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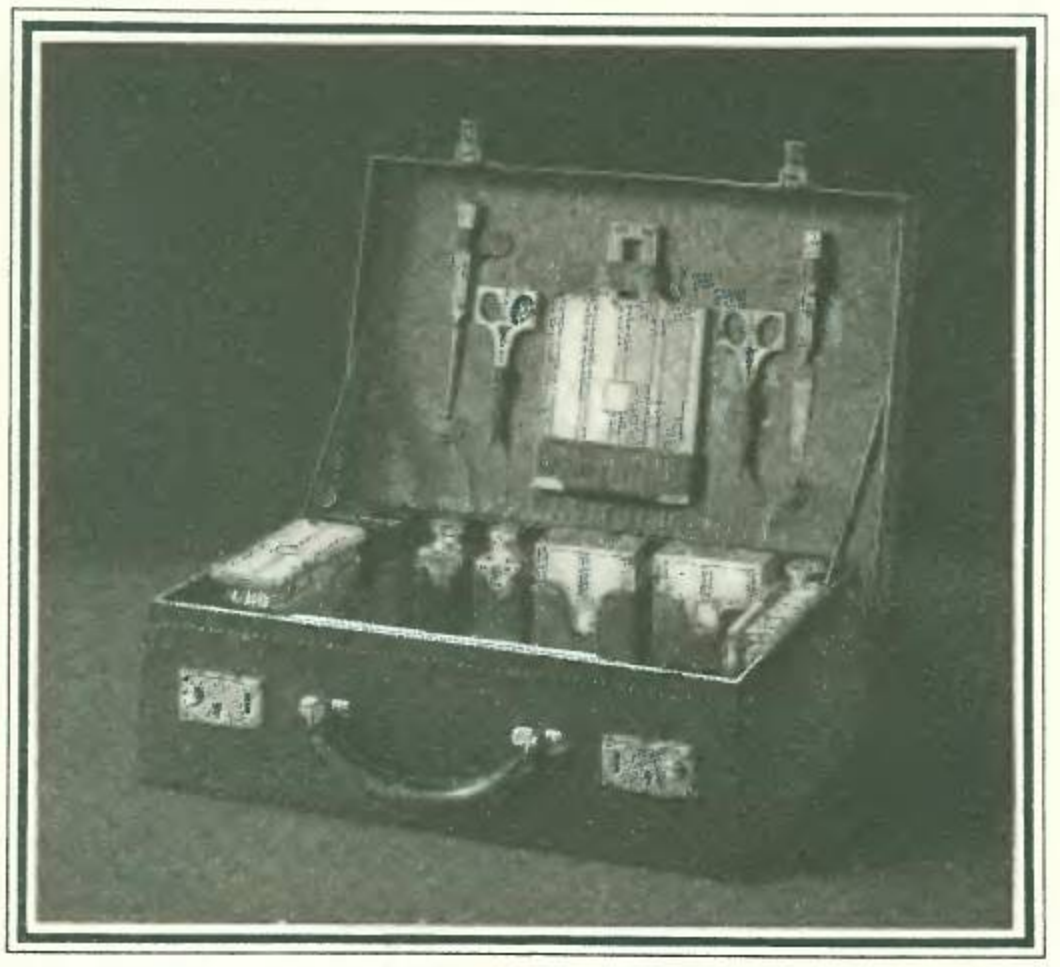
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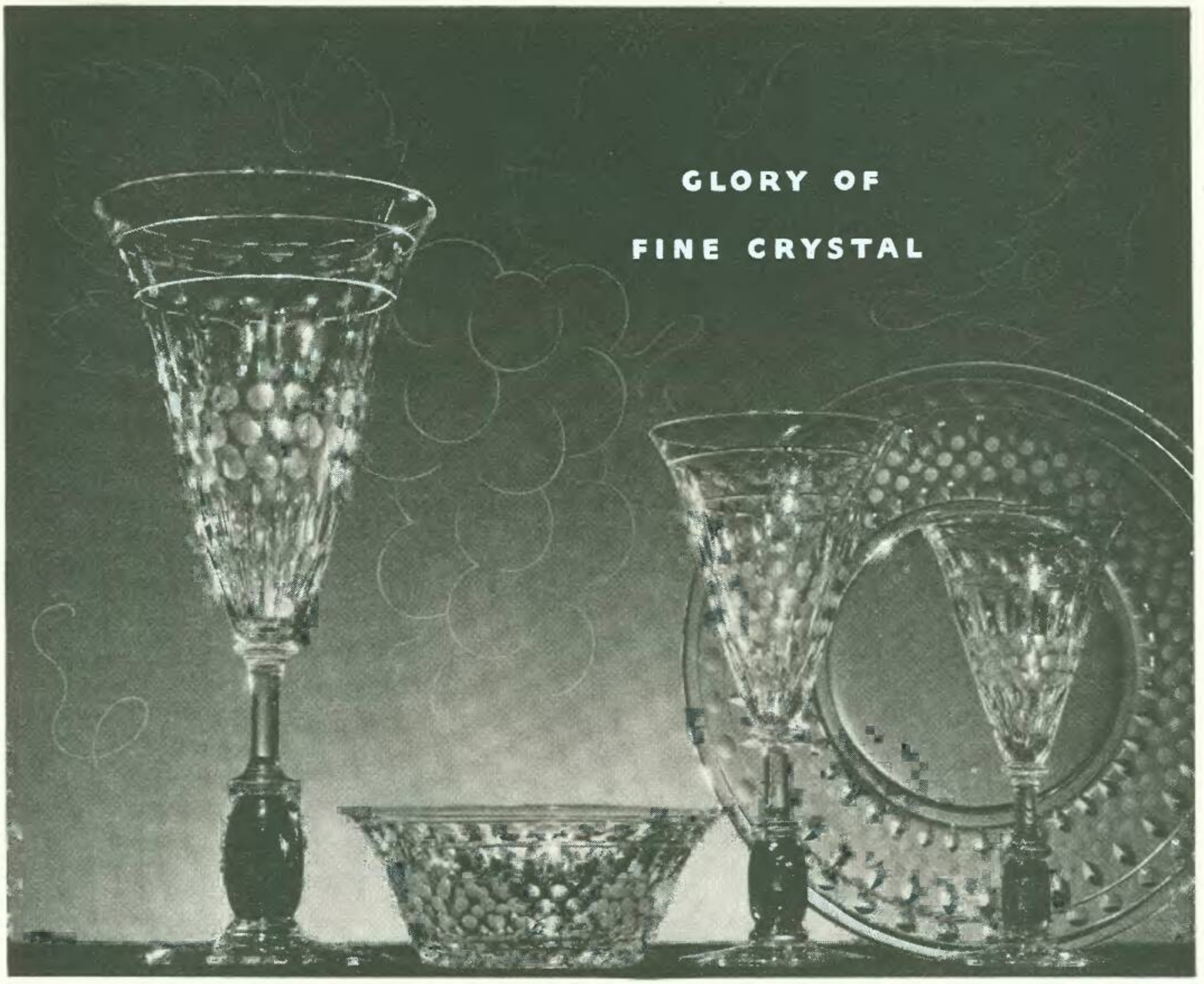
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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 going on about young love in a pleasant Booth Tarkington sort of way. George M. Cohan's performance, of course, is superb. (Guild, 52, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

BIG HEARTED HERBERT—The unhappy family of a self-made man stage a revolt which turns into a rout. Loud but funny, and with J. C. Nugent to make it even better. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

DODSWORTH—Sidney Howard's excellent dramatization of the Sinclair Lewis novel, with Walter Huston giving a fine performance as the American business man who takes in Europe, and vice versa. (Shubert, 44, W.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE—An exquisite young man has to choose between love and luxury, and does just what you'd expect. Very sympathetically played by James Dale, Laurence Olivier, and Jill Esmond; brilliantly directed by Jed Harris. (Cort, 48, E.)

HER MASTER'S VOICE—Very nice indeed. Clare Kummer's comedy lines given their full value by Roland Young as Frances Fuller's meek husband, who is taken for a serving man by Laura Hope Crews, who is Elizabeth Patterson's rich sister. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND—Helen Hayes in the Theatre Guild's high point of the season, with Helen Menken as Elizabeth, and Philip Merivale as Bothwell. You probably had better not miss it. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

MEN IN WHITE—A grim and thorough drama which ought to keep light-minded young men out of the medical profession. With Alexander Kirkland and J. Edward Bromberg. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

NO MORE LADIES—You have heard the story before, about a wife who decides to cure her husband's roaming tendencies by a little outside work on her own hook. This telling of it, however, involves some funny lines and Lucile Watson. Also, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Weston, and Rex O'Malley. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

PEACE ON EARTH—Last weeks of a fiery, but slightly rambling, attack on War, which will do no one any harm to see and which might do some good. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—Mr. and Mrs. Langner's nice little play about bundling, with an extremely winning performance by Tonio Selwart. (Avon, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX—An elaborate production of an historical costume drama dealing with the young king who turned nasty on his tormentors. Dennis King in the title rôle. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

SAILOR, BEWARE!—Bruce Macfarlane and Audrey Christie in a rough and very funny explanation of what our navy does with its spare time. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

SHE LOVES ME NOT—Four Princeton seniors give refuge to a chorus girl in their dormitory, and the complications are both hilarious and skillfully handled. (46th Street, 46, W.)

THE SHINING HOUR—What might have been an old-fashioned story of a young wife who finds herself loved by her brother-in-law, were it not for the fact that it is written with infinite grace and courage and acted beautifully by a cast headed by Gladys Cooper, Adrianne Allen, and Raymond Massey. (Booth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THEY SHALL NOT DIE—A bitter and moving transcript of the Scottsboro Case; not pleasant to listen to, but it wasn't meant to be. Ruth Gordon, Claude Rains, and a large Theatre Guild cast. (Royale, 45, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10.]

TOBACCO ROAD—Some of the lower forms of life in the back districts of Georgia, and worth seeing for Henry Hull's performance. (48th Street, 48, E.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—Young Master Frank Thomas, Jr., as the little boy who tries to find a place for himself in the two houses of his divorced parents and ends up in a military school. A tender play and a remarkable performance. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M. May close Sat., Mar. 10.)

THE WIND AND THE RAIN—A quiet but nice little play about a boy who loves a girl in the University and never thinks of marrying her until his mother dies and releases him. With Frank Lawton, Rose Hobart, and Alexander Archdale. (Ritz, 48, W.)

WITH MUSIC

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Nothing particularly new in musical comedies, but at least something which sticks to its last and makes a pleasant evening of it. Guy Robertson, Nancy McCord, Andrew Tombes, and Betty Starbuck. (Imperial, 45, W.)

AS THOUSANDS CHEER—An irreverent and peppery revue, done with a great deal of wit and style. Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, Ethel Waters, and others. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MURDER AT THE VANITIES—The Most Beautiful Girls in the World, calm and maidenly, but not especially happy, in one of the dizziest detective stories. (Majestic, 44, W.)

ROBERTA—A fine figure of a musical comedy, resplendent in everything but dialogue. Jerome Kern music, with Lyda Roberti, Fay Templeton, Tamara, and Bob Hope. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Extra performance for the Stage Relief Fund Sun. Eve., Mar. 4.)

THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Here is a great deal of almost everything that you want in a big revue (except possibly taste in jokes), with such apparently infallible entertainers as Fannie Brice, Willie Howard, the Ebsens, and Everett Marshall. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

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

RAGGED ARMY—A play by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Milhauser, with Lloyd Nolan, Lee Baker, Thomas Chalmers, and others. (Selwyn, 42, W. 8:40 P.M.)

YELLOW JACK—Sidney Howard's second play this season. The cast includes John Miltern, Katherine Wilson, Robert Keith, Eduardo Ciannelli, Whitford Kane, Geoffrey Kerr, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

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SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—An intimate revue, pleasant enough for a Sunday evening. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

DANCE RECITALS—Tashamira, in a program of original dances, "Reality and Unreality": Sun. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8:45. (Morosco, 45, W.) . . . Lisa Parnova in new dances: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8:30. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

FOR CHILDREN—Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Jack and the Beanstalk": Sat. Morn., Mar. 3, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116.)

BALLET

MONTE CARLO BALLET RUSSE—Return engagement, beginning Fri. Eve., Mar. 9, with a program of three new ballets: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Les Matelots," and "Lac des Cygnes." (St. James, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue, with music by Pancho and his orchestra.*

BILTMORE CASINO BLEU, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra are the big attraction here.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra, dances by Maurice and Cordoba, and songs by Frances Maddux. Must dress.

CHAPEAU ROUGE, 159 W. 49 (Columbus 5-9096)—Peppy De Albrew's smart supper club. Dances by the DeMarcos, songs by Madeleine La Salle, and magic by Galli-Galli. Dick Gasparre's and Godoy's music.*

MADISON, Madison at 58 (Volunteer 5-5000)—Supper dancing in the Green Room to Jolly Coburn's orchestra. Must dress.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—After-theatre dancing in the Neptune Room. Jack Denny's smooth music.*

PLACE PIGUALE, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—One of the gayest spots in town. Harry Rosenthal's excellent music, with dances by Dave and Dorothy Fitzgibbon.*

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-2600)—Supper dancing to Freddy Martin's music, in dignified surroundings.*

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra have returned home to the Seaglade. Dances by Minor and Root. Must dress.

VANDERBILT, Park at 34 (Ashland 4-4000)—Dancing in the Della Robbia Room to Joe

(Continued on page 6)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

Moss's music. Dances by Ward and Hopkins.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—The Empire Room has Enric Madriguera's orchestra, Xavier Cugat's tango band, and dancing by the DeMarcos and Margo. Must dress.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—George Olsen (with Ethel Shutta) is at the Pennsylvania Madhattan, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Henri Bush plays at the Gotham, 5 Ave. at 55. . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra are at the Colonnades, Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. . . . Rubinoff plays in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46. . . . Leon Belasco is at the St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. . . . Isham Jones plays at 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. at 55. . . . Harold Stern provides the music in the Coral Room, Hotel Montclair, Lexington at 49. . . . Enoch Light is at the Governor Clinton Grill, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Sam Robbins plays in the McAlpin Marine Grill, B'way at 34. . . . Jack Little is at the Lexington, Lexington at 48.

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NOTES—Some of the more attractive hotel cafés are those at the Barclay, Lexington at 49; Chatham, Vanderbilt at 48; Madison, Madison at 58; Park Lane, Park at 49; Marguery, 270 Park; Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46; Tuscany, 118 E. 39; Vanderbilt, Park at 34; and Weylin, Madison at 54.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769), harbors Georges Metaxa, Joseph C. Smith's orchestra, and Nilo Menendez's tango band.* . . . Jack Meyers leads the orchestra at the Surf Club, 42 E. 52 (Plaza 3-1849).* . . . Mike Wolfe provides the music at the Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51 (Wickersham 2-0977).* . . . The Merry-Go-Round, 146 E. 56 (Plaza 3-3397), has songs by Teddy Lynch, a marionette show, and Happy Powers's band. . . . At the Simplon, 26 W. 53 (Murray Hill 2-8332), you will find Frances Langford, the Royal Jesters, and William Farmer's orchestra. . . . Le Bijou, 2 E. 56, features Corrado Lozito's music and entertainment by Geraldine Lee and Marcel Charmel.

For a drink and a bite to eat after the theatre, you might try: Jack & Charlie's, 21 W. 52, which needs no recommendation; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54, with a wooden Indian, swinging doors, and the bar from the Holland House; Tony's, 59 W. 52; and the Continental Café, 10 E. 52, with Dave, the singing bartender.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The big, popular, flashy places: Casino de Paree, 254 W. 54 (Circle 7-2686), with Ben Pollack's and Chick Webb's orchestras, and Billy Rose's spectacular revue, featuring Cardini, Gertrude Niesen, Eleanor Powell, Holland and June, and Hinda Wassau. . . . Palais Royal, B'way at 48 (Lackawanna 4-7300), with Emil Coleman's music, Ethel Waters, and an elaborate revue that includes Oliver Wakefield, Caperton and Biddle, and others.

Other places with plenty of undressed floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), Buddy Rogers and his orchestra; Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), Rudy Vallée's band; and Delmonico's, 209 W. 51 (Circle 7-6108).

Club Ha Ha, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-9790), with Dan Healy, Jack White, Jerry Bergin, Lilian Fitzgerald, and others entertaining the stay-out-all-nights.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10.]

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's Washington Square Club, 19 Wash. Sq. N. (Gramercy 5-9434), with Frank Farrell's music. . . . Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), with Eddie Davis' orchestra. . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; 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), is usually worth visiting. 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), vodka, Russian food, and entertainment. . . . Scandinavian: Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251), *smörgåsbord*, dancing, and entertainment. . . . Spanish: El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836), small and attractive; and El Chico, 80 Grove (Chelsea 2-4646).

MOTION PICTURES

CATHERINE THE GREAT—Elizabeth Bergner's imperial triumph, in an English film of grand Romanoff days. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:50 P.M., and Sat. at 11:50 P.M.)

I AM SUZANNE—Pretty but rather long, with the Piccoli marionettes, Lilian Harvey, and Gene Raymond. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Tues. and Wed., Mar. 6 and 7; continuous from 2 P.M.)

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—A kidnapping story, done with discretion and taste, yet perhaps too harrowing for many. With Dorothea Wieck and Alice Brady at their best. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues. through Thurs., Mar. 6-8; continuous from 1 P.M.)



NANA—The provocative Anna Sten in a sublimated sob story derived from Zola's story of the Second Empire demimonde. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Lexington, Lexington at 51; Fri. through Mon., Mar. 2-5; continuous from 1 P.M.)

QUEEN CHRISTINA—Garbo in heroic mood and at her best in a rather feeble film of seventeenth-century Sweden. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Fri., Mar. 2; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

NOTE—Movies suitable for children, at the Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78: Fri., Sat., and Sun. Afts. at 2:15 and 3:45.

ART

AMERICANS—First Municipal Art Exhibition, showing examples of all schools of contemporary American art: Forum, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

BACON—New pastels, etchings, drypoints, and lithographs by Peggy Bacon: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 3.

BASEBALL—Heroic figure of Babe Ruth by Reuben Nakian: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 3.

COOK—Frescoes and drawings by Howard Cook: Weyhe, 790 Lexington. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 10.

DUFY—Water colors by Raoul Dufy. Opening Tues., Mar. 6: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH MASTERS—Paintings by the great French Masters of the nineteenth century. Admission one dollar, for the benefit of the Children's Aid Society and the French Hospital: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 10.

HOFFMAN—"The Races of Man," in sculpture: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 3.

MATISSE—Large show by a painter who needs no introduction: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 3.

O'KEEFFE—Forty-four selected paintings, from 1915 to 1929, by the most distinguished woman painter in America: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHS—Snapshots, or caught-in-the-acts, by a merciless Swede, Remie Lohse: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 3.

