Nov. 18, 1933

THE NEW YORKER

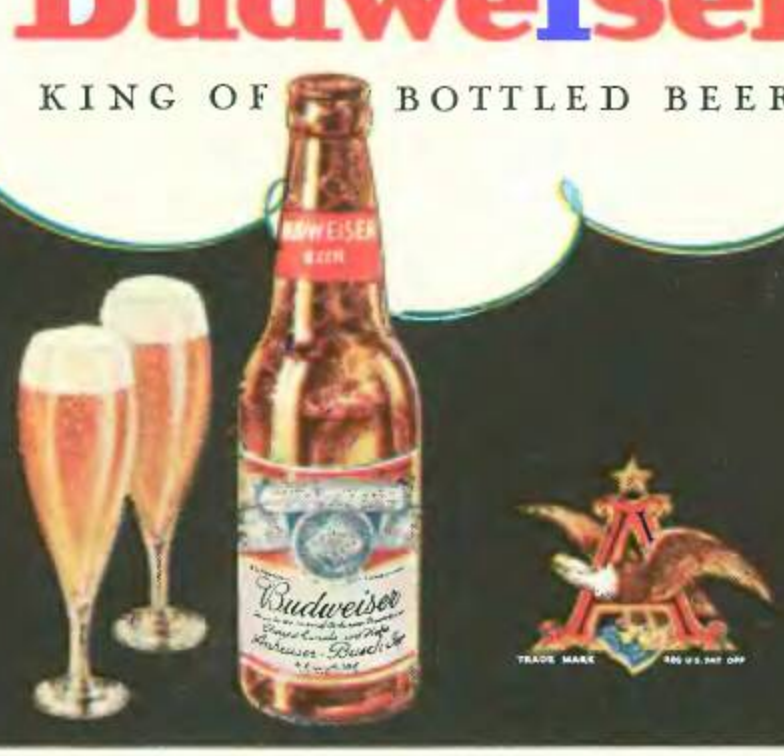
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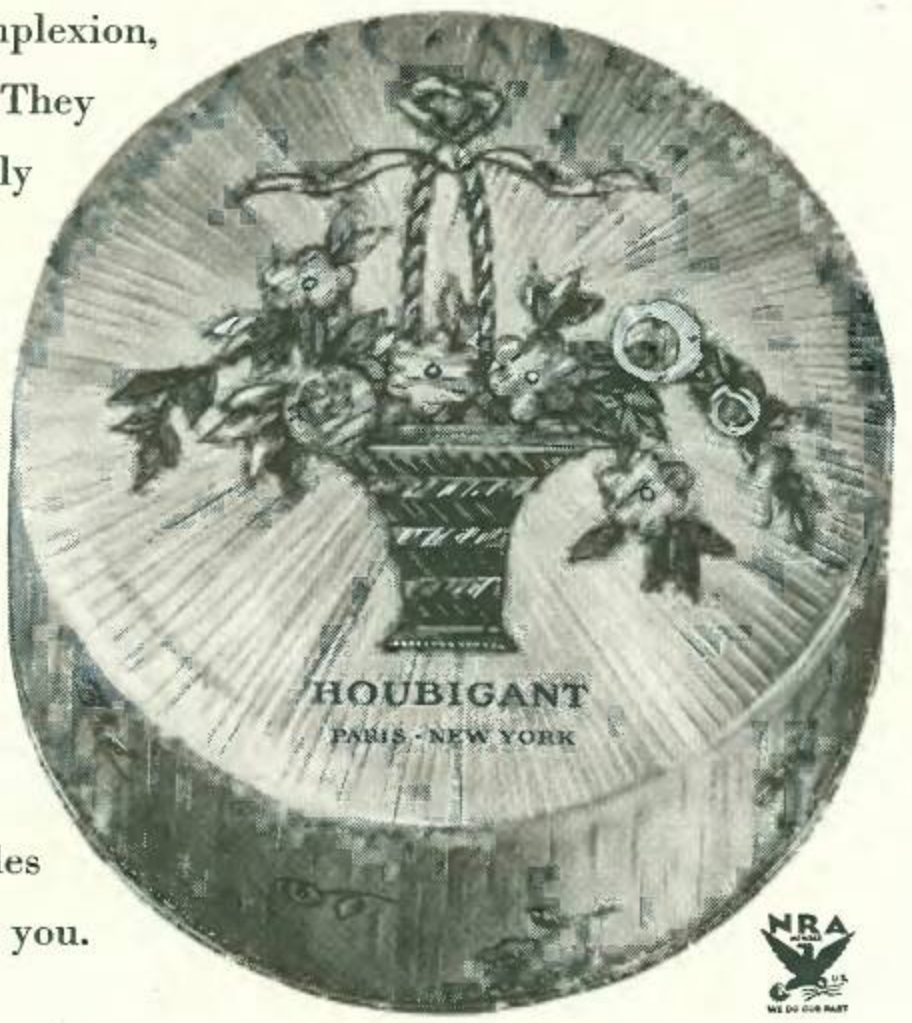
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00, Vol. IX, No. 40, November 18, 1933. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.]

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

AH, WILDERNESS!—Eugene O'Neill's excursion into the nice uncomplicated suburbs. Noteworthy for an especially fine performance by George M. Cohan. (Guild, 52, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

THE CURTAIN RISES—How deep-breathing exercises turned a rather plain girl into a leading lady. A mild and unobjectionable comedy, with Jean Arthur. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

DOUBLE DOOR—Exciting proof that these old New York families are just as crazy as we've always been told. Mary Morris is fine and forbidding as the Mad Millionairess. (Ritz, 48, W. 8:50.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE—A London exquisite adopts a young man from the provinces, and ruins his life. Directed by Jed Harris, with excellent performances by James Dale, Laurence Olivier, and Jill Esmond. (Cort, 48, E.)

HER MASTER'S VOICE—Showing that the lowliest suburban husband has a chance to become a radio crooner. One of Clare Kummer's funniest, enhanced by the presence of Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MEN IN WHITE—An honest and thoroughgoing, if somewhat depressing, play which will make you wonder why doctors aren't crazier than they are. With Alexander Kirkland and J. Edward Bromberg. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—A little, but very nice, play about a small-town husband who realizes, after all, he married the right girl. With Lloyd Nolan and Francesca Bruning. (48th Street, 48, E. Closes Sat., Nov. 18.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—Fairly pleasant nonsense about Colonial courtship, with special reference to bundling. Helped a great deal by Tonio Selwart's performance. (Avon, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

SAILOR, BEWARE!—Naval amours in the Canal Zone, a little familiar but very funny. Don't go, though, if you're too easily shocked. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Nov. 19, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

SPRING IN AUTUMN—Blanche Yurka in a trifle from the Spanish concerning the diva who runs her family on operatic lines. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

TEN MINUTE ALIBI—Detective-story readers will probably be able to follow this, and even the rest of you will find it exciting. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

THE WORLD WAITS—How men feel who get stuck on a polar expedition with a publicity-lover. No names mentioned, but you can have two guesses. (Little, 44, W.)

WITH MUSIC

AS THOUSANDS CHEER—The bright revue just about at its best, with Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, Ethel Waters, and Leslie Adams. Irving Berlin and Moss Hart wrote it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

CHAMPAGNE, SEC—An operetta based on Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," very nice on the whole, although the comedy may tire you a little. With Peggy Wood, Helen Ford, and George Meader. (Shubert, 44, W.)

HOLD YOUR HORSES—Pretty funny when Joe Cook demonstrates his strange machinery, and lovely when Harriet Hoctor dances, but nothing much in between. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

LET 'EM EAT CAKE—The Messrs. Kaufman and Ryskind think ahead to that hypothetical revolution, but it isn't quite as good as "Of Thee I Sing." Lois Moran, William Gaxton, and Victor Moore are in it again. (Imperial, 45, W.)

MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Earl Carroll and the mystery-writers in a rather confusing partnership. All right if pretty girls make you happy. (Majestic, 44, W.)

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS—The Guild has equipped Molière's play with pretty music and scenery, but you'll probably find the story a little irritating. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins. (Empire, B'way at 40. Mat. Thurs.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

ROBERTA—The new Jerome Kern-Otto Harbach musical show, with Lyda Roberti, Bob Hope, Fay Templeton, Tamara, George Murphy, and others. Opens Sat., Nov. 18. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

SHE LOVES ME NOT—A comedy by Howard Lindsay based on Edward Hope's novel, with a few songs by Arthur Schwartz and Edward Heyman. Jane Buchanan, Burgess Meredith, John Beal, and Florence Rice are in it. Opens Mon., Nov. 20. (46th Street, 46, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE DARK TOWER—A melodrama by George S. Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott, with Basil Sydney, Ernest Milton, Margalo Gillmore, and William Harrigan. Opens Sat., Nov. 25. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:45 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

I WAS WAITING FOR YOU—A comedy by Melville Baker, adapted from the French of Jacques Natanson, with Glenn Anders, Vera Allen, Helen Brooks, and Bretaigne Windust. (Booth, 45, W.)

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DOROTHY SANDS—Presenting her one-woman show, "Our Stage and Stars," in which she impersonates famous actresses and movie queens: Sun. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:45. (Little, 44, W.)

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—An informal revue, with Paula Trueman, Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, and others. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Clare Tree Major Company in "The Five Little Peppers": Sat. Morn., Nov. 18, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.)

DANCE RECITAL—First appearance this season of Martha Graham and her group: Sun. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W.)

BALLET

JOOSS BALLETS—An exceptionally skillful ensemble of dancers from abroad in "The Green Table," "The Seven Heroes," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and other divertissements: Eves. at 8:45; Sat. Afts. at 2:45. (Forrest, 49, W.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44 (Vanderbilt 3-2500)—Supper dancing in the Rose Room, every Thurs. and Sat. Eve. Cookie Fairchild's music, with entertainment by Russell Johns and others. Must dress.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for after-theatre dancing. Dances by Gomez and Winona, and songs by Tito Guizar. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 7-1199)—Always a favorite. Charles Reader's orchestra, the Rocky Twins, Ernest Charles, and others.*

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Supper dancing in the Grill Neptune, with Henry King providing the music.*

PLACE PIQUALE, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—Last year this was "Place Pigalle." Under its new name, it features Harry Rosenthal's excellent music, dances by Fontana and Coles, and songs by Marion Chase.*

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—The Seaglade offers Meyer Davis and his orchestra and dancing by Caperton and Biddle. Must dress.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Supper dancing in the handsome Empire Room to music by Enric Madriguera and Xavier Cugat. Spanish dances by Margo and songs by Carmen Castillo.*

NOTES—Marlborough House, 15 E. 61 (Rhinelander 4-8038), has Gili-Gili, the amazing magician from Egypt, Michel Zarin's music, and Marianne Davis.* . . . At the Embassy Club, 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 5-4900), you will be entertained by The Yacht Club Boys, Gloria Grafton, Bob Grant's orchestra, and others.* . . . El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769), harbors Joseph C. Smith's orchestra and Nilo Menendez's tango band.*. . . The Park Avenue, 128 E. 58 (Mu 2-5581), has music by Sam Wilson. . . . The Surf Club, 42 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9478), is noted for its Meyer Davis music and the singing of Marion Chase.* . . . The Mayfair Yacht Club, 450½ E. 52 (Plaza 3-1456), offers Walker O'Neill's music and Dwight Fiske's funny songs. . . . Helen Morgan sings at the Simplon Club, 26 W. 53 (Murray Hill 2-8332), and there's also Larry Siry's music, and Deslys and Clark.

Other places: Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52 (Eldorado 5-7509), Lipoff's orchestra. . . . Maison Royale, 6 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9205), Anatobal's Cubans and songs by Angela. . . . Florida, 37 E. 50 (Eldorado 5-9585), Joe Fejer's music. . . . Biarritz, 38 E. 52 (Murray Hill 2-9878), with Frances Faye and her piano.

Vogue, 324 E. 57 (Eldorado 5-9538), is a new place, with entertainment by Chic Endor and Charlie Farrell, Frances Maddux, and Carolyn Nolte.*

Al Goodman's orchestra plays at the Mayfair Club Supper Dances, every Sat. Eve. in the Crystal Room of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (Plaza 3-4600). Must dress.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Club Ha Ha, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-9790), popular with the stay-till-dawns; Dan Healy, Jack White, Jerry Bergin, and others entertain.

Large and noisy, with elaborately undressed revues: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), with Paul Whiteman's orchestra as the added attraction; and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), with Rudy Vallée's band.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), with Eddie Davis' orchestra. . . . Informal, slightly tourist, but pleasant enough: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Village Grove Nut Club, 99 7 Ave. S.; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), has Cab Calloway's band and a new show. There are lots of other places if you feel like exploring on your own hook.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Hungarian: Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), with gipsy music. . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Sq. 6-9784), singing by Kuznetzoff and Nicolina. . . . Scandinavian: Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251), *smörgåsbord*, dancing, and entertainment. . . . Spanish: El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836); and El Chico, 80 Grove (Chelsea 2-4646).

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DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—On Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23, George Olsen (with Ethel Shutta) will open at the Pennsylvania Mad-Hattan, 7 Ave. at 33, a new room designed by Norman Bel Geddes. . . . Don Bestor provides the music at the Biltmore Casino Bleu, Madison at 43. . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra are at the Colonnades, Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. . . . Reggie Childs plays in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46. . . . Leon Belasco is at the St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. . . . Isham Jones plays in the English Grill of the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Abe Lyman is at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Ozzie Nelson can be found at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave.

(Continued on page 6)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

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HATS FROM LORD & TAYLOR

(Continued from page 4)

at 55. . . . William Scotti provides the music in the Coral Room, Hotel Montclair, Lexington at 49. . . . Enoch Light is at the Governor Clinton Grill, 7 Ave. at 31.

MOTION PICTURES

BERKELEY SQUARE—Romance with complications, in the eighteenth century. Leslie Howard in his famous rôle. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., Nov. 18-22; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE BOWERY—Wallace Beery, George Raft, and some others bring to life the high days of the old East Side. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 17-19; continuous from 1 P.M.)

I'M NO ANGEL—Mae West's most recent teachings, and a great help to modern life, of course. (New Roxy, 6 Ave. at 49; 86th Street, Lexington at 86; 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; 81st Street, B'way at 81; and other R.K.O. houses; Sat. through Fri., Nov. 18-24; continuous from noon.)

LITTLE WOMEN—Katharine Hepburn as Jo, in a beautiful, nostalgic film of Louisa Alcott's classic. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII—Rich comedy with Charles Laughton as the King, edged, of course, with the tragedy of an occasional execution. Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs," in French, is also being shown. (Globe, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M.)

LE SANG D'UN POÈTE—The Cocteau riddle. For the more curious-minded. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; continuous from noon.)

REVIVALS—At the Little Picture House, 151 E. 50—"The Devil and the Deep," with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton, Mon., Nov. 20; "The Passion of Joan of Arc," with Maria Falconetti, Thurs., Nov. 23; continuous from 2 P.M.

NOTE—Movies suitable for children: Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15 and 3:45 P.M.; and Sat. at 10:45 A.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Dinner at Eight," Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, John Barrymore, etc., in the Ferber-Kaufman discourse; "Footlight Parade," Hollywood's conception of what a musical show ought to be like; "Night Flight," a sensible flying picture, with fine aviation shots and incidental acting by Helen Hayes and the Barrymore brothers; "The Prizefighter and the Lady," very much the best picture of its kind so far, with Myrna Loy, Max Baer, Primo Carnera, and Jack Dempsey; "14 Juillet," René Clair's new Parisian picture, gentle, not sensational, but very agreeable.

OPENING OF NOTE

CRADLE SONG—Sierra's play, with Dorothea Wieck, late of "Maedchen in Uniform." (Paramount, B'way at 43; starting Fri., Nov. 17; continuous from 11 A.M.)

ART

ARGENTINE—A showing of an art that is little known north of the Canal: Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Dr. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.

BOUDIN—Landscapes by one of the milder contemporaries of Monet who leaned closer to Jongkind: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

BRUSH—Paintings and drawings by an academician who had his good moments: American Academy of Arts & Letters, B'way at 156. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CARROLL—Corpselike figures that look like Indian pipes and haunt one like an image in Baudelaire: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 25.

CÉZANNE—Water colors. Work that stunned and dumbfounded New York when Stieglitz first exhibited it in 1911: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

COURBET AND DELACROIX—Or, the Percheron and the Arabian stallion, with the honors going this time to the heavy-muscled Courbet: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—The good guesses of the almost legendary collector, A. Vollard, featuring Cézanne and Renoir: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (Admission fifty cents for benefit of Public Education Assoc.)

HART—Drawings by the late "Pop" Hart: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

HOPPER—Interpretations of American landscape and architecture by a painter who, if he no longer is on the ascent, has reached a fairly high plateau of achievement: handsome, virile, and a little limited: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

LUKS—A dozen drawings by a racy commentator who was one of the advance guard of the nineteen-hundreds: Room 316, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIN—Thirty-three water colors painted between 1908 and 1932. An undisputed mastery of the medium and an incomparable fertility in design put Marin's paintings in a class almost by themselves: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MORRIS—Abstractions, presented with a program that is more convincing than the pictures: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

ROUAULT—Dark and mystical interpretations of the human spirit by a great Breton who was denounced twenty years ago as one of *Les Fauves.* The most complete showing of his oils America has seen, and very fine: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 24.

RUSSIAN BALLET—Sketches and paintings from the Lifar collection and including most of the famous names in contemporary French art: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 18.

SCHNAKENBERG—Oils and water colors: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW YORK—Paintings and prints: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily (except Mon.) 2 to 6 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

UTRILLO AND BIBERMAN—Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Isabel Carleton Wilde Collection of Early American Sculpture: Becker, 520 Madison. . . . Paintings and drawings by Leo Katz: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Nov. 18. . . . Group exhibition: An American Group, Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. . . . Gouaches by Elliot Orr: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54. . . . Lithographs and drawings by Henry C. Pitz: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Nov. 20. . . . "Mr. and Mrs." show and flowers by Nell Witters: Argent, 42 W. 57; through Nov. 18. . . . Sculpture by Aaron J. Goodelman: Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8. . . . Drawings by Grigoriev, for Dostoevski's "Brothers Karamazov": Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57.

Loan exhibition of Islamic miniature painting and book illumination: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. . . . Polish Art: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. . . . Edwin Booth Memorabilia, from the collection of The Players: Museum of the City of N. Y., 5 Ave. at 104.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.]

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

GRETE STUECKGOLD—An opera soprano who really can sing songs: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 19.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—All sorts of chamber music and other lyric intimacies by experts with a night off: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 20.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Music for strings, done imaginatively: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:45.

MISCHA ELMAN—As soloist in Olin Downes' lecture series: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Tues. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:15.

LESLIE HODGSON—A native pianist of unusual accomplishments: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 22.

ARTISTIC MORNING—Ortiz Tirado, tenor; Carlos Montoya, guitar; and Teresina, Spanish dancer: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Morn., Nov. 23, at 11:30.

ARTUR SCHNABEL—Second recital by the big Beethoven man: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 25.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 18, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Nov. 19; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 24, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 25, at 8:45.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 18, at 2:30.

MUSICIANS' EMERGENCY FUND CONCERTS—Damrosch conducting: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eves., Nov. 18 and 25.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 21.

OPERA

HIPPODROME—Grand Opera at popular prices. "Samson et Dalila," Fri. Eve., Nov. 17; "Haensel and Gretel," Sat. Aft., Nov. 18, at 2:30; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Nov. 18; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sun. Aft., Nov. 19, at 2:30; "Aïda," Sun. Eve., Nov. 19. See daily papers for schedule of later performances. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. Eves. at 8:15.)

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking at the 200th anniversary celebration of the colonization of Georgia, at Savannah: Sat. Morn., Nov. 18, at 10, WJZ.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat., Nov. 18: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at 1:45, WOR; Michigan vs. Minnesota, at 2:45, WABC.

TRANSATLANTIC DEBATE—Stanford University vs. Cambridge University on the subject, "Resolved, That the Political Salvation of the World Lies in Democracy, Rather Than in Dictatorship": Sat. Aft., Nov. 18, at 5:30, WEAF.

J. C. NUGENT—The actor-playwright offers the first of his weekly series entitled "The Half Hour for Men": Sat. Eve., Nov. 18, at 7, WEAF.

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION—Première of a weekly program from and to Admiral Byrd and his men: Sat. Eve., Nov. 18, at 10, WABC.

EDDIE CANTOR—His much-delayed return to the air is now promised for Sun. Eve., Nov. 19, at 8, WEAF.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT—The hour of his "Town Crier" broadcasts will be changed beginning Nov. 20: Mon. and Wed. Eves. at 9:15, WABC.

PIANO-PLAYING—Fray and Braggiotti: Sat. Eve. at 8:15, WABC. . . . Hall and Gruen: Sun. Morn. at 11, WEAF. . . . Egon Petri: Sun. Eve. at 8, WJZ. . . . Brodsky and Triggs: Sun. Eve. at 8:15, WOR. . . . Henri Deering: Mon. Eve. at 10:30, WJZ.

CONCERTS—Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns. at 11, WEAF-WJZ. . . . Chicago Symphony, Stock conducting: Sat. Eve. at 10, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting: Sun. Aft. at 3, WABC. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Mon. Eve. at 10:30, WOR. . . . Albert Spalding: Wed. Eve. at 8:30, WABC. . . . John McCormack: Wed. Eve. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting: Fri. Aft., Nov. 24, at 2:30, WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Ben Jeby vs. Young Terry and Steve Hamas vs. Lee Ramage, Fri. Eve., Nov. 17. Tony Canzoneri vs. Kid Chocolate, Fri. Eve., Nov. 24; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions to fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 18, at 2 P.M.—Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton. . . . Harvard vs. Brown, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Dartmouth vs. Cornell, Hanover, N.H. . . . Army vs. Penn. M.C., West Point. . . . Columbia vs. Lafayette, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Rutgers, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. Oregon State, Polo Grounds. . . . Manhattan vs. Catholic University, Ebbets Field.

Sat., Nov. 25, at 2 P.M.—Harvard vs. Yale, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Army vs. Navy, Franklin Field, Philadelphia. . . . Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton. . . . Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Carnegie Tech., Yankee Stadium.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L," 8 Ave. subway, or Bus No. 3. . . . Ebbets Field, Brooklyn: take B.-M.T.-Brighton Line subway to Prospect Pk.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games leave: for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:10 P.M. (special); for Boston, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.; for Hanover, N.H. (White River Jct.), through sleeper leaves Grand Central, Fri., 11:45 P.M.; for West Point, from W. 42 St. ferry, West Shore R.R., 11:03 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden, 8:45 P.M.—Americans vs. Montreal, Sun. Eve., Nov. 19; Rangers vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Nov. 21; Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 23.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—N.Y. Giants vs. Chicago Bears: Polo Grounds, Sun., Nov. 19, at 2:15 P.M.

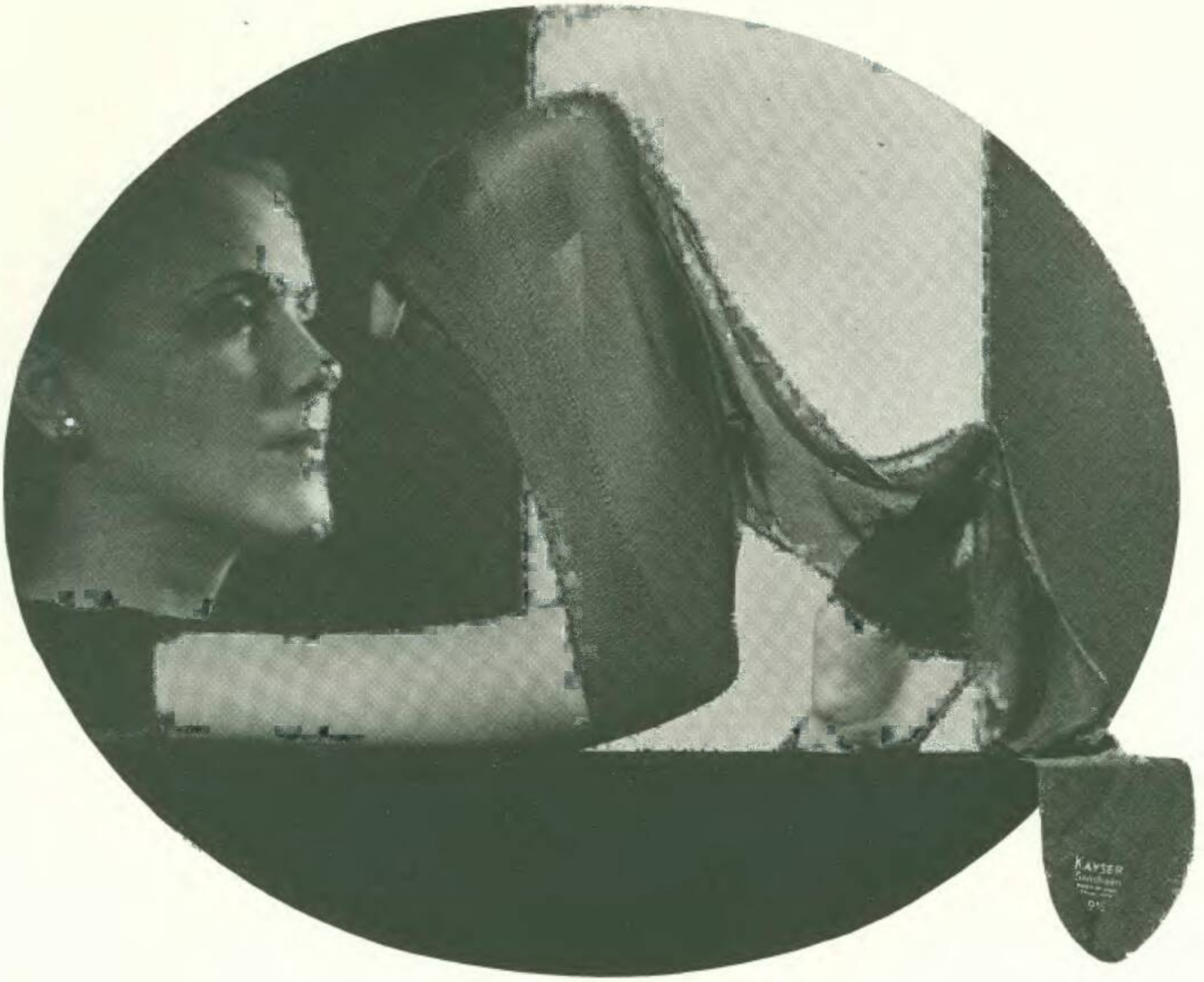
WRESTLING—Matches at Madison Square Garden, Mon. Eve., Nov. 20; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG—Lecturing in English on his writings and his music: New School, 66 W. 12, Fri. Eve., Nov. 17, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—English furniture, tapestries, silver, and objects of art, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Talmage: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 17 and 18, at 2:15. . . . The art library of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan: Tues. and Wed. Afts., Nov. 21 and 22, at 2:15. Etchings and engravings, from the Ryan collection: Wed. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:15. The famous Ryan collection of Gothic and Renaissance art, from his Fifth Avenue house: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Nov. 23-25, at 2:15.

At the Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49—The Arthur Hind collection of U.S. and Confederate stamps: Mon. through Fri. Afts., Nov. 20-24, at 1:30.



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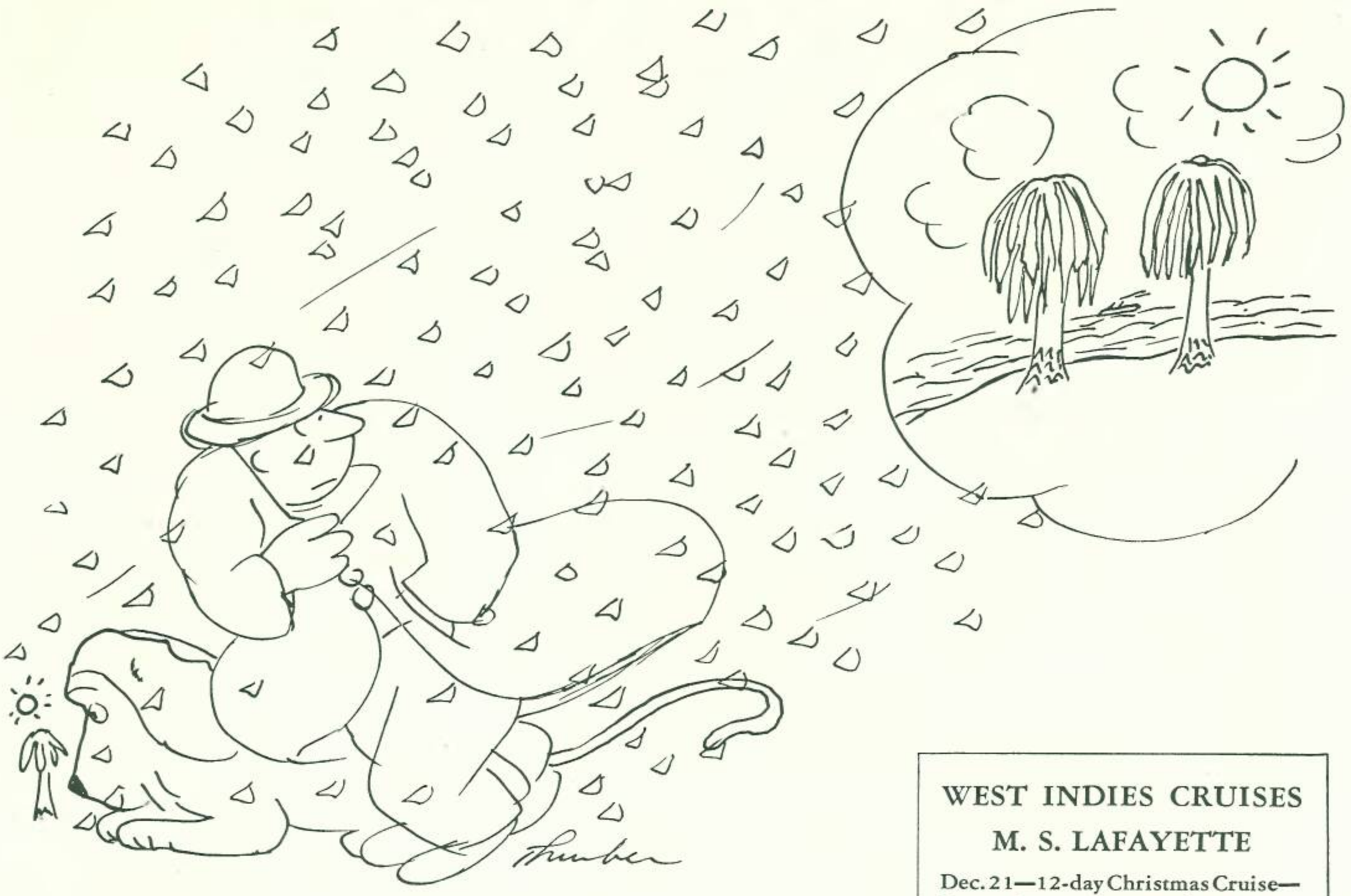


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THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

I keep seeing PALM TREES...!



Things leap out at me from every corner. . . . Slush, especially slush. And an immigrant family by the name of Bacilli has set up housekeeping in my sinuses. I am cold all the time—cold and damp around the edges. There are sunny, attractive spots before my eyes. I don't think I'm long for this world. What shall I do . . . ?

(*Signed*) WORRIED.

• • •

There's nothing for it but Flight, worried one. That's what all your kind need—Flight. Drop everything. Get away from winter. Climb aboard the *Lafayette* and shove off for the Spanish Main. The sun still works a seven-day week down there. The natives never heard of mittens. Everything is lush. Everything is verdant. . . . Life on the Caribbean is just a bed of Bougainvilleas.

But you might as well know all before taking a single step. . . . There won't be any roughing-it on board the *Lafayette*. This 25,000 tons of France-Afloat is almost sinfully luxurious. There's a very private bath with practically every cabin. And a sun-glutted swimming pool on deck. There's flawless service from stewards who speak English. Plus such French cuisine as *gourmets* revere.

Our counsel is honest but not entirely disinterested. We are dispatching the *Lafayette* on several West Indies Cruises this winter . . . and charging a modest fee. Why not name your date and confer with your travel agent? He'll cheerfully arrange all the details for you. And there is no charge for his services. . . . French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

WEST INDIES CRUISES

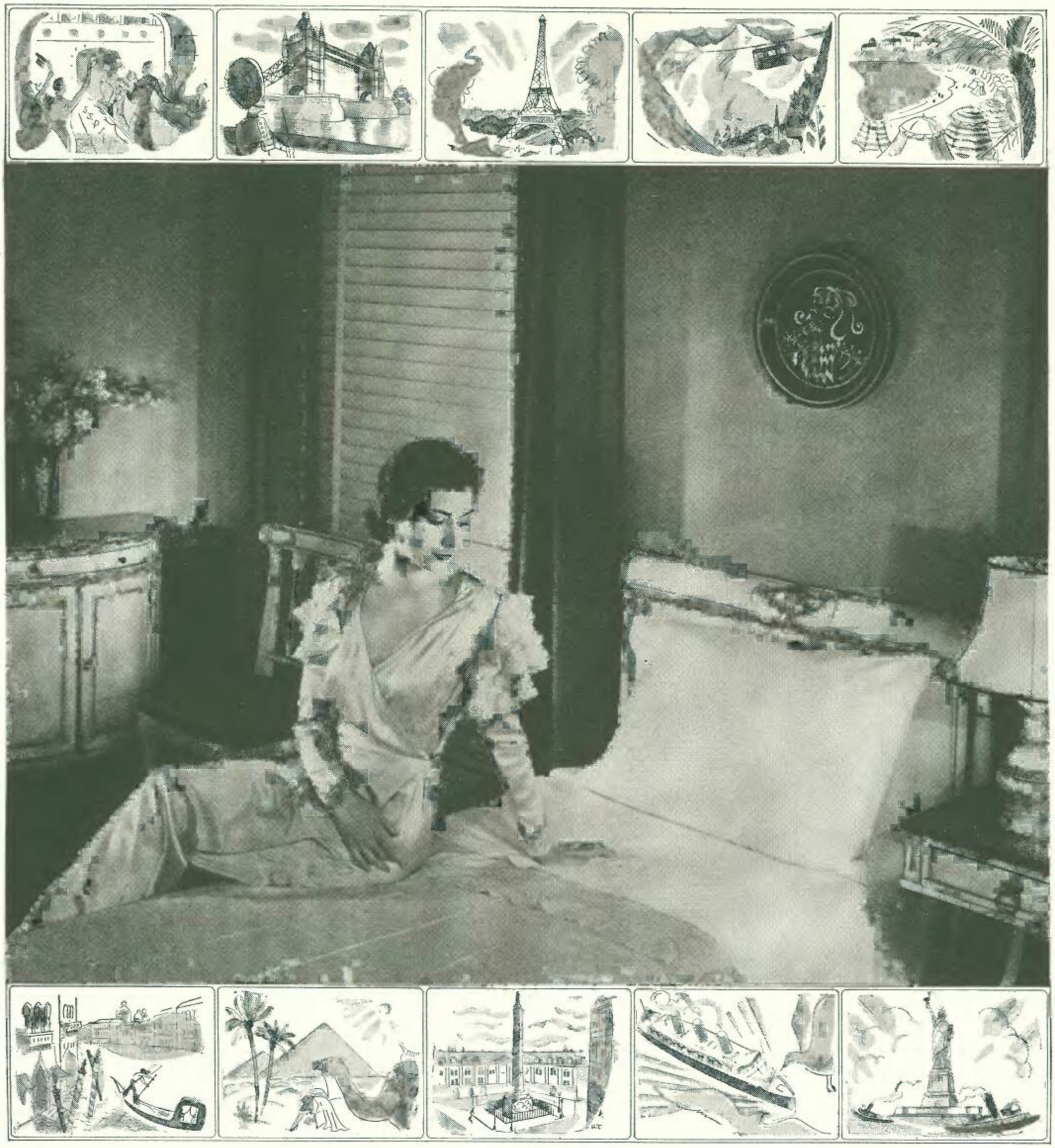
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Dec. 21—12-day Christmas Cruise—
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● *Now* $1.75 *including tax.*

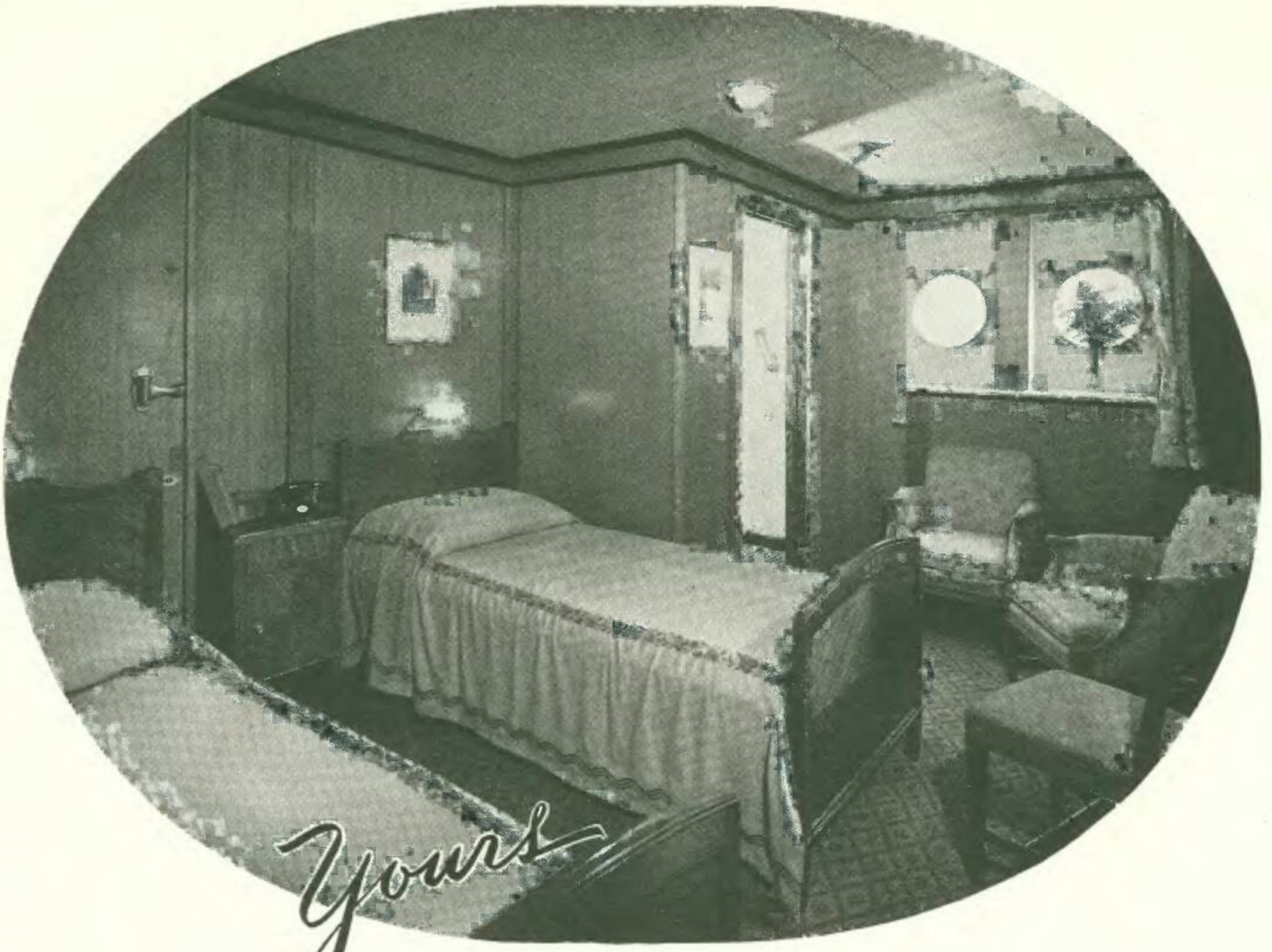
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JOE: Are you nervous after your first flight?

SUE: Not a bit...I smoked Camels all the way, and I couldn't feel better.



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

LISTEN TO MARY WIGGINS — greatest of all girl stunt performers. She says:

"I have to be *sure* my nerves are healthy to do my stunts, changing from a speeding auto to a plane, the high dive on fire into fire, wing walking while up in a plane, and the high-altitude parachute jump. As to smoking, I've found that *Camels* don't interfere with healthy nerves. I've tried all the brands. Camels are *milder* and better in *flavor*. They do not give me edgy nerves even when I am smoking a lot."

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

BAWDY NOTE: In one of the libraries in Boston there is a sign on the wall—LOW CONVERSATION PERMITTED.

IT always gives us a start to see a lady fall down in the street. We can see a man fall down and, unless he happens to hurt himself, the incident is merely comic. But when a lady goes down she seems to go down to stay, and there comes over us the same feeling of fright we experience seeing a horse go down. "She's down!" we



cry, crazily; and in the emergency our first mad impulse is to sit on her head while somebody unhooks her.

WE seem to be the person singled out by everybody as the perfect person to whom to interpret repeal. The same hordes who last spring were explaining to us the distinction between light beer and dark beer are now trotting along beside us clarifying beverage control. After more than a week of it we are worn down rather fine. The interpreters range all the way from frantic optimists who see blue skies in every bottle of champagne to gloomy prophets who find repeal simply ridiculous and who say that it will merely serve to raise the price of drinks and drive nice places out of business. We are offering a case of rare old American milk of magnesia to the subscriber, or friend, who has no opinion whatsoever about control. Our own feeling in the matter is that Americans are a spirited, ingenious people: they managed to solve prohibition, and if they did that they can solve repeal.

HOW long it will take us to adjust to frank, open-faced dining, with every table visible from the street, is hard to forecast. Fifteen years of Tony's have made us an iron-bellied mole: our character as well as our constitution may not adjust immediately to the new scene. Thanks to speakeasy partitions, dining has come to be as private a function as taking a bath; and we are going to feel naked sitting right out there in the middle of a room where total strangers can see us eat. Repeal is unquestionably going to let a lot of sunlight into our life, and naturally we won't submit to that without a struggle.

THE effect of repeal on a place like Schrafft's is something to worry about. Schrafft's is one of the few places in town that can prove they have been serving more food than drinks during the past year. Now that legalization has taken place, will one be able to get a Martini along with coleslaw, lamb croquettes, and fresh green peas? And if so, who at Schrafft's is going to mix the Martini? A hostess? And



will she be able to resist that little dab of whipped cream on top?

WHETHER by accident or design, the speakeasy's dim interior satisfied the most insistent need of a troubled period: the need for escape. Everybody has been escaping, from something into something. City people, fearful of collapse, have been escaping into the country; literary people, seeing nothing in the future, have been escaping into the past, writing books of reminiscence at the age of thirty; businessmen have been escaping into the arts, and artists into business; and everybody has been slinking away from nasty old Life into the warm, comforting back room of the wine merchant. If we were manager of the Waldorf, we would attempt to make ourself a handsome fortune during the next few months by catering to a nostalgic populace: we would turn out most of the lights in the Sert Room, paint phony palms on the walls, install stiff-back booths, and dig a small underground entrance from a grilled gate



on Forty-ninth Street. We would do this simply as a business proposition, on the theory that for every Charles Hanson Towne in New York there are twenty Yale men of the class of 1932.

AS for the rule against standing up to a bar to drink, this could be circumvented by building a low bar, the height of an ordinary table, and sinking the bartender behind it in a pit, so that just the right amount of him would show over the top. For that matter, both drinkers and bartender could, in the event of a raid, be raised up or down at will, like a Roxy organ.

OUR interest in the new radio typewriter, which receives police messages and jots them down unassisted, is slight. What would kindle our attention would be a night-vigilant bedside telepathic typewriter which, at three in the morning, would magically receive from us a few scattered notes, or even a quatrain, without obliging us



"Oh, for Heaven's sake shut up, Graham! I'm trying to recapture a mood."

• •

to switch on the light and climb out of bed. Then, in the morning, when the jottings were subjected to the harsh light of day and we saw how terrible they were, we could blame them on faulty transmission, instead of on a callow mind.

Hidey-Hole

IF you don't think some of the people in Europe are taking the war question seriously, you should talk to a friend of ours just back from Paris who had the good luck to be shown through the very latest in what the British detective novels call "hidey-holes," and the French call *abris*. It's the creation of one of the more nervous, or maybe just more foresighted, French architects, and is the most interesting feature of a new office building just completed on the Grands Boulevards. It takes up a large fraction of the basement and is entirely isolated by heavy concrete walls and ceilings. Entrance is from the *deuxième étage*, or third floor. Red arrows all over the building point the way to a special stairway down into the refuge. The entrance is three floors up because the architect figured war gas would never rise that high.

