

Aug. 5, 1933

THE

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NEW YORKER



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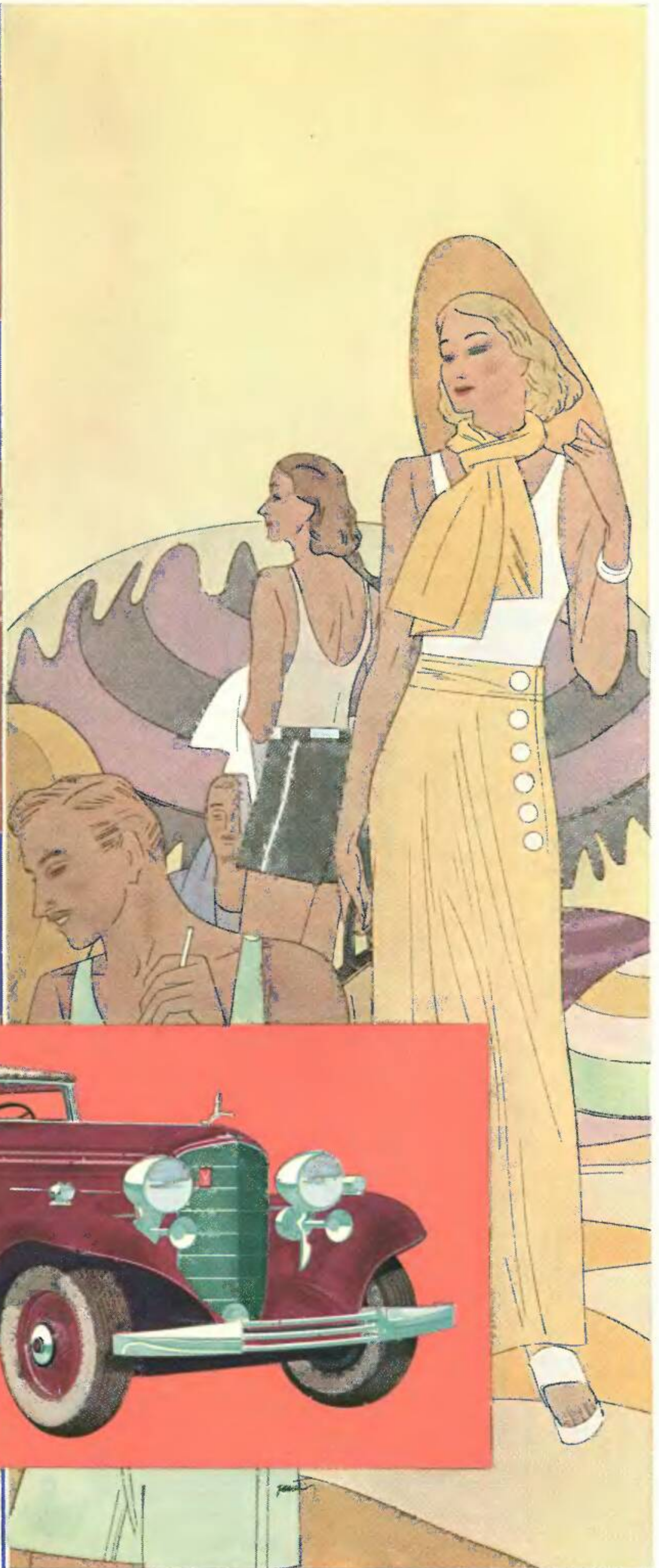
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE



THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

DANGEROUS CORNER—Revival of J. B. Priestley's play, showing what would happen if a group of rather neurotic diners suddenly got to telling the truth about their lives. With Gavin Muir, Eden Gray, and Helen Walpole. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

JOHN FERGUSON—St. John Ervine's play revived capably enough, with Augustin Duncan, Barry Macollum, and others. (Belmont, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—All that happens in this is that a small-town dentist discovers that his wife is better than the girl he originally wanted to marry, but it makes a very nice little play indeed and one which ought to be seen. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL—Milton Aborn's revival of the Balfe operetta, with Ruth Altman, Roy Cropper, Allan Waterous, and Detmar Poppen. (Majestic, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Sat.)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—One of Jerome Kern's loveliest scores, with a book which draws very pleasant tears from sentimental folk. Walter Slezak, Reinold Werrenrath, Tullio Carminati, Al Shean, Desirée Tabor, and Ann Barrie. (44th Street, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for comment in this issue:

GOING GAY—A farce by Donald Blackwell and William Miles, with Thais Lawton, Charles Halton, Walter Kingsford, and others. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat.)

SUMMER STOCK

(Seashore and country theatres, with Broadway players in old and new plays.)

ATLANTIC CITY—Florence Reed in "Madame X": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, N.J. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Sat.)

BAR HARBOR—The Surry Players in "Charley's Aunt," with Harry Green: Fri. Aft. and Eve., Aug. 4. (Criterion Theatre, Bar Harbor, Me. 2:30 and 8:45 P.M.)

BROOKFIELD—The Louise Galloway Players in "No-Account," a new play by Richard Osgood: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Town Hall, Brookfield, Mass.)

CAPE COD—Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," with Edith Barrett and Shepperd Strudwick: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Meet My Sister," with Bettina Hall and Lynne Overman: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:45 P.M.)

"By Your Leave," a new play by Gladys Hurlbut and Emma Wells, with Kent Smith and Charlotte Andrews: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Beach Theatre, Old Silver Beach, West Palm Beach, Mass.)

CARMEL—"Candida," with Virginia Curley and Paul McGrath: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Love Costs Money," a new comedy by Burnet Hershey and Lyon Mearson: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Rockridge Theatre, Route 216, Carmel, N.Y. 8:45 P.M.)

COHASSET—"Tourists Accommodated," a new comedy by Charles Devine, with Josephine Hull, Minnie Dupree, William Ingersoll, and Humphrey Bogart: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "What Every Woman Knows," same production as at Dennis: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (South Shore Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:45 P.M.)

DEAL—Harrison Brockbank's Deal Players in "Love Does That," a new play by Ronald Savory: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Deal Conservatoire, Richmond Ave., Deal, N.J. 8:45 P.M.)

EAST HAMPTON—"No More Bachelors," a new play by John Palmer, with Dorothy Francis, Whitney Bourne, and Burgess Meredith: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "I Want Love," a new play by P. G. Wodehouse: Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 10-12. (Guild Hall, East Hampton, L.I. 8:45 P.M.)

GREENWICH—"Dangerous Corner," with Mary Servoss: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Three-Cornered Moon," with Paula Trueman, is announced for Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Greenwich Theatre, Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

THE HAMPTON PLAYERS—"Perhaps We Are," a new play by Paul Osborn, with Esther Dale, Josephine Brown, John Hoysradt, and Jean Arthur: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Parish Memorial Hall, Herrick Rd., Southampton,

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 12. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

L.I. 9 P.M.) . . . Tues., Aug. 8. (Guild Hall, East Hampton, 9 P.M.) . . . Thurs., Aug. 10. (Quogue Field Club, 9 P.M.)

HEMPSTEAD—"Another Language," with Glenn Anders, Louise Groody, Effie Shannon, Edith Taliaferro, and Julia Hoyt: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Hempstead Theatre, Hempstead, L.I. Mat. Sat.)

HUNTINGTON—"The Room Without Walls," a new play by Saxon Kling, with John Griggs and Florence Britton: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (High School, E. Main St., Huntington, L.I.)

IVORYTON—Norma Terris in "One Sunday Afternoon": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Ivoryton Playhouse, near Essex, Conn. 8:45 P.M.)

JACKSON HEIGHTS—"Strictly Dynamite," a new comedy by Robert T. Cowell and Robert A. Simon, with Glenn Hunter, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Eddie Garr, and Victor Kilian: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Love and Daisies," a new comedy by Herbert McCormack, with Ernest Truex, Linda Watkins, Glenn Anders, and Ruth Weston: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Boulevard Theatre, Jackson Heights, L.I. Mats. Wed. and Fri.)

LOCUST VALLEY—"As Husbands Go," with Beverly Bayne: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Hymn to Beatrice," a new play by Willard Starkes: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 9-12. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 P.M. Mat. Fri.)

LONG BEACH—"20th Century," with Moffat Johnston and Olga Baclanova: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Counsellor-at-Law" is announced for Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Castle Theatre, Long Beach, L.I. 9 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

MILLBROOK—"The Enchanted April": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Headlines," a new play by Warren Lawrence: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Millbrook Theatre, Amenia Rd., Millbrook, N.Y. 8:45 P.M.)

MOUNT KISCO—"Outward Bound," with Aleta Freel and John Eldredge: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "It's a Wise Child," with Henry Fonda, Aleta Freel, John Eldredge, and Alice John: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Bedford Rd. [Route 117], Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40 P.M.)

NETCONG—Bert Lytell in "Death Takes a Holiday": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Palace Theatre, Netcong, N.J. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

NEWPORT—"The Late Christopher Bean," with Mary Michael, Ernest Cossart, and Minna Phillips: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. Henry Hull in "The Command to Love," with Gale Sondergaard and Vera Allen: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 8-12. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat.)

PELHAM MANOR—"Broadway Interlude," a new play by Achmed Abdullah and William Almon

Wolff, with Robert Emmett Keane: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "The World Waits," a new play by Fred Hummel: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Manor Theatre, Esplanade, Pelham Manor, N.Y. 8:45 P.M.)

PETERBOROUGH—"Goodbye Again," with Louis Jean Heydt, Lawrence Keating, and Brian Donlevy: Fri. through Sun., Aug. 4-6. Cornelia Otis Skinner in "The Wives of Henry VIII": Wed., Aug. 9. "Angel Comes North," a new play by Willa Frederick, with Howard Inches, Roberta Beatty, and Jane Bramley: Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 10-13. (Mariarden Theatre, Peterborough, N.H.)

SKOWHEGAN—"Another Language," with Sylvia Field and Eric Dressler: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Spendthrift Lady," a new play by Owen Davis, with Sylvia Field, Owen Davis, Jr., Eric Dressler, and Thurston Hall: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Me. Mat. Sat.)

SPRING LAKE—Katharine Alexander in "When Ladies Meet": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Summer Storm," a new play by Howard Miller, with Leona Powers: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 9-12. (Community Theatre, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50 P.M.)

STOCKBRIDGE—"The Late Christopher Bean," with Helen Menken, Arthur Aylesworth, Eva Condon, and Geoffrey Kerr: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "The Queen Was in the Parlour," with Jessie Royce Landis and Geoffrey Wardwell: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Mat. Wed.)

SUFFERN—"Three-Cornered Moon," with Cecilia Loftus: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Criminal at Large," with Ethel Morrison: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 9-12. (County Theatre, Route 59, Suffern, N.Y.)

WESTPORT—"Present Laughter," a new play by Charles Brackett, with Roger Pryor, Rose Hobart, Ilka Chase, and Cora Witherspoon: Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. "Lady Godiva," by Lawrence Langner, with Violet Heming, Herbert Rawlinson, and Montagu Love: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 7-12. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

NOTES—If you happen to be in Boston, you might like to see Jane Cowl in "Camille," produced by Arthur J. Beckhard at the Tremont Theatre, Aug. 7-19. . . . Robert Edmond Jones is reviving "The Merry Widow," with Natalie Hall and Richard Bonelli, at the Opera House, Central City, Colorado, Aug. 5-19.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Where you will find Harold Stern's orchestra and the Miami-Biltmore Revue, with Ann Pennington.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhineland 4-3034)—This flowery rendezvous in the People's Park features Pancho's orchestra for dinner and supper dancing.

MAYFAIR YACHT CLUB, 450½ E. 52 (Plaza 3-1456)—Meyer Davis music in an attractive room that looks out on the East River. Dances by Maurice and Cordova.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and supper dancing in a handsome room forty-two stories above Central Park. Henry King's orchestra, with dances by Dario and Diane.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—A beautiful view, with Leon Belasco's music and dances by Minor and Root.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Meyer Davis and his orchestra playing for the gentility of Park Avenue and points adjacent.

STARLIGHT ROOF, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Jack Denny's smooth music, Xavier Cugat's tango orchestra, and Spanish dances by Margo are the attractions here.

MORE ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (Main 4-8100), overlooking the harbor, with dance music by Freddy Martin and his Mariners. . . . Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (Bryant 8-2100), with Ben Cutler and his orchestra. . . . Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000), featuring Phil Harris and his orchestra. . . . Park Central Coconut Grove, 7 Ave. at 55 (Circle 7-8000), with Bert Lown's orchestra. . . . Casino-in-the-Air, Hotel Montclair, Lexington at 49 (Wickersham 2-2100), music by Scotti's orchestra.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Club Ha Ha, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-9790), popular with the late Broadway crowd, with Dan Healy, Jack White, Jerry Bergin, Sheila Barrett, and others entertaining. . . . Large and noisy, with undressed revues at dinner and supper time: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1680); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker; The

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET

TELEPHONE

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Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and The Village Barn, 52 W. 8, are informal and pleasant enough.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), with Mills' Blue Rhythm band and a show featuring Ethel Waters.

NOTES ON DANCE ORCHESTRAS—Barney Rapp is at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000). . . . Ernie Holst plays in the Hotel Lexington Silver Grill, Lexington at 48 (Wickersham 2-4400). . . . Reggie Childs plays in the Summer Garden of the Roosevelt, Madison at 46 (Vanderbilt 3-9200). . . . Roger Gersten is at the Governor Clinton Grill, 7 Ave. at 31 (Pennsylvania 6-3400).

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)—Outdoor dining and dancing in pleasant surroundings. Irving Conn's music.

EL PATIO, Merrick Rd. at Central Ave., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 4866)—A tango band, dances by Rosita and Ramon, songs by Frances Maddux, Tamara, and others.

GLEN ISLAND CASINO, Pelham Pkwy., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480)—Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra play in this attractive spot down by the water.

LA CABANA, just across the bridge in Long Beach, L.I. (Long Beach 2335)—Broadway atmosphere at the seashore, with a floor show of the Paradise type.

LONGUE VUE, Broadway, Hastings - on - Hudson (Hastings 2579)—With George Olsen's music and Ethel Shutta.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—This old favorite features Guy Lombardo and his orchestra.

RIVIERA, at the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000)—A fine view of the Hudson, with Emil Coleman's music and typical Broadway entertainment.

NOTES—Further out of town: Ross Fenton Farms, on Deal Lake, N.J. (Asbury Park 354), offers Eddy Duchin and his orchestra, songs by Carolyn Nolte, and dances by George Murphy and Julie Johnson. . . . Eddie Davis provides the music at Canoe Place Inn, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays, 150). . . . Paul Sabin's orchestra plays for the Mayfair Club Friday Supper Dances, at Vivian Johnson's, Monmouth Beach, N.J. (Monmouth Beach 2298).

For Coney Island seafood dinners (and dancing) you might try: Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; or Feltmans', Surf Ave., Coney Island.

MOTION PICTURES

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—The sequel to "42nd Street," and almost as lively as its predecessor. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; continuous from noon.)

THE LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN—The young Fairbanks in an entertaining story of a middleweight champion. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 4-6; continuous from 2 P.M. Also, Beacon, B'way at 74; Fri., Aug. 4, last day; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE LITTLE GIANT—Edward G. Robinson as a big bootlegger who wants to get into society. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 8 and 9; continuous from 2 P.M.)

THE SONG OF SONGS—Marlene Dietrich, back again and handsome as ever, in a remotely Sudermann saga, directed by Rouben Mamoulian with some solemnity. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. daily.)

WHEN LADIES MEET—Tranquil, agreeable comedy, from Rachel Crothers' play, and acted by Ann Harding, Alice Brady, Myrna Loy, Frank Morgan, and Robert Montgomery. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Lexington, Lexington at 51; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 4-7; continuous from 1 P.M.)

REVIVALS—"Topaze," with John Barrymore. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Aug. 4; continuous from 1 P.M.). . . . "Cavalcade," with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Thurs., Aug. 10; continuous from 2 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Mayor of Hell," wherein a boys' reform school comes under the austere jurisdiction of James Cagney; "Reunion in Vienna," the sprightly comedy of outcast royalty in new Vienna, with Diana Wynyard and John Barrymore; "This Is America," some of our doings since 1917 as recorded somewhat caustically by Gilbert Seldes.

OPENING OF NOTE

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery in the screen version of the Rose Franken play. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Fri., Aug. 4; continuous from 11 A.M.)

ART

EUROPEAN MODERNS—A varied collection of modern paintings and sculpture, many from private collections, ranging all the way from Cézanne and Van Gogh to Tchelichev and Berman: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Annual summer showing of works by Pissarro, Renoir, Mary Cassatt, Berthe Morisot, Degas, etc.: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays (except Sat.) 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

PLANT FORMS IN ORNAMENT—An exhibition that leaves most of the work of arrangement to the spectator, who may, nevertheless, wallow amiably in the familiar aesthetic pleasure of comparing the work of art with the living subject that sat for it: Metropolitan Museum of Art, 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.

MISCELLANEOUS—Oils by Horace Day: Theodore A. Kohn & Son, 608 5 Ave. Open weekdays (except Sat.) 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Prints and reproductions of old and modern masters: Raymond & Raymond, Gallery 503, 40 E. 49. Open weekdays (except Sat.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. . . . Ninth annual exhibition at the Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. . . . Annual show of the Art Association, Provincetown, Mass., opening Aug. 6.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting, concerts nightly at 8:30. Paul Whiteman will conduct the orchestra (augmented by his own band) in a program of contemporary music, Fri., Aug. 4. Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman will present a program of dances, Tues. and Wed., Aug. 8 and 9: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta. or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts at 8:30: Fri., Sun., Mon., and Wed. Eves. on Central Park Mall (E. 72 St. entrance). . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta. and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

HIPPODROME OPERA COMPANY—Grand Opera at popular prices. "L'Elisir d'Amore," Fri. Eve., Aug. 4; "Andrea Chénier," Sat. Eve., Aug. 5; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sun. Eve., Aug. 6: Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43, 8:30 P.M. (See daily papers for schedule of later performances.)

NEW YORK CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Free concerts, Thomas conducting: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Pkwy., Sat. Afts. at 3.

OUT-OF-TOWN NOTES—New York Orchestra, Sokoloff conducting: Music Hill, Weston (near Westport), Conn., Sat., Tues., and Thurs. Eves. at 8:45. . . . Manhattan Symphony, Clifton and Plotnikoff conducting: Longshore Beach & Country Club, Westport, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 5:30. . . . Starlight Symphony, Harmati conducting: Vanderlip estate, Scarborough, N.Y., Sun. Eves. at 8:45. . . . "Carmen," by the Steel Pier Grand Opera Company: Atlantic City, N.J., Sun. Aft., Aug. 6, at 3:30. . . . Harold Bauer will give a recital at the Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., Aug. 5, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WIGHTMAN CUP MATCHES—The leading British and American women players fighting it out on the courts at Forest Hills: Fri. Aft., Aug. 4, at 4; Sat. Aft., Aug. 5, at 2 and 4:30; WABC. . . . Fri. at 3:45; Sat. at 2:45; WEAF.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—"The Pirates of Penzance": Sun. Eve., Aug. 6, at 6, WJZ. "Trial by Jury": Tues. Eve., Aug. 8, at 8, WJZ. . . . "H.M.S. Pinafore": Tues. Eve., Aug. 8, at 10:45, WABC.

OHMAN AND ARDEN—The celebrated piano duo taking part in a new weekly variety show, with vocal soloists, quartets, and Gus Haenschen's orchestra: Mon. Eves. at 10:30, WEAF.

TED HUSING—In a new series of current sports topics and dramatizations, interspersed with music by Leon Belasco: Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 10:30, WABC.

THE MUSIC MASTER—Estelle Liebling's troupe of accomplished singers, in operatic arias and other musical doings: Wed. Eves. at 8:30, WOR.

COMICS—Potash and Perlmutter: Fri., Mon., and



Wed. at 8:30, WJZ. . . . Fred Allen: Fri. at 9, WEAF. . . . Irvin S. Cobb: Fri. and Wed. at 9, WABC. . . . Phil Baker: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Ilka Chase and Hugh O'Connell: Fri. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Lou Holtz: Fri. at 10, WABC. . . . Bert Labr: Sun. at 8, WEAF. . . . Jack White: Sun. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Taylor Holmes: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Fanny Brice: Wed. at 8, WEAF. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 9:30, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

CONCERTS—Little Symphony, James conducting: Sat. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Stadium Concerts, Philharmonic-Symphony: Sat. Eves. at 8:30; Tues. Eves. at 9; WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Summer Concerts: Sat. and Sun. Eves. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Hollywood Bowl Concerts, Sir Hamilton Harty conducting: Sat. Eves. at 12:15, WEAF. . . . Radio City Symphony: Sun. Afts. at 12:15, WJZ. . . . Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting: Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . National Opera Concert: Sun. Aft. at 3, WJZ. . . . New York Opera Association: Sun. Eves. at 10, WOR. . . . Goldman Band: Sun. Eve., at 9:30; Wed. Eve. at 9; Thurs. Eve. at 10; WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other

days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Aug. 5; Yankees vs. Boston, Sun., Aug. 6; Yankees vs. Washington, Mon., Aug. 7 (doubleheader at 1:30 P.M.), and Tues. and Wed., Aug. 8 and 9. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. and Sat., Aug. 10 and 12. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Ben Jeby vs. Lou Brouillard, middleweight championship, 15 rounds: Polo Grounds, Wed. Eve., Aug. 9. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

GOLF—New Jersey Open Championship, Forest Hill Field Club, Bloomfield, N.J., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. . . . New York State Amateur Championship, Garden City Golf Club, Garden City, L.I., Wed. through Sat., Aug. 9-12.

HORSE SHOWS—Monmouth County Horse Show, Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N.J., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. . . . Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn., Sat., Aug. 12. . . . Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 11 and 12.

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

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: races weekdays at 3 P.M. The United States Hotel Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap will be run Sat., Aug. 5; the North American Steeplechase Handicap and the Saratoga Special, Sat., Aug. 12. (Train leaves Grand Central at 10:45 A.M. daily, arriving Saratoga at 3:10 P.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:36 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:55 P.M.)

SPEEDBOAT RACES—National Sweepstakes, Shrewsbury River, Red Bank, N.J., Sat., Aug. 12.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I.: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 4 and 5. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 9:13 A.M.) . . . Wightman Cup Matches, United States vs. Great Britain, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.: Fri. Aft., Aug. 4, at 3; and Sat. Aft., Aug. 5, at 2:30. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 1:33 and 2:07 P.M. Additional trains Sat. at 1:41 and 1:53 P.M.) . . . Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y., Sat., Aug. 5, through Sat., Aug. 12.

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Port Washington Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., Aug. 5; Larchmont Yacht Club special races, Sun. Aft., Aug. 6; Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, Sat. Aft., Aug. 12. . . . New York Yacht Club Cruise starts at New London, Wed., Aug. 9; Astor Cup Race, off Newport, Fri., Aug. 11.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

AVIATION—International Air Races and Gordon Bennett Balloon Race, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1-4. . . . National Amateur Charity Air Pageant, Roosevelt Field, L.I., Oct. 7 and 8.

DOG SHOWS—Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass., Aug. 12. . . . Rhode Island Kennel Club, Providence, R.I., Aug. 20. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Sept. 16.

GOLF—Canadian Open, Toronto, Canada, Aug. 17-19. . . . Ladies' National Championship, Highland Park, Ill., Aug. 28-Sept. 2. . . . National Amateur Championship, Kenwood Country Club, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 11-16.

HORSE SHOWS—Lake Placid, N.Y., Aug. 18 and 19. . . . Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 18 and 19. . . . East Hampton, L.I., Aug. 19. . . . North Shore, Stony Brook, L.I., Aug. 25 and 26. . . . Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 16.

HUNT RACES—Adjacent Hunts, Greenwich, Conn., Sept. 23. . . . Meadow Brook Steeplechases, Westbury, L.I., Sept. 30.

MUSIC—Goldman Band outdoor concerts continue through Aug. 17. . . . Stadium Concerts, Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting, continue through Aug. 23.

POLO—East-West Matches, Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest, Ill., Aug. 13, 16, and 20. . . . National Open Championship and Monty Waterbury Cup, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., starting about Sept. 9.

RACING—Saratoga Springs, N.Y., through Sept. 2. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 4-16.

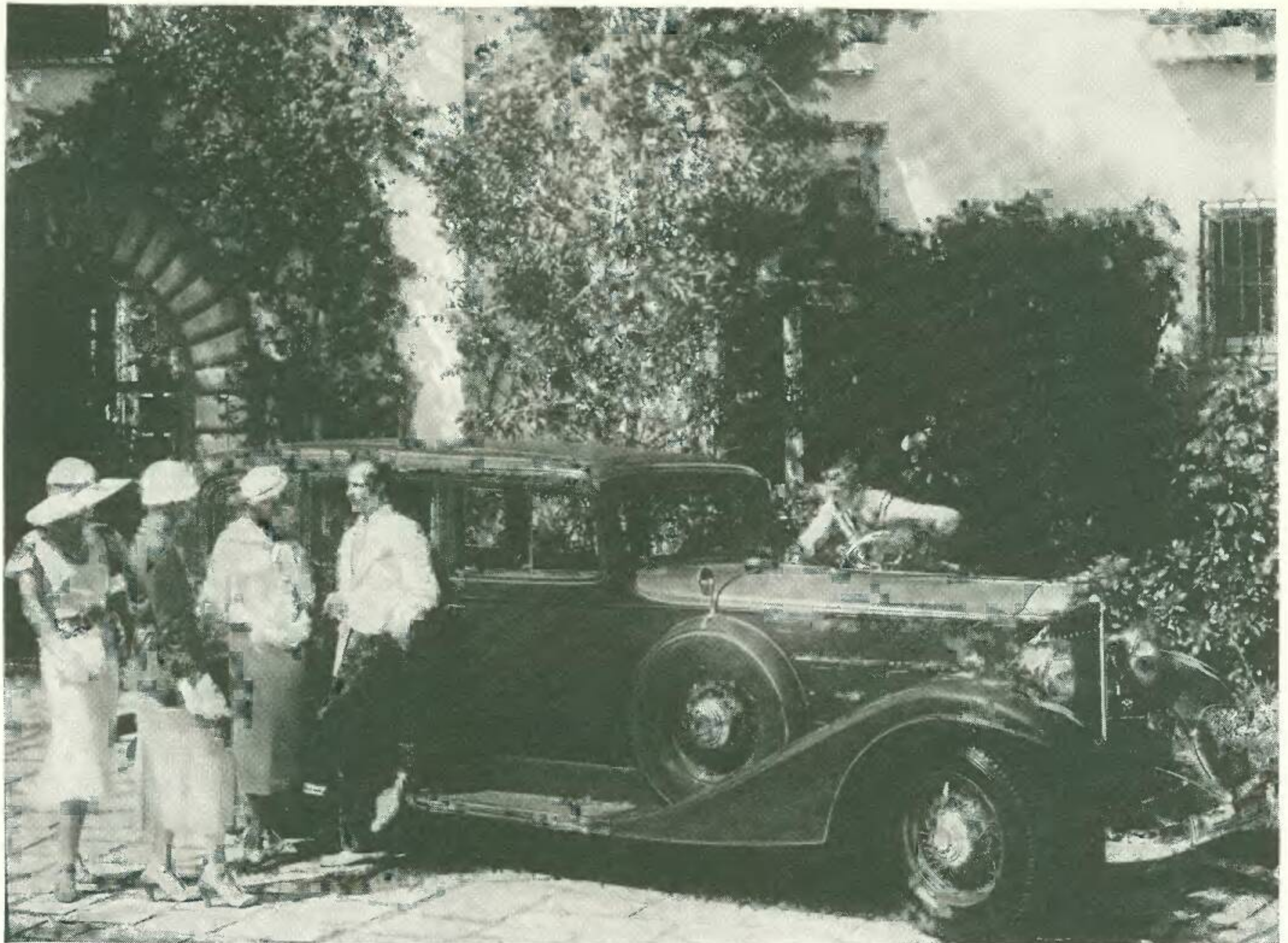
SPEEDBOAT RACES—Gold Cup and Harmsworth Trophy Races, Detroit, Mich., Sept. 1-4. . . . National Outboard Championships, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 22-24.