PRENDERGAST—Important memorial exhibition of the work of the late Maurice B. Prendergast: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily (except Mon.) 2 to 6 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SARDEAU—Excellent terra-cottas and some good bronzes and drawings by a distinguished young sculptress: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 3.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—Zuñi paintings and pottery: Gallery of American Indian Art, 850 Lexington Ave. . . . Sculpture by Helen Haas: Seligmann, 3 E. 51; through Mar. 10. . . . Paintings by A. Harriton: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54; through Mar. 10 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 6 P.M.). . . . Group show: Ten Dollar Gallery, 28 E. 56. . . . Paintings by Waldo Peirce: Gallery 144 W. 13; through Mar. 10. . . . Sculpture by Polygnotus Vagis: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave.; through Mar. 3.

(Continued on page 8)

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(Continued from page 6)

. . . Paintings of horses and sporting subjects by Edward Herbert Miner: Empire Galleries, 620 5 Ave.; through Mar. 10. . . . Paintings by Helen McAuslan: An American Group, Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. . . . Paintings by Doris Rosenthal: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Mar. 5. . . . Paintings by Stephen Etnier: Milch, 108 W. 57. . . . Sculpture by Pablo Gargallo: Brummer, 55 E. 57. . . . Paintings by P. Kleinschmidt: Lilienfeld-Van Diemen, 21 E. 57. . . . Sculpture by Jane Wasey and paintings by Domenico Mortellito: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Mar. 10.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

LOTTE LEHMANN—Only chance this season to hear her in a complete program of *Lieder*: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 4.

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Assisted this time by Mr. Downes in commentary on violin music: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Mon. Eve., Mar. 5, at 8:15.

GABRILOWITSCH AND SPALDING—Concluding a notable cycle of Beethoven sonata programs: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 5.

BERYL RUBENSTEIN—Return of an accomplished pianist: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 7.

JAMES FRISKIN—One of our finest resident pianists in his annual concert: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 10.

WALTER GIESEKING—The first of four lecture recitals on "Piano Music from Bach to Debussy," with Mr. Gieseking at the piano and commentary by Olin Downes: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 10.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Lange conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Mar. 2, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 3, at 8:45; and Sun. Aft., Mar. 4. . . . Toscanini conducting (Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, with soloists): Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8:45; and Fri. Aft., Mar. 9, at 2:30. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Mar. 10, at 11.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Mar. 2, at 8:15; Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 3, at 2:30.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GLEE CLUB CONTEST—Yale, Princeton, N.Y.U., and Rutgers: Wanamaker Auditorium, B'way at 9, Sat. Eve., Mar. 3, at 8:30.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Iturbi conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 6, at 8:45.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Siegfried," Fri. Aft., Mar. 2, at 1; "La Gioconda," Fri. Eve., Mar. 2, at 8; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Aft., Mar. 3, at 2; "Faust," Sat. Eve., Mar. 3, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 4; "Aïda," Mon. Eve., Mar. 5, at 8; "Tristan und Isolde," Wed. Eve., Mar. 7, at 8; "Götterdämmerung," Fri. Aft., Mar. 9, at 1. (Schedule for other dates to be announced; see daily papers.)

SAN CARLO GRAND OPERA COMPANY—"Lohengrin," Fri. Eve., Mar. 2; "Faust," Sat. Aft., Mar. 3; "La Forza del Destino," Sat. Eve., Mar. 3; "Il Trovatore," Sun. Eve., Mar. 4. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50. 8:15 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS—Gertrude Stein songs, with music by Virgil Thomson, and an all-Negro cast. Nothing but nice. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, De Luca, and Martini; Bellezza conducting: Sat. Aft., Mar. 3, at 2, WEAF-WJZ.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 10.]

HAROLD L. ICKES—The Secretary of the Interior will be the first speaker in a new series of broadcasts about our National Parks: Sat. Eve., Mar. 3, at 10, WJZ.

LILY PONS—Another chance to hear her, this time as soloist with the Cadillac Symphony, Tullio Serafin conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 4, at 6, WJZ.

VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA—The British feminist and industrialist tells what she thinks about future developments and trends in English life and thought: Tues. Aft., Mar. 6, at 3:30, WABC and WEAF.

MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY—Première of a new series of weekly concerts under the direction of Eugene Ormandy: Tues. Eve., Mar. 6, at 9:30, WABC.

GENERAL JOHNSON—The NRA Administrator addressing the Code Authorities Conference: Wed. Eve., Mar. 7, at 10:30, WEAF.

SIR OLIVER LODGE—Speaking from London on "Do We Survive?": Fri. Aft., Mar. 9, at 4:20, WABC and WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns. at 11, WEAF-WJZ. . . . George Gershwin: Fri. and Mon. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Jack Whiting and Jack Denny: Fri. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Felix Salmond and Violet Kemble Cooper: Fri. at 10, WJZ. . . . John Erskine: Fri. at 11, WEAF. . . . Byrd Antarctic Expedition: Sat. at 10, WABC. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Lange conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . Ted Weems's Varieties: Sun. at 7, WJZ. . . . Waring's Pennsylvanians: Sun. at 8:30; Thurs. at 9:30; WABC. . . . Will Rogers: Sun. at 9, WJZ. . . . Richard Crooks: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . The Big Show: Mon. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Ruth Etting and Johnny Green: Tues. and Fri. at 9:15, WABC. . . . Ed Wynn: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Albert Spalding: Wed. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Allen and Ferde Grofé: Wed. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . John McCormack: Wed. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Dick Powell and Ted Fiorito: Wed. at 10, WABC. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Captain Henry's Show Boat: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, and Deems Taylor: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: King Levinsky vs. Walter Neusel, Fri. Eve., Mar. 9; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

FENCING—Metropolitan foil championship, individual: Salle d'Armes Vince, 247 Park, Sun. Aft., Mar. 4, at 2:30. . . . Foils, team championship: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 8, at 7:30.

HOCKEY — Professional games at Madison Square Garden, 8:45 P.M.: Americans vs. Ottawa, Sun. Eve., Mar. 4; Rangers vs. Ottawa, Tues. Eve., Mar. 6; Americans vs. Canadiens, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 8. . . . Amateur hockey every Sun. Aft. at 2.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Mar. 3: Penn. M.C. vs. First Division, at 9:30; and another game, to be announced, at 8:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Mar. 10: Squadron A vs. Essex Troop, at 8:30; and Penn. M.C. vs. The Riding Club, at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, Bedford Ave. at President St., Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Mar. 3: Squadron C vs. Allenhurst, at 9:30; and Brooklyn Circuit elimination game, at 8:30.

TENNIS—Men's National Indoor Championships: 7th Rgt. Armory, Park at 66, starting Sat., Mar. 10.

TRACK — Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Indoor Track and Field Championships: Madison Square Garden, Mon. Eve., Mar. 5, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Mar. 2 and 3.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The libraries of Dr. H. N. Fraser and Mrs. F. W. Clapp, including first editions of English and American authors, illustrated and art books, and autograph manuscripts: Wed. through Fri. Afts., Mar. 7-9, at 2:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who plan ahead.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Mar. 9, 16, 23, and 30. . . . Golden Gloves Tournaments, Mar. 12 and 28.

GOLF—North and South Open, Pinehurst, N.C., Mar. 27-29. . . . North and South Amateur, Pinehurst, Mar. 31-Apr. 6.

MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Toscanini and Lange conducting, through Apr. 29. New York Orchestra, Sokoloff conducting, Mar. 13. Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Mar. 20 and Apr. 10. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Apr. 5 and 7. (All at Carnegie Hall.) . . . Recitals: Menuhin, Carnegie Hall, Mar. 18. At Town Hall: Tito Schipa, Mar. 14; Mary Lewis, Mar. 18; Harold Bauer, Mar. 24; Jeritza and Salmond, Mar. 28. . . . Metropolitan Opera season continues through Mar. 31.

RACING—Grand National, Aintree, Liverpool, Eng., Mar. 23. . . . Carolina Cup, Camden, S.C., Mar. 24. . . . Bowie, Md., Apr. 2-14.

ROWING—Oxford vs. Cambridge, Thames River, Eng., Mar. 17.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"The Pure in Heart," a play by John Howard Lawson, with Dorothy Hall, Tom Powers, and James Bell: Longacre, Mar. 14. . . . "Gentlewoman," another play by John Howard Lawson, with Stella Adler: Mar. 21. . . . "Races," the Theatre Guild's production of a play by Ferdinand Bruckner, with Mady Christians: Apr. 2. . . . "Sweet Bells Jangled," Jane Cowl in a play by Reginald Lawrence: about Apr. 3.

TRACK—K. of C. indoor meet, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 17.

WRESTLING—At Madison Square Garden, Mar. 19.

OTHER DATES—Ice Carnival, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 14. . . . Federal income-tax returns for 1933 are due Mar. 15. . . . Lambs Club Annual Public Gambol, Waldorf-Astoria, Mar. 17. . . . Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, Mar. 19-24. . . . Easter Sunday is Apr. 1. . . . Circus, Madison Square Garden, Apr. 7-28.



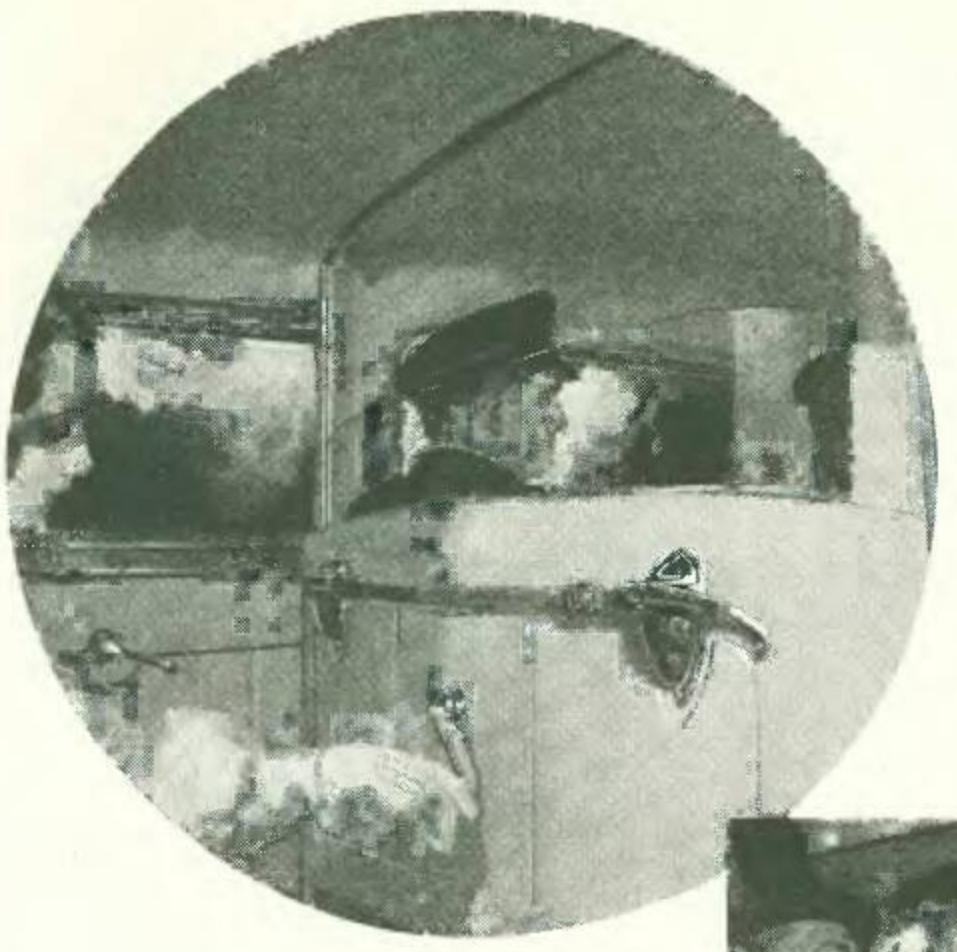
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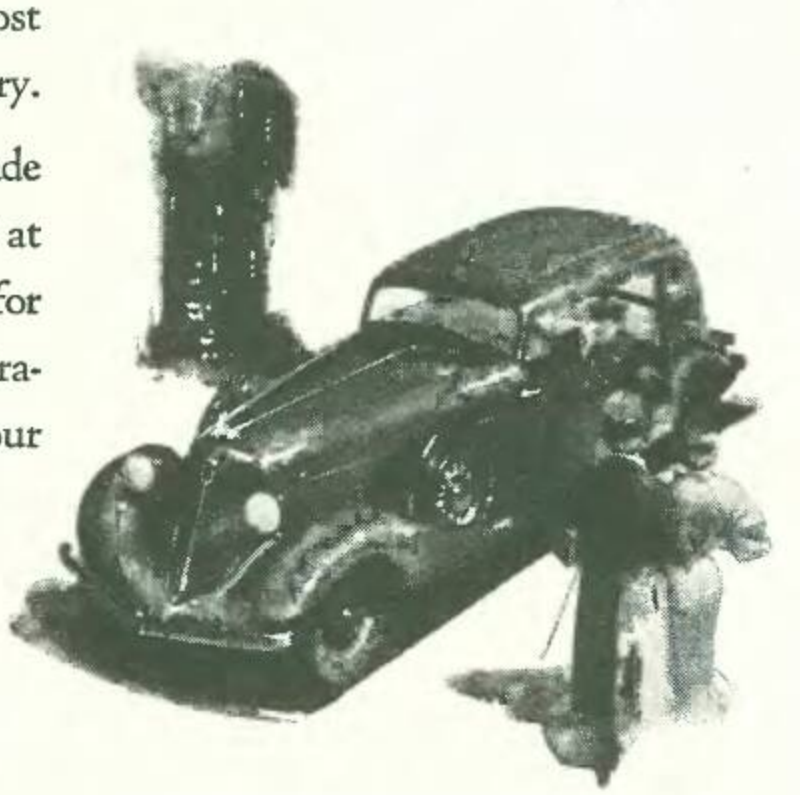
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LENTEN NOTE: Among the books chosen by the Syracuse Public Library for its shelf marked "Devotional Reading for Lent" is Clarence Day's "God and My Father."

STURM-UND-DRANG NOTE: During the recent blizzard, a notice was posted on the outgoing train board in the Grand Central: "11 A.M. train annulled. Passengers will take 12 o'clock train."

WE encountered a writer this week who wanted our advice. He wanted to know whether he should give up his job teaching school and move to town, where he could meet other writers. "What do you want to meet other writers for?" we asked sharply. And he didn't know. "If you just want to know how they look," we continued, "they look terrible, particularly in the late evening in groups of three to seven, or in the morning singly. If you want to know what they talk about, they talk about themselves and the things they write." The writer thanked us and went back to his useful work of teaching school and writing,



safe for a few months more, anyway, from the demoralizing effects of mingling with his craft.

AFTER he had gone, we sat here wondering whether we had been justified in advising a writer to stay away from writers. The longer we pondered the matter, the surer we felt of our ground. In each other's company, writers tend to magnify the significance and difficulty of writing and to destroy its essential simplicity and directness. They also act up more than is necessary to preserve the tradition of temperament. The breakage is very high. In clusters, writers lack that nobleness and grace of character from which come nobleness and grace in art. They ruin tablecloths with lead pencils. Jealous as pigeons, they knife each other in the back and are sorry the next day. We doubt if the total output of writers, good and bad, justifies the enormous fuss and clatter they make out of the business of literature.

Another reason for advising anyone



to stay away from the vortex of letters is the tactics of the procurers. An overwhelming number of all books, plays, articles, reviews, stories, poems, and pamphlets that are written in the course of a year originate not as the result of the author's urgency but of somebody else's persuasion or direction. The vestibule of the Muse is packed with solicitors. It seems to us that the great restlessness of publishers, agents, and idea men is degrading and a too great drain on the reservoirs of creation. Anybody who can spell is sought after these days by middlemen holding out sugar cookies.

OF course, mixing with literary people has its amusement value. Certainly there is no sight more engrossing than that of a writer getting ready to write something. We have known several writers who spent virtually their whole lives trying to get themselves into position to create. Something was always wrong: either they needed fewer people about, or they needed more people about, or a room higher up from the earth, or a room below ground. If they were in love, they couldn't write because the passion was too absorbing; if they were out of love, their pen stood still for want of love's urging. One writer once told us he had to be "right down on the ground where he could touch it" before he could create. We have always been mildly jealous of persons of this sort, who find in preparation for work a pleasant substitute for work itself, and whose whole skill is in making sun, moon, and stars conspire for one perfect moment of literary labor.

A PORTUGUESE paper, *Diario de Noticias*, published in Lisbon, carried the most competent account of the Welfare Island raid. Perhaps it would be permissible to quote the first paragraph, translating as we go along:

NEW YORK, January 26.—The discovery the day before yesterday of the great scandal of the Welfare Island prison excited the public opinion over the fact to know that, practically, this penal institution has been governed by two "gangsters" in company with police agents and the famous Tammany Hall, a notorious woman, most illustrious in New York, and who lived there up to the date of the last civic elections.

Somehow this idea of Tammany Hall as a notorious woman (a brunette with flashing eyes, probably) is attractive to us. It would be decidedly more pic-



turesque to have the city in the hands of a ravishing and wily female than merely a prey to some ambitious old Democrats.

WE recommend for your delectation and dismay the article by Stuart Chase in *Scribner's* for March. It is the most legible thing we have read on the metaphysics of ownership, the moonbeams of presumptive future earnings. Great matters such as the control of corporate wealth are not

things we have ever been privy to; these mysteries, these architectures, are not for the little man of destiny. So it is stirring to discover, at this rather late date, that the holders of stock in many corporate enterprises have been a good deal like passengers in a train operated, not manually by an engineer, but remotely by persons whose best interests were to be served by wrecking the damn thing. Or at least by throwing it frequently off schedule. It occurs to us that enough is now known of the higher twiddling of corporations to make it compulsory that certain kinds of stock certificates carry, in italics, the following explanatory note or reminder: "The purchaser of this share in our business should bear in mind that the corporation, though operated for profit, is controlled for despoliation. May we remind you, as you come into the fold, that though the directors want things to go well, behind them are the far hunters who will see to it that things go erratically, even go bust? God bless you, little man, and keep you safe!"

Crazy to Write

ONE of our Washington men spent a recent rainy afternoon nosing around the Library of Congress and made an interesting find on Deck 43. There is stacked an assortment of volumes known as the X Collection. The legend is that it contains books written, in the supposition of the librarians, by lunatics. Our prowler reports that one of the books is "Tender Buttons," by Gertrude Stein, published in 1914; it bears the Library of Congress catalogue number X3873. Right next to it on the shelf is a copy of a book called "Making a Medium," by one W. E. Stanton, the title page of which bears this printed legend: "Below — Handwriting of God," followed by this, in script: "It is my Will that this little book shall be translated throughout all the Earth. God the Father." Our man dipped into only two or three more of the volumes. He began to feel kind of queer and went on to the Eugene Field shelf.

Life of a Star

A DOLOROUS knight, returned from the Hollywood wars, dropped in to see us and told us about a conversation he overheard between Gloria Swanson and a young movie director. The director explained to the radiant lady that his three principal interests were really fishing, Airedale dogs, and Staffordshire pottery. "I have only one hobby myself," responded Miss Swanson. "I like to live like a queen."

