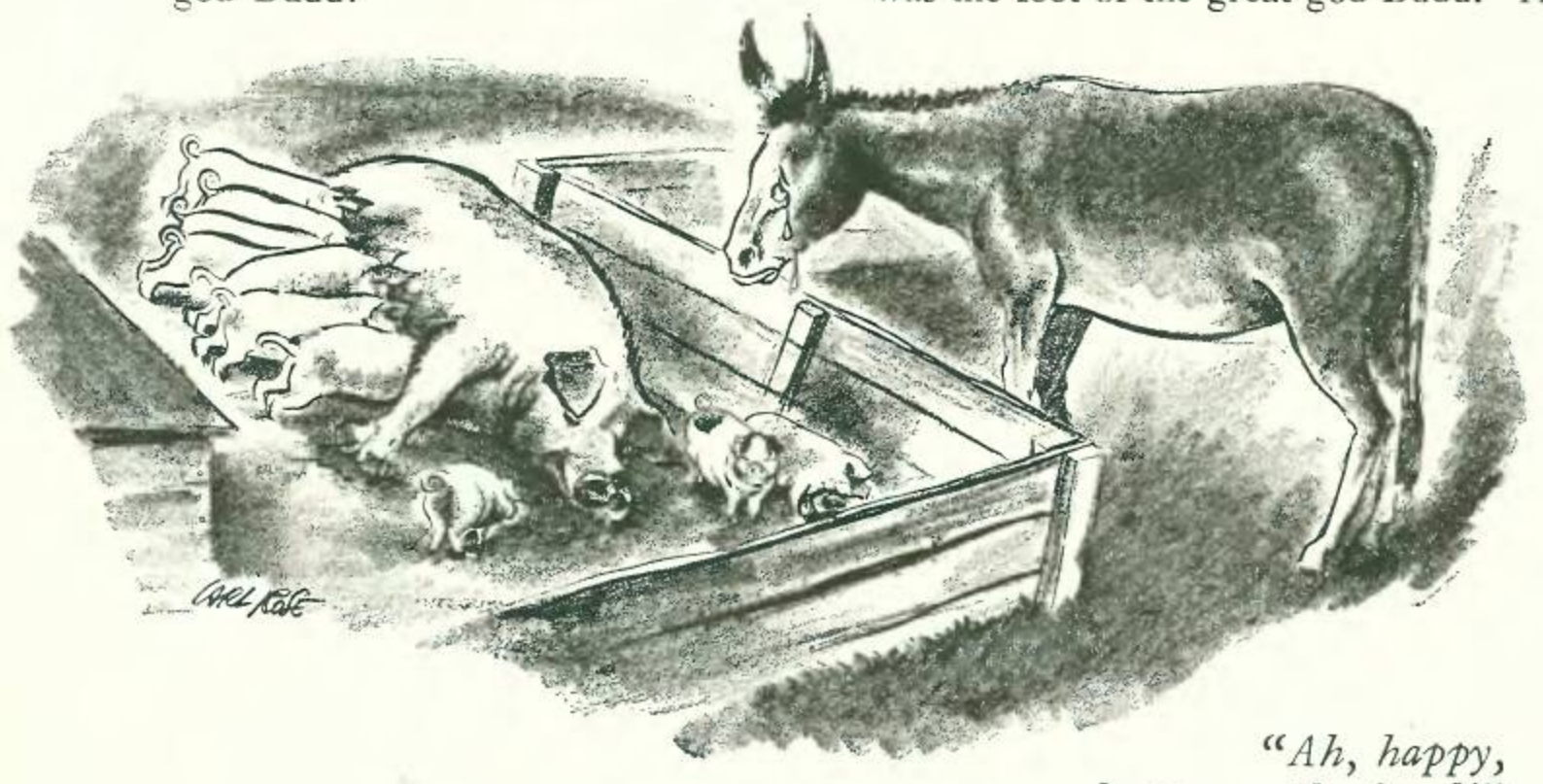
A—No, sir. It was poetic, just a way of speaking.

Q—Well, that having been settled, will you now tell the Court and jury how much of your testimony in the case has been poetic and how much has been fact?

A—It has all been fact.

Q—Oh, it has? But you stated on oath that the dawn came up like thunder, and now you admit that your assertion is false. May it please Your Honor, I move that the testimony of this witness be stricken from the record on account of its manifest falsity and incompetency.

—W. E. WOODWARD



"Ah, happy, happy motherhood!"

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

HERE are some of the tricks of sleight-of-hand which I used to do when I was a small boy, together with complete explanations of how each trick was done.

I may be incurring the ire of the Society of Magicians, as certain cigarette advertisers have done, by giving away these secrets of the Black Art which I have guarded for so many years (that is, if I can remember them), but times are hard, and Magic has become more or less a pedestrian trade, and I feel that I am quite within my rights in sharing with the world the details of my erstwhile relationship with the Forces of Darkness.

You must remember that my only equipment in this legerdemain, aside from the natural dexterity of a boy of eleven, was a set of implements forwarded to me by a soap firm in Glastonbury, Connecticut, in return for some slight favor I had done them in connection with soap wrappers. The entire set could be easily concealed in a wardrobe trunk, and, when brought into the room where the feats were to be performed, attracted no more attention than a traveling dog-and-monkey circus would have done. A great many of my audience often detected nothing unusual about my appearance other than several bulging pockets, which might have come from carrying small puppies in them, or possibly a slight indistinctness in speech due to my mouth being full of odds and ends of apparatus, such as coins, eggs, and flags of all nations. Aside from these items, I was innocence itself.

The Bewitched Flowerpot

ILLUSION:

What seems to be an ordinary tin flowerpot (except that it is the size and shape of a rolling-pin) is opened to show the audience that it is completely empty. In fact, the magician's wand is inserted into the opening and moved gingerly about to prove the point.

The cover is then readjusted and tapped several times too many with the wand. During this tapping an almost imperceptible move is made turning the pot upside down, and, when the cover is taken off again, a rose bush in full bloom is disclosed. Well, perhaps not a rose bush, and perhaps not in full bloom, but at any rate a bunch of red-paper flowers, slightly crushed. The audience is astounded.

EXPLANATION:

The flowerpot is not a *real* flowerpot, but a contraption with *two separate compartments*, one containing nothing (which the audience is permitted to see first) and the other containing the rose bush in full bloom. The almost imperceptible movement turning the pot upside down really *does* turn it upside down, so that the empty compartment is on the bottom and the rose compartment on top. The rest is easy.

The Ghostly Finger

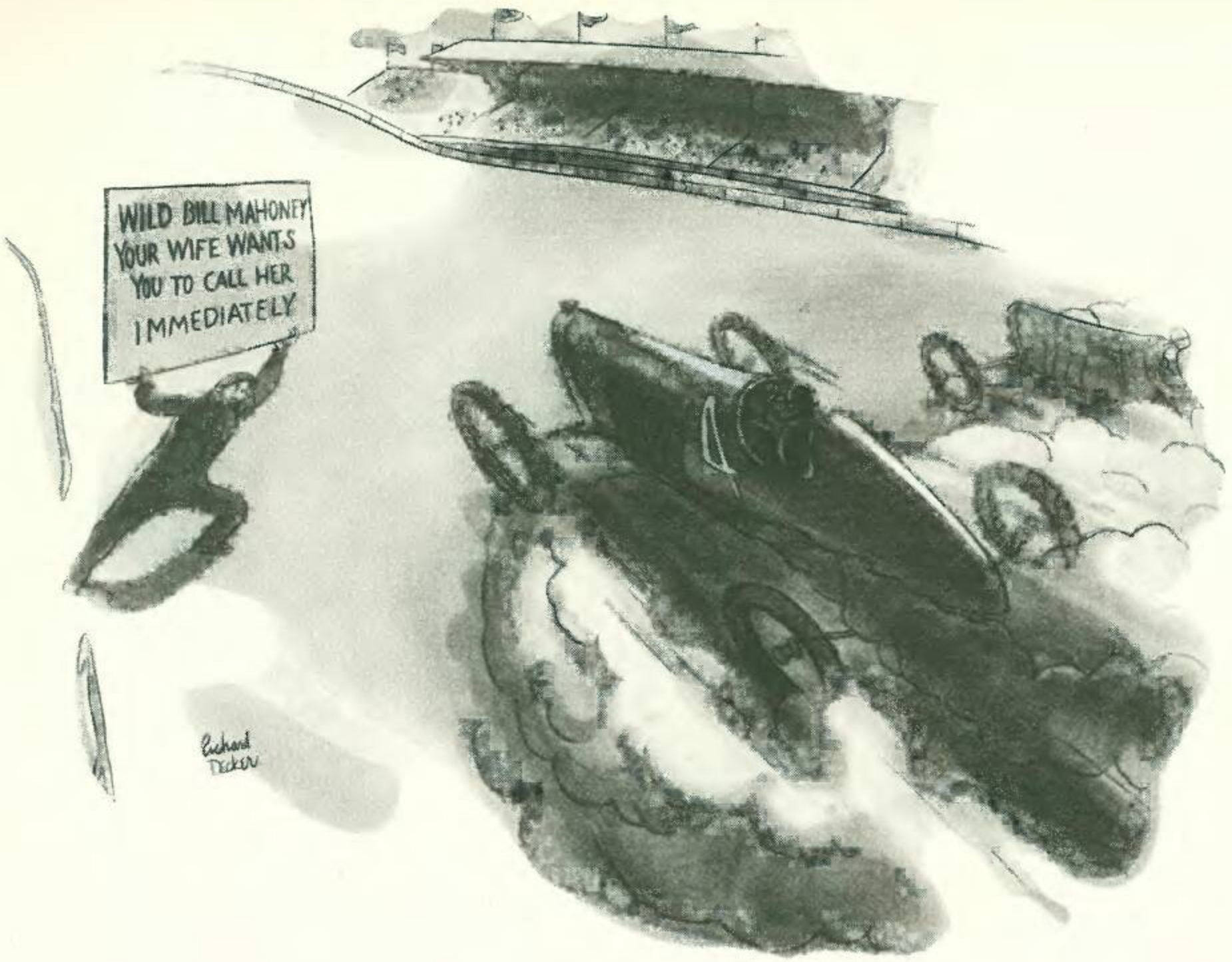
ILLUSION:

A derby hat is borrowed from someone in the audience, or one belonging to the magician is used. It is passed about for examination to prove that there are no holes in it (yet) and is then held, top toward the spectators, and a handkerchief is wrapped around it. (Possibly the magician's back is turned to the audience for the fraction of a minute, as if he were looking for something behind him, while a running line of clever patter distracts the attention of those present.) On removing the handkerchief, the magician's forefinger is seen *protruding from the top of the hat*, to all appearances having been thrust *through the material!* The handkerchief is then wrapped again around the hat, the back possibly turned again for a few seconds, and, when the handkerchief is removed, there is no finger *and no hole!* Several of the more nervous ladies swoon.

EXPLANATION:

A *wax finger*, with a long pin attachment, is used in this trick. The magician "palms" the wax finger ("to palm," in the lingo of the Devil's disciples, is to conceal an object in the palm of the hand so cleverly that it looks as if the hand were empty, or at any rate merely convulsed in *rigor mortis*). When the handkerchief is being wrapped around the hat the first time, the pin is inserted into the top part of the derby and grasped by the hand which is inside the hat. This, unless the pin is pushed only halfway in, gives the effect of the finger actually

"What's the matter? Don't you want to give me the key?"



coming through the hat. Otherwise it gives the effect of the finger *and pin* coming through the hat, which is not so mystifying. When the handkerchief is passed again, the finger-pin is pulled out and palmed once more, care being taken this time, *of all times*, not to drop it on the floor.

The Astounding String

ILLUSION:

A piece of string, which for some reason has been run through two cylindrical pieces of wood, and for some other reason has two small glass beads attached to either end, is cut with a knife so that it hangs in two distinct pieces. This in itself is startling enough. But when the two cylinders are placed together and subjected to the influence of the wand, with the result that the string is again pulled back and forth between them as freely as it ever was, the effect is electric.

EXPLANATION:

Never quite clear, even to the magician. Somehow the string is either joined together, or another piece of string run through the cylinders, or *some*thing. Owing to this haziness concerning the basic principles of the trick, it was not always performed with complete success, and very often not even tried. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Mind-Reading

ILLUSION:

(This is a feat based on a similar, though more elaborate, one performed in India.)

A member of the audience leaves the room and the rest decide on some object which he is to be "willed" to touch when he returns. Let us say that it is a hassock. The absentee is then sent for and the "control" (the magician himself) fixes his gaze on him and says: "Will you hassock ice cream?" Immediately, the "subject" walks across the room and touches a plate of ice cream. Pandemonium ensues.

EXPLANATION:

The one who leaves the room is in reality a *confederate* of the magician, who has been practicing the act since three o'clock in the afternoon. It has been agreed that, whatever the object to be touched is, the "control" will introduce its name into a sentence apparently spoken at random. Thus, if the object selected has been a radiator, the sentence would be "Have you had any radiators today?" (Catch on?) Where the instance quoted above was faulty was that *two* possibilities were mentioned in the same sentence. Eternal vigilance is the only guard against this sort of slip-up.

THUS we see that, no matter how mystifying a feat of legerdemain or mind-reading may be, there is always an explanation for it somewhere in the archives of Black Art. But, human nature being what it is, people would much rather be fooled in this manner than deal, day in and day out, with the obvious and transparent things of life.

Once again I apologize to the Society of Magicians for "spilling the beans." —Robert Benchley

CALLED DIVINE

"*Nothing pleases me.*" Quick discontent!
El Greco wrote in the corner of his square
Of colored canvas, after days misspent,
After days of silent painting, stare on stare

At the old sitter, near Venice, in the studio
Bassano kept. The apprentice hand,
Ill-tempered with its craft, wrote curtly so
And dropped the brush. To understand

The later painter, read that. El Greco,
Meet Lawrence, ill as the saints you understood,
Who went from place to place for peace, with no
Luck; dying; scribbling: "*This place is no good.*"

—Genevieve Taggard

Joseph P. Day

PROFILES

PROMETHEUS BOUND

AS the world's crack real-estate auctioneer, Joseph P. Day, whose emblem, the rising sun, is tastefully embroidered on the cushions in his office, as well as on his personal linen, is in a state of eclipse. The man who sold a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of property in the first three decades of the century, and who once knocked down a hundred-and-forty-seven-lot estate for over five million dollars in a single day, has outlived his age. A few years ago, it was routine for Mr. Day to roar his way through the transfer of several thousand lots in one sale. Last year his organization, as of old, easily surpassed all competitors, but it was reduced to boasting about the sale of a paltry seven hundred lots in Long Beach. For the sake of his pride, rather than the nominal fifty-dollar fees which they bring, Mr. Day sees to it these days that such important foreclosures as the Hippodrome, the Squibb Building, and Pierre's pass through his hands. In the light of the glorious past, these are unexciting, spiritless affairs, in which the only bid is a nominal one from the bondholders' representative, offering no outlet for the fabulous Day talent for cajoling, taunting, or joking hesitant bidders into juicy offers. It has been years since Mr. Day's assistants have had to pad the auction block to keep their chief from breaking his hand as he smacked it down—for Mr. Day uses the flat of his hand for a mallet. And it has been years since Mr. Day, exhausted by hours of exhortation, has had to step down from the platform and regain his energy by a swig of fresh pineapple juice and by being stretched by two burly aides, one pulling his legs, the other his arms.

For all the change, Joe Day manages to keep busy. Adapting himself to a newer, graver order, he gives every sign of enjoying it. Within the past year or two he has turned increasingly to directorships, charities, social and civic affairs. The leather-lunged hero of a thousand real-estate auctions now sits solemnly on the boards of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation with such bigwigs as Newcomb Carlton, Albert H. Wiggin, Jeremiah Milbank, and George W. Davison. In 1928 he sold the old Tammany Hall building to the Consolidated Gas Company, and only last February George F. Baker, Floyd Carlisle, Percy Rockefeller, George Whitney, and the rest of the Consolidated Gas directorate chose him as successor to the twenty-dollar gold pieces of the late John D. Ryan. Joe Day also sits on the boards of any number of real-estate and insurance companies, serves as trustee of the Union Dime Savings Bank, the Mt. Prospect School, the Fifth Avenue Hospital, Gramercy Park, the Andrew Freedman Home, and the National Horse Show Association. Twice president of New York's Real Estate Board, he belongs to three Chambers of Commerce, the Genealogical Society, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and at least sixteen clubs. The municipality has him constantly in service. Just now, for example, he is serving on ten committees to study that number of city departments, boards, and bureaus. The other day, Governor Lehman appointed him a member of the New York Guaranteed Mortgage Protection Corporation. Evolving, *faute de mieux*, into something dangerously close to a pillar of the community, Joe Day nevertheless keeps an ear to the ground for signs of an upturn in real estate, and when it comes will undoubtedly be found back in his tent.

A MAN of immense gusto and personality, Day is an eccentric, and revels in being one. For thirty-five years, he has breakfasted on acidophilus milk and lunched on crackers and milk and ice cream. Jittery almost to the point of St. Vitus' dance, he finds it hard to stand still. When excited, which he is most of the time, he will run his hands through his fluffy white hair and jump up and dance around people like a wild Indian, slapping them on the back. He makes up for his lavish outlay of energy by snatching catnaps at odd moments, notably in automobiles. And often, in the middle of a conference in his office, he will lie down on the couch and sleep for five or ten minutes. Whenever a foreclosure sale is scheduled at the Vesey Street auction-rooms, he runs all four blocks from his office, tearing up Broadway, his inevitable black felt hat cocked at a crazy angle, a breathless clerk panting a few feet in his wake. Besides being addicted to the rising-sun motif, which he mysteriously explains by saying "I am the second Day," he is imbued with the belief that he looks like Lincoln. Assisting nature, he habitually wears dark, loosely fitting suits and a sloppily tied black bow tie. Pointing to the picture of Lincoln which hangs over his office mantelpiece, he anxiously asks strangers if they don't think there's a resemblance. There is.

The Lincoln analogy, however, is no more than skin-deep. Day was born in no log cabin but in a comfortable private house, on Twentieth Street, of Irish, Scotch, and English ancestry. His father, who was a soda-water manufacturer and sold to every Irish dealer in town, died when he was five, and nine years later, in 1887, Joe was left an orphan. His decision to go no further than grammar school with his education has left him with a fearful reverence for all seats of learning. Nothing gratifies him more than to get a number of college graduates together and introduce them to one another, loudly announcing their alma maters. The fact that his four sons are either Harvard alumni or undergraduates and that both his daughters married Crimson football captains is a source of vast satisfaction to him. He himself has raised money for the Harvard Business School and a few years ago became so much exercised over the breach in football relations between Harvard and Princeton that he now helps one of his sons-in-law to finance an annual dinner for the players, coaches, and influential alumni of the Big Three to promote good feeling. The idea of a woman's going to college

"This is Eradicator—and my daughter, Mary."

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has a particular enchantment for him. Under the glass top of his desk is a photograph of his mother-in-law, who was a college girl.

Joe Day's own substitute for trigonometry and the Hasty Pudding was a business apprenticeship with a wholesale dry-goods company. As an office boy at a hundred dollars a year he won the hearts of the salesmen by calling on their customers whenever bad weather or intoxication discouraged them from doing such dismal chores themselves. One blizzardly afternoon the head of the firm saw him come in with a large sheaf of orders. He was made a junior salesman, at ten dollars a week. When he was twenty, and selling fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods a year, he asked for a raise to fifteen dollars. Unfortunately, this request coincided with the panic of 1893. He was offered $12.50. Joe resigned and joined another ex-employee of the dry-goods firm who had opened a modest real-estate office. The business then consisted in collecting the rents of five houses. The other man wanted him to put in five hundred dollars for an equal partnership, but instead Day offered to double the business in two weeks. Within that time the firm was authorized to collect the rent from a dozen apartment houses. Shortly after, Day sold a twenty-thousand-dollar house. By 1895 he was bringing in nine-tenths of a considerable business. In that year he severed the partnership and opened his own office, at 98 Fifth Avenue. He soon moved to Eighth Avenue and eventually to Liberty Street, where the Day organization now occupies its own five-story building, but the Eighth Avenue office is kept as a branch, out of sentiment.

DAY's bonanza period of auctioneering came after the war, but long before that the elm-lined manors of Riverside Drive and the squatters' shacks in the goat-filled fields between Seventy-second Street and Harlem had been succeeded by brick and mortar in the wake of Day's sales. In rural

Bronx, Flushing, and Long Island City, Day was a pioneer who drove out birds, butterflies, and garter snakes to make way for modest home-owners. In a day when a thick air of quackery enveloped the average real-estate transaction and no lot was knocked down without a tea set or goldfish bowl as a premium, he introduced the revolutionary principle of treating land as reputable merchandise. On the auction stand, carnation in lapel, arms flailing like a windmill, his expressive, mobile face working with excitement, he put on a show which soon got him recognized as the town's most persuasive auctioneer. Time and again doubtful bidders, their budgets exhausted, were hypnotized into further activity. In 1910, he sold eighty-one million dollars' worth of property, an unheard-of total at the time. By 1923, he was unmistakably the one and only of his kind. In that year a hard-headed real-estate operator who had commissioned him to sell the old Sheepshead Bay race track insured his life for a million dollars through the day of the sale.

Part of Day's value has always been his immense resourcefulness. No emergency embarrasses him, and little escapes him that can be turned to his advantage. In 1914, as he was holding forth in a tent at Pelham Parkway and Williamsbridge Road, Henry Clews and a party of friends entered the back of the tent. The Clews car had broken down, and while the chauffeur was fixing it the banker had wandered into the tent, expecting a county fair. Day, who at an early age learned to recognize every man of importance in New York, jumped off the stand, escorted Mr. Clews to a front seat, and introduced him to the gaping crowd. While the chauffeur worked on the engine, Day worked on Clews. When the latter somewhat moodily left the tent twenty minutes later, he owned seventy-six thousand dollars' worth of Pelham real estate.

The Day auction-sales log is the envy of every real-estate man in the country. It includes twenty-three sales which netted over a million dollars each, mostly of large private estates. Day regards the division of the great manors into thousand-dollar lots as a noble reversion of the land to the common people, and a final answer to loose talk of Socialism.