TENNIS—National Women's Championships, Forest Hills, L.I., Aug. 14-19. . . . Invitation Tournament, Newport, R.I., Aug. 14-19. . . . Men's National Doubles, Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 21-26. . . . East-West Matches, South Orange, N.J., Aug. 30-31. . . . Men's National Singles, Forest Hills, L.I., Sept. 2-9.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Party," a play by Ivor Novello, with Mrs. Pat Campbell: Playhouse, about Aug. 21. . . . "Hold Your Horses," the new Joe Cook show: Winter Garden, Sept. 4. . . . "As Thousands Cheer," a revue by Moss Hart and Irving Berlin, with Marilyn Miller, Clifton Webb, Helen Broderick, and Ethel Waters: Music Box, about Sept. 5. . . . "Murder at the Vanities," a musical mystery by Rufus King and Earl Carroll, with James Rennie: New Amsterdam, about Sept. 11.

TROTTER RACES—Grand Circuit, Goshen, N.Y., Aug. 14-18 (The Hambletonian, Aug. 16).

YACHTING—King's Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 19. . . . Saturday regattas on Long Island Sound through Aug. and Sept.



STEICHEN

"How did you happen to buy a Packard this time?"

Probably you know men who are driving Packards for the first time in their lives. How did they happen to change?

In many instances, you will find they accepted Packard's challenge to compare the new Packards with America's other fine cars. Then they decided.

You owe it to yourself to make this same comparison. Drive each of America's other fine cars over some road you know by heart. Then do it with Packard.

Try to hear the motor!

You will be amazed at the quiet of the Packard motor—so quiet you can scarcely hear it, even when traveling up to a mile and a half a minute. You will sink into cushions that were contoured by an orthopedic expert. You will steer with the

mere touch of a finger—and stop with a mere tap of your toe. You will discover that in a Packard, ventilation, brake-pedal pressure, shock-absorber resilience, can all be adjusted to suit your personal preferences.

Then remember that this car *is*, we believe, *the strongest car built in America*. 600,000 miles of testing at the Packard Proving Grounds have proved it so. A clutch was operating perfectly after 125,000 contacts in traffic. A transmission was in perfect condition after 50,000 miles of driving. A new lubrication system has doubled the life of motor parts—and cut repair costs in half.

Beauty that never ages

So the Packard you buy today will last

longer than ever before. And five, six years from now it will still be smart—for Packard beauty, Packard lines, do not grow old.

Yes, compare Packard with other fine cars on any basis. Then visit your Packard dealer. If you wish to buy out of income, your present car will probably cover the down payment on a new Packard. The balance can be spread over many months. You can pay for your Packard while you drive—and enjoy it.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE
The Packard Eight . . . from \$2150 at Detroit
The Packard Super-Eight

from \$2750 at Detroit
The Packard Twelve . . . from \$3720 at Detroit

Prices subject to increase without notice

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF NEW YORK

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, Inc. : 6 East 57th St.

Broadway at 61st Street • Eleventh Avenue at 54th Street • Bronx: 696 East Fordham Road • Brooklyn: Atlantic at Classon Avenue



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A CURIOUSLY distressing statistic has been unearthed by a member of our crime squad. It relates to the recovery of stolen automobiles in this and other cities. From various police records it would appear that whereas the average large American city manages to recover about ninety per cent of all stolen cars, New York (which we love and call home) recovers about nineteen per cent. In 1932 in New York 8,910 cars were reported stolen; only 1,707 were recovered. In Boston, the same year, 4,901 were stolen, 4,785 recovered. Maybe you'd better lock your car.

Cleveland has the most spectacular record. In 1930, Cleveland lost 4,509 and recovered 4,684, or 175 more than she lost. You can't ask for better than that.

WE'RE wondering whether Diego Rivera, who believes that the only great art is crusading art, is getting much fun out of painting revolutionary pictures on the definitely hospitable walls of the New Workers School down on Fourteenth Street. A man with his memories must find small satisfaction in that job, for he has known the delights of the walls of chambers of commerce and of the mighty corridors of capital. It is one thing to paint Lenin in Rockefeller Center; it is another thing to paint John D. Rockefeller in the New Workers School. A good deal of the incentive behind art is the difficulty in the way of its expression. A painter who feels revolution in his blood flowers best, no doubt, on a strictly Republican wall dedicated to the defence of the American home, where only by stealth can he inject

bits of personal propaganda. Put him to work on a liberal surface where he can say anything he wants to, and it takes the stuffing right out of him.

REVOLUTION is in the hearts of all of us, ready to come out. Workers at desks, particularly, and at small tasks, revolt in miniature. We were thumbing through the Scott Stamp and Coin Catalogue the other day, and came upon an 18-cent North Borneo item—picture of a water buffalo. The person who had written the descriptive note was a revolutionary (we could picture him, round-shouldered, fussy, tired of labeling stamps "Malay Stag," "A Dhow," "Cassowary," "Natives Ploughing," coming to the picture of a water buffalo, straightening up, nostrils distended). In his moment of rebellious foolery he had labeled it "Her Hero," and the printer had let it stand. You can find it yourself in the catalogue.

MR. LIPPMANN says that it is not easy to devise means of restraining speculation in stocks. Years ago we pointed out what we considered quite a simple way of restraining it. If a man wishes to buy a stock interest in a concern, we feel he should be obliged to present himself at the proper time

and place, money in hand. Then, having received his certificates, he should be required to keep them in his possession for at least a year, as an indication that he is standing behind his concern loyally. That would effectively quash seven-million-share days on 'Change. Furthermore, every purchaser of a stock certificate should be required to show some good reason for his choice. Suppose he decides on Nat Dairy Prods: let him first demonstrate his good faith by milking a cow for the directors.

The purchase of stock has been made too simple. You take almost any other transaction; take, we'll say, getting one's driving licence—a man has to make a trip downtown and stand in line. It kills the better part of a forenoon. Yet buying a share of stock, from which he stands to lose ever so much more, is merely a matter of making a phone call to his broker.

THIS plan of ours may seem to make no provision for stock-brokers; but we have a place for them, too. Obviously, under our system, a certain quantity of stocks would be bought and sold illegally, through brokers, at fantastic bootleg prices; and thus a normal amount of speculating could go on *sub rosa*, which would do the country no particular harm because the prices would be maintained at a high level. These transactions, instead of centring in a rather unattractive and overcrowded hall, could take place rather charmingly and quietly in one's former speakeasy, over one's legal bottle of Scotch.

From our private study of the Speculative Instinct in Man, we have drawn a pretty clear idea that Man enjoys speculating only if he thinks he can turn a profit within ten minutes, or at most ten days. The number of people who are



willing to speculate on something that can't possibly bear fruit for a year is relatively small. President Roosevelt wants industry to do some long-term speculating right now; he wants employers to raise wages on the chance that the increased buying power of the nation will improve everything and eventually even improve a man's own business. And the President realized that the only way he could persuade anybody to try it would be to make him an Elk.

SPEAKING of government control—which already grows tiresome—what about the overproduction in writing? The linotype machine and the rotary press have done their work, along with McCormick's reaper and Bell's telephone. As somebody, we don't care who, has said, we can't turn back the clock now: there is going to be more and more writing—stuff that slips out just as easily as this paragraph merely because there is nothing holding it back, no resistance either in mind or keyboard. What we writers better demand is a processing tax on printers and publishers, to be turned over to us for letting the hot fields of our fancy lie fallow.

The New Deal

ALITTLE story has come to us which illustrates how thoroughly the government is watching over us, one and all. It's about eggs and a gentleman who gets his regularly from a small town up in the Catskills. They're mailed to him, two dozen once a week, in a metal container, which he mails back empty. Until recently the whole transaction proceeded with dull routine. Then the egg man up North got a new metal case, the old one having grown obsolescent, and the eggs began to break. One week five eggs broken, the next six, and so on. The egg recipient wrote to Washington about it, addressing his complaint directly to Postmaster General Farley while he was at it.

A couple of days later, a reply came from the Parcel Post Division. It said an inspector was going to call on him. The inspector was around the next day early, asking questions and examining the shipping container, which he said was O.K. The next egg shipment came in, and when the carrier delivered it, he had a grim, haunted look, and refused to so much as put the egg box down on a chair until the man

of the house came to witness. Not an egg was cracked. About half an hour after this, the doorbell rang and there was the inspector again. He beamed knowingly when he heard all the eggs had arrived safe. He said he thought they would. He had, he added, gone up to the Catskills and seen them packed himself. Then he came right along with them through the Catskill post office, the railway post office, and the New York substation, where he had made his presence known to the carrier. He said he thought the eggs would come through all right from then on. They have.

Impresario

MR. ALFREDO SALMAGGI, whose "Chicago Opera Company" has brought new life to the old bones of the Hippodrome this summer, has at last become as successful as he looks. He is an impresario of the old school, tall, robust, and wears the characteristic mane of raven hair and a flowing black tie. He has been promoting opera twenty years. "And I losa all my shirts all da time, until now." In our interview with him, he was coatless and his shirt was of white silk crossed by green suspenders. He doesn't claim his company has any relation to the old Chicago Opera Company, which blew up with Samuel Insull, except the name. He thought it was a good name to take.

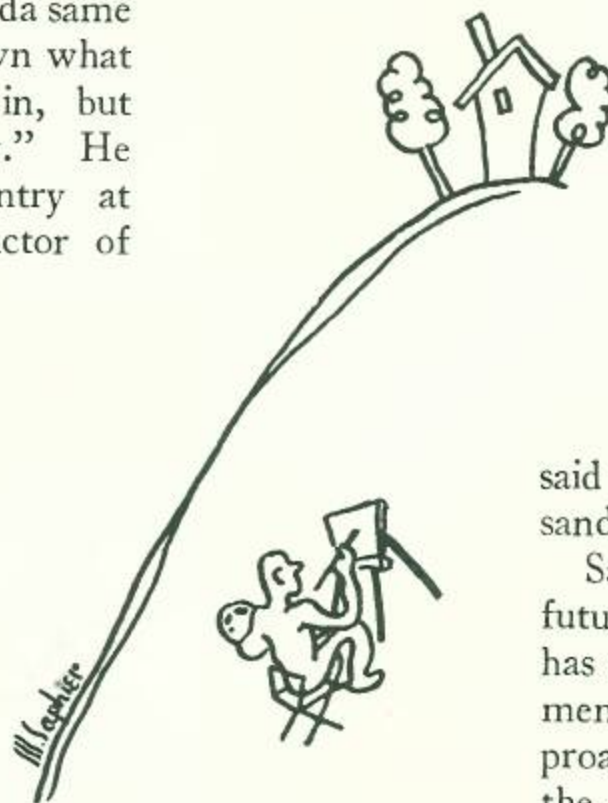
We found a generous vagueness in Salmaggi's statements. He was born "da same mont' an' da same day an' da same town what d'Annunzio born in, but not da same year." He came to this country at fourteen, as conductor of an Italian opera company which lasted a week in Boston. He went to Brooklyn, where he worked at shoemaking for a time, singing at his last and giving lessons in the evening. In a year he married one of his pupils and at the same time gave up the last, becoming a promoter of opera as well as a singer. He produced "Pagliacci" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1919, singing the leading rôle. He profited with operas there for

four months, then things went bad an' after that he 'as lose every'ing until now.

Salmaggi's subsequent ventures are pretty much a matter of record, some of them court record. He chartered two Brooklyn theatres, and proceeded with operas, symphony concerts, and deficits. Then back occasionally to the Brooklyn Academy, where, one Sunday night, the manager refused to raise the curtain until he was paid. Salmaggi dashed about the auditorium, brandishing unredeemed pledges, and got enough cash to start the overture at twenty minutes of ten. On another occasion there, the tenor was hooted off the stage at his first appearance. Salmaggi spied another tenor in the audience, hustled him back to a dressing-room and into a costume, and the show went on. Salmaggi's Sunday concerts were profitable at times but illegal, but McCooey, thinking they were good places for Italians on Sunday night, winked to someone, and they went on without interference. The impresario has been ardently grateful ever since. He says he has five brothers and three sisters, all married, in Brooklyn, and many other relatives, "alla toget'er one hunt' seventy-t'ree pipples in all, and we givea Mr. McCooey one hunt' two votes every time." He himself is the father of nine. Along about his sixth or seventh child, he presented "Aïda" at the Polo Grounds, with "elephants and asini," as the bilingual announcements had it, and there was some fuss afterward about the receipts,

the government being interested in the war tax, but this was settled. And at some period he gave "Aïda" in Egypt, with the pyramids as a backdrop. He said the attendance was seventy thousand, and we said "What?" "Seventy t'ousand Turks," he said.

Salmaggi's plans for the future will surprise you. He has already had the management of the Hippodrome approach the Metropolitan with the suggestion that the latter put on their entire season in the Hippodrome this winter. In return for this, the Hippodrome will produce a mysterious Britisher who stands ready to rent the opera building for an industrial exposition to last all winter and Salmaggi will agree not to produce dur-





"Are you
sure this is
the right place?"

• •

ing the 'Metropolitan season. Otherwise, it's competition.

Carrot Passing System

A LADY connected with the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, no less, reports *this* one. She was in the Eighth Avenue subway and saw a husband kiss a wife goodbye and saw her pass through a turnstile toward the platform. The husband suddenly called to her. He had forgotten to give her a package he had been carrying. Now, some of the turnstiles in these stations are carried right up to the ceiling without a break large enough to squeeze a sack of carrots through—for that's what Papa had forgotten to give Mamma. Of course, the man could have put in another nickel and got through that way, but you

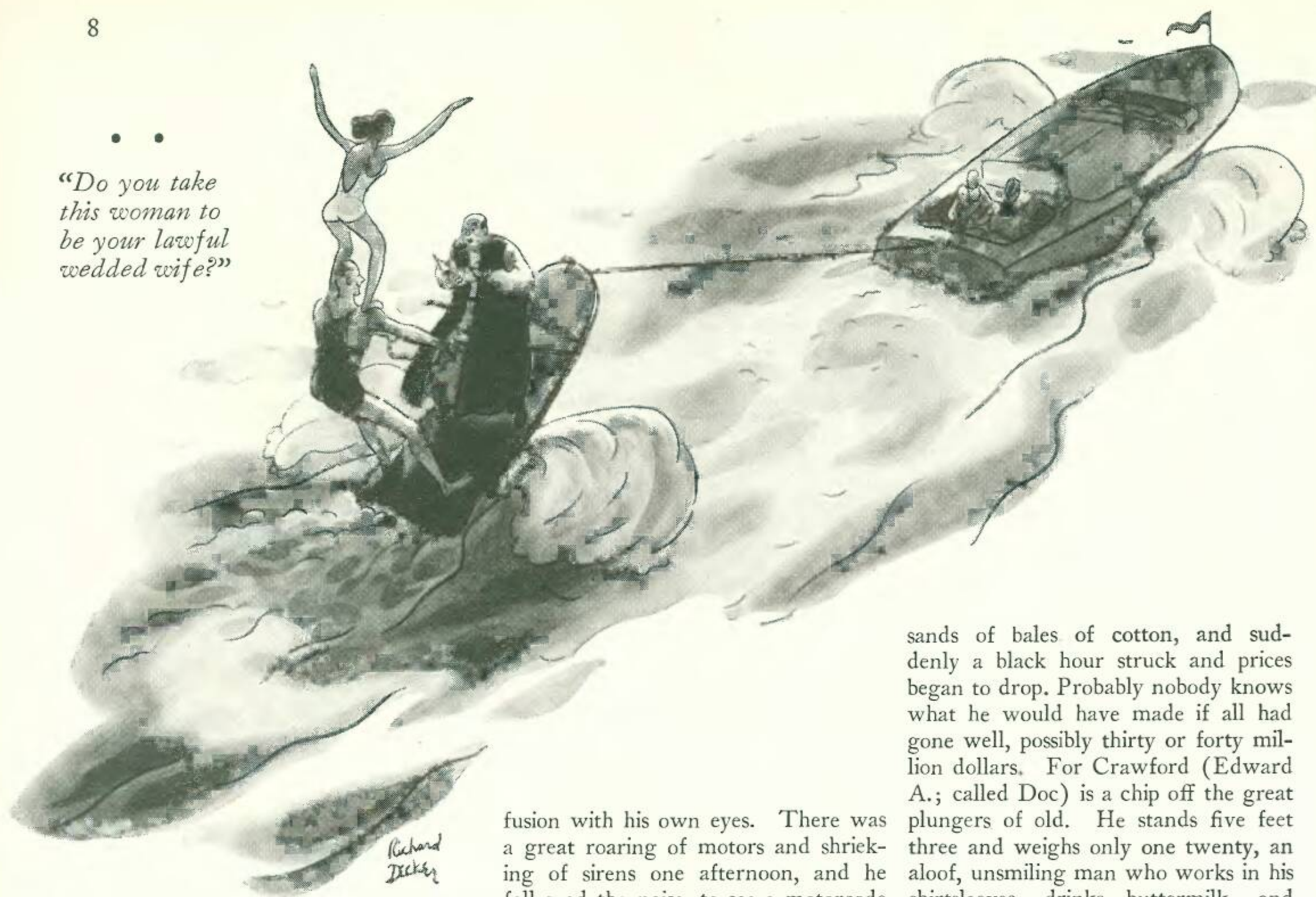
can't be throwing money away in these times. He figured it out, finally. He took the carrots out of the sack, one at a time, and passed them to his wife, between the bars. Then he folded the sack tightly and passed that through. The wife had accumulated a pile of carrots, which she now picked up and put back in the sack. Simple, if tedious—and interesting to passersby.

Royal Whims

ONE of the things His Royal Highness, Ras Desta Demtu, did while here that we didn't read about was visit the Rockefeller estate at Pocantico Hills. He had heard of its grandeur in Abyssinia and it was the one thing he wanted to see. He confided his desire to the government special agent assigned to

him for his stay and the agent called up the Tarrytown police, who arranged for the visit. The party consisted of the Prince, a couple of other Ethiopians, the special agent, and a city detective. They rode in two automobiles preceded by a motorcycle policeman. At the lodge of the Pocantico place, the Prince got out. "I will walk," he said in Amharic. "He will walk," said one of the Ethiopians, who was an interpreter, in English. "Holy Mackerel!" said a Tarrytown police official, who, when he had regained his breath, told the interpreter to explain the size of the grounds. The Prince listened, and replied briefly and regally. "He will walk," said the interpreter. They walked, and at the Prince's pace, which is always slow, majestic, and serene, for two hours—except for the special agent, who sneaked off and got

• • •
 "Do you take
 this woman to
 be your lawful
 wedded wife?"



in the automobile after about thirty minutes.

Next the Prince wanted to visit the Music Hall at Rockefeller Center. This was arranged by the manager of his hotel, who was told to bring the party to a side door and enter as guests of the management. No sooner had they got in than the Prince stopped dead. "Now we pay," he said, as quoted by his interpreter. The hotel man explained that this wasn't expected, that Mr. Rockefeller wouldn't like it. Ras Desta had it in his head, however, and was won over only when it was pointed out that there was no place you *could* pay at the side door. He sat through a picture called "Double Harness," at the conclusion of which he expressed a desire to see a religious picture. A private showing of Cecil De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" was arranged for him next day at the Paramount Building.

Lost Escort

WITH notables coming to town by sea and air every few hours lately, the motorcycle-escort cops got confused one day last week—or the week before—says a man who saw the con-

fusion with his own eyes. There was a great roaring of motors and shrieking of sirens one afternoon, and he followed the noise, to see a motorcade of cops clear a wide space in front of the Ritz Hotel. The gathering crowd was kept well back, and there was a tense, expectant air. Suddenly, up Madison Avenue came six shiny black limousines bedecked with flags. Each car was filled with dignitaries. They whished right on past the Ritz and disappeared uptown. The motorcycle cops looked after them in silent amaze. Then their leader spoke. "That's right," he said. "It was the *Ambassador*."

A VACATIONER in Vermont went out to play a nine-hole golf course and, as he neared the clubhouse, came upon one of the inhabitants whom he knew. In the course of a brief conversation, the latter remarked that there weren't as many people playing golf this year as last. "Guess," he remarked further, "the fad's about over."

The Doc

WE know a man who knows Crawford, the little Southerner who upset the Chicago Board of Trade, the grain market, Secretary Wallace, and himself two weeks ago. You know: he held millions of bushels of wheat, corn, and rye, and thou-

sands of bales of cotton, and suddenly a black hour struck and prices began to drop. Probably nobody knows what he would have made if all had gone well, possibly thirty or forty million dollars. For Crawford (Edward A.; called Doc) is a chip off the great plungers of old. He stands five feet three and weighs only one twenty, an aloof, unsmiling man who works in his shirtsleeves, drinks buttermilk, and never smokes.

When he flared up in the skies like a Lindbergh, the papers were vague about him, but our man says he is not mysterious. He was born in Florida and his first interest was telegraphy. Working in Chicago, he handled Board of Trade quotations and got interested in trading. He let it go to graduate in medicine at Valparaiso University, later studying chiropractic and dentistry, and then practicing in Georgia and Florida. After five years, he threw his shingle away and went to New Orleans to trade in cotton. He had \$5,000, which he ran up to \$15,000 quickly, and bought a seat on the Cotton Exchange. In 1919 he came here, and his saga begins then. It tells that he made and lost fortunes of a million or more several times. A credit of \$50,000 extended by a broker friend in 1925 was the start of his last big flight. He came out of the Coolidge market rich and made more in the bear market following, getting a place on the Senate investigators' list of big short-sellers. He became a member of all the commodity exchanges in the city. In 1931, he started a "put-and-call" business, a system which gives small-time speculators a chance to try their luck. He would sell five-day options on a

hundred shares of stock for from forty to eighty dollars. If the market broke in the right direction, the buyer's "Crawford paper" became valuable and he could put it up for margin or outright purchase with most any brokerage house. Not only the small traders but the bigger ones took to using his options. During the first half of 1932, it was generally conceded that fully one-third of the business on the Stock Exchange originated with "Crawford paper." The Exchange didn't countenance the "put-and-call" system, and when Crawford arranged to buy a seat for \$98,000 about a year ago, they sent back his check. Then, the subject having come up, they went further and took out his ticker service. The Doc went right ahead, however, working in his shirtsleeves before a desk in the offices of Bond & McEnany with only two clerks as assistants. He refused to listen to market news during the day, quoted his "put-and-call" odds quickly, crisply, and finally, and managed his own speculations.

On the Cotton Exchange, they say, he was pretty much the boss of prices.

He was known to average a profit of \$30,000 a day for two weeks at a time. Though he got into everything, cotton was always a favorite. His big drive in rye started early this year, and by May he was reputed to own or control half the visible supply. He had about seventy per cent when the crash came.

Doc Crawford has a place at Rockaway Inlet, L.I., and a home in Miami and other extensive real-estate holdings there. He has one son, fifteen, and no hobbies. Last winter, he and his wife decided to learn to dance and took lessons at a studio nightly. He got pretty good at fox-trotting but gave up the tango after one lesson. He says he believes in dreams and uses them in his trading, but people suspect that.