At each end of the *abri* is an air lock, capable of holding fifty persons, with stout air- and water-tight doors. These doors are controlled by a mighty proud watchman who sits in a cubicle like a concierge's lodge. He has a telephone and alarm bells to summon the laggards, and also a list of those entitled to sanctuary, the tenants of the building. Presumably, he can ask panicky refugees to identify themselves by showing their leases before letting them in. There'll be a terrific to-do when hell does break loose on the Boulevards because everybody will try to get into that basement, and M. Watchman will go crazy. He also has a smart gas-detector by which he can tell when the gas has cleared out of the rooms above.

There is a lunch counter, stocked with food and drink, separate ladies' and gentlemen's rooms (a great innovation in France), a *vestiaire* equipped with gas masks, steel helmets, axes, and shovels—the last in case the building is blown up and the refugees have to dig themselves out. There is also a radio if anyone wants to dance. You will have to bring your own books, magazines, and games.

The *abri* can accommodate five hundred persons. There are three kinds of air-purifiers, one run by a building motor, one run by an auxiliary motor independent of outside current, and one kind garbled in our friend's excited

account of the place. The aërating system, anyway, is modeled after that used in submarines. So is the system of force pumps by which the staircases can be pumped clear of water in case shells burst open the nearby water mains.

The refugees can stay down there in that snug hidey-hole indefinitely. We hope they won't bump into Hitler when they come out finally.

Service

FIVE West Side boys who were over consulting their attorney about a liquor licence found themselves near a Schrafft's and went in for lunch. A lady came up beaming at them and wondered, she said, if they would like some chicken salad with buttered toast and coffee. Nah, but they agreed on corned-beef hash with poached egg. The lady smiled and moved off. Then up came another and a younger lady, bringing ice water and asking for the gentlemen's order. "It's in," they said, briefly, and put their elbows on the table and talked. Came half after one, and no corned beef, or anything, and they complained bitterly to a third lady who was passing. "Twenny minutes for corned-beef hash! What's uh idea?" To whom had they given their order, please? That lady there. They all pointed. "Ah, she is a hostess," they were told. "Schrafft hostesses merely *discuss* food." You should have seen the boys.

Silly Business

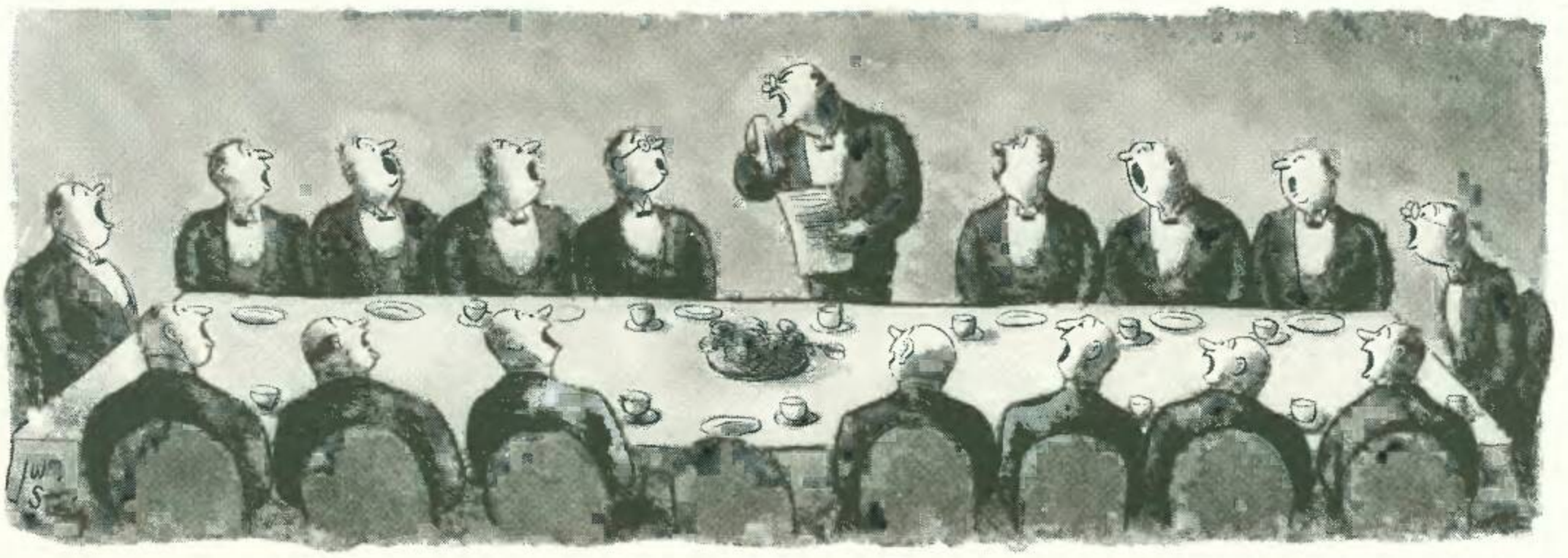
YOU doubtless have heard Jack Powell. He's the man who corks his face and plays on a chair with drumsticks, and plays on the floor, and on buttons, and crocks, plays on anything. He was in an Earl Carroll show and an Ed Wynn show and a Cochran revue in London and now he's in Joe Cook's. His real name is Jacob Goodman and he was born on the lower East Side, son of a photographer who wanted his boy to be a pianist. Jakie took piano lessons for a year and then went drums. He studied for four years and became an expert on tympani. Might have become as famous a tympanist as Sol Goodman (no relation) of the Philharmonic, but he fell in with a jazz band and kept on that way. His father wanted him to take the name Jan Kelly—because it is pronounced like Jonkele, Yiddish for Jakie—but Goodman wanted to be Jack Powell. His sister had already made something of a success as a violinist under the name Powell.

One of the drummer's earliest successes was with the Six Brown Brothers, the saxophone sextet. He played bass sax. (There was only one Brown in the bunch, by the way.) Later, Powell toured in vaudeville with the Powell Sextet (all Powells except one; two were brothers of Jack's and two sisters). He first began to do eccentric drumming at the old Campus Restaurant on 103rd Street. He put thimbles on his thumbs and fingers and drummed on a washboard as a stunt while playing with a jazz band there. It always stopped the show.

After he went in for drumming exclusively, he began to black his face. "You feel like a sissy drumming straight," he says. "It's a kind of a silly business anyway." Three years ago, Cochran saw—and heard—a movie short that Powell made, and was enchanted. He sent for him to come to London, where, in the revue and also at the Kit Kat Club, he became the rage. He made three thousand dollars a week and was there for eight months. "Imagine making all that dough drumming!" he says, in a surprised way. Tony people took him up and he was sought after to play at swank parties. He taught the Prince of Wales a few tricks with the sticks and says the Prince has possibilities—has a swell sense of rhythm. At one party, the guests sat on the floor, grouped around Powell, while he drummed. He played on their shoes, collars, buttons, and heads. One gentleman seemed to enjoy it frightfully, so Powell concentrated on him. Later, he found out it was the Duke of York and almost collapsed. He has a nice little note from the Duke. He frames letters from celebrities and they all hang on the walls of his home, except one, written in red ink, by O. O. McIntyre. Powell carries that with him.

Powell soaks his hands and wrists in hot water before appearing, and keeps a rubber pad, his own invention but now used by most drummers, back stage to practice on. He always has an extra pair of sticks on stage, in case one breaks, which one now and then does. He has no regular routine, just improvises. The chair he plays on is an ordinary office chair. He painted it white and carries white paint around with him and keeps painting it. A chair lasts about a year.

Powell has a son, aged eight, who is taking drumming lessons (not from his father, who just supervises). Powell Senior is only thirty-two. His hobbies are painting and poetry. He had the old drummer in the "Spirit of '76" painting reproduced as an ornament for the radiator cap of his car, but somebody stole it. Powell played for a time in Paris one year, but didn't like it there: he says you can't get a tongue-



"Gesundheit!"

and-roll sandwich anywhere and no matter what he ordered they always seemed to bring him fish.

L 10

THE reports of our secret agents for the past week or so have been fairly unexciting. The man who tails John J. Raskob (and who hasn't turned in anything really interesting on him in a year) reports, however, that he shadowed him to "As Thousands Cheer" Election Night. R. sat in Row L, Seat 10. He looked blank during the "Our Wedding Day" sketch, but smiled a couple of times each at others. He laughed aloud just once, during the skit satirizing the Hoovers. He didn't seem to care a hoot who got elected, for he sat in his seat all evening and didn't even go out between acts to buy an election extra.

Down in Chinatown

SUDDENLY, one recent Sunday evening, we found ourself sitting in a Chinatown bus, in Times Square. We hadn't been down there for a long while and wanted to see how it's doing under NRA.

The trip costs fifty cents now instead of a dollar, but it still goes by the same route: Broadway to Twenty-third Street, Fifth Avenue, Lafayette Street, and the Bowery. The megaphone man pointed out a strange welter of places on the way: Gertner's Restaurant, the Paramount Theatre, Macy's, Gimbel's, Hearn's, the Metropolitan Opera House ("Where European songbirds sing for American eagles"), the Flatiron Building, the Breslin Hotel, the Broadway Central Hotel, which the passengers were told was built in 1741, Al Smith's penthouse, the old Mark Twain home, and the place where Grover Whalen lives (the apartment building where Judge Crater used to live was passed in silence).

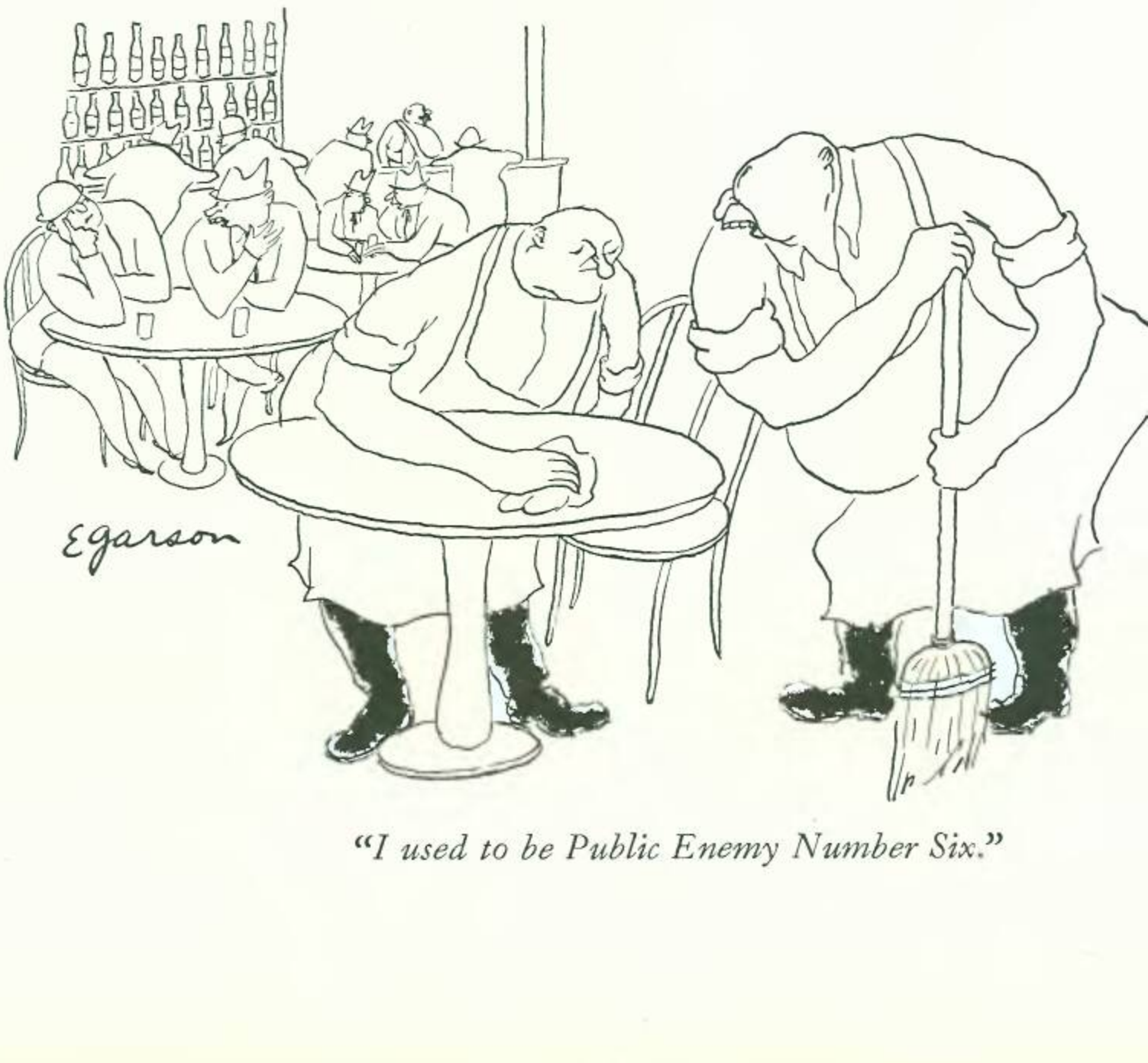
When a red traffic light on Fifth Avenue stopped us alongside a Fifth Avenue bus, our guide said, "On your right, a rubberneck wagon; owned by the Jews, operated by the Irish, and paid for by the Americans." At Worth and Mulberry Streets, the bus stopped and everybody got out. "In case of any shooting," said the guide, "gather around me, as I don't want to be hit." He was quite a card. All the sightseeing-bus announcers make that ominous remark about shooting to get the passengers into the proper David Wark Griffith mood. In forty years, nothing has ever happened, of course. "There are sixty-nine hundred Chinese in Chinatown," our man continued. "Don't pass any remarks to them and they won't pass any to you."

The first visit was to the Joss House, the little Chinese temple cluttered with gongs, drums, shrines, and ivory backscratchers, and associated, in lavish confusion, with Al Smith, Lillian Gish, and J. P. Morgan. Al, said our guide, has made the High Priest of the place, Mr. Ng Que, postmaster of Chinatown; Lillian Gish made one of the scenes from "Broken Blossoms" there; and J. P. Morgan, it seems, tried to buy the elaborately carved teakwood shrines for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but couldn't. Our guide himself gave three solemn bongs on a drum to start the proceedings in the temple. Then we all sat in chairs and "sing-song girls" came along and collected fifty cents from everybody. Then Miss May Que, one of Ng's three daughters (the others are Virginia and Josie), gave a little talk in charming English on Chinese superstitions. She tossed two "lucky blocks" in the air and they both fell dark side up, which meant bad luck; if their light-colored sides turn up, it means good luck. We all left there then, feeling depressed. The guide now led us through a small Chinese novelty shop, but nobody bought anything and we went out of there leaving the proprietor depressed.

The next stop was the Bowery Mission. The guides used to take you into the basement and point out sinister walls behind which, they said, dark Chinese monkey-business went on. Behind one door, you used to be told, was discovered the body of the unfortunate Elsie Segal. Our guide left all that out; he just told us that 1,600 Bowery drifters were given food and beds there every night. We walked next through Doyers Street, stopping in front of No. 8, "where Oiving Berling wrote 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.'" Then we got into the bus and, an hour and fifteen minutes after we started from Times Square, were back again, not very tired or very happy. Said one woman sightseer as she got out, "I've taken this trip four times all told, and it ain't worth the money."

Fashion Tip

A VOYAGER lately back from Germany tells us of a very upsetting experience he had at a dinner shortly after his return. He's still astonished about it, and bitter. He'd been asked about the Nazis, of course, and as he is an articulate fellow, he held forth on the subject, his observations, impressions, and conclusions, for a good four or five minutes. Everybody seemed interested, even a slender, sensitive, slick-haired young man directly across the table, who was hardly the type to be curious about such a vigorous movement. It was this auditor who was the first to ask a question, when a pause came. "Now tell



"I used to be Public Enemy Number Six."



"I'll need nine keys."

• •

us," he said, "about those brown shirts —are they attractive?"

Cliché

THE gay, advanced set in Connecticut had some clean fun this autumn with a game called Cliché, a sort of combination of Beaver and Guggenheim, with a new point of view. It can be played by two or more people in a crowd, which needn't know it's being played—a good game to liven things up at all gatherings where the conversation is likely to run in grooves. This is how you do it—at a christening party, say: You hang around alertly until one of the guests says something like "Well, I was *sure* the baby was going to cry when they put all that water on him." Instantly you mutter "Cliché." If you mutter it first, it's yours. If you are not near enough to your opponent or opponents to mutter, and are too Nice Nellie to shout "Cliché," you can use a code word agreed upon beforehand, such as "Valetudinarian" or, more briefly, "Socks." Sometimes the opponents move about individually among the company and bring back their entries. In such cases, clichés reported by two or more players are canceled. Each cliché counts ten; player with highest score wins. Eleven people who were playing the game recently at a private showing of portraits in an artist's studio reported the same cliché, "I think he's *got* the mouth, don't you?" This was canceled, of course.

The people who play Cliché have also been playing Dullest Remark. This may be played spontaneously, in the middle of general conversations, in which event the scoring is the same as in Cliché, or it can be a formal game with the remarks prepared in advance. In the latter case, the idea is to think up something that will inspire the least interest among those present. Example: "My Uncle George was the funniest man. He used to keep us all in stitches." The proponent of this remark followed it with "I wish I could remember some of the things he used to get off." This entry won first prize, the jury holding that it combined the maximum quality of finality, being a statement in the past tense about someone who was dead, and of futility, since the speaker couldn't remember any of Uncle George's cracks, and they'd probably be pretty dreadful if he could. Another good one was: "We used to have a dog that did the *cutest* tricks!" This won second prize because (a) the simple statement is dull enough in itself and (b) the more the speaker might follow it up, the duller the whole thing would get.

The best Dullest Remarks create instantly an empty silence. Example: A hostess says to her assembled dinner guests, "I was going to have caviar canapés tonight, but I decided not to." This will stop any conversation, the guests pausing to think up an answer to it. (There isn't any.) A game in New Canaan on a recent rainy afternoon was won by a restless young man who had brought along a pocketful of nuts. "Funny thing about nuts," he said, cracking and chewing one. "Once you start eating 'em, you can't stop."

High Sign

WELL, one more prohibition story, then. A fine Christian woman who is a home-economics supervisor in a girls' college had been down to Charlotte, N.C., to attend a teachers' conference. She put up at one of the hotels, and for her first dinner ordered tea with her meal. "A pot of tea with plenty of lemon," she said to the waiter, precisely. He brought her a pot of whiskey. She found this out the minute she tasted it. It was the most horrible thing that had happened to her in more than twenty-five years. "What do you *mean* by bringing me this vile stuff?" she demanded of the waiter. "Ah'm sorry, Ma'am," he said, "but you said 'Tea wid plenty o' lemon.' " Seems dat happened to be de password. —THE NEW YORKERS



"WELL, I guess there's not much to say, men. I guess you just can't take it. Just a bunch of softies! Thought you were playing ping-pong out there, I suppose. Or maybe a tea party, just for you and the other nice little boys. Mustn't get rough with 'em, because you might hurt their feelings. Feelings! Great God, doesn't anybody think *I* have feelings? What do you think *I* feel like, sitting there on the bench, bleeding my heart out? Yes, fellahs, bleeding my heart out, waiting for you to show a glimmer —just one little glimmer—of the kind of football I've been trying to drum into your heads all fall.

"I suppose it would be asking too much, though, to ask you to think about your coach. Old Waddy, you fellahs call me. Old Waddy this, and Old Waddy that. You'd do anything for Old Waddy—when things are running smooth. But what happens when the going begins to get tough? When Old Waddy needs you? Why, you lie down like a lot of schoolgirls, and bellyache because you bruised your little knees.

"I don't matter, though, I guess. Everything I've tried to tell you this fall don't mean a thing. I thought I could get some guts into you. Guts! Ha! Why there's more guts in the Vassar Flower Chain, or whatever the hell they call it, than there is in this football team! And I thought you were *men*. Men! Say, if Old Brick was sitting here—sitting right on that bench there—I know what he'd say. He'd say 'What about it, fellahs, do we lay down on Old Waddy, or do we fight?' And all those grand old men that fought shoulder to shoulder with Old Brick would stand up on their feet, and look him in the eye, and say 'Brick, we're gonna *fight!*' And they'd go out there on that field, and they'd give the last drop of breath in their bodies to show Old Brick and me that we needn't be ashamed of them. *That's* what they'd have done, and that's what I want you to do now. Go out there and give me all you got.

"Well, time's up. You gotta go out there by yourselves now. I can't go with you. It's up to you. Old Brick will be watching you from wherever he is, I guess. From up on high. *I'll* be watching you. Whether we leave this stadium with our heads bowed in shame, or able to look anybody in the face, depends on you. There's a great tradition behind you. A tradition of courage and glory. Don't let it be trampled under your feet. That's all I got to say. O.K., let's *go!*"

—PETER ARNO

THE SCAVENGER HUNT

WHAT *will* Society, in its restless, never-ceasing quest for a new "thrill," think up next?

The question occurred to Frank last night or some other night at the Scavenger Hunt held at the Waldorf-Astoria or some other hotel for the benefit of the Convalescent Home for Bank Presidents Suffering from Pecora Shock. Or some other shock.

Frank can fairly see your morning coffee ripple as you blow a whinny of surprise on it: "Wh-h-h-h-h-h-at in the world is a Scavenger Hunt?"

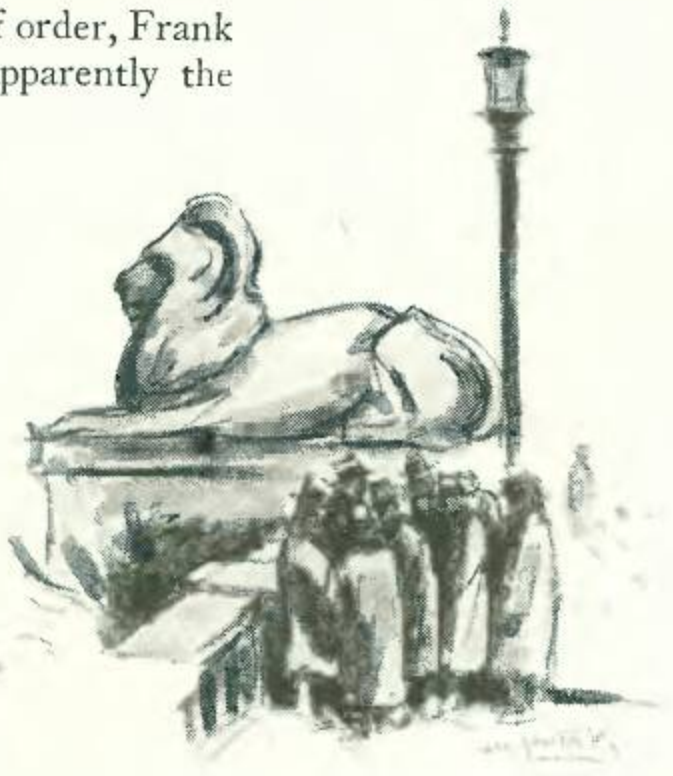
Well, all Frank can tell you is that the Scavenger Hunt is Society's brightest method of amusing itself in its restless, never-ceasing quest for a thrill, and he need hardly add, need he hardly, that the Scavenger Hunt is the invention of that remarkable and resourceful woman, Elsa Maxwell, acknowledged ruler of International Society, intimate of crowned and uncrowned heads, and founder of the Elsa Maxwell Society for Ruling International Society.

Anybody who was everybody was present at last night's Scavenger Hunt. Mrs. Orson D. Jelke entertained at a dinner for six for Mrs. Artemus L. Brokaw, who entertained at a dinner for six for Mrs. Orson D. Jelke. Mrs. Jelke in turn entertained at a dinner for six for Mrs. William Cromwell Goadby and Mr. and Mrs. William Cromwell Goadby entertained at a dinner for six for Mr. and Mrs. Orson D. Jelke and Mr. and Mrs. Artemus L. Brokaw, who entertained at a dinner for six for Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius J. Tucker. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius J. Tucker entertained at a dinner for six for Mr. and Mrs. David E. K. Fenway, who sent regrets, so Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius J. Tucker then entertained at a dinner for six for Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Oelrichs Ordway Owen, who entertained at a dinner for six for Mr. and Mrs. Tuckerman Wuckerman. But the ever-original Elsa Maxwell entertained at a dinner for *five*, for Elsa Maxwell.

Following the dinners for six, or, as in the case of the ever-original Elsa, for five, Miss Maxwell assembled the hunters, who by this time were in a state of excitement bordering upon the *qui vive*, in the third telephone booth from the door to the left as you go in, and gave them their instructions. The entire assemblage was agog (and no one more so than Frank) to see what new quirk Elsa had thought up, and they were not disappointed, you may be sure. These were the objects the hunters were directed to bring back to Elsa within the space of an hour and a half:

One of Peggy Joyce's fourth husbands. The east side of Park Avenue between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets. A hair of the dog that bit Jim Moriarty. Two blue-eyed Vanderbilts in a New York Central day coach. A pair of Mae West's suspenders. An old rubber check worn by Jack and Charlie when reducing. The left lambrequin from Monty Woolley's beard. Deputy Police Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt's prowl car. Deputy Police Commissioner Philip D. Hoyt. The handsome British footman Mrs. George K. Dowager is phhht about. Four wallets, seven watches, and a stickpin. A hair from the ear of the desk sergeant at the East Fifty-first Street police station named Murphy. Six fresh duck eggs and a pound of the very best butter. One of Al Jolson's socks, from the collection of Walter Winchell. A hiccough from the Central Park Casino. One of former Secretary of War Pat Hurley's eyebrows. A piece of plush from a Roxy usher. A hangover. A cabbage stuffed with votes. An order on Charvet for a half-dozen fine-grade Herbert Bayard Swopes. The Cathedral and Close of St. John the Divine. A quart of old fog.

A RATHER stiff order, Frank thought, but apparently the hunters didn't. Such eagerness as they displayed, such impatience to be up and away and off, particularly the last. They were literally "champing at the bit," to borrow a phrase from the jargon of grouse-shooting.



The hunters lined up and dashed off at a prearranged signal from Miss Maxwell, as follows: Miss Maxwell tapped Gene Tunney on the shoulder and winked at him, and Gene then tickled Neysa McMein, who was standing just in front of him. Miss McMein, who is very ticklish, laughed and struck William Rhinelander Stewart a light blow on the back of the neck. Mr. Stewart, thinking it was Gene Tunney who had hit him, said "Ouch, cut that out!" In front of Mr. Stewart stood Miss Helen Whitney Bourne, and hearing Mr. Stewart say "Ouch, cut that out!" she turned and said "Who?" and in so doing lost her balance and jostled Kermit Roosevelt, who stood at the head of a line of people that included Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gordon Hamersley, Mr. and Mrs. Aksel Wichfeld, Prince Potenziani, the Grand Duchess Marie, the Grand Duke Dmitri, Mrs. Henry F. du Pont, Miss Eleanor Barry, Mrs. William Goadby Loew, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Jay Gould, and Louis Bromfield. The line of people whiffled away under the impact of the jostle and fell in a heap, and Mr. Bromfield, who happened to be on the end, found himself inadvertently seated on a gong. Miss Bourne, hearing the gong sound as Mr. Bromfield lit, cried "Mr. and Mrs. Aksel Wichfeld!" and, turning to Mr. Stewart, struck him smartly on the second stud of the shirt bosom. Mr. Stewart by this time had lost patience and was resolved to stand no more of this mayhem, so he in turn lunged at Miss McMein, who then seized Mr. Tunney and hit Miss Maxwell with him. Miss Maxwell, taken unawares, gave vent to an involuntary cry of "Oh!" which the hunters misconstrued as "Go!" and so away they went!

JULES GLAENZER was the first one back, returning in forty-seven minutes sixty-two seconds with the iron gate from Twenty-one, a pound and a half of loose sausage, and some teeth. Next to arrive was Arthur Train, with a 1929 Topeka telephone directory and a section of the Central Park Mall. Mrs. Allen Gouverneur Wellman arrived shortly afterward, with a quart of buttermilk and four million dollars. Next came Mrs. Vincent Astor, bringing Samuel Insull, Charlie Ross, Dorothy Arnold, Judge Crater, and former Vice-President Charlie Curtis. Next

to arrive was Miss Peggy Wood, with Clifton Webb's collar and tie. Next to arrive was Mrs. Thorne Grafton, with Clifton Webb's hat, coat, and shoes. Next to arrive was Mrs. Guy Alsop, with Clifton Webb's socks, watch, and cufflinks. Next to arrive was Mrs. Harbeson Widener, with Clifton Webb's pants, vest, and suspenders. Next to arrive was Miss Mabel Quayle, with Clifton Webb's shirt. Next to arrive was Mrs. Chauncey Bache, with Clifton Webb's garters, undershirt, and running pants. Next to arrive was Mrs. Harold Fanning, with Clifton Webb.

Within two hours all of the hunters except those who had been detained at the various police stations, psychopathic wards, and speakeasies had returned, and it devolved upon the resourceful Elsa Maxwell, acknowledged leader of International Society, to award the prizes. But she was nowhere to be found, and you may well imagine Frank's consternation when he learned that the acknowledged leader of International Society had been herself borne off—together with a lock of Marc Connelly's hair, Albert H. Wiggin, a yak from the Central Park Zoo, and a piece of one of Heywood Broun's 1930 neckties—to a rival Scavenger Hunt! —FRANK SULLIVAN

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MELANCHOLY REFLECTIONS AFTER A LOST ARGUMENT

I always pay the verbal score
With wit, concise, selective.
I have an apt and ample store
Of ladylike invective.

My mots, retorts, and quips
of speech,
Hilarious or solemn,
Placed end to end, no doubt,
would reach
To any gossip column.

But what avails the epigram,
The clever and the clear shot,
Invented chiefly when I am
The only one in earshot?

And where's the good of repartee
To quell a hostile laughter,
That tardily occurs to me
A half an hour after?

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Who nastily have caught
The art of always striking when
The irony is hot.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

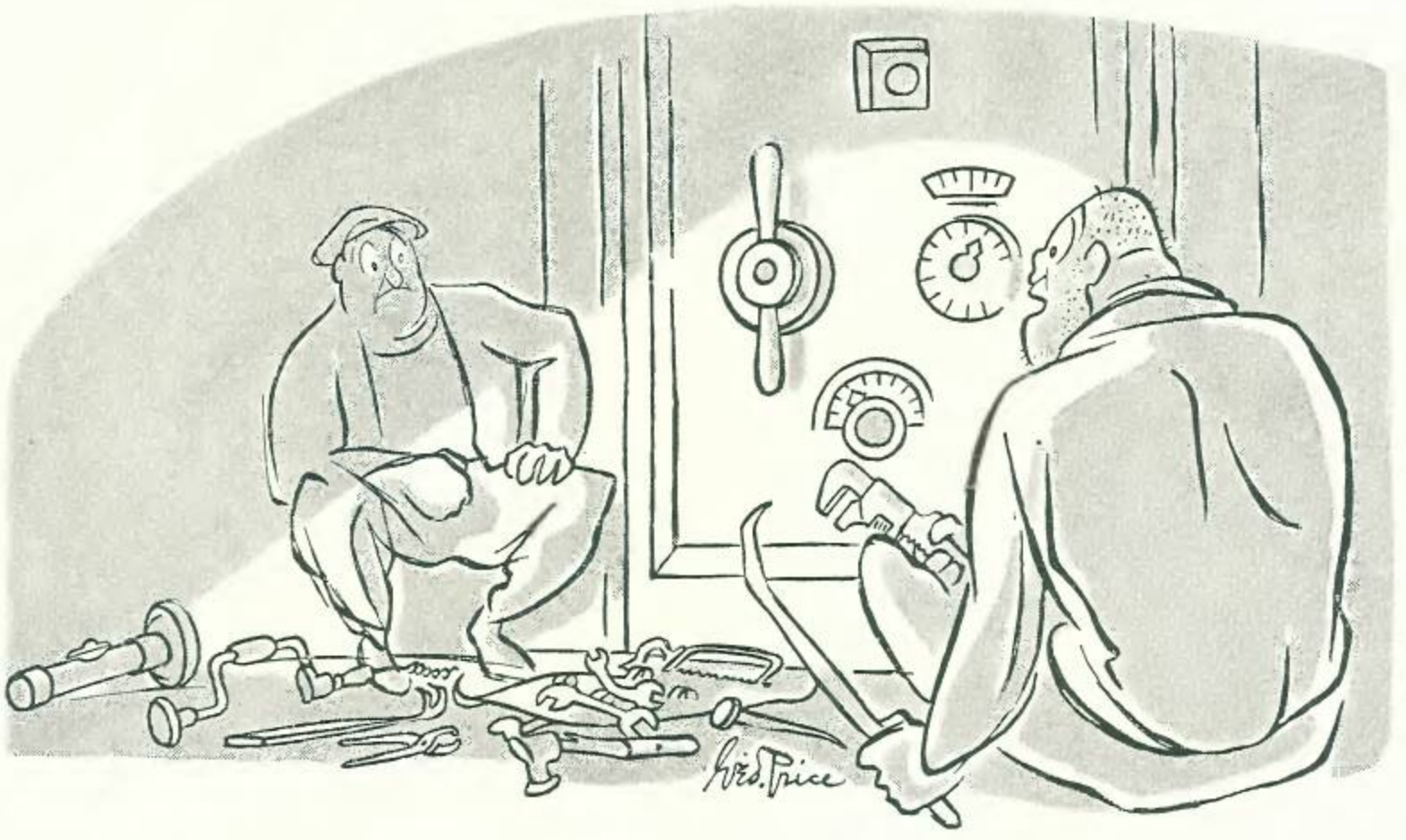
DOVE AND SERPENT

ALTHOUGH the houses stood securely fastened to the ground, as always, everything in the town went wild in autumn and blew about the streets. Smoke blew wildly from chimneys and torrents of leaves were pulled from the trees; they rushed across the sidewalks and blew against wagons and people and trains; they blew uphill and fell from great heights and small ones; they fell to the ground and into the river. Clouds rode high in the sky; the sun shone brilliantly everywhere. Or else half the town would lie in the shadow of a long cloud and half the town would stand shining bright, the weathervanes almost as still in a strong blast coming from one quarter as in no wind at all, the paint sparkling on the clapboards. Sometimes in the late afternoon the full sun came from two directions at once, from the west and reflected in a full blaze from the windows of houses looking westward.

The children were blown home from school, shouting and running, along with the leaves. They were blown up paths to side doors, or through orchards, or into back yards, where perhaps their mothers stood, taking the last clothes in off the line, apron strings flying out from their waists. The children rushed into kitchens that smelled of baking or of ironed clothes. The doors swung behind them; some of the wind came in, and some of the leaves.

On such days Jack Leonard would come out onto his veranda promptly every afternoon, at the first sound of a child's excited and breathless voice. Leonard had a stick in his hands; he leaned over the veranda railing and beat the stick hard against the resonant wood. The children yelled up at him "Old Jack, old Jack!" concealing their fright with derision. "Crazy old Jack!" they cried, and screamed and ran, while old Leonard's stick came down hard and curses came out of his mouth. In the house behind him, where he lived alone, the curtains hung in rags at the windows and a jumble of old crates and cans cluttered the doorsill.

The kitchen windows of our house overlooked old Leonard's garden and the long path leading up to Mrs. Parsons' door. Mrs. Parsons' path was the line separating our side yard from old Jack's slovenly rows of corn that were never cut down in the autumn, but were left to dry and later to freeze against frozen ground. Mrs. Parsons was a pillar of the Congregationalist church. Her son had gone to a military academy. Sometimes she took care of me when my mother went to the city. Her son's sword hung on the wall of the sitting-room; a doll in a paper skirt, that held string, hung beside it. I used to look at these two objects for long unbroken periods; they possessed some significance that I could not pry out of them with my eyes or my mind. The doll and the sword were so pretty and so unexpected. The sword had a tasseled belt twisted around its handle. The doll's little feet under the paper skirt, the string appearing from the middle of a rosette in its sash, its bisque



"I'm afraid we'll have to call in a specialist."

head and real hair and hard small mouth open in a smile—this was a problem I could not solve. As I remember my bewilderment, my judgment even now can do nothing to make things clear. The child has nothing to which it can compare the situation. And everything that then was strange is even stranger in retrospect. The sum has been added up wrong and written down wrong and this faulty conclusion has long ago been accepted and approved. There's nothing to be done about it now.

My mother's quick temper often estranged her from her neighbors. She was then a woman of forty, beginning to be stout. She carried herself well and could be extremely handsome when she troubled about her appearance. She went about her life with an air of great secrecy and she was very much alone. She would stand, early in the morning, when the kitchen was floating in sunlight, beside the sink, cleaning the lamps. She had large, beautiful, but clumsy hands; when she was tired or nervous she could not hold anything in them—everything she touched tumbled to the floor. She took up the scissors and cut the lamp wicks; she washed the lamp chimneys that were so prettily beaded around the top; she filled the base of the lamps with oil. After she had finished, she would stand by the window that looked toward old Leonard's house. The window had sash curtains over its lower half. My mother's gaze was directed through the upper, uncurtained panes. Sometimes she would stand there for a long time, perfectly still, one hand on the window jamb, one hand hanging by her side. When she stood like this, she was puzzling to me; I knew nothing whatever about her; she was a stranger; I couldn't understand what she was. "There's old Leonard again," she would say, "kicking the cornstalks."

The whole town, late in October, felt the cold coming on; in bleak afternoons the lights came out early in the frame houses; lights showed clearly across the river in the chill dusk in houses and in the mill. Everyone knew what he had to face. After the blaze of summer that had parched paint and shingle, winter was closing in to freeze wood and stone to the core. The whole house, in winter, turned as cold as a tomb. The upper rooms smelled of cold plaster and cold wood. The parlor was shut; the piano stood shut and freezing against the wall; the lace curtains fell in starched frigid folds down to the cold grain of the carpet. The little padded books on the table, the lace doilies under them, the painted china vases, and the big pictures hanging against the big pattern of the wallpaper all looked distant, desolate, and to no purpose when the door was opened into the room's icy air. The life of the house went on in the sitting-room and in the kitchen, for in both these rooms there were stoves. If my mother happened to be on good terms with Mrs. Parsons or with Mrs. Gardiner, who lived across the street, they would come to visit her in the early twilight, on those days when the lamps were lit at four o'clock. My mother made tea and the women sat talking in low secret voices beside the kitchen table. I sat in the sitting-room, and heard their voices and the sound of dry leaves blowing along the walk at the side of the house. The two windows of this room also looked out over old Leonard's garden; at this hour a lamp was lit in his back room, behind a window covered by a cracked and torn shade.

Still with a sinking of the heart, I remember the look of that room shut away



"I heard you were going to be here,
but I never dreamed you'd be <u>that</u> kind of an Indian."

between the closed door of the parlor, where no one could sit, and the closed door of the kitchen, where my mother sat with a neighbor. "You stay here," my mother would say, and step toward the kitchen door, and close it softly behind her. Secrecy was bound up in her nature. She could not go from one room to another without the intense purpose that must cover itself with stealth. She closed the door as though she had said goodbye to me and to truth and to the lamp she had cleaned that morning and to the table soon to be laid for supper, as though she faced some romantic subterfuge, some pleasant deceit.

IT was bitter weather, too cold for storms, too rigid and silent for the wind, when old Leonard first came to the kitchen door. Why he came I do not know. I heard his voice and my mother's voice answering, and I sat listening, not able to make out the words, and was terribly afraid. I did not dare to move from my chair; I remembered his strong old body, his fierce old face with a nose like a bird's beak, his ragged beard, the sound of his stick beating against wood, the curses coming out of his mouth. I could not call my mother or go near the kitchen door. After he had gone, my mother said that perhaps he had come in to get warm. "He's an old man," she said, but these words explained nothing to me. "He likes to sit where it is warm and talk to someone. You mustn't be afraid of him. He can't do anything to hurt you."

Every time he came, my terror hurt me to such a degree that I thought I could not bear it. I could not understand why he should want to come, or why my mother should want to open the door to him. I should have slammed the door in his face, put out all the lights when I heard his footsteps on the path, drawn down the blinds, pretending that the house was empty. I could not see how my mother could bear to sit in the same room with such ugliness, such age. One evening my mother opened the kitchen door, and I saw him sitting in the rocking chair beside the window. He was peeling an apple; the peel hung down in one piece from the fruit, in a long curl; he turned the knife round and round. His hat was on his head, and he said nothing. My mother had made him a cup of tea and put a plate of bread and butter beside it.

He lifted his head and saw me and grinned down into his beard. If he had put out his hand to touch me, I could not have been more frightened; with half a room between us, I stood transfixed by that smile. "It's Mr. Leonard," my mother said, and lifted the stove lid, shifting the kettle to one side. "It's a cold night, and I'm giving him a nice hot cup of tea to warm him up."

The peel fell to the floor and old Leonard closed his knife with his thumb. Then I heard him speak the first words that were not curses. "We must be wise," he said to my mother. "We must be as wise as the serpent and as gentle as the dove. As the serpent, as the dove," he said, and picked up the cup of tea from its saucer. The peeled apple lay on the table beside him.

These words now lie in my memory as inexplicable as the doll and the sword. I did not know what they meant then, and I do not know what they mean now. It is such memories, compounded of bewilderment and ignorance and fear, that we must always keep in our hearts. We can never forget them because we cannot understand them, and because they are of no use. —LOUISE BOGAN

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OF ALL THINGS

IT is announced that the last rites for Noble Experiment will be observed at two o'clock on the afternoon of December 5th at Salt Lake City. Non-friends of the departed will hold memorial services of an appropriate nature throughout the country.

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For the victory of repeal, the laurel-weavers and bay-twiners are rightly decorating such pioneer wets as Al Smith, Wadsworth, Morrow, Stayton, and Mrs. Sabin. We clap a wreath upon the silver dome of cartoonist Rollin Kirby, who gave the world Prohibition, the immortal killjoy.

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It is our theory that Carolinians missed the point of that historic jest about the Governors of N. C. and S. C. And nothing, as H. T. Webster says, can be done about it.

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Sixty people were killed in Havana riots in one day, and it is increasingly clear that the mercurial Latins are incapable of self-government. Kentucky can hold an election without that many casualties in an entire state.

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Tammany blames McKee for its defeat and Fusionists claim that Joe prevented their complete victory. Nobody loves a middleman.

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Right or wrong, there is a widespread belief in the metropolitan district that Jim Farley misread the postal cards.

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While New York was being de-Curryed, the Philadelphia Varists took it on the chin and the Mellonites bit the coal dust in Pittsburgh. Outings will now be enjoyed by the ins and innings by the outs.

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Newspapermen in Berlin now believe that the Communists may be acquitted of burning the Reichstag. The Reds will then be executed on the graver charge of not favoring brown shirtings for gents' wear.

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George Crawford, the Negro who was extracted from Massachusetts with some difficulty, is to be tried by an all-white jury. The defence suspects, not without reason, that Virginia justice is color-blind.

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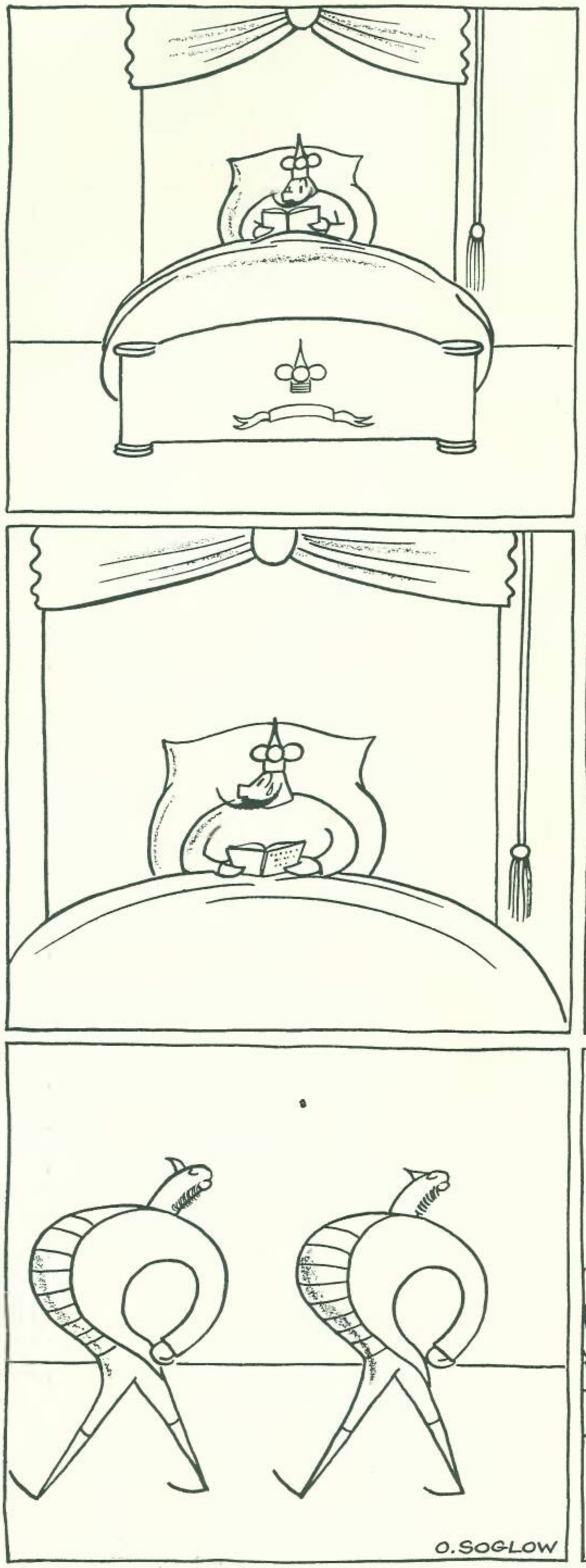
The new play crop is practically bumper, and a lot of strange faces are seen in the theatre district. On these crisp autumn nights, it is pleasant to see rubber dollars bouncing into box offices.
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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JUNGLE FLOWER

(A TIMELY POLITICAL POEM, FULL OF GUARDED REFERENCES TO FIGURES IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT)

Tiger, tiger, turning white
In the fusion of the night!
Down the jungle's beaten trail
Vanishes the curly tail,
  Black and yellow.
Jungle now has gone to seed,
Grown to burdock and to weed
Are the croker and the tweed;
Gone the sound of favor's curry,
Gone the murphy and the worry;
In the tiger's dung-filled lair,
In the favor-heavy air
Grows a little flower there:
  Fiorello.
—E. B. W.