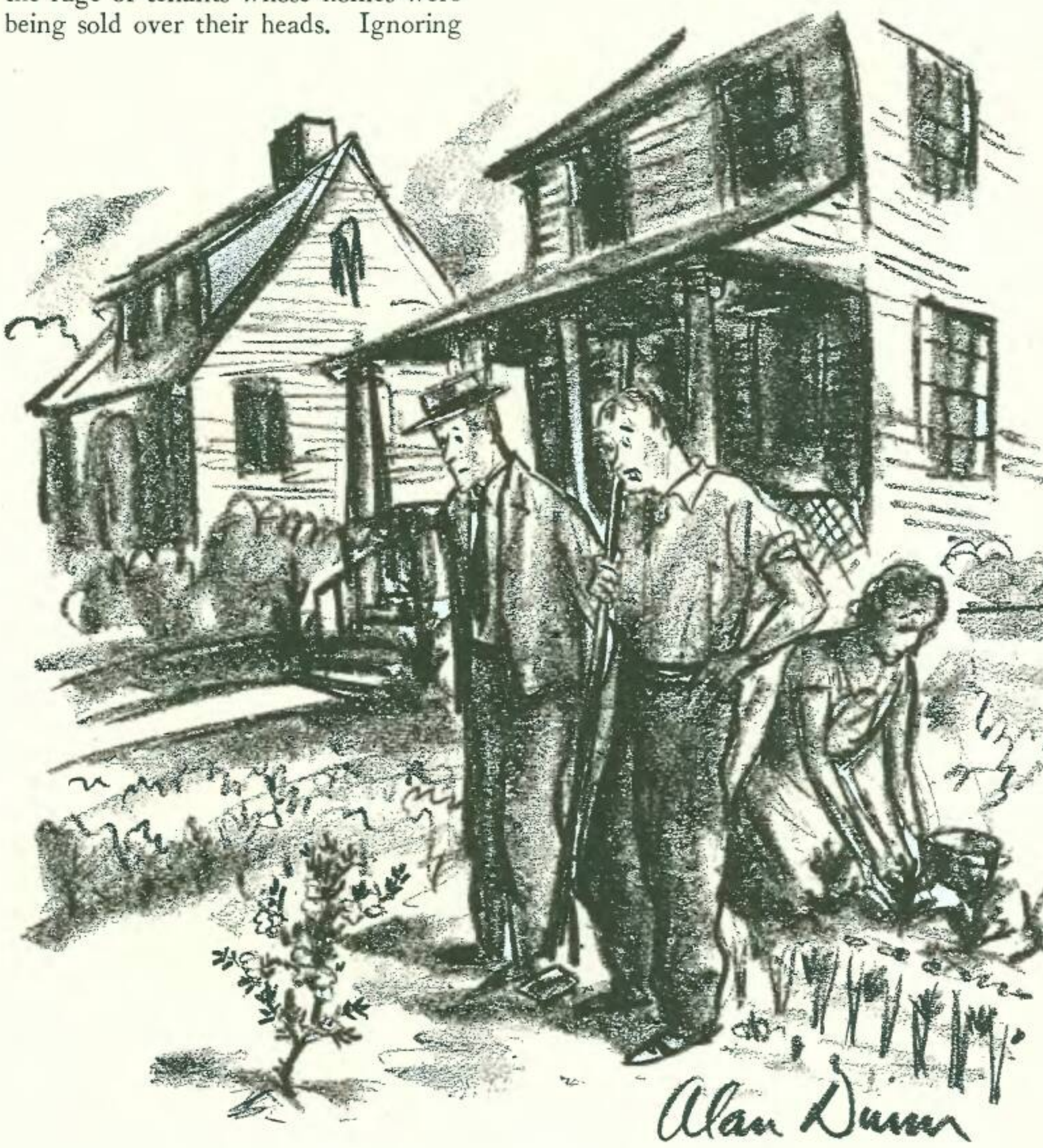
At many of Day's auctions, bidding was so spirited that lieutenants, rushing up and down the aisles, had a hard time picking out the latest bidders, and occasionally Day's zealousness led to bad feeling. Not all bidders took kindly to his cry of "Shoot him at sunrise!" when they dropped out of the bidding, and not a few have walked out on him. He himself likes to recall the time when a disgruntled bidder, in the middle of an auction, yelled "Joe Day doesn't need a horse!" Mr. Day went right on selling. "Joe Day doesn't need a horse!" yelled the man. "Joe Day doesn't need a horse! Joe Day doesn't need a horse! Joe Day—"

"What do you mean, I don't need a horse?" Day yelled back, his interest finally aroused.

"Jesse James had to use a horse!" yelled the man.

Day's unfailing good humor on the stand extricated him from many a tight fix. In 1919, the government asked him to sell 1,898 houses, mostly at Camden, N.J., built during the war to house Shipping Board employees. The Day touch of advertising the affair as "Uncle Sam's auction" didn't mitigate the rage of tenants whose homes were being sold over their heads. Ignoring the fifteen policemen on the stand, they screamed they were going to kill Mr. Day. As the first three lots were knocked down to outside dealers, they hissed the buyers. "Hiss 'em again!" yelled Day. They did. "Now hiss the auctioneer!" yelled Day. The crowd laughed. From then on they were with him. Day sold from two P.M. till midnight and then, it being Sunday, stopped the clock and sold for two hours more. In four days he had, typically, cleaned up the sale. Altogether, Joe Day has sold about one-third of the Bronx, one-third of Queens, a good part of Brooklyn, and considerable portions of northern Jersey and Westchester County.

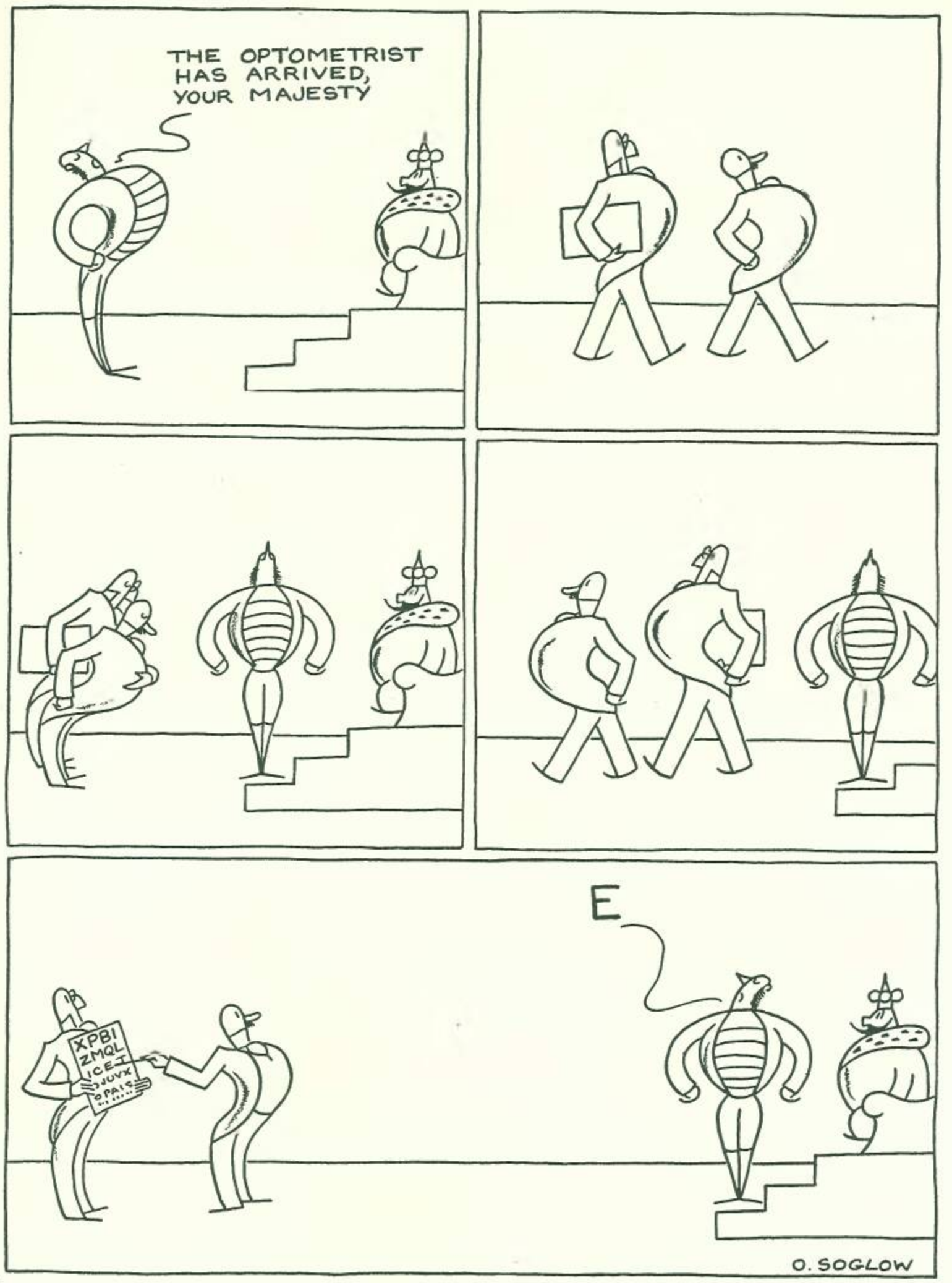
DAY is at his best when stalking really big game, and a private sale to a great corporation is as exciting to him as a public auction of a thousand lots. The signing of the Armistice furnished him with magnificent material. In 1919, in a series of colossal



"All we could afford this season was a Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont."

wangles in which he patiently maneuvered seller and purchaser within dickering distance of each other, he sold half a dozen enormous industrial plants. It was he who, in that and other years, also sold the Empire Building at 71 Broadway for $4,200,000 to the United States Steel Corporation, 60 Wall Street for $6,000,000 to Henry L. Doherty, and the Frank Munsey house in Manhasset to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who bought it by cable from Paris.

Because of the fanatical quality of his salesmanship and his skill as a propagandist, Day is in great demand for philanthropic, civic, and political drives. At Liberty Loan rallies during the war, he sold over fifty million dollars' worth of bonds. His war service began in August, 1914. He happened to be caught in England and was made head of the transportation committee to get sixty thousand Americans home. One of his first acts was to put an engineer named Herbert Hoover in charge of lost luggage. Day has raised money for the Red Cross and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Always a loyal member of Tammany, he was chairman of the committee which raised funds to bring the 1924 Democratic Convention to New York. Today he is chairman of the Tri-State Anti-Pollution Commission, to see that the beaches of New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey are kept reasonably clean. In April, 1920, the thousand-odd persons at the Economic Club's fifty-second annual dinner were thrown into consternation when Day, having succeeded at this function in raising seventy-five hundred dollars toward the construction of the Town Hall by calling for subscriptions first of five thousand dollars and finally of two hundred and fifty dollars, announced that the doors were locked, and then moved that all those present subscribe a hundred dollars toward the fund. Until they had, he calmly intimated, the doors would remain locked. This forthright economic scheme created such apprehension, however, that Day was overruled and people were permitted to leave free of charge. On the other hand, at auctions Day has reproved bidders for being too generous in their offers. On one occasion, when bids were still going up, he actually refused to go beyond a certain maximum. In this instance there was sound theory behind the quixotism. In an estate of several thousand lots, you don't want interest to wane after the first day, as it might if, in the frenzy of the moment, people were allowed to make bids which they might later regret.



Joe Day's auctioneering career began to wane in 1928, investors in that year taking to stock instead of real estate. When stocks broke a year later, Day thought he saw an augury for a real-estate revival. He argued that people burned in the market would return to the land for investment. That his hope was unfulfilled has impaired his income but not his wealth. He is still a rich man. He was a victim of the Florida boom but was not seriously damaged. The chief reason for his present flourishing financial status is his ownership of Manhattan, Brighton, and Oriental beaches at Coney Island —land assessed at nearly ten millions. With twenty-seven thousand bathhouses, several hundred bungalows, a midsummer attendance of up to forty thousand a day, and gigantic sales of hot dogs and drinks, he grosses over a million and a quarter dollars a year, even these days. Day has built a mile and a half of seawall which tapers, pyramid fashion, from a sixty-

foot bottom to a twelve-foot top. Day likes to refer to himself as "the modern Cheops," or "Who was that fellow — Ramsey? — Ramsey? — Rameses."

Day seems completely devoid of the pose and repressions of many self-made men. He is frankly and democratically proud of the days when his name was scrawled all over the town and its environs in his own signature. He is as candidly pleased that his eldest son, Joseph P., Jr., married a descendant of John Jacob Astor. His glass-partitioned private office is on the ground floor of his Liberty Street building, and anyone can walk in.

Crowded with pictures and letters of the great, the walls of the office have a special section devoted to family photographs. Topping innumerable ones of his six children, as well as their early childish drawings, are studies of Mr. Day and his wife, who died last year. Mrs. Day was an invalid, and Day *père* attended largely to the children's bringing-up himself. He still goes along with his married daughters on shopping trips. In town, he lives alone in an old-fashioned apartment on Gramercy Park, but at Pleasant Days, his country place at Short Hills, N.J., he rules the roost in patriarchal fashion, surrounded by children and grandchildren. Japanese dragons and statues of his children embellish the gardens. There are also a large collection of Turkish prayer rugs, murals showing various members of the Day family, and an organ which plays the household to sleep. He likes the opera, and goes regularly to the Metropolitan, often slipping in for a half-hour after some banquet.

Only once has Day been known to express regret that he is of the people. That was in the early years of the war. His talent and penchant for interpreting most phenomena in terms of real estate led him to the theory that the war was caused by Germany's needing more land. He argued that Germany should have made an offer for a part of northern France at a price France couldn't have refused. He wanted to publish page newspaper advertisements proclaiming this as the solution of the European differences, but the papers dissuaded him. He still thinks a broad-scale real-estate transaction would have averted the cataclysm. "If I'd only worn the necessary gold braid or purple robe," he says, "I could have swung that deal."

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

PORTRAIT

Watching the light in your sun-gathered hair,
Searching your eyes, hearing your mouth say
Moving, beautiful words, I am aware
Of my great love, and how it fills my day.
I write this poem that love to declare;
I write this poem your beauty to portray:

Here are the green pavilions of the spring.
Soft from the branches calls the deathless bird.
The young trees tremble; waters fall and sing;
The blunt root swells; the lily's leaves have stirred.

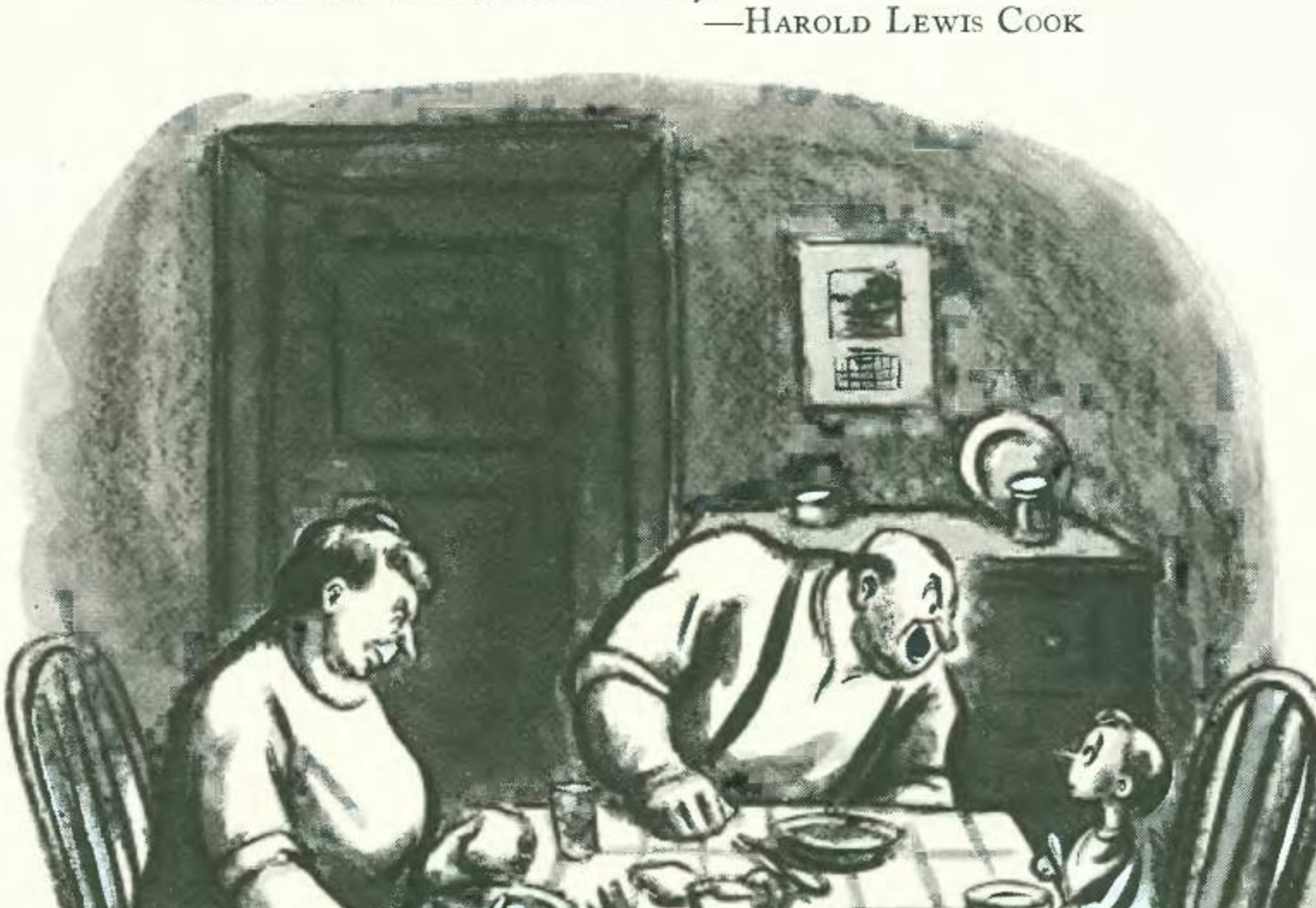
This is a forest so by love designed,
So filled with music and the sun's delight,
That all the longing of the amorous mind,
The heart's numb grief, the soul's aching flight

Are answered here where neither death nor pain
Troubles the wind with crying, where the blood
Sings at its running, where the falling rain
Is scented ever with the opening bud.

Here thought is one with loving; light with dark;
Dreaming with waking; moon and star are one;
Their harmonies the echo of the lark
That soars above this Eden to the sun.

Oh here, where life is laughter in the ground,
Here, where love's a blossom on the tree,
Time is but the setting and the sound
For one who moves to immortality.

—Harold Lewis Cook



"What's wrong wit' oatmeal, if I ain't bein' too inquisitive?"

"I suppose Conrad is one of your favorites."

•

OF ALL THINGS

ROOSEVELT'S disarmament plea boils down to this: The way to make a little army go a long way is to keep it at home.

•

Of course the Japanese will cheerfully agree not to cross international borders with military forces. They always send a man ahead to move the boundary line.

•

Hitler's pacific speech came as a welcome relief to the world. The German government promises not to attack anybody but its own citizens.

•

Soviet Russia is pathetically pleased to get back on our mailing list. It would even be willing to read the *Congressional Record*.

•

The bonus-seekers did not accept those forestry jobs. They heard somewhere that it was bad for the health to work between meals.

•

The new San Francisco earthquake was a much more enjoyable affair than the last one held there. It was so mild and harmless that it was called an earthquake.

•

Everybody was pained to hear of the untimely death of that brilliant baby gorilla in Washington. His admirers believed that he would grow up to become a member of the Brain Trust.

•

By a decision of Secretary Ickes, Hoover Dam is granted an absolute divorce from the last administration and given the right to resume its maiden name.

•

Speakeasies which maliciously and nefariously sell 3.2 beer will be prosecuted, the Mulrooney board says. They must confine themselves to illicit beverages or suffer the penalty of the law.

•

They have perfected a motion-picture camera which will take two thousand frames a second, so now we can have newsreels of Congress passing administration bills.

•

The Hop Light Ladies, with an office in the Empire State Building, are prepared to do all kinds of useful chores at moderate rates. If we were the fusion movement, we'd ask them to send us a nice candidate for Mayor.

•

One of the best things the New Dealer has done is to abolish the multitudinous Hoover commissions. We have nothing to annoy us now but authorities, conservators, and coördinators.

•

The operation of the industrial-control law is to be limited to two years. After that we can cheerfully go back to rugged individualism, which made us what we are today.

•

For the present, Mr. Roosevelt will not make use of the power to inflate the currency or boost farm prices. He hopes that a good look at the dentist's office will stop the ache.

•

"Chicago will be the first to come back," the Chicago *Tribune* advertises. But the teachers have already marked it tardy. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE THEATRE

SUMMING UP

THIS department (the Department of Plant & Structures, in case you have forgotten) would have issued its annual summary of the past theatrical season a long time ago if it had not been for the fact that nobody quite knew when the season was over. It might have been over almost any minute after its opening in September, 1932. But strange people kept on giving shows, and other strange people (a *few* others) kept going to them, and before we knew it, June was just around the corner. (By the way, whatever became of June after she divorced Lord Inverclyde?)

So, basing our deductions solely on the calendar, the Theatrical Season of 1932-33 should be over. But the difference between the Season *finie* and the Season *en fleur* is so slight as to make one wonder if Pirandello wasn't right, after all. Aren't we (pronounced "are-rent we") really just what we think we are? If we *think* the Season is over, isn't it over? And mightn't this really be the Season from now on, if we think it is? Oh well, let's not get gloomy, just before Memorial Day!

As some of you Seniors will remember, it has been our custom to review the past theatrical year and predict the coming one, with a rather cynical summary of the number of times an old gentleman in an ascot tie has said: "I remember your mother, my dear, when she was as beautiful as you are," or the number of times we may expect a runaway wife to be stopped at the foot of the stairs with her traveling case in hand and to turn back, at the fall of the curtain, to try the whole horrid business over again. We have made up purely arbitrary statistics, such as that 482 characters in speakeasy scenes ordered 869 Old-Fashioneds and left them only half-consumed because of the vile cold tea provided by the property man in lieu of rye, and we have predicted that, during the coming year, 64 revue sketches will black-out with the cuckold husband knocking on the closet door and saying "Goodbye, Bill!" or some variant of that original masterpiece.

In short, this type of summary has become such a routine that a cynical reader might almost get up one for himself, with the payoff: "During the season 1933-34 there will be 47 lists made by commentators predicting that 46 comedy characters will say 'Oh, sure!' 486 times."

THE only reason I am not doing the same thing this year is that it has been done, for all time and with staggering completeness, by Mr. George Jean Nathan in his latest book, "Since Ibsen." The boyish Dean of the Death Watch has made the rest of us dilettantes seem like pikers with one hundred and sixty-three pages of dramatic clichés which cover practically every ham situation or line of dialogue that has irritated professional playgoers since Shaw. The jig is up, as far as we are concerned.

One of the remarkable things about Mr. Nathan's book, aside from the incredible industry involved in setting it all down on paper, is the *tour de force* of memory which it represents. Any minor efforts in the same field which I have been able to get printed have been the result of assiduous and astigmatic pencilings on the margins of programs in the semi-dark of the theatre, pencilings which have resulted, as often as not, in indecipherable jumbles of words across each other or an intermingling of my own handwriting with the type of "What the Man Will Wear." The amount of valuable criticism of the Drama which has been lost to posterity through my inability to read it myself the next morning would fill a book as large, though not as astute, as Mr. Nathan's.