Tweet

BLOOMINGDALE's department store has been literally all of a twitter for some time now. In the basement

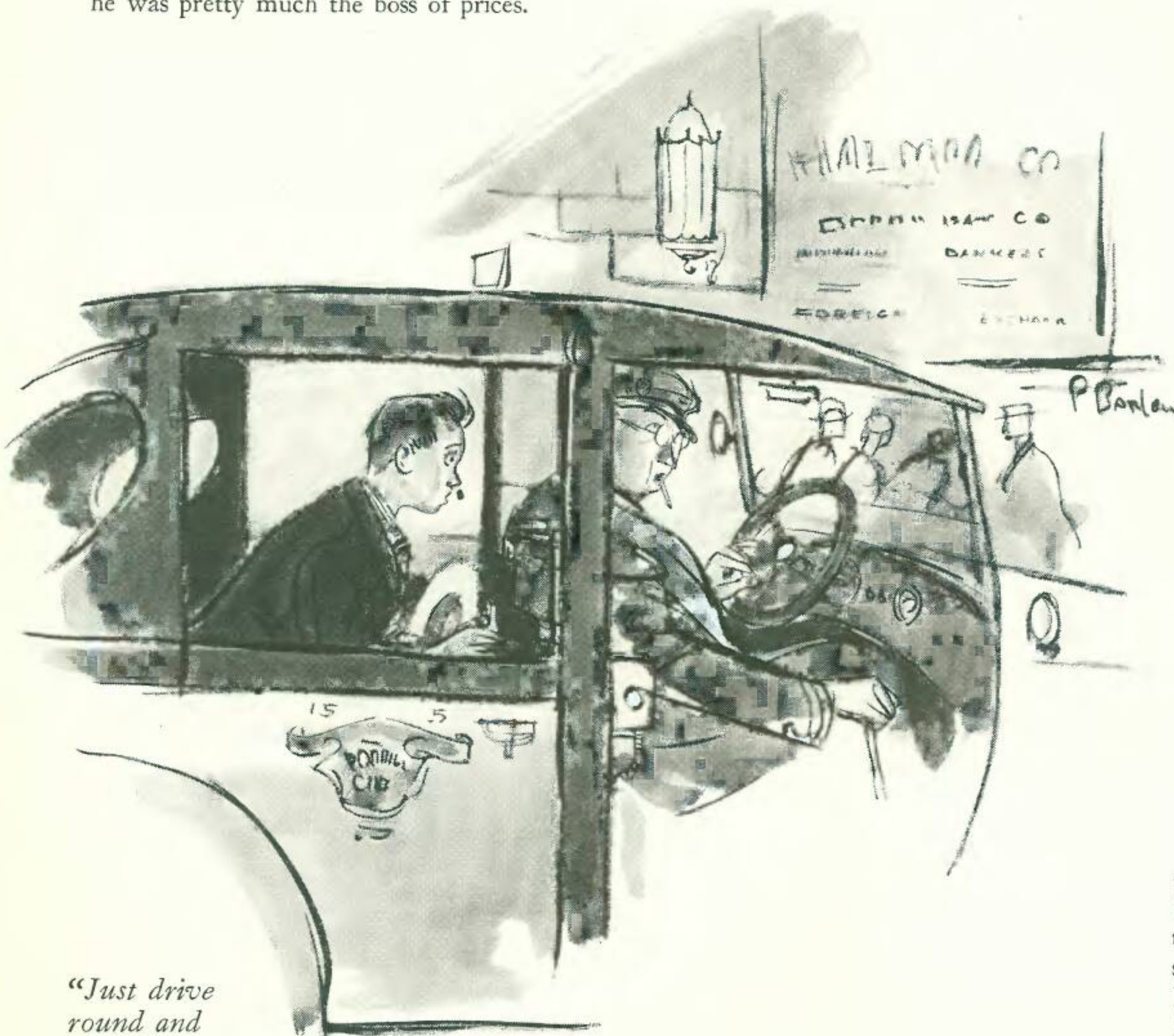
there is a birdstore, and a couple of bad boys got in there and, when nobody was looking, opened some birdcages. Twenty-five birds got out, or maybe more. A few have since been caught at night, after the store closes, by employees with butterfly nets. The others have outsmarted the hunters. In fact, about eighteen were still at large after two weeks, last we heard. Customers are often startled by birds flying rapidly past their heads, tweeting merrily. Bloomingdale's is happy that they got out after the nesting season. They hope to catch the rascals by next spring.

Chaos

THERE'S a story around about a Russian visitor who got off his boat and went up to a policeman and asked how he could find a room. "Why, you can find one anywhere, just look for a sign," the cop said. He saw a sign and got a room without much trouble, and then asked his landlady

where he could buy bread and cigarettes and a few other things he needed. "Most anywhere," said the landlady, gasping. "Drugstores, groceries, delicatessens." He departed, to return after half an hour with an armload of stuff, including canned goods. During the next few days, he made a series of excursions, always coming back laden with purchases, but despite success in getting whatever he wanted readily, he seemed depressed. The landlady, a friendly soul, noticed this and thought to engage him in conversation and cheer him. "Well," she began, "how do you like the United States?" He sighed wearily. "I don't like it," he said. "You haven't got any system."

—THE NEW YORKERS



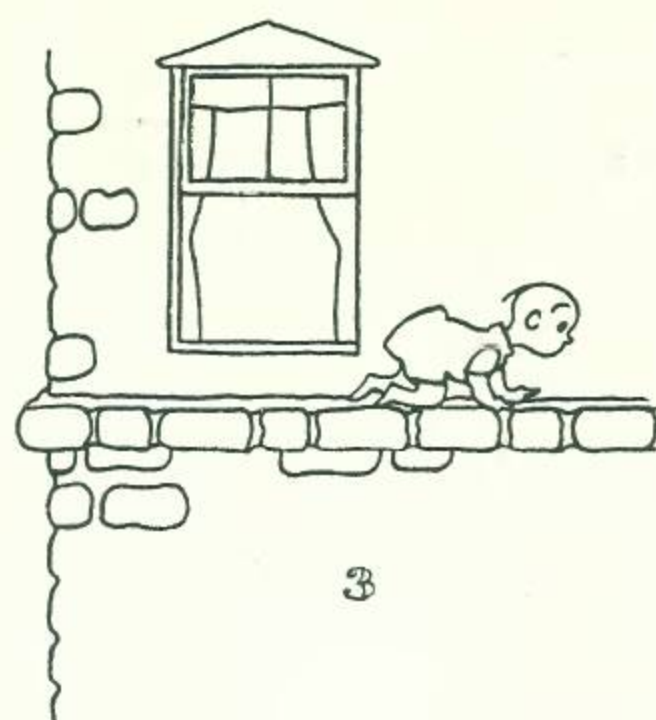
"Just drive round and round the Park until I tell you to stop. I'm trying to forget about a woman."



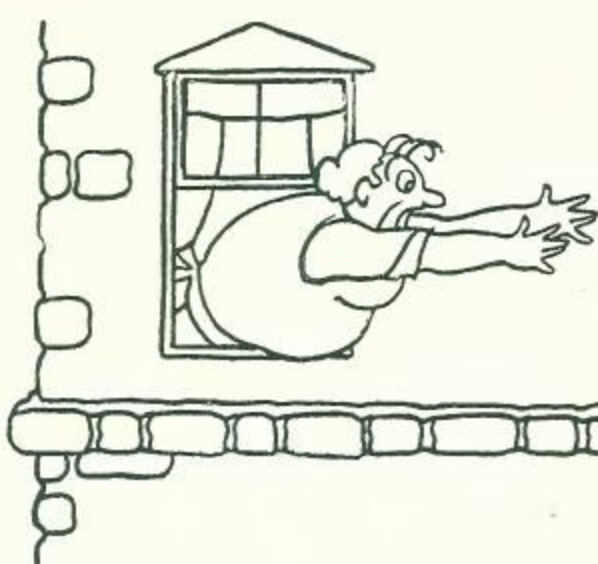
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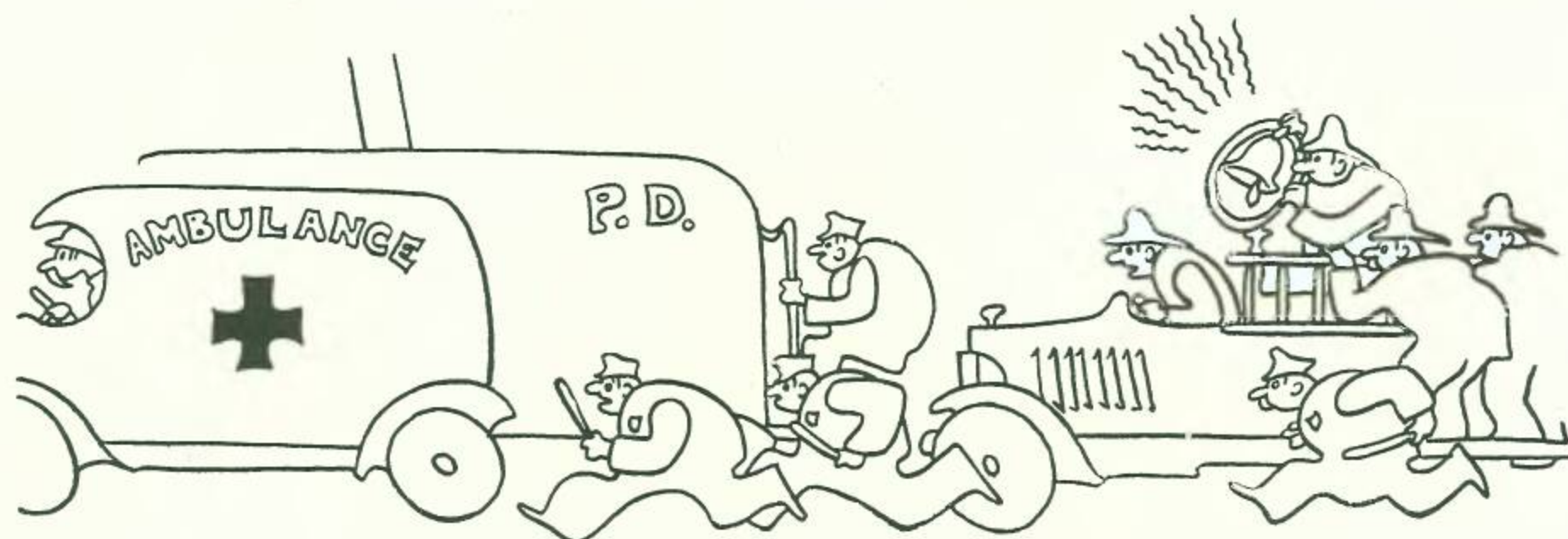
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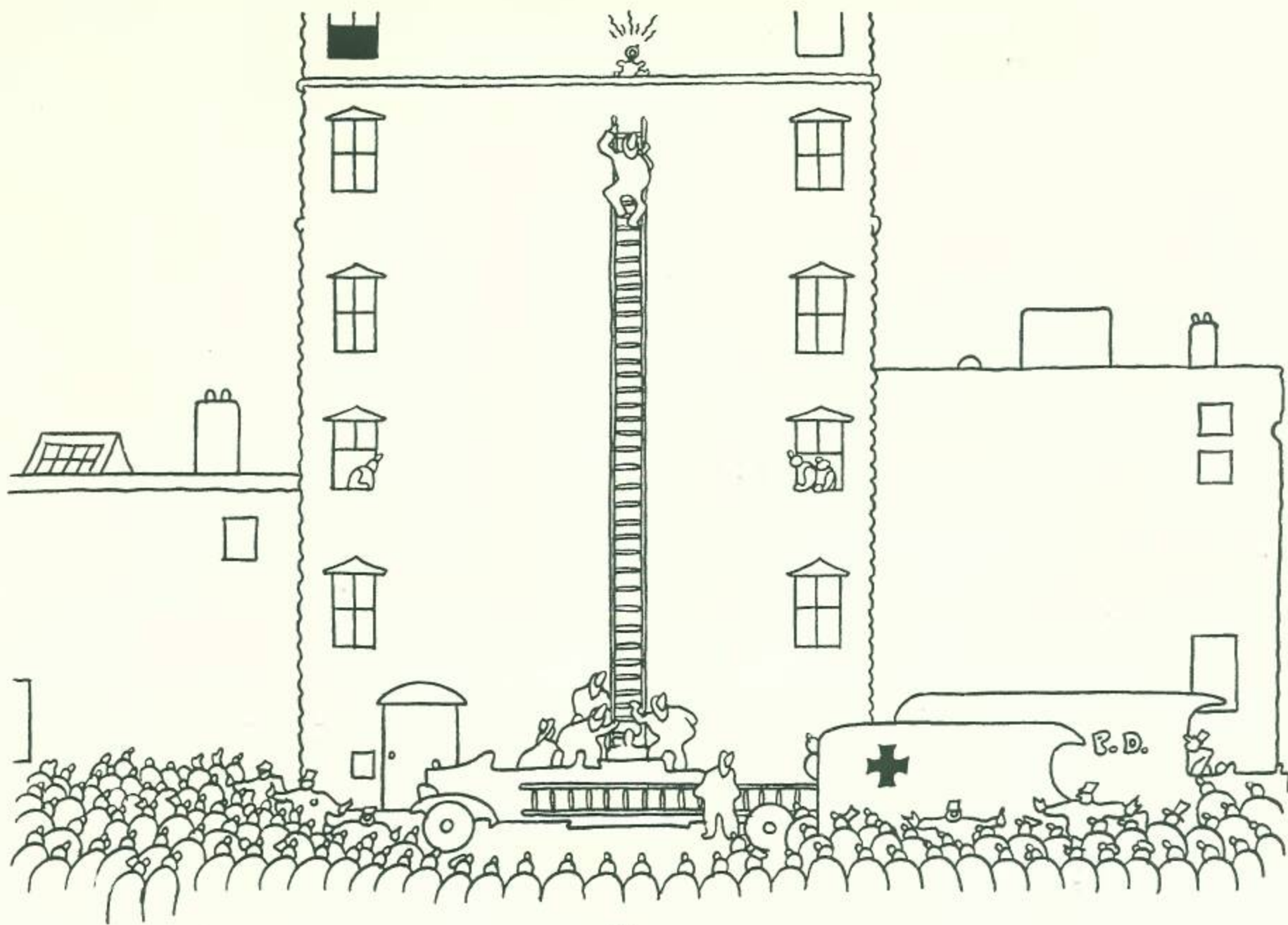


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THE RESCUE



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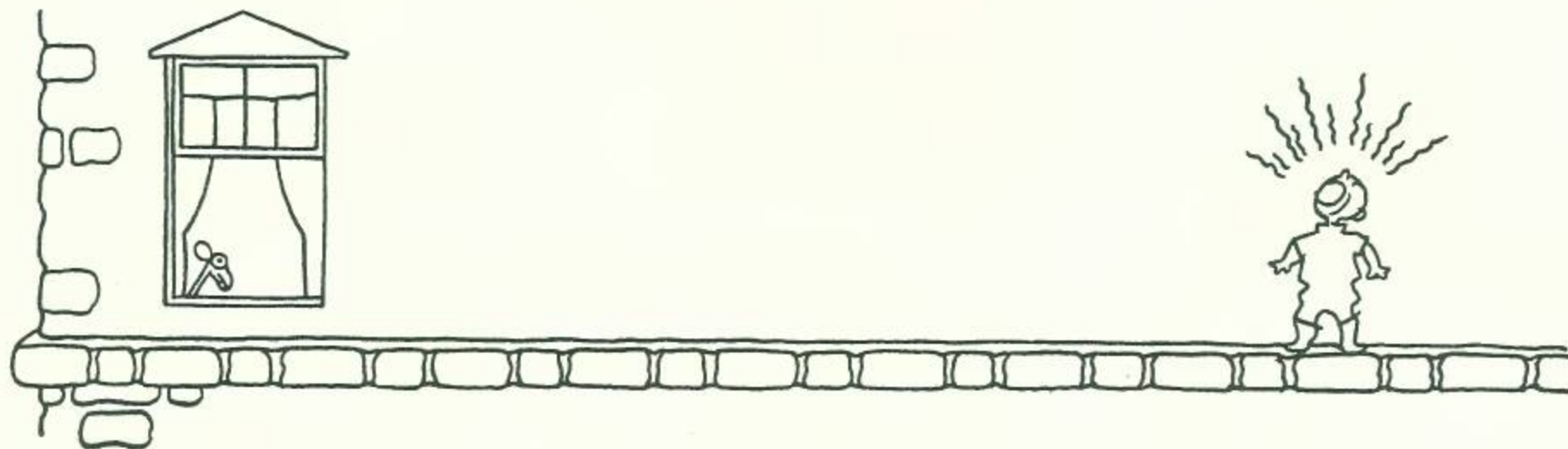
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OFF BALANCE

ALONZO FUNKHOUSER was vice-president of the Griver-Wharton Company, advertising agents. He was a big man, some six feet two inches tall, and had got heavy. He wasn't fat, that is to say he hadn't a paunch, but he was big. He was a football star when he attended Harvard, and after he got into advertising that helped him, especially in Chicago and the Middle-Western cities where he had his clients. He was a Harvard man but didn't put on any side. He made his cleanup during the World War, when he was forty-eight.

He had the Calico Truck account and about ten others, and they all became suddenly good, but the Calico was a wow. They just wallowed in it, making trucks for the old Russian government, and all the orders that came in were underwritten, first by the British government and later by the U.S.A.

It was in the bag. They got what price they asked. You know how it was during the war. No wonder some people like wars. God, the cleanup! Better page Al Capone.

Later, to be sure, there was the income tax, but that wasn't as bad as

it looked. You could put down as legitimate expenditure in running a business, to be deducted from profits, the money spent in advertising.

It was a cleanup, and a good many American boys got made nice and clean over there too. Alonzo Funkhouser lost a son.

He was a great man for making speeches, to associations of advertising men, associations of manufacturers, associations of publishers, etc. And for several years after his son got his head blown off, he never made a speech without referring to his son's death. "We who have suffered . . . the war has been brought home to us . . . my own son . . . right now, as I stand here before you today, I can see my boy . . ."

"As though he stood over there . . . there in the far corner of this room [this said with a finger pointing] or over there, as though he had just stepped in at the door."

BILLY MOORE, of the copy department of Griver-Wharton, was a little black Irishman, also forty-eight, who had always had a hard time hanging on to a job because he was

an alcoholic. He went out about once in three weeks and stayed out for three or four days. He was a Catholic, and had a big family of girls, and he could sling the ink, although he couldn't talk much. He couldn't have made a speech to get through purgatory. He had a strong sense of the dramatic, and should have been a playwright. He kept saying he intended to be one some day. It was pathetic—he being forty-eight and an alcoholic, always losing jobs and putting his family in a hole. During and just after the war, any kind of a copywriter could get a job, and Billy was good.

"I'm going to get out of this damn advertising racket and write at least one good play before I die," Billy said.

"What about, Billy?"

"Why, about this advertising racket. I'll show 'em up for once, anyway."

Billy wrote all of Alonzo Funkhouser's speeches after Alonzo became a big man, and Billy was the one who had worked out that pointing business, ". . . as though, at this minute, he were standing over there."

"You pause. Throw out your hand, so."

"Yes, I see."

"Then, when their heads are turned . . ."

Billy hated Alonzo Funkhouser with his whole soul, and Alonzo had the same kind of hatred for Billy.

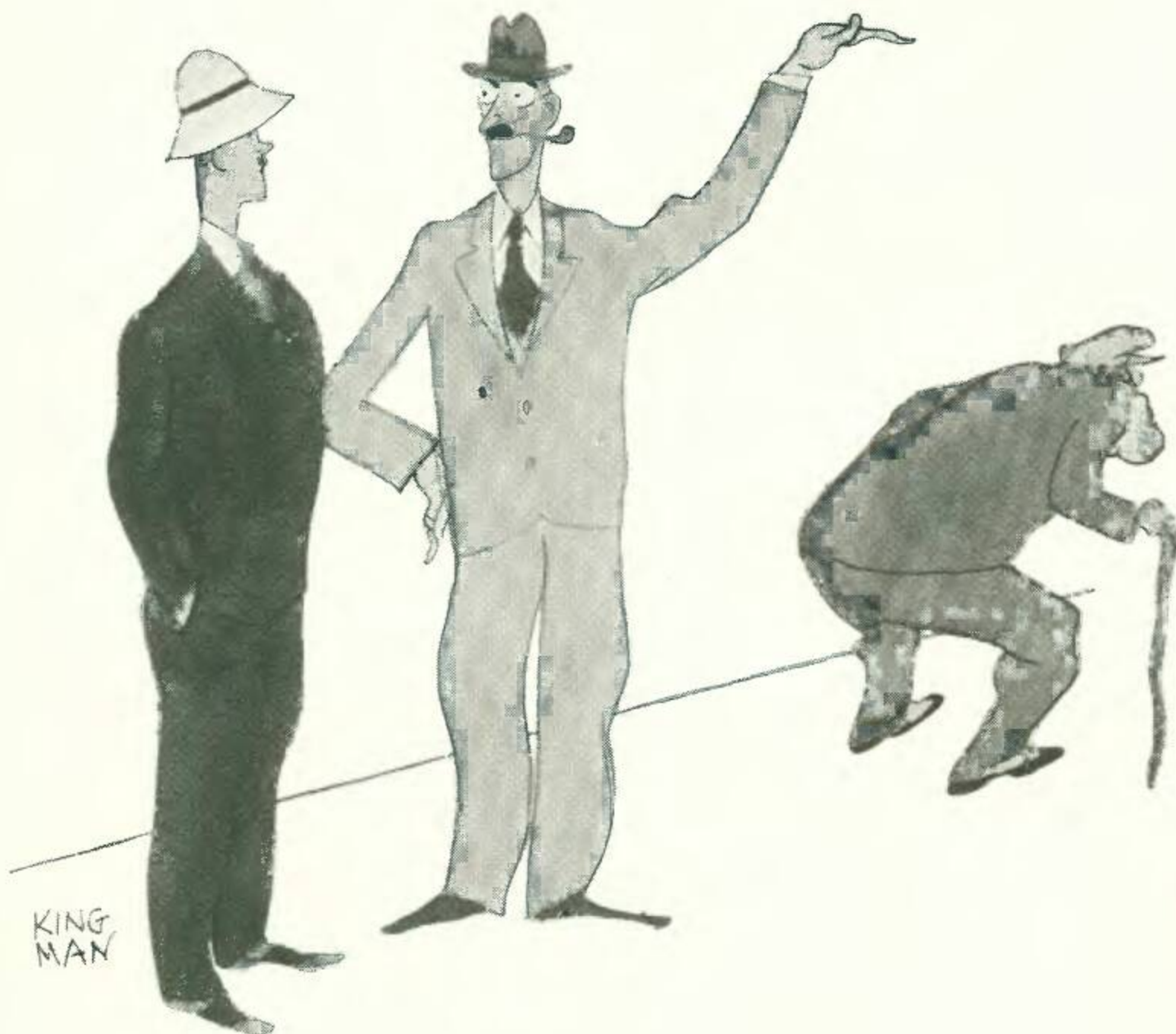
Alonzo used to stand up like that, making one of his speeches written by Billy—he was a fine figure of a man—and he always ended with that bit about the boy killed in France. "The little bastard really was killed," Billy used to say sometimes, speaking to other copywriters employed by Griver-Wharton.

"The Huns blew his god damn little head off." He had never seen the boy.

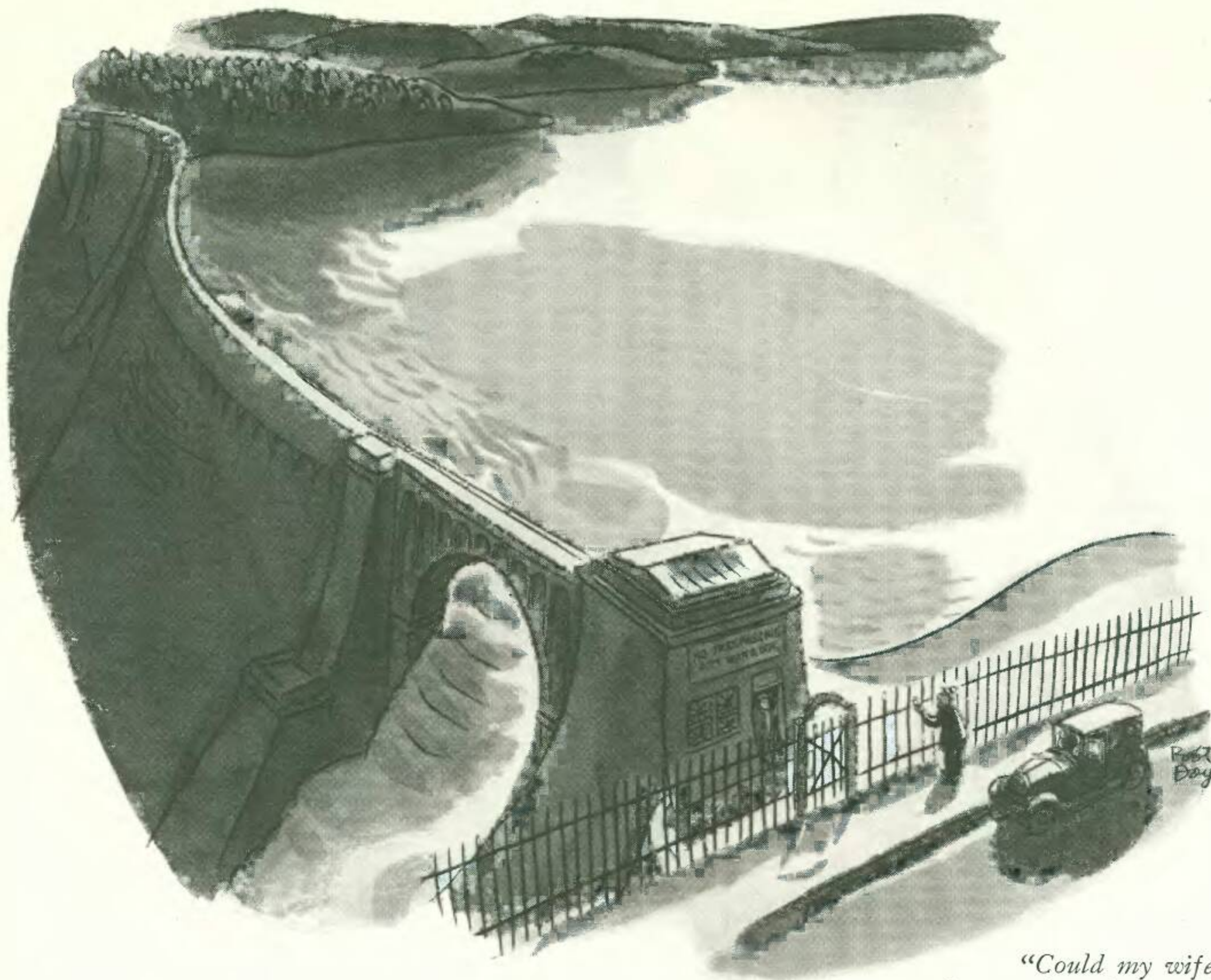
When Alonzo got his speech off to a lot of businessmen, say at a banquet, it always went big.

"As I stand here, before you men, I can see my boy, just as I last saw him alive, as though he were standing over there back of you all, or coming in at that door . . . Look!" His arm shot out and a finger pointed. Billy had coached him on that.

"A clean, sweet, American boy." The businessmen, association of advertising men, association of publishers, association of manufacturers, were startled. They would all turn their heads to look.



"I've known him since he was that high."



*"Could my wife
have a glass of water?"*

"A curly-haired, clean, American boy."

A surprising number of the men at the banquets or other places where speeches are made were bald.