MURDER IN THE CEMETERY
O. SOGLOW

PROFILES

EDUCATOR



Dr. Frederick B. Robinson

IN frequent interviews, Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York, has stated that any man with a given amount of intelligence can develop himself equally in any range of endeavor. According to the Doctor's theory, had J. P. Morgan chosen to devote himself to writing nonsense verse, he would have succeeded. With a little application, Bernarr Macfadden could become a T. S. Eliot and Mayor O'Brien a successful interior decorator. The idea of anyone's having talent in some particular field Dr. Robinson dismisses as twaddle; everything is a matter of hard work, will power, and training. Dr. Robinson maintains that he could have been as good a poet as a college president. He himself may be regarded as a convincing example of his own theory. At his Adirondack camp a few summers ago, expounding his ideas to some musical friends, he declared that skill on any musical instrument was merely a matter of concentration. Challenged to support his theory by learning how to play the 'cello, one of the most difficult instruments, he bought one, got an exercise book, fixed various keynotes in his mind by putting stickers on the strings, and within sixty days gave what is reported to have been a very creditable performance. "I have learned to love the 'cello," he said in a subsequent interview in the *American Magazine*. Similarly, at one time or another, he has taken up etching, sculpture, photography, painting, and the composition of humorous skits, on the theory that the more things a man does the more interesting he becomes. "I start something new each year," he has said.

For all this aesthetic burgeoning, he has never been able to swallow modern art, and only the other day intimated to a friend that he regarded the work of practically every modern painter since Degas as being in the nature of comic valentines, at best. His own etchings have been included in exhibitions at the Brooklyn Museum, and members of the City College art department, called to his office by him to criticize his creations, have pronounced them admirable. "I have never accepted dealers' offers," Dr. Robinson recently said, "as I don't think it fair toward those who etch for a living."

One of the Doctor's greatest gifts is his ability as an organizer. Since going to C. C. N. Y. in 1906, where he has taught public speaking and economics and held nearly every academic position from tutor to president, Dr. Robinson has organized and supervised evening and summer sessions, founded the Business School at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, helped organize Junior Year Abroad, directed training courses for government employees at the Municipal Building, and arranged with the Transit Commission for the college shield to be placed in the subway station at 137th Street and Broadway. In 1915 he established extension work in night classes in Brooklyn, and from this small beginning, in the face of opposition from the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, got measures through the State Legislature creating Brooklyn College as a branch of City College. During the war he organized at City College one of the first voluntary training camps of college men in the country and afterward supervised its activities. In those days, generals and admirals who kept him waiting too long at appointments would receive his card, with a note to the effect that he had gone, as "I regret the time allotted to you has expired." On the side, Dr. Robinson has lectured at New York University on economics, planned the student's ideal day, helped organize the Police Academy at Whalen's request, acted as business manager of the City College alumni magazine, served as trustee of the City Club and chairman of the League for the Protection of Human Rights, hailed the Rotary Club spirit, and recommended the driving of taxis by students during the summer as "an opportunity for exercise as well as a sense of responsibility." Last winter, a speech of his in which he attacked bankers having drawn a dissenting letter from Thomas W. Lamont, he entered into a lengthy argument by correspondence with the latter, accompanying his notes, and eventually supplanting them altogether, with clippings of the Mitchell testimony.

At other times the Doctor has headed various educational councils, unions, associations, commissions, and surveys, and has led pedagogical expeditions as far afield as Massachusetts and Ohio to note cultural conditions. The author of two books, "Effective Public Speaking" and "Business Costs," he has served as editor of several public-speaking magazines, and was for ten years advisor to Appleton & Company on books on economics and education. As president of City College, he has stressed the importance of vocational training for undergraduates. By a series of delicate legislative maneuvers he has enlarged the scope of the institution from one embracing a simple liberal-arts program to one including technology, business and civic administration, and education. He has discouraged students from entering the crowded fields of law and medicine, urging them to go into business instead. His favorite unit at C. C. N. Y. is the Business School, which annually sends forth more than three hundred young men and women with diplomas in accountancy, advertising, marketing, investment banking, real estate, and public-utilities management. He serves as officer in a number of cultural organizations, among them the Goethe Society, the Dante Alighieri Society, the Alliance Française, and the Friends of De Grasse. He always lectures at the opening of several freshman courses, including economics and science survey, and is in great demand as a speaker at such extracurricular functions as the three-hundredth anniversary of Spinoza's birth, a Friends of Turkey rally, or Adolph Lewisohn's eightieth birthday.

Of most value to City College, however, have been Dr. Robinson's practical political and economic activities. Under him the per-capita cost at City College, a free institution supported by taxes, has been reduced to the lowest point in ten years, while the registration reached the peak—over 30,000—in 1932. Impatient of non-essentials, the Doctor runs off faculty meetings with the clockwork efficiency of

a board of directors' meeting. Belligerent but diplomatic, he is a past master at wangling appropriations out of the City Fathers, and at budget hearings has been known to throw the fear of the Lord into men of much greater stature than his (he looks smaller than he really is). Every year he gets letters or telephone calls from politically connected family friends of boys whose school records disqualify them for entrance at C. C. N. Y., urging that they be admitted. His replies are invariably lengthy, detailed, and discouraging. He has successfully opposed the idea of awarding honorary degrees, fearing, possibly, that the entire Board of Aldermen would insist on getting LL.D.'s. His tact with mayors is noteworthy. He once asked Hylan for the use of an abandoned firehouse as an armory for the college R. O. T. C. "Why don't we need it for the Fire Department?" snapped Hylan, who was furious with the college for having recently got the better of him in connection with a statute specifying the salaries of teachers. "Why, Mr. Mayor," said Robinson, in a mellifluous tone, "your plan of motorizing the Department has made one firehouse serve where two did before." Hylan beamed. "You hear what the Doctor says!" he shouted to the Board of Estimate.

DR. ROBINSON is the first City College boy to become president of his alma mater. Born fifty years ago in Brooklyn, of Danish and Virginian stock, he spent most of his first seven years in Raleigh, North Carolina, where he and his three brothers led an outdoor, self-sufficient life not unlike that of Mark Twain's youthful characters. In 1890 his family moved back to Brooklyn, where his father was a telegrapher for Western Union. His talent for both organization and oratory developed early. While at public school, he founded and became president of a debating club at the local Y. M. C. A., a debating league of all the Y. M. C. A.'s in Brooklyn, and the Young People's League of the Central Presbyterian Church. As an undergraduate at City College, he continued to debate, ran everything up to the quarter-mile on a rather informal track team, and so applied himself to his studies that when, as a senior in 1904, he took the teachers' examinations, he stood first on the list. This feat disabused him of whatever vague notions he had of going into business. He declined a $500 scholarship offered him by the college for a $900 job at Public School 109, Brooklyn, offered him because of his rating in the teachers' exam. He wrote the school song and coached the basketball team. At the same time he taught night school, also in Brooklyn, having a class of some forty boilermakers, prizefighters, and other tough customers. "Often," he says, "I had to knock people down and kick them out." He made friends with an ironworker by sprinting four blocks to the trolley with him every night, and after that, when conditions in the classroom became too terrifying, he would excuse himself and leave the ironworker in charge. He gave up these two jobs in 1906, when he was appointed teacher of public speaking at City College. One of the first things he did was to prepare a phonetic chart which shows what your tongue, teeth, and lips do when you pronounce certain letters. He also devised a special form of brief for debate, stressing research and thorough knowledge rather than dialectics or authority. His political gifts began to be properly appreciated in the twenties, when he was dean of the Business School. President Mezes, who was in poor health and had a natural dislike for the Board of Estimate, came to rely increasingly on his subordinate to represent him in matters pertain-



"I just had to make up my mind to be a Spartan mother."

ing to appropriations. Robinson's ability to play ball with the politicians was one of the determining factors in his becoming president. In 1926, after one of the students' periodic outbursts against compulsory military training, it became apparent that the Business Dean knew more about the college's affairs than anyone else. President Mezes wanted to resign, but the trustees insisted that he take a year's leave of absence instead, with Robinson as acting president. Toward the end of this period a rumor arose that Mezes would resign and that Robinson would succeed him. Questioned by an alumni group, Dr. Robinson replied that President Mezes had no intention of retiring and that he had no idea of becoming president, but shortly after, at a sudden meeting of the trustees, Mezes' resignation and Robinson's election took place.

AT the time of his election, in 1927, Dr. Robinson was engaged in a protracted feud with a student, one Felix Cohen. As editor of the *Campus*, Cohen had opposed some of the college administration's policies, and he was removed from the paper. Then Robinson tried to keep him out of Phi Beta Kappa, on the ground that he was not an ideal type for that organization. For a time, owing to ironclad voting laws, Cohen was kept out. Two years later, when these laws were modernized, Cohen was elected at a meeting not attended by Robinson, himself a Phi Beta Kappa.

Dr. Robinson is not the man to be satisfied with half-measures. While all this was going on, he was also carrying on a skirmish with Cohen's father, Morris, professor of philosophy at City College, who had been outspoken in his disapproval of Robinson's election to the presidency. Shortly after Robinson's installation as President, a dinner was arranged in honor of the Professor's twenty-fifth anniversary at the college. Approached by the committee in charge, President Robinson declined to serve on the honorary committee for the affair and also refused to speak on the occasion. Two days before the dinner, which was attended by several hundred people, he sent an emissary to the committee in charge, asking if he might speak after all. Scarcely mentioning the guest of honor, except to call attention to the fact that he had been born in Minsk, Russia, he delivered a lecture on the duties of a professor of philosophy, stressing loyalty and denouncing skepticism. Cohen is known as a skeptic, and the guests were visibly embarrassed at the President's remarks. One of them, the late Louis Marshall, was so pained that he went home and wrote Robinson what is said to have been one of the century's most scathing letters.

THE first serious setback in President Robinson's career came in 1930, when the Board of Higher Education made Brooklyn College independent of C. C. N. Y. and put in one of Mayor Walker's old teachers as president. Although Robinson had founded this former branch of City College practically single-handed, he took its defection philosophically. Asked to speak at the inauguration of his successor, however, he accepted, and in the course of his speech made a crack or two. Among other things, he said he was the father of Brooklyn College, and added that fathers sometimes felt misgivings at the marriage of their daughters. Last February he suffered another reverse, again at the hands of Phi Beta Kappa. At a meeting of the City College chapter, one of the brothers introduced a resolution recommending to the trustees that they grant a charter to an outlaw student paper that had been distinctly hostile to President Robinson. As president of the fraternity, Robinson was presiding at the meeting. Misjudging the vote, which was oral, he declared the motion was lost. An actual count being insisted on, the ayes were clearly seen to have been in the majority. Subsequently one of the brothers referred to one of the trustees disparagingly and President Robinson walked out of the meeting. A month later the presidential dignity was again pricked, this time by an article in the *Campus* which asserted that reprints of a eulogistic article about President Robinson taken from the *American Business Journal*, which had been placed in many of the students' lockers, were in reality paid publicity, since, according to the *Campus*, the *American Business Journal* existed solely for the purpose of issuing reprints.

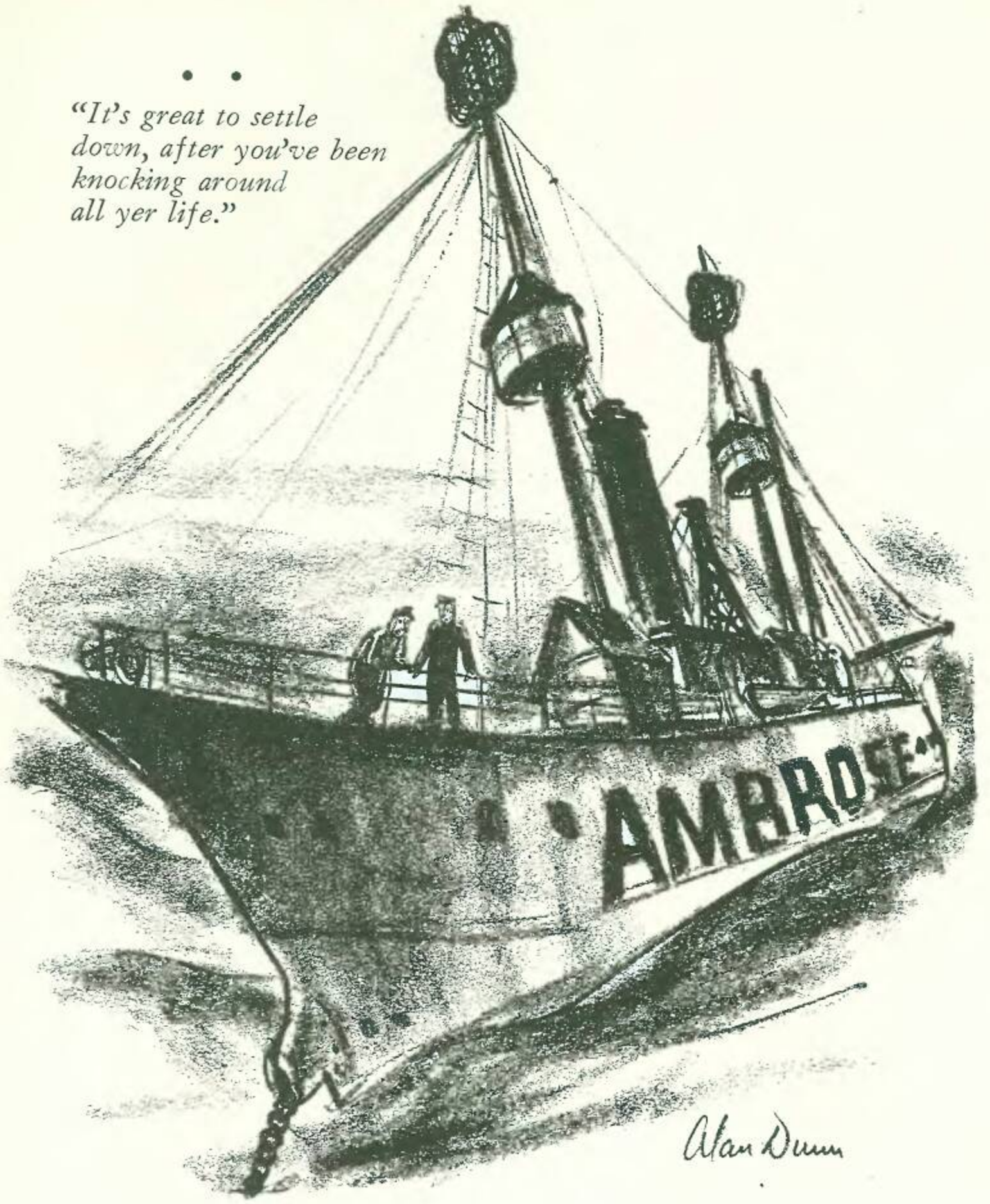
Despite such incidents, President Robinson's greatest difficulty with the undergraduates has been with a small, rather hoodlumish minority. As to the famous umbrella incident last June there are two distinct versions. Both agree that Dr. Robinson and some



"Oh, promise me you'll be careful!"

• •

"It's great to settle down, after you've been knocking around all yer life."



guests, including a few military men and ladies from patriotic societies, were proceeding to the Lewisohn Stadium to watch the R. O. T. C. drill when they were hissed and booed by an organized group of students and outside agitators. The President's account has it that the students blocked his passage and squeezed him against the wall, even imperilling one or two of the patriotic ladies. "I reversed my umbrella and gave it to them," he says, "getting about twelve, I should say." The opposition state that they were standing on the other side of the street, and that the educator crossed over and sailed into them, forcing them to pinion his arms and knock the umbrella from his grasp as a measure of self-defence. For several days after what came to be known as Umbrella Day, the campus was alive with small, pink parasols carried by sarcastic undergraduates.

The military-training question at City College dates from the postwar years when military drill was compulsory there. Feeling ran so high that shortly after becoming president Robinson was forced to recommend abolishing it as a compulsory course, and today a three-year course in hygiene, consisting of gymnastics, drill without arms, etc., may be substituted. Convent Avenue pacifists claim that the hygiene hours are inconveniently scheduled, that Robinson is given to stressing the desirability of the R. O. T. C. courses in freshman addresses, and so on. Apart from his personal convictions, which are militaristic, the President is probably influenced by the knowledge that certain groups are in favor of abolishing City College altogether on the ground that public money is being spent on a bunch of radicals, and that the patriotic flavor imparted by military drill is an unequalled specific for quashing this kind of talk.

Outside of his official life, Dr. Robinson is a mild, good-humored man whose occasional belligerence contrasts quaintly with his generally cheerful, conciliatory manner. He speaks with a measured drawl, enunciating each word distinctly. He lives in the President's three-story stone house at 141st Street and Convent Avenue. When his daughter Patricia, now fourteen, was a tiny girl, his great pleasure was to take her to his office and stand her on his desk while he worked. Now he often plays piano duets with her and takes her to many of the college football and baseball games. Vacations he spends either abroad or at his camp near Old Forge, New York, where he goes canoeing, plays tennis and golf, and personally attends to such details as fixing the roof. In town he leads an energetic life, trotting from one conference to another with a bursting black satchel full of papers. As a city official, he drives his car at a terrific rate without fear of getting a ticket. In the afternoon he usually spends an hour or two at the Business School, where he frequently uses the gymnasium. Two years ago, on his forty-eighth birthday, he successively beat two twenty-four-year-old instructors at handball. Almost every night he may be found at some banquet, Masonic affair, or the like, holding forth on leadership, business recovery, the scientific spirit, "Get Busy, America," or on life's being like climbing a tree (don't get out on a limb). An acquaintance once said of him that his ideal heaven would be an office with a single long desk and a dozen telephones, all ringing at once, and all the calls for Robinson. Criticized by many as not having sufficient poise or breadth of sympathy for his present job, the Doctor, when not goaded by rambunctious undergraduates, is a kindly man, and has performed many unheralded acts of charity for poor students. In the last few years his voice has taken on a conscious restraint, possibly concealing an inner nervousness. As president of a college whose students think nothing of hiring an opera house and holding a mock trial at which they sentence the entire faculty to vacate their posts, there must be times when he wishes he were back with the boilermakers in Brooklyn.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

The bride wore a string of diamond beads. Rosson wore a dark blue serge business suit.—*The World-Telegram.*

Damn decent of him, considering.

MISS APPLEBY, SALOONKEEPER

MISS APPLEBY was kind enough to consult me about her project of opening a saloon. I was eating one evening at the Latchstring, and Miss Appleby, who finds that her guests appreciate the personal touch, stopped to chat with me. She noticed that I had a glass of beer and nodded her head with approval. She said it was very refreshing, I agreed, and she seemed to be about to pass on. Then she hesitated.

"We've had *quite* a demand for beer since last spring," she said. I nodded. "Quite a *demand*," she repeated. "I was a little surprised, really."

She looked doubtfully at my beer, and wrinkled her nose faintly and, I am certain, unconsciously.

"People seem to like it," she said.

There was nothing to say to that. Miss Appleby continued to hover, and it occurred to me there was something on her mind. I smiled, and to encourage her took another sip of beer.

"You know," said Miss Appleby, suddenly, "I've been thinking of something. I wonder—"

I looked, I trust, expectant.

"Well," said Miss Appleby, "you like it. I wonder—" Miss Appleby, the fine pressed flower of New England, paused and looked at me uncertainly. "What," she said, "would people think of my *opening a bar?*" She fluttered at the enormity of her remark, and went on hurriedly.

"Just a bar for beer, of course," she said. "Do you think people would like it? My regular guests, I mean. Or would they think—" Miss Appleby stopped, quivering at the very notion her regular guests might think—

I said that a bar for beer might, in my opinion, be introduced on Eighth Street without unduly disturbing anyone, even Miss Appleby's guests. She nodded.

"People are different now," she said. She started away, and then turned back. "Thank you," she said. "Do you know, I think I *will*."

SEVERAL weeks later, I noticed, without thinking about it particularly, that the hand laundry had moved out of the store next Miss Appleby's Latchstring and that some workmen had moved in. Hand laundries lead a peculiar, flitting life of their own, now here, now there, and I did not connect this one's departure with Miss Appleby until I had dinner at the Latchstring a few nights later. Miss Appleby seemed in a rather unusual flurry and gave me a quick, excited little nod. Then she seemed to remember something and came back.

"I'm *doing* it," she whispered.

"Well!" I said. "What?"

She looked a little disappointed, and then said that of course I wouldn't remember.

"I'm going to put in a bar-room," she said. "A *real* bar-room. For beer. There's going to be a bar and a rail and everything, and men can just drop in and have a glass of beer. It's going to be for *men!*"

The emphasis was somehow a little embarrassing, but I could see what Miss Appleby meant. If there was one thing the Latchstring lacked, it was men. Not men with women, but men unalloyed. I nodded.

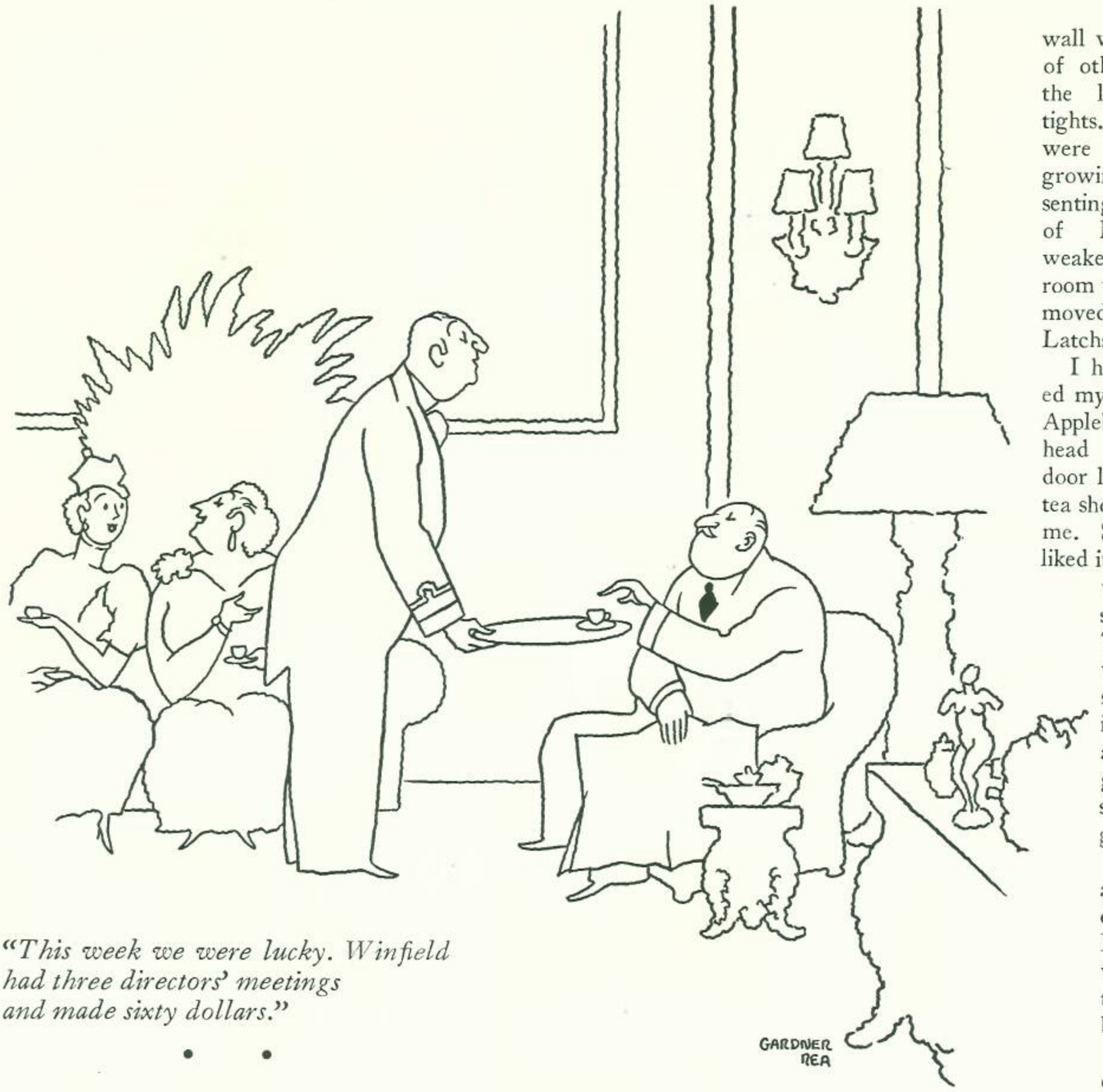
"And," said Miss Appleby, "I'm going to call it the Latchstring Taproom. Don't you just lo—don't you like 'taproom'?" I said it was fine.

Miss Appleby said she had thought for a while of just calling it the Latchstring Bar. "But I decided that would be just a little too extreme. It suggests things," she added. I supposed there might have been a saloon in Miss Appleby's New England when she was a little girl, rather long ago, and that she had not even peeked through the swinging doors. It might have been called somebody's bar or, worse, merely somebody's saloon. The Japanese waiter brought me salad with Latchstring dressing—which is a little sweet—while Miss Appleby remembered what it suggested.

" 'Taproom' is very good, I think,"



"My flounces! Where are my flounces?"



"This week we were lucky. Winfield had three directors' meetings and made sixty dollars."

• •

I said, after a while. Miss Appleby nodded.

"But of course it's going to *have* a bar," she added. "For *men*."

ONE thing and another—including the return of our cook—kept me from Miss Appleby's for several weeks. By then the taproom was open and I went in. There was a bar.

It was not a very large bar, but it had a rail. At one end was a shiny new cash register with a sign on it. "Beware of Professional Gamblers!" it said. At the other end was another sign, reading "Hard Boiled Eggs, 5c Each. Cheese and Crackers, 10c." There was also a little straw basket, with nothing in it. Behind the bar were shelves with bottles, all, one could see at a glance, empty. One of them still had a little tallow around the top, where the candle had dripped. There was also a large German stein, and several other steins which one would have had to look at twice before noticing they were really cardboard. There was an opened box of cigars—full—and a Japanese, in a white coat. He didn't have long mustaches. I suppose Japanese grow them only with difficulty.

There was a stag's head over the bar, and at one side a picture of a blonde girl in red tights. Pinned up around the wall were photographs of other girls—all of the last century—in tights. In the windows were boxes full of growing plants, representing, I judged, one of Miss Appleby's weaker moments. The room was full of tables, moved in from the Latchstring proper.

I had almost finished my beer when Miss Appleby poked her head in through the door leading to the old tea shop and beamed at me. She asked if I liked it and I said I did, very much. She smiled, pleased. Then she said it was very nice to see a man standing at the bar. I asked how it was going and she said it was a great success.

"Except," she added, "the men don't come in as I expected they would. Not just to stand up at the bar, I mean."

I made sounds of regret and surprise. But Miss Appleby wasn't downcast.

"They will," she said. "I've got another idea." She leaned toward me, earnestly.

"Sawdust," said Miss Appleby. "Sawdust on the floor!"

Miss Appleby went out and I finished my beer. —RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

• •

O HUNTING HEART!

The flowers fall from the stalk of fennel and mullein,
About the hawthorn tree have the red haws fallen,
The willow has lost its yellow, the maple its coral,
The leaves of the oak are brown as the tail of a squirrel.
Now runs the fox to his earth, the hare to his warren,
The mouse to his nest, for the fields are empty and barren;
The badger hides in his hole, the mole in his tunnel,
O hunting heart, I whistle you back to your kennel,
Come home to me now! There's frost on the fennel and sorrel,
There's nothing to hunt any more but sorrow and peril,
There's a taste of snow in the air and the skies are sullen;
A bitter wind has stripped the stalk of the mullein.

—MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

THE THEATRE

GENERAL DISAPPOINTMENT

I DON'T mean to be Russian about it, but it never pays to be enthusiastic about a play before you see it, for there is sure to be a slip-up somewhere. Nothing ever works out as well as you expect it. Some more tea, Mashuska?

After reading the recent English reviews of Lennox Robinson's "Is Life Worth Living?" I went about among my clientele saying: "Just wait until this one hits New York!" Then I would tell the plot as I had read it, how a company of ham actors comes to a little Irish town and puts on a repertory of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov, with the result that the natives all go introspective, discover thwarted love affairs that they had forgotten, moon about their integrity, and hurl themselves into the nearest riverbed, whether there is water in it or not. Suicide becomes the town's chief activity, and it is not until a circus finally moves in and takes their minds off their personal sorrows that any semblance of normal civic life is restored. I think that you will agree that it sounds good.

So, on the opening night of "Is Life Worth Living?" in New York, I was in my seat at six-thirty P.M. with my overcoat all folded in my lap and a complete supply of chuckles on hand. I could hardly wait.

The first fifteen minutes set me back a little, for they were given over to what are known as "preliminary scenes," a feature of playwriting considered essential to getting the audience "in the mood," but which usually succeeds only in giving some bad actors a chance to warm up. It is an exceptional play which does not sound amateurish at first, thanks to the "preliminary scenes." So I wasn't entirely discouraged.

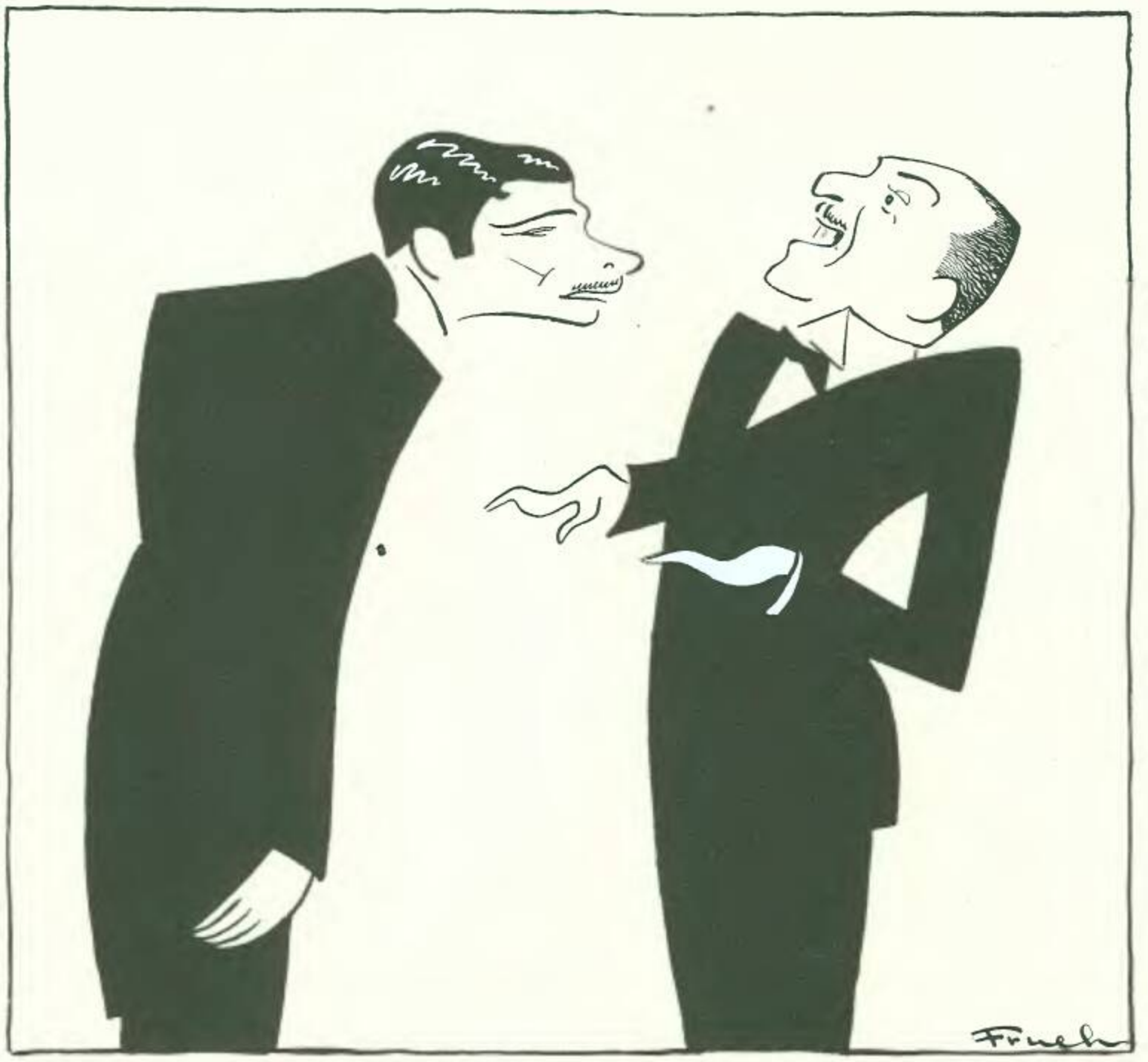
The story of "Is Life Worth Living?" progressed according to my advance ballyhooing. The facts were all there. The repertory company set about its deadly work, and the townspeople reacted, and the pall descended on Inish. But somewhere the thing slipped. The sizing seemed to have been left out. The idea was still very funny, but once you got the idea, you were more or less stuck with it. I tried hard to laugh, but I had to admit that my own account of it, as I had told it to my friends, was a better acting version.

I am sure that I acted it better than several of the players assembled by Harry Moses and drilled by Mr. Robinson himself, even though I am not an expert at the Irish dialect. In spots "maladroit" was the only word that could be used as a description. Just as there is no comedy like Irish comedy to bring out good acting, so there is nothing to compare with it for showing up weaknesses in casting. And, I am sorry to say, weaknesses in casting were a feature of "Is Life Worth Living?"

As the two principals of the Gloom Group Theatre, Margaret Wycherly and Jerome Lawlor were sufficiently Thespian to give the effect of overplaying at times, but I thought that they were just about right. If you are supposed to be a ham actor, you might as well give it the works. And there was also the comfortable feeling, when they and Messrs. Ralph Cullinan and Whitford Kane were on, that a certain professional note would be struck.

"Is Life Worth Living?" is certainly not without its highly amusing moments, and I still think that the idea is worth something. Nobody is sorrier than I am that it turned out as it did, except possibly Mr. Moses, Mr. Robinson, and the company.

NOT having been on a horse since I fell off my Shetland pony, I am in no

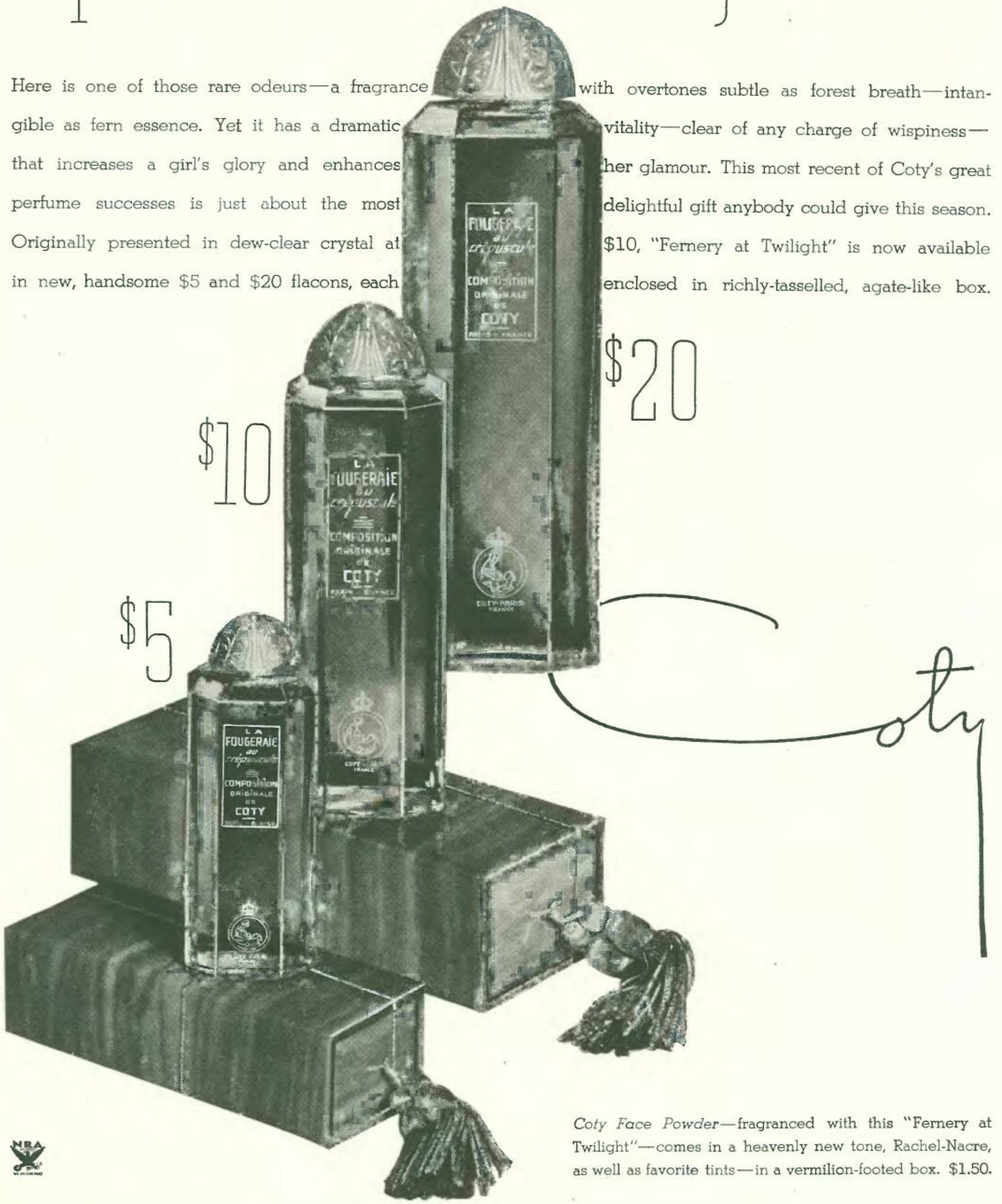


"THE GREEN BAY TREE"

Laurence Olivier (at the left) is being patient with one of James Dale's matronly tantrums in Mordaunt Shairp's disturbing but impressive play at the Cort.

"Fernery at Twilight" tops smart wish and gift lists!

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Coty

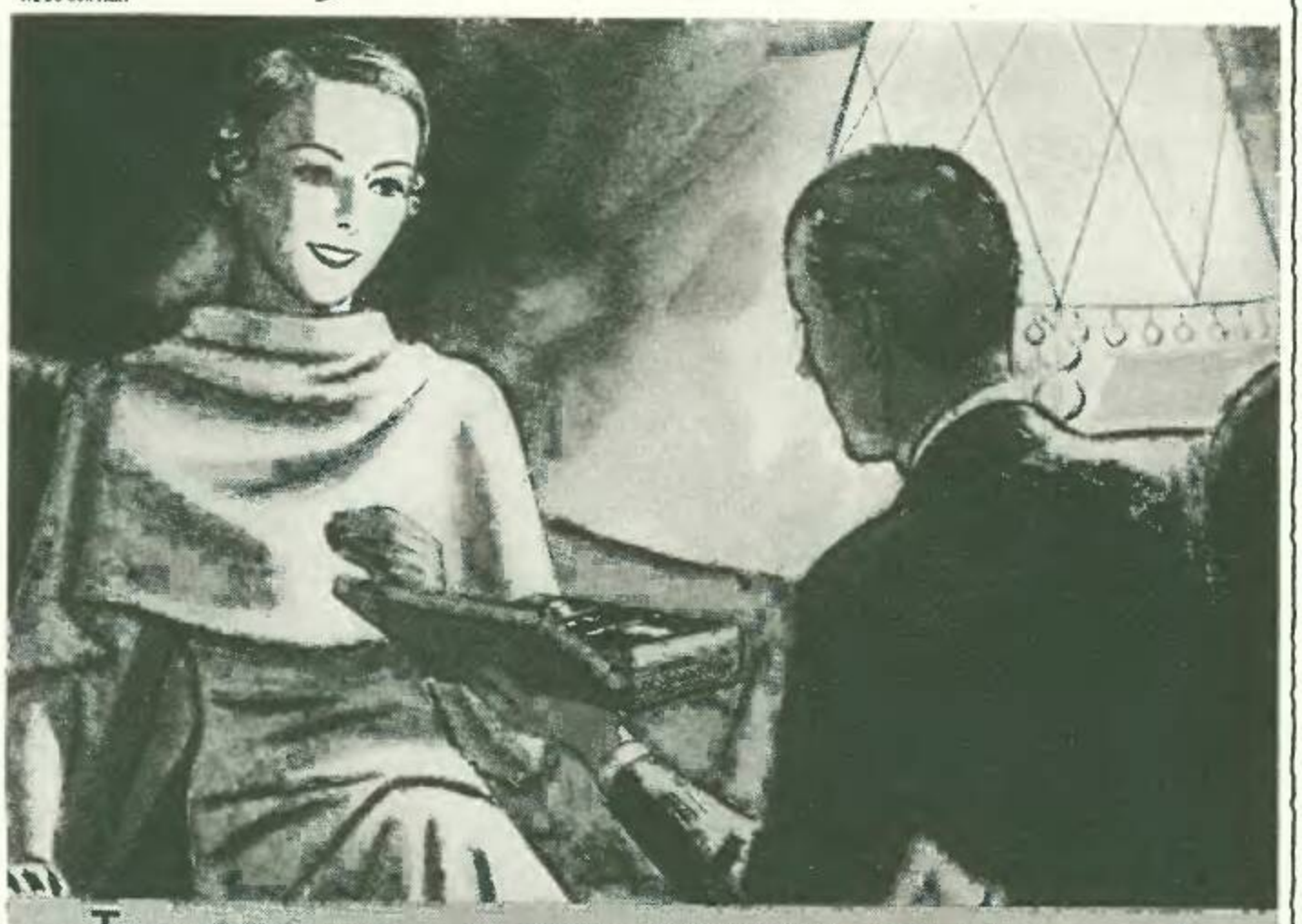
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position to criticize "Thoroughbred" from a technical angle, and I rather imagine that it has several technical angles to be criticized. I don't know, but I just feel it somehow. No play could have so much horse talk in it without slipping up once or twice.

For all that I know, however, Doty Hobart, the author, breeds horses in his spare time. I do know that he has been to the theatre a lot, for he has remembered a lot of tricks. His story of a lady breeder (both horses and children), who pushes eugenics to the point of conspiracy and actual maneuvering, is full of theatrical zest which at times almost carries it to its goal, which, I presume, is box-office success. It is one of those comedies which a lot of people in the audience seem to be enjoying hugely, but which you yourself can't go for particularly.

If "Thoroughbred" does place (racing term), it will be because Miss Florence Reed is up (racing term). Known chiefly in late years as a dramatic actress with a strong attack, she appears now as a comédienne who knows her job as well as her character in the play knows her obstetrics. Just as she delights in the smell of the stable on the sleeve of her trainer (John Daly Murphy), so a student of the old-time art of acting will enjoy the aroma of the stage which pervades her performance. They don't breed them like that nowadays.

THE male sex has taken quite a beating on the stage during the last twenty-five years, so "Doctor Monica" can hardly be said to come as a thunderbolt into the Playhouse. The three women characters who make up the cast do their best to discredit us, but there remained very little to be done. We are a no-good lot, and we already knew it.

Of course, when Alla Nazimova is one of the ladies, the assault takes on authority and, in the last act, a good round of fireworks. Watching Nazimova work is always a pleasure, and nobody can say that she doesn't work in "Doctor Monica." The play itself is adapted from the Polish of Marja M. Szczepkowska, but that is neither here nor there.

If it were possible to turn loose this all-female cast on the all-male cast of "The World Waits," there might be a good action picture in it. The girls would be outnumbered, but it would be a good fight.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

Count to 10

before you make up your mind



1-2-3

"*No, sir* . . . I've smoked my first three, and I can't say I'm sold on that menthol-cooling stunt."