AND yet, having dozed in the general vicinity of Mr. Nathan in every theatre in New York for the past ten years, I can swear that he never takes notes. I have even tried to borrow a pencil of him for my own cribbing and have found that he had none. He has sat very straight upright (as long as he has sat) and, aside from an occasional yawn or a peep through his fingers as if he held a pair of imaginary opera glasses (I have never

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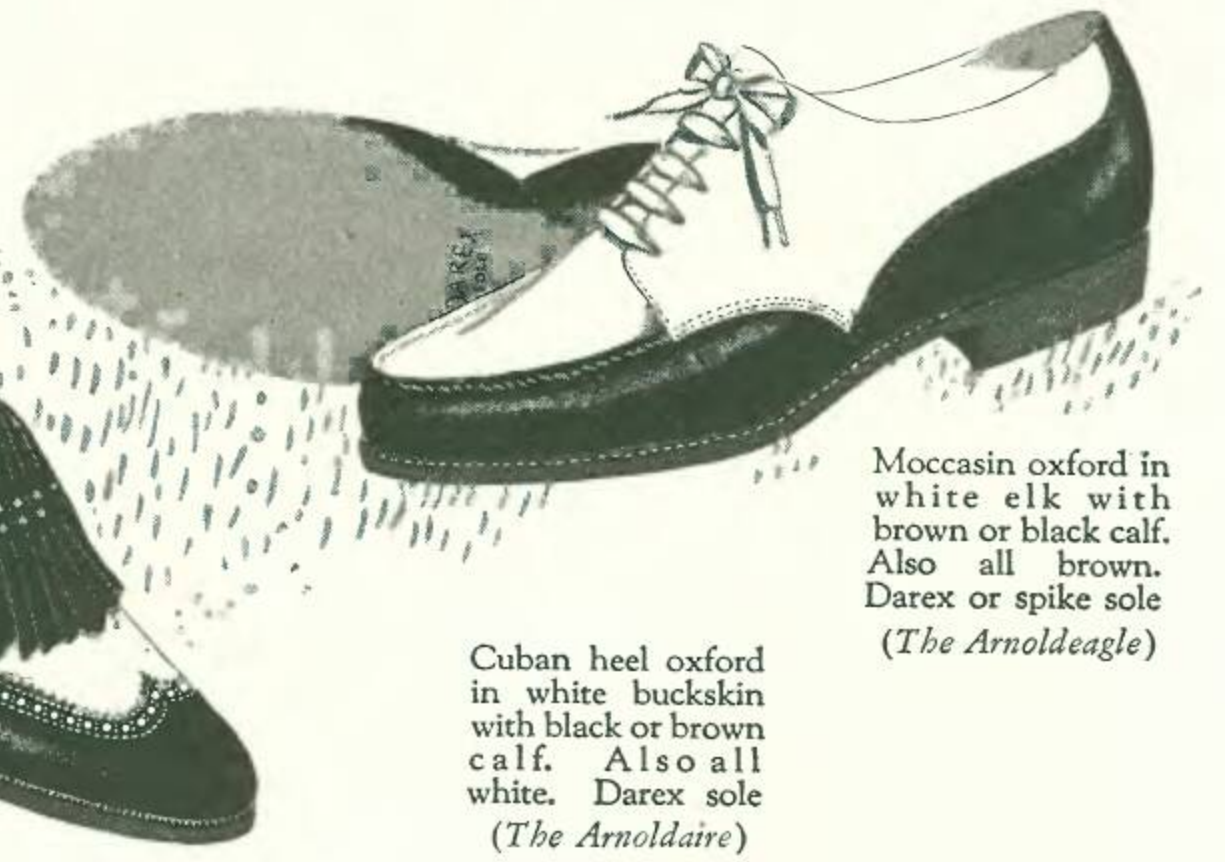

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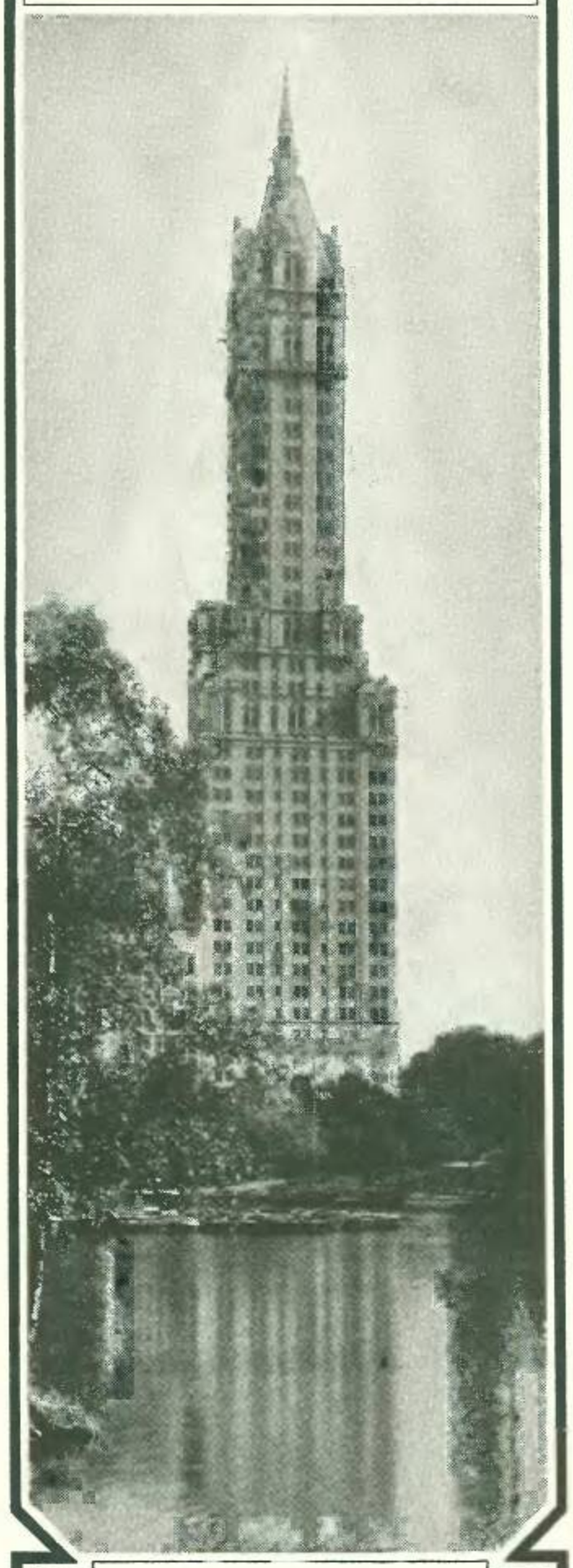

By the day . . .

AT THE

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

on Central Park . . . New York

✣

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

been quite able to figure out what he was up to in this maneuver and have tried it myself, succeeding only in blinding myself completely), he has given no indication of registering anything that was going on behind the footlights, except as material for immediate elimination.

And yet somewhere in the back of that curly head every line that he has heard has made its impression, including "But I can't go on like this, Ma —I don't know why—but I can't—sometimes I feel like I'm stifling!" and "You secured the option on those lots of land belonging to old Mrs. Waxbaum knowing that the railroad was coming this way."

But there is no way to quote from "Since Ibsen" without quoting the whole book. It is a monumental work which should have the effect of putting an end to playwriting—and to dramatic criticism, gosh darn it! It certainly has put an end to the type of article which annually appeared on this page at this season. I hope Mr. Nathan is satisfied. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

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Caviar from pedigreed sturgeon.—*From an advertisement in Punch.*

Britannia's trident
Waves o'er a sea
Where swim only sturgeon
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Instantly know
The difference 'tween licit
And illicit roe.
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With a brave and a free
Proletarian palate,
Ever to be
An actual epicure!
How can I tell
From the scallop his shell
If he's yokel
Or gentry
Or really a swell?
The oyster that harbors
The pinkest of pearls
May still be no kin
To the true oyster earls.
How horribly sad
If the shad
That I had
Sprang from low in the fish scale
And knew not his dad!
My ancestors must have come
Mayflower *steerage*,
For I can't collate menus
With Burke on the Peerage!

—JEAN BATCHELOR

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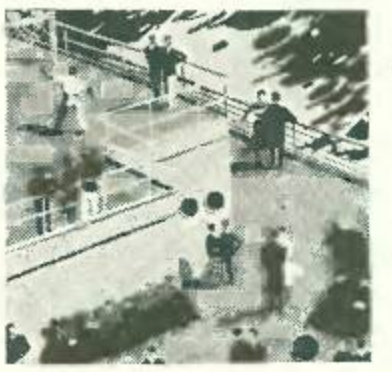

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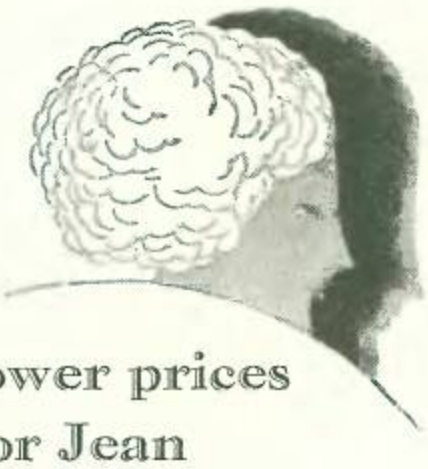

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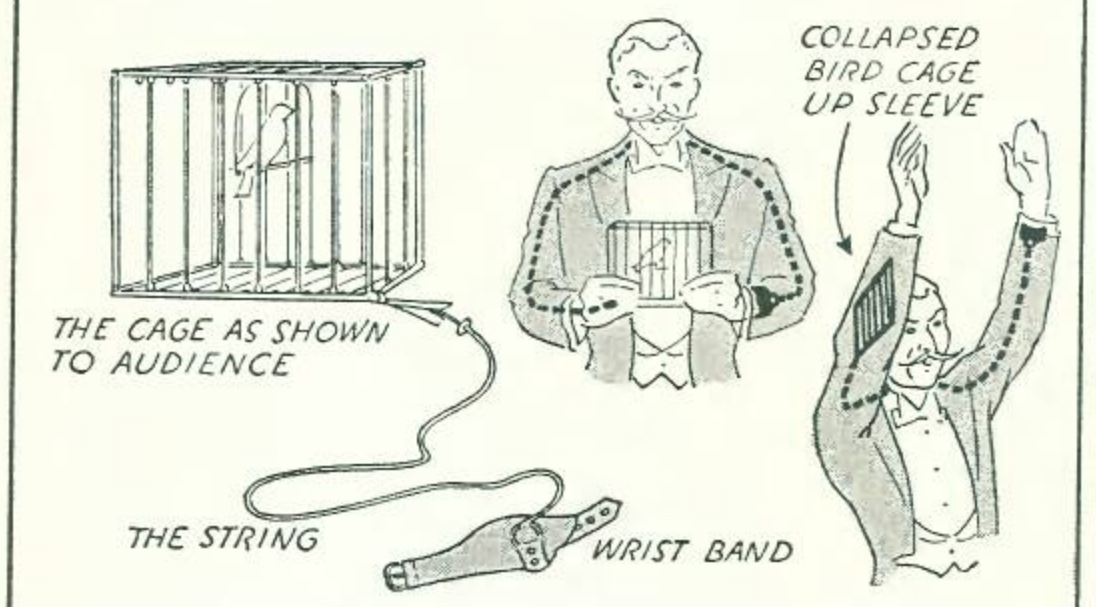

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MIDNIGHT MAGIC

How To Pull A Delicious Hot "Bite" Out Of An Ordinary Ice Box—Presto!

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, MAY 17

AS no one seems to know what the franc and pound will do since the dollar has already done it, life here is temporarily continuing at the old solar-exchange rate of four seasons to the year, with summer selling strong. The Grand-Prix won't be run till late June, but the final music of the horses' hooves is being rehearsed in the momentary symphonies, recitals, operettas, ballets, piano-playings, fiddlings, and songfests which are always Paris' first human sign of the approaching equine *Grande Semaine*. There may be plenty of unemployment but it's not at the gala box offices, the hardest-worked being the Opéra's, which was *ausverkauft* a month in advance for Furtwängler and his Berlin Philharmonic, who between them, and in German, formally opened the Parisian *petite saison*. What the ultra-fashionable audience wanted was his Wagner, and they got it, with "Siegfried" stretching like an elegant elastic band under the Maestro's stick. What they did not want, but what they got, was some anti-Hitler pamphlets dropped on their heads by gallery gods, and Brahms. The same fashionables also got Brahms with Horowitz and Mengelberg; Brahms at the Cortot-Casals-Thibaud series, in which the trio took turns directing one another and the Paris Symphony as soloists; they even got Brahms at the Colonne and with Mahler. For Brahms, Parisians have discovered, was born just one hundred years ago, and they would prefer it had been yesterday, for there could then be no centenary galas of his works. France is the only country left where Brahms is no immortal musical citizen, nor are they going to arrange for his naturalization.

THERE also have been Kreisler bowing once, Paderewski playing near the Park of Versailles, and a première at the Comique of Franz Lehár's ancient "Frasquita," which is clearly part of that house's new summer sop campaign, though with Conchita Supervia, ordinarily its starred Carmen, giving a seriously fine performance.

There has also been ballet, which

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in Paris is the real sign of change in the weather, since it comes fashionably only with late spring. Of the two first major events, Lifar's "Youth" at the Opéra was the less young and eventful, since his waistline is growing middle-aged; the music by Ferroud was cheap Stravinski; and the choreography dated from Nijinska's "Le Train Bleu" of years back, plus Antibes, since the *personnages* were a villain yachtsman, a villainous vamp, and a hero swimming champ—or Lifar himself, dressed up like a pearl-diver. The real hit for dancing was the Jooss Ballet Troupe from the Neue Tanzbühne at Essen, who are going out to America, and you might well meet them at the boat. Last year, the Joosses won the international ballet competition staged here, came back bravely to do a turn in the vulgar Casino, and, with even more courage, recently returned to make their big social success on the paltry platform of the Salle Pleyel. Their star ballet is "The Green Table," which is, if you can believe it, a satire on the Peace Conference at Geneva; they give grand Goya in Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Infanta" and a "Bal Viennois" as filled with whiskers, nankeen, and pose as any sentimental eye could bear. The Joossians are unlike the Russians, being more sturdy and theatrical, less sapped by fashionable sins and private drama.

PERHAPS owing to the excellence of the Gallic adaptation, nothing is left of the New York "Dinner at Eight" except a Parisian theatrical hit entitled "Lundi Huit Heures," just opened at the Ambassadeurs. Names, psychology, wit, city, scene—all have been frenched, and there is nothing original unless it is the program's reference to "Kaufman et Madame Ferber." (We are glad, if Miss Edna has married, that for old times' sake she has kept her maiden name.) The main plot, of course, is still intact, and the piece is fortunately played much faster than the London version. Indeed, Jeanne Cheirel, who as a Madame Gabrielle Jourdan is the unlucky dinner-giver here, plays her part so fast you can hardly understand her, even if you understand French to begin with. Also, the bedroom quarrel scene, with the elephantine Pauley as a husband-Deputy named Triex, has been peppered up *à la française* until it serves the hottest tough words to be had in public to date. The piece is excellently enacted by a cast

APARTMENT SHOPPING—VI

East Side

RIGHT on down from those early settler days our wealthy, home-seeking ancestors wilfully chose the shore of the East River and made it the city's fashionable residence section. They did it because of the natural charm and beauty, the lure of the rushing tides, and to avoid the dashing ox-carts, and other traffic problems of the day. Pretty astute citizens they were too. Archibald Gracie, merchant prince and philanthropist, headed off a lot of traffic-induced nervousness by building a mansion near what is now 88th Street. His mansion, now a museum, is still there and is surrounded by Carl Schurz Park, which retains a great deal of the natural beauty of Mr. Gracie's day. Grass, flowers, trees and even the same old river. But Gracie couldn't head off a stream of famous guests at that time, and now the same story is being told again.

WHICH brings to mind the Vincent Astor houses now in this very charming section, hard by the lapping waves of the East River and the site of the house of his ancestor, the first John Jacob Astor. The same quiet and charm still prevail, but instead of the Gracie and the John Jacob Astor guests there is a swarming army of prospective tenants. They are rapidly leasing the apartments and pretty soon the faster moving invaders will have rented the last of them.

These modern settlers are fast workers when they see the very thin ranks of dollars standing between them and a home. So now is the time for the up-to-the-minute man or woman to shoulder his budget and join the parade to Carl Schurz Park. There never was a parade without a lot of juniors tagging along, and this is an ideal spot for them. Miss Chapin's school is practically next door to one of Mr. Astor's houses, Brearley's is right down the street, other schools for boys and girls are nearby. And if the Park at the side of the river isn't the grandest spot to let the little darlings romp about while mother or nursey relaxes — well, you never saw one!

WELL, to get back into the parade, the first points of review are 520 and 530 East 86th Street. Apartments in these buildings are falling victims to some sharp-shooting tenants practically every day. And why shouldn't they, having in such plain view both River and Park? And in the rear they are open to the gardens of 120 East End Avenue just around the corner. Their rents, too, make them a target, particularly when you see how marvelously well planned and equipped they are. Imagine paying from $1900, $3050 or $2900 upwards for 6, 9, or 10 rooms in a building like 520. And the 9 room private-entrance maisonette for $3000 will just slay you. In No. 530, with somewhat different floor plans, the 9 or 10 rooms are going down to the musketeers' attacks from $2850 and $2750 upwards. All of the 6 room suites have already succumbed.

OF course the prize objective of the tenant army is to occupy 120 East End Avenue. The local chapter of the American Institute of Architects awarded this a citation "for exceptional excellence of plan and harmony between exterior design and interior arrangement", deciding it to be 1932's best. And well they might. For No. 120 has everything. With park and river directly opposite, it has as well its own surrounding gardens. The apartment walls, ceilings, floors and plumbing are soundproofed. The kitchens are ventilated, there are two refrigerators, monel metal pantry sinks, dish warmers, enamelled dressers, all naturally expected after seeing the floor-to-ceiling windows, fireplaces, bay windows and rooms planned for any decorative treatment. With rentals ranging slowly upwards from $4150 for 10 rooms, $4600 for 11 rooms and $5700 for 14 rooms, the avid tenant is on pins and needles till a lease is in his hands. The special units, like pent houses, terraced simplexes and duplexes, 10 to 19 rooms from $5500 to $9600 are exciting the stalkers.

SOME of the army, campaigning on the Park Avenue front, are entrenching themselves in No. 640 and No. 903, the sunny corners of 66th and 79th Streets. Wandering through the galleries, vast stretches of living rooms, libraries and servant's wings of these 16 to 18 room apartments, you feel monarch of all you survey. Here are all the things that spell distinction in capitals. The rents, however, are spoken in the lowered tone one uses in talking of his present income.

AND so, though the budgeteering army has already seized upon many of the Astor apartments for its new quarters, scouts can still be sent out in the form of your faithful brokers to find out what is left. They've had to order new supplies of enlistment papers for the increasing number of recruits to the ranks of Astor tenants.

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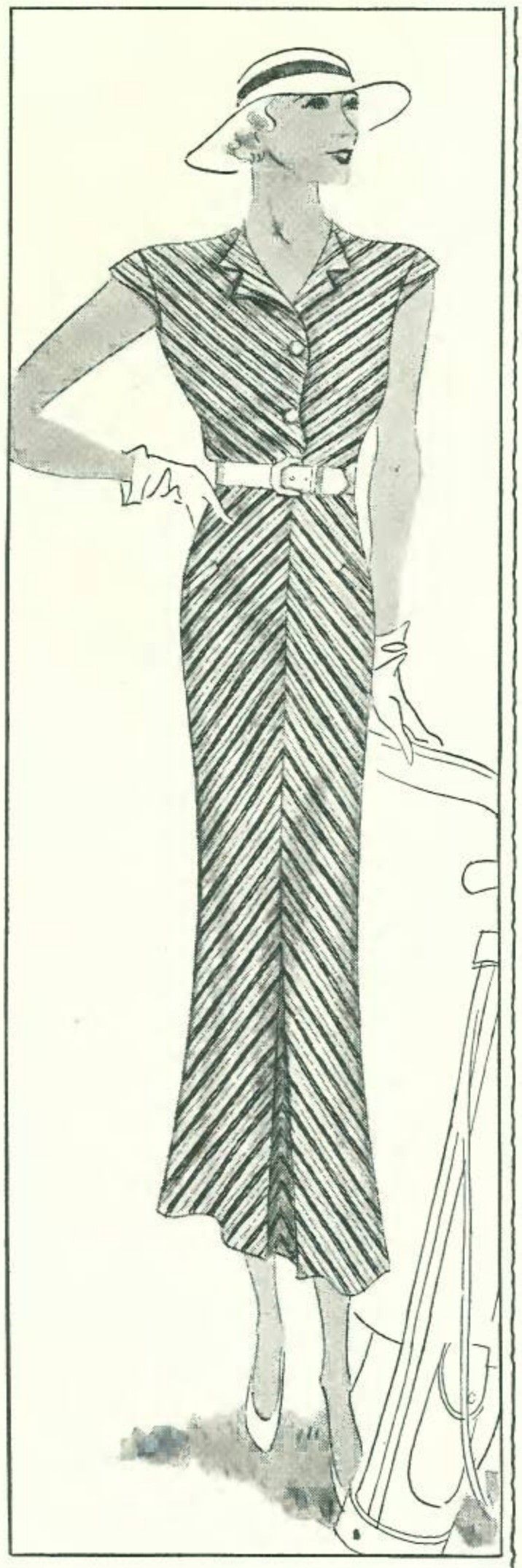

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CLEVELAND DETROIT MIAMI BEACH

of stars so competent that most of them are over fifty.

THE greatest poetess France has ever possessed—and she was really Roumanian—has just expired in the celebrated person of the Comtesse de Noailles, *née* Anna de Brancovan. The funeral floral offerings could not all be contained even in the vast Madeleine but overflowed onto the porch and steps, where they lay like scattered pages of iris, rose, and anemone assembled from her occasional pastoral verse. In life, she was an aristocratic lady with small features and large eyes, who posed prettily with a parasol. But in inspiration, she wrote unclothed by anything except those draperies of anguish, passion, grace, and great human conclusions which dress the rare players of the really golden lyre. Of her school of verse, she was excelled only by Paul Valéry; her passionate friends were the great writer Barrès, and Painlevé. She loved Greek temples and her son, traveled, read the classics, painted flower pictures, suffered from the war as though she had been wounded in it, and of late so lived in lonely retirement that it was said she died of languor. Her malady, which she never admitted, was apparently carcinomatous. Incredulous about her increasing illness, her noble relatives and friends, it is said, failed to call; but her faithful maid peopled her reclusion with imaginary visitors by utilizing old visiting cards of other days, which she presented at the bedside with sympathetic messages. The Comtesse de Noailles died after having said clearly, "I have so loved France and the French."