"That guy ought to get him a good hair- tonic account," Billy said. "Gee, he's a swell contact man."

DURING the war, the Calico Truck people made so much, it rolled in so fast, they just had to pour it out for advertising; otherwise the government would have got it to help pay the cost of the war. They used to call Alonzo Funkhouser on the long-distance telephone. They had been careless or he had.

"We're behind on our schedule," they said. "You got to spend three hundred thousand in the next ten days."

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"About copy, for newspaper spreads, et cetera—do you want to O.K. it?"

"Hell no. Shoot."

Billy Moore used to sit making calculations. He was jealous. He knew the deal Alonzo had with the Griver-Wharton people. It was fifty-fifty.

"Let's see. Fifteen per cent on three hundred thousand for that ten days on that one account—that's forty-five thousand, and a half of that . . ." He was schoolboyish about it, like some high-school kid figuring up how much Babe Ruth gets for every hour he is actually at work. The three hundred thousand was just an oversight. There was the regular flow, several accounts, and all good, the flow going on for three or four years.

"Well, say two hundred and fifty thousand a year, for Alonzo, while the bloody mess lasted over there." Billy didn't have any sons. He didn't lose anyone in the war.

ALONZO kept on pulling it, whenever he made a speech, for a long time.

"I can see my boy, standing over there now. We were pals." The busi-

nessmen all turned to look. When they turned their faces back to Alonzo, he was just putting his handkerchief away. What the businessmen liked about Alonzo was that he was so sincere. Alonzo said so, a little hesitatingly, to Billy. He had been during the summer on a visit to France, where his son was buried.

"How about some new stuff, Billy?" he said.

"What do you mean?" Billy inquired. He had just been on one of his bad ones, and his wife had been riding him pretty hard. Alonzo was shy about bringing the matter up, but he had become a big man in advertising, and he did love to make speeches.

"You know, I have been over there, where the boy is buried. I didn't let them bring his body home. 'Let it lie where it fell,' I wrote to our congressman."

"You mean?" Billy said. He was

getting it. "Yes, I guess we ought to revamp the speech."

"Do you know, Billy," Alonzo said, "you made me feel that boy's death, what it meant to me, as I never would have felt it but for you."

"Yes?"

"Just the same, we should give it a new turn." Billy stood in Alonzo's office lost in deep thought.

"Do you know, Billy, what about—well now, something about the boy's grave, over there, at the edge of a battlefield, say at night?"

"Jesus, that's a thought!" Billy said. He stood there hating Alonzo. Sometimes he had the whimsical notion that he didn't hate him at all. He stood in the room beside Alonzo's big mahogany desk, muttering to himself, and Alonzo got up and came near to listen.

"Now you see—something about the French countryside at night—a summer night. It is pathetic and terrible—the ground all torn up, limbs of trees shot away," Billy was saying.

"Yes, yes," Alonzo said.

"Something strange takes possession of your soul."

"Since the American Legion has got into politics, the war itself isn't so good any more," Alonzo said. "You couldn't get production for a war play now if you wrote one, Billy."

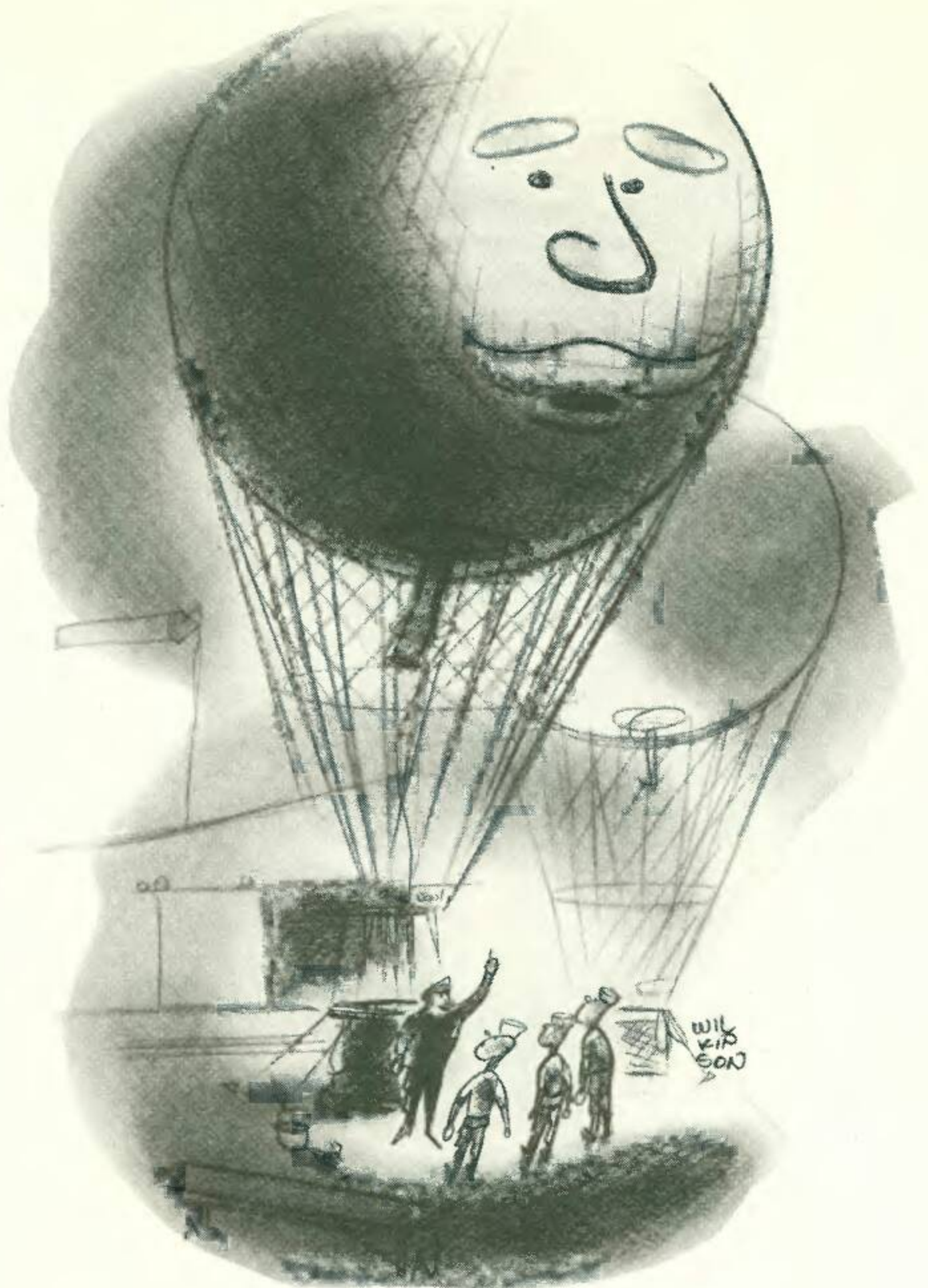
"Still, there is always something. People like the idea of ghosts. How would this be? . . . You see, you got to a little French town, at the edge of the battlefield, late at night. You found a little French hotel, but you couldn't sleep. A voice seemed to be calling you. The town was very quiet, but in fancy you could hear guns roaring. You got up and dressed, crept out of the house."

"Yes, yes," Alonzo said again.

"You got out where the ghostly trees were. There was that dim light. You saw it now here, now there. There was a voice that seemed to want to speak to you. It was saying, 'Tell them. Tell them.'"

"Yes, yes. Yes, yes. Yes, yes."

Billy was having a swell idea, a hunch, and what good advertising-copy man doesn't know what that means? The really snappy ideas don't come every day. Alonzo yes-yessing him as the idea grew. The wife may have been riding Billy extra hard after the drunk he had been on. Suddenly he plunked Alonzo Funkhouser, vice-president of Griver-Wharton, right on the jaw, just as he was opening his mouth to get off another "yes, yes."



"Who did that?"

Billy never had any idea he could hit so hard. He knocked Alonzo over a chair and his head hit a corner of his desk. Afterward he bled like a stuck pig.

"I guess I caught him off his balance," Billy always afterward explained.

Everyone came running, stenographers, other copy men, contact men, other officials of the company, and of course Billy got fired. The president of the company, George B. Wharton, fired him on the spot, but later they took him back. Billy's wife came down to see Mr. Wharton, and Alonzo Funkhouser insisted.

"Look here," he said, "the man's got a family, and he had been drunk.

I insist," he said. They kept arguing with him, saying that to take Billy back would break down the morale of the employees of the company, but Alonzo stood pat. The others thought he was being foolishly big-hearted, but he was a big man in the company, and he had his way. They sent word to Billy to come on back.

"I guess I caught him a little off balance," was all Billy had to say about that.

—SHERWOOD ANDERSON

Mr. Mahon demanded that the privilege of the boor be denied to Mr. Blanchard.—*The Herald Tribune*.

That, sir, is an inalienable right.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Economic Conference closed with a day of farewell addresses, but three little words would have done the trick: Opened by mistake.

We are able to deny the report, however, that our delegation to London and our Davis Cup team got mixed in transit.

The breakup of the Conference brings mixed feelings to the breasts of English statesmen. There is regret that the thing was a failure but a profound sense of gratitude that it ended in time for the grouse-shooting season.

Mr. Farley has practically abolished the deficit in his department. Stickers reading "We Do Our Part" should now be pasted upon those overworked and underpaid post-office employees.

If Science were half as wonderful as it pretends to be, it would find some way to make New York Fusionists fuse.

The Mayor's forces made a brave attack upon Albany, but were repulsed with heavy casualties. If you notice any large bodies floating down the river, that would be our army.

What this country needs, Louis Howe says, is a federal Scotland Yard. In that case, we would also have to have an American Sherlock Holmes to sneer at same.

Geologists are telling us about the happy continent of Gondwanaland. It sank into the ocean 150,000,000 years before the invention of beach pajamas.

Most males hate shopping in any form, and they will all deeply sympathize with Secretary Ickes in his plight. He has to go out and spend \$3,300,000,000.

A contest between John O'Brien and John O'Ryan

would be pretty bitter. Each would accuse the other of being a typographical error.

The daily wobble of grain prices is now limited by law, and this will make the world safer for the speculators. Some of the little gamblers may not lose their all until Friday afternoon.

The Mollisons, despite their mishap, have a secure place in history. They will be remembered as the pair who managed to crack up in Connecticut without hitting a summer theatre.

New Yorkers have a tremendous admiration for the skill and daring of circumnavigator Post. Rabid enthusiasts declare that the man could drive a car across the Queensboro Bridge on Sunday. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

INFLATION
AND THE POETS

1½ leagues, 1½ leagues,
1½ leagues onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the 2,000.

Baa baa black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, 12 bags full.
4 for my master, 4 for my dame,
And 4 for the little boy that lives
in the lane.

6 if by land and 6 if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be . . .

Gin 3 bodies meet 3 bodies
Comin' thro' the rye.

Sing a song of 18d.,
3 pockets full of rye;
37 blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

—F. P. A.



"He says he just got in town from Toledo and saw your name in the phone book and it's the same name as his and he thinks you two ought to get together."

HOW THE PRETZEL GOT BENT

"KIDDIES, shall I tell you the story of how the pretzel got bent?" asked Uncle Dee.

"No indeed!" shouted the children, with one voice, and away they ran, as fast as their little legs could carry them.

So this is the story, as Uncle Dee told it:

THE pretzel is bent, but the breadstick is not bent. The lady finger is not bent, nor is the Parker House roll. And I do not think the Selkirk bannock is bent either, although I must confess I never have seen a Selkirk bannock.

But the pretzel is bent. Why?

Well, many years ago, Aldo, Elector of Hanover, married a beautiful flaxen-haired Princess named Gertrud. She was a Walloon. They were ex-

tremely happy, because, unlike most royal marriages, theirs was a real love match. In due time, Gertrud bore Aldo (and herself) a son whom they named Otho.

One day while Aldo was out hunting, Gertrud decided to bake a loaf of bread for him with her own fair hands, as a surprise. Her ladies-in-waiting attempted to dissuade her, for they knew she was not a very good cook, but Gertrud was as headstrong as she was beautiful. She baked the bread, a long, stout loaf, but in taking it from the oven after it was done she fell, and the loaf fell on her and knocked her unconscious. Two days later she died of a compound fracture of the skull, so that the poor lady's bread was even more of a surprise than she had wotted.

Aldo, grief-stricken, kept the sinister memento of his loved Gertrud by him

night and day. By day it was carried before him by three mace-bearers. By night it rested by his bed.

One night Aldo awoke to find twelve hired assassins in his room. They had been sent to murder him by a friend of his, a neighboring baron. There was no time to lose; Aldo seized the nearest weapon at hand, which proved to be Gertrud's loaf of bread, and he laid about him with such telling effect that by the time his retainers reached the scene of the commotion, all twelve of the cutthroats were laid out on the floor with compound fractures of the skull, and Aldo himself lay on the bed, suffering from a simple fracture. In his excitement he had inadvertently hit himself with the loaf.

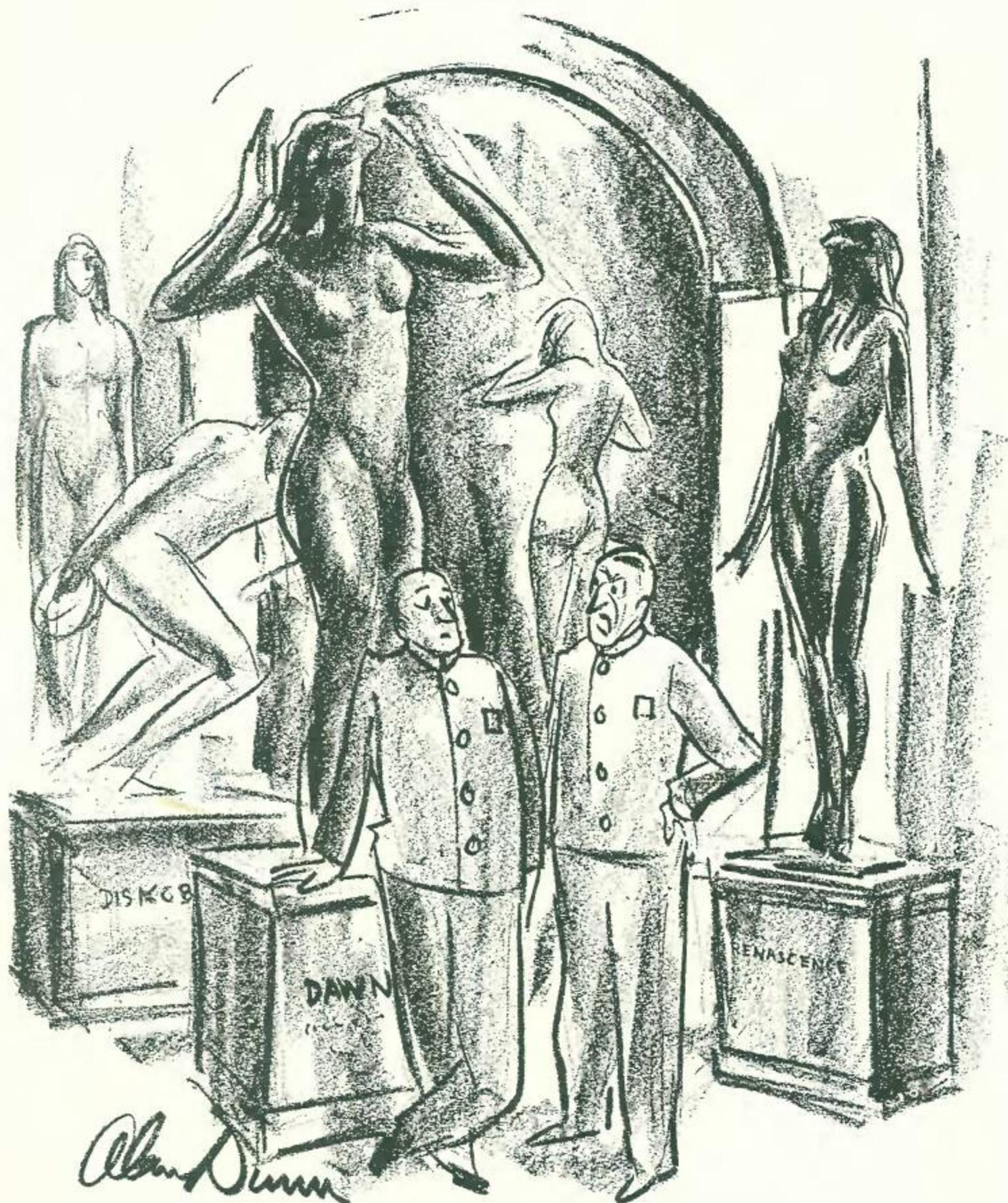
Aldo recovered and from that time on Gertrud's loaf of bread was his strength in battle. It went with him into every fray and he called it Invincible. Invincible became known and feared on every battleground of Europe. Gertrud had baked better than she knew.

NINETEEN years later the Elector, desirous of strengthening his house by an alliance with France, besought the hand of the French Princess Royal for his son, Otho. King Louis of France was nothing loath to consent to the match, for the Princess Royal not only was getting on in years but she was a bit spavined.

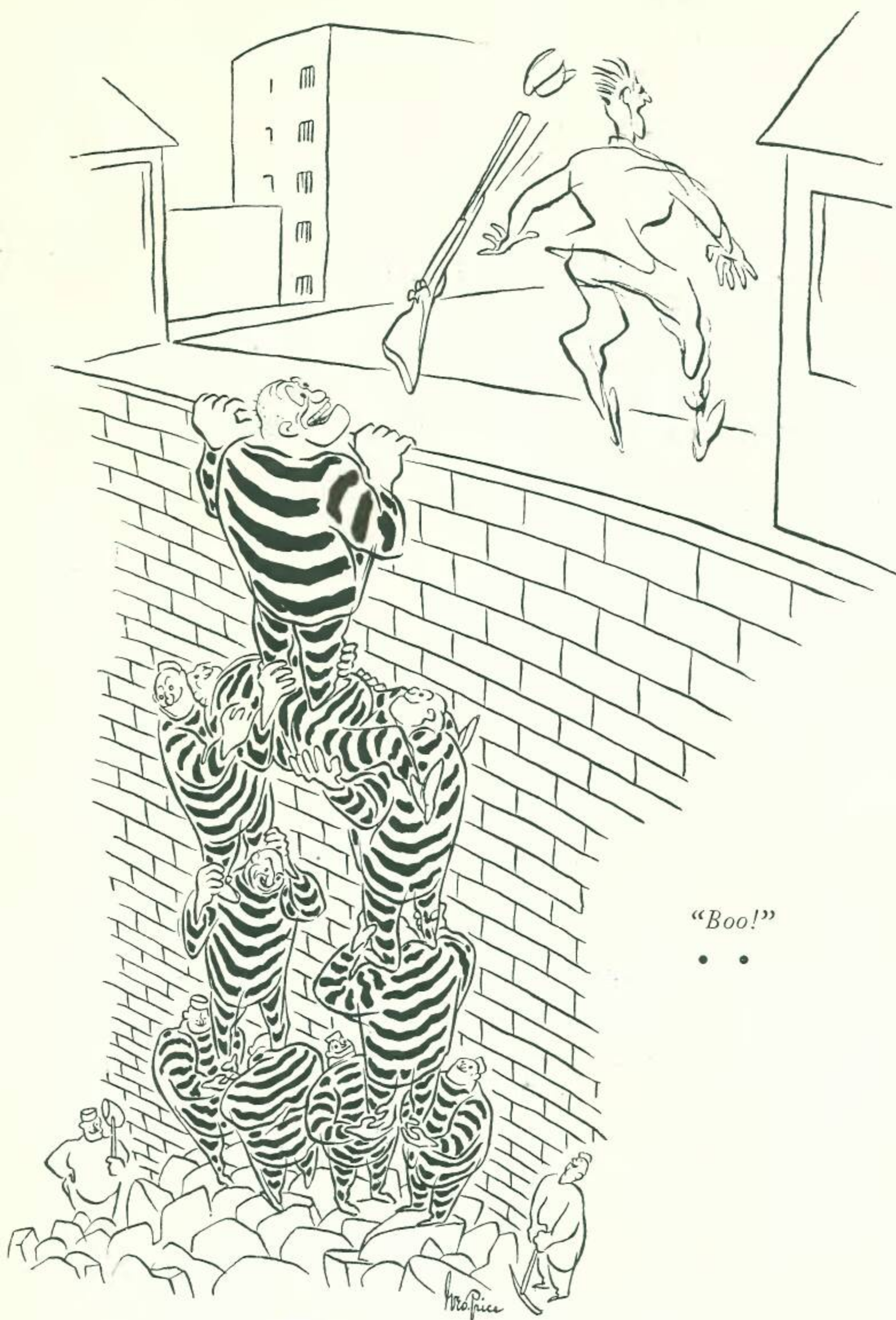
It was arranged that the Elector and his son should pay a visit of state to the French court, and this they did. But when Louis saw Otho he started, and then he sighed, because he knew the marriage could not be. Why?

Well, Otho had a tremendous nose, a nose that would make our own Jimmy Durante's nose look like a dent, except that it had none of the graceful contours that make our Schnozzola's schnozzola so pleasing to aesthetes, nasal architects, and students of mass production.

The fact was, the French royal family could not afford to take on any more nose. The French royal nose, itself originally by no means



"And they won't even let us unbutton our coat collars."



"Boo!"

• •

tiny, had been increased fully twofold in size by intermarriage with other great-beaked houses over a period of three centuries, and when Louis, who was a forward-minded ruler, came to the throne, he immediately realized that if the French royal face were to be saved from collapse, steps must be taken to curb the French royal nose.

"You can see for yourself," Louis explained to the Elector. "Look at the Princess's beak. And take a look at this beezer of mine. It's no slouch

either. Look what has happened to the Hapsburgs from marrying into families with too much lip. No. If your son married my daughter, it wouldn't be fair to any children they might have."

"But the children might be throwbacks and have small noses," argued the Elector.

"My family has had this nose for three hundred years. You can't throw back that far," the King replied. "Mind you, it isn't that I've got anything against you or your son except his nose.

You haven't got a son without a nose, have you?"

"I have not," snapped the Elector, and he stamped out of the room. He was furious at what he considered this rebuff from France, but he did not dare attack the powerful Louis.

"I'll lay siege to Nuremberg instead," he roared. "I'll show him!"

IN those days, when a small Power grew wroth at a more powerful Power which it dared not attack, it was the custom to besiege the city of Nuremberg. This made the small Power feel better, and it was money in the pockets of the Nurembergers, for they charged for the siege, naturally. In a good year, when the big Powers were on the rampage, affronting all the little Powers, Nuremberg would be in a state of siege for ten or eleven months. It was like finding money. In dull years the Nurembergers, by promising to split the siege fee with them, would bribe the big Powers to affront the small Powers.

Nuremberg sent word back to the Elector that the Mark of Brandenburg had the next three months, he having been affronted by the Czar, but Aldo was so incensed he was unable to wait, so he bought up the option of the Mark and moved on Nuremberg with his troops.

The siege was a *succès fou*. The weather was ideal, the food excellent, the view splendid, and the camp-followers of a comeliness and refinement calculated to please the most fastidious son of Mars. At the end of three months Nuremberg capitulated, as arranged, and the Bürgermeister and his staff came forth to ask the Elector to spare the inhabitants. This was also by special arrangement. Once the Margrave of Hesse, carried away by enthusiasm, announced that he would not spare the Nurembergers, and this so incensed them that they chased him and his army clear back to Hesse. After that the besiegers always spared the Nurembergers.

Was the populace reduced to starvation? Did they have to eat wood shavings and cats? inquired the Elector, who wanted to be sure he was getting his money's worth.

"Miaow," the Bürgermeister assured him.

This satisfied the Elector, so he addressed the Bürgermeister, saying: "We, the Elector of Hanover and party, being touched by your plea for mercy, do hereby, by virtue of the

authority in us vested, ordain and proclaim that we will spare Nuremberg and its inhabitants if in the city there is one hero who can bend the famous Invincible. Given this twentieth day of August, thirteen hundred eighty-six. Aldo, Elector of Hanover."

A murmur of surprise ran through the crowd of burghers. This was a new wrinkle. The usual stipulation was that the town would be spared if one citizen could be found who could empty a two-gallon stoup of wine at one draught, and this was a cinch for any Nuremberger over fifteen. A cinch and a pleasure. Furthermore, the siege contract provided that if the city failed to fulfill the condition under which their lives were to be spared, half the price of the siege was to be refunded to the besieger. Therefore, if no Nuremberger bent Invincible, that meant Aldo would get a three-month siege for the price of a month and a half. This prospect annoyed the Nurembergers a good deal, because they were a thrifty people.

But Aldo was pleased.

"I think I've got 'em," he chuckled, to Otho.

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," said Otho.

ALUSTY young Nuremberger stepped up and tried to bend Invincible. No good. Another tried. He failed. Then another, and another. They all failed.

"We're going to get that rebate on the siege," Aldo whispered, gleefully, to Otho.

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," said Otho.

"Oh, shut up," said his father.

More Nurembergers tried to bend Invincible. No use.

Suddenly there was a stir. From the crowd a young woman emerged.

"Let me try," she demanded.

The men laughed at her.



"Go home, Johanna von Pretzel," they said to her. "Go home to your smithy and help your father, Kurt von Pretzel, the village blacksmith."

"She must be Johanna von Pretzel, daughter of Kurt von Pretzel, the village blacksmith," said Otho, when he heard this.

"Whoever she is, she's a pip," said the Elector. "Let her try. What harm will it do?"

So Johanna von Pretzel rolled up her sleeves, spat on her hands, took a good stance, and seized Invincible. For a moment nothing happened. Then, to the consternation of the Elector, the delight of the Nurembergers, and the amazement of all, Invincible began to bend. Slowly, very slowly, at first, as though its proud spirit were reluctant. Then easily, almost as if it were entering into the fun of the thing. Under the fascinated gaze of the multitude and the deft hands of Johanna, skilled as she was from years of training in the parental smithy, Invincible curved and looped itself in a series of graceful and intricate convolutions.

Five minutes later, when she handed it back to the Elector, only a mean-spirited and myopic carper would have dared aver that it was not bent, and he would have been wrong.

Johanna was the heroine of the day. Aldo himself, for he was a true sportsman, ordered a lavish banquet prepared in her honor. For that occasion special biscuits were baked, copies in miniature of the bent Invincible. They were called pretzels, in honor of Johanna, and pretzels they have remained to this very day.