4-5-6

"*Well, sir* . . . I don't know what to say now. I'd be willing to swear that the menthol taste is fading away."



7-8-9-10

...AND FROM THEN ON!

"*Yes, sir* . . . I like them! After the ninth or tenth Spud, there's an end to the menthol taste. Just honest-to-goodness tobacco flavor from then on. But . . . and this is what sold me! . . . your mouth always remains nice and clean-tasting. *Mouth-happiness!*"

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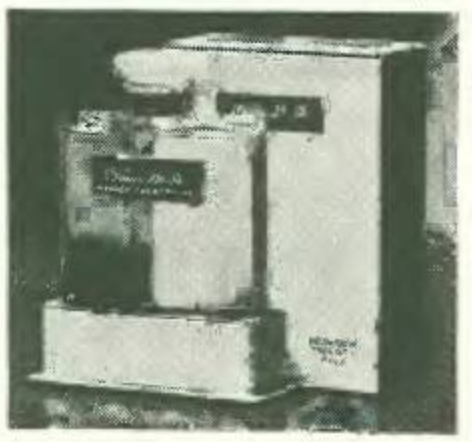
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ART APPRECIATION IN THE TROPICS

LUISITO's class in Puerto Rico has been exchanging letters with grade-school pupils in Omaha. Luisito showed me the letter which he was answering:

"DEAR LUISITO:

"I am writing a few lines to tell you about the beautiful Memorial that is across the street from our School. In the court there is a Beautiful Fountain. In one room there is a ivory figure of Christ instead of having it on a square or round it stands on its feet. It moves about eight inches a week. Our Room was over to look at the pictures about a week or two ago. The figure was then on the side of the case. A boy in my room went over a few days after wards and it was in the middle of the case. There are two big ivory tusks. One is carved into a picture of two monkeys fighting a crab the other has people carved on it. They are so beautiful that when I go over I always look for them. They have tear bottles when you cry you let the tears drop into the bottles and then buried them for hundreds of years. They have beautiful drapers of the olden days. There is one room made of wood for Mrs. Joslyn. The other rooms are all made of marble. The whole building cost $3,500,000. It is made of solid marble.

"Your friend,
"CLAUDE GARNER"

"Have you answered Claude's letter?" I asked.

"Yes." Luisito hesitated. Then, "You might read my answer," he offered in a sudden burst of good feeling. "I'd like to know about that statue, but I don't want that room in Omaha to think us Puerto Rican kids are dumbbells." And he handed me a document that went straight to the point with few Hispanic flourishes:

"DEAR CLAUDE:

"The English teacher has told me to answer your letter today. I am glad she did because it is good to keep in touch with someone in the United States. I myself have been in the United States a few times. I am very interested in the moving statue there is at the Memorial and I would like to know if it moves moving its feet or just moves as a lead soldier.

"Your friend,
"LUISITO MUÑOZ

"P.S. Please answer this letter at once." —MUNA LEE

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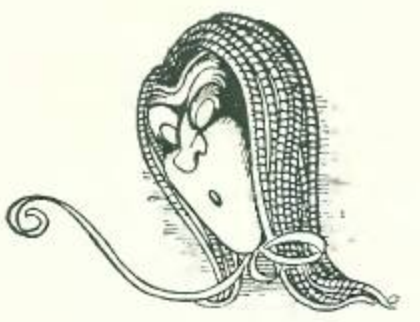
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SHOUTS AND MURMURS



INTRODUCTION TO SALLY

RECENTLY in my hebdomadal musings I raised the question whether nowadays there *were* any children who, after a *petit déjeuner* of Bekus Puddy or Lishus, really liked to run off and romp in the Tot Lot. My own spasmodic encounters with the members of the youngest generation had tended to suggest they were made of sterner stuff. My own goddaughter, I said, more closely resembled Lady Macbeth (or the glorious Florence Atwater) than she did the vacuous Dora Copperfield. To this chance and passing remark I owe the incalculable boon of an introduction to a young woman whom I shall call Sally because that, oddly enough, is her name.

Sally lives in a New England town and her years on this earth have been seven. Sally has an aunt who (fortunately for you and me) is good at shorthand; a four-year-old brother Wallie, who, like myself, regards her with awe; and, living just down the street, a little girl, slightly older and taller than herself, whom she looks upon as her mortal enemy and in whose shoes I most decidedly would not care to be.

The other day the mortal enemy could be descried through the window, mincing offensively past Sally's house, with, I suspect, such a flirt of her skirts as served only to fan the ever-smoldering embers of Sally's animosity. Anyway, beyond earshot of this noxious neighbor, Sally began to croon a war song.

"There she comes! Isn't she *dirty!* Shoot her, Wallie."

Wallie responded with a dutiful "Bang! Bang!"

"There!" cried Sally. "You shot her right through the little hole in her stomach and she is dead. Oh"—this in a spurious tone of concern—"somebody stepped on her! See the foot mark? Her brains will run out. And her insides. The chickens will eat them and we will give her bones to the cat to chew on. We will skin her in the old-fashioned way and I will make a little, sleeveless dress—a tan dress—out of her skin. To match my tan shoes."

Wallie was getting into the spirit of the thing. "To wear on Sunday?" he suggested, respectfully.

"Yes," said Sally, "and we will take out her brains and all the blood will run into a bowl. We will cut the freckles out of her skin so that it will be a *plain* tan dress. We will put her on the ground and let snakes crawl on her. Now she is dying, and when she has gone to Heaven," Sally said, with what I have no doubt was a clairvoyant glimpse of the spectacle best calculated to perturb the spirit of her enemy, "and when she has gone to Heaven, her little sister *will wear all her dresses.*"

The war song was over. It had been a solace and a luxury, but Sally is one who can see the moon in her daydreams and still not overlook the sixpence at her feet. There were more limited objectives that could interest her, *faute de mieux*.

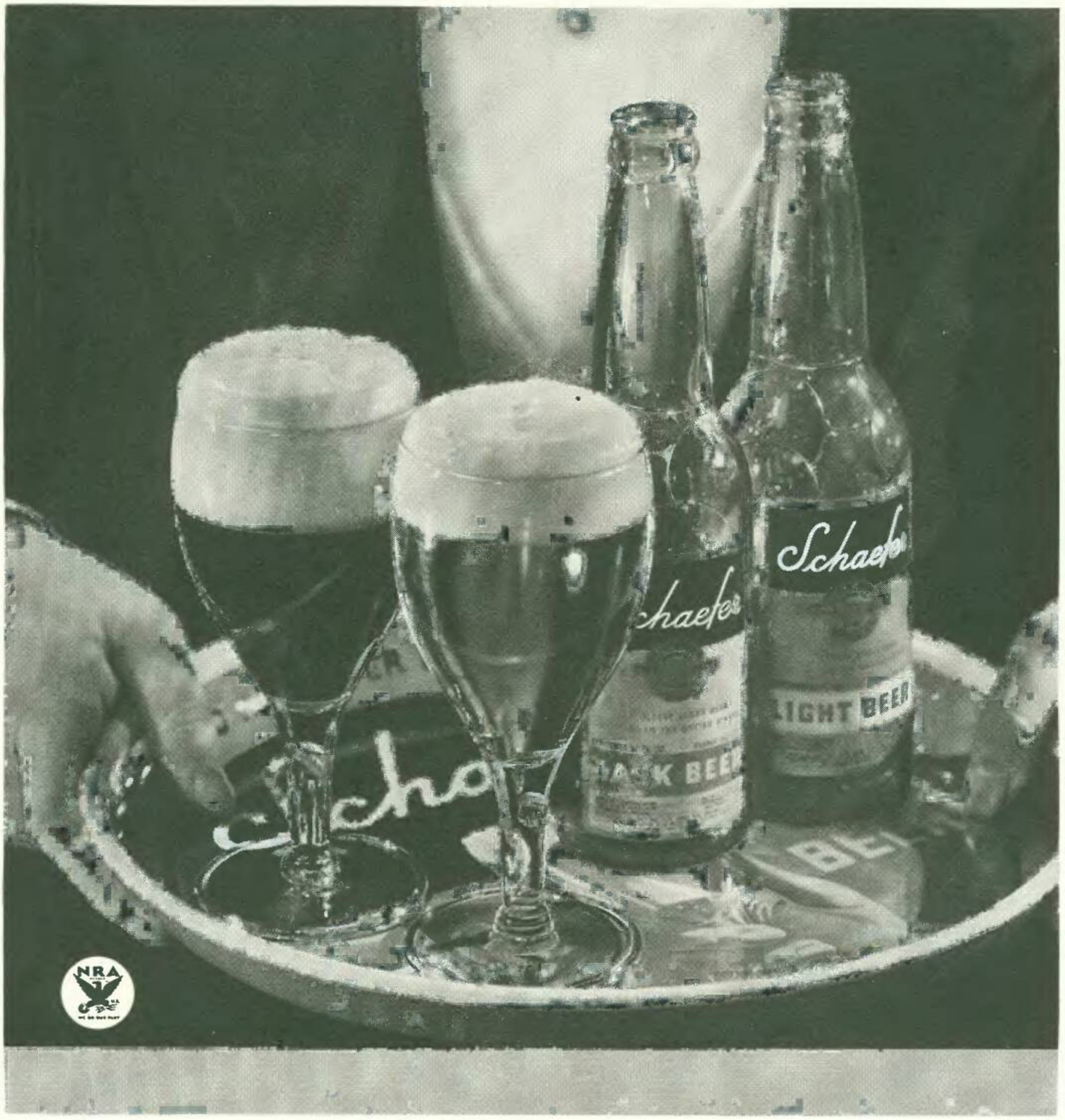
"When I see her tomorrow," she concluded, lapsing moodily into the practical, "I will poke her with a stick and trip her up when she is skating."

Well, there you have Sally, in a nutshell. I am at work now on a suitable bedtime story for her. To her mind, I am afraid, the aforesaid Lady Macbeth would seem indistinguishable from Elsie Dinsmore. She might be mildly interested in Brunehaut and Fredegonde, those rival queens of Frankish Gaul who, in their squabbles, killed off most of each other's children and grandchildren. Fredegonde was the better of the two and, full of years, died peacefully in bed. Somewhat like the late Miss Borden of Fall River, she was buried by the side of her husband, whose violent death she had personally negotiated. But I think Sally would relish more the death of Brunehaut. They caught the old girl at last, accused her of the death of ten kings, and for three days set her on a camel for the army to mock at. Then they tied her to the tail of a horse and lashed the creature to fury. "Soon," says the chronicle, "all that remained of the proud queen was a shapeless mass of carrion." Of course they were simple fellows, and never thought of making her into a little sleeveless dress.

ANOTHER outgiving which has proved to be bread cast upon the waters was my recent report to you after some months of painstaking research into the mystery of that unused slogan for Camel cigarettes. I had wondered whatever became of it because, according to a persistent legend, some ingenious fellow received a small fortune for it. My investigation revealed the fact that this same slogan had been submitted to the Camel headquarters more than ten thousand times. Even if they had cared to use it, the legendary reward, if distributed equitably among its proponents, would have come to no more than a dollar a head. I now realize that just as the typical Yankee reposing on the cracker barrel of yesteryear confidently expected to make his everlasting fortune by patenting some gadget, so all Americans in our time nourish an intention to acquire fabulous wealth one of these fine days by offering just the right slogan to some corporation, which—though they usually think of all corporations as grasping and inhuman—will on this one occasion be almost hysterical with gratitude.

Thus the Knox executives no longer trouble to open their mail in the morning, being despondent in their foreknowledge that it is just a lot of letters from perfect strangers, each of whom believes he has been the first to think of "Every Knox Is a Boost." The Union Oil people have developed a similar reluctance to receive any suggestion at all. They know from corroding experience that it will turn out to be a whispered proposal that they advertise their wares with the device "In Union There Is Strength." Indeed, their outer offices are guarded by plug-uglies under instruction to throw down the elevator shaft any stranger entering with the word "slogan" on his lips. One such hopeful would have been thus harshly ejected the other day had he not caught their attention by saying as he came in that *his* slogan was in two words. Incredulous, they led him in and agreed to reward him handsomely if his idea should appeal to them. What, they asked him skeptically, were the two words? He smiled at them in happy pride and answered, "Union Suits." They *killed* him.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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THE ART GALLERIES

Giants, Past and Present



THE giants are with us this week. Courbet and Delacroix are at the Marie Harriman Galleries; Cézanne and Renoir, to say nothing of Derain, are at Knoedler's; and Rouault, who is an army by himself, is at Pierre Matisse's. The exposition of Russian Ballet drawings closes at Julien Levy's this Saturday. Little David had better play on his harp; this is no time to use slings.

COURBET was not merely a giant but in a sense the Prince of the Philistines. He liked many of the things that the more vulgar minds who followed him, the Bouguereaus and the Bonnats and the Bastien-Lepages, were to like also, but he was a powerful painter and his eye was a finely cultivated organ. The landscapes in this exhibition are particularly good; the characteristic "Paysage," the more unusual depths of an evening landscape, and the exceptional freshness of a simple study of the Mediterranean offer a solid contrast to the one weak painting, "Effet de Neige." Like Eakins, instead of starting a new line, he showed how much sap was still running up the trunk of the oldest tree; his "Young Girl Arranging Flowers" is a fine double-barreled tribute to Veronese and the Dutch flower painters.

As for the Delacroix in this show, the most interesting, I think, are his sketches, among them his studies for the decoration of the library of the Bourbon Palace, and his "Christ on the Lake of Gennesaret." The Moroccan pictures show all sorts of skill and accomplishment, but the symbol itself is smudged for me by the long line of tenth-rate work done by his imitators—work that I remember seeing between the bric-a-brac and the draperies of old-fashioned parlors of the nineteen-hundreds. I can still smell the dust in the lace curtains in mid-winter, just before they were ready to be washed, and I can still remember how unreal, how *merely* painted, this exoticism seemed to me even then. Delacroix is a very great artist, but who is great enough to live down the memory



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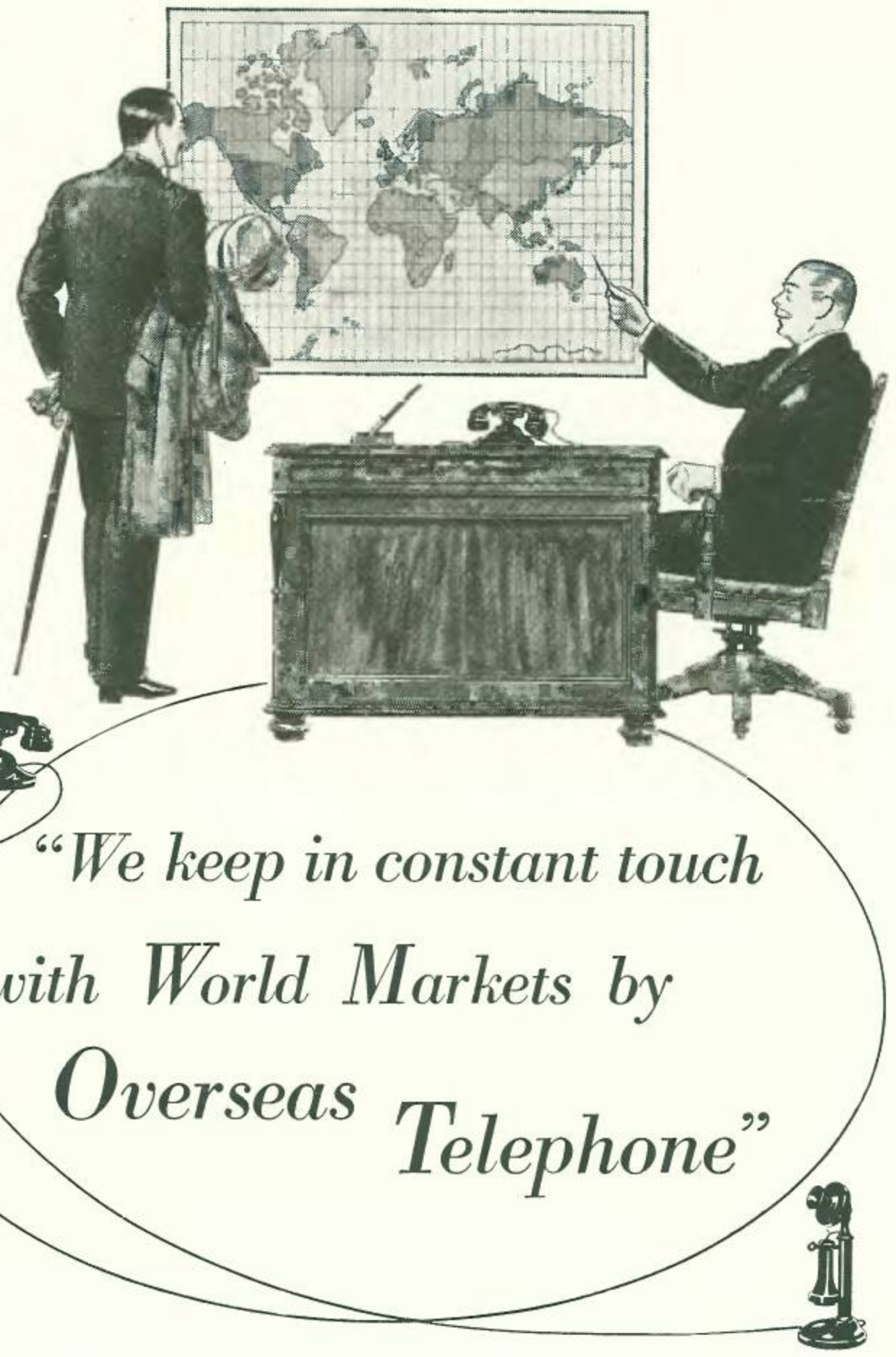
of such an abominable line of imitators?

AMBROISE VOLLARD is an assiduous collector of pictures and anecdotes; while he has assembled the latter in his little volumes on Cézanne, Degas, and Renoir, he is now dispersing the more valuable part of his lifetime's effort. The results of his luck, his hunches, his taste, his shrewdness are now before us. He did not make many mistakes, and that is more remarkable when one recollects that till but yesterday Cézanne was far from being a "sure thing." Today even suburban *tantes* gush over Cézanne, the same ladies who used to say brusquely, "Now what do you see in *that?*" Hats off to M. Vollard! He had the flair of a great collector; when he was absolutely certain, he took chances.

The gigantic Rousseau one faces when entering leaves me entirely cold; it cannot be compared with the "Tiger in the Jungle" that was in the Quinn Collection. But two of the Degas in the same room are excellent, especially "Les Modistes;" and the colorful Derain landscapes of London, which connect directly with the similar work of Seurat and of Monet before him, represent his distant youth. Perhaps some day the social historian will correlate the change in color of the younger painters after 1907 with the events that Jules Romains describes as happening during the same period. War clouds and trench mud and dismembered bodies appeared on the canvas—that is certain—long before the first rattle of artillery.

The Renoir room, while weak, is fairly representative: the beautiful still life of a bouquet, the pure Impressionism of the early landscapes, the sturdier interpretation of the "Place de la Trinité" (1895), the softening of the forms and the almost too-syrupy loveliness of his later compositions. In his least pretentious paintings, his mastery is sometimes most indisputable; the perfect line and exquisite placement of a little nude in this exhibition could have been the work of only a great artist.

The Cézannes leave me with a suspicion I have had once or twice before: that his earlier work has been unfairly neglected. "La Tante Marie" (1864) and "L'Église du Village" (1865) are works that would stand out anywhere. Thirty years intervene between them and "Les Grands Arbres" and "L'Allée de Marine." But something was lost as well as gained in that development; the pictorial depth had in-



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creased, but the emotional depth had lessened.

AMONG the living Frenchmen, Rouault is an outstanding figure. No one could be a purer artist, and yet no one could demonstrate such "impure" conceptions as to what art needs for nourishment. He has never flirted with cones, sought to express modern life in an arrangement of newspaper clippings and wooden fruit and violins, affected a hopeless passion for carburetors, or sought mystery—or at least mystification—in the faithful copy of an imaginary universe composed of shells and hair and silk thread and bamboo sticks. To speak with old-fashioned naïveté, he has been interested in the human soul. Of Breton ancestry, he has a dark, mystic temperament more akin to those inarticulate men of the North who composed music when they ceased to express themselves effectually in cathedrals and stained glass. Rouault belonged to the group that was called the Wild Beasts, but unlike Picasso, he has not been diverted by his own antics. He is rather like some ferocious Ryder, brooding on the mysteries of sin and suffering and transfiguration. He discovers Christ in a suburban street. These oils have an even greater richness than his more familiar water colors; and they disclose him as an extraordinary painter of landscape. An original palette, an original sense of form, a superb range of color, a deep feeling for human life—all these are his. They are durable qualities. After a while, cones and carburetors will seem pretty old-fashioned.

THIS leaves us with the sketches for the Russian Ballet, with the Boudin show (closing this Saturday) at Durand-Ruel, and with the Carrolls at the Rehn Gallery still to be accounted for. The first has all the excitement of seeing an idea take shape behind the scenes; incidentally, it is a mirror of the successive fashions in French art from Picasso to Tchelitchev. Boudin's sober naturalism, though inferior to Jongkind and even to Theodore Rousseau, is a relief to come back to after a century of desperate experiments and restless attitudes. John Carroll has individuality. His neurotic girls haunt one with their cold, slippery surfaces and their pungent odor of decay, but their long stylized hands, with fingers of equal length, look a little uncertain and careless after they have been repeated too often. —LEWIS MUMFORD

AMAZON

THE crisp autumn air. The mellow sunshine. The suggestion that since you're in the country and it's such gorgeous weather, you might like to go riding. The pleasure. The light-hearted acquiescence. The belated, growing uneasiness, because, although you love to ride, you haven't been on a horse for six years and were always noted more for your simple faith than for skill in handling even moderately spirited chargers. The borrowed clothes. The effort to remind yourself that you got thrown once and it didn't hurt you. The painful consciousness that much of the beauty of the Connecticut landscape is due to its being made up chiefly of large granite boulders. The mirror. The thought that although you've rarely felt less like a lady centaur, your appearance in boots and jodhpurs is extremely fine.

The stable. The black mare that glances at you over the side of her stall with chilly disfavor. Your hostess' decision that since you haven't ridden for a long time, you'd better take Ned, who has a lovely disposition. Your relief because he seems to be the pensive, dreamy type of horse you've always found most congenial. Your willingness to hold his head while he's being saddled. The slight shock when he makes an absent-minded attempt to nip the buttons off your jacket. The explanation that he's hunting for sugar, which seems a pretty trick but faintly unnerving. Your loud, resentful cry because, although of course he hasn't really bitten you, his front teeth have pinched your arm rather badly. Your readiness to admit that it was your fault and that since he didn't actually draw blood, it's nothing serious. The secret depression because no living creature has ever looked at you with such utter loathing. The apple you weakly give him as a peace offering. The rather pointed manner in which he spits it out and steps on it. Your hostess' tactful suggestion that since her mare is hard to control, you'd better go slowly, which, if you can carry it out, seems like a good idea.

THE narrow road, unfrequented and very lovely. The misty hills. The rocks. The wine-colored sumac. The full opportunity to enjoy them, because you'd never have believed that any animal with four legs could emulate the snail so closely. The wholly unappetizing weeds which, with brazen

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IN THE YEARS since its founding the great art collections of America, and many of Europe, have passed through the experienced hands of the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc. More than $135,000,000 worth of paintings, furniture, books, autographs, porcelains, bronzes, silver, tapestries, and rugs, sold under the conditions of free and open competition prevailing at these well-known Galleries, included not only the magnificent *Harvest Waggon* by Gainsborough sold to Duveen Bros. for $360,000, the Houdon bust of the infant *Sabine* sold to Knoedler & Co. for $245,000, and a Gutenberg Bible sold to Dr. Rosenbach for $106,000, (later purchased by Mrs. Harkness and presented to Yale), but also hundreds of fine useable pieces of furniture ranging in price from $50 to $1000; paintings by notable artists—Corot, George Inness, Monet, J. Francis Murphy, Diaz, to name only a few—ranging from $500 to $15,000; and fine first editions from $25 to $5,000.

The procession of art of all degrees of importance continues its march through the salesroom: this week the superlative art treasures collected by the late Thomas Fortune Ryan; next week Schuyler Brinckerhoff Jackson's unusual Pennsylvania furniture and quaint and rare "fraktur" paintings, also more than 500 pieces of fine furniture and decorations of all periods for the home, from several collections. These latter properties, while of more modest claims than the important Ryan collection, will, because of the selectiveness exercised by the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, in accepting consignments, be sure of legitimate places in their own class.

AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION
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COME ON UP INTO OUR IVORY TOWER . . .



If you find the economic situation of the world pretty upsetting . . . and life rather unstable . . . but well worth living . . . and that all your best friends seem to be getting divorces . . . and that maybe they might as well eat cake and be done with it. . . . You've probably also found that there's only one kind of clothes worth buying . . . those made for you . . . perfectly . . . of exciting material that wears. • If you grow purple at meeting another woman in the same dress . . . if you hate gross exaggerations of any style . . . but like to look different enough so your husband won't think you are your best friend . . . you've probably realized how futile it is to shop around . . . and what a waste it is to buy cheap clothes. • If you think it's obvious that America is the place to design clothes for American women . . . if you're tall or short or fat or thin or young or old and wish to heaven you could find a designer-dressmaker* who'd take an interest in your problems . . . • Then we cordially invite you to come and see our collection of clothes and hats . . . because if you like our attitude as expressed in this advertising copy, the chances are you'll like our designs . . . since we not only design everything we sell here . . . but also write our own copy. • The custom-made clothes are shown daily at 11 and 2:30 excepting Saturday. Hats may be bought from 9:30 to 5.

A designer-dressmaker is a woman of ideas who expresses them in clothes and makes them up to order for ladies who have the same ideas.

HAWES

IN HER NEW HOUSE

21 EAST SIXTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK

boredom, he tries to sample. The large mud puddle, in the midst of which he pauses to give a nice impersonation of a desert pony about to die of thirst as he reaches the water hole. The returning poise. The exasperation. The tentative nudge with your heel. The peculiarly trying gait that seems to consist of trotting with the front legs while the hind ones keep on walking. His lapse back to a patient saunter, implying that's all you're good for. The righteous indignation. The sharp kick in the ribs. His meek surprise as he breaks into a smooth, easy trot that is delightful. The mild shock of having him sidle up a bank, pretending that a drainpipe in the road is dangerous. The thought that, although a trifle upset, you can't help liking an animal with so much imagination. The decision, since you've almost caught up with your hostess, to let him walk for a while.

The highway. The misty yellow sunset. The moon, very round and pale, just above the horizon. The large truck that rattles noisily behind you. The really dramatic moment in which Ned turns, rears, and steps into the ditch, causing you to lose one stirrup. His final decision to stand rigid, turning his back on the hateful machine, which seems to you rather disarming. The real affection as you bring him around just in time to meet your hostess, who has ridden back to explain that Ned always shies at trucks and motorcycles. Your careless tone as you say that he did seem nervous, but you had no trouble handling him. The home stretch, easy and exhilarating. The trees. The shadowy twilight. The stable dog that runs to meet you with loud, triumphant barking. Your hostess, who as you dismount asks whether you'd like to give Ned some sugar. The hesitation. The brave confidence. Your final, complete surrender as he takes it from your palm with charming delicacy and consideration. The reflection as you crawl back to the house that, although your knees feel warped and you probably won't be able to move tomorrow, you really had a perfectly splendid ride.

—Alice Frankforter

•

October! Time to talk about football, parties, new friends and interesting things to do. Time to talk about Grand Duchess Marie of Russia and compare our own troubles with what she has gone through . . .—*DuBarry Fashion Book.*

She never got beat 40–0 by Michigan.

Members of the Beerage



THERE is Bill Galloway. He puts his invitations for the week-end into a hat and draws one.

He is probably dreadfully spoiled, but he has great charm, and even men like him. He does about what he pleases, and his tastes are definite. He hates crooked seams in girls' stockings or fruit in salad, for instance.

Once he went on one of his week-ends and arriving hot and dusty from the drive called for beer and got some that made him make a face. Rather gently he left the house and got back into his car. His hostess thought all was over. But he returned in fifteen minutes with an entire case of Piel's, which he delivered to her reproving-ly. He made quite a hole in it himself that week-end. And his hostess was far from annoyed. She was a wise woman who could pick up a thing or two. When she invites him now she specifies that there shall be plenty of cold Piel's. This bears some weight with Bill.

Bill Galloway's personal China-boy is well-trained. He knows how to take care of what is probably the most discriminating bachelor in New York. He can make a superb curry, can even arrange flowers for a centerpiece, and never forgets to trot around to the grocers and squeak "Piel's!" to the grocer in plenty of time for it to get cold on the ice before Bill comes home.





Piel's Beer is on sale at most of the famous clubs, hotels, restaurants and at the better stores

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(Advertisement)

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Scarf . . . 8.50
Pillow muff . . . 15.00
Cossack hat . . . 10.00

ACCESSORY SHOP FIRST FLOOR

Best & Co.
Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

Entire contents copyrighted by Best & Co., Inc., 1933

MRS. McMORROW

"HELLO, Mother," said Louisa. "Darling," said Mrs. McMorrow. "Oh, how are you?"

"You'd better not kiss me," said Louisa. "You might catch my cold."

"Cold? I thought it was a sore throat," said Mrs. McMorrow. "You said you had a sore throat."

"Well, it's a sort of a sore throat and cold combined," said Louisa. "I said sore throat over the phone because I wanted to explain why I couldn't talk long."

"Couldn't talk long? You certainly couldn't! I hardly got a word out of you. Now then, tell me all about yourself, when did you get in and so forth?"

"We got in yesterday—"

"Oh, where's Mark?" said Mrs. McMorrow.

"I'll tell you about that in a minute," said Louisa.

"In a minute? Sounds as if you had to make up some kind of a story. But go ahead."

"WELL," said Louisa. She cleared her throat. "You'll have to excuse me if I talk softly."

"Mm," said her mother.

"We got in late yesterday afternoon—"

"*Yes*terday after*noon?* And didn't call me till this morning?" said Mrs. McMorrow.

"And we registered here right away and put the car away, and—"

"Put the car away? So you drove? Drove all the way from Chicago?"

"Well, of course," said Louisa. "We didn't just send the car on ahead and drive part of the way. Of course we drove all the way, Mother. So, anyhow, we put the car in a garage."

"We put the car in a garage! Why couldn't Mark do it himself without having you traipse along? Why couldn't he have someone from the hotel do it? Do you—"

"He did. I mean, he did do it himself. I just said 'we' without thinking."

"Without thinking!" said Mrs. McMorrow. "Seems to me you do a lot of things without thinking. Driving all the way from Chicago in an automobile at this time of year! No wonder you have sore throat and cold. Go on."

"Well, we—I bathed, and Mark bathed, and then we had dinner. We went out to dinner with the Schlatzenmayers—"

"The Schlatzenmayers! Now really,

502
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WITH A YO-HO-HO!

and a trunkful of clothes



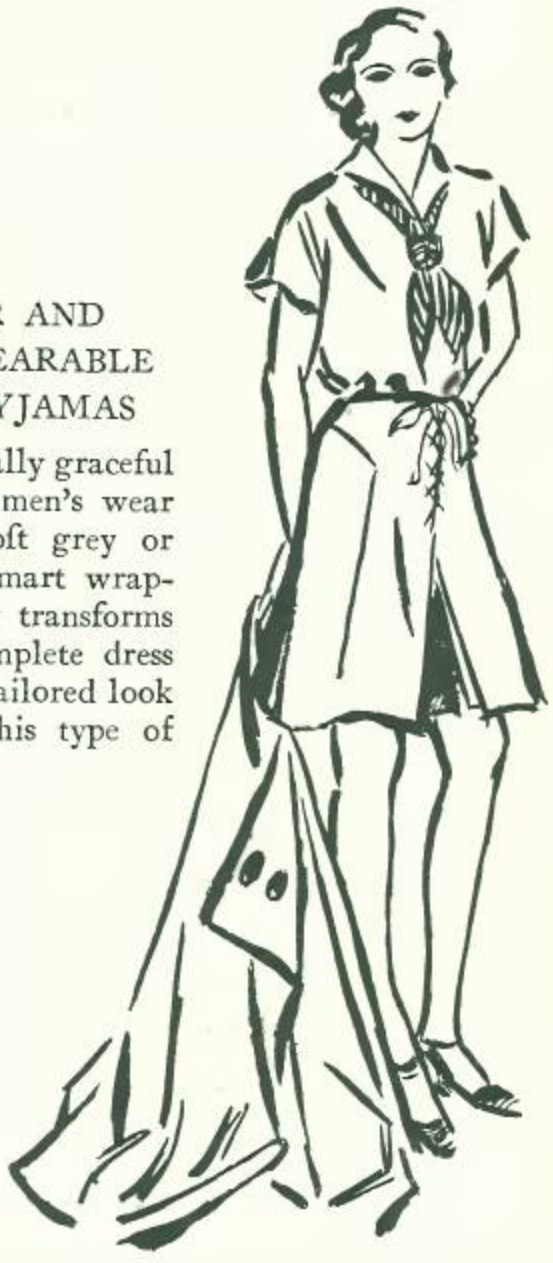
There's a very special thrill about Winter cruises! Partly due, we suspect, to that delightful feeling of being a truant. Never does the sun seem so cheery as when you know New York is having "Rain and Colder". And what fun it is to be playing shuffleboard on deck in a short-sleeved dress when back home they're sinking their chins deeper and deeper into their fur collars!

The fun really starts long before the boat leaves. In fact, it begins on the very morning you do your first cruise shopping. Imagine the excitement of dashing in out of a snow flurry to look at cute cotton prints and bathing suits with negligible backs!

You'll go down to the boat in wool, of course,—a two-piece tweed suit with a matching topcoat like the one on the next page will prove very useful till you're really in the Gulf Stream. After that the lightweight wools in soft pastels begin to pop up like early crocuses among the deck chairs, along with summery silks and gay little cottons of the casually comfortable country-club type.

Wanamaker's second floor Cruise Shop knows exactly what's what not only for the boat but for the different places where you go ashore. They're especially clever at choosing the "double-duty" clothes demanded by every seasoned traveler—a smart two-piece with a jumper that zips off and reveals a tennis frock or a dinner dress with a long-sleeved jacket to make it formal or not as you like.

Sports clothes, evening gowns and beach togs are all you need for any cruise—and at Wanamaker's you can assemble, with the minimum of effort, a wardrobe that will pack well and look "right" for every possible occasion.



NEWER AND MORE WEARABLE THAN PYJAMAS

An exceptionally graceful play suit of men's wear flannel in soft grey or beige. The smart wrap-around skirt transforms it into a complete dress with a well-tailored look unusual in this type of costume.



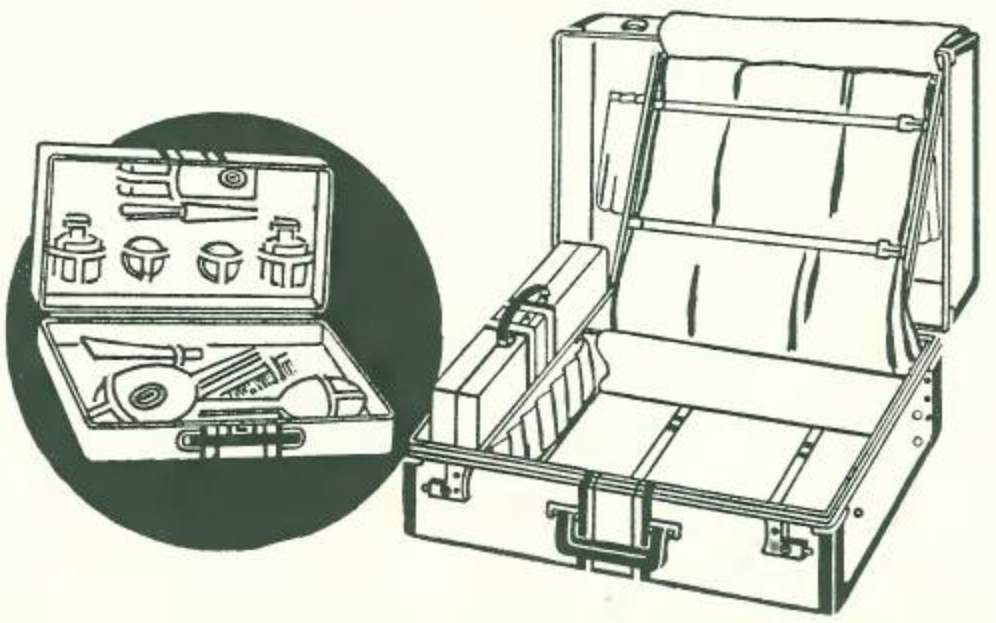
IF YOU REALLY SWIM

An awfully well-cut version of the classic striped-knit maillot. It's complete without the plain-color shorts which can be worn separately with a shirt as a play suit.

WE NEW YORKERS FIND OUR

"Fashion-Firsts"

AT



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING!

You simply *must* see this wardrobe suitcase—it's the last word in practical packing. Hangers to keep six to eight dresses in perfect condition—even a special little space for the *trains* of your evening gowns! The covering and the hardware are *very* de luxe and it's only fifty dollars complete with the handy fitted case.

(Advertisement)



The ever-useful three-piece suit of checked tweed in maize and brown or green and grey. $49.75. Sizes 11 to 17. The coat flung over the chair is a balmacaan of imported diagonal herringbone tweed in cherry red, seal brown, or "cruise" blue, with a bright-colored striped knitted lining. Complete with scarf, $69.50. Sizes 12 to 20. Cruise Shop. Second Floor. North Building.

This two-piece dress has a separate top of lastex with a zipper opening on one shoulder and a cord belt. Underneath is a charming tennis dress of pickwale—a new ribbed cotton. String color dress with red jumper, maize with green, or white with navy. Sizes 11 to 17. $19.75. Cruise Shop. Second Floor. North Building.

A black and white picture gives you *no* idea of the luscious colors in the stripes of this washable silk dress. There are several combinations—all of them lovely soft shades, harmoniously grouped. The link fastenings are exceptionally smart little details. Sizes 11 to 17. $22.75. Cruise Shop. Second Floor. North Building.

All the accessories pictured

SECOND FLOOR—NORTH BUILDING...JOHN WANAMAKE



A distinguished gown for gala evenings aship or ashore—of a patterned metal fabric in all gold or blue and gold. The high cowl neck in front and the very low décolleté in back give it the "slightly surprised" expression which Paris adores. Two large clips at the waistline in back. Sizes 12 to 20. $55.00. Cruise Shop. Second Floor. North Building.

A very youthful evening gown in crêpe, in several flattering shades, all delicately traced with gold embroidery. Crushed velvet in a contrasting color outlines the low back and crosses at the waistline—Vionnet fashion—to form a sash. Candlelight crêpe with red velvet, melon with Aztec brown, blue with citron, or black with grass-green. A dress with real charm at a very modest price. Sizes 12 to 20. $29.75. Cruise Shop. Second Floor. North Building.

ese pages are awaiting your choice at Wanamaker's

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Gunther
FURS
666 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Louisa! The Schlatzenmayers! Who on earth are the Schlatzenmayers? Are you making this up? Explain yourself. You mean to sit there and tell me you had dinner with people named Schlatzenmayer before you even telephoned me, your own mother? Louisa, I'd like to know what on earth has happened to you since you've been living in that awful Chicago. Something has come over you that I don't know what, I don't understand it. Is Mark drinking again? Remember, if he slaps you again the way he did three years ago, you've got to get a divorce, and that's all there is to it. You've got to get a divorce. If Mark's family knew the way he behaved—"

"Mother, for God's sake—"

"Oh! 'For God's sake.' That's it, is it? 'For God's *sake*.' Huh!"

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean that," said Louisa. "Won't you please let me tell you exactly what happened?"

"LET you tell me exactly what happened! Well, if that isn't just about the— Why, it's almost humorous. Let you tell me! May I ask what I've been doing since I came here but wait patiently for you to explain your strange goings-on? So far, all I've been able to get out of you is that you parked the car and had dinner with some awful people named Schlatzenmayer or whatever it was. All I know is that the whole thing, the whole affair from beginning to end, looks pretty fishy to me. Pret-t-t-ty fishy. What I'd like to know is what have you really been doing since you arrived in New York. Maybe I'll find out what you're trying to conceal. That Mark!"

"Mark hasn't done a thing," said Louisa.

"Mark hasn't done a thing? Well, I can well believe that! I suppose you know he still owes—well, let it go."

"He owes you four hundred dollars. But remember, he paid you six hundred."

"I said let it go. We won't discuss it. I have no desire to discuss what Mark owes me. At this point, I'm interested in finding out what you've been doing with your time since you came to New York, so please go on with your story. That is, if you're sure you've got it straight. Of course, if you'd rather wait till you cook up something good, that's all right with me. I warn you, though, Louisa, you're not deceiving me. You're not deceiving me one bit. Something tells me there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. You know, a man who is considerate of

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In the city as the sun sinks low"
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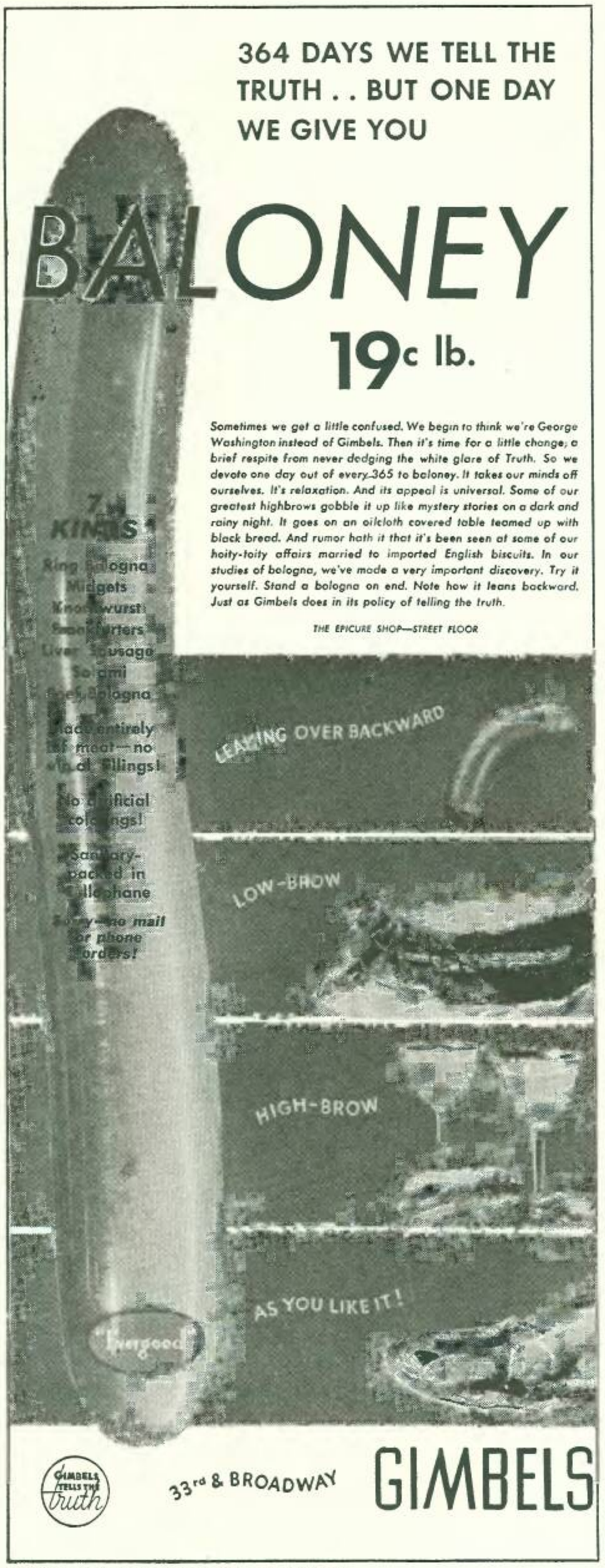
And when a man as brilliant in his profession of coiffeur joins an establishment as famous for its artistry as the Peter Pace Salon, beauty is served well.