POLITICANA: The French feel it wasn't worth the customs officers' while to have searched Herriot's diplomatic luggage on his return from America, since he brought nothing tangible back with him. . . . Alfred Fabre-Luce, member of the greatest snobbish commoner family in France, and doubly smart as owners of the Crédit Lyonnais, is founding a Fascist Party which will be called and wear Green Shirts. It will include all the fashionable young intelligentsia. . . . His friend Gaston Bergery, head of the bolting Young Turks, is founding an anti-Fascist Party that can wear what it chooses. It will include all the fashionable young intelligentsia. Thus everything here will be stabilized except the dollar. For you and me, cocktails have risen from twenty-four to thirty-six cents. —GENÊT

SP

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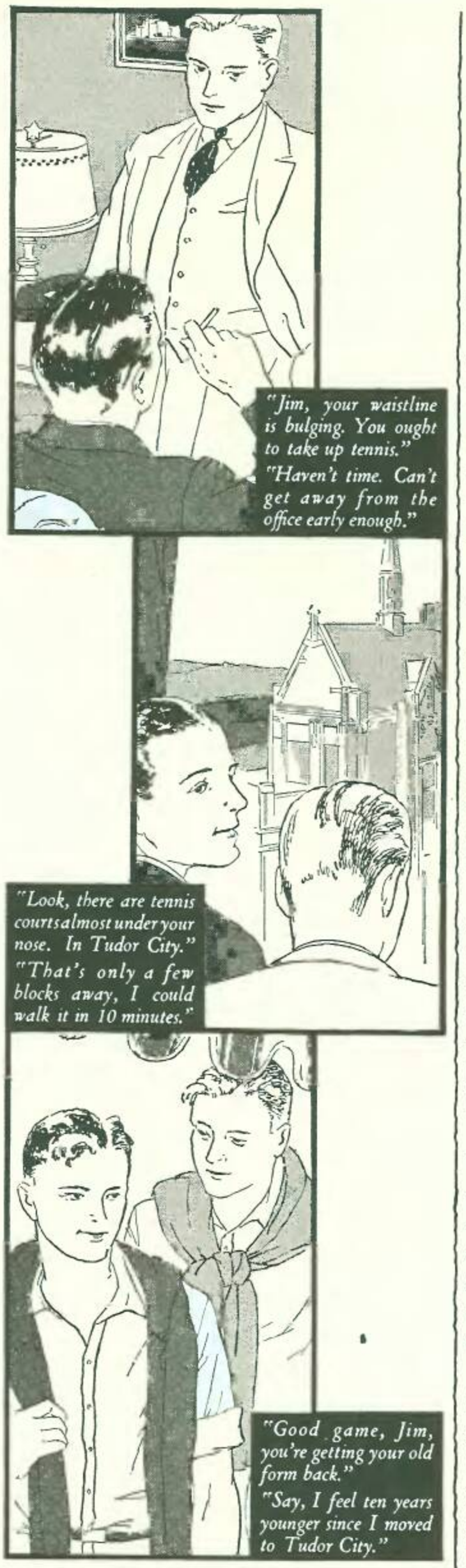

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FORWARD WITH FRIENDSHIP!

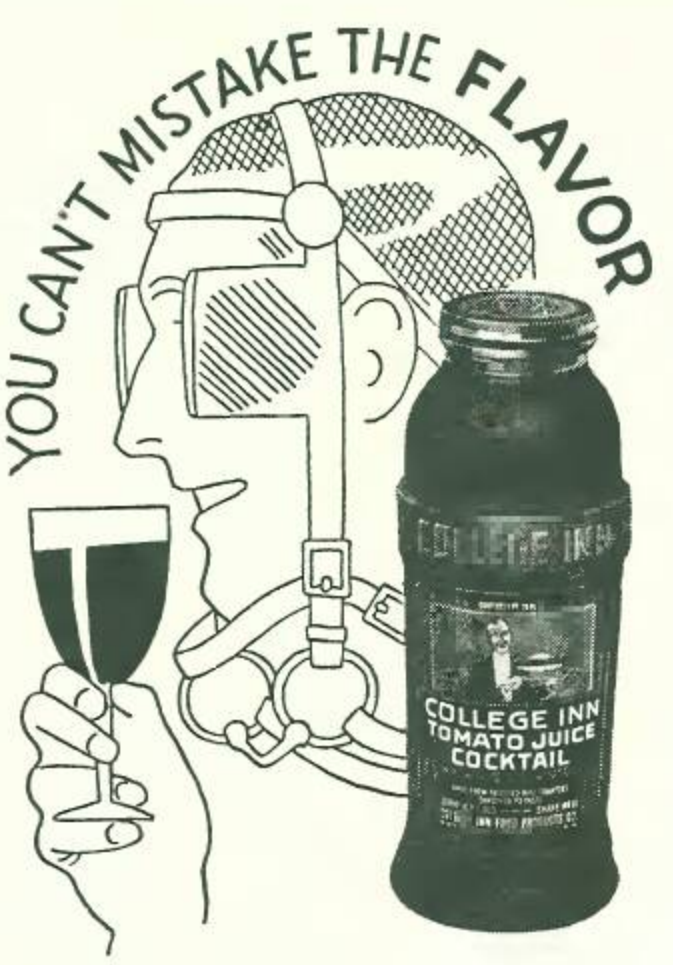
FRIENDS of the Princeton Library—you remember that as the name of the group which gave a dinner to glorify the formal announcement of the Pulitzer Prize-winners. Now, the Pulitzer Prize-winners are neither here nor there. (Of course that's not strictly true, as there are now so many of them underfoot that you can hardly wedge your way onto a subway train without crowding a couple of Pulitzer Prize-winners.) All I mean is that they seem dwarfed by so praiseworthy a group as one calling itself Friends of the Princeton Library.

Of course in one sense it was inevitable, for Lord knows that architecturally the Princeton Library needs all the friends it can round up. Doubtless there will soon be Friends of the Harvard Law School and Friends of the Yale Bowl. Also Friends of the Todhunter School Music-Room and Friends of the Ottumwa Central High School Locker Building.

And why not? What a vast group could rally round as Friends of the Grand Central Terminal! Or a more intimate Friends of the Cos Cob Waiting-Room. And from these to such vast and democratic agglomerations as Friends of the Yankee Stadium and Friends of Manhattan Transfer.

EVEN as I think of it, I am overwhelmed by vistas of sublimity in which the Inanimate at last comes into its own. Friendship has too long been confined to mere people. Let us develop a whole new field of Friendship with Things.

All humanity would gradually knit into congenial groups. Such aristocratic old clans as Friends of the Old-Fashioned Razor and Friends of the Stiff-Bosomed Shirt would flourish alongside Friends of the Illustrated Glass Cocktail-Shaker and Friends of the Chromium Lipstick-Container. After all, the world is large enough for all sorts of loyalties. And if there must be Friends of Picture Postcards from Paris, there can also be Friends of Picture Postcards from Mount Holyoke. I am not the first to remark that great oaks from little acorns grow. Who knows? Inspired by the Friends of the Princeton Library, we may yet behold Friends of the Inflated Rubber Bathing Horse and Friends of the Paramount Lounge. —LEONARD HATCH



Some people are Taste-blind

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE

ASTRAY a few evenings ago in the old library of William and Mary at Williamsburg in Virginia and admonished to silence by the grim female in charge, who kept warning me at the top of her lungs that all about me the young were at their studies, I took down from a shelf the fat volumes of Brand Whitlock's "Belgium" and renewed an old acquaintance with the stirring story he had to tell. From this reunion, I came away with fresh enthusiasm for one character in that story, a great gentleman from Spain whose odd, stiff little figure moved jerkily across the stage of the world war and seems to me now, through the dust and smoke still hanging in the air, as near to a hero as walked the earth in that time.

He was the Marquis of Villalobar. As Spanish Ambassador to Belgium when the rest of the world took up arms, he shared with Whitlock the extra burdens which the war deposited on the doorsteps of the two great neutral embassies in the cockpit of Europe. Fastidious, sensitive, chivalrous, proud, witty, sardonic, the little Marquis, in his huge English car with his chauffeur brave in a livery of red and green, moves like a thread of relieving color through the sombre fabric of Whitlock's story. But not once in the two volumes is there so much as a hint of the dreadful and magnificent truth about Villalobar which must have filled Whitlock with wonder and pity and awe every time he saw him, every time he thought of him.

WHEN, still at his post in Brussels, Villalobar died in the summer of 1926 and the news was cabled to America, the obituary in the New York *Times* next day told all the routine facts about him—his ministry to Washington, his services in the great war—but left untold that single salient fact which still shapes the lingering legend about the man and puts up on the wall of every chancellery in the world a portrait done in whispers. Now surely the full story can be told. Now, while in Tokio and Constantinople and Berlin, in Washington and Brussels and Madrid, there still be men who might bear witness; above all, while I, myself, am still here to read that story, I hope it *will* be told.

For the little Marquis had been born, they say, with a greater blight laid upon him than was the portion even of Sir Richard Calmady. An aging few must still recall Lucas Malet's extraordinary novel of that unhappy baronet who, in obedience to a curse laid upon his line in olden days, was born into the world with the head and torso of a young god, but with feet that came above where his knees should have been—a grotesquely truncated figure that stumbled and scrambled across the world while the heartless laughed and the pitiful turned away. Well, according to the legend I still hope to see filled out and documented, that very curse had been laid also upon the Villalobar line, and this heir to the great house, who was born in 1866, came into the world misshapen in the selfsame fashion. They say there were even heavier odds against him. For his head was hairless and he had only one hand he could let anyone see. The other he carried, whenever possible, thrust into the bosom of his coat. It was, they say, a kind of cloven claw.

I do not know by what heavy and intricate contrivance Villalobar raised himself to the stature of other men and managed a kind of locomotion. It was serviceable enough, however, to carry him to the ends of the earth, and his will lent him seven-league boots. Furthermore, it was so deceptive to one who did not see him move that when first he appeared at court in Madrid, a fledgling diplomat already booked for some minor post in Washington, a great lady—some say the Queen Mother, but I do not believe that part of the legend—turned quickly when she heard his name and told him how as a girl she had visited in his part of Spain and how she had always wondered whatever became of the Villalobar monster. It seems she had heard curious countryside tales of a monster born to the Villalobar line, just such a one as shadowed Glamis Castle in those days and shadows it today. Such a fascinating story, my dear Marquis. Quite gave one the creeps. One heard it everywhere. Had the creature died? Or been killed? Or what?

"Madame," said young Villalobar, with a malicious smile twisting the rich curve of his lips, "I am that monster," and bowing low, he shuffled away, leaving her to wish she had never been born.

WHITLOCK has a hundred anecdotes of the Marquis in his prime—tales of his exquisite tact, of his generous rages, of his devotion to the exiled Eugénie, who had been kind to him when he was a little boy, of his vain, scornful, passionate, night-long fight to save Edith Cavell from a German firing squad. Whitlock tells about a time when a roaring Prussian martinet bellowed at Villalobar only to have the little Marquis, who, of course, spoke German fluently, turn on him and say with glacial calm:

"Pardon, Monsieur, je ne vous comprends pas. Parlez lentement, poliment—et en français."

And about the time when he was halted in his rounds of Brussels by another Prussian, who asked him brusquely what he was doing there. Villalobar, with the accent of history and doom, made answer:

"Sir, what are *you* doing here?" and stumped off about the business of his king.

Whitlock tells all about the spotless, delicately perfumed, and beautiful embassy in the Rue Archimède, filled with the loot of Villalobar's life, gifts from kings and queens, portraits, family silver, even his grandmother's sedan chair. The American Ambassador could not imagine his own workaday forbears associated with a vehicle so elegant. The Italian Ambassador had no such difficulty. "Mine," he said, "were here." And he stepped between the shafts.

Whitlock envied Villalobar the lovely Louis XVI table which served as a desk, with the row of silver dispatch boxes standing like sentinels on its gleaming surface. The Marquis said he had picked it up in a second-hand shop in Toledo. Whitlock sighed and murmured something about the luxury of rummaging in these old European cities. Villalobar interrupted him with a chuckle.

"Oh, it wasn't in *my* Toledo in

Spain," he said, "it was in *your* Toledo in Ohio. That time I was there, you remember, for the carnival; I was going down that street—what's its name? . . ."

Whitlock reports that on that desk and in that embassy, no paper was ever, by any chance, out of place. But he says nothing about the despotism, at once comical and terrifying, whereby that order was maintained. Nor does he tell with what bated breath the Marquis was always served. Nor how each thread of the embassy life, however trivial, had to lead to Villalobar's one available hand. Even when finally the vast concerns of America and England were added to the French and Spanish business, Villalobar would have only one telephone in the embassy. You see, he wanted to hear each message. It might be only the market calling up about the cauliflower. No matter. The Marquis would take the message. It might be a light-o'-love calling up the young third secretary. The Marquis would take that, too. If a picture postcard came for the cook, the Marquis saw it before the cook did.

It was an embassy ruled by a crotchety bachelor. Once Whitlock told Villalobar that had he been born in an unfeathered American nest, he might, with his many and varied talents, have been anything he chose, lawyer, journalist, politician, artist, financier, and certainly as guileful a stage manager as Irving or David Belasco. If Whitlock wondered privately whether, had he so chosen, Villalobar might also have been a husband, he could scarcely have given voice to that inevitable speculation. Yet when he was approaching sixty, Villalobar did marry. He married a cousin whom he had wooed in vain when she was a young girl, and who came to the shelter of his name and power when the long years had played strange tricks on both of them.

But that is another story. What Whitlock saw was an embassy run by a bachelor, and one thing all its staff knew was that the chief would tolerate no physical assistance while anyone was looking. If, as sometimes happened, he fell, the secretary who ventured to help him or even to notice the mishap would go unthanked and soon be mysteriously recalled to Madrid for transfer to some other capital. Not everyone knew this. It is part of the legend that on the night of a wartime Christmas party at the British Embassy in Madrid, in a scuffle under the mistletoe which hung from the chandelier, the Marquis came down with a crash. The lights were put out lest anyone see him getting to his pins. But in Brussels, the consciousness of him was so acute that once when he was mounting the grand stairway at a tremendous post-war reception and slipped as he was nearing the top, a kind of catalepsy seized the whole sumptuous assemblage as over and over, over and over, over and over, that little figure rolled with a tremendous clatter to the foot of the stairs. In the distance an oblivious orchestra was fiddling away for dear life, but among the actual onlookers no one dared breathe. And that agonized paralysis lasted while he righted himself somehow, and, tap-tap-tap, tap-tap-tap, began again—and finished—the difficult ascent.

THERE is a photograph of him in the lovely Spanish Embassy at Washington—taken, I suppose, at the time of his first assignment to this country. Whitlock speaks of him as handsome and here you see why. He is dressed as a Maestrante Knight of Zaragoza, and something in the white cape, the beplumed helmet, and the amused, contemptuous curve of the sensuous lips makes you think of him as having just come from some torchlit conspiratorial gathering in Zenda or Graustark. At the embassy, too, you can find in the files the list of his honors:

> Grand Cross of Charles the Third. Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic. Gold Medal of the Sieges of Zaragoza. Grand Cross of St. Gregory the Great of the Holy See. Grand Cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus of Italy. Grand Cross of the Rising Sun of Japan. Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor of France. Knight Commander of the Order of Christ and of Villaviciosa of Portugal. Lord of the Bedchamber of His Majesty. Maestrante Knight of Zaragoza. Burgess of Brussels. Burgess of Ghent. Burgess of Lille.

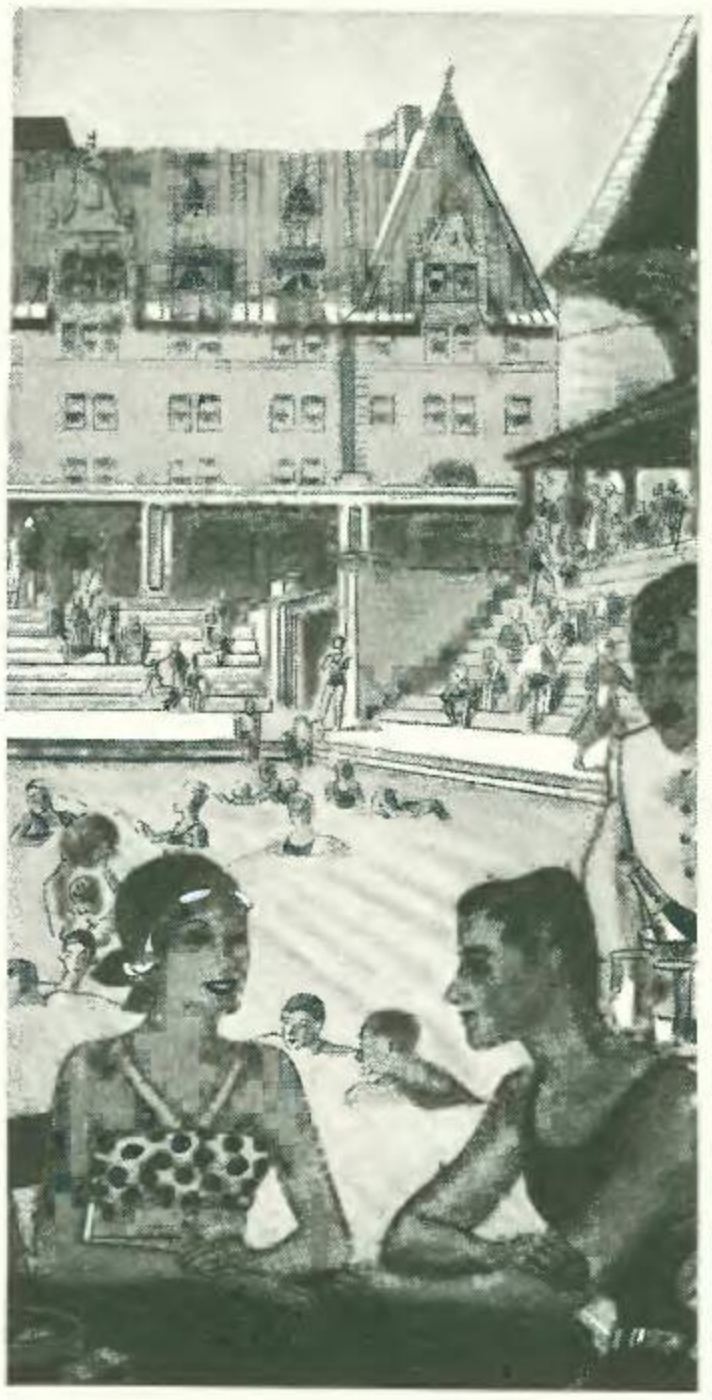
Thus interminably. A little it recalls the list of titles which Thornton Wilder, with wide-open eyes and elegiac voice, read out over the dead princeling in "The Cabala." The list ceased to be a mere string of words and became a roll of drums.

NOT in that embassy, however, nor in any other, but only in far cafés in moments of unleashed confidences will those who worked under him tell the tales that make up the living legend of Villalobar. They still talk in whispers as if a little afraid to this day that he might reach out and punish them. I have heard in Berlin at second-hand—and only so does one even begin to know how great a man their little Marquis was—the experience of one minor secretary who remembers still, and will, I think, remember while he lives, a wartime night in Brussels when he was homing at three in the morning from some clandestine mischief. Silk-hatted and caped resplendent, he was passing through the guarded dark of the Rue Archimède when, as he passed the embassy, he remembered with a panic clutch of fear that he had gone off that afternoon and left an indiscreet paper in full sight on his desk. If only he could let himself into the chancellery wing and retrieve it, there might even yet be a chance that the chief had not seen it.

When, on this slightly burglarious enterprise, the secretary reached his desk in the office, he found the paper gone. But whether the Marquis had seen it and taken it away the young man never really knew. For next morning he was recalled to Madrid with no chance to bid his chief good-bye. But that night, just as he realized his mission was fruitless, he saw there was a light in the hallway at this unaccountable hour and heard a puzzling noise there as of some animal scuttling across the floor. Alarmed, he tiptoed through the intervening rooms, reached the lighted doorway, and on the threshold stood transfixed. He swears he stopped breathing altogether. There on the rug, crouched as if for a spring, was a small, unrecognizable creature clad in some kind of white nightshift. It had a human head. Its burning eyes met his. The witness says that before he could move or force a sound through his paralyzed lips, the creature turned, scampered to the foot of the stairs, and then—a streak of white in the dusk of the stairwell—whisked up and along the gallery and out of sight.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

A new note of economy in New France



Have you been in France? Then you mustn't miss *New* France . . . and the Manoir Richelieu in the very heart of the colony founded by the *grands seigneurs!* Golf course, tennis courts, stable, pool, kitchen and cellar—noted among the appreciative globe trotters of Canada and the United States—all are ready for your enjoyment this year at quite unexpected low rates. $8.00 per day and up, with bath and meals. Open June 23.