The afternoon following the banquet, Prince Otho said to his father, "Sire, that Johanna is a comely baggage. I think I'll marry her, if you don't mind."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," chuckled the Elector, giving his son quite a dig in the ribs. "I married her myself this morning."

As for the French royal nose, the efforts to reduce it to normal size came to naught in 1793, when it was cut off along with the rest of the French royal features. —FRANK SULLIVAN

ODE TO MR. ZIMMERMAN

At seven hundred and thirty-four
Mr. Zimmerman keeps a store
With his name in brass
On the window glass
And curtains over the door.
And a fragrant place is the
corner place
Of Mr. Zimmerman's pride.
My nose goes up
Like a terrier pup
Whenever I step inside.
For coffee bubbles behind a screen,
The air is rich and murky,
And the smell to the west is still
unguessed,
But the northeast smell is turkey.
And the counters, the shelves,
the tables, the chairs,
Are running over with beautiful wares:
Caviar, herring, and onion pickle,
Braunbrot, sauerbrot, pumpernickel,
Sweet cream patties and hard
rye loaves,
Hams stuck full of spices and cloves,
And hundreds of cans enchanting me
With lithographical artistry.

I'll route my aunts to Villagish haunts
When they visit the town to see 'em.
I'll send my beau
To a musical show
And my friends to a good museum.
But I'm going down to the corner,

Insouciant as you please,
To sniff at dishes
Of pickled fishes
And little curled anchovies,
At big black olives and olives green,
Salami, schnitzel, and sardine,
Potato salad and ring of noodle,
Crumb cake, coffee cake, apple strudel!

For many a lass grows blithe and gay,
Enthralled by a Coty blending;
And jasmine under the moon, they say,
Conspires for a happy ending.
But art or nature has not contrived
A smell that ever can lessen
My constant love
For the fragrance of
The corner delicatessen;
For pears in savory sauce immersed,
Wiener sausages, liverwurst,
Stuffed tomato that no one wants,
And Roquefort cheeses and Liederkrantz,
In Mr. Zimmerman's lovely store
At seven hundred and thirty-four
With his name in brass
On the window glass,
And Plenty behind the door.

For there may be many a handsomer
and slimmer man,
But no one keeps a store
like Mr. Zimmerman.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

THE THREEFOLD PROBLEM OF WORLD ECONOMIC COÖPERATION

(BY SIX OR EIGHT WRITERS FOR THE "TIMES"
MAGAZINE SECTION, ALL WRITING AT ONCE)

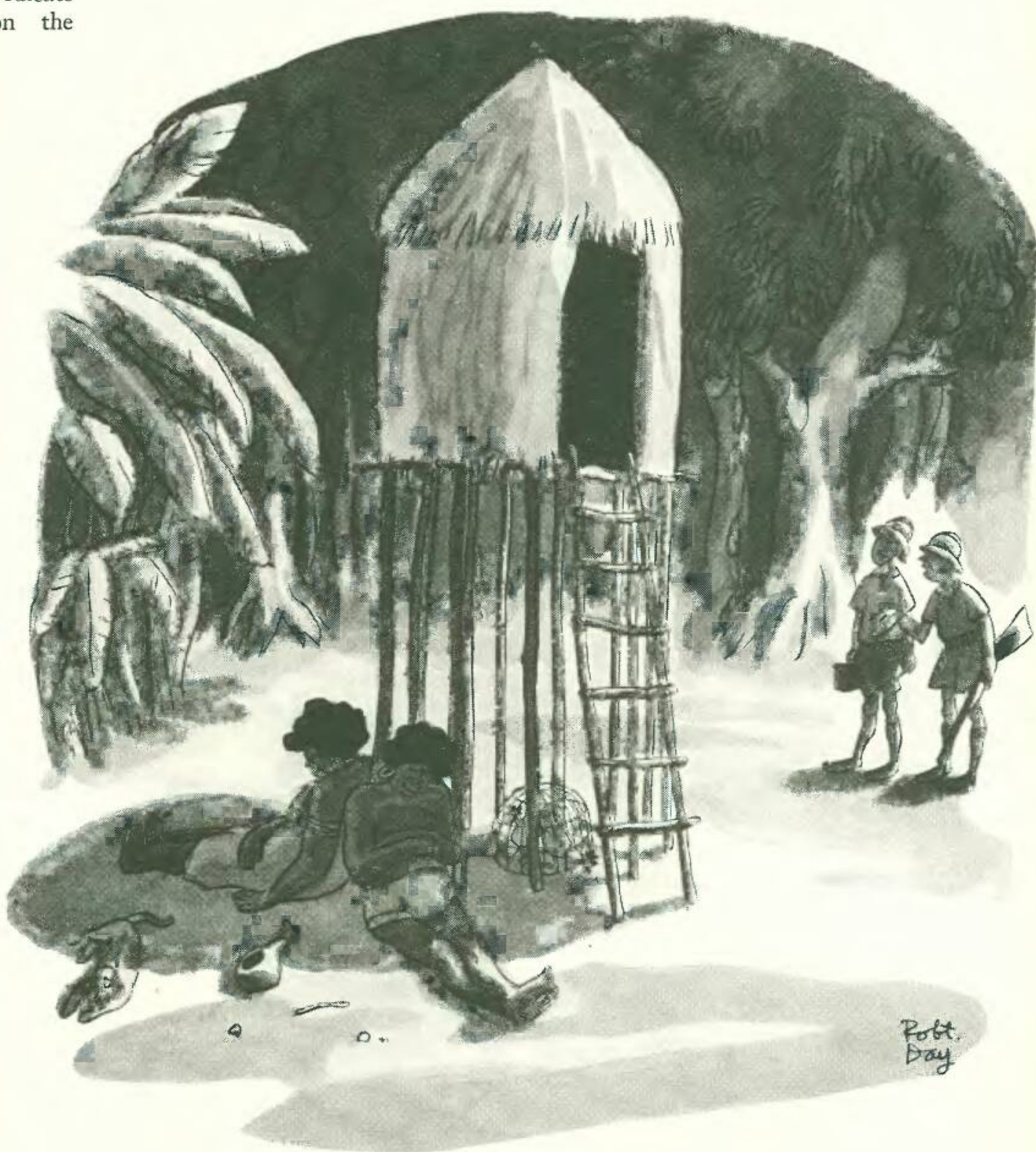
THE unfortunate consequences of inter-reacting world economic coöperation, dependent as it is upon the collective disposition of so many varied nationalistic factors, have been recently foreshadowed. Nevertheless, in spite of misapprehensions as to the future of two of the three impending factors of chief importance, the threshold of a worldwide economic stability has at least been reached in the attainment of one of the three-ply ultimate objectives; namely, the rearrangement of modern interiors in a gigantic and all-pervading revival of the Victorian motif.

There has been, particularly in recent months, a disposition to predicate international fulfillments upon the strictly domestic phenomenon of a widening of the powers and prerogatives of the President. This domestic development, however, bears no more vitally upon the commitments and allocations which we shall have to make—increasingly as world economic unity progresses—than does the recent unprecedented opening of the splendid new vehicular bridge linking the city of Venice with the mainland, a mainland dependent upon the renaissance of the old-fashioned lambrequin, with its tasseled fringe and its embroidery of Berlin woolwork, a deceptively innocent item which will bear watching as the deliberations of future conferences slip almost imperceptibly from major governmental matters to ostensibly minor details of decoration involved in the Victorian interior revival. There will be much shrewd give-and-take, with the ever-present likelihood that the Anglo-Saxon delegates, in conceding to the Latins old-fashioned lace doilies, monk's-head matchholders, and burnt-leather table runners, will discover, too late, that they have conceded with these any hope of a successful and permanent solution of England's sheep-lands problem!

Sixty-five thousand sheep, ranging in Yorkshire and Devonshire and Berkshire, and in parts of Sheraton and Heppelwhite, have attested, or rather have had attested for them, their willingness—or the willingness of their owners—to participate in the revival of international trade only if there is an openly arrived at and universally covenanted agreement to outlaw deadly gases, lethal rays, virulent bacteria, radio-controlled weapons, and, to a certain extent, charming old carved-walnut chairs. The co-interrelationship of these at first sight irrelevant factors will become on careful study sufficiently apparent. The modern in-

terior, if it is to submit to any revival at all, must be, equally with the unprotected wheat lands and grazing fields of England and our own West, as secure in its conviction of immunity from outlawed weapons of warfare as is the President himself in his belief that his official privileges are no longer shorn of all but advisory power. If the interior does not wish to become cluttered up with "whatnots" and innumerable small stands covered with books and bric-a-brac, neither do the sheep wish to be too utterly *uncluttered* up with lambrequins and Berlin woolwork, which Italy stands in a fair way to appropriate as her own, if concessions are too freely and carelessly given.

It is perhaps too sanguine a reflection to suggest the possibility of unanimous legislation on the part of all the na-



"They lead a very simple life."

tions which would not only decrease the wheat acreages, join the mainland and the city, lend the modern interior something of the charm of the best of the Victorian living-rooms, but also mollify the sheep. It will become, however, increasingly imperative to separate, if only for inaction, such widely different projects as the instrumenting of war, the appointing of private homes, the disposition of unused grain terrain, and the allocation of sheep. No simple way toward unity presents itself; no compromise, no joining of issues, seems feasible. The sheep, of course, are the stumbling-block. It is practicably impossible to allot them to the wheat farmers, and it is equally hopeless to attempt to introduce them, announced or unannounced, into modern neo-Victorian interiors. It remains to be seen whether the lone alternative—insinuating them, by a process of diplomatic infiltration, into the councils of future international economic conferences—will be productive of benefits at all commensurate with the sheer labor of shipment involved, to say nothing of either the ridiculous spectacle presented by statesmen entirely surrounded by domestic animals, or the equally ridiculous spectacle of vitally important industrial conferences constantly being interrupted by the raucous and unmistakably derisive blating of sixty-five thousand insensitive wool-bearers.

—JAMES THURBER

WHITE AS SNOW

THERE is only one history of any importance, and it is the history of what you once believed in, and the history of what you came to believe in, and what cities or country you saw, and what trees you remembered. The history of other things comes in one ear and goes out the other, and the history of places you have never been to is good as a picture, but with no taste or smell. Nor is it enough to speak the name of a city, for if the name of this one were said you might recall things no one else remembers. Easter gave that town a special glamour, not as Rome must have, but different, for it was not a religious place at all. It had no use for Christmas; winter was not its time of year.

Then it had long looped strings of lights hanging from pillar to post along the sea. It had gulls to it like a wilder place might, but that was not good enough for it; it had put theatres the length of the waterfront as well. It had a thing for every hour of the day and night: ponies to drive on the sand, and a merry-go-round turning as big as an island, and, on days when the rain fell, the rolling-chairs made elegant as palaces with lights inside and glass panes set beside and out before. Riding at night in them, the rain could be heard at the wheels running swift but shallow, and the rain polished, as

wax would, the splinters and the grain of the timber-walk that stood the length of the sea.

That was the year Carrie came down as nurse with us instead of the other. She was coloured sweet and even like sarsaparilla, and she had never before been near the sea. She was so thin that we took all the best things on the plates to give her, honey and corn and waffles in the morning, because when she was a little girl they had never heard of such things. The family ate in the hotel dining-room, but Carrie sat in the ordinary between us children with her hand on the edge of the table shaking in fear of what they might serve her next and whether a spoon or a fork should go beneath it. The first time the artichokes passed, she started laughing soft and high, as if she didn't care for them, but she remembered them forever. She always talked of them in the evening when she sat in the room waiting for the time to eat to come.

"If you children hadn't been talking so loud-mouthed that time, I'd of seen better what they was," she said softly, holding her thin blue hands between her knees in mourning. Or just before lunchtime she would remember. "I could of took hold of them leaves as neat as could be," she said to her own face in the glass, "if I'd had any idea what was passing."



• • •
 "Got a match?"
 "Who? Me?"



*"Mother isn't home,
Father isn't home,
and I don't think I'd be interested."*

Carrie would be twenty in a few years, but then she stood thin as a bone in the hall with her hair slicked back tight and shining. The porters were white men, but they had plenty of time to talk and linger, making little pieces of conversation with her whenever we went out or in. Here inside the house, she had a strong sweet artificial odour on that took all other smells aside, but out on the beach there was nothing left of it. Everything in life there, the high or the low tide or good weather or bad, or whether or not we smiled depended on one thing: it depended on Adamic and if he had come to the shore early that summer with his people or if he wouldn't be coming

until July. It was easy to know, for before you were out of the hotel bus you could see the marks of the tennis ball on the wall at the side, and if they were new he was there, and he was not there if they were fading away from the year before. Or maybe see Adamic standing, pulled out longer and longer every year, but with his face still like a child's face, the way a flower's head might be unchanged no matter how tall the stalk. This time when we came he had trousers that reached to his tennis shoes on and he was standing knocking the ball back, standing still with his arm swinging to take the ball square on the racquet however it might come.

No word was ever said to him, but such things were thought in solitude of him that if the step of the tennis ball was not pacing the wall all summer, then the heart expired in the breast.

IT was the time Carrie came with us; it was raining hard and she had cotton pansies on her hat, and she was afraid to get in the bus from the train and afraid to get out of it at the hotel for what the rain might do to the pansies' faces. When we stepped down, Carrie opened her handkerchief out and set it on top of her hat, and Adamic was standing under the shelter hitting the tennis ball back against the wall.

"It might just as well be Philadelphia," Carrie said to the man who took the bags in. "The rain's just as wet as."

We went up to the bedrooms, and in the elevator Carrie took out her powder and did her face light again, beating the flat puff hard in her thin hand. We did not speak about Adamic then, but when we were at the floor we went running away, from our delight that he was there, leaping and skipping down the carpeted hall. Carrie came running on her sharp thin legs after, jumping from one design to the next and laughing.

"You look like Eliza on the ice!" I cried out, thinking with joy of Adamic maybe. And Carrie stopped dead in the hall, in the dark, thin and still and faceless against the light that was shining in the ceiling far in back.

"No, I don't," she said. "That's not true."

The white porter was coming with the bags, and we could not tell what her face was, for she was standing black as a paper doll against the little moon of light.

"I ain't anything like Eliza," she said. "I never'd of thought to hear you say it." She saw the porter coming down the hall behind her, and she said: "Why would you want to say a thing like that for, and before the gentleman that way?"

It did not come to an end when we were washed and dressed in white, but went on like a song all evening.

"If I wanted to tell you out, I could tell you out like some coloured people as do," she said, and this was the first time she had been in a hotel anywhere but her sorrow was so great that she could not keep it still. The other nurses were talking among themselves at the table, but whether they heard

her or not she could not help it. "I've heard coloured people all over the world treating people to names like 'white trash' and other things worse than. To some it comes easy," she said in grief, "and to others it comes hard."

Even when we gave her the three ears of corn it was no comfort to her. She ate them slowly, silently, one after the other, chewing the buttered grains and wiping the grease off her brownish lips. We sat one on each side of her watching her eat, each with a hand laid on her knees under the table. I said: "I'm sorry, Carrie, I'm sorry." But as soon as the corn was done with her voice began again, mourning and sighing. "You got no reason to care," she said. "Anything gets harmed for you, folks get you a new one. Anything happens to me, it just stays that way. But I got a heart as red as yours, my blood runs the same colour, if I was to cut my finger and you cut your finger, nobody'd be able to tell the two of us apart."

But even that was not the end, and she went on with it through the hotel parlours, speaking soft and low and blameful as though she would never be the same. She put on our jackets and we went out on the stone piazza where the people were walking after dinner, and when she saw Adamic standing there in his white trousers hitting the tennis ball back again over and over, she stopped at once as if a hand had been laid on her mouth. It may be only for the things not said that youth is remembered so sharply. We stood there a long time watching Adamic. Carrie did not speak any more and we had no thought of speaking; this is the special privilege given before the tongue turns womanly and bold with comment and intention.

THE days were fair and long that year and the beach striped with thin blue lagoons. We had Mexican hats and each a tooth out in front, and the afternoons were so hot that the wax beads from Venice melted and changed colour on our necks, and Carrie said: "My hair," and when she spoke she stopped digging in the damp sand and smiled, "it seems it might be getting straighter here. It seems the air on the beach, it's known it takes the curl out. I heard that," she said, "I heard it," but she wouldn't say where. "It

seems coloured people often found the seashore beneficial." Her thin hands turning gave the tunnels their long secret shape. "It seems coloured fellows comes here in particular and the sun does what it can to take their colouring away."

She was talking like this when Adamic came walking over the sand, with his head down to make himself a smaller man, and his feet bare, and letting his yellow bathrobe swing. He was not looking at us, nor looking either at the sea, nor watching, and he lay down as if unknowing near to us on the pure burning sand. Carrie was saying: "Maybe not as real white like a lily, but light enough so there was no telling," and then she saw Adamic and she stopped talking.

The waves came in and out for a little while, and Adamic was lying there on his face with his robe spread under him, lying in his black swimming suit, letting the sun shine on his back and legs.

"What was it I was telling you children?" said Carrie, moving her hands on the hard sand again, slapping and shaping it into stone.

"About the coloured fellows," said my sister.

"Where ever did you hear that now?" said Carrie, laughing high and wild. "Can't you tell the truth once? Don't you recall? I was telling about the place my uncle had and all the servants waiting on him. That's where we was reared," she said, talking higher. "I was telling you. It was near to Boston, where the most of the good families inclines to be."



Resting on the damp sand, her hands seemed scarcely darker, and only under her chin on her throat when she turned her head towards Adamic did any shadow of colour seem to be. Her bones were little and breakable under her skin, and her big lids in her sallow face swollen and smooth and blue. Her nose and her cheeks had freckles across them, colourless, like scattered drops of rain.

Adamic did not move, but suddenly his voice could be heard coming across the sand from under his folded arms where his face was hidden.

"I come from Boston," he said slowly.

"Your father, he certainly looks like a real old Bostonian," said Carrie, arching and preening.

"I knew coloured boys in high school there," said Adamic, looking straight over his arms to her.

"Oh, everywhere," said Carrie, and the sand ran through her fingers, "wherever you go the coloured element's bound to be."

We all sat still on our knees, stricken with silence, waiting, with our ears gaping for whatever next he might say.

FOR three days Carrie did not tell us, and then she told us that Adamic was going with us to the moving pictures. He would not walk out of the hotel with us, but when we got to the moving pictures Adamic would be waiting there. So Carrie stayed in from the beach that morning, doing over the blouse and the little hat, sewing the pansies up as tight as buds for a change, and passing to and fro before the glass, languid and slow. Because she did not go out, we must stay in the room with her, painting pictures until it was time for lunch.

"They should have been out in the sun all morning, Carrie," mother said. And Carrie said:

"I couldn't make them move a step, ma'am, I couldn't do a thing."

"There are runs in their socks, Carrie," mother said, and Carrie said:

"I know, ma'am, I know. But here I was cooped up with no needle or thread."

WHEN we went out, Adamic was there, waiting with his back to the sea, leaning on the rail in the sunlight, tall as a grown man and smoking a cigarette hasty and short, as if the taste of it were bad. He was watching the crowds passing, his eyes moving hastily over everyone passing, but when we came along he made no sign at all. We could see his face very near as Carrie took us by him, and his eyes were fast on Carrie, on her hat and her smooth hair and the veil that went almost to her mouth. Her colour was light with powder now, almost like chalk laid thick upon her skin, and she had put rouge on her cheekbones so that her sad sharp face seemed burning with delight.

"'Afternoon, Mr. Adamic," said Carrie, and she went stepping by him on her high thin legs. But Adamic only threw his cigarette away over the rail and did not speak. We passed so close to him that we could see the invisible golden down that was coming on his chin. His head was everything



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Gently apply Junis Cream to your face.

Feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—how light and smooth in texture. Thus you quickly realize why Junis Cream serves for every purpose—why it is ideal for cleansing and also as a night cream.

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No thrill—no pay

Why don't you try Junis Cream right now? Aren't you curious about a cream as different from all others as this has proved to be? You risk nothing when you try it. For if you are not positively thrilled by what it does, send us the empty tube and we'll send back your money—every penny.

You can't afford to overlook this promise of renewed loveliness and glamour.

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HAVE you this long time past been dreaming plans for decorating or redecorating your house?

Now—before the season is underway and before prices start rising—is the time to get down to blueprints and a definite selection of merchandise.

This season the market will be richer in new developments than for four years past. Manufacturers and merchants, designers and decorators, are announcing new things. There is news in fabrics, rugs, wall-paper, silver, china, glassware, furniture, furnishings of every kind.

The mode in color and design and materials is changing with the new mood. What is new and good?

Arts and Decoration's staff has been around—with notebook and pencil—has consulted with authorities and experts. In the August issue now on sale, and the September issue soon to be on sale, it reports, analyzes, interprets the new things, the new trends.

The August and September issues will be a very great aid to you if you are making new decorating plans—as who isn't under the New Dispensation?

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it had ever been, but the long, lank, uneasy limbs were strangers to us; he might have been a carnival thing, the limber, grotesque members holding a small child's head up on high.

He came following down the boardwalk behind us, as if he did not know us even, looking the other way. Only when Adamic was in the sea did his face seem natural and human to us, for the endless body was then lost swimming out of sight. But when he was out, dressed full-length in his good clothes with his watch on his wrist, there was this difference: there was a stranger standing erect within, looking bitterly and selfishly out of Adamic's eyes.

"The weather is surely pretty," Carrie said. She kept her head turned a little, like a bird's head, on her shoulder, so that she could keep him in her eye.

"It's not so bad," said Adamic, walking with his head down, swinging uneasy, almost behind. From where he was we knew he could see the holes still running in our socks.

"It might just as well be Philadelphia," said Carrie. She was stepping in her elegant heels over the splintery walk. "The sun shining so strong, Mr. Adamic."

"It might be Boston," said Adamic, smiling with his lip turned up. But still he was laughing, with his head bent, the way he had laughed every other year. "If it wasn't for the sea out there, and the boardwalk, and if it wasn't for the sand—"

"Oh, I've found," said Carrie, speaking high over her shoulder, with her blue veil drawn tight across her eyes, "I've found no matter how wide you travel, things is everywhere mostly similar. Ain't that the way, Mr. Adamic?"

"Oh, yes, that's true," said Adamic, talking slowly as if he must shape the words stronger and braver in his mouth. "Sure," he said, and his head hung, swinging. "Girls, women, any kind or colour—"

Carrie began laughing quick and soft, and she pulled her kid gloves up again over her bracelets to hide the pieces of her arms.

"What do you mean, Mr. Adamic? I'm sure I don't know what you mean," she said.

We were passing by a salt-water-taffy shop, and Adamic turned in the door and left us, and Carrie lingered at the window, seeming to look at all the fancy boxes, but staring straight into her own face reflected there with-

in. She smiled her own small teeth at herself and moved the white of her eyes in pleasure.

"Looks like I got a good sunburn," she said.

Adamic came out the door, carrying a box with a pink ribbon on it. He turned around quickly as if he was not speaking to Carrie and he put the box in her hands and said: "Here, that's for you."

"That surely is kind of your part, Mr. Adamic," said Carrie, and we started down the walk again, Carrie with one of us on each side, and Adamic following close, but not quite behind.

"I used to know a gentleman in Pawtucket," said Carrie, speaking over her shoulder to him as she stepped. "He was always making gifts of some kind. It was like a habit with him."

"Sure, I know," said Adamic, talking low and hoarsely. "If you have a lot to do with women you get into that habit. I've been trying to break myself of it for some time now, but what's the use?"

WE came to the moving-picture place and Henry Walthall was playing, and Adamic put his hand deep in his pocket and passed in before us. We stood before the posters in the entrance-way looking at the posters of the Southern hats and the dust on the riding boots, holding Carrie's hands.

"It's what they call 'The Birth of a Nation,'" Carrie said. "It has to do with what coloured people there was they treated just like they was slaves."

When Adamic came back to us, a tide of shame had flowed across his face and was burning still and shifting there. He had no tickets in his hand, and he said:

"I waited to ask you. They haven't four seats left together. There's one left up in the balcony, if you'd like to take that one yourself," he said. He looked this way and that, but he could not look at Carrie.

"We can go to another moving pictures," my sister said.

"I guess it's a crowded afternoon everywhere," said Adamic, looking from one thing to another. "I guess there isn't much use. They might all be that way."

The man in the ticket window was looking through the glass at us, looking down the length of carpet to where we stood. And when Adamic turned, uneasy on his heels, the man in the

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window shook his head slowly back and forth at him, smiling at him, but shaking in forbiddance his head. Carrie put her hands up to her cheeks, and suddenly she started laughing.

"The kind of sunburn I got," she said, "you couldn't tell one person from another." And she said: "It isn't as if I'd been fixed on seeing that picture. War and fighting all the time would of tired me out."

The man in the window was shaking his head still at Adamic, and Carrie took out her powderpuff and beat it hard all over her face.

"We might walk as far as the shoot-the-shoots," said Carrie. "The weather looks so fine."

But Adamic said, looking at neither of us nor looking at Carrie: "I just remembered. I just remembered something I was supposed to do." He took his panama hat out folded from his pocket, and he set it on the front of his head. "I'd better get along," he said. "I promised." His hat cast a dark blind shadow over his eyes. He looked at the man selling tickets in the window, and the man looked out at him.

"Anyone makes a promise, he better keep it," said Carrie. "Or else it might turn out he wasn't a gentleman no more."

"Sure," said Adamic, and we watched him walking off, swinging his arms and his legs, off through the people, holding his child's face small and low.

THAT might have been the end of it, if Carrie hadn't laid down on the bed in the dark when we got to the hotel. She drew the curtains over the

windows and lay there saying nothing at all. There was no reason to lighting the light, for no word or touch could move her. We sat still on the bed beside her, thinking of things to say.

"There'll be strawberry ice for supper tonight," I said to her. And my sister said: "There's going to be creamed chicken too." And after a while Carrie spoke, and said to us: "I might just as well stay here in the dark for always, because there ain't going to be any more good things for me."

She lay silent, as if dead and shrouded in the strong artificial flowery scent she wore, cold and speechless with some knowledge we did not share. Her hands were crossed over her breasts, and her pointed feet stood upright at the end of the bed. After a little while she said: "You don't know, children. I'll never tell you what it was. You're too young to know."