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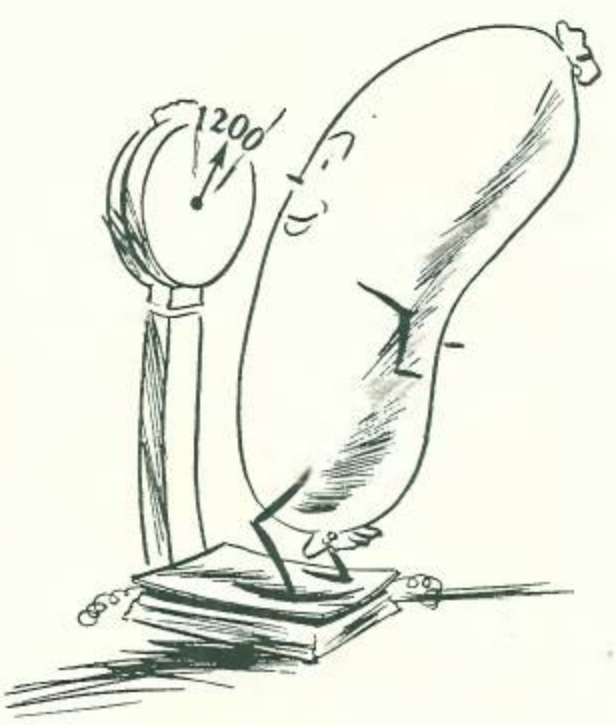
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Actual size in The Sun 3 columns by 16 inches.



ON Friday, October 27, Gimbels inserted this advertisement in The Sun . . . and *only* in The Sun. The next day Gimbels sold 1200 pounds of bologna at 19 cents a pound.

That's a lot of bologna no matter how you look at it. More than that, it shows that good advertisements of good merchandise in good mediums can ring the cash box today. And it's also an indication of the breadth of The Sun's market and the sweep of its selling power.

This newspaper sells fur coats for advertisers . . . and automobiles and Chippendale chairs and oriental rugs and oil burners and hand-made lingerie. But it sells 19-cents-a-pound bologna, too . . . and almost everything else in between. And that's no baloney.

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Gown for the social wars. A sheath of sequins, supple as finest chain mail, and shining just as bravely. A skirt of wool-like silk, crinkled and dull as holiday crêpe paper. Shoulders quite bare, and thus invulnerably smart. Black with jet, blue with sapphire, green with emerald, white with silver . . $95

Ready-to-Wear . . . Second Floor

MILGRIM

6 West 57th Street . New York

CLEVELAND DETROIT

his wife's health doesn't force her to ride in an open car all the way from Chicago in the rain and cold."

"Mother, the weather was fine when we left Chicago, and Mark didn't force me to drive. It was my idea. Mother, please let me tell you. Please don't interrupt—"

"DON'T interrupt? I suppose that means your story is all fixed. Very well, let's hear it. Continue."

"It isn't any story. I mean, it isn't anything I had to make up. We had dinner—"

"You had dinner! I know that. You've already told me several times that you had dinner with these What-you-call-its. I suppose he was a fat man with diamond rings on both hands."

"Their name was Schlatzenmayer, and as a matter of fact, Mr. Schlatzenmayer went to college with Father."

"Went to college with Father?" said Mrs. McMorrow. "I've heard your father talk about the men who went to college with him till he was blue in the face, but never did I hear him so much as mention the name Schlatzenmayer. Schlatzenmayer."

"Well, they were in college together. Mr. Schlatzenmayer was in the class of '88."

"Your father was graduated from Yale College in the year 1889, unless I'm very much mistaken," said Mrs. McMorrow.

"Well, a year's difference. I didn't say they were in the same class. Anyhow, Mr. Schlatzenmayer remembers Father very well, he said."

"He *said!*" said Mrs. McMorrow. "Accent on 'he said.' I see you have your doubts yourself. He probably didn't even go to Yale, if the truth were told."

"Mother!" said Louisa.

"What?" said Mrs. McMorrow.

"Mother, do you want me to go on, or shall I just give up?"

"Give up? Why, not at all, my dear. Not at all. Your story is very entertaining, to say the least, although it mystifies me why you should take such pains to tell me an elaborate story like this."

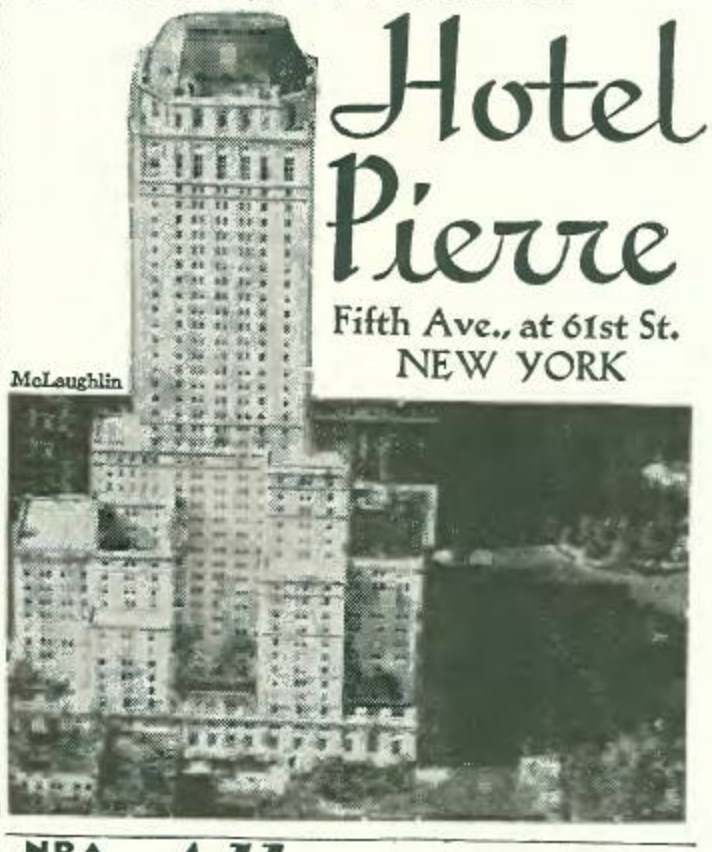
"Pardon me," said Louisa, "but now I've made up my mind to go ahead with this if it kills me. This man, Mr. Schlatzenmayer, has offered Mark a job, and we had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Schlatzenmayer, and they're very nice people. They go to Fishers Island in the summer. And we had dinner with them, and Mr. Schlatzen-

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Vendôme

"The Recognized Caviar Specialists"
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mayer told Mark to come down to his office today—that's where Mark is right now—and sign a contract for eight thousand dollars a year. To *start!*"

"I'll have to ask Mrs. Howard about these people. Just because they go to Fishers Island doesn't mean they're all right."

"They're all right as far as I'm concerned if they're willing to pay Mark eight thousand dollars a year."

"Eight thousand dollars a year! You'd think the way you talked that that was all the money in the world," said Mrs. McMorrow.

"It is, practically," said Louisa. "Anyhow, it's more than enough for us to get out of debt, and Mark said last night he was so glad because he'd be able to pay you back."

"Pay me back? Louisa, to hear you go on you'd think I was Shylock demanding a pound of flesh. I won't have Mark depriving you of anything just so he can lord it over everybody when he pays what he owes. He'll probably be unbearable when he gets this job. *If* he gets it! I can see you're nervous and upset now, but I hate to think of what prosperity will do. Honestly, Louisa, I never saw anyone in the condition you're in. By the way, look at me. . . . Turn your face the other way. . . . What on earth have you done to your hair? Tsih, tsih, tsih!"

Louisa moved her lips.

"See?" said her mother. "And on top of everything, your voice is gone. I think I'll send for a doctor."

—JOHN O'HARA

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LATE BIRD

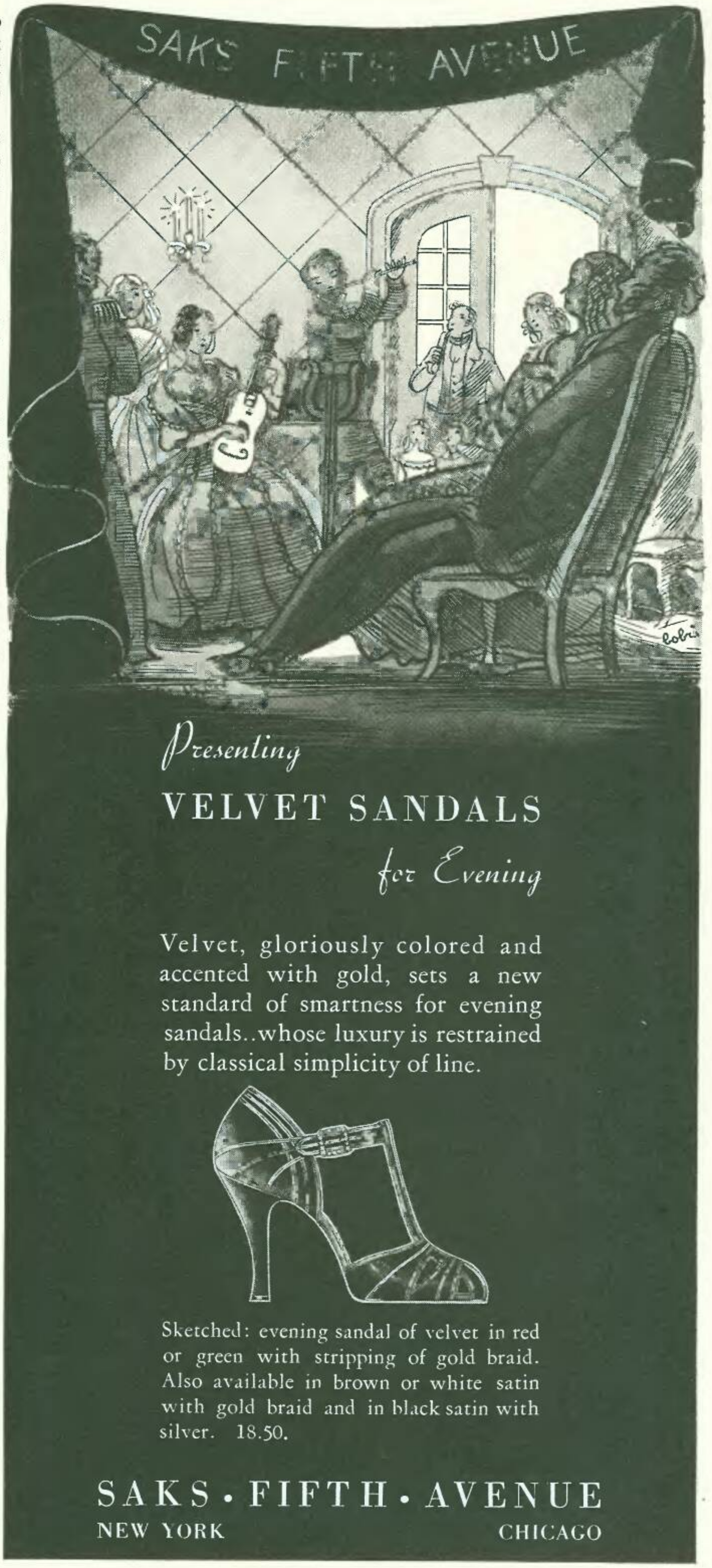
Stranger on the frozen marsh,
Are you far from home?
Winter settles, white and harsh,
Over things that roam.

Muted in its glossy shell
Lies the talkative creek:
Winter puts a wicked spell
Over things that speak.

Gone the alto murmur now
From the swaying reed,
And the wind that used to blow
Music from a weed

Is a wind that never brings
Song to any mouth:
All the tongues of singing things
Are singing in the South.

—HARRISON DOWD



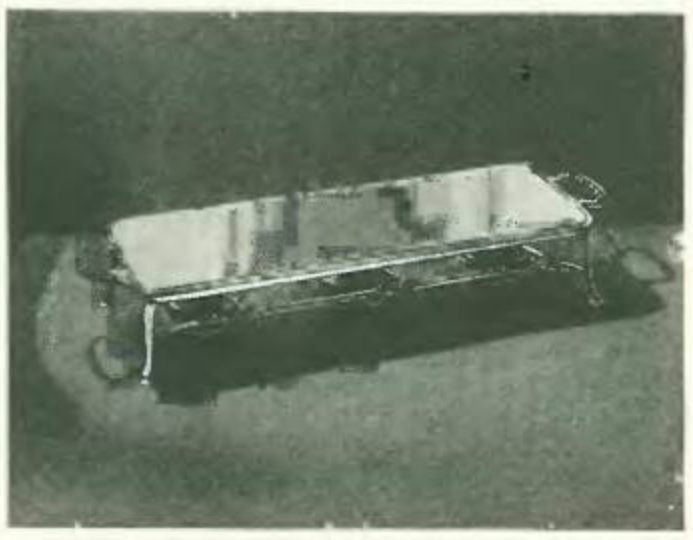
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SEND for your FREE copy of this delightful Gift Book which contains hundreds of smart, practical suggestions to help you fill out your Christmas list. The newest and cleverest in Games, Drinking Sets and all kinds of novel accessories for the home, selected from the innumerable gift ideas we offer at this season. Send for your copy today!



Just the thing for that beer party or buffet supper. This handsome CHAFING DISH may be used anywhere, indoors or out. Requires no electrical attachment. With alcohol heater.
Copper or nickel $10.95
Chrome finish 16.75
Chrome finish, *with electric heater* . . . 10.95



Imported ENGLISH PLATE WARMER. Ideal for buffet supper or when serving breakfast in traditional English fashion. Soft, satin silver plate finished frame and legs. Heavy wicker is woven around the handles. Equipped with alcohol heating units.
Three heating units, 26" x 9¼" x 5" $67.50
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MUSICAL EVENTS

An American Symphony, A Russian Dancer, and Four Recitalists



FOR many seasons, Philharmonic - Symphony conductors have produced American compositions with all the enthusiasm of a socially important gentleman inviting his valet to join him at lunch. Something of this democratic attitude has been transmitted to the audiences, and our native musicians have been accepted at these august sessions with a singularly vulgar tolerance. That many of the American works were better than most of the imported novelties seemed to make no difference; somehow the *maestri* and their auditors felt that they "were not quite gentlemen."

Randall Thompson's second symphony, introduced to New York by Mr. Walter, succeeded in breaking up this snobbish tradition. The audience liked Mr. Thompson's music, liked Mr. Thompson, and liked Mr. Walter for giving the music and the composer an opportunity. Of course, much of the credit goes to Mr. Thompson, who has composed a short, bright, and effective symphony. It is American not because there are jazzy touches but because it couldn't have been written by any of Mr. Thompson's overseas contemporaries. At the same time, it isn't loaded with selfconscious local color.

It was an encouraging event, and if it opened the doors to more American music, it must be rated as the most important episode of the early season. It must be rated eminently in any case.

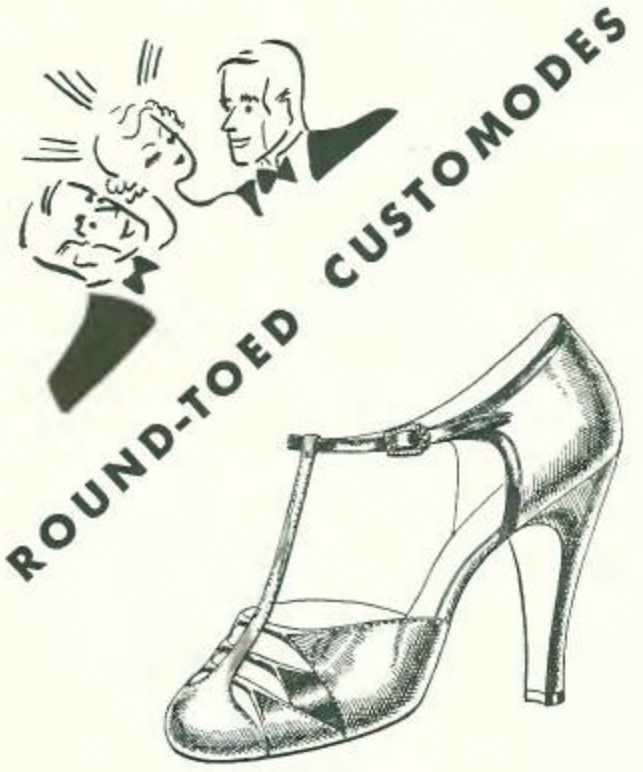
LAWRENCE TIBBETT, passing through to open the Town Hall Endowment Series, also took chances with the musical sniffers by singing a group of Brahms and Schubert in English. The translations may not have been memorable poetry, but they were intelligible and pleasantly lacking in the fanciful diction known as librettese. The overflowing crowd took to the notion gleefully, and the sniffers lost another argument. Mr. Tibbett's ingenious program was punctuated by piano groups from his accomplished accompanist, Stewart Wille, who proved to be as able by himself

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as he is when he is collaborating with Mr. Tibbett. As for Mr. Tibbett, he still has everything.

THE ballet business continued aggressively at the Forrest Theatre, where Serge Lifar and his Russian troupe made it a seven-day week by working on the Sunday evenings while the Jooss folks functioned through the rest of the week. The features of the Lifar entertainment seemed to be revivals of "The Spectre of the Rose" and "The Afternoon of a Faun," both of which turned out to be old-fashioned ballet, and maybe they always were. Mr. Lifar's own "Prometheus," with some tired music by Beethoven, was a little less interesting.

I understand that Mr. Lifar's best work happens in modern creations which don't involve the leaps, batteries, and other common materials of choreography. The audience, however, made quite an ado over his three-foot high jumps in "The Spectre of the Rose," it being a ballet audience; so maybe the show was everything that it should have been.

RECITALS seem to be coming back handsomely, for Mr. Kreisler, Mr. Gabrilowitsch, and Mr. Thomas, three experienced practitioners, enjoyed profitable audiences at their concerts. Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, playing music with which they have been identified for many years, require no additional kind words at this time. Mr. Thomas, following up a successful first recital with a second venture, poured out many charming tones, and added to his artistic average with two exceptional songs by the late Peter Warlock. His accompanist, Carroll Hollister, deserves at least a line of praise for himself. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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THE Columbia Phonograph Company may take several bows for issuing Roy Harris' Concerto for piano, clarinet, and string quartet (Modern Music Album Set No. 6). You may find Mr. Harris' music a trifle severe, for it doesn't capture its listener at a first audition. You may never come to care for it; but by issuing a representative work of a contemporary American, Columbia has done a dis-



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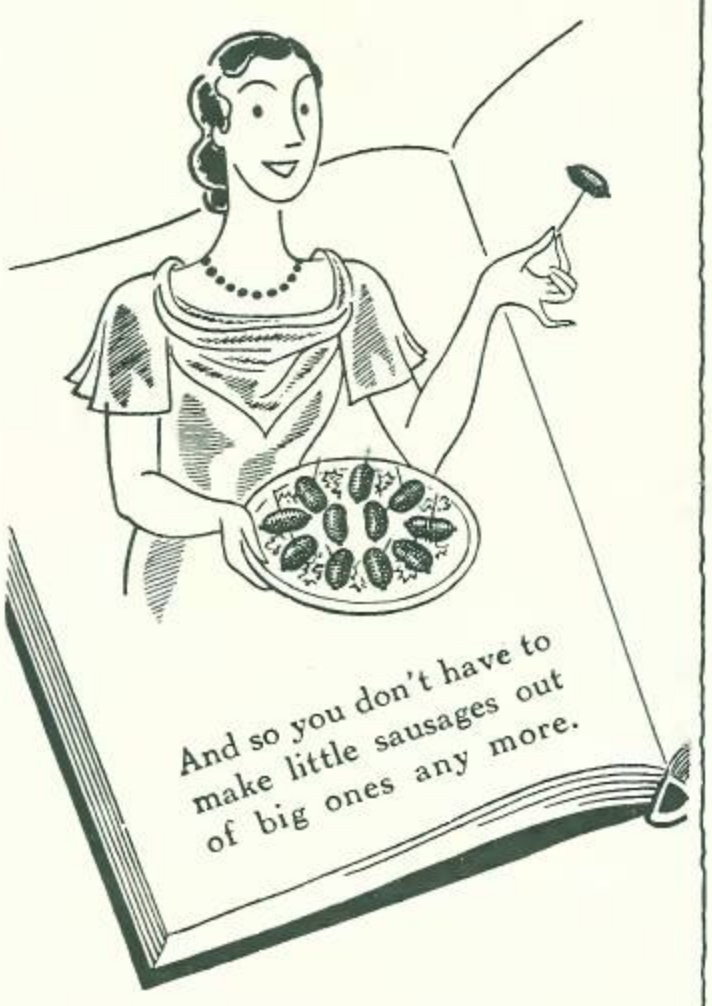
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tinguished service. Harry Cumpson plays the difficult piano part with musicianly assurance, and Aaron Gorodner and the Aeolian String Quartet help out skillfully. As the Concerto consumes only five sides, Mr. Cumpson fills out the album with a fine piano recording of Debussy's "Cloches à travers les Feuilles."

ALSO contemporary, if less "modern," is Stravinsky's second suite for small orchestra, competently performed by the Colonne Orchestra under Gabriel Pierné (Columbia G 68141-D). These are smart, attractive bits, which will serve as an introduction to the composer. They may be compared with a suite for chamber orchestra by Franz Schreker (Polydor 24972-3, imported), which contains an especially appealing intermezzo. Schreker's musical ideas are not so astringent as Stravinsky's, but there is "bite" in his scoring. The composer here directs the Berlin Philharmonic.

THE Sibelius Society, which has no initiation fees or dues, and which you may join by purchasing one of its albums, presents its second volume, which consists of the third and seventh symphonies. The late Robert Kajanus led the London Symphony in the third, and Serge Koussevitzky took charge of the B.B.C. Orchestra for the seventh. The recording, by H.M.V., is almost perfect, and you will find much aid and comfort in the accompanying booklet by Ernest Newman.

From England, too, comes the Severn Suite of Sir Edward Elgar, Bart., O.M., K.C.V.O. (all of this is on the labels of H.M.V. DB 1908-10). An introduction, *pomposo*, with a toccata that almost breaks into "Pomp and Circumstance," a fugue, and a minuet with coda make up the suite, which is full-bodied stuff that would do no harm on any symphony program. Sir Edward conducts it, the agile London Symphony being his band for this occasion.

YOU may have read of the Dolmetsch family, which plays instruments like the viol and the viola da gamba, not to speak of virginals. Some of their recordings are in town, and you'll find a set of variations on "Green Sleeves" a charming addition to your collection. A sarabande and musette by D'Hervelois come with "Green Sleeves," and the whole thing is of more than historical interest (Columbia DB 1062, imported). —R. A. S.



RELATIVES YOU'LL BE *glad* TO WELCOME

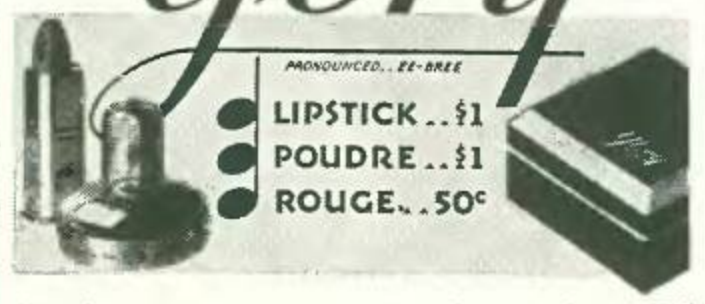
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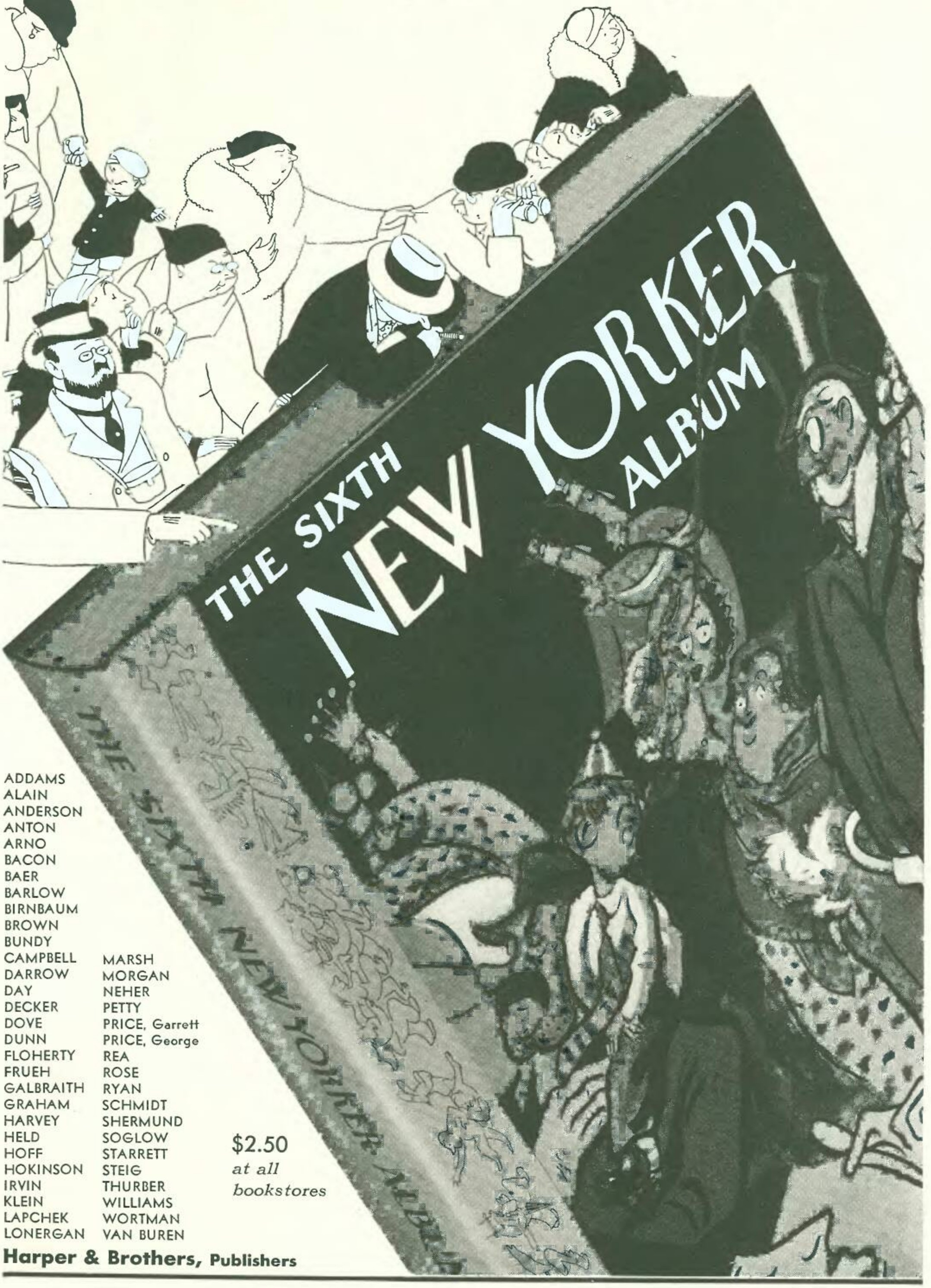
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OUT OF THE WEST

RIGHT away he was a good deal different from most unemployed knights of the road. He came to the front door, and there wasn't any humility in his voice when he said, "I was wondering as how I might stop by for a meal. I'm willing to work for it."

I looked him over, a medium-sized towhead with frank blue eyes and legs that weren't quite straight. I thought as how he could stop by for a meal, though there wasn't any work he could do for it, and he could come in. When something to eat had been set before him, I asked the obvious question.

"Wyoming," he replied. "Where the cattle business is no good any more."

"Oh," I said, "you're a cowboy."

"Cowboy, hell!" He spluttered a little as he chewed, slowly. "I'm a herder."

He told me more. There weren't as many cattle as before. Most of those who ran them rode herd on the stock themselves. There wasn't anything to do home, so he thought he'd see around a little, have a look at New York, to which he was on his way now. It was against the better judgment of his friends. He sounded as if he regretted it a little himself.

I asked him how he liked the East.

"I don't like it much," he said. "The people are too stand-offish. I'll have another cup of coffee."

HE made the last part of his statement quite naturally, as one might to a good neighbor or friend of whom things were to be expected. He had another cup of coffee, and when he had finished it he accepted a cigarette, rose, and was ready to go.

"Which way is New York?" he asked.

I told him, saying it was ten miles. He stood rather irresolutely, looking in the opposite direction from New York. Then he seemed to make a decision. He sighed and said, "I've come about two thousand miles already. So I guess I might as well see it."

"It's pretty good," I said.

He stood a moment longer, looking toward Wyoming. Then he thanked me. The form of his thanks was unusual, but it was none the less solemn and sincere. "Well," he said, before he moved off, "I'll be glad to return the favor if you're ever out my way."

—THEODORE PRATT



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NRA

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



DURING the past frenzied week of romping through sequin jackets, rhinestone tiaras, and clever little compacts that you will be delighted to give away for Christmas, my left eye (which has a tendency to wander anyway) lit accidentally on certain magnificences that anyone would be a fool to be unselfish about. I certainly wouldn't give them away to my best friend (the cat!) were they mine. You, too, will yearn to clasp them to your very bosom and make them your own.

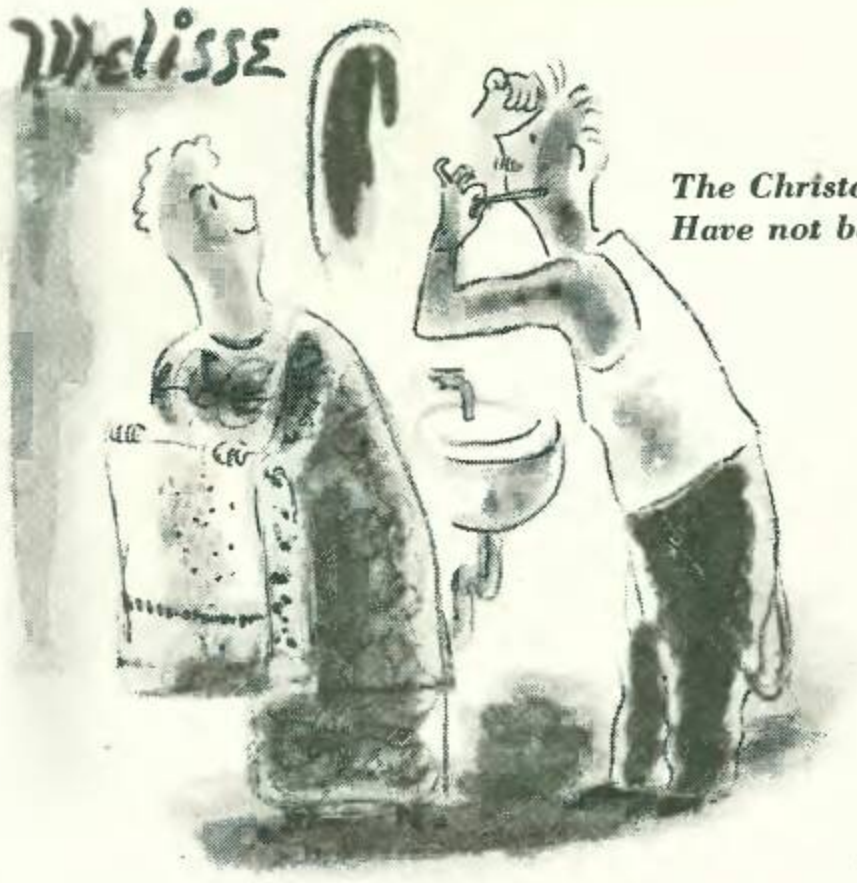
For instance, at Wanamaker. There is a slick, simple gray-wool coat there that you will have to have. The lining and the revers are of lapin, dyed *bright orange* (I saw jackets of bright, dyed lapin a year or so ago and was enchanted, but they died the fastest death in fashion history). You have no idea how gay and how chic it is. With it go the trickiest gloves of an imaginative glove season. They are of gray wool to match the coat, and the huge, orange-lapin cuffs may either flare widely up the arm or be folded back so that they give the effect of a tiny muff when you huddle your hands inside. These gloves, which start at twenty-five dollars, are sold separately in various fabrics and furs. Look at an exclusive little Chanel jacket of red velveteen lined with navy-blue velveteen. It is tightly fitted through the middle, with a double array of brass buttons, and the shoulders are of the sliding-off type, while the sleeves have a bulging-muscle look. There are all kinds of enchanting blue-and-red velveteen accessories to go with it —gloves, and a red hat with a curled-back brim, and a slick navy handbag that opens wide as anything to show the red-velveteen lining, and a scarf. Such a scarf! The narrow, blue end pulls through a great, red circular piece at the other end to give the effect of a pistil in a morning-glory. All of these come in other color combinations. There is another velveteen set, from Goupy this time. The hat, of the exaggerated gob type, has a muff to match, the muff perfectly plain except for crossing folds that give an overlapping effect. These treasures are to be found in the Coin de Paris.

Nor can any Christmas column do justice to the lovely, lovely work that Wanamaker is doing in leather. They are second to none, in my mind, for handbags that are almost impossible to find—tailored affairs with leather or suède or moiré linings, with simple clasps that work forever, and terrific flair. You will see a similar sort of thing in other places, but you will find that the leather (particularly if it is black) gets grayish and sordid within three days. These are made from the finest pin seals and moroccos (and smell *so* wonderful), and, though they keep their shape endlessly, are so soft you can crumple them or stuff them full of junk, or anything. Also, you will find every possible type of wallet and tobacco pouch (the wallets are masterpieces of ingenuity, some with places for New York drivers' licences, which are of an impossible shape, and all), simple cigarette cases, jewel boxes, writing sets—everything very reasonably priced. Go on down there and prowl. You'll go mad, if you love leather as I do.

ALTMAN, these days, is a whirlwind of gay, modern decoration, though every once in a while somebody slips up and uses the word "stylish," and a great relief it is to hear the word, too. You will find two theatre suits of black wool with long skirts that will solve that let's-not-dress problem. One has a white-satin blooze with a deep ruffle around the neck, and a trig, double-breasted jacket with a rippling, white-ermine oval collar and a straight-across vestee of ermine inside. The other has a green-and-gold lamé top, and the tightly buttoned jacket has a flaring bow of baby leopard high on one shoulder, and a deep, oval yoke of leopard on the opposite side. They cost a bit over a hundred dollars, and I adore them. Also, look at a very grand silver-fox muff. It's a simple thing indeed, just a muff with a wistful head making a "V" below it, but it is nice and flat, since the back is not of fur at all but of shirred satin, with a little zipper that turns it into a handbag. This is a hundred and ten to a hundred and fifty dollars, according to the amount of silver you insist on. And in the Shop of American Design, Muriel King is showing an absolutely perfect sports costume. There is a topcoat, fastened casually with two buttons and hanging loosely, but still indicating the figure. Beneath is a simple, well-cut skirt and a jumper, fastened with little hooks, with a belt going around the back from each hipbone, and a little plaid scarf twisted around. It is made of a Forstmann tweed, for Altman has done right by our not-so-little King in the perfection of its copies, and it is the most ideal town-and-country per-

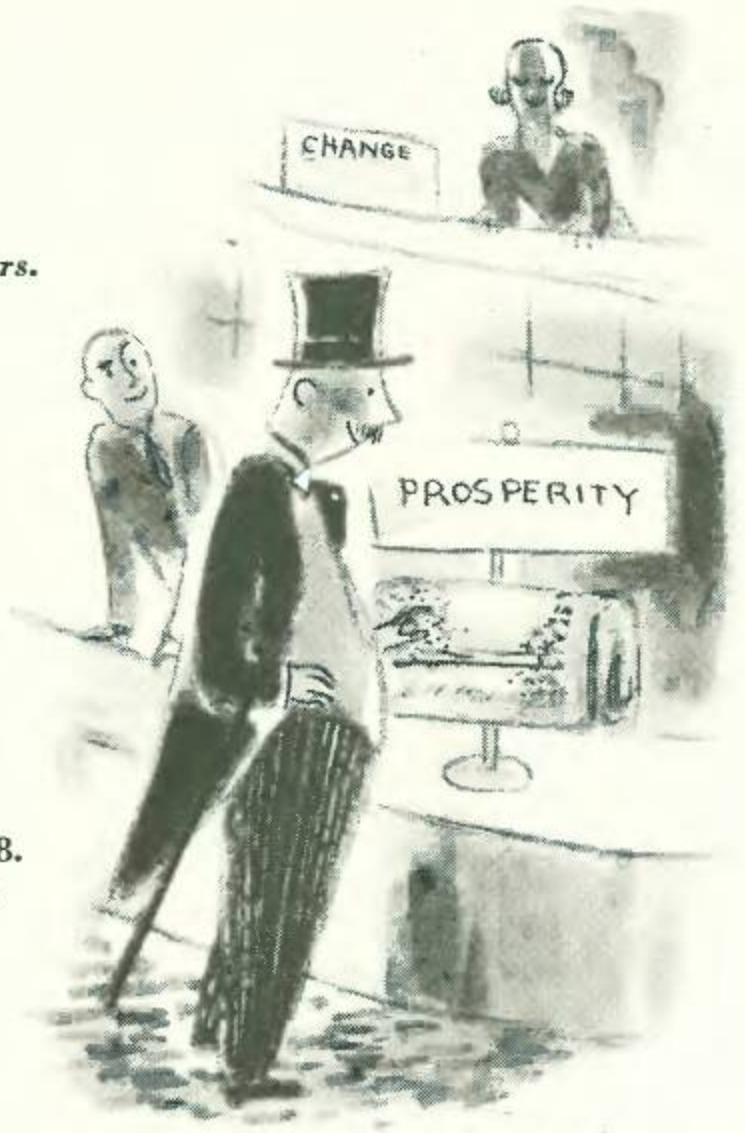


"I thought so! You're one of those rare types that looks just as good in either a foulard or a moiré."



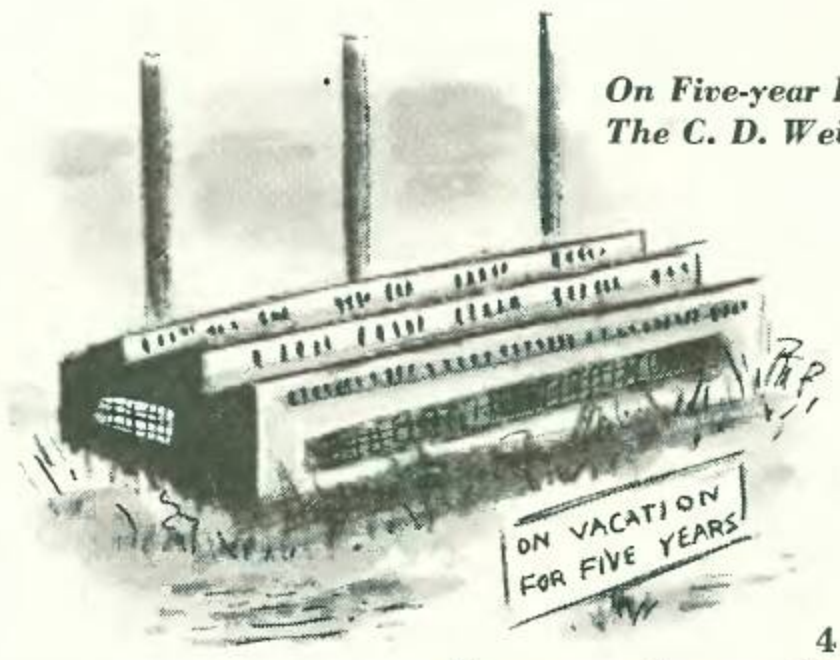
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"They're just as soft and thirsty, too,
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6

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7

We could have kicked ourselves, we could,
For making Cannon towels so good —
For picking cotton firm and long
(Which makes our Cannon towels so strong);
For weaving towels that from the first
Display unprecedented thirst;
For thinking up designs so late
They're hardly ever out of date.
But still we know that our success
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Ever moaned over a quarterback's choice of plays or a coach's reason for making a substitution? Spalding's new Hamilton "Pigskin" Football Game gives *your* knowledge, judgment, and strategy a chance to show their stuff. There's an erasable glass chart on which to record the plays—the cards only determine what yardage you win or lose—the actual plays are yours to call—the play of your "men" on the field—stars, regulars and subs alike—is in your hands. Drop in—and we'll show you how to have fun out of football the whole winter long! "Pigskin" is just **$6.75**

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formance I have seen in many a long day.

N.B. (Getting back to the "stylish," or alkaline, side.) They have one-button doeskin and pig gloves with a real buttonhole. This was unheard of until B. Altman & Co. staged a revival, amidst cheers.

LORD & TAYLOR kept mannequins swishing around in spectacular evening wraps during a time when I should have been concentrating on negligees trimmed with marabou. Pish, tush, and tosh to marabou—these are of velvet and mink and silver fox and the like. There is a black-velvet garbo wrap, for instance, perfectly plain and buttoned around the neck, with a separate affair of silver fox that sets and fastens on the shoulders, giving the effect of huge, double epaulettes. This fastens across the chest. The separate mink business on a wrap of brown velvet makes bunchy sleeves over the long velvet ones, an enormous, masterful Ascot tie, and a deep cape back. A red-velvet wrap has dyed blue fox coming across the chest, descending in back, and turning back toward the elbows to give, in some mysterious fashion, a spiral effect on the sleeves. If all this luxury is too much for you, turn to a masterpiece by Augustabernard. This is of a pale-beige wool (Leda cloth, which has a duvetyn look) and is fitted tightly through the middle and descends simply to the floor. The sleeves are fullish, but the Victorian air is due entirely to the dark purply satin lining, which appears on the simple revers. This is my idea of everything. Augustabernard should retire immediately. She can never break her own record. And you will see in Lord & Taylor one of the nicest day coats in town. It's an impudent, brown-wool tightly fitted affair, with nutria forming the huge cuffs, the band across the chest, and the cowl back.



LAST year, a new little shop called Sibour, at 441 Park Avenue, had the greatest of the shops quaking in their boots, so outstanding a job did they do in the overcrowded $13.95-to-$23.50 field. This year, with their taste still impeccable and their minds reacting instantly to the fact that their clients are clamoring for more important clothes, they have extended the price range considerably, though with great kindliness they still have a large assortment of good-looking clothes in the late teens and early twenties that are extremely how-do-they-do-it. They are fortunate, too, in having a little fitter next door, who whips in for alterations, and whose reputation for good fitting is spreading like crazy. —L. L.

BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN

WE can't get our friends to take our life work seriously on weeks like this, which take us into innumerable (except that we *have* to enumerate them) toy and pet shops. Strong men, growing wistful, volunteer to carry our pads and pencils if we'll only let them come along to "help," which assistance consists mainly of playing with electric trains, squinting through trick microscopes, and raising the type of genial havoc to which people like Schwarz are well inured. The whole festive spirit melts even the cynicism of granite folk like ourselves, and we sneak home sheepishly at night with our arms full of furtive packages, hoping a child will crop up somewhere that we can adopt temporarily.

So far, in a far more grim and sulky vein, we have discussed:

November 4th . . . Christmas cards, stationery, and the personal touch
November 11th . . . Special gifts to order, photographers, and frames and framers

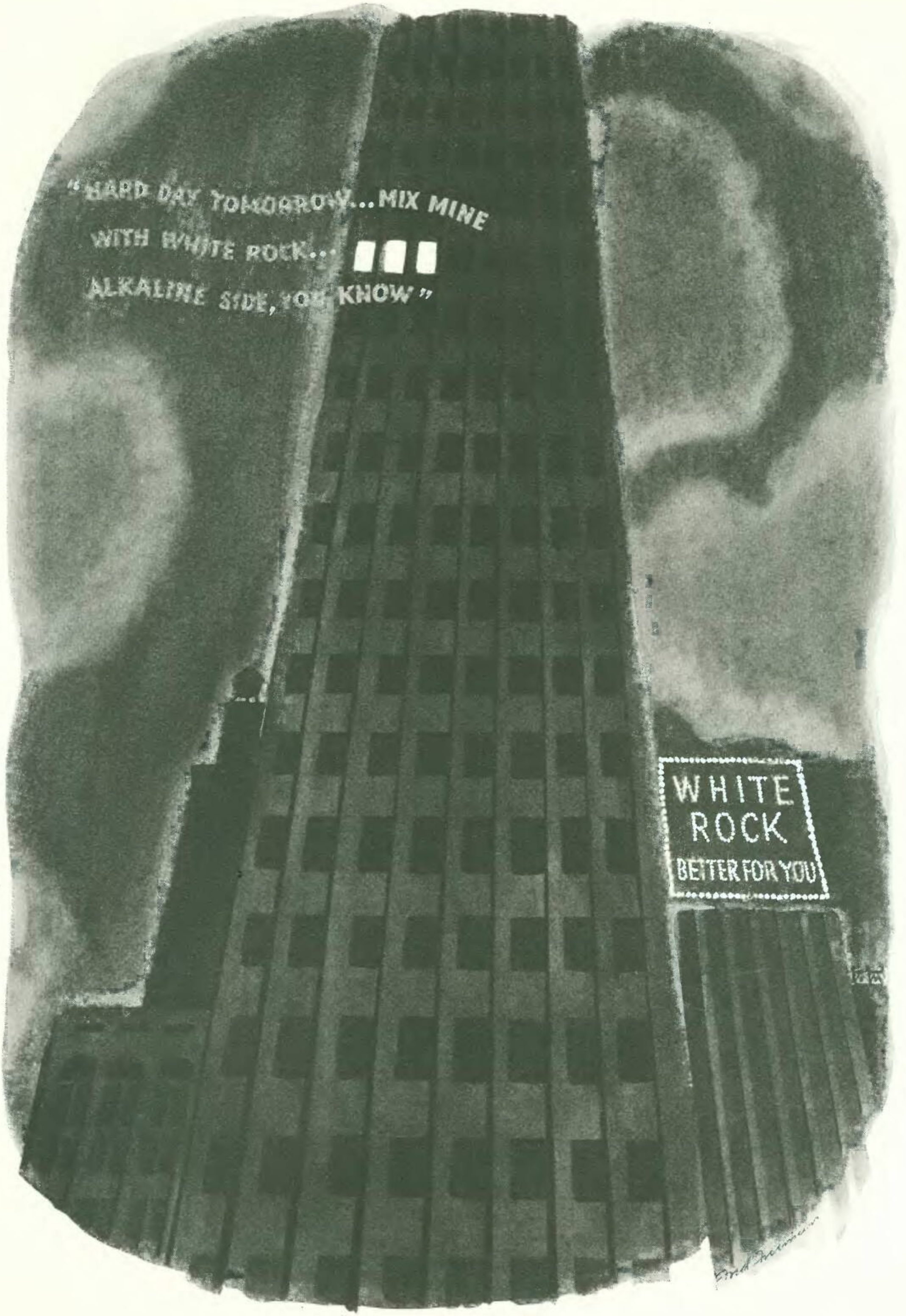
This week, the cockles of our hearts warming perceptibly, we go into:

Toys, below
Sporting accessories, page 72
Pets, page 76

TOYS

WE knew what we were in for when we started out, our eyes all aglow, to look for kiddies' gifties. Last year it was mice. This time it's pigs. In threes. Sometimes with a big, bad so-and-so thrown in, and if you think you can escape them, you are crazy. We will not be surprised if the present generation grows to manhood and womanhood thinking that Santa Claus is only Mr. Disney dressed up.