Which reminded us of the enchanting story of what once happened to Gloria Swanson and her former husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, here in our city. It was on the occasion of their first triumphal entry into New York as Marquis and Marquise. They attended, shortly after arriving, a concert in Carnegie Hall, and they sat like two gleaming jewels in the midst of the assemblage of less glamorous people. Both were handsomely gowned (the Marquis was, of course, not exactly "gowned," but probably some of the plainer and blunter husbands in the audience thought of him as "gowned"). Anyway, there they sat, with all eyes dressed upon them. Shortly before the intermission two gentlemen, friends of Miss Swanson and notorious wags, the Messrs. James Creelman and Sport. Ward, slipped out of the auditorium and returned at the start of the intermission, each bearing two chocolate ice-cream cones. They walked impressively down the aisle toward the handsome couple, concealing their cones as best they could until they were directly upon the innocent pair. Then, with quick, low, simultaneous bows, they solemnly extended their offerings, Mr. Creelman handing his two cones to the Marquis and Mr. Ward presenting his to Miss Swanson. Automatically, without thinking, the two victims accepted the little tokens, and there they sat, each of them holding two ice-cream cones, one in one hand and one in the other. This situation, like certain holds in wrestling, is difficult to get out of. As a matter of fact, the Marquis and the Marquise did not, for a long time, get out of it. They just sat there, holding their cones. Miss Swanson by this time was "on to" the fact that the thing was a spoof, an ill-timed, slowly melting spoof; the Marquis, however, thought for a while that the presentation was simply an old American custom. They were saved, in a way, by the return to the stage of the orchestra and its bursting into another composition. Eyes re-



"How did you happen to find this place?"



"See. He's trying to say he's sorry."

luctantly strayed from the couple for a moment, and in this interval, after a hurried whispered consultation, the lovely lady and her bridegroom put their four cones on the floor under their seats.

6 St. Luke's Place

JIMMY WALKER's house in St. Luke's Place, now owned by a gentleman who deals in essential oils, was a fashionable dwelling in Civil War days. It was one of a row of houses built by William S. Vanderbilt, and it was still fashionable when Jimmy, age seven, went to live in it with his father and mother. The present owner, Mr. Eric Coupey, kindly allowed us to roam with him through the place the other day, making notes on our cuff and looking for Hattie Carnegie in the dumbwaiter.

The house is, of course, empty and forlorn, save for a room on the third floor front which used to be Jimmy's study and which now contains a couple of essential-oil clerks busily sending cables. The plaster walls in the downstairs hall are scaling off in large green flakes, leaving leprous areas, dismal as death. Following our guide up uncarpeted steps, we explored, in a spirit of reverence, Jimmy's bedroom, third floor rear. The carpet was gone, but a bleak four-poster remained, lumpy with a gray mattress; also an excessively dingy chaise-longue minus its upholstery. The only traces of the Mayor were a leather belt hanging lonely in a closet and a bag containing five or six dozen collars in a startling variety of hues and designs, Walkerian to the last dot. Mr. Coupey intends to preserve these, in case Mr. Walker should ever drop in.

On the top floor was Mrs. Walker's bedroom, which still bristles with twenty-one shoe racks. Under a window was a mysterious switch, which Mr. Coupey is having the Edison Company trace to its source. The whole house, in fact, seems to have been amply wired —with an inter-room phone system and a special device by which the Mayor was able to change circuits when he suspected that the enemy was tapping his wire. In a maid's room on the ground floor were a green Victrola, a yellowing copy of "Will You Love Me in December as You Do in May?," and, face down under a battered desk, a large drawing of Cardinal Hayes, signed by him. Drawings and photographs of Jimmy also littered this room, which was apparently used as a catchall during the moving-out process a year ago. There were various old bills from markets and shops, and an illuminated scroll in Spanish made out to Sr. Alcalde de la Municipalidad de New-York. "I'm going to have it framed," said Mr. Coupey, thoughtfully.

With the aid of a flashlight, we invaded the cellar, where a couple of men from the Phone Company were trying to pry the lock off the switchboard, unsuccessfully. Two built-in wine cellars were full of dust and old newspapers and old, faded deckchairs. In one corner was the Mayor's fishing tackle. In the laundry we paused for one hallowed moment in front of the ironing board on which the celebrated creases had been put into the celebrated pants. There were some paintings in this room—oils of Jimmy's father, his mother, his first wife, and one of Christ. Houses that people have gone from are very sad places.

Mr. Coupey intends to use the house as part home, part office. He and his wife and two children were to move in shortly. He told us that essential oils are lemon oil, orange oil, geranium oil, jasmine oil, and about fifty other oils, derived in the main from fruits and flowers and made in Japan, Greece, Java, and wherenot. Castor oil is not essential.

Bad Mans

WE are told, a little late, about the alarming experience of a young lady from Tennessee who got to town during the taxi strike. It was her first unchaperoned visit to the great city, and she came laden with parental advice and admonitions. Among other things she was never, under any circumstances, to ride alone in a taxicab after dark. The young lady stayed out of cabs until her second night here, when she thought it would be less terrifying to get into one than ride the subway again. She hailed an empty taxi

somewhere in the West Forties. "Can Ah have this cab?" she asked. "Why sure, lady," said the driver, "if you want to take the risk, but you may get a brick in your face." "My God," thought the young lady, "Mamma was right!" She fled.

Big Boy

LAST spring we made a resolve that during this theatrical season we would write up Al Goodman, a man who has had a hand in more musical shows than anybody else, yet who never gained much fame with the public. Of course, he has quit the theatre and gone radio, but we will tell you about him anyhow, on the ground that his memory is still green. There is, or was, nobody quite like him. A native of Russia, able to sing grand-opera arias in a nice alto when he was twelve, he began organizing and conducting orchestras when he was just out of his teens, and has been at it ever since. He is forty-three now. During a period of a few weeks in the 1926-27 season, there were nine musical shows running simultaneously with Goodman-trained orchestras.

It was Goodman's custom to organize an orchestra and then stick with it only through the out-of-town trials and the first week or two of the Broadway run. Then he'd turn the baton over to another conductor. He got five hundred dollars a week, they say, more than twice as much as an ordinary leader, and he brought into New York a hundred and fifty musical shows (to a hair, he says). Everything went as smooth as sealskin with Al conducting, but sometimes his departure demoralized the show for a time. Once, in 1927, two French dancers, Roseray and Capella, simply couldn't get along under the baton of Goodman's successor in a revue Goodman had "set." So every night he had to leave another show he was starting off and slip over to the revue and conduct for them. When the revue went to Chicago, Goodman conducted the opening night there. The next night, without him, Capella dropped Roseray and she suffered a fractured skull.

When "Big Boy" was running at the Winter Garden, it was a conceit of Al Jolson's to stop the show every now and then and ask "Is Al here?" He wasn't, of course—he was over at the Century, starting off "The Prisoner of Zenda" or something—but they'd send for him and he'd rush over and lead the orchestra for a few Jolson songs. Sometimes he conducted in his shirtsleeves. The audience and both Als liked this.

Jolson was really the discoverer of Goodman. He found him conducting "So Long Letty" on the Pacific Coast and took him out of that into "Sinbad," "Bombo," and "Big Boy" (the three Jolson shows that ran a total of nine years). Goodman also did all the other Shubert shows for a long time. One of his great admirers is Morris Gest, who always went down the aisle after an opening night, patted Goodman on the shoulder, and said, "The best yet." Last spring, after Goodman's first broadcast, the phone rang in the studio. It was Gest for Mr. Goodman. "The best yet," said Gest. Goodman conducted the orchestras in the Irvin Cobb and Jack Pearl programs late last year, and then left for a long vacation in Miami. He's back now to handle the music for George M. Cohan's broadcasts. Immediately the opera season is over, he is going to lead a fifty-piece orchestra on a "variety" program Lucky Strike is planning.

Goodman's father, a cantor, began teaching his boy music when he was seven. At twelve he won a scholarship in the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, singing to the surprised judges a difficult aria from "Faust." One of his fellow-pupils was John Charles Thomas. After he graduated, Goodman married (at twenty) and for a time played the piano in theatres here and there. Then he got a job rehearsing the Milton Aborn Company's orchestra, and shortly after that went to the Coast. Since then he has directed for every producer and every dancing and singing star there is, or darn near.



"I was told
he's my father,
but you know how
people exaggerate."

Endorsement

DOWN from Buffalo comes an incident that happened in a bank there, when a woman came in to cash a check that had been made out to her by her husband. The teller said she would have to endorse it, but she didn't

seem to understand. He told her just to sign her name on the back. But her husband had already signed it, and right on the front, she said. The teller took a deep breath and explained that her signature on the back would be a receipt for the money, would show her husband that she had got the money all right. With a smile of enlightenment, she went to the desk, scribbled away, and finally handed the check in, triumphantly. It was endorsed "Your loving wife, Maude."

Reader

IF you are going to have plenty of spare time for a while, you might try reading the Encyclopædia Britannica, starting at "A" in Vol. 1 and winding up with "Zygote," Vol. 23. If you complete the whole thing in less than four years and a half, let us know, for you'll have broken the record now held by the only person we know of who has ever accomplished the feat in *any* number of years. His name—and you can wash our mouth out with soap if you think we're fibbing—is Shirk.

A. Urban Shirk is the complete name. Mr. Shirk is not a professional reader, but a businessman with offices at 90 West Street and a home in Little Neck. He directs the sales and advertising of the International Products Corporation. He reads the Encyclopædia because he likes it and because he thinks it makes him a better businessman. It was the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia that Mr. Shirk went through in four and a half years. He thinks it will take him longer than that to finish the fourteenth edition, which he has now got well started on—being, as we go to press with our puny paragraphs, nearly halfway through Vol. 4 (BRAI to CAST). He doesn't skip around. He opens Vol. 1 to "A," reads all about this first letter in our alphabet, and then goes to "A1 AT LLOYD'S" (popular expression denoting super-excellence), "AA" (name of many small European rivers), "AABENRAA" (town in Denmark), and so on, taking each subject in its order and omitting none. Mr. Shirk finds some of the mathematical and scientific stuff tough going, but much easier to read in the fourteenth edition than in the eleventh. He finds the fourteenth, so far as he has gone, a big improvement on the eleventh generally. He has made no specific comparisons between the two, but his impression is that most of the material was completely rewritten.

Mr. Shirk enjoys the historical essays most. He got interested in history during the World War, and started to read Williams's twenty-four-volume "Historians' History of the World." It took him two years. Among his other feats of methodical reading are an eighteen-volume set of Dumas (read twice), a thirty-two-volume set of Balzac (twice), and a twenty-volume set of Dickens (three times). He doesn't think much of the Five-Foot Shelf or of the fifteen-minutes-a-day idea. Ordinarily, he reads about three hours every night, although not always the Britannica. He may dig into Balzac, his favorite writer of fiction, or read a contemporary book. It has taken him from two to six months on each of the volumes of the new edition of the Britannica. He jots down in each the date he starts it and the date he finishes. He usually takes a volume along on business trips—something to read on the train. He never reads the Britannica while commuting, however; only the newspapers, or a novel.

Mr. Shirk finds time for other things than reading. He paints a bit (water colors) and collects gramophone records. He has twelve complete operas. He has asked us to Little Neck to hear them some time, played alphabetically.



"Now I know what that song means—'Have you ever seen a dream dancing?'"

Diffident

FROM Boston to Portsmouth the train went through a place called Breakfast Hill. We noticed the conductor coming through the car, stopping at each seat and asking something in a low voice. Soon it was our turn. He bent over and whispered, "Are you getting off at Breakfast Hill?"

"No," we hissed. "Why?"

"Because if you *are* getting off there, the next station is it."

"But this secrecy!" we whispered. "What's up?"

The conductor then told us his story—that he was no longer able to call out the name of Breakfast Hill, because it made him feel silly. "I used to do it," he said, "but I can't any more."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"It'll be a few minutes before we can shoot. You folks want something to eat?"

LET WEATHER ENOUGH ALONE

ONCE upon a time, about the year 1922, there was a man who grew very concerned about the Old-Fashioned Winter, because it seemed to have got lost somewhere. There had been a real, bang-up winter in 1919, with snow, sleet, slush, ice, ear muffs, and everything, but that was the last that had been seen of the Old-Fashioned Winter.

"I believe in winter being winter and summer being summer and not mixing the two of 'em up," protested the man who longed for an Old-Fashioned Winter. "Here it is, middle o' January, and not a snowflake. Look at those buds. Buds in January. Faugh!"

But despite his faughing of buds in January, the next winter was also a mild one, and so was the winter after that, and the man who yearned for an Old-Fashioned Winter grew more and more indignant at the state of affairs.

"What's a winter without snow?" he would demand. "Just tell me that. What earthly use is a winter without snow? Oh, for a good cold snap, or a nice, juicy blizzard!"

Alas for the poor man, the next winter was a mild, newfangled winter, and the next, and the next. Not a single one of them was an Old-Fashioned Winter. And the mental state of the man who had longed for an Old-Fashioned Winter became more and more agitated, and he railed against mild winters in terms that were as intemperate as they were futile. He was simply furious because he could not slide downhill like Bob Cratchit.

Then 1928 came and went, and 1929, and 1930, and 1931, and 1932, and they were all mild winters. It looked as though the Old-Fashioned Winter had truly gone into the discard. Nature seemed at sixes and sevens, a new all-time low. Bears gambolled in the forests, scorning hibernation. Groundhogs skipped through the woodsy dells in January and would not retire into tunnels beneath old stumps to train for their February bout with their shadows, as per contract. Maples went about budding passionately and shamelessly in the middle of winter, when if they had had the slightest regard for the proprieties, their limbs should have remained bare and stark against the cold red of the winter sunset.

Snowshoes gathered dust in attics and skis were fashioned into ploughshares. Robins remained in New Rochelle all winter long, molting like fury. Coal merchants grew moody and irritable, and frequently bit their wives and sweethearts for no just reason. Weavers of heavy overcoats joined customers' men in the bread lines. The one or two emaciated flakes of snow that fell during a winter in one of these years were pounced upon as if they had been words from an unpublished Dickens manuscript, and were revered as much. The appropriation for snow removal in New York City dwindled to such a point that even the chickens belonging to Tammany district leaders refused to regard it as feed.

UNDER these circumstances, you may well imagine the anguish of the man who had the overwhelming nostalgia for an Old-Fashioned Winter. It became piteous indeed to hear his lamentations. His friends sorrowed for him because he took the weather so hard, but while they grieved truly at his plight, they nevertheless ran like frightened gazelles at his approach, for they came to know full well that if they stayed he would buttonhole them and harangue them by the hour about the good Old-Fashioned Winter.

He would reminisce earnestly on the well-nigh forgotten joys of skiing and skating. His description of a ride on a bobsled was a poem in itself, seventy-two cantos long. He reminded all and sundry how much fun it used to be to bundle up well and strike out for a brisk tramp in a good, rousing snowstorm. And he mourned because the matchless music of the sleighbells' jingle was heard no more in these parts. A-a-and he would remind you how cozy was the sound of footsteps scrunching on the snow outside when you were safe abed of a winter night. A-a-and how unparalleled the beauty of a pattern traced by Jack Frost on the kitchen window on a cold December morning, while sausages sizzled on the stove and mounds of buckwheats soaked in butter. A-a-and how deplorable was the bad taste of crocuses which sprouted in January, like guests invited for eight o'clock who arrive at six-thirty.

Then the winter of 1933-1934 arrived and lo, it was an Old-Fashioned Winter! And lo, *how* it was an Old-Fashioned Winter! It snowed, it froze, and it blew. Intrepid wayfarers hardy enough to walk abroad carried axes, with which they hacked a path through their own congealed breath. Coal merchants purred. Pipes froze. Noses glowed. Seven ear-muff manufacturers jumped out of windows because they couldn't stand the shock of sudden prosperity. The weather got almost as much space in the daily papers as Greta Garbo's engagement and two columns more than the Fairbanks-Pickford divorce. Prince Mdivani was away.

Chilblains, pfd., soared, and throughout the land little grippe germs pattered up and down the nation's bronchi in their never-ceasing quest for something to do to pass the time away.

AT about the height of the fourth record-breaking zero wave, a man who had just fallen on the ice and banged his head suddenly asked, in a calm but ominous tone, "Where is that guy that has been going around all these years rooting for an Old-Fashioned Winter?"

Ears (frostbitten, for the most part) pricked up at his words. Significant nods were exchanged between persons who had suffered blistered hands from a surfeit of snow-shovelling and persons whose water pipes had frozen. Shortly thereafter, Old King Mob Rule was in the saddle, and there is nothing like the feel of cold saddle leather to spur a king to action.

"Where is he?" the hoarse cry went up. "Let's get him!"

The howling mob, well wrapped up in woollen mittens and tippets, soon cornered the unfortunate man who had longed for an Old-Fashioned Winter, cornered him just as he was in the act of escaping by the back door.

"You're the fellow who wanted the Old-Fashioned Winter, ain't you?" they demanded.

"I swear I'm not to blame," pleaded the trembling wretch. "Oh, spare me, I implore you! It was the sun spots that did it. The sun spots have caused this Old-Fashioned Winter."

"Sun spots my eye!" cried the leader of the mob, thickly, for his nose had begun to tingle and he had placed his mittened hand over it. "We'll learn the likes of you to tamper with the weather. Give him the works, men!"

And so the mob heeded not the cries

of the man who had wanted an Old-Fashioned Winter, but with cries of "He jests at Scarr who never felt a chilblain!" they put him on a rail and carried him to a snowbank at the edge of town, and they plunged him into it to a depth of six feet. And leaving him there to extricate himself as best he might, they returned to town rejoicing, making snowballs of their breath and pelting each other merrily.

It was ten minutes before the man who had longed for an Old-Fashioned Winter could flounder out of the snowbank, and by the time he did he was wet through.

So he went home and was in the house for two weeks with the croup, and had to gargle twice a day.

It served him right.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

•

EGO

The ego is a shadow,
But with a wilful mind,
It always skips in front of one
When it should stay behind.

—ALICE CORBIN

THE EDUCATION OF AN ANARCHIST

(SEVEN DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A DILETTANTE AGITATOR)

MONDAY: Waked up by call from a Mr. Cohen at my bank. Appears check for five hundred dollars has come in, and not enough money in my account to cover it. Told Cohen this doubtless some silly error of theirs since my last statement showed over three thousand dollars, but Cohen uncoöperative, insisting several large checks have been presented since then. Told him absurd to imagine I could have spent three thousand dollars in two weeks and the checks undoubtedly forgeries. Hung up, after Cohen declined to honor check in spite of my explicit instructions to do so. Must remember to tell Billy De Salle bad policy to permit employees to abuse depositors, and insist discharge Cohen. A discouraging morning.