But when it was time for dinner, she got up and put the light on, and she went and looked at her face close in the glass. She took the hairbrush off the table and sat there brushing her black hair back, brushing it tight and small.

"I knew all right," she said. "I wasn't fooled. It was the Jim Crow gallery. Coloured people goes upstairs, other people goes down." And mother came in and said: "But, Carrie, you haven't changed the children's dresses for supper," and Carrie said: "I know, ma'am, I know. They've been cutting up again. They're getting too much for me. Maybe I'm too young. They get out from under my control."

—KAY BOYLE

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(DEDICATED TO ROBERT EDMOND JONES AND THE PRODUCTION OF "THE MERRY WIDOW" IN CENTRAL CITY, COLORADO)

Gone are dim gas in crystal chandelier,
Flamboyant frescoes, flickering footlight-jets,
Weber and Verdi, solos and duets,
Blue smoke, and breaths of whiskey and of beer,
The curtain's gaily-colored gondolier,
The garish grandeur of the various sets!
Now, in the empty street, a white moon whets
The edge of night, and sparkling stars appear.

There lies the gulch where Matt McMan struck gold,
And sluiced his claim, and gathered in his dust—
Whence sprang the hillside-mines and streets of hell,
Masonic Hall and Opera House of old,
And that vast Franklin stove, since fallen to rust,
That jeweled the lobby of the Elite Hotel!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Resolutions—Dates for Stakes

HERE we are at Saratoga again—and how we dread it! Someone, who evidently did not care for the waters, and who probably backed a few losers, once complained to us that the meetings were so long they lost their appeal. Fingering our newest service stripe for Empire City, we wonder if the meetings at Saratoga should not be twice as long.

Every year we come full of high resolve: to go to Lester Park and look at the fossils, to go to Yaddo and look at the poets, to make a grand tour of the springs, leaving a trail of paper cups; to make obeisance to Mr. von Stade's bottle house, to ride in those yellow depot wagons out to see Colonel Chinn show yearlings. But we never do any of these things. We like the fat, lazy days. Mornings, one starts out resolutely to see the training gallops and ends up idling around the quaint old barns at Horse Haven, listening to horse talk that does not include the "You can have zix to five, an' I'm telling you it's tops" or "If the boy don't pull him up on the turn, he wins the whole race" of the morning-line boys in front of the Grand Union. Afternoons, the tempo quickens, and even though the races begin much later than anywhere else—three o'clock—there's always a rush to reach the course to get the day's tips from your favorite trainer, or clocker, or both. After the races, one can inspect yearlings; and by the way, the first sale is on Tuesday, when Victor Emanuel's English horses will be offered. We like those occasional evenings at the sales ring when millionaires, or their representatives, are nodding almost imperceptibly as bids mount for fashionably bred yearlings.

WELL, we've four more weeks at the course of the Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses, and we hope the races will not be run under the honor system. The dates for some of the sweepstakes have been shuffled about a bit. Of course you saw the Flash Stakes on Thursday, but the Saratoga Handicap, the *pièce de résistance* on opening days for thirty years, will be run this weekend. Equipoise, as you know, is top weight under 139 pounds. He will not start, but he's such a

superior horse that he would not have any trouble winning if he did. It's not one of Mr. Vosburgh's good handicaps either, for he penalized Dark Secret a pound for being beaten eight lengths by Equipoise in the Arlington Handicap a fortnight ago.

To continue with the engagement book, most of the interesting races are scheduled for weekends: the Saratoga Special on August 12; the Spinaway and the Travers Stakes on August 19; the Whitney Stakes—our tip is Equipoise—on August 26; and the Hopeful Stakes and Saratoga Cup on September 2. However, you should see the Schuylerville Stakes on August 10; the Kenner on August 15; the Alabama on August 16; the Sanford on August 23—and that's far enough ahead for you.

HORSES, horses, two-year-old horses. Well, we're looking forward to seeing William Ziegler, Jr.'s, Bonanza, who ran so fast in Maryland, and the sons of Royal Minstrel: Mrs. Jock Whitney's Singing Wood, and Mrs. Payne Whitney's First Minstrel, who had more bad fortune than good at Arlington Park. We still think that Black Buddy is the best of all the Whitney horses. Wonder if this will be a ladies' year after all. Mrs. Amory has a runner in a colt by Canter, named Red Wagon; and you know how well Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Cavalcade did in Arlington.

As for those two-year-olds who have been reserved for Saratoga, we hear Joe Widener has a good one in Peace Chance. More obvious tips are the brothers and half-brothers of good horses, but when they start for the first time, we advise watching the odds.

OH, yes, there was racing at Empire City last week. But we're trying to forget it. —AUDAX MINOR

WILL EXCHANGE FRESH MILK daily for Hawaiian guitar. Apply 261 St. James St. —Sault (Ont.) Daily Star.

How do you know the cow will keep on giving down?

B.—Darling come to me. I am in desperate trouble and need you. Acushla Snoozer.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS



ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

ACCORDING to advices from Hollywood, Greta Garbo is now at work on a picture concocted from the life of her great compatriot, Queen Christina, a fine, manly Swedish girl whose father, Gustavus Adolphus, was so annoyed at having no son of his own begetting that he brought this daughter up as a boy. After her accession, there was great and unsuccessful pressure to induce the young queen to take unto herself a consort. The prime minister tried to alarm her with the horrid picture of her dying an old maid. "Nonsense," she replied, "I shall die a bachelor." If Fröken Garbo finds the making of "Christina" both pleasurable and profitable, I venture to suggest that she will then discover in an even earlier Scandinavian a girl also after her own heart. Certainly Queen Sigrid evinced as marked a hostility toward proposals of marriage. In one of the Olaf sagas, it is related that a certain Danish king came to her with the offer of his hand and heart. The preliminary discussions were not accomplished without considerable drinking. When Sigrid judged that he and his retinue were drunk enough, she clapped them all into one of her barns, locked it, set fire to it, and burned it and them up, remarking the while, "I will teach these small kings to come wooing me." After that, according to the saga, she was known as Sigrid the Haughty.

ANOTHER and rather more recent instance of restrained utterance has been called to my attention in the 1906 file of the *Washington Star*. On December 8 of that year, Senator Brown of Utah was shot and fatally wounded in his rooms at the Hotel Raleigh by a displeased chum named Anna M. Bradley, who was thereafter, of course, enthusiastically acquitted. On the morning after the gunplay, the *Star* invested its report of Mrs. Bradley's call upon the Senator with something of the quiet dignity of a social item. This was effected by printing it under the simple headline "At the Raleigh."

Then I must tell you about a phrase

culled from a June issue of the *Rhinebeck Gazette*. It occurs in that excellent journal's account of a recent wreck on the Hudson River road in which two Poughkeepsie postal clerks, on their way home from a convention at Albany, were killed. This account was the work of a reporter who must, I cannot help thinking, be rather difficult to please. "One of the men was badly mangled," he wrote, and then added a trifle captiously, "but the other had only a broken neck."

Then you may have noticed this paragraph in the *New York Evening Post*:

Neighbors heard six shots fired in rapid succession today in the home of Patrolman John P. O'Kane at 61-15 Gates Avenue, Ridgewood, Queens. One of the neighbors put in a telephone call to the police on the chance that something had gone wrong there.

One has no privacy these days.

THESE items I have happily filed away, but I find less easily classifiable other oddments which nevertheless contribute something, each in its way, to the enthralling picture of our times which gradually forms in my mind whenever I try to clear out my desk. Thus I find myself lingering fondly over this advertisement (which I am planning to do nothing about) in the *Calcutta Statesman* for May 28:

FOR SALE: To a kind master, full-grown, domesticated tigress, goes daily walk untied and eats flesh from the hand.

And I am mysteriously pleased over this account in a Detroit paper of two no-hit games in the soft-ball schedule of the Catholic Men's Athletic Association:

They were gained by Franz Obadzinski when Sweetest Heart of Mary swamped St. Boniface's, 18 to 0, and by Ed Herman in St. Anthony's 7 to 0 victory over Our Lady of Help.

Also I have before me the business card of a book agent who has been working the Westfield, N.J., circuit. In lieu of his name there is printed upon it, with simple dignity, "One of Jehovah's Witnesses."

I find that one Michael Tukuluk of Bracken, Saskatchewan, has solved the problem of the mute, inglorious Milton by having *his* rejected poems published at the usual rates in the advertising columns of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. The paper charges him something like \$15 a poem. Then I discover with a faintly perceptible start that a Fifth Avenue cafeteria is advertising "Self-Service of Distinction" (this has been pointed out to me with some scorn by a Californian), and it is reported to me that at a luncheonette in Cleveland a window card proclaims with unwitting roguishness, "Suggestive Dishes for Today." And surely the new age of barter is ominously foreshadowed in this advertisement in the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

WANTED—Furnished room; will give exterminating in return for rent.

I MUST now break down and admit that, despite all my labors in this vineyard, the Wee Wee Cleaners & Dyers are doing business in Woodside, Long Island; that a drugstore sign in Watertown, Conn., advertises "Little Bibs for Little Spinach Spillers;" and that cards from the Westmoreland Club in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., announce "Club Night and Beer 'Ception for New Members." It is now my private ambition to attend a 'ception at the 'Quaintance Club out in Forest Hills. It will make me feel socially 'portant. At such evidence that the Helpy-Selfy-Bekus-Puddy tide rolls on despite all the earnest jeers from this department, you might expect your correspondent, in his discouragement, to throw up his hands as well as his breakfast. But something has just happened to renew this fainting spirit, to revive this drooping head. Incurable readers of this page may recall that this campaign was originally inspired by the sight of a roadside eating place north of Pittsfield, in Massachusetts, which, as I noted with a cry nicely blended of incredulity and pain, was called the No Namie. Well, friends, no one can say now that this department has lived in vain. For the sign has come down at last and this summer the No Namie is called The Spot. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

... *Taste* THAT SATISFIES
EVEN "THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS"



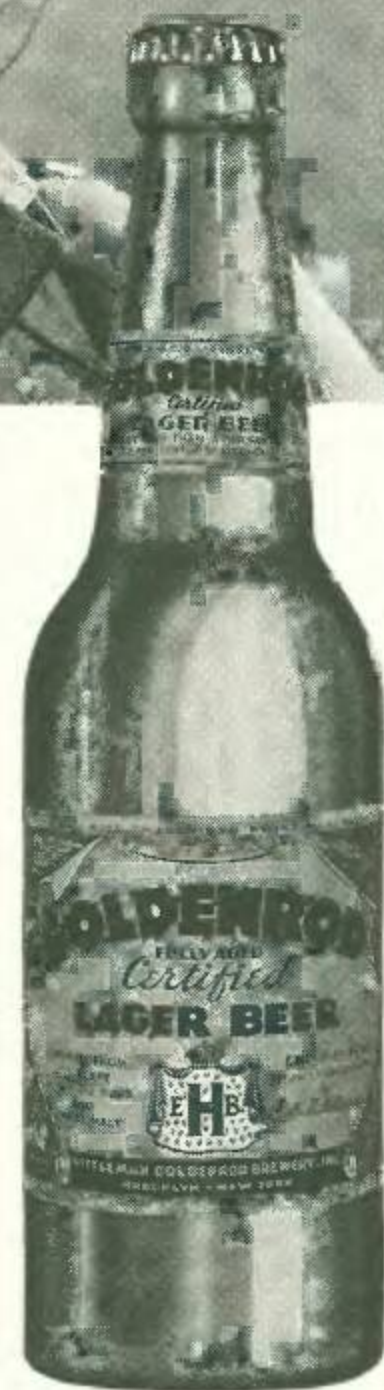
THERE is superior taste in GOLDENROD. There is a full-bodied creaminess, a deliciousness, a tang and zip that will satisfy even "the man who remembers."

To achieve this taste, only the finest ingredients obtainable anywhere in the world are accepted for GOLDENROD. These are treated according to a brewing formula absolutely unique—and by brewing methods that combine the best of the old with the best of the new in technical improvement.

GOLDENROD is always fully aged and full legal strength.

We'd like you to try GOLDENROD. We think it has such a fine and distinctive flavor that, even blindfolded, you'll be able to distinguish it from other beers. You'll join the millions of GOLDENROD fans who are saying—"that's GOLDENROD—it tastes better!"

Sold on draught and by the bottle at good restaurants, hotels and stores everywhere. Get some today!



"Since 1873"

GOLDENROD

Certified **LAGER BEER**

Littleman Goldenrod Brewery, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALL of the modern treatises on psychopathy tell of persons who whip themselves for fun. Old-established invalids, it is also asserted, sometimes grow passionately fond of their anguish. One veteran sufferer, it is recorded, was repeatedly wheeled to the shrine of a saint with a 100-percent record of cures, but the stricken man always refused to go through with the miracle. He finally explained to his puzzled relatives that he could not bear to think of being healthy and hearty again. His diseases had become a part of him, and he could not live without them. He would miss his shooting pains. He would miss his cramps, twinges, aches, stitches, and his racking joints and all the other agonies that had come to mean so much to him.

There is a parallel between the case of this happy sufferer and that of the Republican Party in New York City. The local G.O.P. is tormented by every complaint known to politics, but it is infatuated with its diseases. It has a sentimental attachment to its miseries.

The party suffers from uninspired leadership, unpopular policies, inferior candidates, treachery, senility, and defeatism, but it resists any effort to conquer its afflictions. Today the attempt is being made to cure this bedridden political organization of Sam Koenig and other ailments, but the stubborn patient is resisting fiercely.

The condition of the invalid always seems more pathetic than usual a few months before each Mayoralty election. In the spring, prominent Republicans start announcing that they will not, under any circumstances, accept the Republican nomination for Mayor. In the early summer, obscure Republicans make similar announcements. By the late summer, unknowns begin to proclaim "Your candidate I cannot be," or "If nominated, I will not accept; if elected, I will not serve." And the unknowns are well advised to speak up in this fashion, because the chances are that the nomination will eventually be forced upon an un-

THE SICK MAN OF POLITICS

known. Sam Koenig and the other Republican leaders are compelled to organize a hunt, as for an escaped convict or a fugitive slave, and eventually some dimwit or eccentric is run to earth. The normal Republican regards the Republican nomination for Mayor with peculiar horror. He regards it not merely as an empty honor but as something comical and degrading, like being apprehended for selling narcotics under the pretence of running a flea circus, or pinching women at the monkey house, or eloping with one of the giraffe-necked women of Burma.

This horror of the Republican nomination is not wholly justified by history. When John Purroy Mitchel, an anti-Tammany Democrat, ran for Mayor in 1913, he was branded with the Republican indorsement, but that did not destroy him. It was one of

those occasional elections in which Tammany beats itself; the Fusion ticket won in spite of Republican support. Tammany is apparently doing its best to beat itself this year. An anti-Tammany candidate might win, even if burdened by Republican support. But probably the most promising method of beating Tammany would be to force the Republican nomination on the Tammany candidate, thus permitting the anti-Tammany candidate to start at scratch.

Former Congressman Fiorello La Guardia, a zealot, is the only man who in recent years has voluntarily accepted the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York. This cheapened him so that the congressional district which formerly idolized him refused at the last election to send him back to Congress. La Guardia might be elected as an independent, but few believe that he could survive the blight of official Republican backing. The typical Republican candidate for Mayor

was Lewis H. Pounds, the aged and helpless Brooklynite who was blackjacked into running last year at the election to fill out Jimmy Walker's unexpired term. By accepting the nomination, Pounds hurt his credit with Republicans so badly that he was not at first allowed office room in the Republican campaign headquarters. Another typical Republican candidate was Frank D. Waterman, who ran for Mayor in 1925. The circumstances of his nomination are all in the Republican tradition. Before Waterman was made the scapegoat, the nomination had been vainly offered to fourteen others. It was not through any opprobrious or reprehensible conduct on his part that Waterman got him-



"Suh! Ah resent this!"

self talked about as a possible Republican candidate. He became involved through accident; the Republican nomination came to him solely as the result of his having written a Letter to the Editor. Waterman's Letter to the Editor happened to meet the eye of a promoter at the wrong moment, and the pen-manufacturer was out of luck.

The promoter had been called into conference by the president of the Merchants' Association. The Merchants' Association had become aroused over Mayor Hylan's failure to start new subway construction. A man was wanted to run for Mayor on the Say-It-With-Shovels program. "Give me a clean sheet of paper—a man who has never committed himself on any public question," demanded the promoter. The promoter's eye happened to fall on Waterman's Letter to the Editor, which had been published in the Merchants' Association bulletin. "How about *him!*" he inquired. A visit was made to the office of the New York *World* in search of clippings relating to Waterman. There were none. A round of other newspaper offices was made. Not a clipping was found on the subject of Frank D. Waterman with the exception of one five-line paragraph which carried no political significance; Waterman had met all tests and was the perfect candidate. He was tagged with the Republican nomination and martyred in November.

SOME of the reasons for the mental, moral, and social breakdown of the Republican Party in New York City are obvious; others are not. One puzzle, for example, is the failure of the party to develop in New York a personally popular figure since the time of Theodore Roosevelt, Sr. This is apparently a biological or sociological problem. Education and money have softened up the party; birth control and migration to country estates have depopulated it; the younger Republican stock is too civilized for politics. Tammany, on the other hand, is still breeding well, though less abundantly than in earlier days; Tammany migrations have been politically strategic, lower Manhattan sending hordes of Democrats to swarm over Republican sections of upper Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn; and only a negligible percentage of the younger Tammany people have become too well-bred for politics. History is another factor against the Republicans. At the beginning of its career, the Republican Party, by winning the Civil War,

BATHING SUITS

Their unusually soft texture makes Brooks Brothers' bathing jerseys more comfortable, better-looking, and in many instances, long-wearing. They are knitted in many different striped combinations and plain colors. Swimming trunks, made in our own workrooms, include the regulation models in blue, grey or brown flannel—as well as shorter-legged, higher-waisted trunks in India prints and in navy blue or tan gabardine. Woven belts with English snake buckle are carried in tan or white.

Plain Jerseys \$4.75

Striped Jerseys . \$5.25 and \$5.75

Swimming Trunks, \$3.50 and \$4.50

Belts \$1 and \$1.25

In addition to bathing suits, Brooks Brothers' stocks include many other items for the beach, such as beach coats, bathrobes, bathing sandals, beach shirts, and beach bags.

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CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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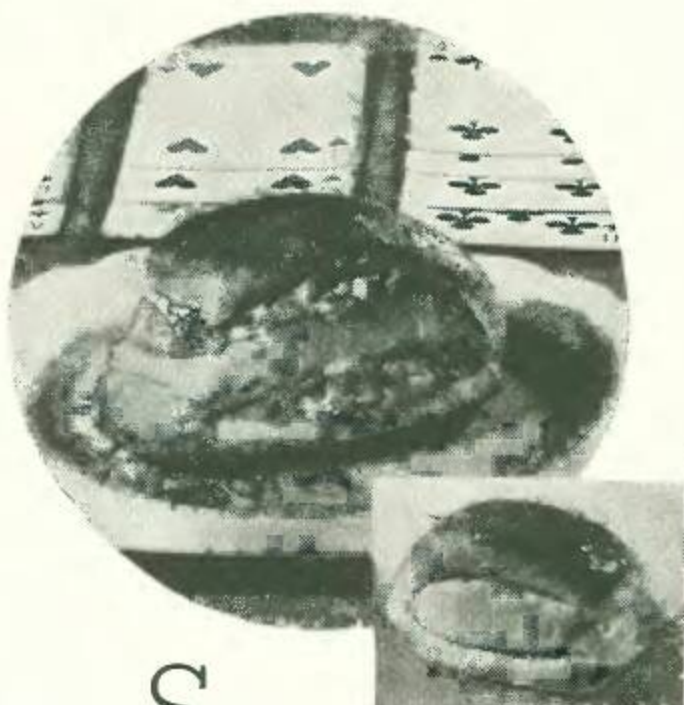
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NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK

NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET • BOSTON

HOSTESS RESCUED

Famed Chef
Provides First-Aid
When Unexpected
Guests Park Late



SURPRISE company is no problem when you serve "Westchesters"—Cushman's smart successors to old-fashioned "doughy" centered rolls.

This Park Avenue luncheon and dinner favorite is a real life-preserver when unexpected visitors catch you unawares—a jewel, too, for that midnight "bite".

It takes just a few minutes to prepare "Westchesters" in any of the many delicious ways suggested by New York's galaxy of star chefs. Here's a tasty tip from

Chef MAURICE CANTUS
food virtuoso at the famous
RITZ TOWER

"WESTCHESTER" EGGHAMS

To serve 6. Mix $\frac{1}{8}$ lb. minced ham with 3 chopped hard-cooked eggs, 2 tsp. minced onions, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. mustard, 1 tsp. condiment sauce, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise. Unfold 6 "Westchesters," spread mixture, fold back and toast in hot oven. M-m-m!

From now on always keep emergency "Westchesters" in reserve. Try them for the most delicious, inexpensive and freshest canapés you've ever tasted. Just slice "Westchesters" (crosswise), then toast and spread with your favorite appetizers.

"Westchesters" are featured at all our stores. Order them today.

Cushman's
BAKERS

made a bad impression on New York City, which was largely pro-South. These biological and historical handicaps cannot be helped, but some of the troubles of the Republican Party can be remedied. The rapid degeneration of the local G.O.P. in the past twenty years is due largely to a policy of co-operating with the Democrats on bad measures and fighting them on good ones.

One faction of Republicans believes that the party will automatically become great and respected the day that Sam Koenig ceases to be its Manhattan boss. Sam has been saved after every local Republican debacle of the past fifteen years by the magic phrase "Don't make him resign under fire." This is one of the most effective incantations in the English language. No other slogan plays so much havoc with American politics and business. The way it works out is that the proposed victim refuses to resign under fire; as soon as he ceases to be under fire, he claims that there is no occasion for his resignation. By means of this formula, Koenig has maintained his leadership for the past decade and a half.

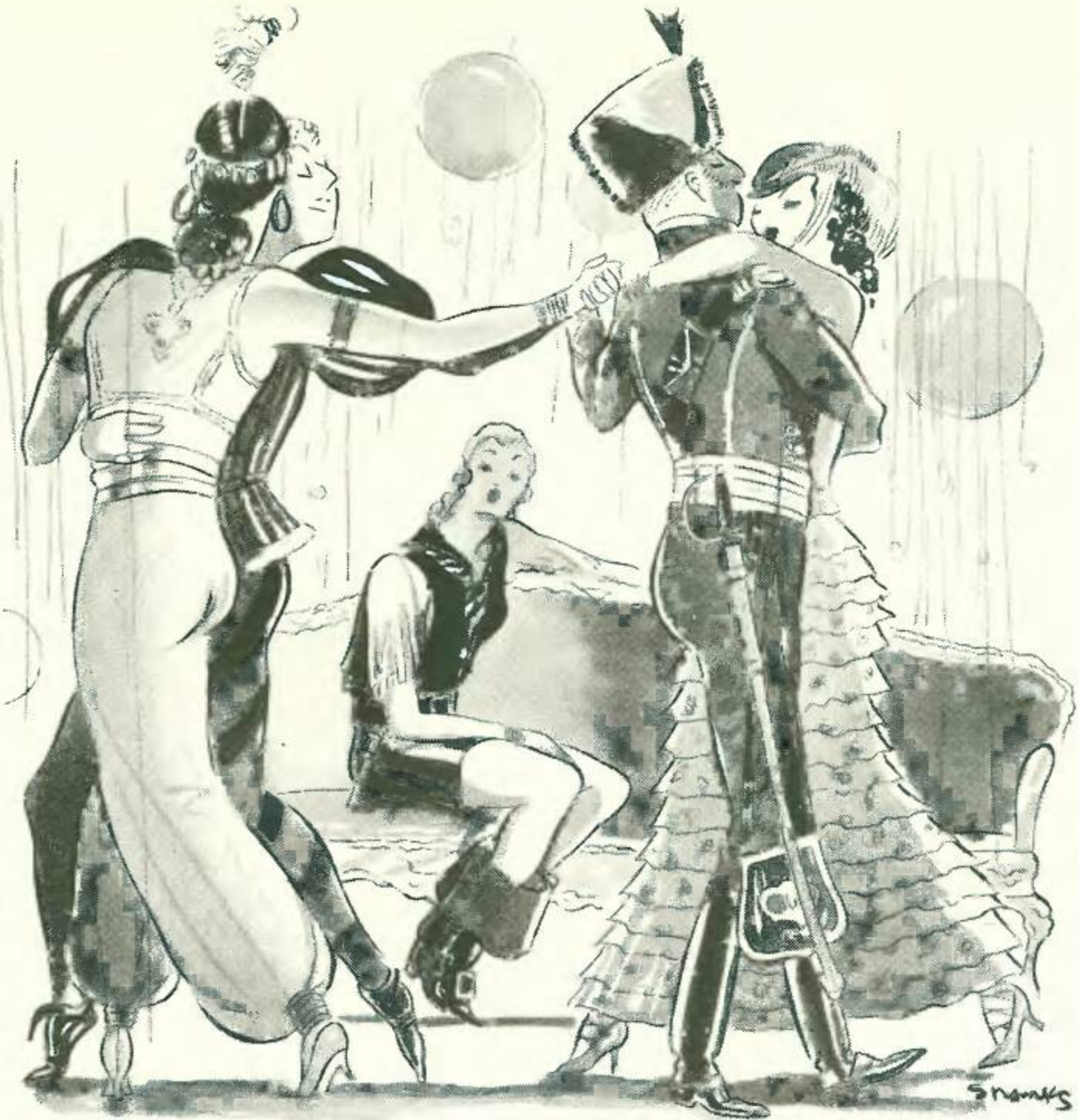
But Sam Koenig is not the greatest liability to the Republican Party in New York City. Its greatest liability is the upstate Republican organization. Many Republicans who live north of the Bronx are worthy individuals, but as a group they represent nearly everything that New York City deplors. The composite upstate Republican is an anti-liberal. In religion he is evangelical-puritanical, with a slight anti-Catholic and pro-Hitler bias. For a time he flirted with the Ku Klux Klan. He was for many years the contented puppet of the Anti-Saloon League. He is zealous to improve morals by statute. He passed the anti-race-track-betting law, established the movie censorship, enacted the Mullan-Gage Act to put teeth into the Eighteenth Amendment, and adopted a weird measure to padlock theatres accused of immorality. He fought against Sunday baseball and other Sunday amusement. For a time he was the sworn enemy of the five-cent fare. He made great national figures of Al Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt by frantically but feebly opposing their social-welfare programs. The composite upstate Republican's beau ideal of a statesman is Seymour Lowman, who fathered a plan to build

a barbed-wire fence the length of the Canadian border to keep whiskey out, and who solemnly charged at a public meeting that Al Smith was trying to make himself King of America.