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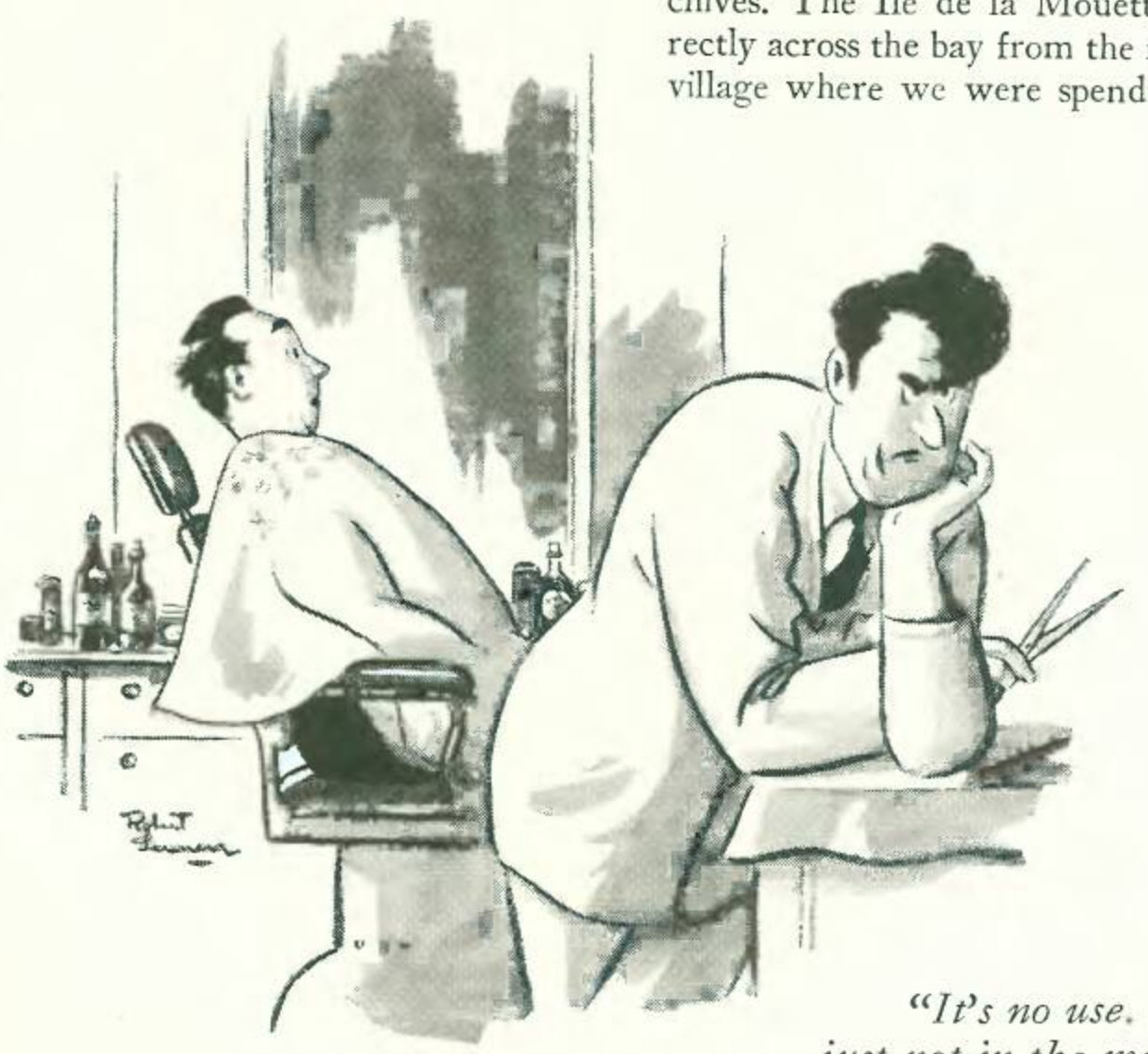
HOTELS HERE AND THERE

LAST RESORT

THE little Île de la Mouette sits low in the shallow sea just off the coast of France. Crescents of shining yellow sand gird its shores, broken by fingers of rough brown rock which push out toward the outlying submarine prairies of ledge and bar, and the soft air that its people breathe is as salty as the very water rippling against its flanks. The beaches are charming, the water crystal-clear and warmed by a mild and faithful sun that makes the island habitable, as a *station balnéaire*, through much of the year, and encourages certain semi-tropical plants like mimosa to flourish beside the native oak and pine. The island is heavily wooded over the northern half, where the small and reputedly select summer colonists live in unpretentious cottages. Sheep and the ordinary small crops support the meagre peasant population, and broad salt fields, formerly profitable, cover the more barren southerly portions. La Mouette possesses the added virtue of being relatively inaccessible to the hordes of vacationists who swarm to the salty margins of their land during July and August like ants in a hot saucer. It can be reached in two ways only: by a narrow causeway over which an automobile may make a slippery dash during the short period of low water, taking care not to skid on seaweed and the lackadaisical remains of purple jellyfish; and by the little steamer that daily crosses the shallow bay from one of the neighboring fishing villages on the mainland. This inaccessibility has made the island a poor risk for the concessionaires who make a summer's living by providing organized gaiety of various kinds along the coast; and, indeed, La Mouette is not the place for people who can't get along without such modern necessities as plumbing, electricity, shops, dancing, and golf. But for those who have had the courage and sense to master simplicity, no better place to loaf away a month or two of soft, sea-scented peace can well be imagined.

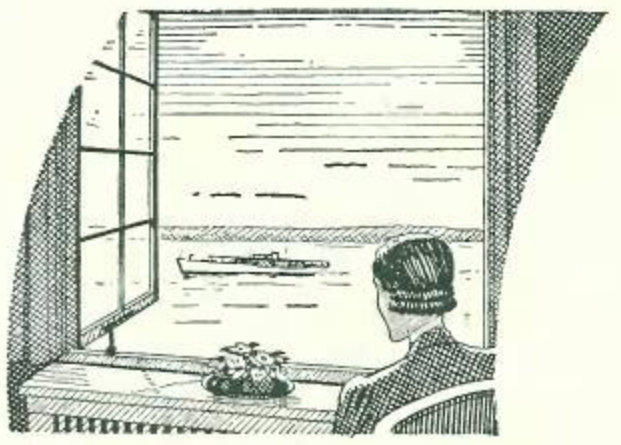
What, then, you may ask with pardonable suspicion, is the serpent in this island paradise, the nigger in the woodpile of this chambered nautilus afloat on a murmurous and silken sea? For the permanent resident, perhaps none; for the casual tourist there lurks the most venomous of serpents, disguised as a summer hotel: the Hôtel du Deligt-Bon, to be exact; the only hotel on the island, a tourist trap of traps, bad to the last drop, distinguished in a land of good hotels and civilized living as a prodigy of badness, and as such affording ample justification for writing about it. Let the enthusiast who insists that bad food cannot be had in France be dragged kicking and screaming to a table at the Hôtel du Deligt-Bon, and there let him learn his error.

TO illustrate, let me cite a case history taken from the family archives. The Île de la Mouette lay directly across the bay from the mainland village where we were spending a re-



"It's no use. I'm just not in the mood."

OVER *by the* RIVER



"Southgate" on Beekman Hill means real living—for less, in apartments for which you're accustomed to pay more. Here is a socially important colony where rent bears no relation to the kind of living enjoyed!

Two to five rooms . . . some with river view . . . dropped living rooms . . . log burning fireplaces. Dining galleries or alcoves . . . casement windows . . . tile bath with every chamber . . . full size kitchens. Also Studios . . . Penthouses and Terraces.

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ON EAST 52nd STREET—BEEKMAN HILL

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ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., May 26.—Will Hooker announced to friends last night at a party in celebration of his 87th birthday that he had just accepted a job as bouncer at the Red Dog night club. "Felt like I needed some kind of light work to occupy my time", Will explained.

For ZEST, drink WALKER-GORDON BACILLUS ACIDOPHILUS MILK! Order from the Borden milkman—or phone Walker 5-7300. Also served at Schrafft's, Liggett's and other Fountains and Restaurants. (Adv.)

cent summer. The steamer Nonchalante stopped daily, so to speak, at our front door on its way over. It all seemed so easy, and, indeed, was easy, on the particular sunny July day we chose for the trip. We got aboard, the ship veered in a zigzag course across the bay, seemingly controlled only by habit or the touch of fate, and presently landed us alongside the island's long wooden pier. The Hôtel du Deligt-Bon, directly behind it, seemed the logical place for lunch later on, and we so marked it down. There was nothing about its exterior to give it away. White, pillared, extensive, it stands back from the beach on a bit of rising land against a wooded background, ostensibly no different from a hundred other well-regulated seaside hotels. We hired a rig, and spent the morning seeing the island sights: a thirteenth-century château, square and sturdy, with high gray walls of weathered stone, turrets, dungeons, and moat; a somewhat more ancient, but modernized, church near it. We did our duty, and toward noon drove back to the hotel for a swim from the pretty little beach, and started thinking seriously about lunch.

AT close range, the hotel dwindled in size and impressiveness, and assumed a habit of shabby, gimcrack pretentiousness. Luncheon tables were set out on the narrow, sandy terrace, facing the bay and the distant, low coastline beyond, and at the tables dozens of French families were already eating away after their fashion, which seems eternally based on a conviction that each meal may be their last. We sat down at one of the few remaining tables, our slight feeling of disappointment overlaid by honest hunger and by the certainty that, being in France, we might be reasonably sure of a decent lunch.

The table itself did nothing to encourage such optimism. Except for yesterday's crumbs, a pile of steel knives and great trident forks, and a tablecloth frescoed with remnants of an earlier meal, it was quite bare. We took turns at the menu. It looked like last week's; the flies had been at it. Hors-d'œuvre, omelet, lobster, fruit, coffee: *prix fixe*, fifteen francs, pretty expensive for those parts. After reading the menu through and through, we looked at our neighbors, and marveled once again at their clothes. I made my usual bootless effort to catch a waitress' eye, and fell to wondering, as usual, what there was about me that repelled the attendants of dining-rooms and such. I soon be-

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came aware of an undercurrent of gloom on the terrace and traced it to the neighboring lunchers. A bad omen: French families, like those of other nations, often appear angry and discouraged in public, but hardly ever while at table. Could the food be responsible? I took a surreptitious peek over the shoulder and through the mustaches of the stout *papa* at the next table, and decided it might be. Still, he was eating it; so was his wife, so were Anne-Marie, Robert, Hortense, Philippe, and little Gigi on her mother's lap, whom Mother kept kissing between mouthfuls.

A hot, elderly waitress went winging by; she shook off my futile grab, muttering over her shoulder that one could not serve all at once, sacred name. Whereupon I got up, avoiding the eye of my wife and the conjugal expression I felt pretty sure it contained, and set out in search of the seat of authority. I found it in the kitchen, at the farther end of the terrace. The kitchen was not clean; neither was the vast red female busily tearing lobsters apart in her bare hands, indifferent to her victims' juices squirting over her person; neither were the two greasy little girls rinsing dishes in a tub of brackish water, which, like the little girls, looked ready for relief. None of this trio glanced up from her work. I passed to the *caisse* near the door and spoke to the proprietor, a grim-looking woman with yellow hair and powdered face, who appeared content with herself and the world. To my plea that my wife and children were starving on the terrace, she returned an indifferent shrug and the observation that everything possible was being done. Then she went back to her fingernails, and I to my family. There, to my surprise, I found that the miracle of the loaves and fishes had been reënacted during my absence: the waitress had left behind her a basket of stale bread and a little school of salt herring, lying limp and dejected in a pool of oil; also a few brownish olives, and radishes whose substance

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Ask your grocer for a jar of Amber Brand Deviled Smithfield Ham. Grand for sandwiches, canapes, salads—and wonderful in recipes of every kind.

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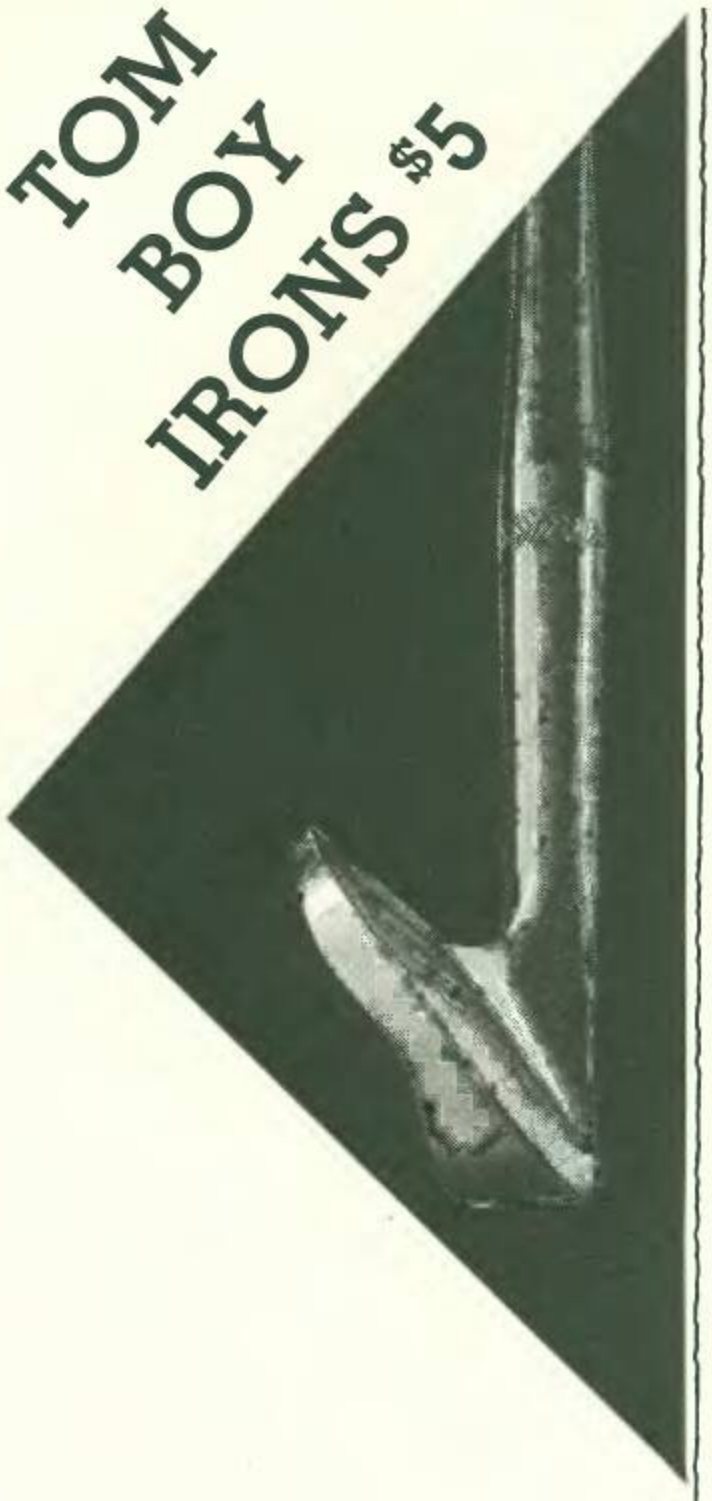

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The new "Biflector Back" is the outstanding refinement of these famous irons. Designed so that the lower weight forces the club head to come through *but* the compensating weight at the top of the club head keeps the ball from "skying" which actually produces *longer* drives. Another big feature is the Bulger Grip. This gives more of that confident feel in the left hand and more perfect control. Steel shafted—chrome plated, satin finished heads. These Hagen Tom Boy $5 Irons offer the greatest value on the market.

The International Tom Boy Irons are the last word in advanced development. Stainless steel—in matched and registered sets. Priced at $8 each. These beautiful models have the new "Bi-Taper" steel shafts which produce that sweetest of all "feels" and give that added power and punch. No longer is it necessary to play with anything but the best. Hagen Woods and Irons are all quality clubs. Priced from $2 up!

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had been partly nibbled away by the little creatures of the soil. A larger dish held what might have been meant for potato salad, and which was aptly described by my daughter Jean, the family realist, as having been taken from an old Irish stew. However, to justify our boasts of hunger we each took a bit and mumbled it, then got rid of the samples with the degree of elegance consistent with our several ages—except the young Jimmy, who has been notorious from birth for his willingness to eat anything and plenty of it. Him we watched set stolidly to work; amazed, repelled, and envious. My wife said: "Anyway, the omelet ought to be edible. And hot." "Maybe," muttered Jeanie.

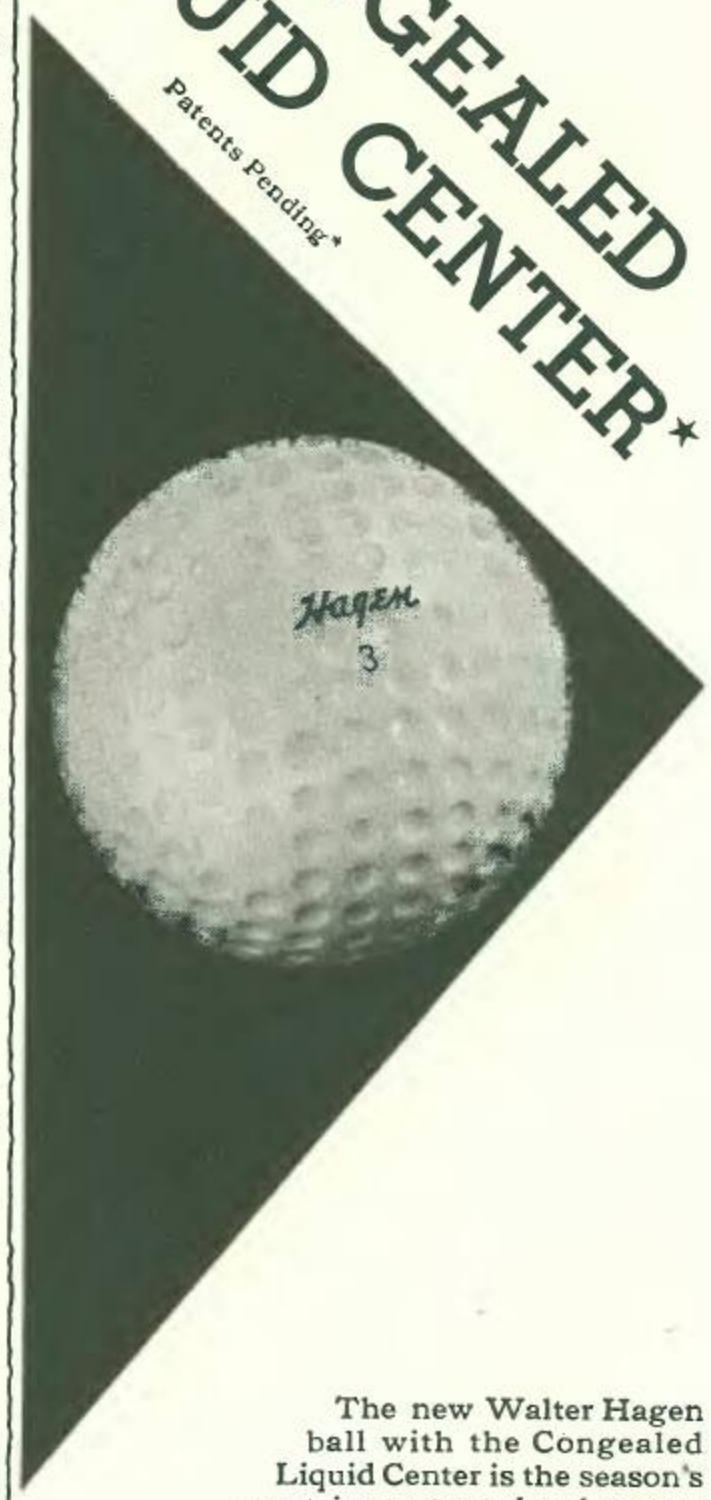
IT must have been about twenty minutes later that the girl thumped a bottle on the table. I poured a little of its contents into my glass. It looked muddy, thin, venomous, and pale, like nothing that ever came out of a bottle before, and tasted worse. Curious for the facts, I snatched at an errant waitress and learned that it was cider. I asked for Évian water instead, and wine, but she admitted that there was none of either. "*Rien que le cidre, Monsieur.*" I said "Ah!" and felt I'd done pretty well with that expressive monosyllable.

The First Waitress, the one we had known earlier in life, steamed up with a platter containing hunks of cold lobster resting upon cerements of flaccid lettuce beneath a blanket of stiff yellow gluten, and abandoned it under my nose. I grabbed her before she could get away, and reminded her of the omelet, the menu held up as witness. She regretted—though she looked too tired for regret—that without eggs there could be no omelet. And the eggs were finished. Everybody, it seemed, had wanted eggs that day.

My ladies sighed, gazed gloomily at the gobbets of lobster I dished out for them, and waited, as I also waited, for a rush of courage, optimism, hunger—anything to make starting possible. And I am sorry to add that they did not take my brief lecture on the virtues of making the best of things in at all the right spirit. They said nothing. But in their faces I read the old, old, true story which relates that women don't have to make the best of things, that when they want something they go out and get it. Even the best and freshest of French lobsters have something of the flavor and consistency of cotton wool; they lack the clean, sweet, sea-flavor of our

NEW WALTER HAGEN BALL with CONGEALED LIQUID CENTER*

Patents Pending



The new Walter Hagen ball with the Congealed Liquid Center is the season's most important development in golf balls.

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For astonishing distance and accuracy try the Hagen Congealed Liquid Center ball. 65c. Also new Hagen balls at 50c—35c—25c.

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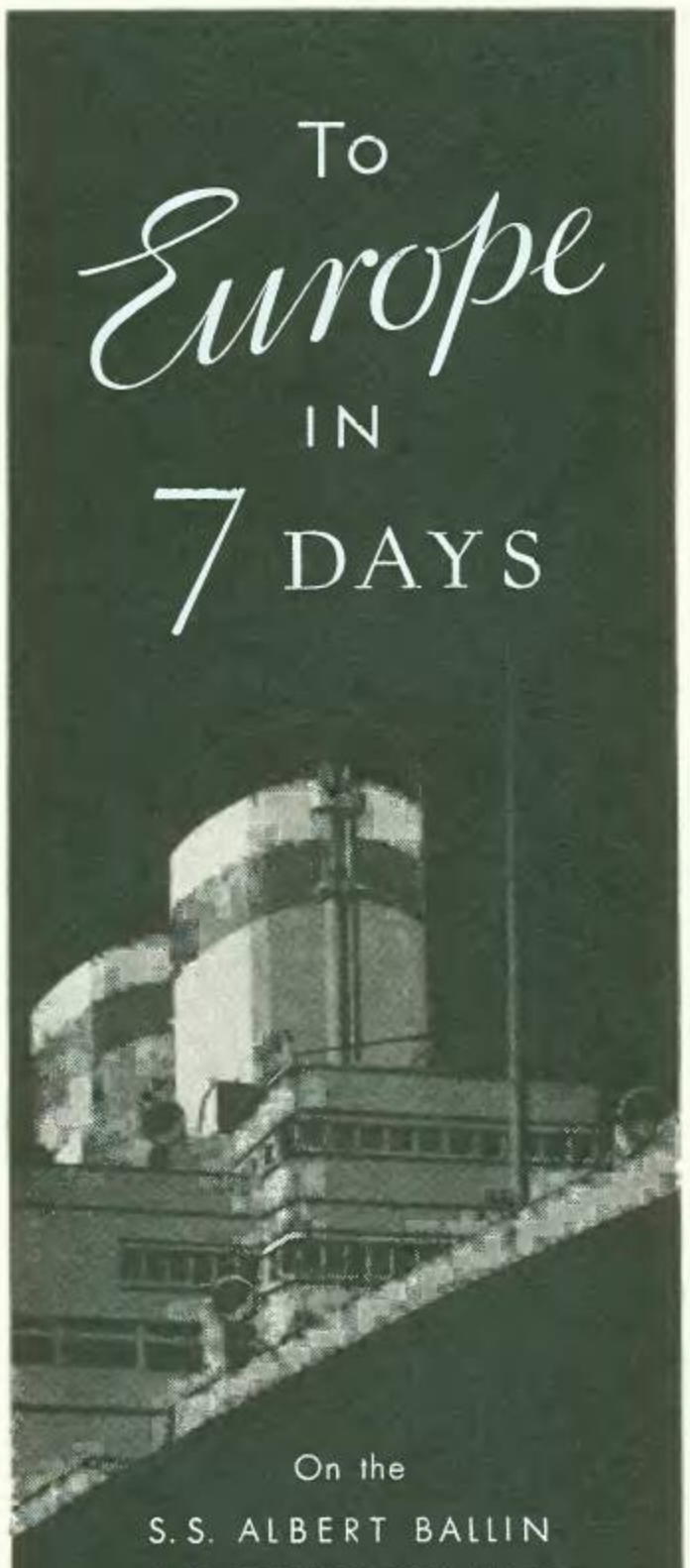
To *Europe* IN 7 DAYS



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own breed. But the lobster before us tasted like nothing that ever came out of salt water; and I wondered, as I tried secretly to get rid of my test mouthful, from what crustacean Potter's Field it had been dug, and how long ago. We lay down on the job, and, still fascinated, went back to watching Jimmy eat, which he did, as usual, with the dogged detachment of a laborer shoveling dirt into a hole. He *seemed* all right, so far: that red, congested look was normality in the mealtime Jimmy.