Later, still depressed, to Ajax Bar, where met Dickie Travers. Tells me conditions in South simply unbelievable —children working until all hours in the mines for the most miserable wages. Little as twenty or thirty dollars a week in many cases. Intolerable situation, of course, and am sure proper people should be told. Remember inquire at clŭb who best man to see. Darrow?

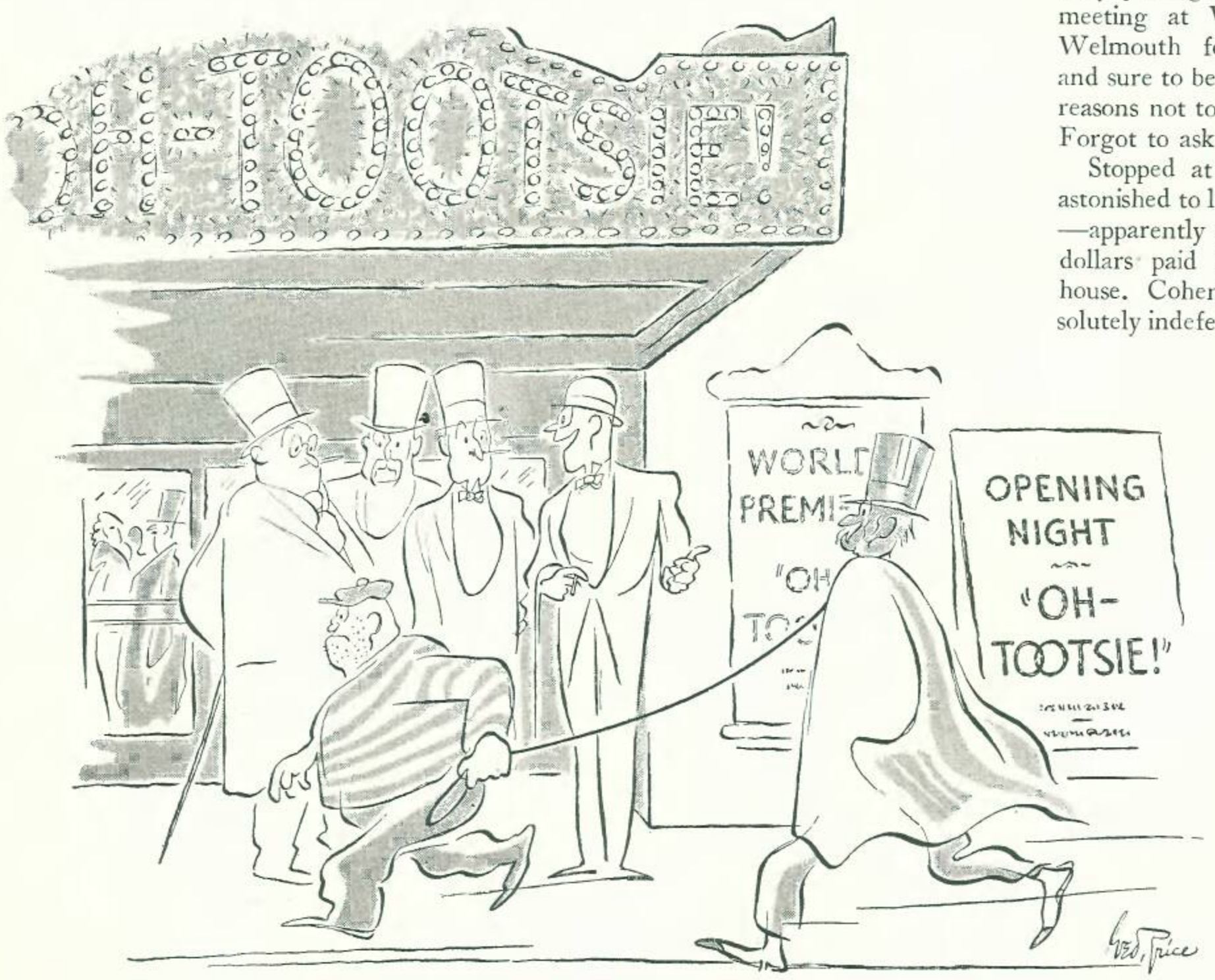
Curious situation developed later at Ajax. Service always abominable, of course, but suddenly stopped altogether. Waiters simply vanished. Asked captain, who said the waiters had decided to strike about something or other. Whole affair annoying and completely ridiculous, of course, since everyone knows these fellows make enormous amounts in tips. As Dickie said, any of them can well afford to work without salary. Everyone in complete quandary until some clever chap got idea of waiting on table himself. All of us in spirit of thing eventually, and Dickie very witty, with imitation of singing waiter.

TUESDAY: Marian Talbot—Beverley Austin's daughter—telephoned at unearthly hour to ask me to serve on waiters' committee. Told her altogether out of sympathy with these fellows and informed no justification whatever for strike, but she says everybody joining, so agreed attend protest meeting at Welmouth this evening. Welmouth food always unspeakable and sure to be ill, but important various reasons not to oppose the little Talbot. Forgot to ask white tie, or how?

Stopped at bank this morning and astonished to learn checks actually mine —apparently overlooked two thousand dollars paid for repairs Oyster Bay house. Cohen's attitude, however, absolutely indefensible and still determined complain to Billy. Ask Great-Aunt Sarah loan to cover shortage, and something to carry me over until quarterly check? Two thousand enough?

Asked at club about who best man to protest against child labor in South. Informed a Mr. Eastman, and called him. E. says aware conditions and action already being taken. Abrupt, unpleasant man.

Went to meeting at Welmouth. Several friends and surprising number class at Harvard, but gathering, altogether, dreary and



"Look—the Tribune's warming up its second-string critic."



"I've put up with your superb poise long enough, Austin!"

• •

unattractive. Interesting speech man called Brown. Apparently I was misinformed about tips, and hotel owners really most high-handed. Waiters dismissed right and left account membership in union. Brown urged consumers' strike, which would amount boycott leading hotels. Distressed to learn most attractive places opposed to union demands, but gave check five hundred dollars, and agreed support any action recommended by committee. Drove home with Talbots, and invited Mediterranean cruise his yacht in May.

WEDNESDAY: Got up early to take part consumers' strike Great Central Hotel, but cab stopped on way by hoodlums who assaulted driver. Appears there is taxi strike, which is really limit of absurdity since agitation all about extra five cents on meter, which, of course, too preposterous for words. Learned cab subsequently pushed in East River by rioters.

Arrived at Great Central on foot and asked Brown merits of taxi strike. Learned men starving while operators earning millions. Signed agreement not to ride in taxicabs until some compromise reached. This imminent, according to Brown, but probably advisable have garage overhaul Lincoln. Find out from Eric name of chauffeur he had in Southampton.

Picketed from 9 to 11, carrying sign reading "Great Central Unfair to Union Labor," not hard to believe in view of fact their food so atrocious. Dickie very comic in rags and crêpe beard. Finally driven by cold into Central Bar, where met Elinor and Herbert Murray, who told us the income tax this year will be fantastic because of enormous sums President is spending to plant trees, etc. Must remember to write Ogden Mills re this. Finally home, again on foot, and abnormally depressed.

THURSDAY: Learn from the press ominous riots in Paris and Vienna, many killed. Called up Dickie Travers, who says whole situation struggle between Mussolini and Hitler for control of Europe. D. says unquestionably Germany and Austria will unite against France and Italy, and that general European war only question of months. In view of Monroe Doctrine, however, see little cause for concern. Told Dickie this, and he agreed, but said that we mustn't forget the Russo-Japanese crisis inasmuch as the winner there will unquestionably attack the United States. This probably visionary, though, since Travers notoriously hysterical family.

Later went to West Twenty-third Street to a meeting of fur people, who are protesting against treatment of Jews in Germany. Found speakers a little hard to understand, but gathered Jews either being sterilized or pushed off buildings, and signed petition to President censuring Hitler policies.

FRIDAY: Up very early and with Marian to meeting protest destruction Rivera mural at Radio City. Difficult to understand why Mr. Rockefeller not privileged to destroy own property, but assured controversy of the utmost importance. Told issue comparable execution Sacco-Vanzetti, and imperative drastic action be taken. Shown reproductions artist's other work, which privately consider grotesque, and vastly inferior to painting of such men as Howard Chandler Christy and Ezra Winter. Offered check five hundred dollars toward engaging Mr. Christy to execute substitute mural, but this suggestion declared impracticable, though check accepted.

At home got telephone call from Dickie, who says there's going to be a milk strike in the spring. Farmers being treated outrageously. Must remember to tell Hosmer to lay in a supply of that dried stuff. Klem? Klim? Another call from Cohen, who now refuses to honor check to waiters. *Must* get in touch with Billy De Salle.

SATURDAY: Went Public Library with Marian and Dickie to join in protest against Nazi activities in Vienna. Apparently very important to keep fellow named Dollfuss in power there. Writing with utmost difficulty account painful experience with horse belonging Cossack patrolman, but feel confident Austrian consul impressed by agitation. Called martyr by delegation Young Communists, who tell me injuries of great benefit to Cause.

SUNDAY: Injuries still extremely painful, but managed to hobble to Harvard Club for lunch with Comrade De Salle. Assures me dismiss Cohen first act tomorrow morning.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

AS USUAL

IT'S true that I was wearing my most feminine dress and my most frivolous stockings, and the off-the-face hats just now are preposterous, but just the same I was feeling perfectly well-poised until eight-year-old Janet came into the living-room to entertain me while I waited for her mother. She had on shorts and a flannel shirt with a pocket in it; her hair was cropped close. She planted her bare, stocky legs wide apart while she looked at me.

"I never wear a hat or stockings at all," she remarked. "Not in the worst weather. I don't even own any long stockings."

"The more fool you, then," I snapped soundlessly, my back bristling at once. I returned her gaze as critically as possible. "About the shrewdest move you could make," I thought, "would be to cover up those legs of yours. They're far too husky for a girl, in case you don't know it." Aloud, I said, "Don't you ever catch cold?"

"Of course not," she said. "Of course I don't catch cold. I'm very, very healthy all the year round."

Unhappily, I coughed just then. "Hunh—never heard that fragility has charm, have you?" I thought, meeting her eye with deep antagonism. "Never heard of Camille, eh? Never even heard of Mimi in 'La Bohème,' I bet. Haven't got the faintest hunch that the male responds instantly and satisfactorily to physical weakness in the female?" "That's awfully nice," I said.

Janet nodded. "And I wear shorts *all* the time now," she told me, "instead of just part of the time. Mother promised me that I don't ever have to wear skirts if I don't want to."

"At your age," I said, in a sour voice, "I used to wear pink and blue dotted-swiss dresses with ruffles over the shoulders and sashes to match the bows in my hair."

"Hair ribbons?" she repeated, looking lofty.

"Yes, hair ribbons," I said. "I used to have very pretty ones." To myself, I said, sulkily, "And I was about one thousand times prettier than you are, my dear. In fact, I was considered a beautiful child. Even now, I'm holding my own remarkably well. Furthermore, if you wanted to see somebody you'll never be able to hold a candle to as long as you live, you should have seen me ten years ago." I took out my compact and powdered my chin out of bravado. "I had a white muff trimmed with ermine tails," I said to Janet, "and a pair of shoes with white kid tops and pearl buttons."

"Goodness!" she said. "Didn't you ever play any games? Didn't you ever play any hockey ball?"

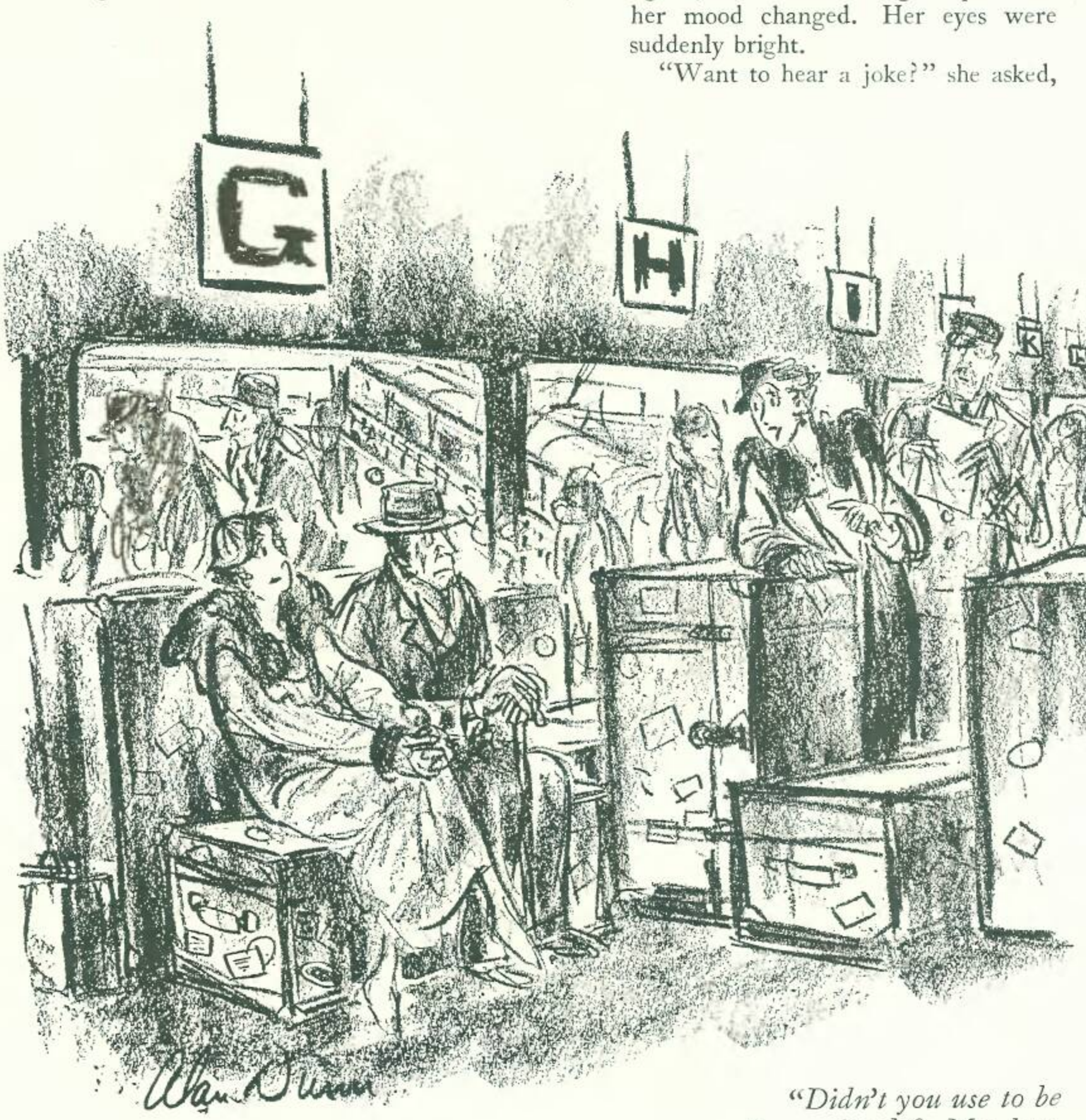
"No," I said, adding silently, "And that's why I haven't any bulging muscles in my arms, like you'll have, see? And that's why my nose has never been broken and I haven't any scars from cuts where stitches had to be taken, like you'll probably have. So there, my fine little Amazon. So there." I was struggling bitterly to keep up my end, but actually I was completely cowed. "I'm afraid I wasn't the least bit athletic, Janet," I apologized.

She corrected me quickly. "Everybody calls me Jiggs."

Squirming, I remembered that I had had an uncle who called me Posy.

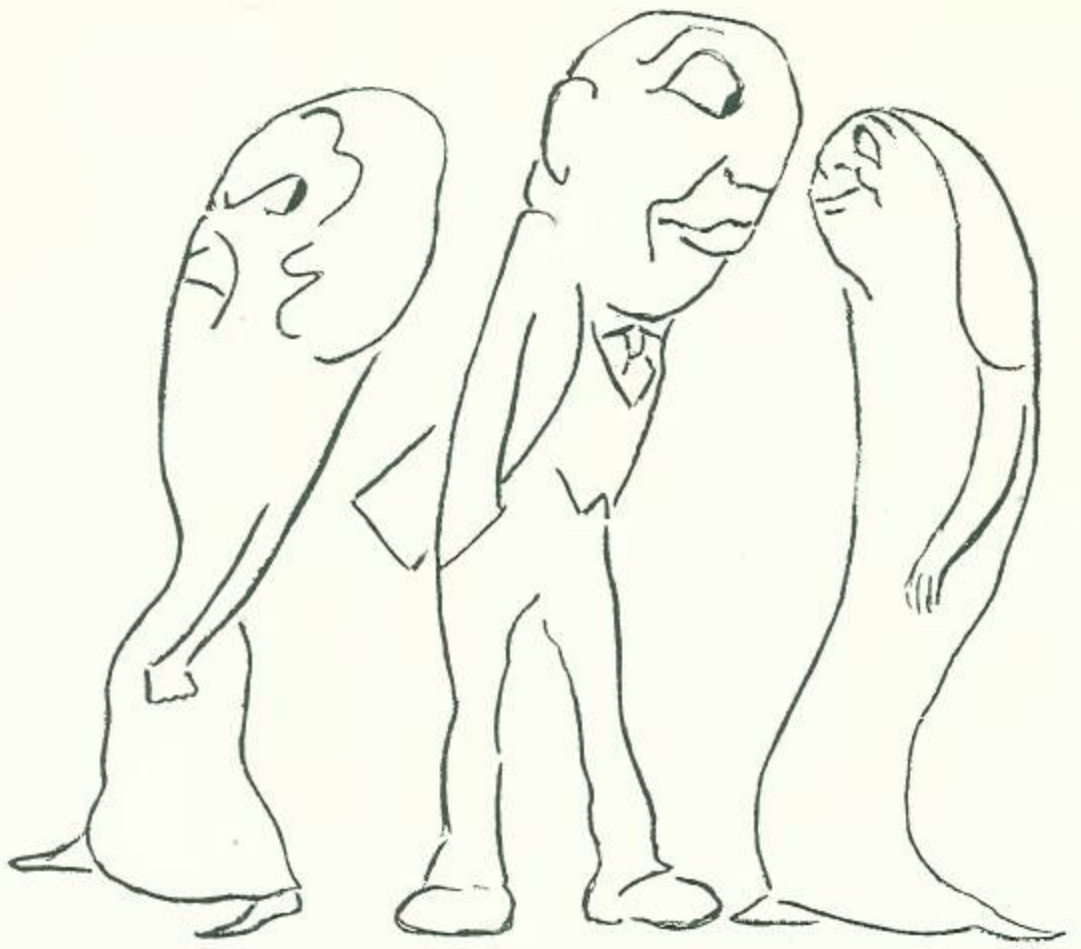
JANET was staring at me without admiration. "I guess everything has changed a good deal since you were my age," she said at length, lightly. She stared at me for a long while, and sighed, and was about to give up. Then her mood changed. Her eyes were suddenly bright.

"Want to hear a joke?" she asked,



"Didn't you use to be Peggy Poole? My dear, I hardly knew you under 'G'!"