NEW YORK CITY's dislike of the upstate Republicans naturally extends itself to the New York Republicans. Chairman Macy of the Republican State Committee has in the past two years made a brave effort to clear his party of the Anti-Saloon League curse and the ten-cent-fare blight, but the party is still regarded with the suspicion that attaches to a new convert. As a statewide organization, the party seems doomed, moreover, to be one of mediocrity and obstruction. The laws governing the election of the State Legislature have ruined the Republicans. These laws give enormous advantage to the thinly populated Republican counties and practically decree that the Legislature shall be ruled by small-minded country politicians. In some of the heavily Democratic districts of New York City, there is only one assemblyman to every 150,000 constituents; in Putnam County, on the other hand, there is one assemblyman to 10,000. As this works out, one upstate Republican may be worth, on Election Day, fifteen city Democrats. This system is a constitutional form of ballot-box-stuffing; it enables the Republicans to control the Legislature, even when the state goes overwhelmingly Democratic. There are nearly always enough Republican rotten boroughs to keep the Republicans in control of the Legislature. The effect of this has been to ruin the Republican Party. There is no incentive for the Republican majority in the Legislature to make a good record. The election is so rigged that the party seldom fails to capture the Assembly at least, whether its record is good or bad. An attempt was made at the Constitutional Convention of 1915 to provide for an honest apportionment and a fair deal for the Democrats, but the upstate Republican delegates would not listen to it. Their leader, the late Senator Brackett, said, "Let us Republicans frankly say that we propose to keep control of the Legislature upstate." The Republicans clung to their system of representation by area rather than by population, by dirt rather than by human beings.



The Republicans suffer also from the lack of a cardinal political virtue: loyalty. Loyalty is the basis of Tammany's greatness. It is a loyalty that is strengthened both by the expectation of profit and by the fear of discipline, but it is nevertheless a good practical working loyalty. The Republicans are deficient in this quality. The Hofstadter deal is a good example of the Republicans' callousness in betraying their own cause. Sam Hofstadter is far above the average Republican politician in ability. As chairman of the legislative committee which made the most thorough exposure of Tammany in sixty years, Hofstadter shared the credit with Judge Seabury. Hofstadter won his niche in New York history because the investigating committee was named after him. Yet, before the committee had completed its work, Hofstadter accepted from Tammany a nomination as Justice of the Supreme Court. This was by arrangement, tacit or otherwise, between Koenig and Boss Curry of Tammany. The tendency of Hofstadter's act was to whitewash Tammany and partially undo Seabury's great work. Both Koenig and Hofstadter seemed amazed that there should be a protest over such a routine thing as another betrayal of the Republican cause by Republican leaders. It is possible to imagine a Tammany man perpetrating various other high crimes, but not to imagine him selling out Tammany Hall. The Tammany spirit of brotherhood may be described as honor among thieves, or as the cohesive power of public plunder, or as a gangsters' code; whatever it is, it is conspicuously lacking among the Republicans. Another exhibition of the besetting Republican sin of disloyalty to the local Republican cause was the Koenig-O'Brien deal of twelve years ago. Tammany at that time desired to discipline Surrogate Cohalan. This was a little difficult, however, because Cohalan had a good record as Surrogate, and it is a well-established custom for both parties to join in reflecting good records. Boss Murphy of Tammany and Boss Koenig had a meeting of minds on the subject. Murphy named John P. O'Brien, the present Mayor, for Surrogate. There was danger that Cohalan, running as an independent, would defeat Tammany's choice. Koenig came to the rescue of Tammany by refusing the traditional renomination of Cohalan and naming a Republican candidate. This made a three-cornered race of it and insured



I'm young and healthy
but odds bodkins! my Hair's gone Gray!

What's the use of feeling playful as a kitten when the world assumes you're on the shelf?

Gray hair has a mean way of making people think you're out of things. Of course it's unfair—that's why you have to take matters into your own hands.

What to do? Recolor your hair by all means. But do it the new undetectable way—with Inecto Rapid Notox. You'll look like a new woman—and you'll feel as though you've just been hatched.

You see Notox is entirely different from old-fashioned hair dyes. Notox never leaves that artificial look—quite the contrary! Your hair is more radiantly lovely and more alluringly soft than it was in its natal glory. That's because Notox doesn't paint the outside of your hair, but colors

it inside where nature does, leaving the natural highlights unimpaired.

So artful are the numerous shades of Notox, and so cleverly can they be blended that it is sublimely undetectable. And it stays undetectable—for Notox color is as permanent and even as nature's. Wash it, wave it, sun it all you please.

Tell your hairdresser you'll entrust your hair to none other than Inecto Rapid Notox. See the crimp-capped bottle opened by the operator before your very eyes. Resent a substitute. No like product exists. Buy Notox at any smart shop.

Send for free copy of that fascinating booklet, "HEARTBREAK AGE." Learn how to avoid that most unfascinating time. We will give you, too, the address of a convenient shop featuring Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Department 66, Inecto, Inc., 33 West 46th Street, New York.

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**Something new!
Something better!**
to give you
**lovelier
nails**

No doubt you know . . . that Glazo was a high-priced polish . . . and perhaps you know that no other polish of its price ever won favor with so many smart women.

So it's welcome news that Glazo now costs only a quarter. But better yet—Glazo's unique improvements will change your whole conception of well groomed nails.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer, starrier in lustre and wear 50% longer.

Six fashion-perfect shades. And the Authentic Color Chart Package shows each just as it will look upon your nails.

Exclusive metal-shaft brush—easier to control—bristles that can't come loose.

And Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle that lasts as long as your polish.

Surely you've hoped for a polish like this, at such a money saving!

Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cuticle Massage Cream, too, are 25c each. Polish and Polish Remover 40c



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Colorless, Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, and Mandarin Red. 25c each.

25¢

the Tammany victory. Sam Koenig's reward was a Tammany nomination for his brother, Morris Koenig, to the Court of General Sessions. Deals of this kind are naturally fatal to the Republican Party in New York. Its only hope of gaining any standing in the community is by offering strong opposition to Tammany.

ANOTHER weakness of the Republicans is that they are inexperienced in the art of doing small favors in local matters. There are able Republican fixers, but they operate mainly in federal affairs. Under the Harding administration, for instance, they could fix anything, from a bootlegging case to piracy on the high seas. There has been a nice practice in adjusting awkward income-tax situations, opening small loopholes in the immigration laws, capturing alcohol permits, and deflecting the long arm of the government in special cases. But while the practical Republican politician understands some branches of fixing, he has little of the Tammany skill in scattering courtesies, compliments, and small benefits. Probably Tammany's greatest advantage over the Republicans is in the small-favor game. An illustration of this is the fairly well-known case of the prominent Jewish merchant.

This Jewish merchant was not only a Republican but a liberal contributor to local Republican campaign funds. He was always good for fifty or a hundred dollars when the New York County Republican organization was in distress, and it is always in distress. One day the merchant came to Republican headquarters with a request for the cancellation of a summons to jury duty. The summons called for his appearance before a newly elected Republican judge. It was considered so important to oblige this generous contributor that a high official in the Republican organization was dispatched to see the judge. The only answer that could be obtained from the Republican judge was "How dare you approach me? How dare you? How dare you?" A few days later, the Jewish merchant appeared at Republican headquarters and announced that he had been excused from jury duty. "How did you work it?" he was asked. "I took it up with the Tammany captain of my district," he said. There was much excitement in Sam Koenig's staff over this. They wanted to know why a Republican judge would do a favor for a Tam-



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Renting Office at 414 E. 52nd St.

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BEEKMAN HILL
East 51st & 52nd Sts.

many captain after refusing it to one of the chiefs of his own organization. The explanation was found to be simple. The Tammany captain had gone to a Tammany judge with the Republican merchant's request. The Tammany judge requested his Republican colleague to excuse the man from jury duty. The Republican judge promptly complied with the request as a matter of judicial courtesy.

There is a careless bigness about many of the Tammany people. They are often overjoyed by a chance to confer a favor on a Republican. There is method in it, of course, because the Republicans are usually in power in Washington, and at such times Tammany has to use the Republican approach in getting federal difficulties straightened out. In matters of influence, the New York Republicans and Democrats need each other. They are complementary rather than antagonistic. They are like two sexes rather than like two opposing political parties.

BECAUSE of the lowness of its fortunes today, the Republican camp offers unusual opportunities to a struggling young statesman. On the Republican side, he starts on the ground floor. Take the case of Joseph Clark Baldwin III, the minority leader, the minority whip, the minority caucus, and the entire minority party in the Board of Aldermen. When he was first elected, four years ago, there were seven Republican aldermen. Two years later there were four. Today Baldwin stands alone, and the spotlight is always on him. No other alderman of recent decades has won so much favorable publicity. Battling single-handed against the sixty-four Democratic aldermen, he plays the rôle of the giant-killer to great applause. Baldwin is not a mere curio of politics. He has substantial achievements to his credit, the chief being that of having four times exposed and thwarted Tammany's pet project of organizing a taxicab monopoly and raising the taxicab fares.

Tammany's desperate plight, owing to the Seabury exposures and to the city's financial troubles, has created the greatest Republican opportunity in years, but it is questionable if the local Republican party can regenerate itself in time to take advantage of its opportunities. Some day anti-Tammany Republicans may gain control of the Republican machinery, but it is doubtful if that will happen in the near future.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

"ONLY THREE BLOCKS MORE TO OUR NEW APARTMENT *Simpkins!*"



... and there's a big new "Master Series" Westinghouse Refrigerator in the kitchen!"

Maybe it had something to do with the rent... maybe other tenants complained about the Major's habit of making Simpkins sing three parts of a quartet. At any rate, the Threepingham address has changed, and a brand-new Model BP-75 Westinghouse now graces the Threepingham kitchen.

What the Major really wanted when he came in was a list of apartments where he would find a model like the one he had at the old address. He just wouldn't believe it *could* be improved upon. But when we showed him around, and pointed out the extra conveniences and greater economy of the new "Master Series," he would have taken an apartment in Mott Street to get

one. And you should have seen his eyes glisten when we showed him the big new froster that makes 118 cubes... over 12 pounds of ice... in a single fast freezing!

There are many remarkable improvements in the new Westinghouse "Master Series" models. Handy-Latch door openers... "Select-a-Cube" ice trays... "Economic" defrosting and operation... built-in automatic flood-lighting. But it is also important to remember that in *basic* design, the Westinghouse hermetically-sealed, dual-automatic mechanism is unchanged from its *time-tested* principles. A choice of twelve handsome models, finished in lacquer or lifetime porcelain, awaits you at our showroom. Come in!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, JULY 31
THE LACK OF TOURISTS HAS BROUGHT THE FASHIONABLE FRENCH OUT OF HIDING. THE RITZ GRILL WAS NEVER SO LIVELY BEFORE; WOMEN NEVER HAVE WORN SUCH IMMENSE, WIDE, FLAT-BRIMMED HATS; NOT FOR YEARS HAVE THERE BEEN SO MANY FINE POODLES OUT WALKING IN THE BOIS. IN OTHER WORDS, THE FRENCH, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, ARE DEVELOPING THEIR NATIONAL MANNERISMS, ONE OF WHICH IS A CERTAIN FLAIR FOR KNOWING HOW TO WEAR CLOTHES. (ONE OF THE FAVORITE COMBINATIONS NOWADAYS IS A BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTED DRESS, A SMALL, BLACK-VELVET HAT, AND BLACK GLOVES.)

IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS, THE PARIS COUTURIERS ARE BEGINNING TO SHOW THEIR FURS AND WOOLENS TO VISITING BUYERS. HELLER RICE OPENED THE SEASON WITH A COLLECTION MADE UP ENTIRELY OF KNITTED THINGS IN TWO NEW BLUES, A DARK GREEN, A DARK PINK, AND A NEW BEIGE CALLED ANTELOPE. ONE OF THE SUITS IS COMPLETELY DONE IN GREEN-AND-ANTELOPE CHECKS. LYOLÈNE, THAT GUITAR-PLAYING RASCAL, HAS MADE THE DRESS I'VE DREAMED ABOUT FOR YEARS, A TWO-PIECE, TAILORED, DINNERISH AFFAIR IN LAMÉ. HER NEWEST COLOR IS CALLED GOOSEBERRY RED, AND IT'S A BEAUTY. B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

OH, oh! My pal! And I was only guessing last week when I talked about elegance and a de-luxe air in the new clothes. The thing that will be terrifying in thees countree is Broadway. Ten days after the Paris clothes arrive, that well-known street will roar forth in ostrich feathers and general grandeur to such a degree that it will require money, taste, and an absence of the cutie in your ancestry to make you stand out as a woman of fashion.

THE new hats, whether Parisian or otherwise, continue to intrigue this department. John-Frederics, the maniacs, have a collection of lids that will bring out the let's-go in you. You

never saw such chichichic in all your born days. Lots of the hats have a visor type of brim at the side-front, shooting forward wildly with no break between visor and crown, so that they have a pancake look. (One is even curled up, very Gainsborough.) Sometimes the visor extends around in a wavy brim above the ears; sometimes it is frank and aboveboard, as in a felt, tallyho, hunter's hat, complete with the peaked, creased crown going oop toward the back. Sometimes it is a small thing indeed, attached by accident, as in the antelope Johnny beret or in a Henry VIII affair with the full crown, decorated with a gay feather, pulled sharply forward so that the visor is almost covered. It is all extremely mad and original. You'll like the berets there, particularly the two-way beret of antelope. It is either regulation, pulled forward in front and slick

to the skull in back, or reversed, hugging the head in front and having irregular points at the side-back. One is high and imposing, and has a suggestion of a tricorne thrown in. There are many peaked, crater crowns, tipped sidewise.

John-Frederics adore feathers—lacy ones of the paradise type, usually placed well back on the hat and hurtling forward past one or both ears. If you are the oh-lee-lay-e-ooh sort, you can do yourself up in a hat with a peaked crown, a violent ascent in back, a gay feather, and a laughable brim that obscures one eye. You will definitely love Snob, a tiny sailor with a brim curled up all around, and a flat crown with a fold around it—very Little Stanley. All it needs is an elastic under the chin. And you will have the vapors at huge, huge 1910 brimmed hats with ostrich plumes (you are supposed to



"I don't know. He's awfully cute, but a bit daring, don't you think?"



TEA on Deck, high above the Hudson, refreshed by cool breezes and served by an immaculate steward, is just another of the many things that make Park Crescent the ideal transient or residence hotel for the sultry summer months.

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One of the few
hairstyling salons with a cooling system.



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John J. Hyland, Mgr.

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In New York, it is impossible to buy these hats anywhere except at the *salon*, 501 Madison Avenue. They bear no relation whatsoever to the structure of your head or face, but they are giddier than anything.

LINGERIE specialties have always been the pride of Emma Maloof, now happily located at 444 Madison Avenue. One rare thing that she has is Normandie blouses of net, covered with hand embroidery, interspersed with old laces, and having a yellowed, antique look—nothing looks so de-luxe with elaborate velvet or satin suits on older women. Her teagowns are magnificent, as always. Most of them have waistlines so high that they curve upward in front to the V-neckline, and they have, of course, all kinds of detail through the waistline to slimmen them. I prefer lace ones, which have always been my idea of lure, but she says lamés and velvets are far more fascinating. You will have to decide all this for yourself.

Other information is that the demand for lounging pajamas is practically nil, but sleeping pajamas are being asked for more and more, with tailored dressing-gowns, piped in contrasting color, to match. Miss Maloof also finds that her clients are wearying of dark laces of the Alençon school and yearn for white Binche, for Val, and even for rose point. Hand hemstitching and other exquisite touches have come into their own again, too. She adores individual designing, and has lots of sketches to show to you whimsical women. The teagowns range from \$39.50 upward, with \$85 a representative price for luxurious ones.

—L. L.

LOST. GERMAN POLICE, male, cut one ear, bad teeth, Central Park. Being treated for hydrophobia; return at once. Grobmier, 24 W. 83rd. SUsquehanna 7-8389.—*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

Keep your shirt on.

The Duke Comes Back (In four parts)
—Lucian Cary.—*From table of contents in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Nice to be back, anyway—eh, Duke?

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in "LAUGHING AT LIFE"

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8, 9

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Aug. 10, 11

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MUSIC HALL "Direction Roxy"

RICHARD DIX in
"NO MARRIAGE TIES"
plus "Roxy" Stage Spectacle

SHOW PLACE OF THE NATION

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love Comes to the Barnyard

IT is possible, I suspect, that those who most liked "State Fair" will be the most critical of "The Stranger's Return." In both pictures, there is that feeling for country life, life on the farm, which is so attractive to people whose windowboxes overlook the elevated, but in this latest screen version of a Phil Stong novel those who are most romantic about the barnyard may be made a little uneasy by the plot. In my case, the whole situation was complicated by a perverse sympathy with the villainess of the tale. I have a secret suspicion that I shall always be on the side of the villainess of any drama when the rôle is played by Beulah Bondi. I shall always want Beulah to get away with it. In "The Stranger's Return," I thought there was a lot to be said for Beulah anyhow, and when a little blonde miss from New York speakeasies jaunted out and grabbed the farm from under her nose, I can't say that I blamed her for exasperation.

It is, of course, the fault of the scenario-concocters and of the direction that the plot of the piece can give any spectator these uneasy qualms. The situation should have been stressed differently. The old patriarch of the farm, acted very capably by Lionel Barrymore in his Rasputin beard, should have seemed more abused than he does. Poor Beulah couldn't have had much fun handling the irascible eighty-six-year-old party, who had managed all along to do just about what he wanted. Then out from town floats Miriam Hopkins as his granddaughter, and the hayfields are a bed of roses for her. The old man thinks she's a dear and alters his will, leaving her all. In a week or two, she makes the neighboring young man (Franchot Tone) fall in love with her, though he is already married, and at the end they decide, with infinite unselfishness, not to break his wife's heart. At last, that is, this country boy goes to the city to teach, and this urban flower settles down to run the farm, for which task, we assume, she is qualified. Yes, there is something about that plot which disturbs my sense of things, and I can't be reconciled to it even by the lively scenes of the threshers' dinner, of that six-thirty country breakfast, of church services and a

dance as they occur in the bucolic territories. Though the film is longish, too long, we want more explanations of the people than are given.

A GREAT and pure love spoiled "Midnight Club" for me just about in the middle of the picture. It's amazing how pure love can upset a film. It starts the characters off on curiously dreary behavior. Here we have a smart lot of crooks, a tricky assortment of thieves and holdup ladies and gentlemen, all suave and rich and swell, operating with pretty success in the best London houses, night clubs, and jewelers' shops. Their immaculate shirtfronts seem hardly the targets for Cupid's darts. That's the movies, though. Cupid gets shooting, and in a moment thieves are giving up their booty, reforming, going to work like honest souls, and the humor flies out of the picture, and the story goes sad on you, and there's nothing to do about it.

THERE'S nothing to be done, either, with such other pictures as I happened to wander in on this week. Pure love upsets the Foreign Legion in "The Devil's in Love" in the midst of those nice old sets that were used once, I seem to remember, in Miss Dietrich's "Morocco." The perplexing blessing descended upon Tyrolian peasants during their war with Napoleon, according to "The Rebel." Vilma Banky bestirs love in this case, and though there is nothing amateurish about her beauty, I found the film itself an untrained performance. It's a wonder to me that love doesn't work its way somehow or other into "Savage Gold," but it doesn't. In search of a certain Mr. Schweitzer, if I caught the name correctly, an expedition penetrates the haunts of those Brazilian Indians who eat roasted caterpillars, and bake and shrink the heads of victims until they are so small you could squeeze half a dozen into an overnight bag.

—J. C. M.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From a story in the *American Mercury* by Lowry Charles Wimberly, Professor of English at the University of Nebraska]

She crossed her legs and settled down on a passage midway in the book . . .

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Post-Mortem on the Cup

PARIS, JULY 30



THE Challenge Round of the Davis Cup matches, which each year causes more trouble than the war debts, passed in an atmosphere of comparative calm. Possibly this was because the United States was not competing. At any rate, there was lacking much of the excitement of former years; after the defeat of Cochet by Perry on the first afternoon, the result was a foregone conclusion. There were no untoward incidents, no alarms and excursions as in 1930, and no bad decisions. Not even one to which an American could take exception.

England's victory routed the prophets, who, in sport as in business, often find themselves in tight places. After the American debacle, a French triumph was generally anticipated. But few realized how Cochet had gone off in the past few months. His meeting with Perry was not a match, it was a disaster: the instantaneous dissolution of all his forces, his skill, his strength, his astounding reflexes.

Cochet's game has been based on genius. When that magic touch vanishes, he no longer exists as a champion. What a mechanical player like Lacoste would have been spared happened all at once to Cochet, the miracle man. There was a touch of irony in the fact that at thirty-two he was beaten by a youngster of twenty-five. It was as a youngster of twenty-five that he scored his first great victory over Tilden, then thirty-two.

If he could no longer conquer, he showed himself able to do something far harder: to lose as graciously as he had won. In defeat, he was more than ever a great champion. Few champions have been able to go down with such dignity, such simplicity, such a lack of emotional display.

THE quality of the play in both the Interzone finals and the Challenge Round this year was lower than I can remember for years. Do not believe that because Perry and Austin came through to victory over the Americans and the French, they are in the Tilden line. They are good players, players with well-rounded and sound games,

*They
really know...*



The people who really *know* instinctively choose the best things in life. Their choice is not always the choice of the crowd—for they trust their own good taste and their traditions.

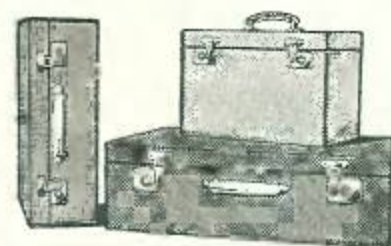
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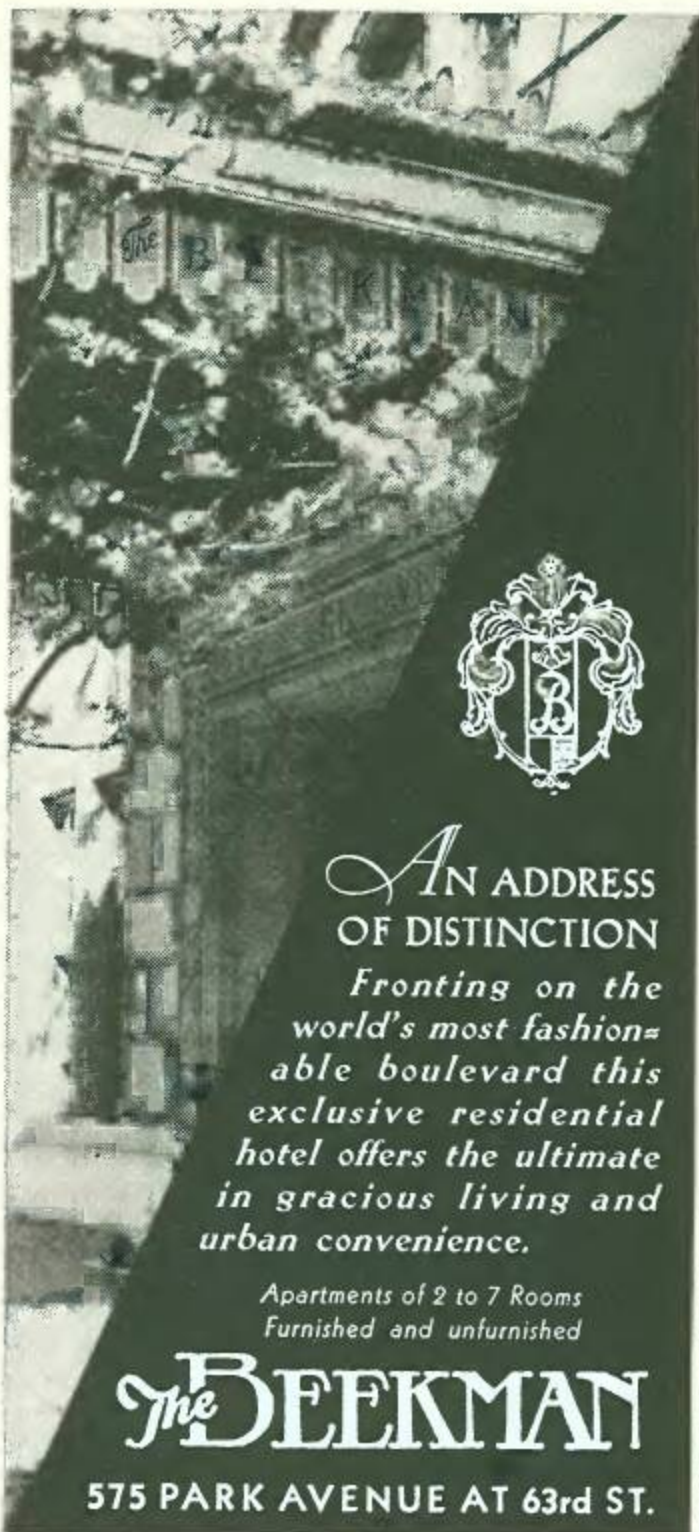
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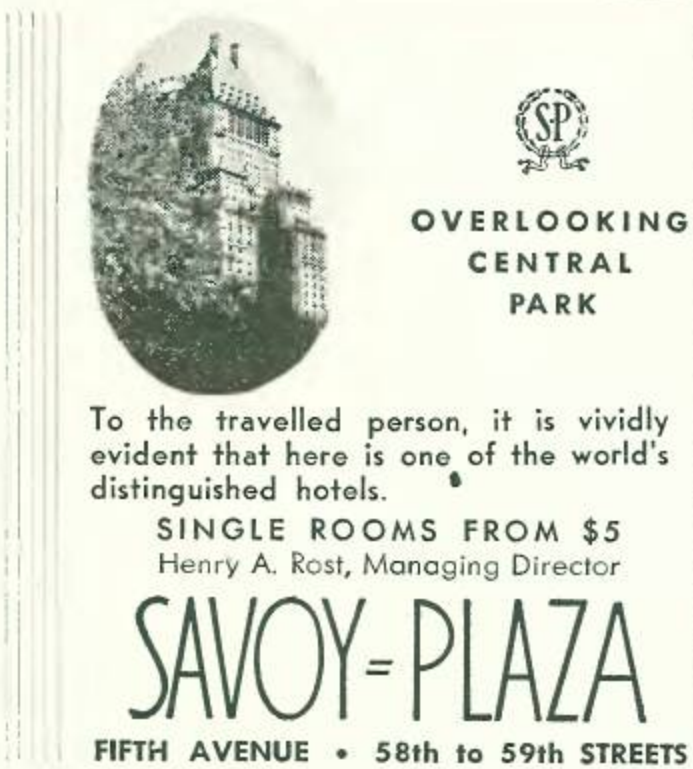
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50c

nothing more. Against the Americans, they faced two corpses and not two fit athletes; in the Challenge Round against France, they met a youngster of twenty-one making his debut in the Davis Cup matches, and a champion now a second-rater, ready to be beaten by anyone. Not that the English didn't deserve their triumph. They did, for they played up to their best form. The Cup is theirs and rightly, but as a team they are not up to the standard of the holders of recent years.