TIME continued to pass, and nothing continued to happen, except that the chairs got no softer, our hunger perished, and most of our neighbors finished and went away. The sun continued to beat down. The yellow sauce and Jimmy's eyes glazed over with a thin, mortal film. The remains of the lobster appeared to be disintegrating under our very noses. None of us pinned much faith on the fruit course, and when it came, sure enough, it consisted of aged oranges, juiceless, but pure from having kept their skins, and therefore edible. Neither my wife nor I was optimistic enough to taste the watery-looking coffee.

My wife got up: "Come on, Jean," she said. "I know what let's do—get some chocolate at that store." I waited to pay the bill, and for Jimmy to finish, and listened to the thoughts in my head. I wouldn't, I reflected, have believed it possible. The utter negation of everything French. No pride—the first time I'd met it. And just because it was the only hotel . . . But it was so unlike them.

The waitress brought the bill, and I tipped her; more than she deserved, no doubt. Anyway, I thought, getting up, if the hotel had been any good, the island probably wouldn't. You can't have everything. —DONALD MOFFAT

•

HEARST RANCH, SAN SIMEON, Cal., April 29.—This is W. R. Hearst's birthday, and Americans hope that he will see many returns of April twenty-ninth.

Washington established this country, Lincoln preserved it, Edison lighted it, Ford put it on wheels, and Hearst makes men think.—*Arthur Brisbane in the American.*

Twice.

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia, (AP).—The Sellier and Bellot Munition Company announced today the payment of a 20 percent dividend.

The Marcel Permanent Wave that reveals YOU!

The Marcel Permanent Wave with perfect ringlet ends which requires no finger waving—enables you to set your own hair perfectly after a shampoo or swim. Skillfully executed by our staff of expert hair stylists, who reveal your fine features with charming distinctness—and whose extensive experience with all textures of hair assures you of perfect results.

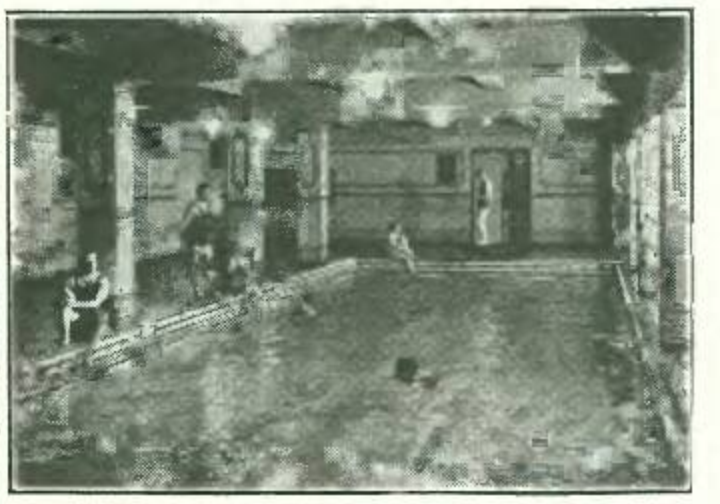
All work under the personal supervision of George Kremer—fully guaranteed. Moderate Prices.

Hair coloring—**Roux Supertint** used exclusively.

Phones VAnderbilt 3-1365-6-7-8
Write for Booklet A

GEORGE KREMER
9 E. 45th St. NEW YORK

Why go to the country?



Life guards always in attendance

OVERLOOKING the Hudson, adjoining Riverside Park, with sunlit, airy rooms, sun deck, tennis court, swimming pool and school, Hotel Park Crescent affords an ideal home for people with children.

•

Rates are moderate for both transient and permanent guests

•

Hotel Park Crescent
Riverside Drive at 87th Street
New York

Harmon Hagenbuckle *Manager*

OVER THE WAVES

Hail to the Chief

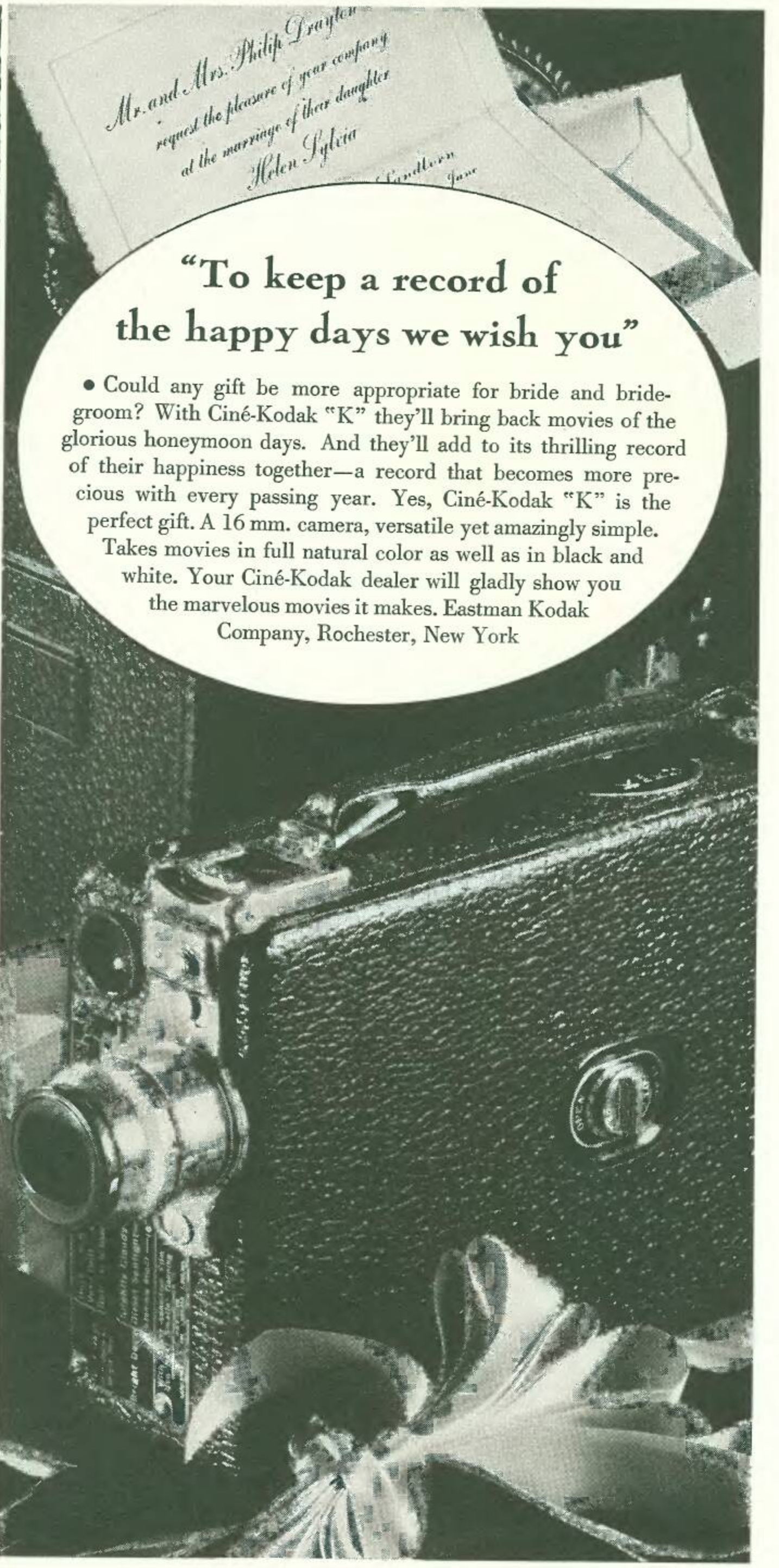
DO NOT DISTURB, N.Y.

TODAY, Graham, the program is going to be different. In place of picking on Mr. Vallée's taste in songs or his sponsor's taste in advertising, I intend to deal principally with the mountain's visit to Mahomet, the former having been ordered by his personal physician to snap out of it and move around regardless of inflated feet, and consort with somebody besides waiters, maids, bellhops, and George S. Kaufman, no matter if he could find no better substitute than a radio comedian.

Well, it happened that I could find no better substitute than a radio comedian, since a call on him meant combining business with slumber, the business being to acquaint myself with the truth concerning this new radio venture of his (I am referring to Mr. Wynn) which you probably know all about, but news of which was published while I was out of a newspaper's reach; and the chance for slumber coming while he tried to explain why the new venture was bound to be a success, it being an old habit of mine, and one of the many that made me what I am today, to doze off while people are trying to explain why things are bound to be a success.

Mr. Wynn telephoned me, in confidence, that the name of the new concern was the Amalgamated Broadcasting System, that that was also the name of the building in which it was housed, that the building was at 501 Madison Avenue, and that he would see me at once if I sent my name in. I learned later that he would have seen me just as at once if I had sent in the name of George Spelvin or Earl Benham. There is likely, however, to be a slight delay for any visitor on account of the fact that the System occupies three entire floors and the boy assigned to locate the boss has to go over each with a vacuum cleaner. The room where the vacuum makes the most noise is either where Ed is or where he ain't.

I HAD the good luck to find him in his private office. Anybody has got to have good luck to find him in his



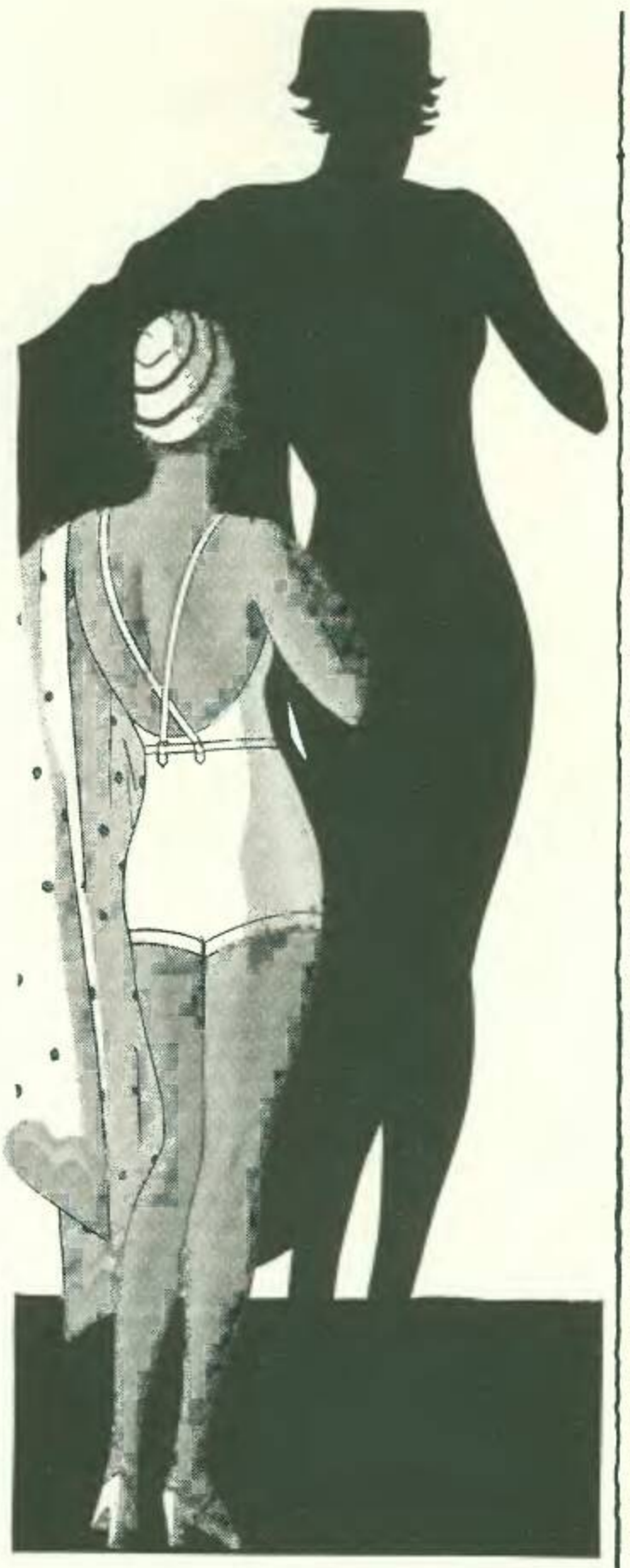
"To keep a record of the happy days we wish you"

• Could any gift be more appropriate for bride and bridegroom? With Ciné-Kodak "K" they'll bring back movies of the glorious honeymoon days. And they'll add to its thrilling record of their happiness together—a record that becomes more precious with every passing year. Yes, Ciné-Kodak "K" is the perfect gift. A 16 mm. camera, versatile yet amazingly simple. Takes movies in full natural color as well as in black and white. Your Ciné-Kodak dealer will gladly show you the marvelous movies it makes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York

CINÉ-KODAK "K"

EASTMAN'S FINEST MOVIE CAMERA

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK



JANTZEN MOLDED-FIT
MAILLOT

Yes! This is the favored skirtless suit of the Continent exclusively adapted by Jantzen to American style tastes and needs. It has three back designs . . . the cross strap, the square back, and the necklace type for sun bathing. ¶ The Jantzen Molded-Fit Maillot, fashioned from new Krinkle-Knit rough texture fabric of amazing two-way elasticity, molds the body in beautiful slenderizing lines. ¶ Price $8.00. ¶ Other Molded-Fit Jantzens $5.00 to $9.50. Standard Jantzens at $3.95.

Jantzen
MOLDED-FIT
swimming suits
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
Plants in Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada
London, England; Sydney, Australia

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 132), Portland, Oregon
Please send me your style folder in colors "The Answer to Nude Bathing" featuring new 1933 styles. Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name _____

Address _____

private office. Calling it an office is like referring to Russia as a building plot. Relays of dog teams take you from the entrance to Mr. Wynn's desk. He has no idea that his radio idea will flop, but if it should, he can certainly get even on this last-named piece of furniture, renting out one-sixteenth of it as a public dance hall, another sixteenth as a roller rink, and the remaining seven-eighths as the Chicago World's Fair Grounds in case inclement weather makes it desirable to hold that event under cover, where it probably ought to be.

If "office" is a reticent title for Mr. Wynn's headquarters, the descriptive adjective "private" is putting it mildly, to say the least. You can't possibly get into the place without pushing any one of the five or six entrance doors, and during my brief half-hour's stay (or maybe it just seemed that long), during which the orders were that we must not be disturbed, the list of other visitors included a priest, an interior decorator, a tapestry putter-upper, a tapestry taker-downer, Mr. Wynn's right-hand man, whose name, believe it or no, is Mr. Ota Gygi, Mr. Wynn's son, Keenan, and a woman from a laundry who doesn't shrink. Moreover, no one is permitted to speak to Mr. Wynn on the telephone personally without asking for him by name. Thus you can't talk to Mr. Wynn by asking for Mayor O'Brien or Nellie Revell. When all the employees have been on their jobs a little longer and things are clicking properly, Mr. Wynn will be as secluded as a bell captain.

This was the first time I had seen the Perfect Chief since he decided to let his hair grow long again. Just now it is at the annoying stage where you have to pin it in the back, but it will be ready to braid in another week or two. In front it is still a great deal like the writer's except that the scalp is naturally curlier.

ON the chance that you already know the Amalgamated System's scheme, I will report it as briefly as possible. There will be enough daily programs of big-time acts to supply, at a reasonable rental, the small independent stations in towns like Kalamazoo, Americus, Oconomowoc, and Tucson which can't afford what the two big networks charge them at present and are obliged to depend largely on local talent and phonograph records. If these stations can obtain sponsors for the acts, so much the better for them, but the advertising must be limited both

At
FACE VALUE

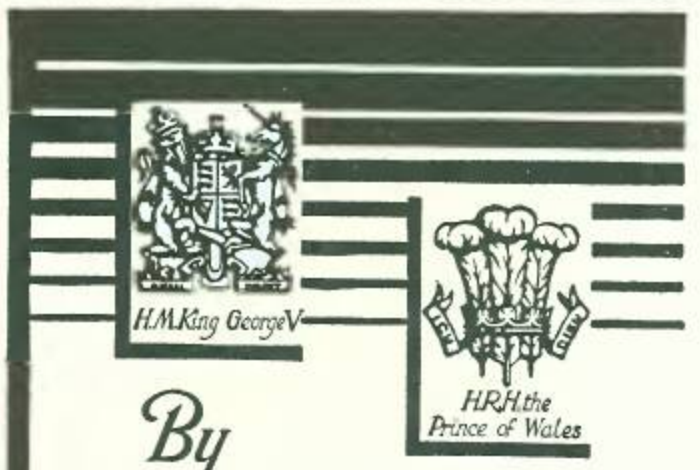
THOUSANDS of smart New Yorkers are adding to their "face value" with TRULIP. It brings *natural*, vivid attractiveness because it's *transparent*. And TRULIP stays put—won't come off at the wrong moment to compromise escorts.

Measured by its value to *your* face, TRULIP is worth far more than the single dollar it costs, at leading stores in New York and elsewhere. You'll love its subtle fragrance and its ultra "moderne" scarlet and gold case.

TRULIP
STICK
$1

In two transparent shades—light and medium—at leading department stores in New York and all principal cities.

DALARA • 511 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



By appointment

Perhaps "Clothes do not *make* the man"—but smart tailoring and distinguished materials certainly play an important part in promoting social and commercial success.

Bernard Weatherill INC
TAILORS
677 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK
Only Branch in U.S. of Bernard Weatherill, Ltd., of London, Royal Warrant Holders.

as to time and number of words and must come only at the beginning or the end of the program, or both, but never in the midst of it.

Thus, at the beginning: "The following fifteen-minute program, by Ray Perkins and Victor Arden's Orchestra, is given you with the compliments of Richter's Drug Store." Or at the finish: "The program to which you have just listened was given you with the compliments of Richter's Drug Store. Advertisements of merchandise sold at this store will be found in the Niles *Daily Star*." Naturally, Mr. Wynn will perform on some of these programs himself. So will other stars whom you now hear only over the two big networks. I can't tell you who they are. I don't know. Possibly because I didn't ask.

"If they want to do more advertising than that," said Mr. Wynn, "it will have to be done in a kidding way. No radio advertising ought to be serious."

Which was my first intimation that any had been.

"YOU know," he continued, "I have always had a heroic strain in me. My primary motive in this venture is to save the actor. My secondary motive is to save the little fellow —the small, independent station that can't exist unless some scheme such as mine is brought to its rescue."

"What if you fail?" I asked, in a stupor to hear what reply I would get from one who had always had a heroic strain in him.

He led me to the window and pointed down.

"Twenty-five stories," he said.

"I'm sorry," I replied, "but I don't believe I have time for more than one right now, especially if it's about Mahatma Gandhi."

"Can't I tell one about Mahatma Gandhi if it isn't about his clothes?"

"Why the plural?" I said. "You can tell just one about him if it isn't about his clo."

"Well," said Mr. Wynn, "once there was a little girl and her father bought her some gumdrops and she left them in the house while she went out to play. Tired of playing, she went back into the house. The gumdrops had disappeared. No one had been in the house but her mother. The little girl, overwhelmed with grief, ran into the yard crying bitterly. 'Oh, Robinson,' said her father, 'why do you crusoe?' He called her Robinson. 'Because,' she said, 'Mahatma Gandhi.'"

—RING LARDNER

MARINE ROOF

HOTEL BOSSERT

MONTAGUE AND HICKS STS.
BROOKLYN • HEIGHTS

FREDDY MARTIN AND HIS MARINERS

DINNER-$1.50 *No cover charge* SUPPER-$1.00 *Cover charge, 75c (Saturdays, $1.25)*

Self-Setting Permanent Wave

The upkeep of a permanent wave—not the original cost—is what annoys you. The SELF-SETTING permanent given by Julian, at a cost of only $7.50, is absolutely guaranteed NOT to require any finger waving.

DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS from 9 to 6
under the personal direction of JULIAN

originator and exclusive representative of The SELF-SETTING System in AMERICA, winner of French prizes.

122 East 42d St. Suite 1803 *Julian* Chanin Bldg. LEx. 2-3918

SIX WEEKS OF FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN

Equivalent to four months' regular study. Private or class. Day or evening. Free trial lesson.

BERLITZ SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
30 West 34th Street PEnn. 6-1188

Attend our Free Conversation Circles meeting every Wednesday at 4 P.M.

NEW ★ OCEAN ★ HOUSE

North Shore's foremost resort hotel. Private bathing beach. Revised 1933 rates. Booklet

Clement Kennedy, *President*

SWAMPSCOTT ★ MASSACHUSETTS
DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN

Fifth Avenue Hotel

Our best recommendation in seeking your patronage is the fact that so many people of such evident good taste are already living here. Furnished or unfurnished suites, lease or otherwise.

Special Summer Rates

1 TO 4 ROOMS WITH SERVING PANTRIES

Owner: Morris White Properties Corp.
Direction: Oscar Wintrab
STuyvesant 9-6400

FIFTH AVENUE NINTH STREET

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 18

THERE is high excitement along the Roo de la Pay these days. Although the collections are over, the ferment aroused by the ambassadors from Seventh Avenue is not. The Paris couturiers just didn't understand at all the way American buyers called upon them day after day, plucked at their best numbers, then canceled all orders and sailed away without a word. The dressmakers are, in other words, in a huff.

We, one of the few *américaines* involved in the trade still remaining on French soil, have been listening to loud wails on this subject ever since the Leviathan sailed. We have just now emerged from the establishment of Madame Pouterman (Lyolène to you), who claims that she is ready to give up the dressmaking business, has eschewed all idea of preparing a new collection, and intends looking for a job as a *plongeur*. Two other designers, with a hard glint in their eyes, are simply raising their prices. Three have completely closed their doors, to America and every other nation, and are just going home to sit and brood.

Little wonder, then, that buyers from Peru and Middle Europe are given the breaks these days; and that is sad, in a way, for the South American girls like lots of flowers on their shoulders, and feathers at the hems of their skirts. Which, as we cabled you, may be responsible for a lot of the new aim-to-please Paris fashions.

HOWEVER, the Parisians don't keep their tongues in their cheeks *all* the time. Augustabernard certainly was only interested in pleasing her own good eye when she produced her new evening dresses. They are made in such a way that you'll never dream there's a stitch in them: a single tuck at the back of the waistline somewhere, another at one side of the front; and the fabric she uses just falls into the lines of the torso. Her skirts have little pleats and ruffles put into the hems at the back so that they kick out when you walk, giving the illusion of a train while saving you the trouble of wearing one.