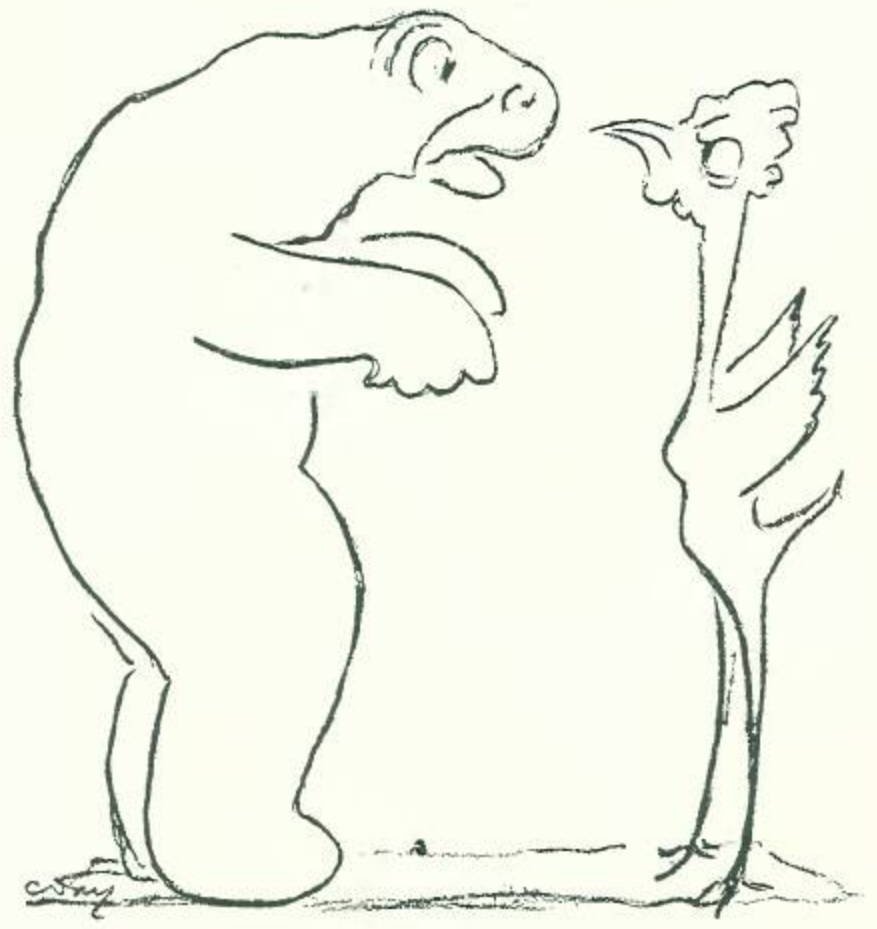
MORAL MOMENTS



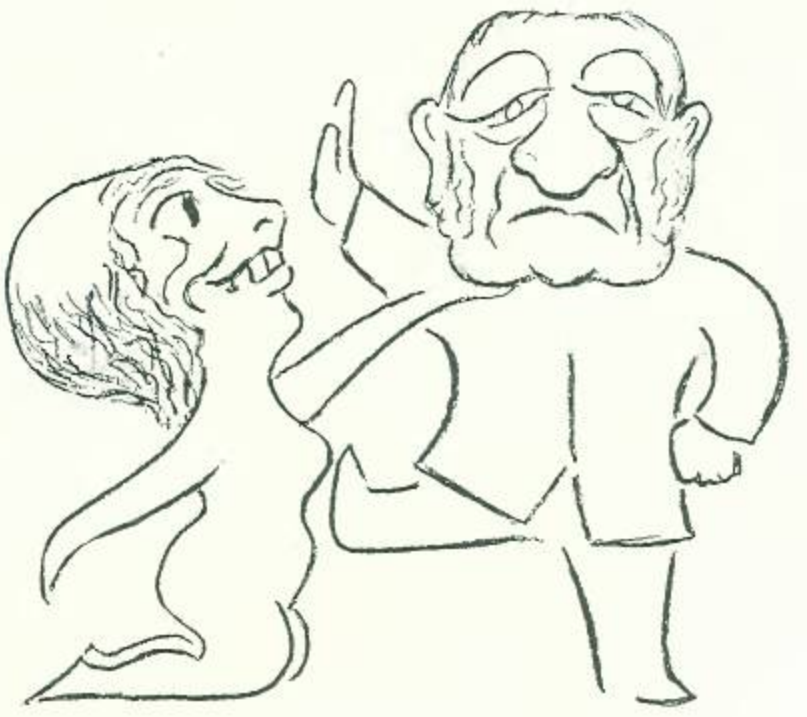
Why must every aged peeper
Think she is her sister's keeper?



"Remember, children, never to lose
Your innocence or your overshoes."



Be fierce, be game in every fray.
Be hot in what you mutter.
Superior force will melt away
Like butter.



In vain doth Passion paw and pant,
In vain the Flesh assails
A saint whose soul is adamant,
Whose heart is hard as nails.

—CLARENCE DAY

coming closer to my chair. "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

"Let's see," I said, looking baffled. "To meet a friend?"

"No, that's not it." Her eyes snapped with mystery.

"I give up," I said. "Why *does* a chicken cross the road?"

"To get on the other side!" she said, triumphantly. "Did you ever see a banana stand?"

My self-respect poured back over me. "A banana stand?" I repeated, wrinkling my forehead elaborately. "Why, that's impossible. Bananas can't stand."

Janet was dancing up and down with excitement, holding to the arm of my chair. "Yes, they can; yes, they can," she chanted. "A banana stand is where they sell bananas. It's where they sell bananas, see? It's where they sell bananas. Listen, why is a crow?"

"Because!" I said, victoriously.

"No! Be - caw - caw - *caw* - CAW - cause!" she shouted at the top of her lungs. Grinning and exultant, she prodded me heartily in the ribs. I noticed for the first time that she has one very important front tooth missing. I put an arm around her and squeezed her with great affection.

Teeth, too, I reflected, with a lot of sincere satisfaction, are just about the same as they were when I was eight.

—FRANCES WARFIELD

OF ALL THINGS

THE first birthday of the New Deal will be a time for pointing with pride. Even the most biassed Republican will have to admit that Roosevelt has given us some very important weather.

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During the blizzard, people in the environs of New York had to put up with incredible hardship. For a couple of days, not a single pedestrian was able to get hit by a car.

•

The newspapers are embarrassed by the fact that their code restricts child labor. When they denounced bosses who exploit the little ones, they thought they were talking about a couple of other fellows.

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Without looking at the calendar, one can tell that this is a campaign year. Congress is trying to give the United States Treasury to the World War veterans again.

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David Lawrence believes that the G.O.P. should liquidate in favor of a new party of individualism opposed to the Socialistic tendencies of the Democrats. A good snappy name for this outfit would be the Republican Party.

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The nation was profoundly shocked when a Congressman called Lindbergh a whippersnapper. That is no way to speak of the man who discovered both Poles and carried the serum to Nome.

•

Several gruesome discoveries were made in New York last week: The liquor is expensive and bad, Tammany jobholders refuse to have their own pay cut, and the Stock Exchange has no desire to lead a better life.

•

If the Army makes as good a thing out of the air mail as the private lines did, it will cease to be a burden on the budget. It's getting old enough now to be of some help to Uncle.

•

Yale professors find that the smoking of tobacco puts sugar in the blood. In due time, we shall be told which brand of cigarette is of the most delicious, wholesome, and satisfying sugar.

•

Silence is supposed to be golden, and almost any day now we expect to hear that Herbert Hoover has been arrested for hoarding.

•

Commissioner Moses has become the apple of this department's eye. He has conceived the brilliant idea of turning Bryant Park into a park.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"They exchanged pawns an hour ago.
Chandler has stood up under it wonderfully."

PROFILES

HOME GIRL

KATE SMITH has been able to put more money in the bank than other female radio and vaudeville entertainers because she has endeared herself to millions of Americans by her throaty contralto, which sentimentalizes even the most concupiscent torch song; by singing her songs in a folksy manner (in which the word "something," for example, becomes "sumpin"); and by going to almost any length to bring what she calls "a little sunshine" into the lives of ailing people. There is a great store of energy in her quite tragic two hundred and twenty-six pounds. Last year she collected for engagements in radio and motion-picture studios, night clubs, and theatres about half a million dollars, but her affluence has not made her altogether joyous. The titanic optimism she exhibits during her broadcasts hides a score of hatreds.

She hates Broadway, to begin with. When she is not working in a theatre or helping with a benefit, she is seldom to be seen in the theatrical district. Because she is fond of keepsakes, she liked the cup presented to her by the president of R.K.O. for her record of eleven straight weeks at the Palace in 1931, but she was unhappy at every one of those performances. On Broadway, she is not often treated as a colleague by other entertainers, and comedians who appear with her on vaudeville bills depend on her bulk for their best material. Like the city of Philadelphia or the motion-picture magnate, she is used as a basic element in the manufacture of gags. "You know, my friends," a monologist will say, "compared to me, Wiley Post is just a beginner. I'm the guy that made the non-stop flight around Kate Smith." There are few vaudeville fans who have not heard at least one comedian say that he saw Kate Smith at the football game, ladies and gentlemen, and she was sitting in Sections 36, 37, 38, and 39. This sort of fun-making has embittered the singer. She tries to be dispassionate about her size; usually, she says good-naturedly to cameramen, "I hope you can get it all on one plate." But laughing at oneself is not the same as being laughed at by others. The Broadway comics have been relentless, and Miss Smith does not smile any more at their jokes. Besides, she realizes that their wisecracks have caused thousands to think of her as a freak, and the thought sickens her.

In the last year, she has got in the habit of staying home when not working. Compared to most entertainers, she is a recluse, and she is never seen in the restaurants and night clubs frequented by the theatre and radio people. When she has to have dresses fitted (a process which annoys her), she makes the fitter come to her apartment. She used to be fond of department-store sales, but now rarely goes shopping. With strangers she is ill at ease, and she has to know people a long time before she ceases to be suspicious of them. In her own home, surrounded by friendly guests, she is hearty and loud. She laughs lustily, and when she tells a story, she slaps a thigh resoundingly for emphasis. When her twenty-fourth birthday came around last May, her friends planned a party for her at the Central Park Casino, but she made them give up the idea, and, on the night of her birthday, bought herself a thick chocolate drink at the soda fountain in the Columbia Broadcasting System Building, drank it alone, and went home. "I guess I'm just a home girl," she likes to say.

She prefers to go for her entertainment to small motion-picture houses in the suburbs. One night last summer, she drove with Ted Collins, her manager, and his wife to a neighborhood theatre on Long Island. When they went into the theatre, unrecognized, a very fat midget was dancing. He got a good hand at the end of his act, and then a particularly uninspired comedian came out on the stage.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I sure am glad you liked Tiny Tim. A great little fellow, the stoutest midget in the world. You want to hear how he got that way? Well, the day before he was born, his mother got a good look at Kate Smith."

In the dark theatre, Miss Smith stiffened in her seat. The comedian soon left the stage and the photoplay began, but before it was half over the singer and her friends got up and left.

SHE has become self-sufficient. Once she told a friend, "A long time ago I found out how to keep myself



Kate Smith

amused without help from anybody." She likes to think that other people need her and depend on her, however, and nothing delights her so much as an opportunity to cheer up a sick person. During her second broadcast, in February, 1931, she dedicated a song to a sick friend. The next afternoon her mail was full of appeals for dedications, and since then she has sung special songs and made speeches, loaded with compassion, for patients in hundreds of hospitals all over the country. On vaudeville tours, she makes an attempt to visit every hospital in the cities she plays, and in three years she has visited four hundred such institutions. She is angered if a radio columnist suggests that her fondness for the ailing—she calls them "shut-ins"—has added figures to her bank balance, and she never forgives an irreverent reference to her practice of dedicating songs or programs to hospitals, orphan asylums, American Legion posts, community clubs, victims of fires, and people with unusual afflictions, a practice which swells her fan mail and gives her publicity of a particularly valuable variety. Faith Baldwin once wrote a few humorous remarks about Miss Smith's concern for the halt and lame, and the novelist would be amazed if she knew the depth of the singer's resentment.

Miss Smith will even upset business schedules and the plans of her associates to visit the more spectacular victims of accidents and diseases she reads

about in the newspapers. On the way to Hollywood to make a motion picture, she stopped for almost two hours in Chicago to call on a seventeen-year-old boy who had been blinded in a bomb explosion. And once, after a furious stretch of singing in a night club, a theatre, and a radio studio, she was persuaded by her manager to go for a weekend's rest at Lake Placid. There she read of a child who, following infantile paralysis, had been kept for fourteen months in a respirator in a hospital in Poughkeepsie, two hundred and thirty miles away. She got into her automobile, drove to Poughkeepsie, bringing him quantities of toys and firecrackers and spending Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon in the child's room. She sang for him, and even persuaded two aviators to fly over the hospital for his amusement. The boy was startled by her attentions, but very pleased. Miss Smith's sentimental gestures have made national figures of many sick children. She supports four children in an orphan asylum in Brooklyn, and keeps a list of depression-starved families to whom she sends, at intervals, barrels of groceries. Once she took her vaudeville company to Richmond, hired a theatre, and put on a show sponsored by the local Rotarians which raised seven thousand dollars for undernourished boys. She refused to deduct expenses from the receipts, paying the fares and wages of the troupe herself.

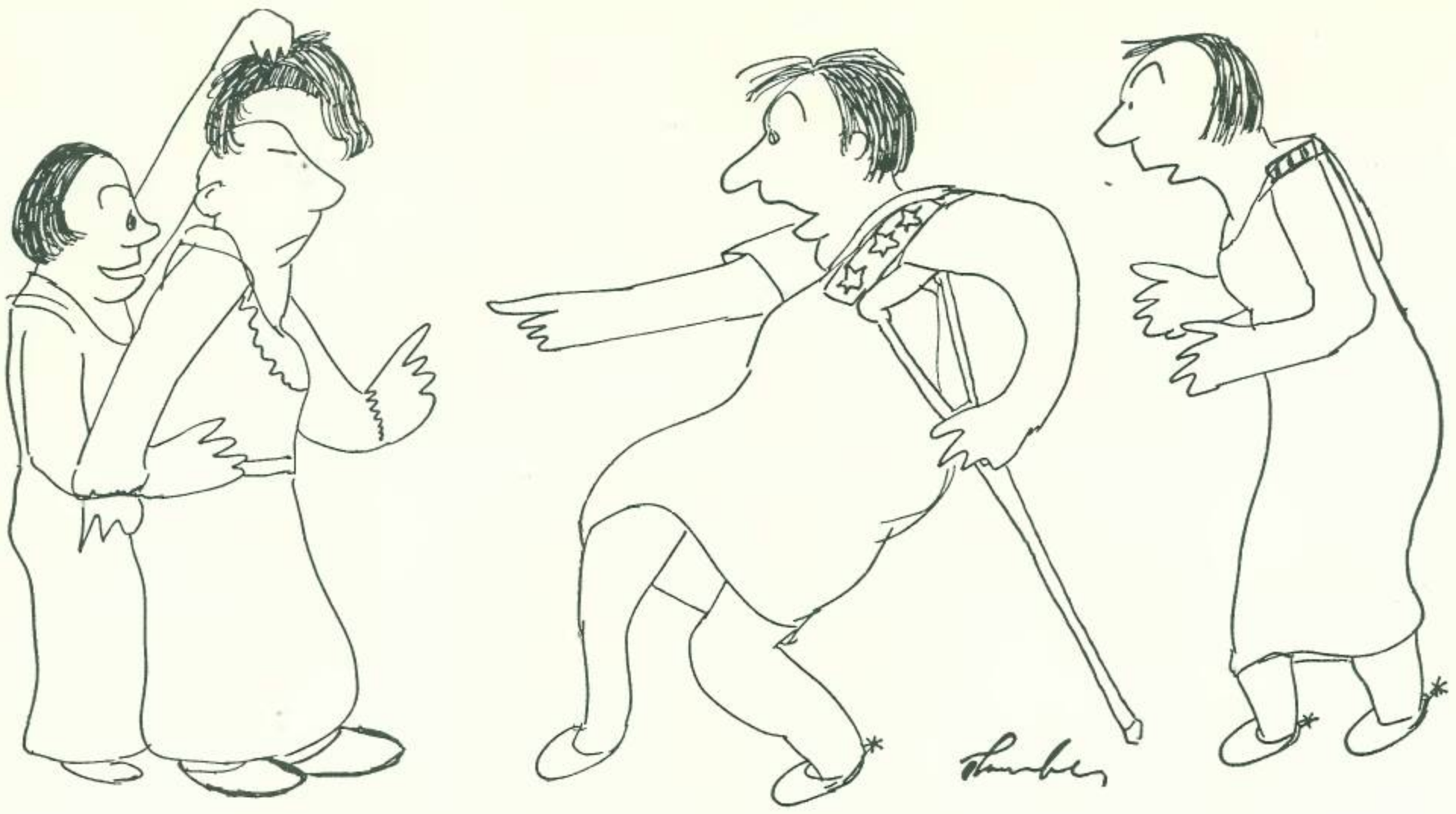
On vaudeville tours, she often earns more money for charity than for herself. Recently she raised twenty-one thousand dollars in two weeks for community funds in Baltimore and Washington. Next to sick children, veterans interest her most. She is always sending ex-soldiers tobacco, or tickets to baseball games, or sweaters, and three times she has taken her company to the Edward Hines, Jr., Memorial Hospital for Veterans, near Chicago. Altogether, she has raised considerably more than half a million dollars for American Legion posts. As a result of these activities, her office is cluttered with loving cups, plaques, scrolls, engraved certificates of honorary membership, and other mementos. She is an honorary member of an amazing number of organizations, including the Winnebago tribe of the Sioux Indians. She had dedicated a program to the Winnebagos, and months later, when she played Sioux City, Iowa, a throng of aboriginal radio fans came to her dressing-room, made her a member of the tribe, and named her Homb-o-goo-win-ga, "Glory of the Morn."

On tour, she spends all her spare time visiting hospitals. She hardly ever reads. She is not interested in the technicalities of singing, and except for the usual singing lessons in public schools, she has never studied music. Her uncultured voice is competent and flexible —it has the unusual range of two and a half octaves—and several experts have told her that she could probably become a grand-opera singer if she studied languages and singing for five or six years. Unimpressed, she says, "I can make more money singing in vaudeville." She prepares her programs quickly. She can sit down at a piano with Jack Miller, her accompanist, and in twenty minutes prepare herself to sing any kind of new song. On one program, she once sang a ballad, a blues song, a torch song, an operatic aria, and a hillbilly song. She heavily sentimentalizes every song she sings, but her fans all know that she will never stoop to what more realistic singers call "sexing up a number." She would much rather sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" than "Body and Soul."

SHE is billed as the Songbird of the South because she was born in Greenville, Virginia, but her home



"One of my wives is missing. She didn't get mixed in with yours, did she?"



THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

IX. The Spy

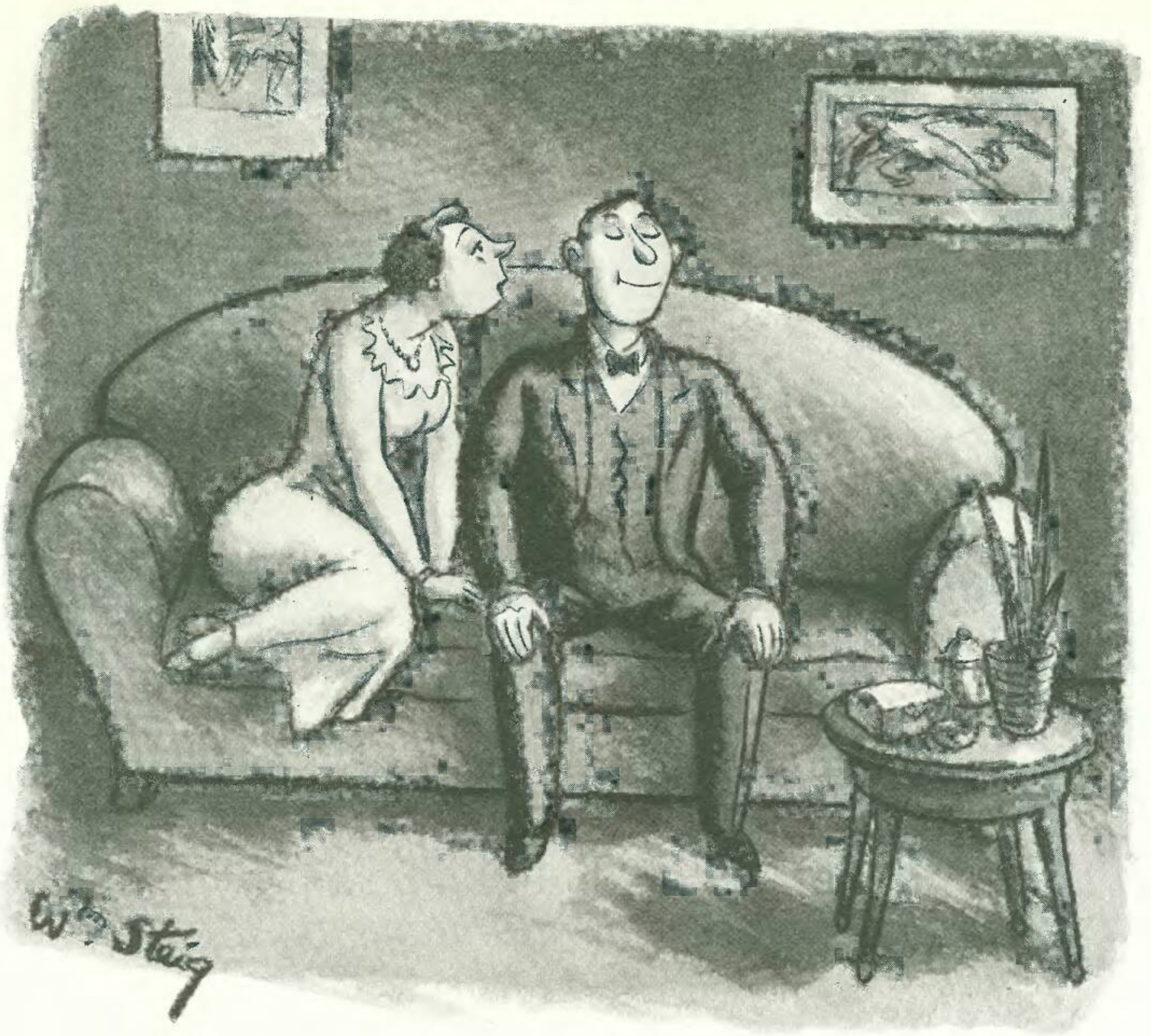
• •

town, for which she is often nostalgic, is Washington, D.C. Her father, who was a wholesale distributor of magazines, died in 1931, just before his daughter Katherine (which is her given name) became a radio star. Her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, for whom she recently bought a home near Washington, divides her time between the singer and her older daughter, Helene Smith, who is a clerk in the Department of Justice.

KATE SMITH was a child actress and sang in vaudeville when she was eleven years old. While going to Business High School in Washington, she appeared often on amateur nights at the old Rialto, and her mother and aunt (whom she calls "My momsy and my ontie") always went with her to the theatre. While she was still in school, the manager of the B. F. Keith Theatre took an interest in her, let her fill in when one of his acts failed to reach town, and obtained engagements for her in nearby cities. But her father did not want a vaudeville performer in his family, and persuaded her to become a student nurse at George Washington Hospital.

Six months later, in September, 1926, when she was seventeen and weighed almost as much as she does now, Eddie Dowling, who had seen her earlier in vaudeville, persuaded her to leave the hospital and to take the part of Tiny Little in "Honeymoon Lane," a musical comedy. Broadway audiences applauded her singing—she was called a "coon-shouter" in those days—and were pleased by an absurd dance in which she panted, grunted, and kicked so fiercely that sometimes a slipper would sail out over the footlights. She was with Dowling's show, here and on the road, until 1929. Then she had a similar act in a road show of "Hit the Deck." In 1930, against her mother's pleas, she took the part of Pansy Sparks in "Flying High" for George White. Sadistic audiences once again applauded her ridiculous dance. The *World's* critic said, "As for Miss Smith, who weighs as much as four chorus girls and is the butt throughout the whole evening, I felt sorry for her and a little embarrassed at the crude sort of fun for which she is the target." She was extremely unhappy in White's show. Bert Lahr's ribaldries agonized her, and the jokes about her corpulence made her wretched.

One afternoon when she was talking to Ted Collins, an official of the Columbia Phonograph Company, for whom she was making very popular records, she told him of her tribulations, and said she had about decided to break her contract and go back to nursing. He talked her out of this, and then and there became her manager. It was a wise move. Collins, who often hears himself described as "one of the smartest little guys in the radio business," soon got her a place on a sustaining program for the National Broadcasting Company. Three weeks later, in February, 1931, Columbia gave her a contract and seven months later she was sold to a sponsor, the La Palina Cigar Company. On her first program, she had introduced "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," a song which became painfully popular in the summer of 1931. By autumn she was winning nationwide radio popularity contests, and was being paid five thousand dollars a week for broadcasting and sums as big for singing in theatres and night clubs. She and Collins formed the Kated Corporation, and established an office in a building on Broadway, near Columbus Circle, for which they hired three secretaries, principally to read her fan mail. Soon she went on a tour in vaudeville, for which they organized "Kate Smith's Swanee Music Revue," a company consisting of dancers, singers, and acrobats. She has become one of the country's most popular vaudeville performers. On tours, she acts as mistress of ceremonies for the company, which numbers thirty-five persons, including eighteen bandsmen. She and



"Who are you—strange man?"

• •

Collins trust each other completely, and they have never had a written contract. He is said to receive one-third of the receipts.

Miss Smith lives in an undistinguished three-room apartment on lower Park Avenue, and keeps a police dog. She is attended by Maria, a Negro maid. A passionate housekeeper, she often passes whole days in her kitchen testing recipes clipped from women's magazines. She eats with gusto; sometimes, between shows, she and her manager bend over a table in her dressing-room and devour a mammoth angel cake, draining at the same time all the coffee in a jumbo thermos bottle. She eats great steaks and halves of apple pies, and is fond of chocolate parfaits. Her weight springs from a thyroid condition, and she no longer makes attempts to reduce, but her muscles are pounded several times every working day by a Swedish woman, who worships her. On a strenuous tour, she drops from fifteen to twenty pounds, but she regains the weight when she has been back in town a week. She has always been stout, and the fat does not seem to affect her health.

She hates profanity; her pale-blue eyes flash angrily at a casual "Damn it!" When a new man joins her band, he is always warned not to use swear words, whatever happens. Her favorite expletives are "Good night, nurse!" and "My gracious!" and her talk has a tendency to be coy. "Now, ain't dat sumpin?" she exclaims. She is solid, dimpled, spectacled, and quick-tempered. Once, when she was a schoolgirl in Washington, an automobile she was driving stalled on the trolley tracks, and the motorman drove into it, wrinkling a fender. She picked up a brickbat and heaved it through the trolley's front window.

Except for painted fingernails, she never uses makeup away from the theatre, and seen in her home, at ease, she looks like an amiable head nurse, as virginal as granite. She has no beau. When asked about it, she says, "I don't approve of early marriages." In her bathroom hang seven toothbrushes, one

for each day. In the closets of her apartment, she keeps six hundred varieties of expensive perfumery, and one hundred handbags. "I hardly ever use perfume. I just collect it. And I'm just crazy about my pocketbook collection," she says. She calls herself a speed maniac, and on good roads she sometimes holds her automobile at eighty-five for long stretches. At Lake Placid, of which she is very fond, she drives a speedboat furiously. She is a good swimmer.

KATE SMITH's future is doubtful. At present she is not working on the radio. The cigar company cut down its advertising appropriation, and she was not reëngaged when her contract expired last autumn. She did not mind. She turned down a generous offer from a brewery, showed no interest in others, and is now being paid a 1928 salary for a national vaudeville tour. A few weeks ago, she bought the back cover of *Variety's* anniversary number to say, "Hello everybody, this is Kate Smith, thanking everybody for everything." She expects to return to the radio next month, but if she doesn't she can make as much money in vaudeville, for it is possible for her to leave on a tour of six weeks and, booking en route, remain on the road indefinitely. She starred in one motion picture, "Hello Everybody," in which she was a farmer's daughter who saved the homestead from the power company.

Her manager wants her to become what he terms "a distinguished woman," one who serves on committees, opens charity bazaars, and fights for causes. Miss Smith is not enthusiastic, but is willing to string along. When she was made chairman of the National NRA Committee of the Radio, Stage and Screen, an important propaganda position, Mr. Collins was proud. He said, "She'll be the Elsie Janis of this war on the depression." He was also proud when she was invited to act as soloist for The Philadelphia Orchestra one evening, when it was giving a fund-raising entertainment. She decided to sing "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," and, when she arrived at the concert hall, frightened Leopold Stokowski by going over to him and saying sharply, "When you come to this note, hold it! See?" Each day she grows prouder of her infinitely sentimental contralto, and once she told an interviewer, "I'm big and I'm fat and I'm not a prize beauty, but I have a voice, and when I sing, boy, I sing all over." —JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

SUNSET

I will not look at the sun tonight,
  I have looked at it before.
I have seen suffusing in its light
  The end of human lore.

The very last of Troy went down
  And the very last of Rome
And the very last of London Town
  And the very last of home.

—WITTER BYNNER



"I saw the nicest fish today—for the money."

THE THEATRE

PLAYWRITING AND PROPAGANDA

I WISH that, if people feel that they must write propaganda plays, they wouldn't always pick out subjects on which I, myself, am so violently biassed that I am already on the verge of apoplexy. It makes a farce out of my trying to review them. I have only a few Causes left in my hysteria kit (I am sorry to say), but I am always being confronted with them in play form and asked to give a calm, open-minded opinion of them from the point of view of the disinterested theatregoer in search of his money's worth. Why can't someone write a propaganda play about the St. Lawrence Waterways Project, just for once?

I don't know whether "They Shall Not Die" is a good play or not. I couldn't see most of it, my eyes were bulging so with rage. I have an idea that it could have been better, but I don't know whether those passages which seemed long-winded to me were really long-winded or just recitals of material with which I, personally, have become so familiar through years of fuming over the Scottsboro Case that they just seemed repetitious. I haven't the slightest idea of how the play would strike a casual theatregoer, but I do know that there shouldn't *be* any casual theatregoers in this case. If I had my way, everyone in the country would be driven into the Royale Theatre with a snake whip, especially the citizens of my own dear native state, the Commonwealth of ("There She Stands!") Massachusetts.



In writing "They Shall Not Die," John Wexley has not departed in any important detail from the actual facts of the long-since rancid case of The People versus The Scottsboro Negro Boys, although the scene is given as "Cooksville. A Southern State." It is not a pleasant play to listen to, any more than the case is a pleasant one to read. In fact, if Mr. Wexley had continued in the harrowing vein of his first act, it might have been impossible to sit through for anyone who bruises easily. But in his second act, Mr. Wexley has taken the liberty of introducing some comparatively tender love scenes between one of the "violated" town girls and a (so far as I know) mythical young travelling salesman, which are played with simple and touching sincerity by Ruth Gordon. (Linda Watkins is the other young woman in the case, also excellent.) We are also shown, in this act, the difficult mechanics of a defence organization when rival agencies take a hand in it. The third act, after creating a strangely unsympathetic character in the person of the cocksure Jewish attorney who finally takes the case, is given over to the trial in all its terrifying hopelessness, and here Claude Rains gives a remarkable exhibition of sheer physical stamina as the decreasingly bombastic New York lawyer being gradually beaten to the ground by the insuperable forces of ignorance and prejudice. It was here that I felt that Mr. Wexley included perhaps too much of the actual record, but that may have been because I feared for anything that might detract from the play's effect on the general public. The Theatre Guild has given "They Shall Not Die" a careful and expensive production, with an enormous cast, of which it is impossible to make personal mention in this space.

In so far as I am able to judge, then, the play is possibly too long for comfort, but it is also too true for comfort, and as I understand Mr. Wexley's idea in writing it, comfort was not exactly what he set out to dispense.

ANOTHER propaganda play which I couldn't trust myself to review with any detachment was "Peace on Earth," which opened several months ago down on Fourteenth Street, but which I saw for the first time only last week. Following its opening, which I was unable to attend, I learned that it was dedicated to the cause of No More War, but that, unfortunately, it wasn't a very good play. And so, rather than run the risk of having to shoot down my own comrades, I chose the cowardly course of not going to see it at all, salving what little conscience I have left in such matters by saying to myself that the play, being in an outlying district, did not strictly come under the jurisdiction of this strictly commercial department. And anyway, it was playing to packed houses, made up, as is always the case with plays with a message, of people who didn't need the message at all, and nothing that I could say would make the others go down to Fourteenth Street to see it.

Furthermore, as time went on and no notice of "Peace on Earth" appeared in these columns, the young men connected with the production began dropping me postcards accusing me of being in the pay of the munition-makers and of trying to foment a war with Japan. Having had a vague idea that War was wrong long before these young men were born, and staying away from their play only for their own good, I started sulking, and wouldn't have gone down to Fourteenth Street to bail my own grandmother out of jail.

However, when "They Shall Not Die" came along, I thought I saw a good chance to combine the two under Pet Propagandas, and made the trip. And, much to my surprise and chagrin, I found "Peace on Earth" to be not a bad play at all, but an exciting and stirring one for the most part. The Messrs. Sklar and Maltz, who wrote it, have not included anything that was not causing us all concern back in 1915-16, but they have managed to incorporate their data in a play which is much more believable than most pageants of this type, and there are moments of genuine dramatic power to make it worth anyone's seeing. But here again, I must plead bias in favor of the prosecution.

I understand that "Peace on Earth" is closing soon, which makes me all the more penitent for having delayed my participation in it. I only hope that it will be revived on the eve of the next war, when it might do some good.

"DODSWORTH" is one of those plays which are so darned good that there isn't much to say about them except that they are darned good. Sidney Howard has made a dramatization of the Sinclair Lewis book which is so straightforward and honest that it has no particular high-lights and certainly no low-lights. It was, I should think,

Correct the Shine Area



Nature, in a prankish mood, gave your face two kinds of complexion—and placed the poorer most conspicuously. Your forehead, nose and chin are coarser-pored, more oily than the rest of you . . . that's why they *shine!*

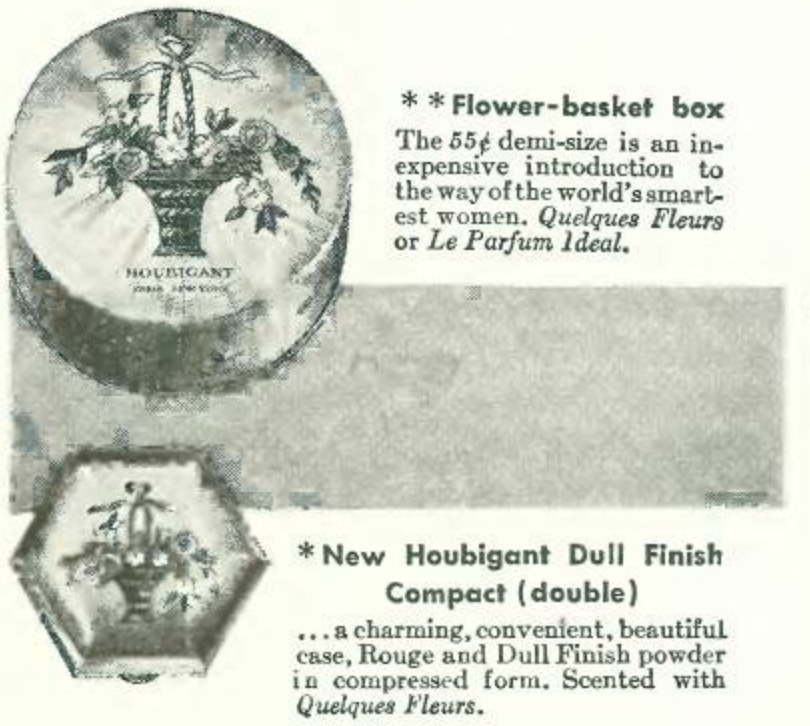
But outwitting Nature is simple, if you use Houbigant *Dull Finish* Face Powder. It ends unlovely shine, and transforms the center of distraction to a center of attraction. It gives *all* your complexion a lovely, flattering petal-smoothness that puts your best face forward!

NOW IN COMPACT FORM

If you're still combating a shiny skin with ordinary powders, please try Houbigant *Dull Finish* Face Powder . . . in the new compact form, encased in a lovely 1934 version (at $1.75) of the original $2.50 Houbigant "double"* or the famous flower-basket box,** at $1 and 55¢.

HOUBIGANT

DULL *finish* FACE POWDER



****Flower-basket box**
The 55¢ demi-size is an inexpensive introduction to the way of the world's smartest women. *Quelques Fleurs* or *Le Parfum Ideal.*

***New Houbigant Dull Finish Compact (double)**
. . . a charming, convenient, beautiful case, Rouge and Dull Finish powder in compressed form. Scented with *Quelques Fleurs.*



BEGIN with your lips. The expression of your mouth is all-important now. Feature-revealing hats and high coiffures make people look at your face —and your mouth is the quickest and easiest feature to change.

TUSSY Lipstick will make you look provocative instead of pale—seductive instead of shy —pretty instead of prim. You have 5 vital shades to choose from, to express your mood and harmonize with your skin tone —Tea Rose, Apricot, Flame, Rose Coral and Raspberry.

These TUSSY Lipsticks are made on a rich cream base that keeps your lips luscious, soft and moist. Eat, drink, smoke ... even kiss when you please ... the color of TUSSY last and lasts!