Don't think there aren't any pigs in a shop just because we don't mention them, either. They're there. So are Patsy dolls and Lionel trains and



(Advertisement)

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JAECKEL

546 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Erector sets. We never go into details about such classics, since anyone connected with children is supposed to know all about them. Nor will you find books listed here, though we believe them to be ideal gifts for the young. The regular book department will give you guidance on that subject. We are concerned, in the list to follow, with rarer and newer goings-on.

Everyone hold on tight; we're off!

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: The Christmas Corral, with fences and a forest background, has wonderful expensive mechanical toys, like fur bears that open their mouths and pour drinks down their throats; $45. Great find: a terrier on a leash, who walks when you lead him; $12. Deep-sea diver with an electric lantern; $2.75. Good shooting and dart games, all fun. Superb railroad trains. And lots of small mechanical toys of the tumbling-mouse variety, for stockings; fifty cents to $1.

ALTMAN: Everything here was made in America, which proves that our toy manufacturers can hold their own with anybody. From a thousand-odd items, we particularly liked: a perfect white Sealyham with an exaggerated jaw; $2.95. The Lockbox, to keep Sonny out of mischief: a square box with four doors and locks to fool with; $2.95. (Of course, it might also put ideas in his head.) Nice, furry musical bear that plays tunes; $3.50. Long-legged, flexible animals and exotic dolls, made of circles of felt sewn together, fifty cents to $1.50. Small boy's tool bench, with rack at the back holding twenty-one tools; $7.50. Baby doll, soft body and whimsical face, in white muslin, with moccasins and rubber pants; $2.95. Toy theatre, with backdrops, wings, curtain, toy money, tickets, and stock company; for original productions; $2.50.

BEST: The Liliputian Bazaar is not a toy-shop, but it acts suspiciously like one at this time of year. For instance: Wicker cradle for a twelve-inch doll, with moiré pillow and cover; plays "Rockabye, Baby" when you push a lever; $7.50. Toy box, on wheels, that you push at the end of a rod; $5.50. Cardboard Noah's ark holding four soft, stuffed animals covered with striped and polka-dot cottons; $3.95. Sleepy Sally, the limp, long-legged rag





YOU CAN'T WEAR THEM . . .

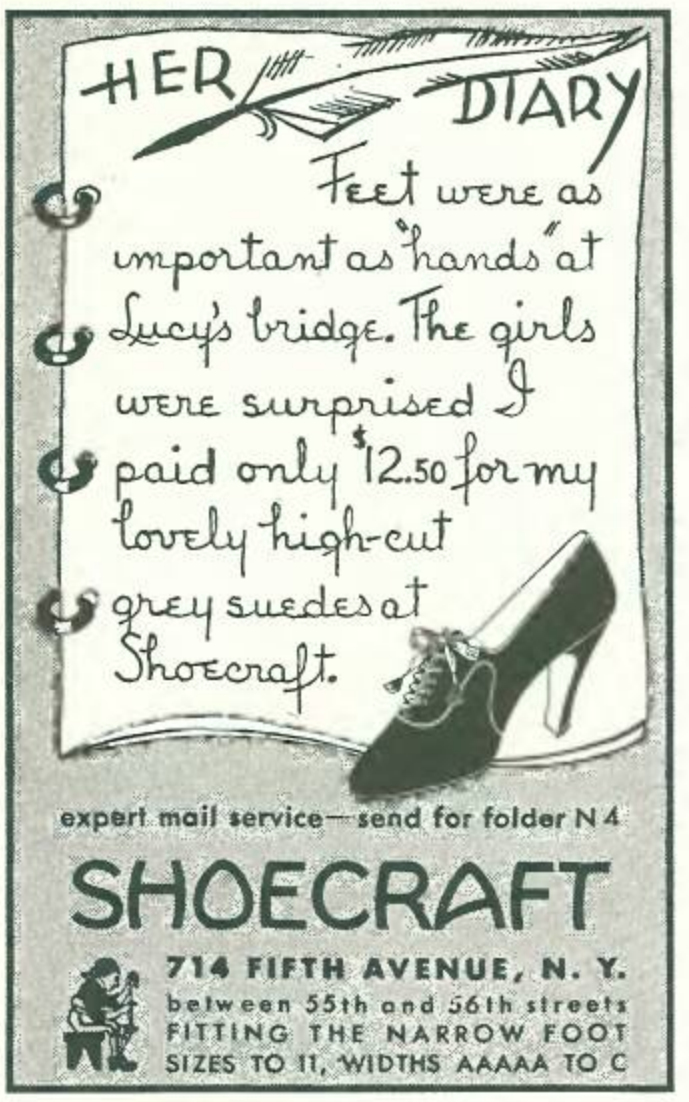
the quilled toques, pagoda berets, Tyrolian hats.. UNLESS your coiffure is *right.* Ivan knows his Paris and the hairways of smart Parisiennes. If *you're* going in for quality and elegance, your best *first* investment is: *"Coiffure styled by Ivan".*

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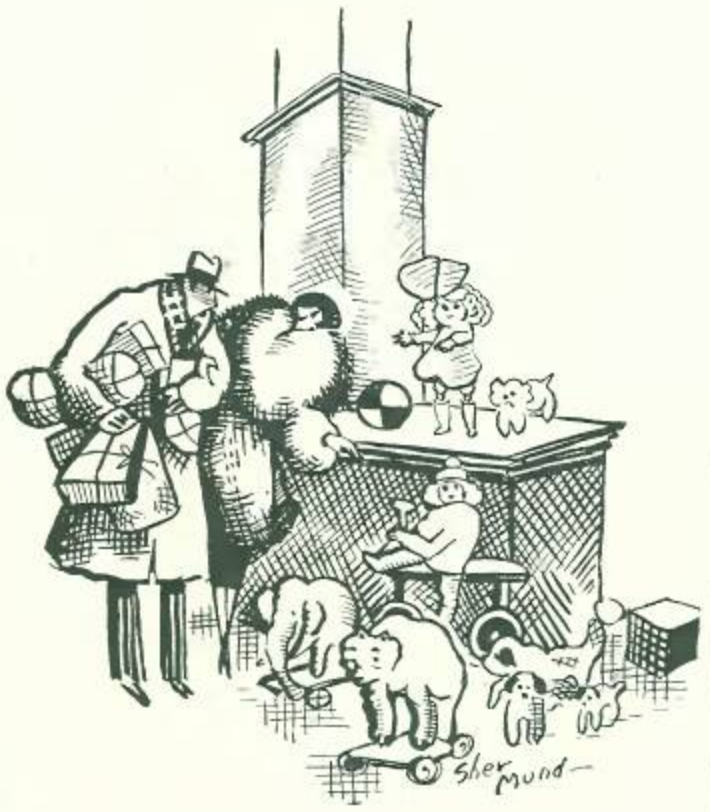
SCHLAET STUDIOS

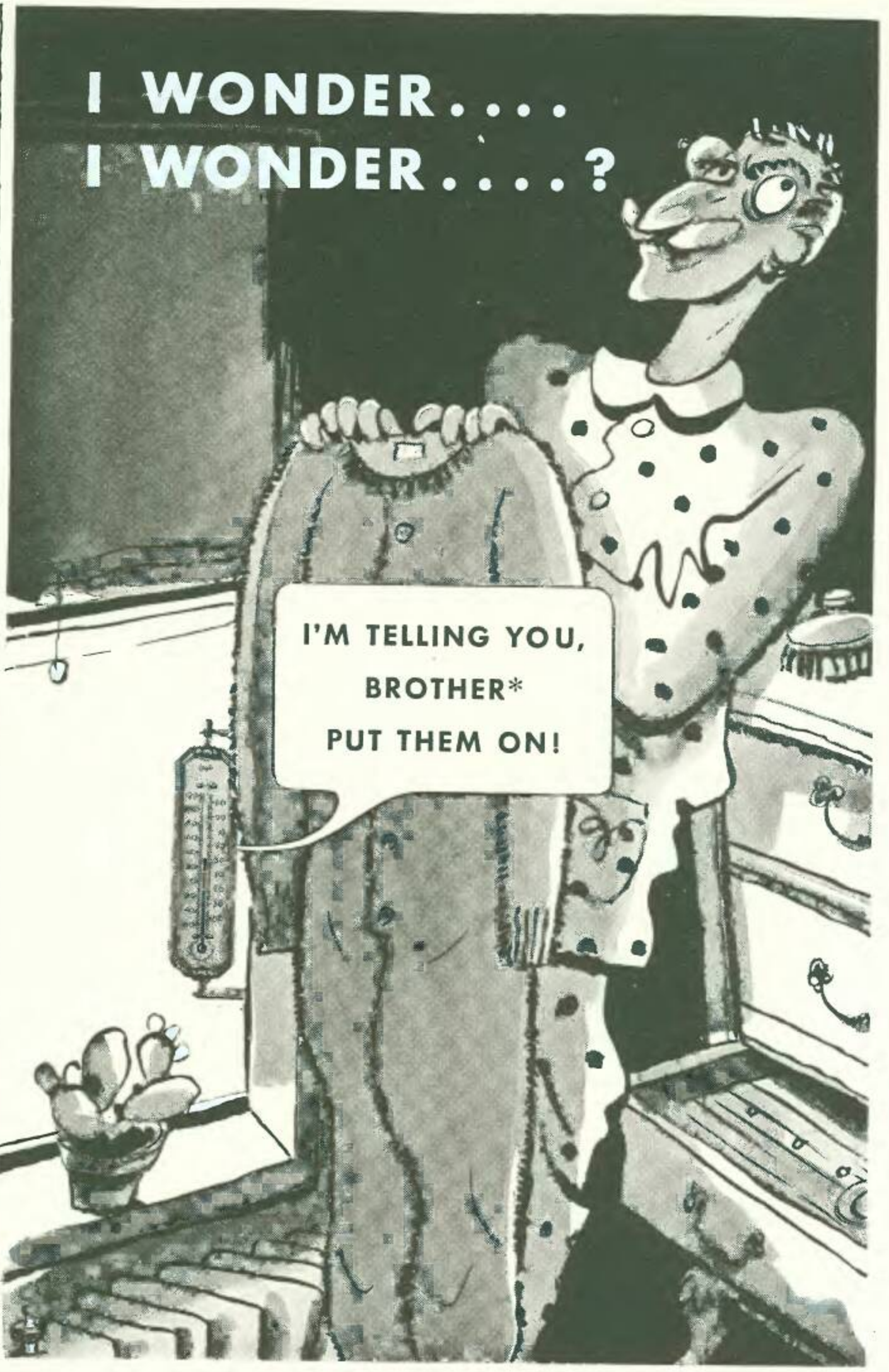
doll with braids and permanently closed eyes, is all over town but appears here in smart seersucker pajamas; $1.75. Orphan Annie of the comic strip, complete with Sandy, who is covered with suede cloth; $1.25. For the nursery: a white wood Scottie lamp. When you pull his tail, the bulb inside shines through his transparent plaid parchment blanket; $3.50.

BLOOMINGDALE: This place is always perfectly grand. Three Little Guess-Whats, skin-colored cotton, soft insides, and red pants; $1.49 each. Also a B-g, B-d W-lf, ferocious; $2.19. The Bloomingdale Baby is one of the most appealing dolls in town, with soft-brown eyes, rubber panties, bootees, dress, and cap; $3.95. Comprehensive collection of airplane-assembling sets; twenty-five cents to $5. Microscope outfits, scientific enough for serious study; ninety-eight cents to $18.50. For the very young, a play clock. No works; you have to push the hands around, but babies love it; $1.98. The games, mechanical toys, and stuffed animals are the kind that are always good.

BONWIT TELLER: No toy department, but the children's shop on the seventh floor has a collection of stuffed woolly animals that absolutely knocked us for a loop. Among those present (they are far too good for description) are: jungle family, with a lion, lioness, and cub. Papa, two-and-a-half feet long, takes his ease; $13.50. Baby (a darling) is $4.50; lioness, $10.95. The leopard family, standing up, is $4.95 to $6.95 for individual members. Peke puppies with green-satin bows in satin-lined baskets; cat families in gray-and-white plushy stuff; and all kinds of dogs, even poodles. There are Lenci dolls, too, but the animals are the real news.

CHILDHOOD, INC., 32 East 65: Rocking horses, grand old-fashioned type, made of wood and spotted; $8.50 to $15. Special group of handmade toys, including a good barnyard setup, with farmer's family, animals, and real hay in the barn; $5. Nursery bookends, painted wooden animal figures; $3.50 a pair. Gifts for older children: desk sets in natural wood with peasant designs. Mirrors, wood-framed and surmounted by a carved figure; $5 and





HERE'S ACTION. A man with a problem. This morning he jumped out of bed, underwear-minded. As he shook the moth-balls out of his heavies, his brow wrinkled. Yes, he even pondered. When suddenly up spoke the Taylor Thermometer from out his window. Said it was cold. Good and cold. And our problem-man shouted his thanks, squirmed into the underwear and itched his way to work.

You can believe whatever a Taylor Thermometer tells you—whether it's outside your window, inside a room, in your bath, or out in the kitchen helping the cook. Most of the good shops have Taylor temperature and weather instruments, but to be sure of full value, look for the name Taylor. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, New York, or Toronto, Canada.

*Speaking above, is the **TAYLOR WINDOW THERMOMETER,** black figures on white enameled scale, adjustable chrome bracket and frame, weather-resistant, outdoor range, red Permacolor tube. No. 5300. Price $3.50.

• • •

TAYLOR WALL THERMOMETER—De Luxe model in modern style, 7 inches overall, choice of 3 two-tone finishes—Blue, Brown, or Red—indoor temperature range, red Permacolor tube. No. 5107. Price $2.00.

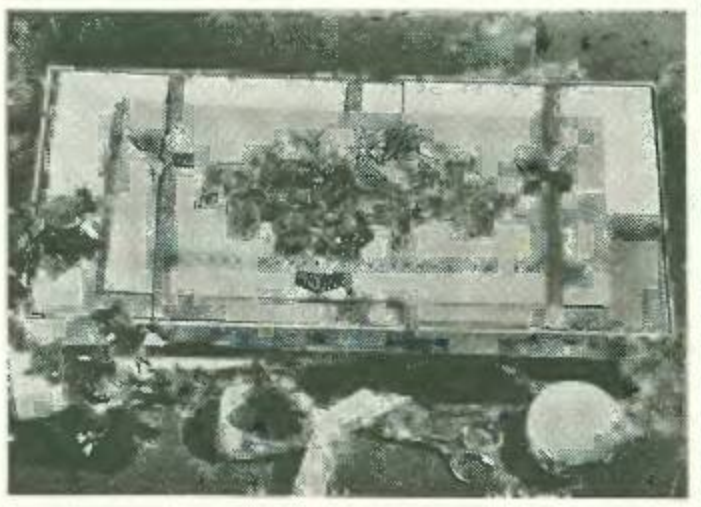


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A DOUBLY BRILLIANT BUY• THIS CHRISTMAS

IF YOUR gifts are Wamsutta all the "thank-you" notes will say: *"There is nothing nicer that you could have given me!"* For everybody knows that there is only *one* Wamsutta when it comes to combining fineness of texture, luxurious smoothness, and sturdy, honest wear in sheets and pillow cases.

This Christmas, too, you will find less difference in price than you might expect between Wamsutta and other kinds of sheets. At your favorite store ask them to show you the special wrapping and the gay, old-fashioned Christmas cards that you may have with all your gifts of Wamsutta Sheets, and with the inexpensive boxed pairs of Wamsutta Pillow Cases as well.

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Founded 1846

up. Better ask Mamma about the mirrors. Maybe she no want.

CHILDREN'S BOOK & PLAY SERVICE, 872 Madison: Intelligence and imagination brought to play on the whole gift problem. They will help you select from such temptations as the following: Soda-fountain set: mixer, malted-milk powder, and service for party of six; $3.50. Old Salt outfit: real compass, binocular, sailboat, fishing tackle, officer's cap and emblem; $1.25. Makeup kit (for responsible children) with greasepaint, mustachios, burnt cork, and all, for potential Juliets and Jack Daltons; $1.50 and $2.50. Balloon set, with full equipment for making your own balloons; $2.50. Real binnacle; $1. Mechanical auto with lights; music plays when the rumble is opened; $3.50. Bubble set for three, called The Three Little Pigs Bubble Set (and who will cast the first stone?); $1.75. The book department caters to children from the time they are six months old until they are through high school.

THE DUGOUT, 235 East 52: You know the wooden animals and barnyard fowls these people sell, whittled and painted by disabled World War veterans. Some of these toys move their lower jaws; some waddle along when placed on an incline. Kindergarteners adore them. They are also deft here at turning out birdhouses for country cousins.

EASTMAN KODAK STORE, Madison at 45: Brownie box cameras. Anyone can operate them, and your Boy Scout nephew will be charmed. Some cases bear the Scout emblem. And lots of sweet-faced 'ittle dirls would rather have one Brownie than six dolls.

EDUCATIONAL PLAYTHINGS, INC., 20 East 69: You never saw such fascinating gadgets for the very young in all your life. The Treasure Box, beloved by our best babies, is a wooden box with holes in the lid and things to drop through; keeps two-year-olds endlessly entranced; $1.50. Baby Clappers for nervous parents: a nice pair of wooden cymbals for the pounding age (six months); sixty cents. The Screw Boat unscrews in several places, diverting attention from the family clock; $1.10. Peg Village, a peg board with trees and houses to make a village scene; also has groove for toy automobiles; $5.50. Peter Rabbit and Farmer McGregor set, classic and hand-painted; $2. And the sand toy of the century: a house, garage, flowers, and trees, to be set up in the sandbox or on the beach; $1.50.



FRANKLIN SIMON: More fun! Busy Betty, a toy washing machine with clothes-wringer; in glass and white enamel; will wash adult handkerchiefs and lingerie (small sizes) in emergencies; $2.50. Sanitary teddy bears, covered with polka-dot oilcloth, red on white; gay and silly; seventy-five cents to $1.25. Cop outfit, with full equipment for preserving the peace; handcuffs, gun, billy, whistle, and cap; $1.25. Circus-parade wagon, a foot and a half long; full of animals with movable legs; a lot of present for $3.50. New fort, of wood; has towers, flagpole, drawbridge; $5.50. Soldiers for it, four inches high; sixty-five cents each. Small racing car with rubber wheels; makes appalling speed when wound up; $1.25. Or a whole set of racers (four), all rubber so they can't hurt the furniture; $1 a set. Life-size wire-haired terrier; black-and-white, realistic, and silky; $6.50. Lying-on-side cat made of rabbit skin; coal-black, white whiskers; $3.95. Sun Flower Sue, a great big rag doll (three feet high) in orange organdie, with a frill around the face; $1.95. De-Luxe doll carriage for bigger and better baby dolls; has all modern improvements: draught protector, storm cover on the hood, safety foot brake; $18.50, in black, maroon, and gray.

GIMBEL: We never get tired of talking about the doll-clothes department here. They have the most incredible doll wardrobes: raincoats, bathrobes, zipper suits, lounging and sleeping pajamas, sweaters, leggings, hats, shoes; fifty cents to $4.99, bought individually. Little girls always love additions to their dolls' wardrobes.

Also, Sky-Ride, a Century of Progress toy, which is the Coney Island number done in toy size; $1.55. Litho-Art: a stamping set for making greeting cards, letterheads, *et al.*; $2.99. New and fancy steel toys: locomotive, plane, and bus with electric lights, rubber tires, and Blue Eagle; $1.19. A health ball for water polo, basketball, or just fun; $1.99 and $2.99. And a collection of midget chemistry outfits, with non-explosives in metal cases, test-tubes, and equipment for making such harmless trifles as soap, perfume, and such; $1 to $2.50.

GRENFELL LABRADOR INDUSTRIES, 370 Fourth Avenue: Handicraft with a legitimate Arctic tone. Also toys, such as Eskimo dolls and dog sleds. Children who get excited over Polar expeditions will love them. Picture puzzles of Arctic scenes, too.

JACOBSON GALLERY—ARTS & CRAFTS, 315 East 57: Walk through the picture gallery to the rear of the shop, and look at one of the town's first doll families. Russian boy doll, eight inches; wears Cossack hat and carries miniature balalaika; $1.50. Russian girl doll, one inch taller; has fat braids and carries tiny baby rag doll; also $1.50. Charlie Chaplin doll, fifteen inches; has black silk hair, black felt suit, big shoes, and cane; $3.50. Amos 'n' Andy rag dolls, twenty-four inches; in blackface; $4.50 each. Handmade, every one.

LORD & TAYLOR: Another old reliable comes through. Rango, a big brown plush monkey with pink palms, soles, and face; $8. Stuffed big game; $1 to $19.50. Brown velvet African native with gold-hoop earrings; $1.50. Domestic animals, too, like imported English Scotties of gunmetal plush; $4. For young men with militaristic tendencies, a group of new warfare toys: trench



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Sail South when Christmas week-end starts . . . on the size-speed-*space* marvel's first short cruise.

DEC. 24 . . . ENTERTAINMENT
Canadian Festival Entertainers get going. Dances, folk-songs, cowboy tunes. Famous dance orchestra.

DEC. 25 . . . CHRISTMAS AT SEA
Old English Christmas . . . boar's head and plum pudding, carolers and Yule log, Christmas tree and all!

DEC. 26 . . . JAMAICA
A day in sunny Kingston, fascinating capital of this enchanted island. Gorgeous mountain drives.

DEC. 28 . . . SEA AND SUN
More shipboard fun! Tennis, squash tourneys on real courts. Swimming meets. Dancing under the stars.

DEC. 29 . . . CUBA
A full day in Havana. And then for the New Year's frolic aboard ship! Fancy Dress Ball, of course.

DEC. 31 . . . BAHAMAS
A peaceful Sunday in the land of coral, sponges and perpetual sunshine. Informal New Year's Eve.

JAN. 3 . . . NEW YORK
Back with a sun tan . . . with new friends . . . with memories of the happiest holiday you ever enjoyed.

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Also . . . Duchess of Bedford "WEST INDIES PLUS" CRUISES . . . 28 sun-filled, pleasure-packed days. The fascinating West Indies . . . *plus* Bermuda, the Spanish Main, South America, and the Canal Zone. From New York, Jan. 20 . . . and again Feb. 21. *$270 up.*

Makes mutinous hips behave!

STA-DOWN



And, incidentally, behaves beautifully itself! For, as the name indicates, this girdle "stays down"—all the while doing a most efficient job of moulding tummy, waist and hips into one undulating, eye-appealing ensemble. Artfully fashioned of two-way stretch Lastex, with a batiste panel in front that conceals some light boning. Semi step-in type. Sizes 24 to 36. Ask for "H & W's" STA-DOWN, style C2360.

$6.50

Others from $5.00 to $12.50

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Kresge Dept. Store (Newark)

—AND ALL BETTER CORSET DEPARTMENTS AND SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE U. S.

There's an "H & W" Foundation for Every Figure

sections, modern cannon, dugouts, concealing foliage, etc.; from twenty cents to $4.50 apiece. One more rag doll of the window-mannequin school: flaxen-haired and flossily dressed in organdie and taffeta; $5. Baby Anne is a soft-bodied baby doll whose eyes close in sleep and roll from side to side without the slightest provocation; $5. The Patsy nurse-and-doctor outfits: no uniforms, but stethoscopes, pill bottles, thermometers, and the like; $2. Full-bodied cultural idea: a hundred color reproductions of old masters in a notebook; can be torn out and pasted in a scrapbook; a second book gives biographies of the masters involved; $2 for everything. Cowboy, Indian, and policeman suits, with equipment; $2 to $10.50.



MACY: Trying to single out items here is simply terrific. However, look for: safe-and-sane hobby animals for the very young, like stuffed-oilcloth elephants, rabbits, dogs; $1.09. Prestidigitator kits, with simple magic for youthful amateurs; $1.49. Jointed wooden bulldog which walks when you squeeze bulb at end of leash; $1.19. Magnetic crane to pick up metal objects (you should get two—one for Father—to give the children a chance); $1.17. Electroplating set that really makes engravings; $4.69. Cape Cod house for the boy to put together and give to Sistie for her dolls, or take down and build again; ninety-four cents. Housekeeping set for little girls; calico apron, pot-holder, wrist cuffs; ninety-four cents. Doll's trunk: the front lets down, and out pops a Murphy bed with a doll in it; $1.86. All-rubber pickaninny ($1.41) or white baby doll ($2.09), to be immersed in water. Also layettes for them. Snoozie, a baby so real it's uncanny—the rubber hands and feet even *feel* like skin; comes tied in a blanket. Snoozie is $4.96; with the blanket, $5.94. Crib and perambulator covers; ninety-nine cents. And a marvelous collection of rag dolls; fifty-nine cents to $2.74.

MCCREERY: Cheers for McCreery, for showing one of the cute tricks of the year. It's a doll-walker; $2; looks like a Kiddie Car, with pronged pedals sticking out in the front to catch the doll's feet. These move when the doll's mother pushes it along, so the doll walks. Playhouse equipment and furnishings: indestructible tea sets in pastel colors; $1.50 to $3. High chairs for dolls, painted or plain; $1.50 to $2.75. Playhouse kitchen cabinet with drawers and cabinet space and food-containers; $10. And lots of rubber balls, old-fashioned ones with pictures on them; twenty-five cents to $1.25.

OVINGTON: The selection here is not huge, but it has been well picked. They do especially well with constructive toys, like a model of George Washington's coach to be put together; $2.50. Microscope sets, with real microscope, slides, labels, chemicals, jars, and test-tubes for preserving insect victims; $2.50 and $5. Lithographing sets; $3 and $5. And—fancy our glee after all these years—old-fashioned sun-printing equipment, with frame and paper for making prints from kodak films by exposing them to the sun's rays; $1.50. Another old-timer: Lincoln Logs, for constructing lifelike cabins from plans; $2 and $3. Mother will approve of Beetleware dishes for nursery tea parties; fifteen pieces for $3.75. She might look askance, however, at the ouija board whose letters light up and spell words in the dark, $3.50; not for excitable children who Dream, please. Better get them the Scotty Twins: two limp puppies sprawled appealingly in a basket; $4. Or a dump truck, with lights and a horn; $3.50. Or a wood fire-house with an alarm box and three engines; $1.25. Also, they have all of the new Pop-Up Books (the illustrations become three-dimensional when you open the book), including M. Maus and some of the Silly Symphonies: $2.

THE PLAYROOM, INC., 816 Madison: They've got good ideas here. For instance, a carpenter's bench, complete with tools, designed to fit into apartment life; $8.50. The Triple Signal Telegraph, for sending vital secret messages to henchmen; $2. Combination blackboard and painting easel; $8, including good range of poster paints. Tea-set ensemble, for little girls who play house (remember, lots of them are Modern about this), with glass tea set, checked gingham tablecloth and napkins, waitress apron and headband, and (a sop to Nursie) mop and dish-cloth for cleaning up afterward; $4 complete. A doctor's case and nurse's uniform; $4. Grocery-store setup with food samples, cash register that works, scales, and double-action telephone for placing orders from the next room; $5.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: One of the best toyshops we have ever been in. You get grand doll's bedding: sheets and pillow cases with dogs and things embroidered on them; $1.25 a set. Any boy over ten will be delighted with the training planes: you put them together and manipulate their movements as in actual flying, with a joy stick and all. Great fun for the young marster; $1. Radio construction sets, with blueprints; $6.50. Shoemaker bench with hammer and nails; $3.50. Fake electric icebox with glass cubes; $3.75. Candy counter with (oh, oh!) jars of real candy, paper bags, scoops, scales, and money; $10. River boats, paddle wheels and all, for romantic children who are meeting Huck and Tom for the first time; thirty-five and seventy-five cents. De-luxe items: for boys, huge fort with an American army and all the grisly implements of modern warfare; $100. For girls: the doll's house of your early dreams—electrically lighted, curtains you can take down and wash, rooms furnished complete to

the towels in the bathroom and cards on the game table; $300. Maybe we shouldn't have mentioned it.

MAX SCHLING SEEDSMEN, INC., 618 Madison: Plenty of other places sell forcing bulbs, lily-of-the-valley pips, watering cans, and house-plant tools, but the collection here is especially comprehensive and you can depend on the bulbs' growing flowers some day, which is very important if you want your child to keep his faith in you.

SCHOENFELD, 1254 Lexington: You are denying your young son one of his inalienable rights if you don't take him here at least once a year. The place is always full of enchanted children. The toys are piled up every which way, and the ones on the top shelves may have dust on them, but it is a place for romantic exploration. At random: Pak o' Fun, a new gadget, working on flashlight batteries, that throws animated-cartoon silhouettes on a little screen; $2. De-luxe Three Little Pigs in soft white plush, with colored pants and a realistic squeal; as well as a book that tells their story, and a house with a wolf-proof fence; $4.75. Complete Pullman section in miniature, working exactly like the real ones, with curtains, bedding, everything, and two dolls; $3. Practical things, too, like hammer-and-nail tables to save wear and tear on the rest of the house; sizes to accommodate one carpenter or six.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, 745 Fifth Avenue: We have never forgiven this place for moving up to magnificence at Fifty-eighth Street, because of a possibly silly conviction that toyshops ought to smell musty. None the less, its wares make you envious of a generation young enough to play with them in public. A few of them are: a miniature kiln (about two feet high); electric. Works on any current, produces tiny ceramics; $16.50, with clay and glazing paints. Photo-color set: Brownie camera and prepared paints, for coloring snapshots; $3. Chromium bicycle watch, with radium dial; goes on handlebars; $3.50. Handsome work benches for boys, fully equipped; $12 to $20 (good enough for adult amateurs). Marionette circus under canvas, imported and fascinating; $18. Skippy Cowboy, boy doll in chaps and sombrero; $5. Miniature vacuum cleaner, really works; $4. Master Draughtsman sets, for older boys with architectural leanings; $5 and $10. Grand collection of boxes of water colors and oil paints; $1 to $10. Four-foot easel, with blackboard and large pad of drawing paper; there is a tray below with chalk, crayons, and eraser; $5. Bancort, played like table tennis on card table set against the wall; $7.50, including net. Leathercraft set, with twelve rolls of leather and designs for things to make—bags, card cases, belts, etc.; $2.50. Electric stove, three feet high, with pots and pans; $29.50. You'll never get through the place in one day. We, with our special Christmas-shopping technique, barely made it.

STERN: They are always good at stuffed animals in this place. This season's prize is the best teddy bear in years—of soft, thick plush and very big;



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for after-dinner coffee

settee in an exclusive waffle-weave fabric (7th floor) 115.00

glass and chromium coffee table (7th floor) 29.75

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lamp—wood base trimmed with metal stars 24.00
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REVEALS HIDDEN VALUES



Yes, Madam: the yarn from which a fabric is made makes a world of difference. A difference in hidden values, that shows up more and more after hard wear, dry cleanings, tubbings, or ironings.

Bemberg, made by a distinctive "stretch-spinning" process is acknowledged to be the best yarn made by man—the strongest, the finest.

Make sure of the hidden values. Ask if the dresses, the undies, the stockings offered to you are made of Bemberg. American Bemberg Corporation, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York. Plant at Elizabethton, Tennessee.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Remember
BEMBERG
The Aristocrat of Man-Made Yarns

$1.98. Runner-up: Scotty family; black plush, wearing plaid blankets; $1.98 to $3.98 each. Also, Calico Kate, a nice floppy rag doll, $1.29; will stand a lot of wear. The Jackbilt store; companion piece to last year's Jackbilt house. Made of fibre board; will hold one average-size sales clerk aged five or so; has shelf of food products; $2.50. Miniature electric washing machine, AC only; $1.98. Genuine cowhide football with pump; $1.98. Leather helmet to match; $1.98. Archery sets, for little darlings who can be trusted; $1 to $3.50. The Fire Chief tricycle—has a siren and back steps, and a fireman's helmet comes with it; $5.95 complete. Tables and tables of constructive games and sets: basket-weaving, doll dressmaking, doll's millinery, and things like that.

WANAMAKER: As always, one of the most fascinating collections in the entire town. For instance: little girls' glass tea sets, service for four, in amber, green, or blue; $1.15. Fingerprinter, the young sleuth's friend; complete equipment for fingerprinting everybody in sight; $1.15. A rag-doll Alice, twenty-one inches tall; long blond hair, apron, etc.; $1.15. Baby doll, extraordinarily realistic; breathes audibly in peaceful sighs when pressed; $3.95. Shipbuilding sets, something new and grand in educational toys; contain the makings of models of the Mayflower, the Pinta, or the Santa Maria; $1.98. Draw-Mor, an improved copying and enlarging outfit for youthful artists; $1.98. The Calico Cat: large-sized fireplace puss covered in glazed chintz; for the kindergarten age; $2.50. Two large toys, unusually good, for men of action: the Skippy Scooter (fireman's red, with streamline fenders over rubber-tired wheels), $4.95; big dump truck (forty-four inches) of wood and metal—to be pulled or pedaled; $8.85. And more games than you would believe exist. Of these, look at Stick-a-Disk, the old target game, played with rubber discs that stick by suction to whatever they hit ($1.15 in cardboard; $2.95 in wood), and Bambino, the baseball game you have heard so much fuss about (ninety-eight cents to $2.50).

SPORTING ACCESSORIES

WE usually give our trusting public advice that it doesn't need; to wit, that giving golf clubs, tennis racquets, and such is risky. After they're no longer beginners, men either know exactly what they want (and insist on trying it out themselves) or rely heavily on their pro to tell them what's what. It is far safer, though less romantic, to give them an order on a reliable sports shop. However, the most finicky golfer should be happy with the new Bobby Jones Limbershaft clubs. The woods are $8.50 to $12; the irons come in matched sets; $50 to $75, according to number. They are the pride and joy of Spalding. Golf bags



THE
Lord & Taylor
BUDGET SHOP

puts a velvet bib on a dress made of a fabric that looks like ribbed silk but actually is woven of Bemberg yarn. This should make you feel very easy in your mind on the subject of dry cleanings. Or even washings. Rust or gold with brown, blue with blue, or green with green. 14-20, **14.75**

SECOND FLOOR

are not a major problem; you can get a gorgeous leather one, with all kinds of trick pockets, for $50. And no adorer of a golfer should ever forget, however much the donor wishes to be original, the old standby, a box of golf balls. Spalding puts them up in Christmas packages; $4 to $9 a dozen.

The Fifth Avenue shop of Rogers Peet has matched sets of Kroydon clubs with the new Limbershafts; $50. Other Kroydon sets, $20 to $72. Also some windbreakers, for golf and almost all cold-weather performances, that are cut more conservatively and more smartly than most.

Macy has golf balls which have been X-rayed and tested for symmetry and accuracy; $4.44 a dozen. Leather hoods with zipper fasteners for wooden clubs, sixty-nine cents; red-and-yellow golf umbrellas, $2.99.

Abercrombie & Fitch, besides a complete line of matched clubs, have an N.U.L. iron twelve inches long, with two faces—for playing right- and left-hand shots out of impossible lies; $3.50.

If you haven't much time for shopping, you'd better keep away from the gunroom of Abercrombie & Fitch, for you'll probably spend the rest of the day there. You'll find the de-luxe pieces of Purdey, Woodward, Boss, Holland, Francotte, Greifelt, and Sauer, for which you can pay a great deal of money, as well as excellent, hard-shooting guns made by Winchester, Remington, Savage, Parker, Smith, and Fox, which are a great deal cheaper. As for rifles, we could go on and on. Griffin & Howe, 202 East Forty-fourth Street, specialize in equipment for big game, while A. F. Stoeger, Inc., 507 Fifth Avenue, has cases full of the leading German and American rifles of all grades, and those Webley air pistols for indoor target practice. Incidentally, we



Elizabeth Arden says . . .

If you want your slenderizing done *for* you . . . have an

Ardena Bath!



To some women—busy ones in particular—the idea of exercising to reduce is appalling. "If only some method could be found that would do the work while I lie down and relax," they say.

The Ardena Bath is just such a method. It looks like whipped cream and you lie down in it. Soon you are covered with a coating of it, *waxing slenderer every minute,* while you doze off happily. And the amazing part of it is that it reduces only those parts that need slenderizing!

This process, at the same time that it relieves you of unwanted pounds and inches, purifies your entire system. Fatigue and nerve strain disappear under its soothing influence. The result is a slendered body, relaxed nerves, and renewed vitality. Doesn't that sound like the answer to your prayers?

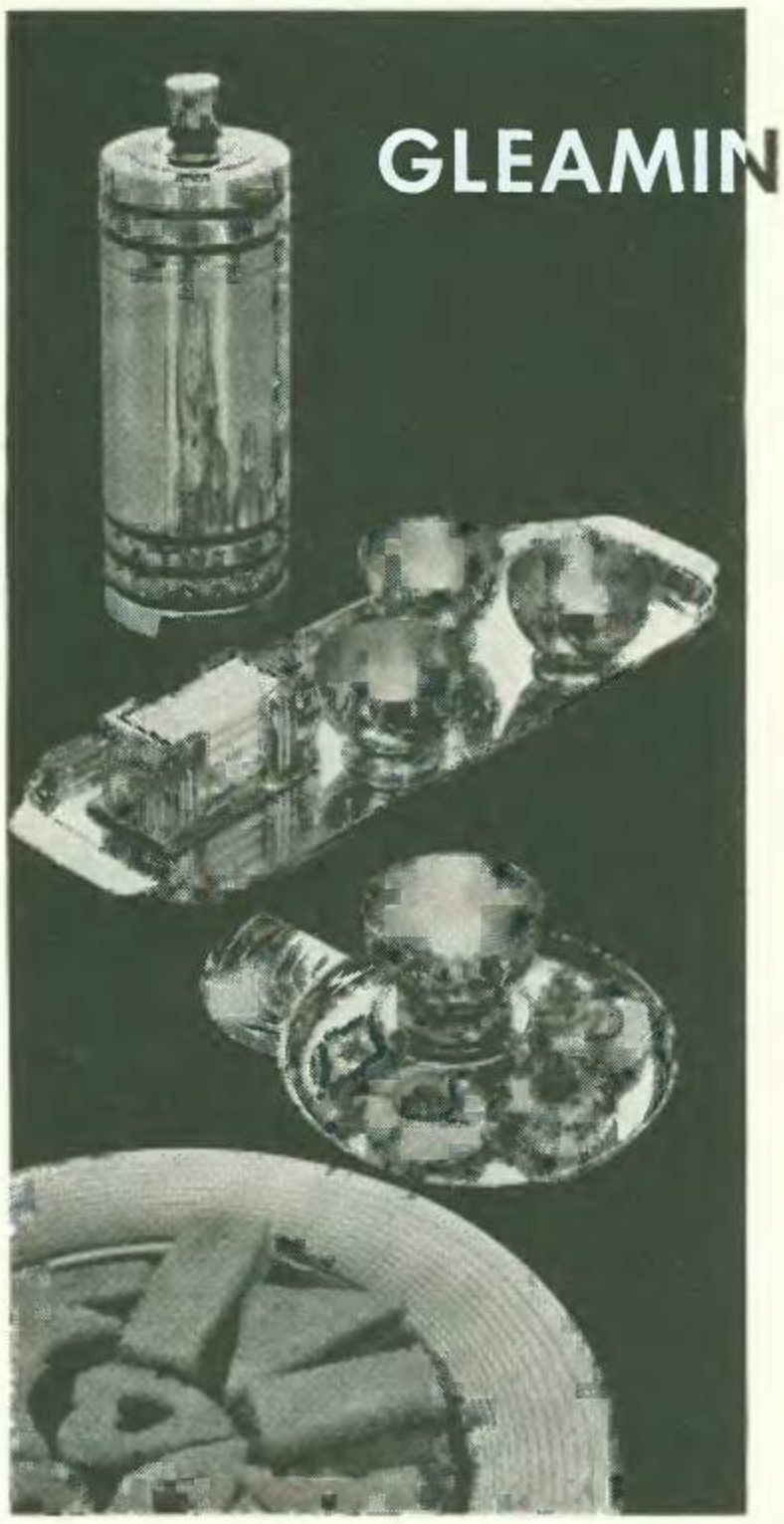
For an Ardena Bath, please telephone PLaza 3-5847.

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saw magazine drums that would turn Luger automatic pistols into pretty fair sub-machine guns.

Fishermen are quite as particular about their tackle as hunting men about their tack. However, Abercrombie & Fitch; Herbert & Huesgen, 18 East Forty-second Street; Macy; Alex Taylor, 22 East Forty-second Street; and Wanamaker, among others, have just about everything in rods, reels, and accessories for deep-sea or fresh-water fishing, and throw in excellent advice on the subject.

Binoculars are decidedly acceptable presents for sportsmen. The best-known of the imported makes is the Zeiss, which comes in many sizes and diameters of magnification. You can find them at Aitchison & Company, 483 Fifth Avenue; E. B. Meyrowitz, 520 Fifth Avenue; Herbert & Huesgen; C. Klauberg, 331 Madison Avenue; and Carl Zeiss, Inc., 485 Fifth Avenue. The American-made Bausch & Lomb binocular, on sale, among other places, at the Eastman Kodak Store, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, is deservedly popular. The newest models are a special high-power glass, which costs $140, and the Companion Glass, which you carry in your pocket, and costs $19.25. Meyrowitz has prismatic compasses and barometers for yachtsmen; split-second and stop-watch timers; and pedometers for hikers and golfers.

At Brooks, you can get smart British appointments for their well-known hunting kit, such as sandwich boxes, hunting horns, and wire-cutters; also a folding bootjack in a leather case, with pulls and tab pushers, and a variety of riding crops, whips, and seat sticks. Abercrombie & Fitch have Swaine & Adeney crops and riding whips, calendars and desk sets, and paperweights with sporting motifs. And those Negro-jockey hitching posts you see at Saratoga; $70. They're made of iron and you can have them painted in your favorite racing colors.

If you're looking for bicycles, and a lot of people are, you'd do well to drop in at the Fifth Avenue Rogers Peet store. Theirs are made by Pope, who has turned out bicycles since the days of the old high-wheelers, have lots and lots of chromium plating, and cost $32.50 and $35. Spalding, further up the Avenue, has bicycles made by Iver Johnson, in a number of models, for boys, girls, men, and women. A popular one this year is tricked out like a motorcycle, with a tank, electric lights, and a motor horn; $45. Gimbel,

Macy, and F. A. O. Schwarz also have bicycles of all kinds, from juniors to racers. Which brings us to the subject of roller and ice skates, which you can get in any shop that sells sporting goods or games. At Spalding, roller skates cost from $1.35 to $6.50, and that gives you a fair idea of the range of prices. Ice skates attached to shoes cost from $6 up. Alex Taylor is one of the shops that specialize in skis from Norway; Rogers Peet has skiing suits and shoes made in Oslo; Brooks have their own special kit for Lake Placid and points North.