Schiaparelli—you'll never believe this—has an entire collection of clothes you'd be willing to wear yourself. You'll be seeing them all any minute now: her little angel wings at the back of the shoulders, the dresses with elastic stuff at the waists and necks so you don't have to fasten anything, the evening dresses over straight, swishing petticoats with fluted ruffles at the hems.

Mainbocher's going in for suits, and in a fine way, too. They're of the dressmaker variety, with little tucks and "workings" to make them look almost like dresses. One has a turquoise-wool blouse and is made of heavy, black-wool stuff; one has a plaid blouse and scarf; the rest are extremely conservative and ladylike.

FAVORITES: Bruyère's white dresses, with black belts and straight black coats *without* shoulder tabs; Paray's pink-linen evening dress that ties with two bows at the back; Borea's linen topcoats with knitted linen at the top of the sleeves; Chanel's piqué apron-dress.

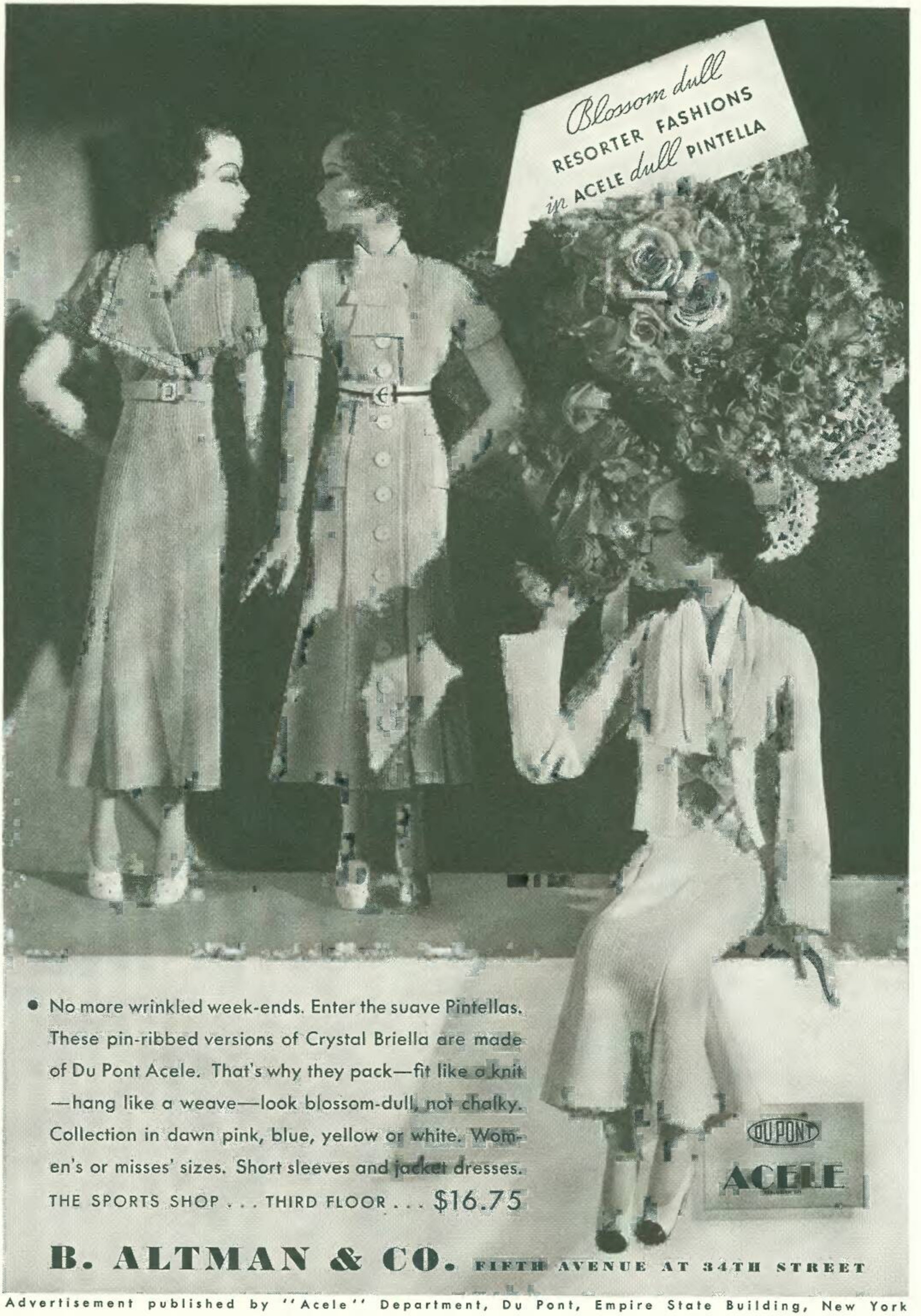
—B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

ROUND these parts, life is going along pretty serenely, with no Peruvian influence that I can notice, for the shops are all happily at work on the informal piqués and linens and the like that make a carefree summer. For that lunch-in-town-on-a-blistering-day problem, you'll go for those new rough-linen tailored suits in dark colors—some are in plain colors, some checked, some both. Very classic and don't crush much. At Bergdorf, Jay-Thorpe, and others. Nobody has ever topped Hattie Carnegie, either, in her little printed ensembles of sheer materials. They have dark slips underneath and little straight shirred jackets above. They are made simple and tailored, so that you feel dressed for the street, but give the effect of fluttering coolly on the most humid day. George Bernard is showing several dress-and-jacket en-

"It's her third husband and fifth baby, or maybe it's her fifth husband and third baby. Anyway, she's in the hospital."

SCULPTURE BY GABA



- No more wrinkled week-ends. Enter the suave Pintellas. These pin-ribbed versions of Crystal Briella are made of Du Pont Acele. That's why they pack—fit like a knit—hang like a weave—look blossom-dull, not chalky. Collection in dawn pink, blue, yellow or white. Women's or misses' sizes. Short sleeves and jacket dresses.

THE SPORTS SHOP . . . THIRD FLOOR . . . $16.75

DU PONT
ACELE

B. ALTMAN & CO. FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET

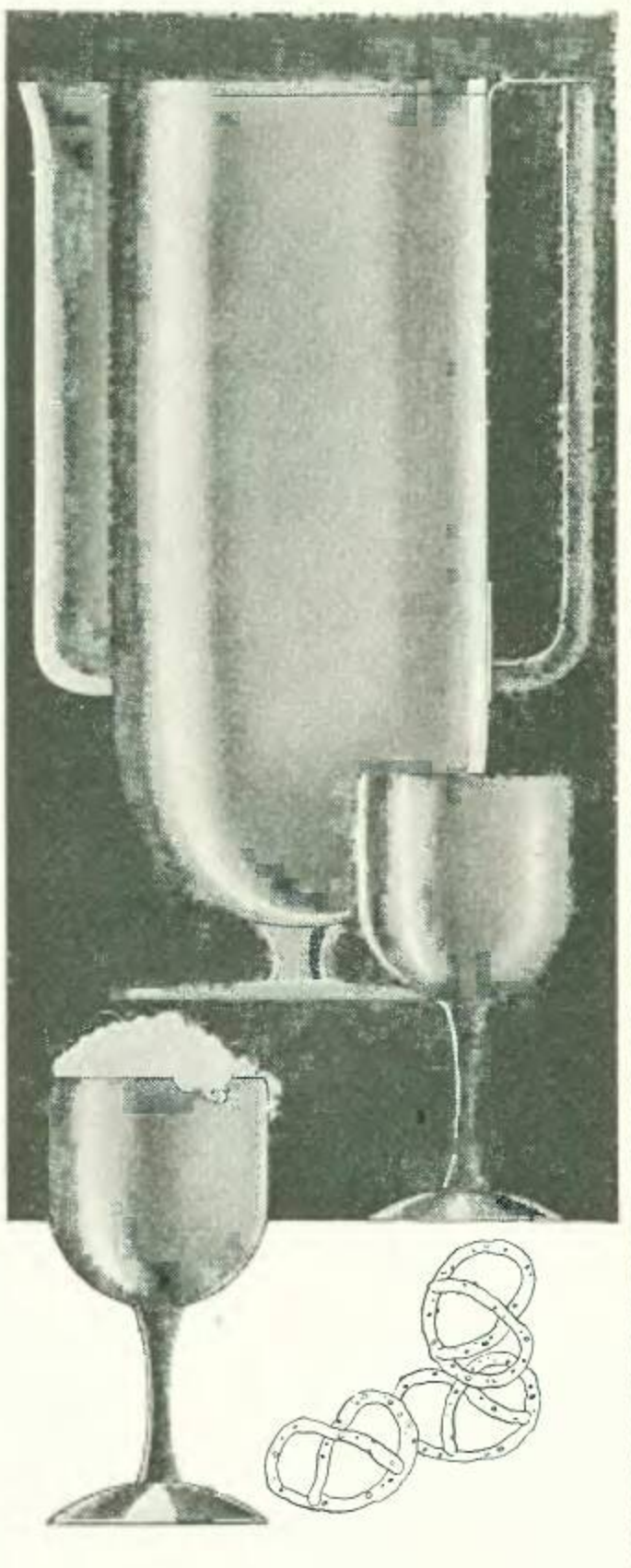
Advertisement published by "Acele" Department, Du Pont, Empire State Building, New York

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Call in these

Coppers

when you're entertaining



A great 4-quart copper tankard with its outlet placed well below the foam line. Easy-to-grip goblets to match . . . all highly polished.

Tankard... 3.00 *Goblets*... 50c *ea.*

Altman Housewares—Fourth Floor.

Fifth Ave. at 34th St. · New York City
Also at East Orange and White Plains

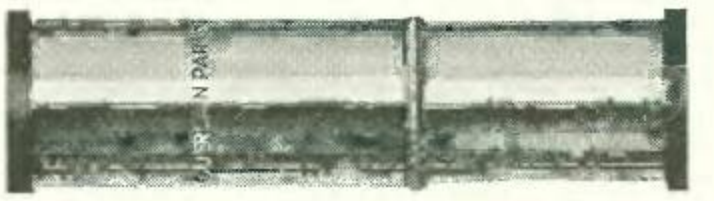
sembles combining printed crêpe with chiffons in a print that matches exactly; the sheer material makes yokes, or the jackets, or something. Emmett Joyce, the wag, loves to play with fabrics like these.

Nobody should buy a single white hat without first seeing Mme. Pauline, at 6 East Fifty-third Street. She's got all kinds for from $18 up: a grand sailor of thin white wool with a trick flare out one side of the crown, square-crowned affairs of white piqué with fluted brims, stiff linen sailors with candy-striped linen under the brim, and so on. Then there is a cone-shaped idiocy with black buttons up one side that turns into a hat when you poosh in the peak at a weird angle. If you unbutton the thing, it will launder like a handkerchief. Not so very crazy, *hein?*

MUMBLINGS: If there is anything that can make a grim, stalking type of woman give the effect of frail, lovely, languid femininity, the perfume Crêpe de Chine can do it. A hushed awe pervades the menfolk and romance flowers in the dingiest speakeasy when the boys get a whiff of the thing. Jay-Thorpe have it, and that perfume is a woman's friend. . . . Franklin Simon are rapidly becoming the pantie experts of New York. You remember the satin Lastex panties that hugged you like a girdle, of course? Now they have them in a very nice lace, all Lastex threads so that they cling, are cool as anything, and very decorative. They call them Pantasys, which is the only uncouth touch. Another kind around there is of glove silk and as tiny as two handkerchiefs pasted together. The box says "Just nothing" and the things cost an airy dollar. . . . Casnati, at 38 East Fifty-seventh Street, is one of the miracle-workers with your face. She can practically tell you what you had for breakfast the minute she sees your skin. The mainstay of her facial is applying layer after layer of white sticky stuff with a brush, allowing each layer to dry a bit. Whether it actually draws out the impurities or not, as she claims, your skin is incredibly smooth and so white it looks bleached afterward. And Casnati has a new cream, Laitonic, which is a honey. It's of whipped-cream consistence, neither oily nor sticky, and you use it for cleansing, and afterward for a powder foundation and protection against sunburn. It absorbs just gorgeous, and you don't ooze on hot days. . . . Lastex, which has invaded so many fields that it is getting

Guerlain's new Lipstick

Lips are lovelier for its color because M. Guerlain creates his own pigments. Lips praise its gentle smoothness and its perfect indelibility for incredible hours and hours. $1.65 *including tax.*



to be monotonous, has taken a firm grip on the fabric-glove situation, making knit palms, or backs, or insets that cause the gloves to stay down between the fingers and otherwise cling. Best has a glove of piqué with a stiff cuff, as on a man's shirt, and places for cufflinks. Saks has one for golf, with a pigskin palm, a knit string back, and a placket, with one button, at the back of the wrist instead of inside. Another glove, which is all around, is made entirely of natural-linen knit threads, with Lastex making the thing fit your hand both before and after washing. —L. L.

•

MAGIC LETTERS

ANTS' ODYSSEY

Take the industrious ANTS, to whom
Solomon sent rabbinic schools.
"R," pealing out the trump of doom,
Transforms them into mountain pools.

Down to their dreamy depths goes "e"
With subtle skill to rend and rack,
Till the enchanted waters flee
To form the sailor's term for back.

"O," in the light of civic lustres,
Bearing the legislative bays,
Brings us that friend of filibusters
Who promises but never pays.

"C," hearkening to the wars they wage—
Tariffs that tease and bills that bother—
With pitying tear turns back the page,
Transforming him into his father.

A second "c" in mercy rushes
To save this senior by his arts,
And makes him over into thrushes
Or those who sing the leading parts.
—J. S. N.

[A key to these anagrams will be found on page 51.]

•

William Faught, according to this critic, shows in his own experience the advantages of a well-developed technique. His work, *As I Lay Dieing,* never quite satisfied anyone because it was rather hysterical and lacked technique. *Sanctuary,* which was supposed to be an attempt to frighten the bourgeoisie, has excellent narrative quality, but Dr. Canby finds a certain unreality, a falsity due to an overeagerness to arouse people, in which he loses his perspective of life, but in his latest work Faught satisfies the reader, because he has achieved a real technique. —*Theta Sigma Phi Matrix.*

And need take no sass from Ernst Heminpeffer.

COIFFURE GUILD INC.

Masters of the Art

A permanent or special coiffure by any of these expert hair stylists signifies the finest and the most dependable artistry you can hope to secure—at prices very much in keeping with the times.

For work of distinctive and individual character, visit any one of the following:—

CHARLES BOCK—20 East 57th Street—Plaza 3-3237
HERMAN J. BOSCH—Hotel Biltmore—43rd St. & Madison Ave.—MUrray Hill 2-2447
CHARLES & ERNEST, INC.—Madison Ave. 78th St., BUt. 8-3079, 109 E. 47th St., Wlc. 2-5571
CHARLES OF THE RITZ—Ritz-Carlton Hotel—46th St. & Madison Ave.—Wlc. 2-3344
CLUZELLE BROTHERS INC.—P. Richard, Manager—45 West 57th St.—PLaza 3-4135
HENRY—585 Fifth Avenue—PLaza 3-8626
MME. HUMBLE, INC.—2649 Broadway—RIverside 9-3934
GEORGE KREMER—9 East 45th Street—VAnderbilt 3-1365
EMILE—21 East 56th Street—PLaza 3-8089
JOHN OF THE MAYFAIR—610 Park Ave., at 65th Street—RHinelander 4-2404
EMILE OF THE BARBIZON, Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, 58th St. & Sixth Ave., Clr. 7-7563-7000
LOUIS PARME—7 East 55th Street—Wickersham 2-1553
PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE—595 Fifth Avenue—VOlunteer 5-4984
SCHIRLING & JUNGST—3 East 48th Street—ELdorado 5-9450
EMILE YOUR HAIRDRESSER—142 West 57th Street—Circle 7-1995

Draperies and Curtains
DRY CLEANED
REMOVING-STORING-REHANGING
● CARPETS—RUGS ●
and
UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE
CLEANED
RENOFAB PROCESS
47-49 West 63rd St. TRafalgar 7-6580

Modern art in corsetry
Catering to a discriminating clientele
CIrcle 7-5655
Miss Eleanor inc.
(Formerly with Mme. Binner.)
44 West 56th St. New York

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER
25 West 45th Street, New York.

Please enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$7.00
(Canada, 1 year $8.10; 2 years $13.20; Foreign, 1 year $6.00, 2 years $9.00)

Name.....

Address.....

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

on-lookers delight

FROM
BONWIT-TELLER

● I've been searching for a cool spectator Sports frock, and here it is! Notice the graceful cut of the sleeves and the fabric fagotting that will catch every breeze. Furthermore, it is made of Pintella, another famous Acele fabric that washes and won't wrinkle! What a find for the traveller at $15.00. My hat is Pintella too and can be had in white, maize, blue or shell pink to match the dress, for the small amount of $2.95.

M.S.

David Crystal, Inc., 498 7th Ave., N.Y.

THE RACE TRACK

Head Play Comes in Third—Belmont Dates

ALMOST everybody one met at Jamaica last weekend said, "Well, I suppose Head Play will win the Wood Stakes. Who do you think will be second?" Obviously, owners and trainers felt that way too, for only three horses of the thirty-six eligible paraded with him. The betting—he was 1 to 3—also said that he was the nearest thing to a racing certainty at the meeting. I seldom have seen so much conceded. Then, as you know, the amazing happened. Head Play finished third behind Mr. Khayyam and De Valera.

I shall not attempt to explain Head Play's dramatic and unexpected failure. I've been told, although not by his trainer, that he did not like the fast track, and that he went off form after his good gallop two days before, which, together with the strain of being shipped from Louisville to Baltimore and to New York, was too much for him. It seemed to me that he stripped lighter for the race than he had for the gallop, that he was drawn and nervous, and did not stride freely. He was beaten at the end of six furlongs. But I must say, despite his defeat, I like Head Play. In my book, he is the best-looking three-year-old since Twenty Grand.

In the paddock at saddling time, Mrs. Austin, who had motored over from the United Hunts to see Mr. Khayyam run, said that she hoped to return to Roslyn in time for the last race. It was suggested that she would not mind missing it if she had to remain at Jamaica long enough to lead her horse into the winner's circle. Mr. Khayyam, by the way, is another of those bargain yearlings. Mrs. Austin bought him at Saratoga for four hundred dollars. His form was moderate last year but he has grown into a colt with plenty of size and range, and has come on famously this season. When he won the Chesapeake Stakes last month, people thought he was a bit lucky at the start, but he pegged De Valera back easily enough in the Wood Stakes.

LAST weekend's crowd at Jamaica was the largest I've seen in years. The band, thinking of the manage-

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ment, and not of the afternoon earlier in the week when the turnstiles went *kaput*, played "Happy Days Are Here Again" repeatedly. However, it was one of those Saturdays backers like to forget. Six favorites were beaten. Of course that's not unusual for Jamaica, but the slain included The Heathen, who had won three races at the meeting, Blind Bowboy, and Head Play. Certain of the races had a shriveled appearance, and it was in one of these that Kerry Patch beat Blind Bowboy. Incidentally, it was Kerry Patch's first victory since The Futurity.

WE'RE looking forward to the opening of Belmont Park. However, Joe Widener hasn't made up his mind whether the meeting will run twelve or seventeen days. It will depend on the patronage. Anyway, here are some races you should see: the International Steeplechase and the Toboggan Handicap (Equipoise won it last year) on the opening day, May 27; the Corinthian Steeplechase, the Fashion Stakes, the Withers Stakes (my tip is Ladysman), and the match between Top Flight and Tred Avon on Memorial Day; the Charles L. Appleton Memorial Cup Steeplechase, the Juvenile Stakes, and the Metropolitan Handicap (Equipoise again), June 3; the Suburban Handicap, June 7; the Coaching Club American Oaks (Swivel will win), June 9; and the Meadow Brook Steeplechase, the National Stallion Stakes, and the Belmont Stakes, June 10.

DID you notice that Meade, who was suspended thirty days for foul riding in the Kentucky Derby, won the Kentucky Oaks on Ed Bradley's Barn Swallow a fortnight later? May I not repeat Lester Doctor's suggestion that the horses in the Derby next year wear saddlecloths with loops or straps for handles. It would save the jockeys so much unnecessary effort.

JAMAICA: Mayor O'Brien in a front-row box. . . . John McCooey holding a levee. . . . William Woodward looking over the Wood field and wishing for another Gallant Fox. . . . Brother Bostwick telling us Mate is in training again. . . . Colonel Martingale rejoicing that Head Play was 1 to 3. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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WAR IS 'ESS 'IKELY
—*Headline in the Sun.*

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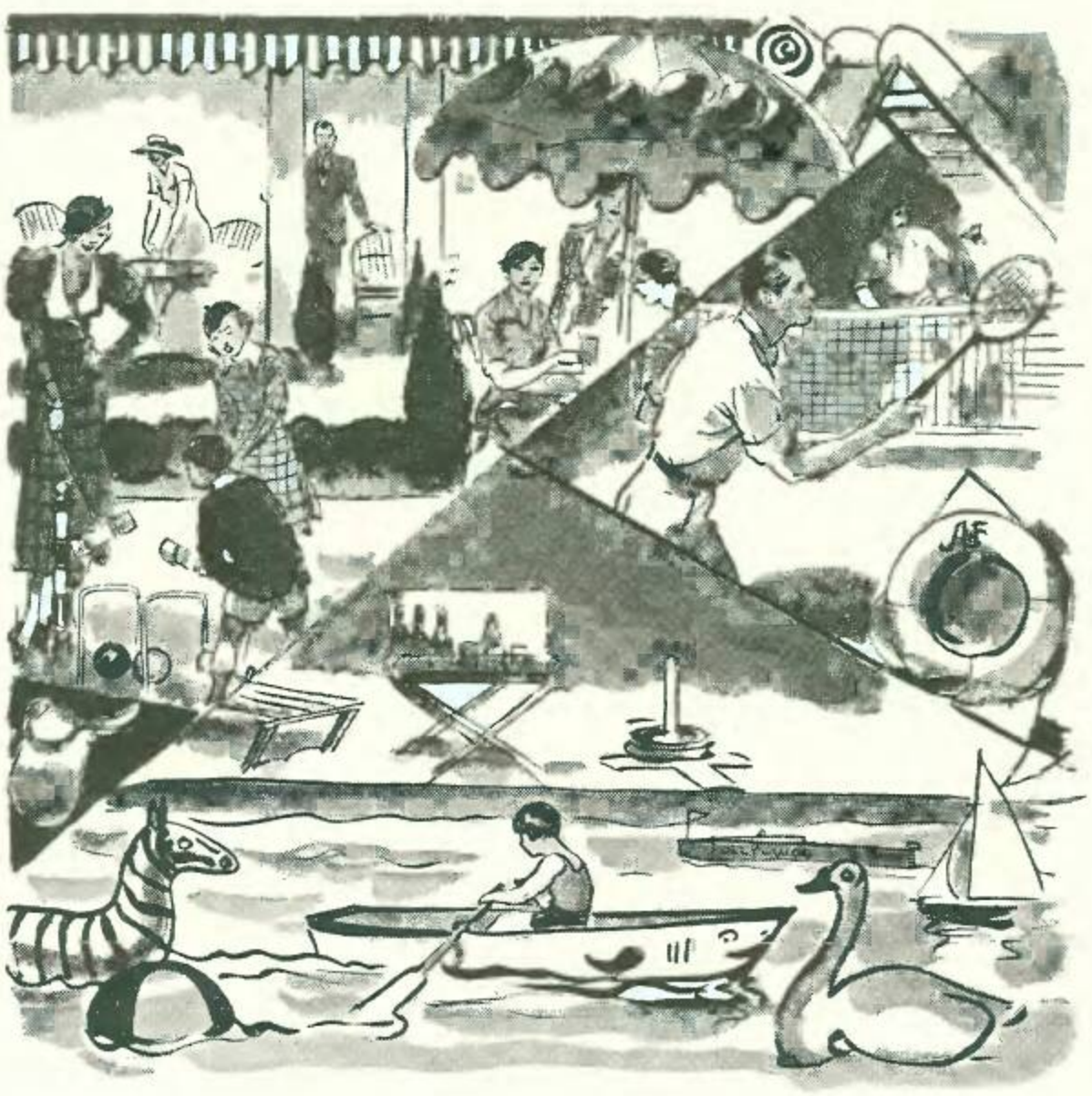

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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RANGING all the way from Cocteau's "Le Sang d'un Poète" to Janet Gaynor's "Adorable," the films I have seen of late have left me only pretty grim and dreary in spirit. The Cocteau picture I was glad to see, to be sure, and I congratulate the Film Society on having brought it to us, as it's one of those things the very special and exalted Parisian group surrounding the celebrated Jean has very much praised. It is good for us to spy on these things, I suppose. All in the vernacular of Cocteau, all symbolic, it has to do with the subconscious mind of the poet, a theme some find not as enthralling as it is advertised to be.