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LIPSTICK · ROUGE · NAIL POLISH · FACE CREAMS

MADE BY LESQUENDIEU · INC

a tough job, and Mr. Howard has made it one of his best.

In "Dodsworth," Mr. Walter Huston returns from the movies to the stage which he served so well in the past, and he, also, does one of the best jobs of his career. Here again, the performance is so straightforward and honest, without pyrotechnics of any sort, that it is difficult to do more than applaud loudly and say, "Boy, was he good!" The part was made for him, and he was made for the part, and the only thing to do is to see him in it.

Max Gordon has again assembled a wisely chosen cast, with Fay Bainter in the consistently hateful rôle of Mrs. Dodsworth, a task in which she never flinches and at which she is superlatively good. Nan Sunderland (the real Mrs. Huston) is also excellent, as the Lady with the Villa, and Frederic Worlock and Kent Smith, as Mrs. Dodsworth's two distractions, help those scenes in which they appear, although I could wish that Mr. Worlock could do something else besides merely gag his "r"s to indicate Germanic origin. Maria Ouspenskaya takes her one scene over to herself with patrician ease, and the rest of the cast are more than "adequate."

There is no doubt that you will see "Dodsworth" for yourself, so we can let it go that it is a darned good play, and that Walter Huston is darned good, too. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

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TABLES FOR LADIES

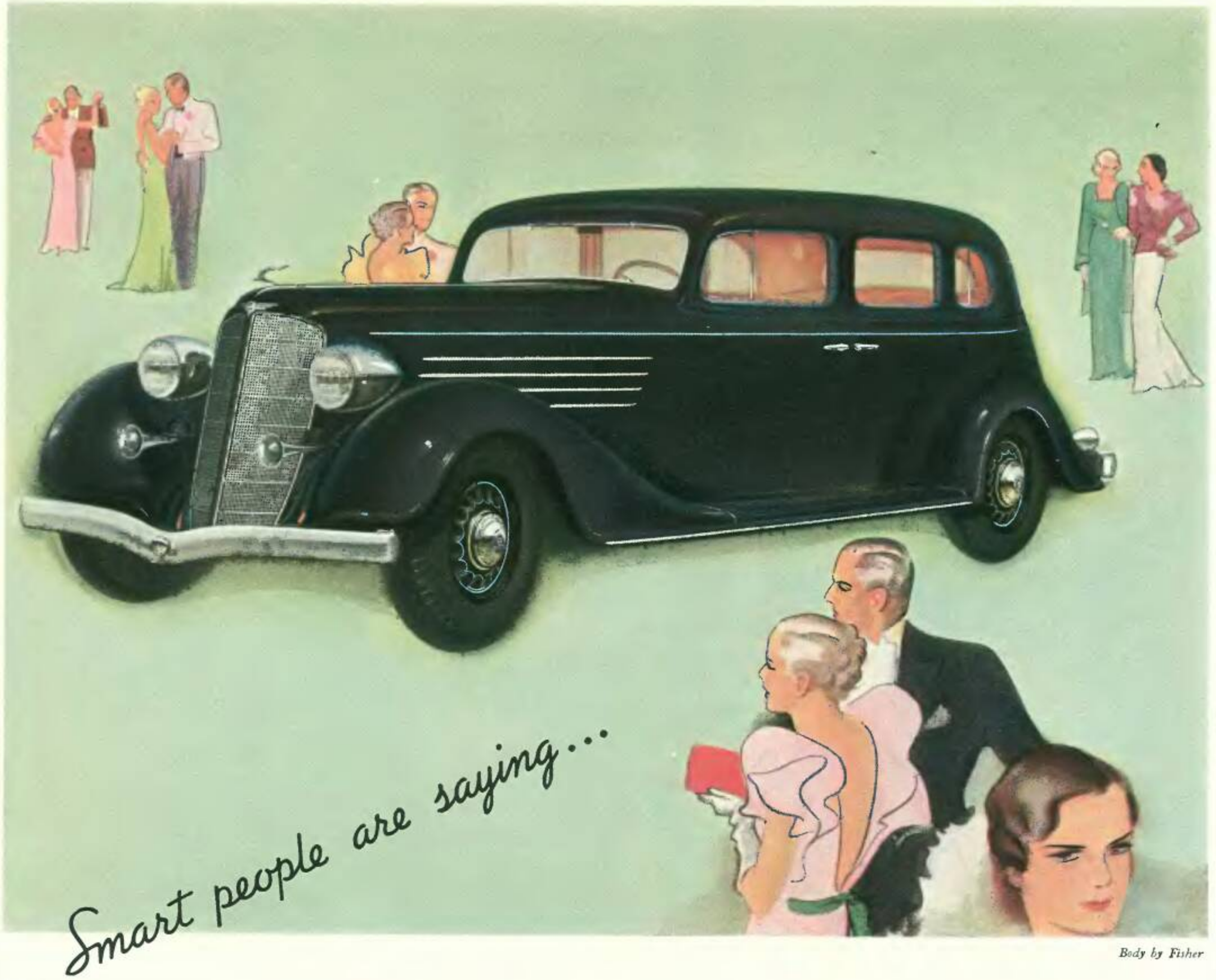
Every graph, every chart
Strikes new terror to my heart,
Every table you devise
Prophesying my demise,
Every income curve that drops
So abruptly, and then stops,
Beats me down, bores in, nicks at my endurance;
But I really do not want your sickness, unemployment, accident, death, endowment, or old-age insurance!

—ELLEN MCLOUGHLIN

•

I am delighted that I am completely sold out, four days after publication, of THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE by James M. Cain. Although I had anticipated an immediate demand I had, frankly, not expected to exhaust so quickly two generous advance printings. Your bookseller may have some copies. I hope to have a fresh supply shortly—as soon as my printer can manufacture books consistent with Borzoi standards. ALFRED A. KNOPF.—*Adv. in the Herald Tribune.*

You *hope* to have a fresh supply? Don't worry, sire, you'll have one!



Smart people are saying...

Body by Fisher



"Now there's *a car! Big, roomy, substantial-looking. And the way it* rides! *Why, this new Buick is the easiest-riding, most comfortable—"*

"Right as usual, darling. It does set a new high in unadulterated comfort—and I hope I'm not making any admission when I say that I appreciate that a lot."



"Those big tires look nice, and I suppose they help make the Buick as comfortable as it is, but what about steering?"

"Easier than ever. Buick engineers redesigned their steering system to go with Knee-Action Wheels and those Air-Cushion Tires. It takes less effort and there's never a sign of jiggle in the wheel."



"It's stunning—just my idea of a really *attractive car. And so convenient, too. Think of it—nothing to do when you start the car but turn the key and step on the accelerator. No choking, no throttle to bother with, or anything."*

"I do hope Jack will decide to get one. Since this car came out, our car has seemed hopelessly out-of-date."

"I want one, too. From the time I first rode in a new Buick, I haven't been really comfortable in any other car."



"What's this about Vacuum-Power Brakes, George? They sound quite important."

"They are important, too. Just a light touch on the pedal does the work so far as you are concerned. No matter how fast you're going, the car comes down to a smooth, even stop—and does it in a hurry, too!"



• • • BUICK

For 1934 with Knee-Action Wheels

A GENERAL MOTORS SILVER ANNIVERSARY MODEL

WHEN • BETTER • AUTOMOBILES • ARE • BUILT • BUICK • WILL • BUILD • THEM

ITALIAN OVERTURE



GLASSES SPARKLE brightly on the terraces of Naples. A breeze from over Capri way blows fragrant, rippling the blue bay and rustling chic finery. Here is sunshine and glamour and gaiety. And here at mealtime, discriminating citizens-of-the-world capture the romance of Italy in delicious glassfuls... in that overture to all good dining: a cocktail, or an apéritif, of Cinzano Vermouth.

For more than a century, European elite have chosen Cinzano as their most refreshing appetizer. This world-famous Italian Vermouth is made from grapes of the royal estate, Moscatello, and is blended with traditional authority, ability, and affection.

It is a delightful experience to have one's first Cinzano . . . to sip it "neat", a rich, ruddy-amber apéritif . . . to breathe its bouquet and sense its warming stimulus. That is why Canada Dry has selected Cinzano to fill a fourteen-year-old need in American homes.

For here is a truly good Vermouth, made and bottled in Italy, not too sweet and not too dry: One that will make cocktails more appetizing than ever makeshift vermouths could make them . . . one that will open new vistas in refreshment repertoire, and will create new friends for the fine old name, Cinzano.

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ITALY



CANADA DRY Presents

CINZANO VERMOUTH

NOT TOO SWEET AND NOT TOO DRY



SHOUTS AND MURMURS



HOMEWARD BOUND

London, February

WORD may have already reached the States about a recent *contretemps* at Lady Astor's, when the hostess tried to introduce the Charles Dana Gibsons to Dr. Ethel Smyth, the composer, who is such a venerable, eccentric, and slightly deaf *grande dame* as only England produces. Surely, Lady Astor shouted, surely Dr. Smyth knew the Gibsons! Surely she remembered the Gibson Girl! Dr. Smyth caught at this obliging hint and did her level best with it. "The Gibson Girl?" she said with valiant and exquisite courtesy. "Yes, indeed, I have often heard of her. But, do you know, I am afraid I can't remember what it was she did."

Another slight misunderstanding marred the eminently satisfactory première of "Reunion in Vienna," in which the Lunts are enjoying such a triumph as London has never before accorded to visiting players. Rapturous occupants of the stalls, whose plaudits finally wrung a speech from the diffident American, were puzzled by the apologetic, almost downcast note which crept into his remarks before the curtain. This mystery was cleared up only afterwards. It seems that the defensive attitude was induced by a man in the gallery, who kept exercising his inalienable privilege of shouting "Louder!" You see, Mr. Lunt, ever ready to believe the worst of one of his own performances, had thought this oral critic was saying "Lousy!"

YOUR correspondent has been at work here on the records of a recent case in the Lambeth police court. An ardent young furniture-dealer from Lordship-lane, East Dulwich, was arraigned on charges of rather complicated assault, preferred by a fair young typist, who had called the attention of the constabulary to her plight by the arresting device of leaping half-clad through the furniture-dealer's window. The noise of breaking glass and the sound of the hurrying police patrol in the night-mantled street convinced a neighbor that motor bandits were abroad and, with the best intentions in the world, this alarmed citizen made the work of the *gendarmerie* difficult by accurately hurling all his flowerpots at them. This, according to the restrained and credible statement of counsel in court next day, lent "a touch of humor" to the episode. The comely typist insisted that the furniture-dealer had torn off her dress and was proceeding earnestly along those lines when she leaped through the window. The police asked what he had meant by such unseemly goings-on and he protested that he only wanted to marry the girl.

Now, I had thought that further research in this case might yield interesting data on courtship in Lordship-lane, but a sign I saw today in a window on the Finchley Road reminds me that the Woollcotts are never let off anything and that one might as well go back to America. The window was in a house of seedy grandeur, with a bedraggled little garden and an interior veiled by the heavy lace curtains of yesteryear. The sign read "Flatlets for Ladies."

BESIDES, there's work to be done at home. The American newspapers, which one can get spasmodically at the stand in the Savoy lobby, are full of minor monstrosities nicely calculated to turn the most torpid of journalists into an inquiring reporter. Thus I have saved three press cuttings with the notion of investigating them as soon as I get back to New York. For instance, this somewhat jaundiced eye has been caught by the following item of radio news in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*:

> The Rockabye Lady of WWSW will pay special tribute to Earl Carroll who wrote "Alice in Wonderland," at 10:45 this morning.

Then I hope to inquire into an advertisement of Dashiell Hammett's excellent detective story, "The Thin Man," which mysteriously appeared in the New York *Times* of January 30th. I should like to know how it slipped past the boasted vigilance of the sentries who are supposed to guard the advertising columns of that admirable journal and I wish to ask whether, after reading it, anyone seriously questions the justice of awarding the palm to Alfred A. Knopf for achieving, in the history of book-advertising in America, a new low in taste for all time.

BUT the clipping which seems to invite a more considerable attention —the award, perhaps, of the Fatuity Sweepstakes for 1934—is an interview given to John Lardner by Charles and Kathleen Norris, for distribution to those newspapers served by the North American Newspaper Alliance. Anyone who has just finished reading the authentic and profoundly depressing novel by Heinz Liepmann called "Murder—Made in Germany" (published simultaneously in eight countries last month, it is a first-hand account of Jewish agony under the Ku-Klux-Klanism of the Hitler régime), anyone, I say, who has just undergone the searing experience of reading this story by one who owed the chance to write it at all to his lucky escape from a concentration camp, will find extraordinarily illuminating the report which the Norrises now issue after their own brief experience as tourists in Germany. They came out full of respect for Herr Hitler and prepared to testify—I quote Mr. Lardner verbatim—"that Jews in Germany are somewhat amused by the rumors of the anti-Semitic atrocities there."

The interview touches lightly on other matters of world moment, but the part which lingers in the fascinated memory is this picture of Jewry in the Reich in stitches of merriment over the fantastic stories that their people have been subjected to any inconvenience under Adolf Hitler. Some readers, I suppose, will think of this interview as contributing an important increment to the outside world's knowledge of what is going on in darkest Germany. Others, perhaps, will think of it rather as throwing an interesting and revelatory light upon Charles and Kathleen Norris.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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WORLD'S FINEST

*Culture Pearls**

ARE WORTHY OF THE NAME

Técla

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World's finest as applied to Técla Culture Pearls means simply this—that out of every hundred culture pearls gathered from the cultivated oyster beds of the Orient, only one will ordinarily prove of sufficient excellence to warrant a presentation by Técla . . . Técla Culture Pearls are offered in exquisitely matched necklaces, also in rings, bracelets, earrings and other jewel pieces set in gold or platinum and mounted to special order if desired. The price range is in keeping with every purse —values unsurpassed in Técla history.

**Produced in the Living Oyster*

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608 FIFTH AVE. at 49th STREET, NEW YORK

(Adjacent To Rockefeller Center)

STORIES OF TODAY

BURLETTA

Mlle. Magda Fulop
And Mme. Anna Zsarnoczay,
Budapest society women,
Passed insults
And arranged for a duel.

But when they faced each other
On the dueling floor,
They burst into tears,
Affectionately embraced,
And went home.

FRUSTRATION

When revenue officers
Of Brindisi, Italy,
Arrived at the home
Of Battisti, a bricklayer,
To confiscate his furniture
For nonpayment of taxes,

They found the furniture
Cemented into the floor.
Even the pictures
Were embedded in the walls.

MARTYR TO HYGIENE

When Montenegrin authorities
Looked into the murder
Of a native of Nikitch,
His neighbors confessed
They had killed him
Because he had used
"A devilish instrument."

Investigation revealed
The instrument was a toothbrush.

MODERNIZATION

The El-Azhar University
Of Cairo, Egypt,
Has made a change
In the geography course
In its curriculum.

After nine hundred
Years of teaching
That the earth is flat,
It will now teach
That it may be round.

ERRATUM

When told that his lameness
Could be cured by prayer,
Aged David Caruthers
Of Charlotte, North Carolina,
Attended a healing service.

As the healer informed him
That he was cured,
He dropped dead.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

160
CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
ESSEX HOUSE

One visit will explain why more and more of the travel-wise select Essex House as their home when they visit New York. Convenient to theatres, transportation and the smartest shops.

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where smart New Yorkers dine and dance nightly to the music of Glen Gray *and the incomparable*
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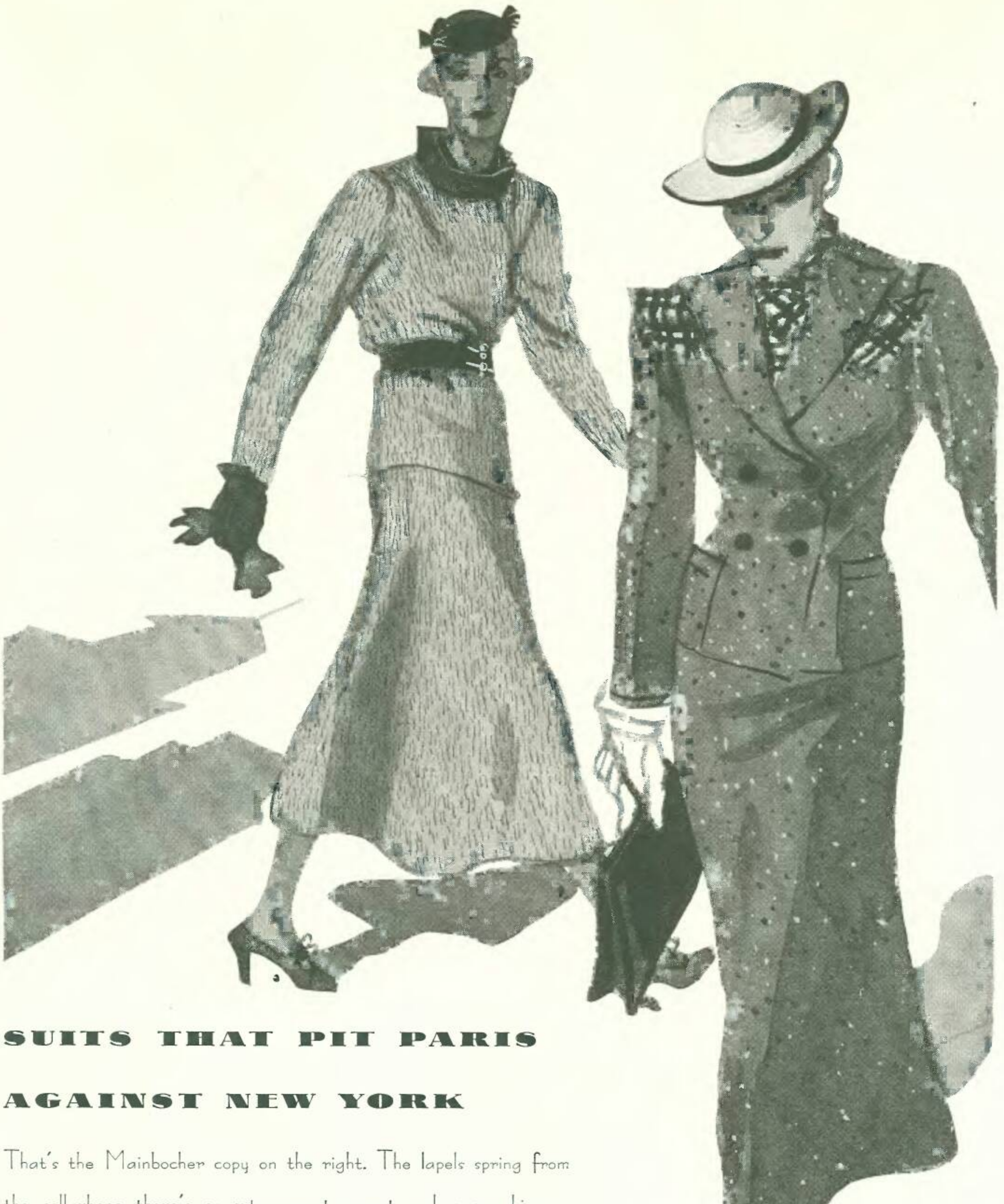
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LYONS BELVISTA WINES



SUITS THAT PIT PARIS AGAINST NEW YORK

That's the Mainbocher copy on the right. The lapels spring from the collarbone, there's an extravagant cravat and a new bias skirt. Brown or grey tweed mixtures, sizes from 14 to 20. Whereas Elizabeth Hawes' model (trust the girl who lives here) celebrates spring with sleigh bell fastenings, bloused back and straight skirt. In wine tweed with navy suede fixings and navy blouse. Or grey with green, sizes from 12 to 20. Town Suits, on the third floor. **39.75**

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WEBSTER CIGAR COMPANY

BECAUSE MY HEART IS PURE

WHEN Mrs. de Lys entered the subway train, all the seats were taken. At first the passengers did not even notice her, so apathetic were they with their stomachs dull with Sunday dinner, and no stores, no offices open to which they might go. But Mrs. de Lys was accustomed to making entrances. For a moment she stood, the ancient fake-mink tails on her voluminous velvet wrap swaying with the motion of the train, her hands clutching a tremendous handbag and a package, the size of a hatbox, untidily wrapped in brown paper, its strings dirty and slack. Then one or two saw her and animation flickered in their vacant eyes. She waited no longer but, approaching the woman sitting with the two small girls, said, "Kindly move those children ovah."