For those who do their exercising the hard way, there are rowing machines of half a dozen types and as many prices. We have no choice here. There's also a new exerciser, the Slim-Form. It's a rubber contraption which, for $2.95, will give your muscles the same sort of going-over as rowing, swimming, and cycling, and it's so small it can be carried in your bag when traveling. But if you have anyone on your list who wants to turn a corner of the garage, attic, or basement into a gymnasium, Macy has the Gym-Junior, for $74.75; it has all the appliances for going about the matter in a big way. And Spalding has a new exerciser, a walking and rolling machine that looks like a treadmill and costs $16.50. Abercrombie & Fitch will fit you up with an indoor golf school for $29.50. Then there are Badminton and table-tennis sets (Wanamaker and Schwarz, among other shops, have some well worth inspecting), shuffleboards in various sizes, and horseshoe-pitching sets—iron ones for the great open spaces, and rubber shoes for indoors. And Abercrombie has any number of indoor-golf games, all calculated to improve your form.

Perhaps, although they do not fall in the category of sporting things, we might mention the old ship lanterns at Spalding's Fifth Avenue store: bulk-



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Blonde Geral quickly corrects drab blonde hair! Gives a lively, new and glistening tone! Not a bleach.

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Grey or White Geral makes grey hair look like brightly burnished silver and white hair like snow in sunlight! Not a bluing.

Geral achieves the same startling difference in the appearance of the hair that rouge, powder and lipstick bring to the complexion. Actually! The hair color is instantly heightened, brightened and evened out . . . a million dancing highlights gleam and glisten! The entire coiffure instantly takes on new accent and charm. Simply comb Geral through your hair every few days . . . instead of using a *water* dampened comb. Doesn't affect a permanent. Doesn't dry the hair or make it oily. Doesn't tint the scalp. Washes out completely with the shampoo. You'll be delighted with the result!

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Christmas Cards by Soglow, Arno, Thurber and a number of other non-hypocritical sentimentalists may be found in some of the Department Stores and a few Stationery shops. . . . . .

The supply is necessarily limited. To solve the Christmas Card Problem, we advise some rather immediate action. . . . . .

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head lamps ($15) and big copper battle lanterns from the gunrooms of old British war vessels; $19.50. Abercrombie & Fitch have Chelsea clocks for from $90 up, and comforts for the car in the way of foot-warmers, rugs, and robes. Rogers Peet has particularly woolly plaid steamer rugs, and Fortnum & Mason have knitted wool ones for $20.

PETS

IT seems unnecessary to caution impassioned Christmas gifters to imagine, before presenting a pet, how *they* would feel if they found themselves suddenly sharing their apartment with (1) an untrained puppy; (2) a tank of tropical fish, temperamental as to temperature, avid for live white worms, and often disconcerting in their habits; (3) birds in cages that have to be cleaned daily; and (4, 5, 6, and on to 100) monkeys, kittens, crickets, alligators, and Saint Bernards. Remember, also, that though the best pet shops may be reliable about pedigrees, they might overlook such trivia as a touch of eczema; and that if you expect to get a show animule, you should take along an expert.

A separate list of some of the best kennels in and near New York will be published in a later issue for the benefit of those relentless snobs who demand perfection in dogs, but that does not mean that very fine ones are not to be found in the pet shops.

These places are more attractive than ever this year, though the dealers were inclined to be deprecatory about their stocks when we were making our rounds; they should have more impressive assortments by now. As a matter of fact, in spite of the reputed shortage of beasts, the only kind we didn't come across was that listed by the Chicago Opera Company, which advertises "Elephants, Camels, Horses, Stupen. Eff.'s."

Holden's, for over sixty years a standby for pets of all kinds, has a captivating new place at 433 Madison Avenue. It is a miniature Ritz of pet shops, with birds hanging in cages among foliage, a sunken ring to show the dogs in, and tropical fish, horned toads, and the like upstairs. This shop has a tender regard for its captives' comfort, and tries to sell the right animal to the right owner. The dogs are brought up in homes and are either already housebroken or well started (apartment-dwellers note!). Those in the shop looked bright, eager, and healthy. A month's guarantee goes with each ani-

mal, and a month's free medical care and advice if needed. Also, there is an exchange agreement with every pet sold, for those who yearned for a newt and got a lizard, or adored cats and received a wire-haired terrier. Their birds are hatched in captivity, so there is none of the dreadful terrified fluttering you sometimes get in birds that were captured in the wilds.

Abercrombie & Fitch have puppies of your favorite breed in their Christmas Corral.

The Madison Avenue Pet Shop, at 1016 Lexington, has several specialties. It has a keen eye for tropical fish and usually can let you have some very fine Siamese fighting fish—among the most spectacular of tank fish. The canaries are good, too, and the shop has a reputation for grooming dogs and cats and taking care of them when they're sick.

Another good shop for plucking and trimming terriers is Silver's, now at 980 Madison Avenue.

The Kingyo Pet Shop, 1296 Sixth Avenue, has numbers of goldfish of different sorts, tropical fish, colorful birds, and a few monkeys, including a really beautiful woolly one.

The Tropical Nook, 147 East Eighty-fourth Street, is a small shop devoted to fish, alligators, turtles, lizards, and the like, including their accessories.

Several of the department stores have famous pet departments. Wanamaker has one of the best of its kind in the city, with birds beautifully displayed, tanks and tanks of fish, great quantities of aquatic plants, and Suzie, the noted chimpanzee, a spectacle *per se*. The birds seem particularly lovely. There are rare ones, like the South American hawk parrot, but the more common, such as the love birds—azure and turquoise and yellow and green—have particular decorative qualities. The orange-and-black troupials and the scarlet tanagers make stunning color notes in modern rooms. Wanamaker does not keep dogs, but has a good collection of accessories, regardless.

Macy has an excellent department for birds and fish. The latter are particularly interesting, since they include some of the larger breeds, such as the Pompadour Scalare, like an iridescent plate; and the Metynnes, a slightly smaller disc with touches of orange-red on his silvery body and a home way down south in the River of Doubt.

The Bloomingdale pet department





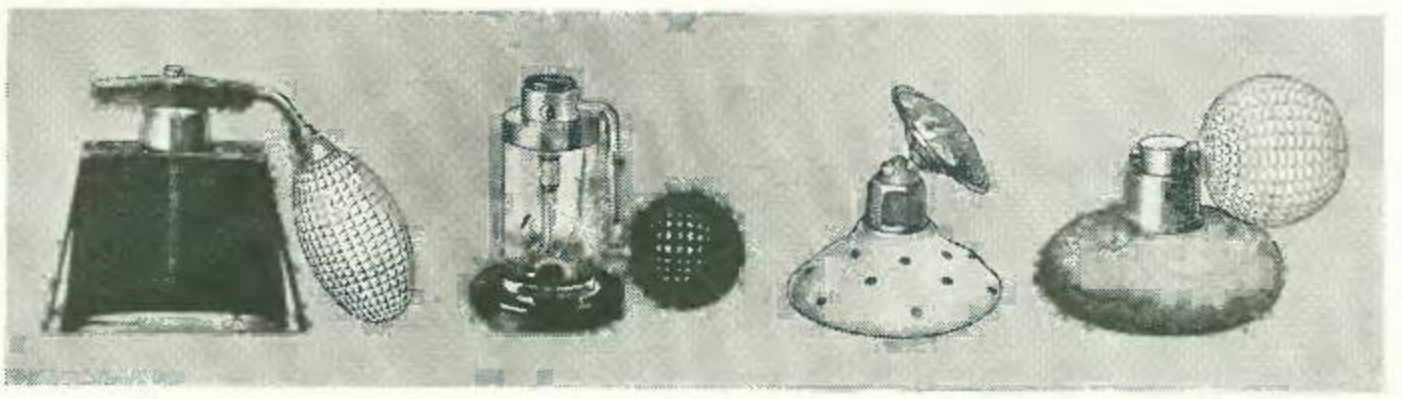
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If it isn't convenient to have an expert manicure at her famous Manicure Salon, get the same charming effect by using the Peggy Sage perfect manicure preparations at home. Offered at the better shops.

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- *"Set of Two"... Polish and Polish Remover* $1.50
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makes a point of being well supplied with love birds of all colors, and many varieties of bright-hued parrots. There are cages and tanks in profusion, and a good collection of tropical fish.

If you happen to be the prowly sort of person who likes to root out a toucan or a marmoset in a wholesale store, instead of in a conventional shop, take a deep breath and start downtown.

The George Wohlstadt Bird Company, at 186 Greenwich Street, has battalions of tanagers, toucans, and other creatures—not all so dumb. The district just below Wanamaker provides other wholesale dealers who sell at retail, such as the Max Geisler Bird Company, 50 Cooper Square, and Louis Ruhe, 351 Bowery. Exploration is interesting, but don't say that we didn't warn you to hold your breath.

Doris Bryant, 70 West Eleventh Street, somewhat reluctant seller of Siamese cats, has new converts in us. The Siamese has the best features of a dog and a cat, that's what. Quite aside from the cats, the shop itself is unique. There is everything for cats, including medicines prepared under the supervision of Dr. Louis Camuti, a specialist in cats' diseases who may be reached through the shop. Also, handmade sweaters, harnesses, collars, and playthings.

Miss Harriet J. McCoun, Oyster Bay, L. I., has a number of black and blue Persians.

Mrs. Frances Herms, 66 Sunnyside Avenue, Tarrytown, N.Y., has a few beautiful black Persians, and Mrs. Olive Gilbert, 392 Rochelle Avenue, Rochelle Park, N.J., has silvers, blacks, and smokes.

Julius Glaser, owner of the G. & B. Stables in West Orange, N.J., has Shetland ponies for your young.

And now to drop to that equally admirable but less theatrical creature, the ant: you can buy an ant house, minus ants; an ant palace, plus ants; or a cricket house, complete with male and female crickets. At the Austin Workshops, Hanover, N.H. The cricket house, occupied, costs $2, f.o.b. Hanover. But in choosing such a gift, don't forget that the cricket is capable of creating more commotion with his legs than Marlene Dietrich and Ginger Rogers combined.

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EXPERIENCED uptown manager, now downtown, with excellent business, wishes managership of uptown office. Box F 22.—*Adv. in the Wall Street Journal.*

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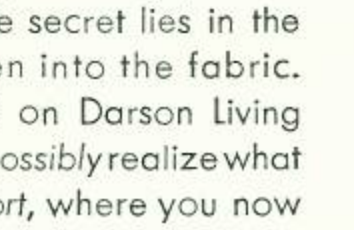
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At last—after literally centuries of armored shoulders and moaning waistlines—mere man emerges from the cloth that binds. Shrouds belong in the cemetery. Armor belongs in the museum. But for the living, breathing, moving man—this *utterly new* type of men's clothes—Darson's Living Clothes. They yield and conform gracefully, smartly, to every posture and movement. The secret lies in the Lastex yarn woven into the fabric. Until you've tried on Darson Living Clothes you can't *possibly* realize what they mean in *comfort*, where you now know discomfort, in *resilience* where you now meet restriction. You'll find these clothes need fewer alterations, and clean and press better than your old-type, pre-Lastex clothes. LASTEX, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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MEMO: Only Darson Living Clothes are made with



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THE MIRACLE YARN

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

The National Gets a New Deal

THE National Horse Show's revamped committee covered itself with glory last week by putting on a show that was a worthy celebration for half a century of Nationals. It set out to please the average man, the customer who goes once a year to this one show, either because he is dragged by friends, driven by social pressure, or automatically turns his steps toward the Garden one night a week. There were two, sometimes three, jumping classes each evening, of which one was a military event. To effect this, a new class in three sections was put on: the first section for pairs, the second for three riders abreast, the third for four in a row.



Captain Harty of the Irish team had told the press in Chicago that "Three Irishmen can beat four Swedes any day" and set out to prove it. The Irish entered the final of the new triple event with only four faults on their record, an amazing score. But this final section called for four riders, so one Private Finlay was pressed into service, mounted with poetic justice on Ireland's Own, and put in the rear. It was no fault of Ireland's Own that he remained there. Perhaps Private Finlay aroused memories of smashing runs over dales and bohireens in Ireland's Own; anyway, he jumped half over Captain Harty at almost every jump, though he didn't hit enough fences to lose the cup. When the team came out to receive its award, it was the Finlay and Ireland's Own who led the parade and carried off the trophy.

The Americans had trouble, as all their old standbys except Ugly have gone the way of all flesh. Major Cole, captain of the team, had to stand down in the most crucial events because his ace, Joe Aleshire, was lame, a recurrence of an old injury. Eddie Argo, considered by many one of the world's best riders, and a student of the Italian and German, as well as the American, schools, found his best horse to be Whirligig, a mild-looking gray who was rescued from a caisson and started on his quite recent jumping career by a sergeant at Fort Sill.

THE Canadians and the Swedes ride horses that could be entered in more exacting events than military classes. They are either privately owned or bought by their governments expressly for show jumping. Even the supposedly poor Irish ride better and more plastic types than the Americans, who don't possess a horse that cost the government more than $165. In fact, the Irish are said to have refused $10,000 apiece for Shannon Power and Limerick Lace in Chicago, preferring to keep them for the next Olympics.

A few years ago, when the military first became so prominent, the civilians raised an awful howl and said they couldn't compete against men who spent every day training for just one purpose. Now the military need to be protected from the civilians, for the first three days of the show the latter cleaned up in classes in which both were entered. Danny Shea won the Pen with Firenze Fairfax, Freddy Wettach the Handy with By Request, and three old summer-circuit horses were right behind the Swedish horse, Aïda, in the Skyscraper.

MRS. JOCK WHITNEY had the bad luck to have her two good grays down with pneumonia, but The Grey Knight held up the stable's prestige pretty well. In three classes, he was second twice, first once, and won the class he went poorest in. He was second to His Elegance in the ladies' class because two out of three judges thought he jumped too big for a lady's horse, while the third never relinquished his contention that that was nonsense, because the girls outrode the men every which way. Danseuse beat him in the thoroughbred class and then put on an unbelievable display of refusing and erratic jumping. The Grey Knight beat Trolly in the Townsend Memorial, which was a close thing, for Trolly reached an all-time high for looks and performance that night, and when he is good he is very, very good. The Gimbels enjoyed all the delights of revenge when they won the hunt-teams competition.

SADDLE horses were very poor. Mountain Echo found no rival who could even extend him, and Cleopatra came abruptly to the end of her long string of victories. The one entry of interest was Mrs. Anderson's beautiful three-year-old, Brass Tacks, a winner in Kentucky at the precocious age of two. —TOUCH AND GO



A COCKTAIL FOR YOUR FACE!

Here's a pick-me-up for care-worn, shave-torn faces!... FOUGERE ROYALE AFTER SHAVING LOTION.

It's a kind of Parisian magic. Wakes you up. Makes your skin tingle, blood circulate, cheeks glow. Yet it soothes, calms, cools... and quells razor nicks ... all at once and in less time than it takes to say "FOOZHAIRE ROYALE."

Best of all, Houbigant has given it the woodsy fragrance of the Royal Fern. It's He-man!

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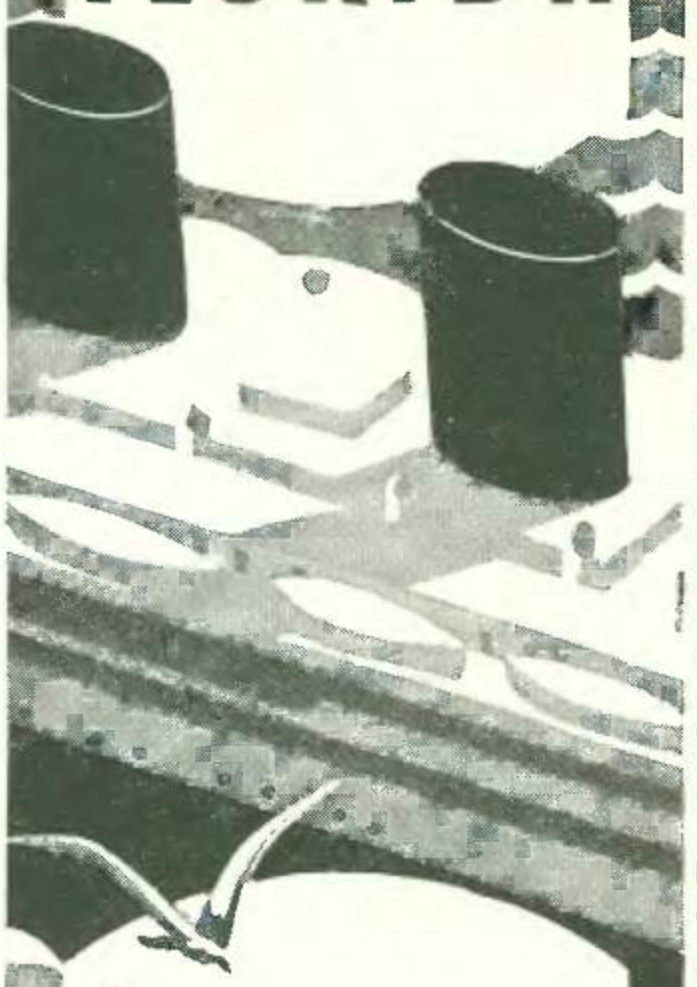
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FOOTBALL

Up Boston Way



WHEN West Point missed the try for point after its fourth touchdown, a mighty cheer went up from the Harvard cheering section; Harvard was being beaten by only 27–0, instead of 28–0. The strange part of it was that for the first period Harvard looked like a winner. There was 3-to-1 talk (though very little money) that West Point would win, but in that first quarter it certainly did not seem to be Army's day. The bigger Harvard team smashed along impressively until the second period and that pass interception by Joe Stancook, whereupon Beanie Johnson ran forty yards through a broken field for the first long gain of the day. Harvard was disorganized, and from that time on it was only a question of how much of a score Army would roll up.

Harvard had plenty of fight, but only one man in the backfield, a substitute called Chester Litman, made progress against West Point, and you don't win football games that way. Not many, anyhow. And you don't win any when the other team has a company of backs playing full-time football. It isn't a very nice thing to say, but it was pretty apparent to a couple of thousand people that Harvard's attention was distracted from the game by the sheer joy of engaging in a rough-and-tumble. Litman and Jack Dean, the Harvard captain, were especially virile, and Harvard's many fumbles may have been caused by the fact that everybody except Litman cared much more about the fun of mixing it than they did about carrying the ball. Our feeling in the matter is that West Point was very patient. Twenty-two can play at that game, you know.

Harvard shapes up—if you can call it that—as a team that doesn't offer much defence against a passing attack, has what is called a tower of strength on the line in Eddy Rogers, and has a running attack dependent upon one man.

APPARENTLY Yale, in losing to Georgia, did just about what Dartmouth had done against Yale the week before. In its game with Yale, Dartmouth seemed to be so conscious of its jinx tradition that it all but turned the ball over to Yale and said "Your ball. Do something." So Yale scored



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TED BLACK *and* NBC Orch.

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a touchdown and extra point, and then Dartmouth settled down (a bit late, to be sure) and played a superior game. Something like that occurred in the Yale-Georgia game; not that Yale played better than Georgia, but Yale played better than Yale has been playing.

We must reserve opinion on Princeton's team of—is it seventy?—prep-school captains until we've seen it in action. We were so bowled over by Muhlenberg's beating Ursinus that we scarcely gave a thought to Princeton's victory. We feel sorry for Dartmouth, though. The undergraduates are always so anxious to take goalposts back to Hanover, and they've had mighty little Big Three firewood.

ADDENDA: Everywhere you went in Boston there were men, women, and children in uniform. They take Armistice Day seriously up there. . . . South Boston was very much at home on the Beacon Street stoops. . . . Each cadet was given all of five dollars to spend, instead of the customary dollar bill. Shows the officers anticipated the victory. . . . Speaking of goalposts, we read in the Harvard A. A. *News* that a pair of posts costs $11.33. . . . Speaking of the *News*, which is the official program, the *Lampoon* got out some kind of competing program, and there was talk of changing the players' numbers to confound *Lampy's* editors. We didn't check on that, because only the *News* was sold in the stadium. . . . Fergy Locke, Harvard safety man, used his head in the second period when he drove Johnson out of bounds instead of tackling him. A bad tackle might have meant a touchdown for West Point. West Point got the touchdown two plays later. . . . There is a Simons at West Point, a Simmons at Harvard; a Beall at West Point, a Beale at Harvard. And there is an Adzigian at Harvard, but no Adzigian at West Point. . . . The Harvard band does nice letters, and is a very good speller.

—J. O'H.

•

"We went away again and sent back two deputies disguised as fishermen to fish in Mrs. Angiers' creek. They come into the office with some pretty interesting observations, one of them that they had seen a nude man give a nude woman a kind of a friendly little spank as the two of them walked in the bushes. Of course, the pair may have been married, but it was no way to act with a dozen or so small children scampering all around."
—*Chicago Daily News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Shivery Days—Osculator's Brother Act—Two Stakes for Chicstraw—Belmont in the Red



RACING seemed to languish the closing week at Pimlico. Really, eight races an afternoon are a bit too much when it's even harder to keep warm than to pick winners, and gelid horse-players will tell you—the Honourable George usually left after the sixth race—that sixteen favorites out of forty-seven won. As for show parlays, a little soft, sad music, please.

Well, we're going to bounce along to Bowie now, and perhaps to a new deal.

POMPOSITY, who won the Riggs Handicap last weekend, has improved amazingly in the last few weeks. "I'm running two fast horses," Stotler said in the paddock, and he spent more time saddling Osculator than Pomposity. Osculator did the brother act (they actually are brothers), setting a fast pace for six furlongs. Then for split seconds War Glory looked the winner, until Pomposity went around him easily turning into the stretch. Mate was unlucky, but he always has been in this race. Two years ago he seemed a certainty, but he strained a leg slightly the day before the running and was scratched. Last year he finished second, and this time he was fourth, after being pocketed most of the way.

Dark Secret would have run, but he developed a bit of a leg after winning the Whitney Gold Cup at Belmont Park on Election Day, and he has been retired for the season.

LAST May, Jack Joyner told me that Chicstraw, who is by Chicle out of Last Straw, and might have been better named, was his best two-year-old. The success of George Widener's colt in the Walden and Pimlico Handicaps is a reminder that his trainer was not mistaken. There was less crowding and bumping than usual in the Walden, and Chicstraw led all the way to win comfortably by half a length. Discovery disappointed a lot of us who remembered his spectacular finishes in the Hopeful and Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes. I expect he's another of those horses who are always promising to do great things the next time out.

Trainers prefer to run their good horses in short races first, and then in long ones, but the program was reversed with Chicstraw, who won the Pimlico Handicap, at six furlongs, more easily than he had the Walden, at a mile and a sixteenth. This moves him up in my book for next season.

IT seems to me that postponing the closing of The Futurity and the Belmont Stakes, if only for a gesture, is defeatist propaganda. The desire to breed a good horse, and win classic races with him, keeps owners of expensive stables in the game. Obviously, there's more kudos in owning the winner of The Futurity than the winner of the South Ozone Park Claiming Purse. However, most of the men who might, or might not, vote to legalize betting would prefer being in on a good thing put over in the last race at Empire City to seeing the best Belmont Stakes ever run. Joe Widener told me some weeks ago that Belmont Park, which never gets the patronage it deserves, lost more than $200,000 this year. Frankly, I'd prefer to see larger purses in produce races and fewer flowerbeds in the infield.

WE'RE sorry for Rigan McKinney, who broke a collarbone at Jock Whitney's race meeting. He had ridden twenty-four winners in steeplechases this season, and had only five to go to set an American record. And speaking of jumping races, I liked the Masters of Foxhounds Steeplechase, but the horses ran around the infield so many times it made me dizzy.

AT PIMLICO: The stewards ordering the placings changed when a judge makes a mistake in the order of the finish. . . . William Woodward seeing how the other half bets. . . . John Curry taking tickets on a favorite in the tote. . . . Sam Riddle speaking of handicappers. . . . Jouett Shouse wearing a raccoon coat. . . . Ral Parr's horses wearing blankets with "Major" on them. . . . The crowd thawing out in the little clubhouse. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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—*Birmingham (Ala.) Y's Life.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Little Women and The Prizefighter



WHEN "Little Women" comes to its last scene, with Jo and her German professor in the rainbeaten doorway, it will occur to you, I think, that you have just beheld one of the beautiful movies, and one of the really stirring. "I haf nothing to give you but my full heart and my empty hands," he has said, and she has answered, taking his hands, "Not empty now," and the excitement of those gentle words is piercing and profound. They end a picture which is an amazing triumph, the story of the four girls of whom Louisa Alcott wrote, and it is a picture more intense, wrought with more feeling, than any other we are likely to see for a long time to come.

THOSE words quoted above, quoted, by the way, from memory and not from script or novel, are to all intents and purposes, anyhow, Miss Alcott's own, and they will indicate that there has been proper loyalty to her book. Not only in the dialogue but in the whole atmosphere and tone of the story has the Concord quality been sustained. I think most people are going to feel that this is important. I assume that everyone has read the book. Apparently everyone has, from what I hear. The world, then, may rest assured that there has been no desecration. What changes there are have been required by the different medium, and certainly, once the film is well started, will seem acceptable. You will be too excited soon enough to care. You will perhaps be skeptical as the film begins, perhaps apprehensive lest the film seem just starkly the usual thing, fearful that you will be treated to conventional sentiment, that of a family whose father is at the war, who give up their breakfast to the poor people. Then I think you will observe the graciousness of the scenes, of the girls in their crinolines grouped about their mother in the Victorian parlor singing "Abide With Me," of the girls at play in the New England snow. You will forget this outlook, and suddenly, unaware, be absorbed in-



ESKIMO

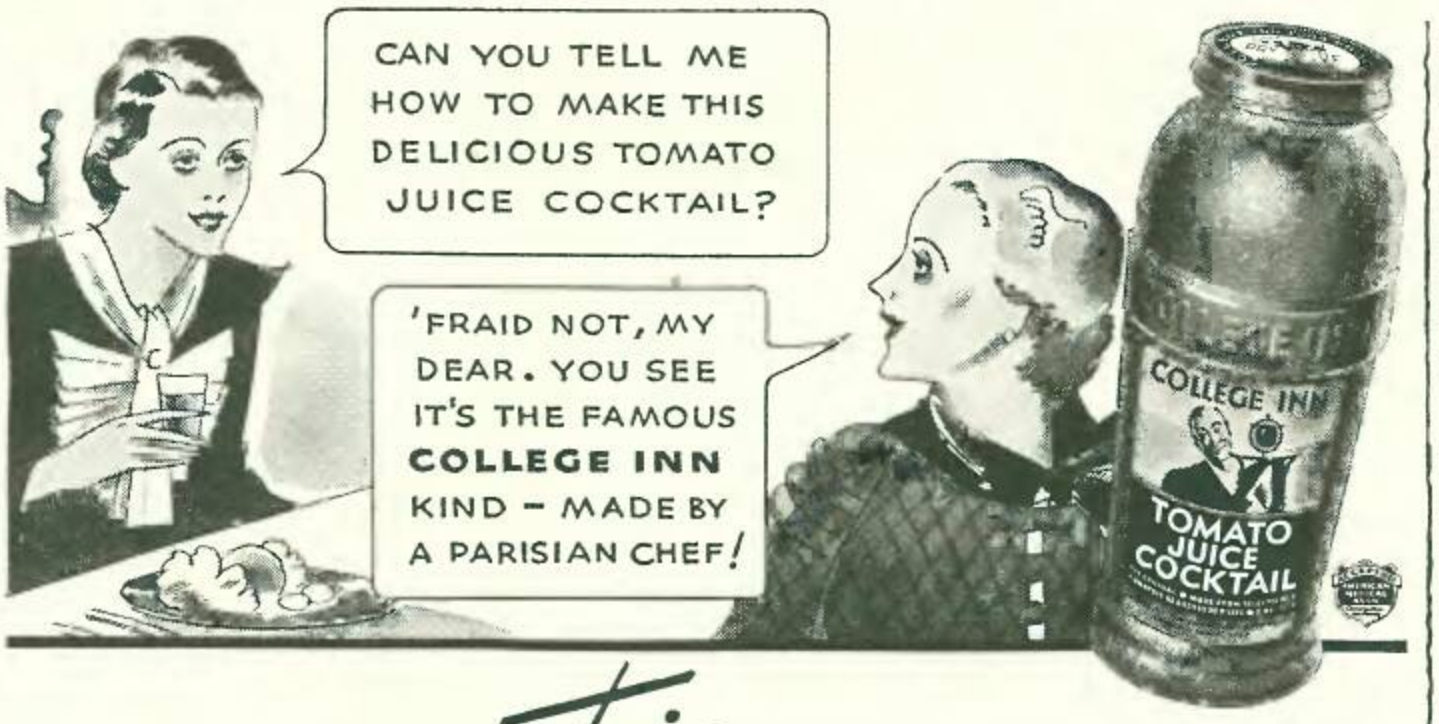
She loved her Eskimo husband, but he said, "You belong to the white man tonight". He loved his wife but he was not jealous of her body. But the white man took advantage and raw, red drama leaped upon the scene. Only W. S. Van Dyke, creator of *Trader Horn*—could make this picture. He lived in the Arctic a year to do it! A Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer triumph: ESKIMO!

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tensely, beyond words, in the success of Jo with her writing, in her bravely hidden anguish when her hair is cut, in the marriage of Meg and John, in Laurie, in Aunt March, in Beth, who must die, in Amy and her furbelows. It is all there, complete and for your taking.

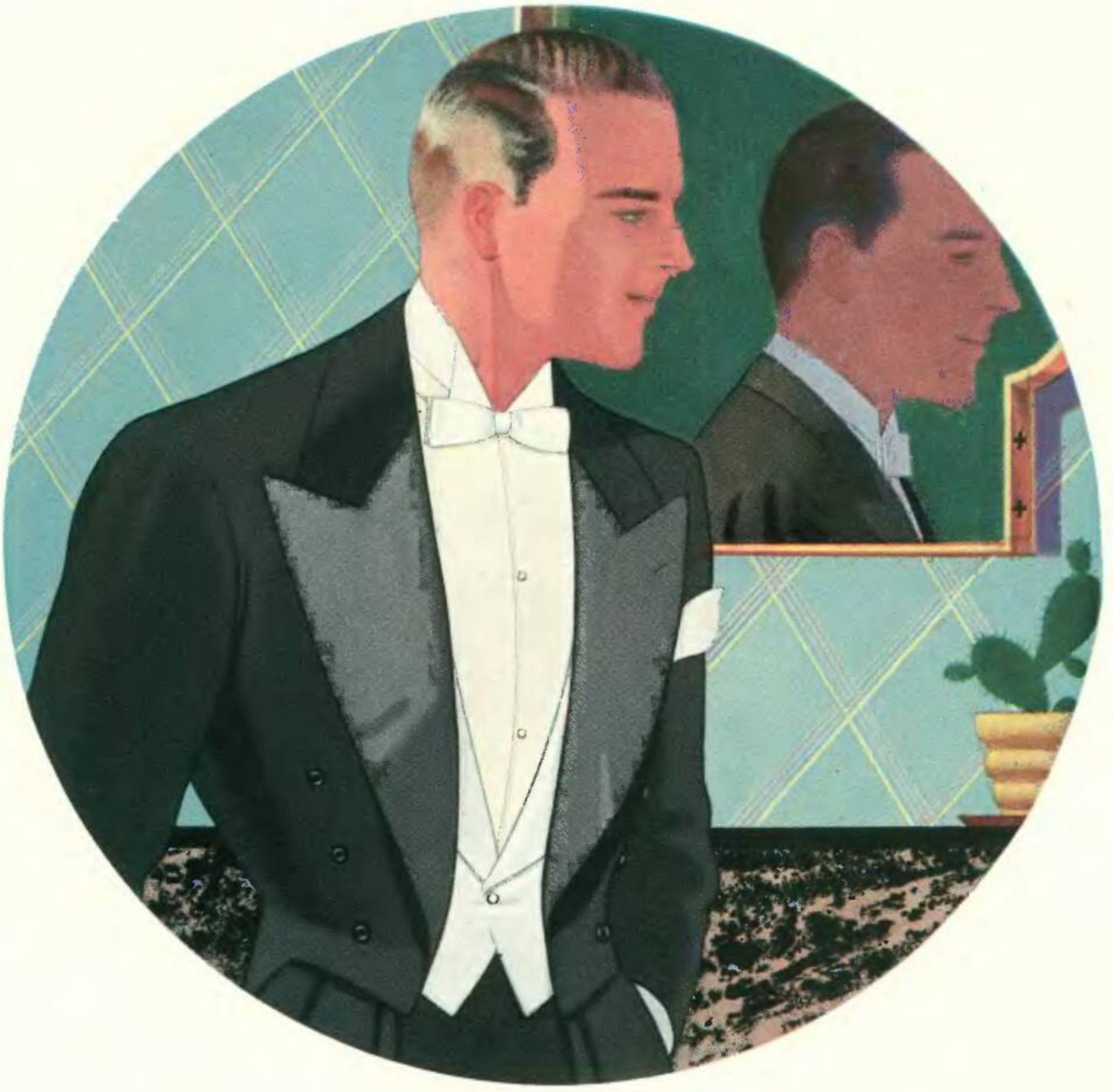
It is certainly largely due to Katharine Hepburn as Jo that the picture is so completely to our liking. As is proper, the film is primarily Jo's story, and with tenderness and humor Miss Hepburn presents this New England girl. She is more beautiful, I think, than Miss Alcott fancied Jo to be; but that kind of beauty Jo must have had, with the shyness, the awkwardness, the tremendous sensitivity, and, above all, the great eagerness for living that Miss Hepburn has given also. The rest of the cast, with the possible exception of Joan Bennett, who somehow never seems to present such a girl as Amy at all, sustain Miss Hepburn beautifully, Edna May Oliver as Aunt March adding the one sharp strain of comedy in the piece. And the sets, by Hobe Erwin, are a pleasure to the last antimacassar.

BY no means as exciting as "Little Women," of course, being merely concerned with pugilists and underworld characters, whose experiences are but milk and water compared to those understood and defined by a New England lady of genius, "The Prize-fighter and the Lady" has its own magnificence. Never have I seen a better fight on the screen than that shown here; and as the participants are Primo Carnera and Max Baer, I am probably justified in being impressed.

The picture is Mr. Baer's début on the screen, and it is at once obvious that he may have a career there. A good-looking young man, he also seems likable, and though this part is so clearly one made for him, framed and built and tailored about his talents and physical attributes, hardly requiring histrionics or an effort at interpretation, he will probably find enough such parts to keep him busy and unbuffeted for some time to come. His good nature carries him through what scenes might be difficult to a newcomer in the profession, one arriving there from such a different species of career, too. It is, I suppose, somewhat a tour de force that he carries this extravaganza off with the success he does.

The whole affair is handled with a nice wit down to the last uppercut.

—J. C. M.



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ELEPHANT

hunting

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NEWS FROM THE WINE COUNTRY

MOSELLE AND RHINE WINES

WIESBADEN, NOVEMBER

IT is scarcely surprising that a number of farsighted American bankers, with Repeal on its way and millions of dollars frozen in German credits, should have attempted to convert their Reichsmarks into Rhine wines. That they for the most part failed is a proof neither of their connoisseurship nor of their acumen. I have never seen an exact statement of the average American banker's taste in wine, but their agents who went to the Moselle and the Rhine in an effort to liquidate the American bank credits were not interested in dry wines, and apparently were authorized to pay for the sweeter vintages of that never-to-be-equaled year, 1921, only two marks (then about sixty cents) a bottle. The German wine-producers have more wine than they need, and practically no money. Yet they refused the American offers.

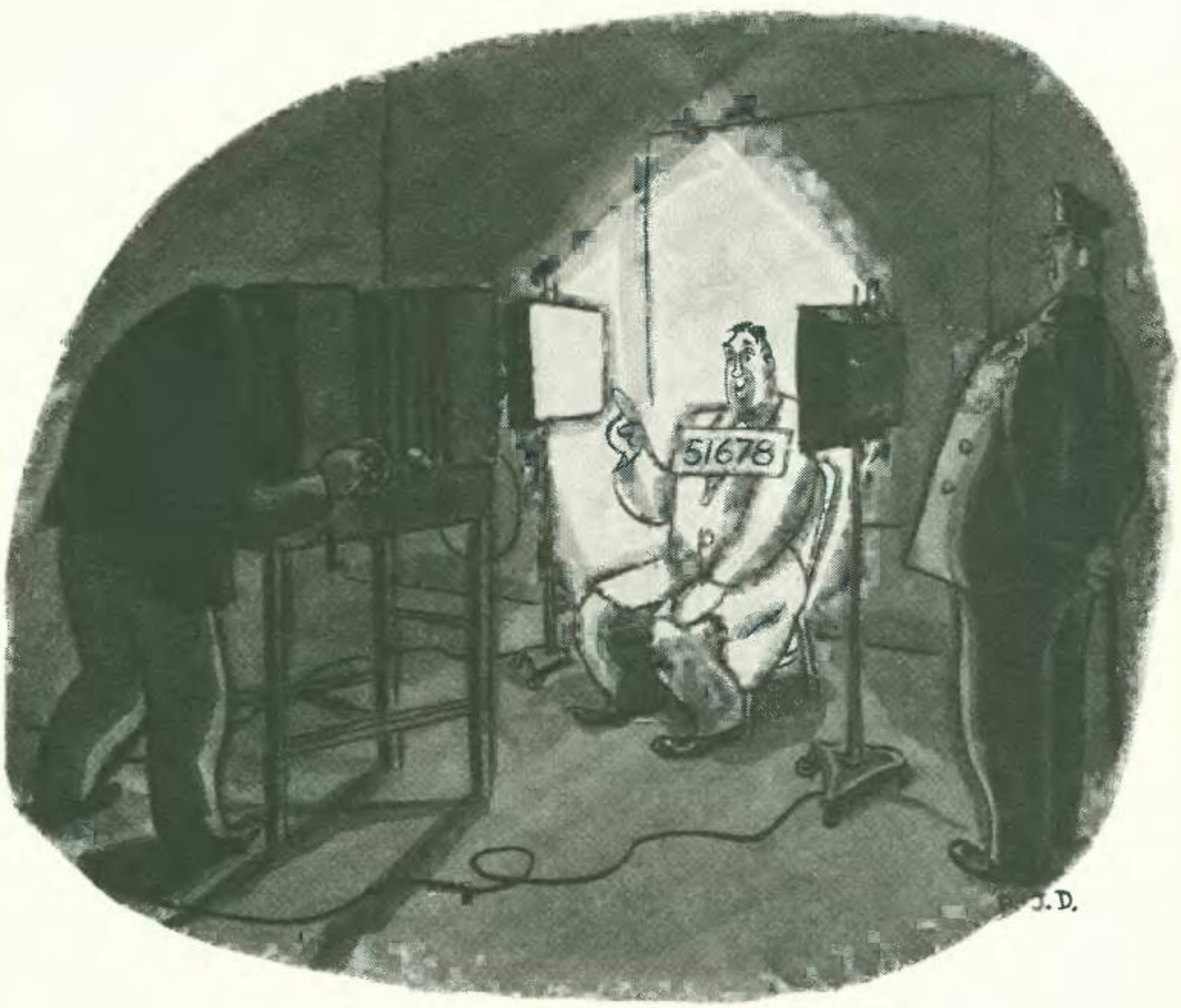
To have accepted would have been to accept less than ten cents on the 1924 dollar. It is difficult for the German wine merchants to forget that certain of the finer 1921 hocks brought $25 a bottle when three years old, and that one barrel of Markobrunner Trockenbeerenauslese, of the same year, was knocked down at auction for $27,000. Since then, the German wine market has outstripped Wall Street in its vertiginous descent—admirable '29's and '31's can today be bought, f.o.b. Rotterdam, for under seventy-five cents a bottle, though the '21's are still worth a minimum of four marks, however few the takers. German wines, among the most expensive in Europe seven or eight years ago, are now among the cheapest, and unless our dealers insist on more than the usual fifty-per-cent profit, we will have fine authentic hocks and Moselles in America for $15 or $16 a case, plus taxes.

Unfortunately, the larger part of the German wine that crosses the Atlantic will be neither authentic nor fine. This will be due neither to the German wine merchants (the overwhelming majority of whom are honest) nor to the German wine laws (which are the best in the world), but to preconceived notions on the part of the American public. Nine Americans out of ten would buy Liebfraumilch, which may be anything, and is usually not worth drinking, before they would buy Liebfrauenstift, which can be only one thing, and is usually very fine. There will be in the United States a vast demand for Berncasteler Doktor, Niersteiner, and Schloss Johannisberg. The equally good wines of Serrig, Lieser, and Erbach, for example, will very possibly have to parade under false colors in order to be sold at all.

Apropos of all this, a story is told in the Moselle country with regard to Berncasteler Doktor. This celebrated wine, with its exquisite bouquet and faintly smoky undertaste, was "discovered" by Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in the course of one of his many visits to Bad Homburg. Once ordered for the royal household, it promptly became the vogue in both England and America. Some years later one of the largest German wine houses found it possible to purchase a portion of the Doktor vineyard. No sooner was the sale announced than a frantic cable arrived from the previous owner's agent in America. This agent hoped, he said, that he could count on the cooperation of the purchaser, who according to the terms of a ten-year contract was bound to deliver annually three hundred barrels of Berncasteler Doktor. The entire vineyard, as it happens, produces between twenty and thirty barrels a year.

That many German wines have been sold, and will be sold in the future, under names to which they have no moral right is unquestionably true, but such wines never carry on their label those stamps of authenticity that the well-informed buyer looks for. A Berncasteler Doktor, properly stamped, is *always* a certain wine and a good wine. On the other hand, Liebfraumilch (literally, "Milk of the Blessed Virgin") is not a wine at all, but a trade name. Originally this was the name that the monks gave to the wines, excellent if never great, produced in the vineyard known as the Liebfrauenstift, which surrounds the Liebfrauen Church of Worms, on the Rhine. Virtually all white Rhine wines, whether sugared or natural, sweet or dry, are legally entitled to the appelation "Liebfraumilch" today, and German wine merchants now clap this name on blends that have no moral right to authentic place names.

A person who is willing to take the trouble to learn seven or eight special wine terms is, thanks to the rigorous



"If these turn out good, I'd like to order some for myself."

Which shall it be?

Thanks-getting dinner at home, or Thanks-giving Dinner

BY THE SEA?



At home there will be work and worry—a turkey to select and stuff and roast, vegetables to prepare, cakes and pies to make, flowers to buy and arrange, the table to set, glass, china and silver to wash afterward—the maid to mollify.

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ATLANTIC CITY

German laws, able to tell at a glance the difference between an authentic vintage and a pretender. In the first place, a wine that bears on its label the word *Wachstum* (or, although these are less often seen, *Gewächs* or *Kredenzt*), followed by the name of the dealer, is a natural, unsugared, and sound wine. A wine marked *Originalabfüllung*, or *Keller-abfüllung*, is authentic and unsugared, and has been bottled and corked by the producer. A wine marked *Auslese* is authentic, and has been made from selected bunches of grapes, a *Spätlese* from grapes picked late, a *Beerenauslese* from grapes selected singly rather than by bunches, and a *Trockenbeerenauslese* from chosen grapes that have been allowed to hang on the vine until almost dry.

These last distinctions may seem unnecessarily technical. A person ignorant of them can certainly secure good wine, but the chances are considerably against his getting the authentic vintage he wants. German wine lists are, for this reason, far more complicated than French. For example, an authentic Sauternes is always sweet, while two Steinbergers, produced in the same year from the same variety of grape in the same vineyard, may be entirely different—one dry and fresh, a table wine of memorable excellence; the other sweet, full, and liquorous, a dessert wine.

THE German vineyards are among the most northern in the world, and climatic conditions being what they are on the Moselle and the Rhine, it is possible to make *Spätlese* only in exceptional summers, and *Trockenbeerenauslese* only about once every decade. Both of these, when properly made, have a richness, a weight, a sweetness, that a person accustomed to the *soi-disant* "hock" of Yorkville speakeasies would never expect in any German wine.

Since the last years of the eighteenth century, all of the finer German wines have been made from grapes that look to the layman like rotten grapes. Ripening late, these grapes become covered, if the weather is favorable during October, with a heavy gray down, a mold which, unlike all other molds, has no trace of moldy flavor, and which, in Germany as in France, is known as the "noble rot"—*la pourriture noble*, or *Edelfaule*. This so-called "rot," upon which the quality of the great German wines so considerably depends, was discovered, entirely by accident, a

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century and a half ago at Schloss Johannisberg. At that time, in order to begin the vintage, it was necessary to have written permission from the absentee owner, the Bishop of Fulda. The Bishop, in this year of years, dispatched his courier with the permission, as usual. The courier fell ill on the way, and the perplexed superintendent was forced to postpone the grape harvest. Days passed, weeks passed, and the permission failed to arrive. When it came, the grapes were already heavy with the *Edelfaule*; the superintendent, regarding the crop as worthless, nevertheless ordered an immediate vintage. To his astonishment the wine proved, a year later, to be the finest in the history of the Schloss Johannisberg vineyards.

Although the black Pinot grape, from which all the great Burgundies are made, is cultivated to a certain extent in the valley of the Ahr, and at Assmannshausen, on the Rhine, Germany produces no red wine worth sending across the Atlantic; on the other hand, its fine white wines are more numerous and more varied even than those of France—more numerous and more varied, therefore, than those of any other country in the world. At the same time these wines have, despite their variety, certain national characteristics. The French, for example, never use the word *fleuri*, or flowery, to describe the bouquet of a wine; a German wine-taster, given a fine Moselle, instinctively and correctly characterizes its perfume as *blumig*.