Another French picture, by no means so special or distinctive, is also now launched on our internationally-minded shores. This is "Poil de Carotte," at the Europa, and gives us some instances of effective child acting, of the anguish and desperation of childhood, anyhow. The big scenes are moving, but the film in general is dismally prolonged, very repetitious, and dark and sullen with the wretched, narrow life of the French peasant. Personally, I preferred the German "Morgenrot," for the Germans, too, have made their contribution this week. Aside from the plot in this piece, which also has the European lassitude, there are some good literal and exact views of the U-boat in the war.

AS for our modest American offerings, I suppose that Cagney's "Picture Snatcher" will arouse the most general interest, anyhow among those groups not addicted to European pictures or the troubles of poets. Cagney is competent, of course, rather too much so, perhaps, too assured of the tricks which he has found successful in the past. I wish he would acquire a few others to express the mannerisms of our hardboiled youth. These youngsters have so many and varied methods of making manifest their moods and temper that, as the great analyst of their class, Cagney should find an unlimited supply on hand. The story itself, though, would be a drawback to any performer. Cagney plays an ex-convict who, desiring a legal means of

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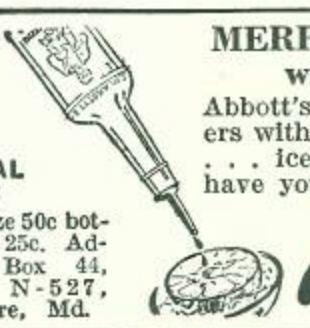

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livelihood, gets a job as a tabloid reporter. His major achievement in the interest of the press is to get a photograph of a woman in the electric chair, a triumph which might leave some a little cold.

IN his last picture, Ernest Torrence was at the height of his power. As a waterfront character, fisherman, and smuggler, he gave what quality there is to "I Cover the Waterfront." One can foresee that many pictures will be empty things for lack of him. The Max Miller book, from which this is derived, of course, is transformed into a commonplace screen romance, with Ben Lyon as a reporter who exploits his love affair in order to get a good story for his paper. Reporters, this week, do not appear in a very cavalier light, I fear.

MISS GAYNOR and Miss Marion Davies both step forward with characteristic demureness in their respective vehicles. Miss Davies has raked up good old "Peg o' My Heart" and has shown herself the very picture of a poor little Irish colleen raised suddenly to a place of wealth. Miss Gaynor's "Adorable," on the other hand, portrays her as a princess in one of those Graustarkian kingdoms of fancy, with prime ministers as comics and armies as ballets. The underworld movie makes a mild appearance in "The Girl in 419," a hospital bit with James Dunn as a doctor and Gloria Stuart as the hapless victim of wicked gunmen. Her experience with these gangsters has fitted her, we gather at the end, to be the wife of a medical man. —J. C. M.

•

"Mr. Batty drank much wine," the affidavit continued, "and became intoxicated. My brother and stepfather had to load him into an automobile to go to the judge's home. When the judge asked me whether I would take him for my husband, I did not answer but shook my head. When the judge asked Mr. Batty, he did not answer at all, but his head moved. I do not know whether he moved it intentionally or whether he was so drunk that his head was slumping."—*Los Angeles Herald & Express.*

What hasn't slumped?

•

ALBANY—(UP)—Agriculture Commissioner Charles H. Baldwin has announced that a public hearing will take place Friday on new regulations governing sale and distribution of frozen desserts.—*Utica Observer-Dispatch.*

Aiming toward a planned society, of course.

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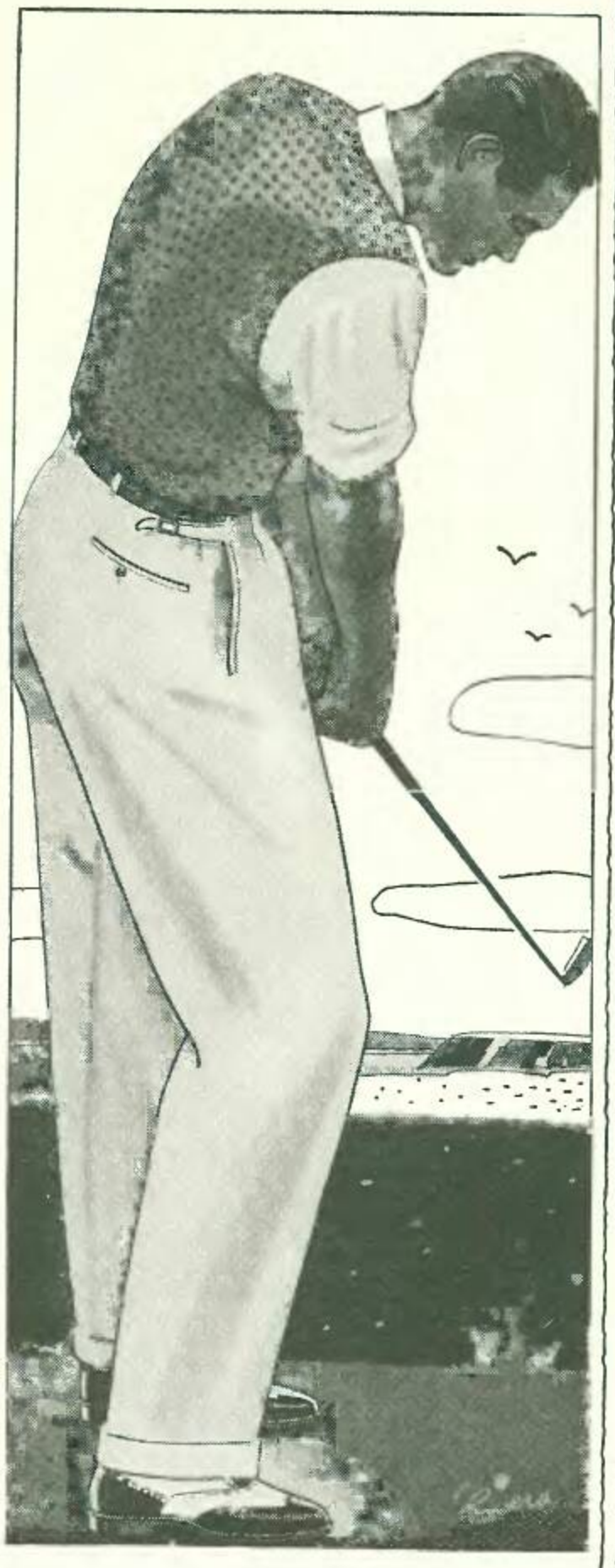

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Brush, Turf, and Timber —Champions by the Sea

THE United Hunts, Ishmael of meetings, settled down last week in its new—and apparently permanent—home near Roslyn. The new brush and flat strips, laid down by Mr. Pels, who has built most of the big courses in recent years, were satisfactory both to the riders and the spectators, and were in grand condition besides. The timber course, however, was severely criticized because the panels were much too narrow.

The brush and turf races, since the brush fences were orthodox and the turf was excellent, drew some big-time talent, most of it supplied by members of the Whitney clan. Mrs. Sonny Whitney's Blot won the Hugh Murray Steeplechase, driving back her mother-in-law's Plunder after Mrs. Jock Whitney's Capstone, the favorite, had parted with his rider. Mrs. Jock Whitney got her revenge in the Bowman. Cawvogue, who is a full brother of the Grand National winner Kellsboro' Jack, set a merry pace for a turn of the field, only to hit a fence pretty hard and be knocked off his stride. But Spar, the extra string to her bow, was ready to carry on, and galloped home to a comfortable win over the Durants' Watsonia, who seems to be much improved, at least in looks, over last year.

THE timber race provided the greatest thrills. Poor Barleycorn, who is well qualified to write his racing reminiscences by now, set a burning pace for the first lap, so fast that the rear guard broke at least one panel in each fence, and thereby vastly simplified matters for the next turn. Then he called quits, and Gigolo took the lead with Raymond Guest's Engineer II, recently converted from brush, in striking distance. Jack Skinner on Engineer II seemed to be able to take command when he wished, but he got the worst of it over the last fence and then failed to take advantage of the fact that his horse was still fresh. He elected to pull right over to the rail, and as Bill Streett on Gigolo had done the same thing a second sooner, the rent money,

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all of which was on Engineer II, went agley.

THE Atlantic City horse show had an even greater success than last year's, in spite of all the prognostications about the current season. Seaton Pippin's retirement left the harness classes wide open, and induced a big entry and plenty of competition; Mrs. A. C. Thompson's Rio Saxon and Mr. and Mrs. Locke Brown's Knight Bachelor had a tussle every time they met. Mrs. John R. Thompson, Jr.'s, great pony King of the Plain is now indisputably the best there is between shafts. For his size, he is every bit as good as Seaton Pippin was, with much more dash and fire, but not as good manners.

Saddle horses were there in gratifying quantity and quality, and our favorite, Mountain Echo, started out on what will probably be another unbeaten season. He is to be restricted to the under-15.2 division this year, and as Flashing American, the only horse who gave him an anxious moment last year, has now grown up to be quite a big boy, they will doubtless remain the unchallenged heads of their respective classes.

THE hunter exhibitions found it all work and no play, and far from dull. The course was big and twisty; a horse had to go fast enough to get over the high fences, and slow enough to manage the turns, a feat performed by very few of the forty-odd contenders. Ulic and Mrs. Jock Whitney's The Grey Knight divided up most of the important classes, and the latter had the last word by winning the stake. Mrs. Whitney had plenty of bitter along with the sweet, though, for she got a couple of nasty falls and rode four or five horses over the long, difficult course in almost every class, sometimes with no reward at all. The famous gray hunt team was beaten by the Dilwyne chestnuts, and also by the Gimbels' trio, who came into their own in that class.

Incidentally, not a rider there went through as much as the ducks who lived in the water jump. —TOUCH AND GO

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MAGIC LETTERS

[KEY TO ANAGRAMS ON PAGE 45]

Ants + r = tarns
Tarns + e = astern
Astern + o = senator
Senator + c = ancestor
Ancestor + c = accentors

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ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

RECENT happenings in the Treasury Department have made me ponder on Mrs. Brinkle. I began pondering one morning as I read my newspaper. I realized as I went through its guarded columns that Things were happening. An embargo on gold, the fall of the dollar, inflation —it all sounded ominous. I wondered if this were the beginning of the end and thought vaguely of the Fall of Rome and the French Revolution. Then suddenly a grin of frank malice turned up the corners of my mind. I had remembered Mrs. Brinkle.

Mrs. Brinkle lives abroad. She has lived abroad for a great many years. Long ago, when the bargains to be had in little *pensions* and little original models were less myth than fact, Mrs. Brinkle lived in Paris. She had a *petite villa* on the edge of the Bois, a *petite bonne*, and a *petit garçon* whom one could see in a yellow-and-black striped waistcoat any morning before nine wiping off Mrs. Brinkle's cabriolet. It was all so ridiculously cheap, she was fond of saying. With the exchange what it was and her tiny income, she couldn't possibly afford to live anywhere else. She often remarked that she envied her friends who could afford to live in America, but it was hard to feel sympathetic. One could see Mrs. Brinkle wondering why they did it when they could live so much better in Paris.

Then one by one a number of things happened in economic history. Mrs. Brinkle found the cabriolet and the view of the Bois took more and more of that tiny income of hers. She met a young student at the American Women's Club who had been living in Germany on seventy-five cents a day. She met an Englishwoman who had leased a baronial *Schloss* in Bavaria for a mere song. Mrs. Brinkle decided one must move with the times, so she moved to Munich. She said the Germans were a splendid people, so simple and thrifty. She compared the cost of servants with that in America and the cost of *frictions* with that in the Rue St.-Honoré. But the Germans are also a practical people. It wasn't very long before Mrs. Brinkle found

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that, exchange and all, she couldn't live quite so well as at first. So she scanned the financial page of the *Herald*, took stock of world conditions, and moved to Vienna.

IT was there we ran across her a year ago taking tea at Demel's. We surprised her at an awkward moment, biting into an *Indianer mit Schlag*, but she seemed very glad to see us. We discovered almost at once that hers was the joy of a philanthropist. There were things about Vienna we ought to know. There was, for instance, a strict embargo on gold. I would like to avow a Delphic sense of things to come, at this point, but all I had was a bewildered feeling of excitement. Mrs. Brinkle said there might be a revolution at any minute, and we were quite prepared to believe her. We felt that Austria must be in very bad shape indeed to take such steps. Anything might happen.

The poor merchants, Mrs. Brinkle went on to explain, were not allowed to send any money out of the country, and their money wasn't worth much outside anyway, so—she lowered her voice behind her napkin—they were simply crazy to get American dollars. Then she initiated us into the mysteries of "private exchange." It was, she murmured, strictly against the law. There was a heavy prison sentence, but after all, it was helping trade, wasn't it, and they were willing to pay quite a good rate, much better than Thomas Cook or any of the banks. Why, this way she could live better than she had in Paris. Things were so ridiculously cheap, when you considered what the dollar was worth privately. We products of the bootleg era were fascinated. We arranged to meet Mrs. Brinkle the next afternoon and see how it was done. She gave us the name of a café frequented, she told us, by American medical students.

WHEN we arrived at the café next day, Mrs. Brinkle was already there. She was reading a newspaper—the financial section, we noticed—and immediately in significant silence pointed out to us the official rate of exchange. We all ordered coffee and discussed the weather. After a bit, Mrs. Brinkle asked casually for Adolph, and the headwaiter hurried up. How, Mrs. Brinkle asked him, were Things today? Things were very good, he told her; she could have as much as—he named a figure noticeably higher than the one Mrs. Brinkle had shown us in the

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paper. She gave us another significant look. Then she opened her purse, took out her handkerchief, and blew her nose prominently while she slipped a large roll of bills to Adolph under the table. He bowed and disappeared. Mrs. Brinkle asked us if we didn't think he was a fine type. When Adolph returned and a number of bills of a different nationality were safely in Mrs. Brinkle's inner purse, she introduced us to him. She said we were friends of hers, Americans—this with emphasis; she hoped he would help us with any business we might like to transact. Adolph bowed a polite acquiescence, but I didn't quite like his smile. When he had left, Mrs. Brinkle told us with satisfaction that she had made the price of a silver fox she had been coveting. She said Things were getting worse and worse; she didn't know what Austria was coming to. She said the government really ought to take steps.

•

FOR several months after we left Vienna, postcards from Mrs. Brinkle would catch up with us on our travels. They even kept arriving, though less frequently, when we were safely back in American harness, and each card gave us a little pang of envy. Mrs. Brinkle was living so well, what with private exchange. She had leased a new villa near Madame Jeritza's in the outskirts of Vienna. She had taken a summer chalet in the Tyrol. The last card arrived late in January. Mrs. Brinkle had spent Christmas at the Panhans in Semmering. I hardly expect to hear from her again, but I like to think about her. I like to picture her drinking coffee and asking for Adolph. I can almost hear him say with a bow, "Ah, my lady, Things are not so good today. There is not the old demand for the dollar. Perhaps you would do better at Cook's. Perhaps you would do better now in your New York, *hein?*"

—HANNAH LEES

•

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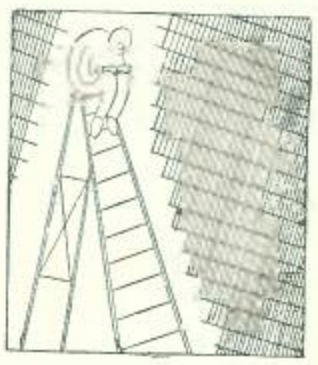
BOOKS

Plotting Is Not Enough—A Reconstruction Novel

"ZEST"[1] is recommended to those seeking something serious but not mentally taxing for all-summer reading. Its hero, young Bob Gillespie, is as clear-eyed a young American as you are likely to meet outside another Norris novel. Shrewd Bob sums himself up as "an average sort of fellow" who "didn't mean anybody any harm." Bob says "Gee whilikens;" and women are his weakness. Of these there are seven in his life, or one for every signature of sixty-four pages. This reveals careful plotting.



The first battledore to ruffle the feathers of poor shuttlecock Bob Gillespie is Mother Gillespie. A silver-cord parent of the most thought-provoking variety, it is she who bars Bob's way to his true mate, Dixey Nugent, "a girl with a rare nature." ("Poor Dixey! As his vagrant mind turned her way, he frowned. Truly and sincerely he had loved her! . . . He *had* loved her, and she him! . . . It had been a sad and emotional experience for them both.") Abandoning Dixey and her rare nature for the moment, we move on to Bob's wildest oat, Sadie Wurtz, the typist who shows her gums. Sadie "appealed to an animal side of him of which he was ashamed." All Sadie wants is, not to put too fine a point upon it, "the intimate relationship." Bob's natural manhood asserts itself, he squares his shoulders with a decisive "Gee whilikens!," and proceeds to marry Penelope. Penelope is a proud, cold, ambitious, and egotistic society belle—a character who shatters us with all the force of complete originality. She loves Bob but not, mark her words, "that way." She won't come up to scratch on the intimate relationship. And so we are not surprised to see poor Bob losing Penelope to Mr. Yerrington, who is a little feeble on the animal side, but able to give Penelope everything Else.

Bob goes to the war to find or lose himself (it is not clear which) and emerges from training camp "a man and a captain of infantry." But in the meantime the shuttlecock has been swatted by Battledore No. 5. Bella is one of those warm women with dark, meaningful circles under the eyes. It takes Bob some time to escape her tentacles, come home, and marry the old friend Julia. Julia is true but not tried. She is really a dependable sort, and for a while everything is rosy until she also develops—well, "It had been weeks now since anything had happened between them." With nothing happening at a rapid rate, it is no hard matter for Bob to leap from the cold frying-pan into the fire. The Eddie Cantor-eyed Bella turns up just in time. Tenser and tenser grows the situation until at last Bella, with superior judgment, shoots Bob spang in the stomach.

In the hospital he wakes up to discover— Correct. The nurse is none other than his boyhood sweetheart, rare Dixey Nugent, now "a well-groomed, mature woman with something majestic, almost sublime in her face and carriage." Mr. Norris (no fool he, but a serious student of "the fundamental social and personal relationships of contemporary life") knows well enough that his book is far too long for a happy ending. Bob, informed that he is going to be physically paralyzed also, cuts himself off forever from the seven Bobsy sisters by sawing away at his wrist with a broken glass.

A word about Mr. Norris' style. It is redolent of that simple, solid, open-air quality which we should expect from the pen of a clean-minded halfback who had stood well in all his classes, but particularly English Composition.

IF you make lists, add the name of Josephine Herbst to your roster of young American novelists who mean business. Her earlier books, cast in the now rapidly disappearing behaviorist mold, left most readers unmoved, despite their technical excellency. But "Pity Is Not Enough" (Miss Herbst should be discouraged from titles which sound like sofa-pillow sentiments reworked by a member of the lost generation) is a fine, solid achievement. Harcourt, Brace are the publishers.

Though this reconstruction of the Reconstruction Era is cast in the form of a historical chronicle, its point of view is definitely post-war, not to say post-depression. The industrial scan-

[1] "A Sensational New Novel by the Author of 'Seed.'"—*Doubleday, Doran;* 450 pages; 1 lb. 8 oz.

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dals and political machinations with which it is concerned have all the recency of little black bags, Jimmy Over the Water, and Curryism Must Go.

The hero is Joe Trexler, the black sheep of the Pennsylvania Dutch Trexler family. Joe is a typical representative of that migratory adventurous horde, which after the Civil War followed the current of Northern exploitation down into the helpless South, filling their carpetbags with the easy money streaming from the venality of the state legislatures. This section of the book, filled with politics and the ring of barroom and back-office talk, is a remarkable achievement for any young writer, but perhaps particularly for a woman. With the key of careful and shrewd documentation, it opens up for us a fascinating chapter of our history.

As Joe Trexler, defeated in the South, moves westward to the new gold lands of the Dakota Black Hills, he collapses into a two-dimensional character. But the Trexlers back home, emotional parasites on Joe (who is always in need of "just a little capital"), begin to move and fill our minds with their sombre color, and in the end quite run away with the story. "We are interested," says the author, in a rare editorial mood, "in those who are fumbling for the next rung down." And despite the book's complete lack of humor and its slow tempo (which could have been remedied by a little editing), I found myself no less interested than Miss Herbst in the gray fate of the Trexlers as life emery-wheels their spirits to a dull finish.

"Pity Is Not Enough" is the novel each of us imagines he could put together out of the old family correspondence lying around in the horsehair trunk in the garret. It conveys the peculiar atmosphere of dispersal and restlessness, the vague obedience to imperfectly apprehended laws of our national development, the muted life led by the stay-at-homes who sent the vigorous family member West—all things which seem special to the folkways of our late-nineteenth-century history.

Lack of charm and an imperfect projection of the personality of Joe are the book's paramount defects. But they should not be allowed to obscure its real qualities of solidity and intelligence. "Pity Is Not Enough" will surely be ranked among the year's best native novels. —Clifton Fadiman

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