The real credit for winning the Davis Cup this year should go to the Australian Tennis Association. For it was thanks to their kindness that Vines and Allison (with their wives) were permitted to one-night-stand across the Antipodes in the rich heat of an Australian summer after a season of hard tennis in Europe and the United States. And thanks to them that a couple of dead men were pushed out upon the Centre Court at Roland Garros to face a Perry and an Austin at the top of their form.

WELL, I shall leave the last word to an Englishman and, in view of the circumstances, what could be more fitting? Mr. Leighton Crawford, the captain of the English team which played in the French championships back in May, knows sport, and especially tennis. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Crawford—the pleasure turned out to be mostly his—in the veterans' singles that week. After our match, we stood watching young Harry Lee, one of his charges, make life miserable for Henri Cochet. He said it quietly, modestly, but with conviction. Alas that I did not pay more heed to his words!

"Yes, we'll beat you chaps this year in the Interzone. Then we'll beat the French in the Challenge Round. And next year you'll take the Cup back at Wimbledon."

All right, see you next July in London!

—JOHN R. TUNIS

WANTED—Handy man to do plastering, carpentering, and painting in exchange for maple syrup. Box 373.—*Troy (N.Y.) Times.*

His thoughts will be wandering—you've got to remember that.

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OVER THE WAVES

Ricordi to the Rescue

A RADIO PLAY IN ONE ENDLESS ACT

Characters

Henry Clark, a retired loafer (about 44 years old).

Julia Clark, his wife by a first marriage (same age).

Vance Clark, their son (16).

Junior Clark, their daughter (14 or 15).

ACT I

LIVING-ROOM in the Clarks' apartment. The room is comfortably furnished, the most expensive pieces being a combination radio-victrola-garage, and a lunch counter that gives the results of the Miami dog races. Vance and Junior Clark are listening to a James Melton recital.

JUNIOR [dropping back as if to punt as the Melton program ends] — Gorgeous! [She is referring to herself.]

VANCE—You missed the best one, "Singing to You," by Oscar J. Fox and Grantland Rice, who gives those really snappy sport talks for Richfield at 9:30 every Friday night advertisement.

[Henry and Julia Clark, in evening clothes, enter through a cliché in the scenery.]

JUNIOR [dropping back as if to punt] —O Fatherkins and Motherkins! You're going out and you promised to stay home tonight with Vance, 16, and Junior, 14 or 15. [She points to an etching.]

HENRY and JULIA [together]—My God, son and daughter by a first marriage! You were young once yourself! Did your children make you lay around the house every evening?

JUNIOR—There was no radiokins then.

HENRY—This is a bad time for radio. Many comedians are on vacation.

VANCE—Many comedians have always been on vacation, but nobody told them.

JUNIOR [dropping back, etc.]—Besides, Parentkins, the popular orchestras are nearly all at work and—

JULIA [interrupting]—Yes, but what do they give us? Ugly tunes from alleged operettas by Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern, shows that would have been ten times as good with no music at all. And the infantile

pulings of Gershwin, Schwartz, Berlin, Rodgers, Youmans, and other ilks of that ilk.

HENRY [to Julia]—Your son, Vance, and I happen to be Brother Ilks ourselves. [Vance and Henry draw close together, gnash teeth, and strike eleven.]

JUNIOR [suddenly becoming agog]—O Vance, Vance! Don't let them suffer any longer! Tell them the big radio news!

HENRY and JULIA [together]—What is it? What is it? What is it?

VANCE [trying in vain to suppress his excitement] — Just this: Oswald F. Schuette has acquired the Ricordi Catalogue!

[Instantly the four Clarks begin marching to and fro on the lunch counter in the biggest parade since the welcome home to Russell T. Sherwood. Pausing only to root up the goalposts, they

march continuously for four days, shouting, "Oswald F. Schuette has acquired the Ricordi Catalogue!" The parade ends when the Clarks fall to the floor exhausted.]

HENRY [breathlessly]—Now, Vance, who and what are Oswald F. Schuette and the Ricordi Catalogue?

VANCE—I'll try to tell you briefly, but it can't be done. Oswald is radio's master mind, concentrating at present on an effort to lick the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, the predatory, plundering Kerns, Gershwins, Berlins, and Schwartzes, who have the notion that radio, undoubtedly responsible in large measure for the terrific falling-off in the "take" from their heinous racket, ought to pay them a small percentage for the material that forms a great big percentage of any popular program in which music is used.

JUNIOR [dropping back as if to punt] —You'd never get that speech in a night letter.

VANCE [regarding her as one would potluck]—The radio people used to contend that music was public property and the no-accounts who composed "Show Boat," "Music in the Air," and "Babes in Toyland" ought to have put their "work" in a basket and laid it on Mayor O'Brien's doorstep or chin as a Hal-



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Famous Society
Ballroom Dancers

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MARIANNE DAVIS Society Singer

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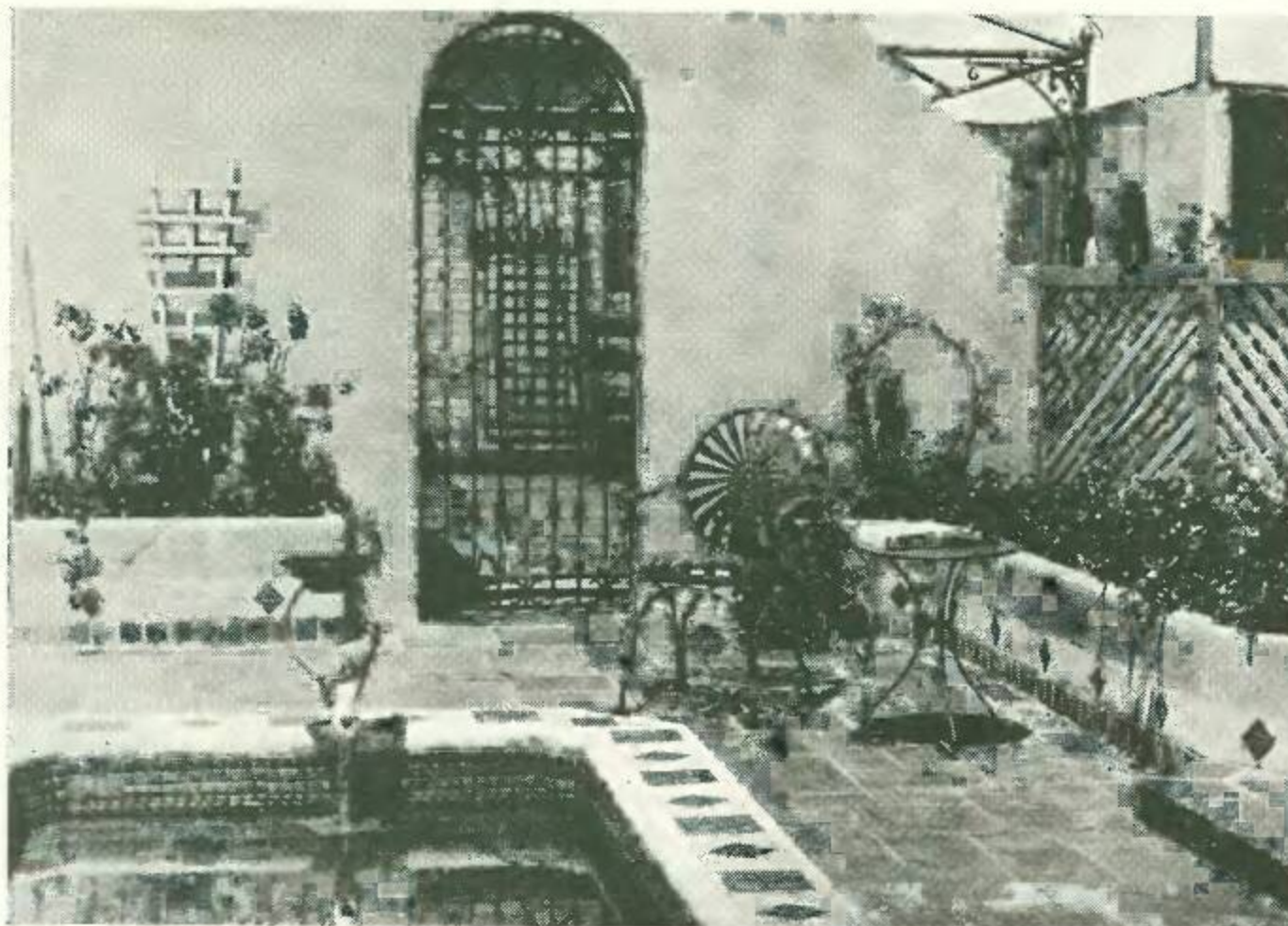
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Blue Plate Luncheons from 75¢
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Man-Made Fibres

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HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA ROOF
AN OASIS OF COOL COMFORT

loween prink. But Gene Octopus Buck, head of the composers' racket, put a cramp in this scream and got a contract providing that whenever a Kern song or a flock of Kern songs is used on the Texaco program, for instance, Texaco must pay three per cent.

HENRY [the only other character still awake]—Three per cent of whom?

VANCE—Of the price it has to pay the N.B.C. for its half-hour on the air, which is probably close to four hundred dollars.

HENRY—Do you mean to lie there like a dentist's helper and tell me that the poor Texaco people, who can't raise anything except oil on their property, whose annual business can hardly be as much as half a billion, and some of whose directors didn't even have shoes till they were three years old; that while these people can persuade a good-hearted fellow like Ed Wynn to make puns for them and giggle for seventeen minutes a week for only five thousand dollars, and hire Graham McNamee and Don Voorhees' band for a paltry six hundred, and virtually be given the air by the N.B.C. for four hundred—do folks as well liked as this have to submit to being *held up* for *twelve dollars* more by a low fellow like this Kern, who, I understand, has only one wife and child and doesn't need that much weekly income?

VANCE—He doesn't get the whole twelve dollars, Popkins. That is divided among all the members of the American song-writing racket. But don't worry! That's all over, for the Ricordi Catalogue gives us a new deal in music. [He whisks out a form letter from the office of Oswald F. Schuette.] Listen. [Reads.] "The catalogue enumerates works of such great operatic composers as Beethoven, Bellini, Bizet, Boito," and over a score more names of such great operatic composers. You recall all those great Beethoven operas—"The Lost Chord," "St. Louis Blues," etc. And it also lists such modern composers of symphonic and chamber music as Alaleona, Alfano, Pick-Mangiagalli—

HENRY—What a wonderful man, this Schuette! How much do you suppose they pay him?

VANCE—Pay him! Why, I don't believe he'd take a dime. He realizes that his brains are public property.

—RING LARDNER

SWISS LETTER

LUCERNE, JULY 26

AS a place to spend the summer, Switzerland is still refined. Poetry rather than pajamas still obtains at the side of the lovable nineteenth-century lakes. As proof, the event of the Lucerne season has been the recent opening of a new Richard Wagner museum at Tribschen, that melodic love-nest of the sixties where the composer and Cosima first hid away from Liszt, the King of Bavaria, von Bülow, an outraged musical public, and most of their personal friends. To show how times have changed, Wagner's elderly daughters and the burgesses of the town officiated at the museum's opening, and family statistics about which all Europe was once curious are now under glass for anyone to see. In one cabinet are Siegfried's birth certificate and his parents' belated wedding certificate—tenderly placed so that, reading from left to right, the nuptials come first. There is also the restaurant menu for the infant's christening party, which, judging from the faded printed card, must have been quite a tuck-in: *truite au bleu*, a fine filet of beef, truffled capon, two kinds of tinned peas, goose liver, and a *finale* of charlotte russe. But above all, for Ring-lovers' delight, the new collection features the master's velvet tam-o'-shanter and the small square-toed piano on which he finished "Tristan," items for which only the perfect Wagnerite would care, icons which only the pluperfect Wagnerite should be permitted to see. This is the fiftieth anniversary of Richard Wagner's death. About the newly opened little villa-museum at Tribschen vibrates an atmosphere of personal love and musical passion still audible to sensible ears today.

Also, the furthestmost point of its garden affords a fine lake view of the Bürgenstock, where Elinor Glyn wrote "Three Weeks."

ONE of the major summer book sales of Europe, also at Lucerne, was the Gilhofer dissemination of the libraries formerly perused, provided they ever took time and their crowns off to look at them, by the late Russian Czar and the Austrian royal family. This included such fine items as a complete set of Piranesi's etchings, and Redouté's "Malmaison Gardens," made at the instigation of the

Empress Josephine, and still in fine shape. Prices were good and imperial. All over the world, stocks and bonds vulgarly drop. In Europe, at professional sales, beauty still fetches a fancy figure. In 1933 there may be something in art for art's sake after all.

Furthermore, one of the handsomest small medieval æstival picture shows of the season was held in Lucerne's Steinmeyer & Böhler lakeside gallery, in the form of thirty-four *altdeutscher und altniederländischer Bilder* which, for elderly finesse, were a treat to the uncouth youth of this century. Especially precious were the two rare and holy Altdorfers (1480-1538), recently discovered in Bavaria:



Geburt Christi, with iris and kine, and *Tempelgang Mariens*, with the Virgin hurrying up the steps with unusual energy, though clad in the traditional slow blue. There are few known canvases by Altdorfer available in Europe today: one new one is an event; a pair are, like twins, a complete surprise. The show also included a fine little Patinir (first European landscapist) with a seated figure, probably painted for him by a friend; a pair of Dierick Bouts, a Cranach, a Van der Weyden, and, if one got as far as Herr Steinmeyer's private study, a pair of *rarissime* Manuel Deutsches, all the more personal for not being in the public show.

AT Zurich, Swiss centre for German Semitic refugees, there has been an excellent kosher French art show in the new and excellently architected Kunsthalle, comprising a group of internationally famous Jewish-owned pictures, such as Manet's "La Lavandière," Cézanne's "Monk," Toulouse-Lautrecs, one bad Gauguin, fine Daumiers, pre-willow Corots, bad Renoirs, Degas, and the like. Owing to Hitler's recent *Kapitalflucht* prohibitions, the happy owners of these treasures are not named. It is known and stated that certain canvases belonged to Tilla Durieux, Germany's great Ibsen-portrayer. It is known but not stated to whom the other paintings belonged. In any case, they are momentarily ghosts.

AT La Chaux de Fonds, modest-priced-watch-making centre of Switzerland, ninety per cent of the watch-makers are now laid off. Around Geneva, capital of fine chronometry,



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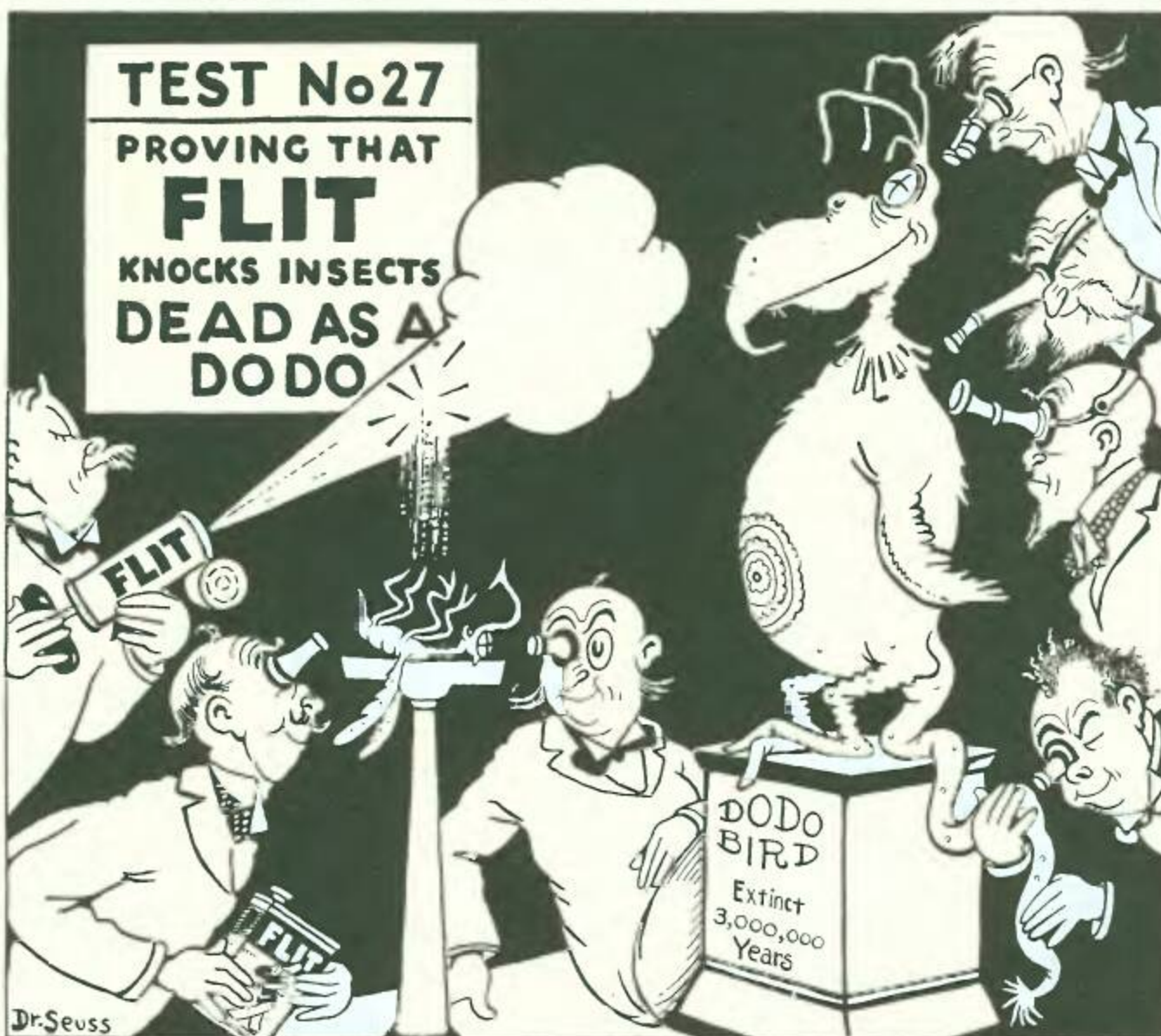
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the unemployment is practically complete. Owing to cheap watches' having come down in price to meet the broken Anglo-American exchange, La Chaux de Fonds men have benefited to the tune of ten per cent—provided, of course, they accepted the fifty-per-cent cut in wages first.

At St. Gallen (handkerchiefs, embroideries), the new goods shown to what few old buyers turn up are thirty per cent of the volume shown year before last.

At Zurich (where in the Züga there is one of the most sumptuous horticultural exhibits of all Europe, with the garden flowers changed fresh every week, no mean Eden trick), the state of the organdie and sheer loom trade is pretty bad. What are indubitably the most luxurious and model textile factories on the Continent are now lying idle and, what is worse, often unpaid for. Urged by the government and prompted by pride to expend and expand during the boom, these palatial factories, often carpeted like *salons*, are as empty of workmen today as any parlor has always been. In case the Democratic Mr. Roosevelt is interested in knowing why, the answer is the Republican tariff.

PERHAPS the oddest Swiss experience in the American traveler's voyage among the cantons—stranger than the Alpine glow when summer ice turns pink at sundown; more unnatural than blue gentians blooming in the Klausen Pass among July snow; queerer, even, than the Baron Van der Heide's nudist colony at Ascona, patronized by Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, dressed—is the discovery that Switzerland thinks that the U.S. went off the gold standard just to annoy the C.H. (Confédération Helvétique). There are more than two dozen European states today, not counting Andorra. It is a solemn thought, though not sweetly so, that all of them think we have debased the dollar to plague them.

In the meantime, the dollar in France is down to 18.47, which, if you ever knew Gaul when, according to our currency, it was divided into 25 parts, is, personally, the most plaguy thing in the whole international business. —GENET

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It would have to be.

BOOKS

Island Treasure—The First World War, by Camera

ALMOST directly southwest of Ireland off the Kerry Coast your map will show you a dotting of insignificant islands, the smallest of them little more than rocky opportunities for lighthouses. The largest, ambitiously known as the Great Blasket, is about five miles long, rather less than half a mile broad, harborless, and exposed to the great ocean winds. Under the shelter of its mountain pasture, about one hundred and fifty Irish peasants are now huddled. Twenty years from now, as the old die and the young emigrate to the mainland in search of better economic conditions, it will be a long silent ridge of rock, bog, and pasture land on which no sheep graze, no men wander. But twenty years from now, I am confident, it will also be famous in literary history as the birthplace of Maurice O'Sullivan and as the inspiration for his autobiographical idyll, "Twenty Years A-Growing" (Viking).

"Twenty Years A-Growing" is translated from the original Irish (by Moya Llewelyn Davies and George Thomson) into that beautiful modified Irish-English made classical by Synge. Their version permits the English-speaking world to enjoy a minor masterpiece of authentic folk-inspiration. As for those among us who have Irish, I envy them the joyful satisfaction which will be theirs in reading O'Sullivan in what must be a curiously lovely original.

"Twenty Years A-Growing" begins: "There is no doubt but youth is a fine thing though my own is not over yet and wisdom comes with age." It ends with the young O'Sullivan returning to his homeplace after two years on the mainland: "When I returned home the lamps were being lit in the houses. My father and grandfather were sitting on either side of the fire, my grandfather smoking his old pipe." Between these two sentences glimmers the whole little world of the Great Blasket, as remote from us as the Hebrides, shining like a jewel in O'Sullivan's poetical, sunlit prose, flowing as limpidly as water from the mountain rock. The happy life of the young Maurice, rooted in the simplicities of earth and ocean and the blowing air, is brought before us with a skill which has nothing forced or folksy



about it. O'Sullivan is a natural tale-teller, a spiritual, if not a lineal, descendant of those Gaelic bards and scholars who were scattered among the people during the fateful seventeenth century.

Not only does he render for us the clear, gay, healthy incidents of his own life, but he reproduces, with the spontaneity of genuine native art, the life of his people. We see them at their pastimes—singing, dancing, story-telling, and particularly conversation—and at their laborious occupations—sheep-herding, rude farming, lobster-fishing. O'Sullivan magically transports us to a microscopic medieval world, seen, it should be added, a little idyllically and only through the bright eyes of a happy youth. The tone of his book, written for the entertainment of his friends and not for publication, is exactly what Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory tried so hard to capture. Its essence lies in itself; it is complete and perfect and leaves nothing for the commentator to add.

Its author is now in the Civic Guard, stationed in Connemara. Unlike Gilbert's policeman, his lot so far has been a happy one. Out of his happiness, out of his observant youth, he has fashioned something uniquely beautiful. We can only hope that he will keep on being a good policeman and that the London literati will not persuade him to write a sequel. For O'Sullivan is something far better than a professional writer—he is a natural one. His nature has probably been caught once and for all in this gem of a book. Let it remain, set apart in our hurried and choked literature as the Great Blasket itself lies, serene in the North Atlantic.

I CAN imagine no more powerful contrast than to pass from O'Sullivan's lyrical memoir to "The First World War," a gigantic volume of photographs, assembled, after three years of painstaking labor, by the editorial staff of Simon & Schuster, aided by the technical genius of Otto Kurth, and introduced and captioned, in brief phrases that glitter and stab like bayonets, by Laurence Stallings. There are something like six hundred pictures, unposed, unforced, arranged in an order that lends them the most poignant and telling dramatic value.

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in its totality, without sentiment, without special pleading, without the bias of any one personality, is at all possible, here it is. To turn these giant pages is to force back into our cringing memories the very essence of the horror, the waste, the madness of history's most arrogant drama of carnage.

"The First World War" was not created as propaganda; but propaganda it is and must remain, so long as the brain can interpret and the heart leap to what the retina records. The pictures do not emphasize the war only in its dime-museum aspects, though there are photographs aplenty of death, disease, mutilation, and suffering. It is the totality of the war's effect which is striven for; and that effect, in its final form, is reflected in the sombre but, one fears, justified title which the publishers have given their book.

Certain minor criticisms, nevertheless, can be leveled against this unique attempt to recapture the greatest experience of our time. A very few of the captions, for example, are newspaperly in their irony. More important, one could wish a greater number of pictures making clear the economic backgrounds of the war, the fundamental struggles which were fought not in No Man's Land but in the Bourse, the City, and the Street, and in serene counting-rooms and conference chambers. Where is that drama of bloody bookkeeping written in the ledgers of Krupp, du Pont, Vickers-Armstrong, Remington, and the banking houses of the civilized world? In their anxiety to show the war as a tremendous drama, the publishers have perhaps neglected to emphasize sufficiently the great rôles of the scene-shifters, the stage managers—and the producers. Particularly the producers.

Nevertheless, this volume of photographs is bound to stand as the most important and exciting contribution of its kind to the cause of peace since "All Quiet on the Western Front." There are only two classes to whom its grim lesson in black-and-white can make no appeal: the blind who cannot see, and the blind who will not.

COLETTE's "The Pure and the Impure" (Farrar & Rinehart) is a random collection of anecdotes and *pensées*, dealing with the more unusual aspects of sex. Its pages are gamy and quite consciously a trifle degenerate; but they have that flavor of personality which touches everything Colette has written. —CLIFTON FADIMAN



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