A good Moselle of a good year is neither a magisterial nor a very great wine; it is as pleasant a wine to drink as has ever been made by human hands. Fresh, light, clean, with a bouquet that reminds one inevitably of green fields and spring posies, it is never tiring to the palate, and one can drink two bottles of it in an evening and be none the worse for wear the next day. By actual analysis, it is the least alcoholic of fine wines, rarely containing more than seven and a half per cent of alcohol by weight. I tasted, not long ago, a Lieserer-Niederberg '29, bearing the *Wachstum* of Baron von Schorlemer, that one could drink for breakfast.

THE wines of the Rhine, produced not far from Wiesbaden on the slopes that run down from the Taunus to the river, have none of the country freshness, the charming simplicity, of the fine Moselles; they are "great" wines, long-lived, possessing in good years ('21, '29, '31, and probably



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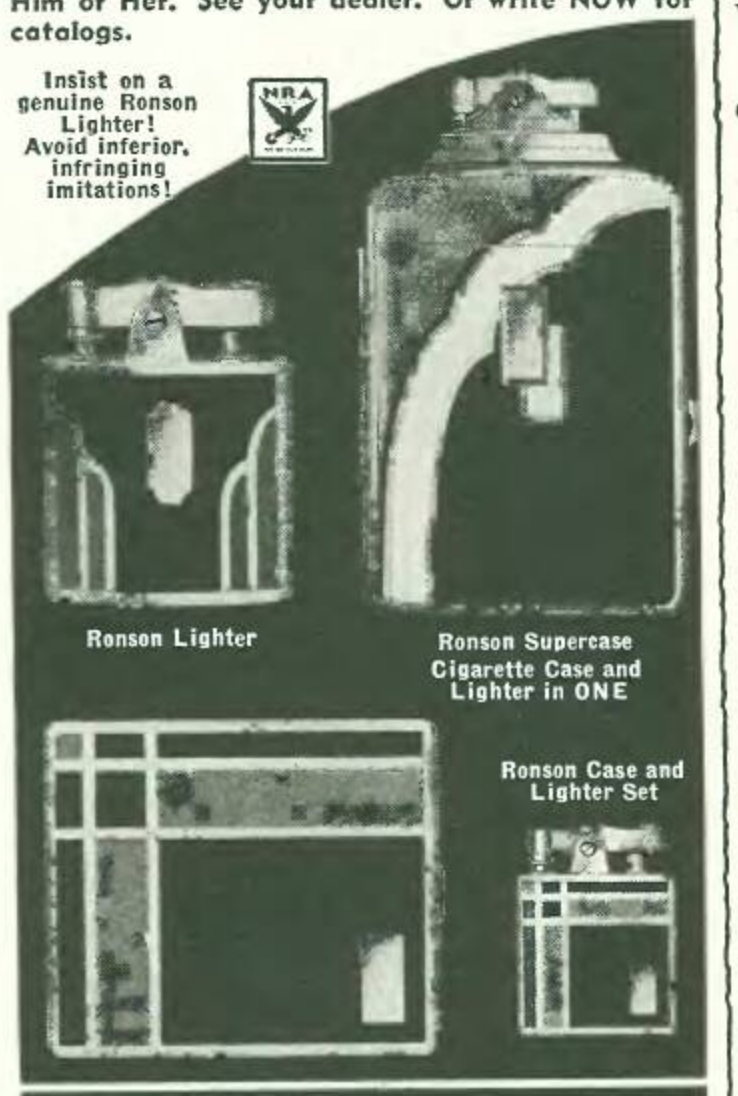
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'33) that depth of flavor, that rounded fullness, which is in wines the unmistakable mark of the aristocrat. A good *Auslese* from one of the better vineyards of the Rhine is, when four or five years old, a white wine that only an ancient claret or a distinguished Burgundy can follow. At Kloster Eberbach I was once fortunate enough to taste the famous Markobrunner Trockenbeerenauslese '21; it had a quality that can be described only as regal, and was superior as a dessert wine to any Sauternes I have ever drunk.

IT is more than a hundred years since Byron wrote, in "Don Juan," of the restorative and therapeutic qualities of "hock and soda water." Since then, the word "hock" has become more and more a generic rather than a specific term; the English-speaking world has forgotten that it is merely a corruption of Hochheim, and that Hochheim is one of the best, if by no means *the* best, of the wine-producing villages of the Rheingau. Today any wine of the Rheingau is a hock to an Englishman or an American. On English wine lists, the term "hock" is used to describe even the thin red wines of Assmannshausen and the Ahr, and the wines (that no sane person could ever mistake for a Hochheimer Daubhaus or Kirchenstück) of Hesse and the Bavarian Palatinate.

We shall probably drink, in America, more Hessian wines than authentic Moselles or hocks. Names such as Nierstein, Oppenheim, and Worms were as well known to the New York gourmets of 1900 as Chambertin, Amontillado, and Château Yquem. The wines of Hesse have, when one first tastes them, a certain obvious excellence, a straightforward charm that quite disarms criticism; brought before a jury, they would be found to lack subtlety, breeding, and finesse. In general they are sweeter, stronger, and richer than the great hocks, and therefore, in the opinion of most German wine merchants, better adapted to that unknown and unknowable thing—the American palate.

That the American palate should be harshly judged by German dealers is not surprising: Americans buy and put down with obvious gusto not only sparkling Moselle, which is mediocre, but sparkling Rhine wine, which is worse. These, known as *Sekt*, find a market in Germany only because they are cheap.

—FRANK SCHOONMAKER

fifth Avenue Hotel

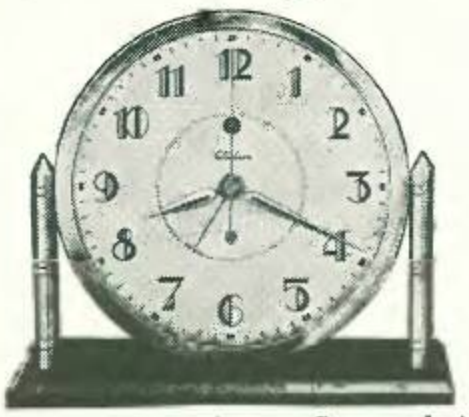
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THE MAN WHO STOPPED SMOKING

THE third time Mr. Bumpus refused cigarettes, the hostess, Mrs. Soames, said humorously, "You haven't stopped smoking, have you?"

Mr. Bumpus smiled in his insignificant way. "Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I have."

"You've stopped smoking! Well!" Mrs. Soames stared at Mr. Bumpus, examining his face closely for the first time in years. "Do you feel better?"

"Why, about the same. No better, no worse."

Two or three guests, caught by the phrase "stopped smoking," abandoned their conversation to listen.

"But if it wasn't by the doctor's orders, then why—"

"Just suddenly got tired of smoking. Sick of seeing piles of butts around everywhere. So I just stopped."

Several other voices joined in. "But weren't you in terrible agony?" "Did you chew gum?" "What did you do when the craving seized you?" "Didn't you break down and smoke just a teeny-weeny little cigarette?"

Mr. Bumpus explained, in pleasurable detail. "I had a strange lust for candy. Would buy it and nibble it in the office. Developed a terrible appetite. Must have put on ten pounds."

All eyes dropped from Mr. Bumpus' face to his middle and found that he spoke truth. Every spirit fled away on a private vision of stopping smoking and putting on weight. Every mouth experienced the strange milky taste of absence of smoke.

A DISTANT group about a young man who had been reading Eddington dissolved to reform around Mr. Bumpus.

"It wasn't really hard," he announced with a belittling air. "Easiest way to do was to cut it off clean; just make up your mind to stop smoking and then stop. Much better than torturing yourself tapering off."

"My, I wish I could stop!" said the Bewdleys' eighteen-year-old daughter. "I just haven't got the nerve, I guess." Dismally she watched her weak character drowning in the black waters of the future.

"Aren't you *ever* going to begin again?" asked Mrs. Soames.

"I don't know; I will if I feel like it. But why should I? It's a silly habit. No physiological basis. You just create a habit in order to feel terrible if you don't continue it, like the mor-



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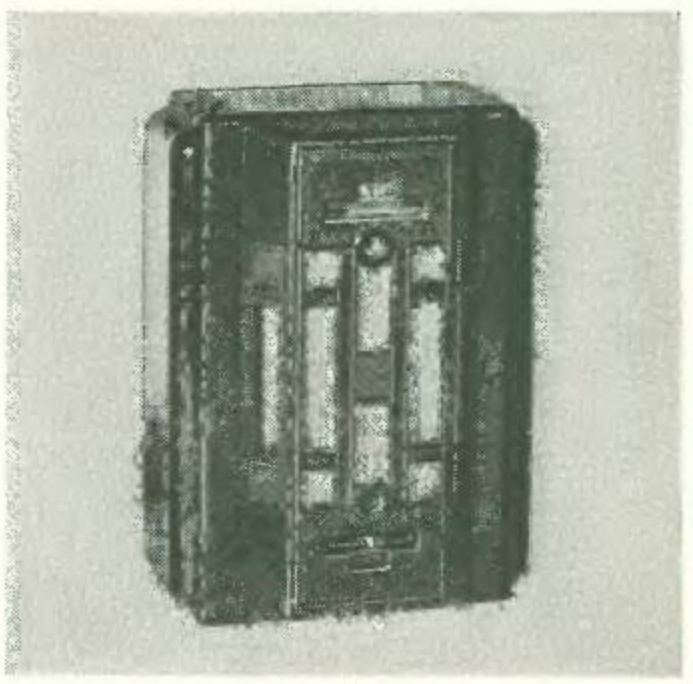
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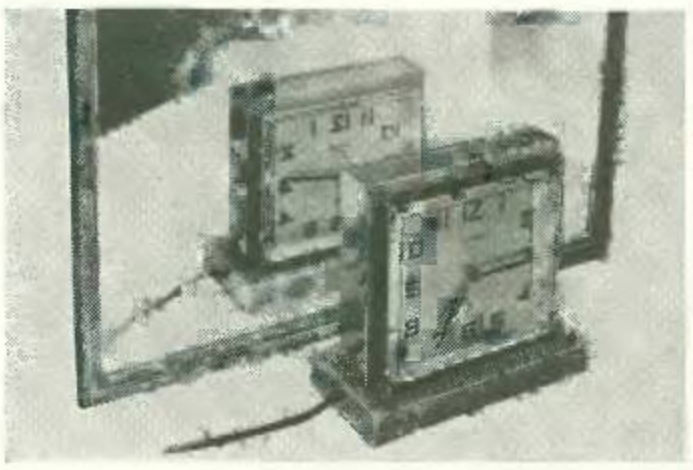
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phine habit. You smokers get your only pleasure from ceasing to cease to smoke. By not smoking at all, I am exactly where you are. No, I'm ahead of you, because I don't have any nicotine hangovers next morning."

There was a general consideration of the tobacco hangover due the following morning, and a general plunge for the cigarettes.

Mrs. Soames at last remembered to ask Mrs. Bewdley to sing, but her performance was not the usual success.

Mr. Bumpus, flushed with his triumph, drank perhaps a trifle too much. When it was time to go, he shouted his farewells to the company. There was much badinage about how everyone would feel in the morning, and who would be converted, and who would badly need a good lungful of smoke before breakfast.

MRS. BUMPUS settled back in the front seat beside her husband, and lit a last peaceful cigarette.

"Are you sure you aren't smoking too much, my dear?" said Mr. Bumpus with a touch of sternness. "You'll be having one of your sick headaches in the morning. If I were you, I'd cut it right off short."

"There is evidently nothing in the modern world as fascinating as a man who has stopped smoking," said his wife. "Fascinating, that is, in public."

"I was merely speaking for your own benefit—"

"Here, do me a favor, just for my sake." She took the cigarette from her own mouth and put it in her husband's. Mr. Bumpus laughed; he was feeling in a large and tolerant mood. He took a deep inhale.

—MORRIS BISHOP

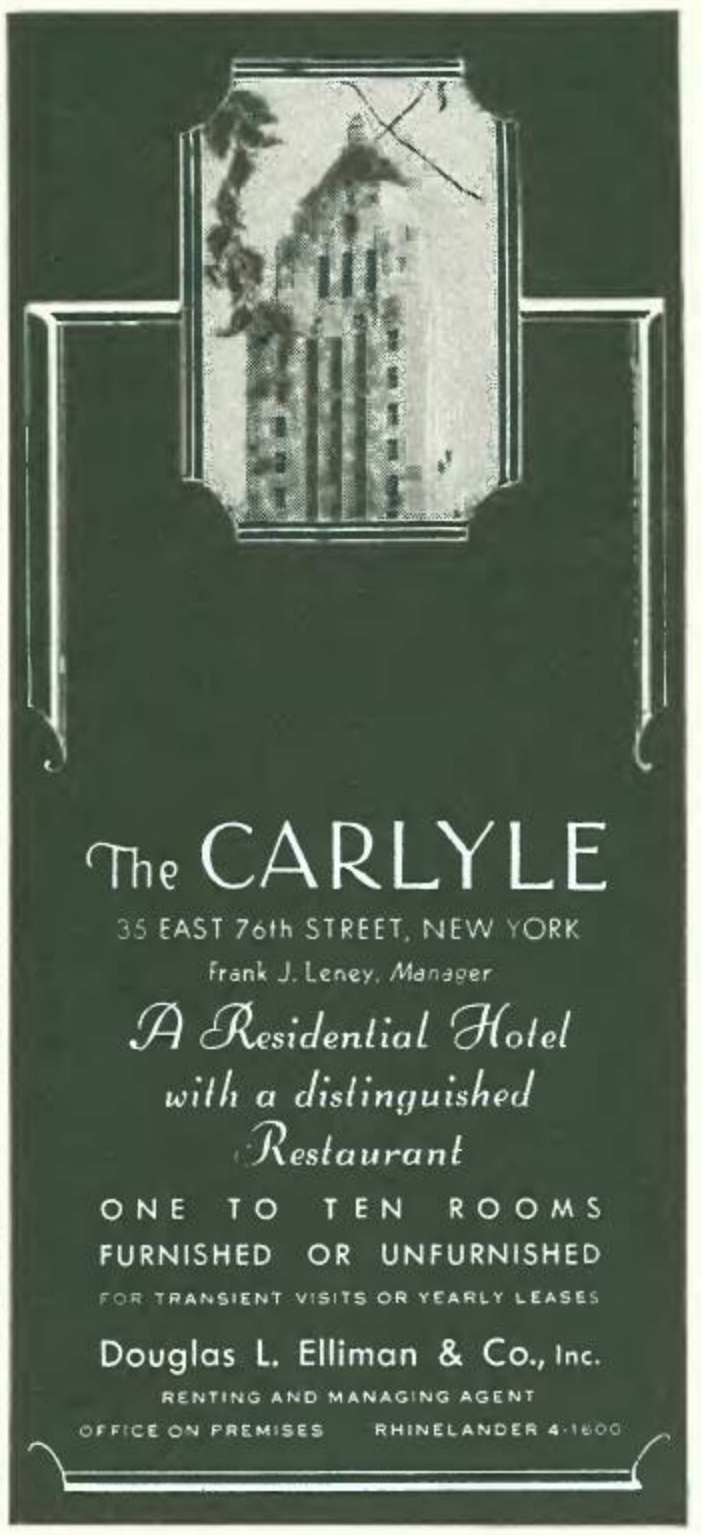
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SYRACUSE, N.Y., Oct. 14 (AP).—Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse," has bought at Oxford, Md., a permanent residence known in that area as "Bonfield." With Mrs. Allen and their two daughters, Marcia, 4, and Mary Ann, 3, he plans to remain in the century-old summer residence, property of his wife, at near-by Cazenovia, until after Christmas, and then go to Maryland to make his home.

Mr. Allen has been living in comparative seclusion at Cazenovia, living the life of a "real dirt farmer," as he described himself. He helps milk the cows, plant the crops, and bring in the harvest.

"We've taken our living out of the land this whole last year," he said.—*The Times.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

TEMPLE: MODERN STYLE

THEY tell us that nearly everything depends, in the next month or so, on what the world does about gold. But if you go down to the United States Assay Office, which is on South Street where the Old Slip once ran a thin channel into the edge of Manhattan—if you could go down there and look at the gold, you would be likely to be a little doubtful of that portentous warning. They have about two billion dollars of it in a vault which is guarded with devices of fantastic ingenuity. But you will have to flog your brain to sense any recognition of those still, yellow bars, lying as they have lain for years in their steel fortress, as the yardstick against which hunger and despair, or elegance and a chicken in every pot, can be measured.

The chief difficulty in the way of comprehending gold as the wind vane of our destiny is the almost complete uselessness of the metal. To be sure, dentists use a trifling amount of it, jewelers somewhat more. But silver and platinum, the other precious ores which are used for ornament and jewelry, have an honest place in industry and mechanics. Gold has not, because it is too soft.

You come, eventually, to the understanding that gold is important simply because it is an idea, a man-made, universal symbol. And that makes it easier to see why men can build a temple to it—for the Assay Office is a temple: a dim place of ritual and worship, a cloister where the conception of gold as somehow supernaturally majestic is kept alive.

IT is very nearly a brand-new temple. Up until a year ago the Office was at 32 Wall Street, where it had been since 1854. The Government bought the piece of ground as early as 1822, for $40,000, from Mynheer Daniel Verplanck, and within a few years dedicated it with fitting ceremonies to the precious yellow stuff. Last year the Government sold the land, to the Forty Wall Street Corporation, for $6,500,000, and with the profits built a much finer edifice.

Go down there now, and you see a rather low building, square and severe, built of pale stone. It has a single entrance, which is narrow and guarded by tall bronze grilles, always shut. You stand there on the sidewalk, hat off, and whisper your business through the bars.

If you have a proper reason for going in, the gates are opened momentarily and you find yourself in the presence of four or five detectives, lesser monks of the temple as it were, and one of them will follow you like a shadow wherever you may chance to move among the long, empty corridors or the cool rooms where low-voiced workers bend over their fabulously delicate scales.

These are the normal purposes of the Assay Office: To buy gold for the Government; to store that gold as security for paper currency issued in Washington, or as Government reserves; to test the fineness of gold for anybody who will pay the moderate assay fee; to sell gold to jewelers, dentists, anybody who has a use for it, in lots worth $5,000 or more.

Under the new decrees of the Roosevelt Administration, these functions have been considerably curtailed. No gold is sold to anybody now. Neither through the Assay Office nor the Federal Reserve Bank (which used to sell even small bars worth $100) may the precious stocks be purchased by the public. Commercial users of gold may have to buy in Europe after their present supplies are exhausted.

Neither is the Assay Office buying much gold these days. That is due to the new policy of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—which is easier to write about than to understand very clearly. Here is the best explanation I can give you:

A dollar, ever since America went on the gold standard, has been a dollar's worth of gold. Until last spring, the value of an ounce of pure gold never varied in the United States. In order to keep the currency perfectly stable, it was agreed that an ounce of gold should be worth $20.67—and this figure never fluctuated, year in and year out.

Last spring, however, the United States Government went off the gold standard, to all intents and purposes. At once, the value of gold began to fluctuate. It was no longer worth exactly $20.67 an ounce but worth whatever you could get for it, and its price in dollars on the world market began to rise. That resulted in a new price term for gold, the world-market price.

Several weeks ago, the Administration undertook to raise commodity



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prices in terms of the dollar. In order to do this, it undertook to make the dollar worth less gold than it was before. To accomplish this, it was necessary to give more dollars for a given quantity of gold, and so the Administration announced that it would pay a higher price for an ounce of gold than anybody else in the world was willing to pay at that time.

But wait a minute. This new, high price that the Government is paying applies only to new gold, mined within the United States since last August. It does not apply, according to the original intention, to gold which was produced in Africa or Canada or Mexico, or to any gold at all mined before August—but even so the Government, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has made a few trial purchases at the high rates on the open market in London. This is rather ticklish business, however, and will go forward cautiously, as the reactions of foreign governments must be considered. Some Government observers think that England and France will be alarmed if we go into their capitals and run up the market price on gold.

The result is three prices for an ounce of gold: $20.67, the official Assay Office figure; $33.32 (as I write), the world-market price; and $33.20 (as I write), the Government's price for newly mined metal.



This state of affairs has the Assay Office on the telephone with Washington six and seven times a day—for even the high priests are a little confused these roaring days.

Until a little while ago, eighty or ninety people a day would appear at the Assay Office to sell gold. They were hard up—as Scotti was when he had to sell all his priceless heirlooms, including a gold loving cup that was the gift of the whole Metropolitan staff, and a gold portrait medallion of Caruso, and had to watch these things go tumbling into the electric furnaces and be turned into $700 in ounces of gold—or they found bits of useless gold, in watches or rings or table services cluttering up their lives, and decided to be rid of it. These people always received the fixed rate, $20.67 an ounce, for the actual gold in their trinkets after they had been melted down and refined.

That is still the rate paid at the Assay Office. Despite the much higher rate in the world market, the Office has received no instructions to vary from the old scale. And as a consequence it has become very rare for anybody to drive up and offer old gold for melting and sale. Such gold is now sold to the commercial buyers on Nassau Street.

THE temple, appropriately enough, considering our day and age, is in reality a factory—the biggest and most complete of its sort in the world.

When gold comes in, whether family relics or newly minted stuff or ingots arriving from abroad, it first is melted in the electric furnaces, going to temperatures of 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit in graphite crucibles, and then is cast into bars. Samples are chipped from the bars and taken to the assay laboratory, where they are tested for their degree of purity. There is no such thing as absolutely pure gold. The peak of fineness is what the assayers call four nines, 999.9 parts of pure gold in a possible thousand.

If the first samples show that silver and platinum and baser metals are mixed with the gold, the bar is put into an electrolytic bath which causes the silver, first of all, to separate out and deposit in shiny flakes upon another bar—a bar of pure silver. Then the remaining slab, gold, and platinum, and whatever else there may be, is slung in a muslin bag in a different electrolytic bath. Now the gold moves away and is deposited on another bar, this time a bar of gold. The residue, sometimes infinitesimal and sometimes quite large, is tested for content and, if valuable metals are there, further refined. The Assay Office makes fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year recovering unexpected platinum—present in minute traces in many individual bars.

The two-hundred-foot stack which leads upward through the roof from the main furnaces is fitted with a device for capturing the thin steady stream of gold which is turned into gas by the extreme heats and which would otherwise go off to join the laden atmosphere of the city. The device cost $80,000. It will pay for itself in about three years.

The room where the samples are weighed—the samples being tiny bits of metal, shaved or bored from the ingots—is perhaps the most elaborately planned chamber in New York. Ten

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or a dozen men sit devoutly before glass-enclosed balances which would register at once the weight of a pencil mark upon a bit of paper. These men live in a perfect atmosphere, for neither the cool temperature nor the slight humidity ever changes by a degree. Fluctuations in either would be disastrous for the balances. The electric lights are imported, because nobody in America could make a light that would give off so little heat and still supply even, changeless illumination. The walls and ceilings are painted dead white and there are no obstructions which might throw shadows—for the mere passage of shadow over the balances would destroy their accuracy.

The weighers of the samples fill a small, bone-chalk crucible with precisely one gram of the metal that is to be tested. The sample is then brought, in the test laboratory, to very high heat. Most of the base metal goes off as gas, leaving virtually nothing but silver and gold in the small button that lies in the crucible when it is cooled.

The button is put into a small platinum basket which is immersed in a nitric-acid solution. By boiling the acid long enough, the silver in the button is converted into silver nitrate and nothing but pure gold is left—or as pure as they can get it. Now the button is weighed again; weighs, let us say, 800 milligrams. Which indicates that the bar from which it was originally taken contains eighty per cent of pure gold.

The sanctum sanctorum of the temple, naturally enough, is the vault where the gold lies in all its silent splendor. It is a huge room, four stories high. Two of the stories are below the foundation level of the building, resting on the solid rock of Manhattan. Two extend upward into the centre of the building. I cannot tell you what it looks like, with its two billion dollars in metallic gold and currency. Nobody can who is not employed there, for never has a visitor been allowed to go down and look. Perhaps the blazing glory would be fatal to ordinary mortals, but be that as it may, the high priests guard their deity with a jealous faith. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

One of the reasons was that the Manhattan—in its prime—had the very finest and best equipped and most perfectly conducted washroom I ever saw. This alone caused me to patronize the Manhattan for meals—often going there from my nearby residence for an early breakfast. —*From a letter in the Sun.*

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BOOKS

Assortment



MAX MILLER, the now famous waterfront-coverer, apparently has no intention of relaxing the half-nelson he holds on his own innocence. Even his visit to our perverse town did not make haggard his fresh West Coast glance or muddy the simplicity of his heart. His new book, "The Beginning of a Mortal"—a charming title—is, if anything, more intimately dewy than "I Cover the Waterfront." It is a portrait of the artist as a very young man indeed. Mr. Miller covers his pre-waterfront years (from seven to about fourteen) as they were lived in a little Pacific Coast sawmill town and on the level, lonesome prairies of the Montana interior. The little Max seems to have found his environment quite friendly and interesting. Consequently he does not give us the typical American novel of adolescence, but merely a series of anecdotes of his playmates, his parents, his first troubling or exciting human contacts. A mild, slow charm pervades these memories, related very purely, as if no screen of built-up sophistication intervened between himself as adult and as child. In fact, he is on such friendly terms with his boyhood that the nostalgic note does not once creep in. This is rather remarkable.

"The Beginning of a Mortal" lacks the interest and, of course, the novelty of "I Cover the Waterfront," but it is a pleasant little book all the same, candidly unpretentious and unimportant. Dutton publishes it and John Sloan embellishes it with some old-fashioned pen sketches whose quaintness is quite bearable.

ALL Mark Sullivan knows is what he clips out of the papers. His most recent scissors-and-paste chronicle of our American life, "Over Here" (Scribner), the current installment of "Our Times," covers in the familiar Sullivan manner the years from 1914 to 1918. How the War came to America—and how we were neatly taken in by it—makes an absorbing tale, occasionally despite Mr. Sullivan's most earnest efforts. And the illustrations are better than ever.

It is hardly necessary to point out that Mr. Sullivan is no more objective than you or I, or the newspaper files from which he gets his material. Sometimes he gives the impression of being thoroughly unreconstructed; apparently he is still fighting the War on the Allied side. In all his six hundred-odd pages there is hardly a hint of the real causes of the conflict. Also, his sense of historical proportion is, to say the least, eccentric. He devotes seven pages and two photographs to the great Grover Cleveland Bergdoll affair, and exactly eleven lines (coyly tucked away in the back of the book) to the flotation in 1915 of the $500,000,000 Morgan loan to the Allies. Another little matter which upsets Mr. Sullivan's equilibrium is the personality of Woodrow Wilson, in terms of which he tells his entire story. Certainly it is going too far, particularly for a Republican, to state that "for the last two years, 1917-1919, the history of the whole world was the history of Wilson's mind." Someone ought to nudge Mr. Sullivan and gently explain to him that nowadays the best people no longer believe in the Great Man theory of history.

However, with Mr. Sullivan supplying most of the facts and my readers chipping in with a little brain-work, "Over Here" ought to fill in a few hours quite instructively.

TO turn from the venerable Sullivan to the youthful Jack Conroy is almost like stepping forward a century or two. If you don't want to neglect the sort of fiction which, as the crisis deepens, is bound to become more and more noticeable, turn to Mr. Conroy's "The Disinherited," published by Covici - Friede. It's a novel — or, better, the raw materials for a novel—written by an American worker about American workers. The backgrounds are a coal mine, a rubber conversion plant, a steel mill, the front yards of farmhouses, box-car interiors, cheap brothels. The book has no particular form, being in this respect closely imitative of the life of the migratory worker who is its hero. But the atmosphere rings true. There is no forced proletarianism about it, nor is there that youthful Hemingway romanticism which sees the depressed worker merely as a picturesque tough.

Mr. Conroy writes about scabs, coal-miners, whores, yard bulls, without selfconsciousness and without mawkishness. Only occasionally a literary flourish intrudes to sour an otherwise effective passage. The story ends on a revolutionary note, but it is made convincing. There is no propaganda-faking. While the author's sympathies are clearly with the radical workers, he does not blind himself to the reality of working-class apathy or to the confusion into which labor so frequently falls in its phase of militant revolt. If you are interested in the human story behind the farm - and - factory - strike headlines, I suggest "The Disinherited."

ABOUT four years ago I read for a publisher, and rejected, a short manuscript entitled "Mrs. Haney," by a Southern writer, Foxhall Daingerfield. I knew of him only as the author of occasional second-rate detective sto-



"I'm probably the only Christian Scientist in this country without an appendix."

ries. But "Mrs. Haney" was not the work of a hack. It was a tiny segment of agonized life torn out of childhood memories, one felt; something, with all its faults (and they were of such a nature, it seemed at the time, to warrant rejection), unique and strange and beautiful. Now William Farquhar Payson has the courage to publish "Mrs. Haney" and I am glad to pay the book the inconsiderable tribute of these lines of appreciation. It is no masterpiece, but it is emphatically not a pseudo-masterpiece. It is, perhaps, a near-masterpiece.

Mrs. Haney is a crippled, half-demented old woman, living with her drunken husband and her brood of seven in a crazy shack adjoining the land of the Carrols, local Southern gentry. Her story, a story of pain, suffering, poverty, madness, and final revenge on her pitiful, crippled life, is seen through the eyes of young John Carrol over a span of some twelve years. Everything seems to separate John from Mrs. Haney—and yet it is this crazy, shuffling old woman, armored with an indomitable courage and a hold on existence that belies her miserable outward career, who determines John's life and furnishes him with the most revealing experiences of his adolescence.

"Mrs. Haney" has certain faults—a piling-on of horror, occasional sentimentality, and stiffness of language—but it has a beauty and a power which break through and will, I believe, profoundly move any sensitive reader. It is a book that one can recommend, but not describe. As two discerning readers, quoted on the jacket, point out, it might conceivably have been written by Willa Cather.

Foxhall Daingerfield, some weeks ago, was found dead, under circumstances indicating suicide. I do not believe he would ever have written another book as fine as "Mrs. Haney." Perhaps he was not a writer at all; but out of some hidden experience of his childhood he was able to distil this single haunting tale in which pain and sordidness and beauty are so strangely blended.

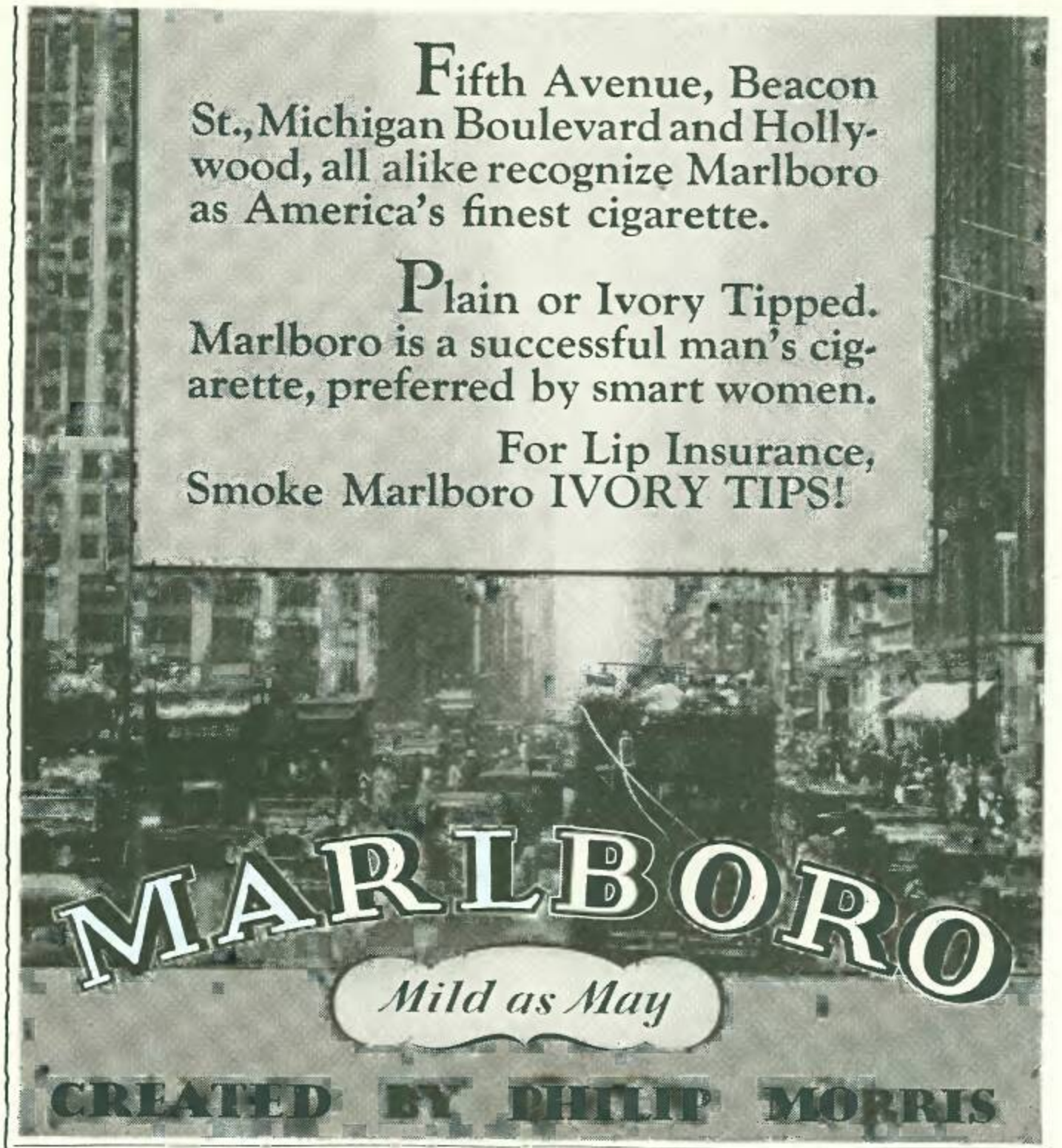
—CLIFTON FADIMAN

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ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

RABBLE IN ARMS, by Kenneth Roberts (*Doubleday, Doran*). A sequel to the author's "Arundel," this is a lengthy romantic tale of the Revolutionary Army from the attack on Quebec at the end of 1775 to the Battle of Saratoga. The Burgoyne invasion is the focus of the story. Mr. Roberts writes very vividly and knows a good deal of American history. It is perhaps to be regretted, therefore, that his solid, well-knit



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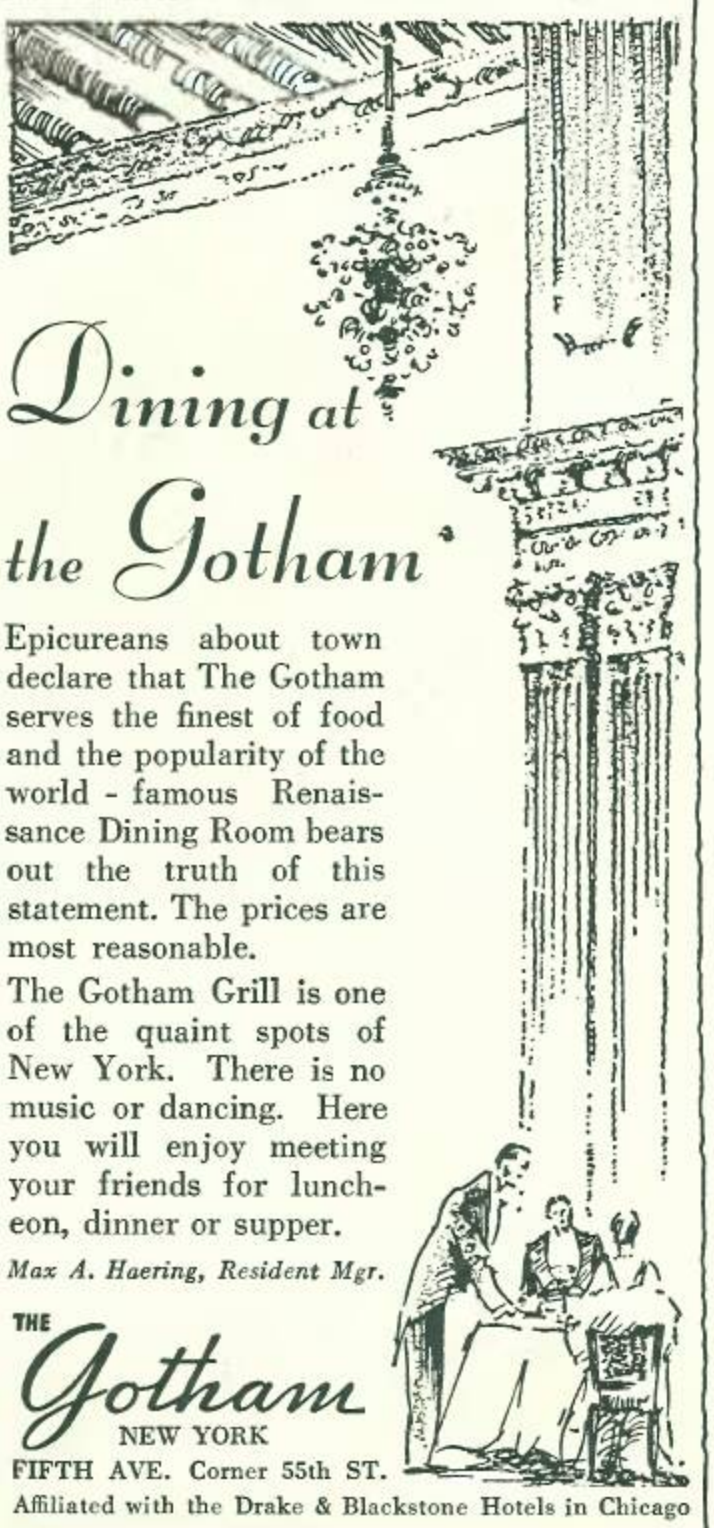
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novels are not more realistic in their approach.

CHRISTMAS TREE, by Lady Eleanor Smith (*Bobbs-Merrill*). How the lives of seven people, buying trees in a London department store on Christmas Eve, meet and interact. Apparently the "Grand Hotel" formula is made of enduring stuff.

GENERAL

MARLBOROUGH: HIS LIFE AND TIMES, by Winston Churchill (*Scribner*). Two solid volumes, by a great Tory writer, covering the first fifty-two years of the life of his illustrious ancestor, the great John Churchill. They contain an apparently effective demolition of Macaulay's strictures on Marlborough. No even half-serious student of English history can afford to neglect this massive biography. Keep in mind, however, that the Right Honourable is mixing whitewash with his ink.

THE ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION: FIRST PHASE, by Ernest K. Lindley (*Viking*). A reasonably sensible and very clearly written history and interpretation of the New Deal, done by an intelligent newspaperman who happens to know the President rather well. Mr. Lindley believes that "orderly revolution is feasible."

RIDDLES OF THE GOBI DESERT, by Sven Hedin. translated from the Swedish by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier (*Dutton*). Fully illustrated. "This book gives us the second half of the record of the great expedition begun in 1927 by Sven Hedin and the Chinese into the Gobi Desert." Alternate layers of scientific reports and interesting personal adventure.

WAYS THAT ARE DARK, by Ralph Townsend (*Putnam*). Mr. Townsend is obviously trying to do a Katherine Mayo for the Chinese. If "Mother India" told the truth about India, then Mr. Townsend is telling the truth about China. His book will not displease American imperialists.

MYSTERIES

THE SIAMESE TWIN MYSTERY, by Ellery Queen (*Stokes*). The problem of what to do with one of the Siamese twins if the other turns out to be a murderer, plus a forest fire and some good deduction, makes this one of the best of the latest crop of mysteries.

BLACK HAWTHORN, by John Stephen Strange (*Crime Club*). An extremely well-worked-out mystery centring in a family which is just a bundle of eccentricity. Unless you keep your mind on the story pretty closely, however, it tends to get out of hand.

AFTER THE WIDOW CHANGED HER MIND, by Cornelia Penfield (*Putnam*). A mystery without a murder, which relies a little too much on its humor to carry it through, and which sometimes proves a bit tedious as a result.

DEATH OVER NEWARK, by Alexander Williams (*Payson*). Sergeant Tonelli figures out who dumped the corpse from the airplane onto Market Street, Newark, and in the course of his investigation becomes involved in what often seems like a lot of unnecessary trouble.

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SPECIAL NOTE: Two momentous volumes by contributors to THE NEW YORKER have been issued. Mr. O. Soglow's king appears in a volume called "The Little King" (*Farrar & Rinehart*) containing most of the king drawings which have appeared in our pages, plus a few more, Mr. Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times" has been published by Harper. This is the autobiography we printed last summer, plus one or two additional chapters and forty heretofore unpublished drawings by the author, including one of the flight the day the dam broke and a sketch of the aunt who threw shoes at burglars.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

KARL AND THE 20TH CENTURY, by Rudolf Brunngraber, translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul (*Morrow*). A remarkable experimental novel, using an entirely new narrative technique, in which the actual protagonist is modern Capitalism. Decidedly worth reading.

WITHIN THIS PRESENT, by Margaret Ayer

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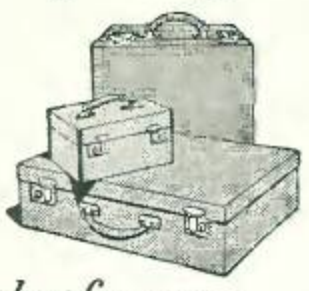
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Barnes (*Houghton Mifflin*). The story of the Sewalls, a wealthy but *nice* Chicago banking family, from 1914 to 1933. Long, leisurely, heavily upholstered, and studded with the requisite number of aunts and uncles.

THE CHILD MANUELA, by Christa Winsloe, translated from the German by Agnes Neill Scott (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A translation of the original novel on which the film "Maedchen in Uniform" was based. Though the moralism is a bit heavily laid on, in the German manner, this remains an interesting study of adolescence in its milder and more genteel homosexual phases.

TIME, FORWARD!, by Valentine Kataev, translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A novel of concrete-mixing, factories, Soviet workers, and the Five-Year Plan. Somewhat feverish in tempo and utterly remote in its psychological presuppositions from our type of Western fiction. Interesting.

THE BIRD OF DAWNING, by John Masefield (*Macmillan*). What happened to sixteen men in an open boat in mid-Atlantic during the days of the China Tea Races, seventy years ago. Quite a little excitement is crowded into this swinging and highly nautical yarn, which is the best thing Masefield has given us in years.

GENTLEMEN, I ADDRESS YOU PRIVATELY, by Kay Boyle (*Smith & Haas*). Tense relations among a group of men and women of assorted sexes. The ambiguous situation is handled with total amorality and in a perversely beautiful style.

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES, by Dorothy Parker (*Viking*). Eleven exercises in malice, four of which have appeared in these pages.

AH KING, by Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). Six tales of Europeans and some of their more violent passions, set against the background of Malaya, and recounted in Mr. Maugham's characteristically finished and artful manner. Good reading.

GENERAL

HEINE: A LIFE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE, by Ludwig Marcuse, translated from the German by Louise M. Sievelking and Ian F. D. Morrow (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Possibly the most intelligent life of Heine in English. Marcuse sees Heine's career as the tragedy of a middle-class revolutionary.

CREATIVE AMERICA, an anthology chosen and edited by Ludwig Lewisohn (*Harper*). This large, handsome volume is a sort of supplement to the editor's "Expression in America" and can be used most fruitfully in connection with that book. Particularly rich in selections from American writers since 1900.

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME, by Antonio de Fierro Blanco, translated from the Spanish by Walter de Steguier and illustrated by Alfredo Ramos Martinez (*Houghton Miffin*). Adventure in feudal California in the year 1810. A book remarkable for the maleness of its tone and the graphic quality of its descriptive passages.

TIMBER LINE: A STORY OF BONFILS AND TAMMEN, by Gene Fowler (*Covici-Friede*). Mr. Fowler, in his notorious anecdotal manner, tells the free-swinging tale of the two buccaneers of the Denver *Post*. Quite unserious, quite entertaining.

THE EDWARDIAN ERA, by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles (*Appleton-Century*). A clear and interesting, but not highly penetrating, study of European politics from 1900 to 1910. Worth reading.

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE, by Maurice Hindus (*Smith & Haas*). A report, for the most part enthusiastic, on Russian progress up to date. Indispensable for anyone even remotely interested in Russia.

CROWDED HOURS, by Alice Roosevelt Longworth (*Scribner*). Society and diplomatic reminiscences by a member of one of America's reigning families and our nearest approach to Margot Asquith.

THE NIGHT CLUB ERA, by Stanley Walker (*Stokes*). The great post-prohibition period, in all its horror, its grotesquerie, and its vulgarity, laid to rest with diabolical unconcern by a master man-about-town.

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