Her clear voice reached everyone in the car; her intonation was almost London, closer to Boston, and, being neither, focussed all eyes on her. The Columbia freshman stopped stroking his little mustache and watched her. The girl with the book lost her place. And the mother, sighing, drew both little girls closer so that Mrs. de Lys could sit down.

She paid attention to no one, sitting very straight in her full wrap. Her stout feet, shod in exaggeratedly open black sandals with red straps going up her stout ankles, were set solidly before her. Behind the mesh veil that crushed her frizzy red-brown bang and the rusty ostrich plumes at the back of her bonnet, her face was composed and at ease. It was not the lines in her face that revealed her age; it was the color. Against the crushed bang of hair, shade of the faithless mink tails on her wrap, her skin was terrifyingly soft, powdery, gray. But she was very composed, sitting there, and presently she undid the package and drew from it a small brown-paper bag from which she took a jelly bean. She poised the candy gracefully before popping it into her mouth; nor was her little finger crooked.

The Columbia freshman smiled at the girl with the book. The man in the far corner, with dirt in the seams of his big hands, looked for someone to grin with him. A feeling of solidarity crept over all the passengers. They knew that *she* had not come from a heavy Sunday dinner at her daughter's; they knew that *she* was not going home to the radio in a room with snugly



closed windows. The women tried to memorize her costume. *Oh, my dear, you can never without seeing . . . Really, it was all I could do, you know, not to break right out in . . . She was seventy if she was a day.* The men tried to magnetize her glance toward them. But she merely selected another jelly bean.

AT Ninety-sixth Street, most of them had slipped back into their torpor. The Harlem- and Bronx-bound passengers went out almost without a backward look. As the train started, a voice made a loud, unintelligible cry. Everyone but Mrs. de Lys looked up to see standing in the centre of the car, facing the rear half, a middle-aged man, pot-bellied in his black suit, with a red shiny face and red shiny hands. With his close-set eyes looking into space, he held aloft a white-enameled metal oblong, the size of an automobile plate. It was attached to two strong rings, and its black letters said, "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?—Matthew 5:24."

Some leaned forward in the car with open mouths and some, seeing the man drop a new plate from the rings to cover the old one, looked away, their lips tightening. But, looking at none of them, he continued to drop plates bearing different quotations from the Gospel at methodical intervals. The way his feet were planted and the sturdiness of his black-clothed body gave him a look that would have been for all the world like that of a French peasant on his way home from church had he but worn a hat. Soon several people began to fumble self-consciously in their change pockets and purses.

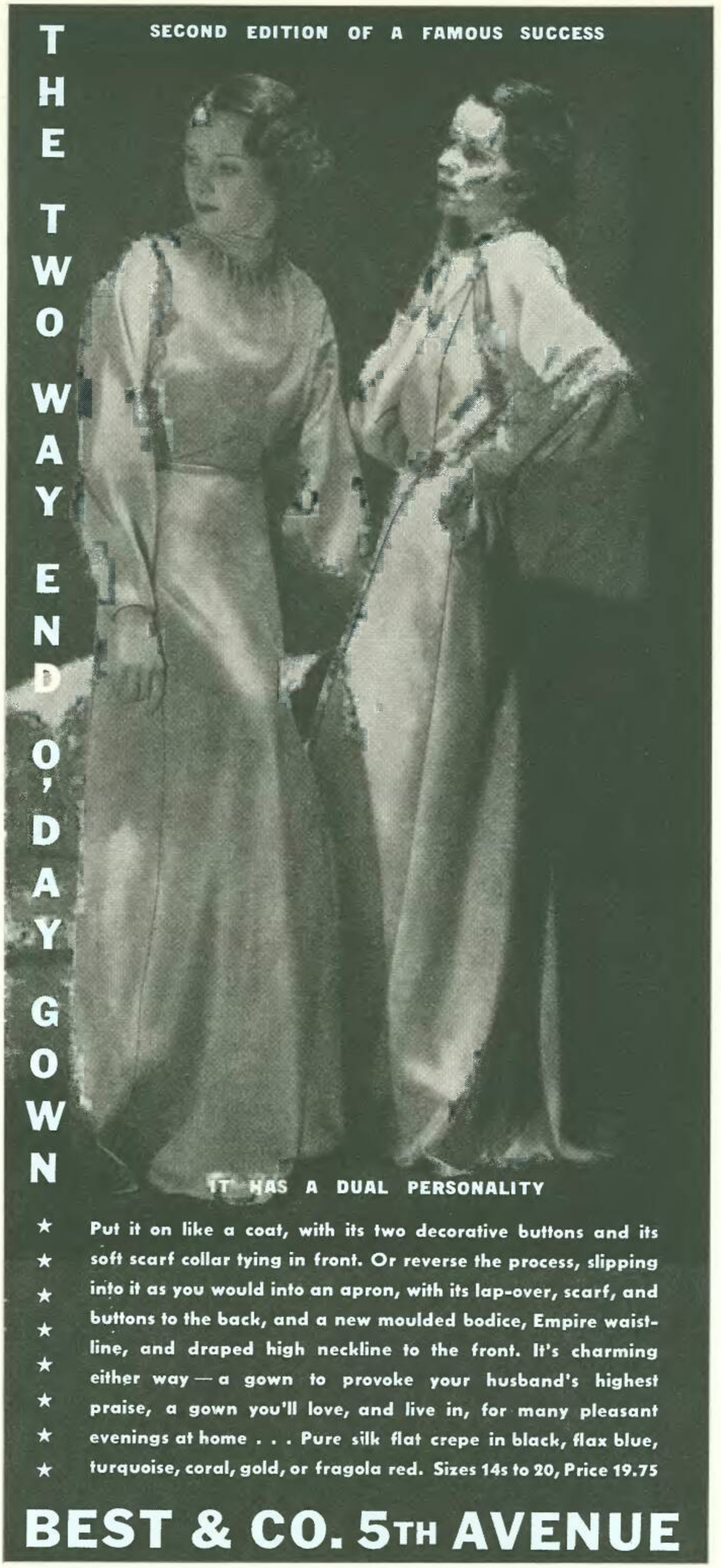
Mrs. de Lys tranquilly looked up just as he turned around the rings so that the rear sides of the plates could be read. The first quotation was "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.—Matthew 23:27."

Continuing daintily to eat her jelly beans, she watched the plates as they fell.

At 110th Street, the man whirled around and now cried audibly to the forward half of the car, "Hear ye!"

Then he held aloft his metal plates.

The girl with the book appeared



BRAVO FOR BRITAIN!



Finnigan's on Bond Street (that peerless establishment thronged with peeresses) made the original model. Munro made the superb Shetland tweeds we've copied it in. A famous Scotch mill made Shetland sweaters dyed exactly to match. And Macy's made the whole thing possible at these wholesome prices by some canny conniving with one of New York's best tailors. The whole outfit has a beautifully British air! Sportswear—3rd Floor

SUIT $39.75
TOPCOAT . . . 39.75
SWEATER 5.94
CLASSIC FELT . . 5.39

MACY'S

puzzled. The Columbia freshman slid the coins back into his pocket. Mrs. de Lys leaned forward and called in her clear tones, "Gentleman!"

Immediately everyone in her half of the car became alert. Some craned their necks at her. Others inclined themselves far forward to see what the man would do. But he, with his back to Mrs. de Lys, stood stolidly holding up his plates.

"Gentleman!" she called once more, and now her voice was so imperious that a boy tugged at the man's coat.

He turned around and saw her beckoning finger.

When he stood before her, his ear bent toward her face, she said chattily, "What's all this for?" She pointed one finger at his plates and then wagged it as though to hasten his reply.

He looked at her solemnly. "To tell you that there is a Heaven above and a Hell below," he said, and the expression in his near-set eyes did not waver.

"Don't you want any money?" she said, almost waspishly.

He pointed a thick, shiny red finger to the ceiling and then quickly toward the floor. "Up there, and down there," he said.

Leaving her, he suddenly turned back and handed her a leaflet, which she read, pursing her lips behind her veil, as he held aloft his messages for the forward half of the car. Half the people leaned forward to watch him; the other half watched her. She read a little of the leaflet, shrugged her shoulders, and then carefully put it inside her enormous handbag. Looking at no one, she plucked, with a delicate motion, a jelly bean from the brown-paper bag.

The Columbia freshman, seeing the man with plates pass on to the next car, suddenly realized that he had missed his stop. Flushing, he got up to stand by the door. As the train slowed its pace, Mrs. de Lys looked up at him, her eyes serene behind her mesh veil.

"My strength is as the strength of ten, Because my heart is puah," she said in her beautiful clear tones.

Then she looked down at the paper bag and drew from it another jelly bean. —LEANE ZUGSMITH

•

The wedding of Miss Violet Redding to Mr. Tom Carnes was announced at the bride's home Sunday afternoon, just before they left on their honeymoon.—*Wetumka (Okla.) Gazette.*

That's getting in under the line.



THE EMPIRE ROOM

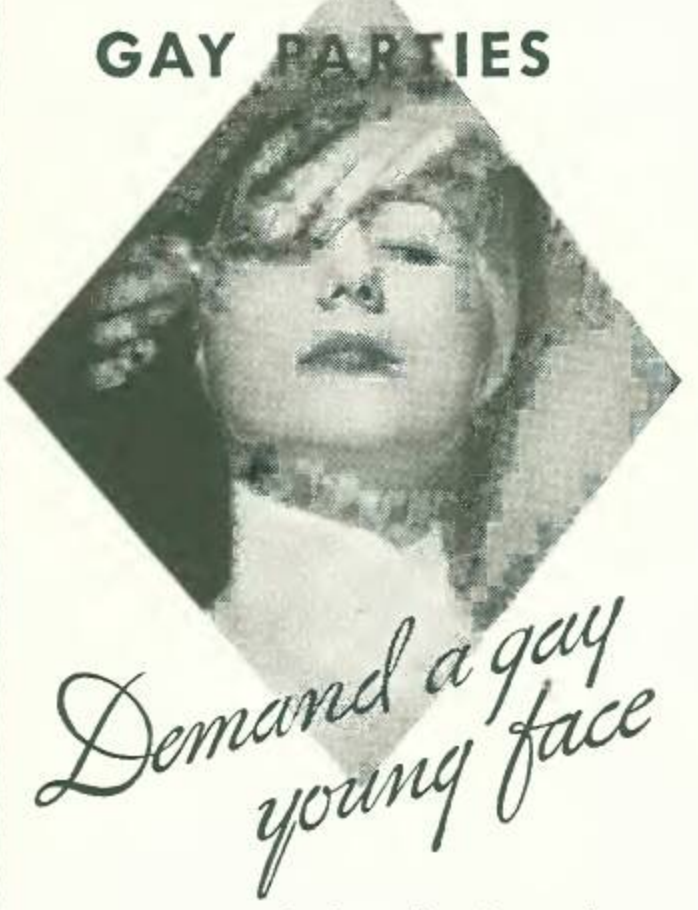
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Miss Quinlan, herself, chooses the preparations—creates a make-up just for *you*. A skilled assistant treats your face—eyes—throat—back—and who isn't back-conscious this year? As for wrinkles—pouf!

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Kathleen Mary Quinlan

Salon: 655 Fifth Avenue at 52nd Street



SWAGGERING into Spring

Maybe it's the high-tied neck, or the row of gleaming crystal buttons, or the jaunty cut of the wide lapels—anyhow this navy blue three-piece suit with its crisp moiré blouse is delightfully and irrepressibly *youthful!* The three-quarters swagger-cut coat with the new loose sleeves is lined throughout with moiré and you can see at a glance that it's going to be enormously useful as a separate wrap with all sorts of frocks. Of Forstmann Cedarbark with Corsair moiré blouse—navy only. Sizes 14 to 40. $69.00. Suit Shop; Second Floor, North Building.

WE NEW YORKERS FIND OUR "FASHION-FIRSTS" AT

Wanamaker's

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

WANAMAKER PLACE NINTH STREET AND BROADWAY

HOCKEY

Concerning Strategy—
And Lester Patrick



AFTER watching more hockey games than we care to remember, we still find it difficult to believe that any team plays the game according to preconceived plans—comparable to those, for instance, which are taken for granted in football. The game is much too fast, and its circumstances, at any given moment, too unpredictable to make strategy of this sort effective. The most that can be said is that a few teams have, over long periods, developed definite and characteristic styles. The Rangers', for example, is based on the principle of passing the puck instead of carrying it, and of making goals from a point close to the net instead of from one far away. This sounds rudimentary, but it distinguishes the Rangers completely from a team like the Americans, who score almost by accident and then hold their advantage by clever defensive work, or one like the Boston Bruins, who depend entirely on weight and strength. A case in point—not, perhaps, a particularly good one—might be the game which the Rangers lost last week to the Chicago Black Hawks. In the last period, the Rangers had five forwards on the ice. Their method of handling the puck in front of the Black Hawks' goal was derived, apparently, from the pastime of drop-the-handkerchief. Playing to draw Gardiner, the Chicago goaltender, out of position, they disdained openings that any other forwards in the league would have jumped at. It turned out that their sleight-of-hand technique—the score was 2–1 for the Black Hawks, and the defeat sent the Rangers from second place to third—was a failure. This result, it seemed to us, was due less to their maneuvers than to the good luck of the Chicagoans' handsome little goalie, who made at least three stops that were miraculous.

THE Rangers' style has been set by their manager. This fact is well known to everyone who plays hockey or follows the game closely, but it is a little surprising to less sophisticated spectators. Lester Patrick doesn't squirm on his seat like Gorman of Chicago, or try to bulldoze the referees like Connie Smythe of Toron-

REDINGOTES are very Feminine!



Redingotes are especially beloved for those occasions when you want to be graciously and gracefully feminine. The full length coat of this three-piece suit ties trimly at the waist — redingote fashion—and achieves a suggestion of the breeze-blown silhouette with large lapels and front fullness. The tunic blouse of porcelain-blue crêpe makes this ensemble quite formal enough for luncheon, matinée, or afternoon bridge. Of Forstmann Cedarbark — navy only — with porcelain-blue tunic blouse. Sizes 14 to 40. $69.00. Suit Shop; Second Floor, North Building.

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to. He doesn't even sit with his players. Since the latter part of last year, when he became the vice-president of the club as well as its manager, he has chosen a place in the row behind his men, leaning forward to speak to them at rare intervals.

Rather than being an indication of an attitude of *laissez faire*, this really suggests how completely Patrick runs the team. He keeps a chart of every game, with marks to indicate each man's performance in it. His training methods are strict but not Spartan. He demands more practice than most of his confreres and he is the only manager in the league who regularly works with the team, usually in the goal or on defence. On afternoons before a game, the team meets in his office—the room that used to belong to Tex Rickard—where he gives them notes, carefully considered in advance, for their behavior in the evening. Patrick gives few instructions during games because his men do not need them. Five—the Cooks, Boucher, Murdoch, and Johnson—have played under him ever since he organized the Rangers, in 1926.

IT is a little hard to write about Patrick as the Rangers' manager because he is in reality so much more than that. Ever since he played on the Renfrew Millionaires his history has been almost the history of the game. He and his brother, Frank, went to the West Coast to play hockey. Lester became the star of the Victoria team in the Pacific Coast League which won the Stanley Cup twice; Frank played for the Vancouver team. By the time the league broke up, ten years later, the Patrick brothers owned it. Lester, by releasing players to Boston, Detroit, and Chicago, made it possible for the Garden to start the National Hockey League. As a player he definitely revolutionized hockey. He was the first defence man to make a practice of carrying the puck down the ice instead of passing it to a forward. He introduced the defence formation of two men abreast, instead of tandem. As a manager and coach, his chief contributions to the game have been the rule which permits forward-passing and the playoff system currently in vogue which, although many people think it makes no sense whatever, has added immeasurably to the popularity of hockey in the last five years. Patrick is dissatisfied with his life. He wishes he had been a surgeon or a lawyer.

—R. L. T.

THE STEINWAY GRAND OWES MUCH TO THE Violin



Theodore Steinway (the first) studied the violin. And when he was quite convinced that it was the long, unbroken curves of its box which gave the instrument its surpassingly beautiful tones . . . he changed the entire construction of the Steinway Grand piano frame.

For then, as now, the first ideal of the Steinway family was to give their beloved piano the most glorious tone possible to a keyboard instrument. No research was too arduous, no investment too great, no experiment too hazardous, if only the Steinway could be brought nearer to perfection. That adventurous spirit still lives, and today in the Steinway shops the search for improvement goes on as quietly and as ceaselessly as when the earliest Steinways were built.

Wagner and Liszt used the Steinway in their day; Paderewski, Hofmann and Rachmaninoff use it today. But the Steinway is primarily a piano for the home . . . within the reach of the average income. And prices at present are lower than they have been for many years. In Greater New York, a new Steinway can be purchased only from Steinway & Sons, at Steinway Hall, 109 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

Steinway

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

PIANO RECITAL

THE ticket office. The almost ecclesiastical purity of the white marble foyer. The thin young men in business suits. The ruddy gentlemen in evening clothes. The ladies in mink and heirlooms. The ladies in well-cut dinner dresses. The very serious ladies with spectacles, too much hair, and a tendency to bulge. The mauve-clad ushers, very solid and dependable. The seats in the second row, so you can watch the player's hands, a prospect that would have more appeal if your own musical career had not ended abruptly on the advice of your teacher, who could stand a good deal, but not everything. Your escort, who glances at the program and says "Oh, Debussy!" in tones of holy rapture. Your murmur, polite but a little vague, because your chief association with Debussy is that, worn out by the somewhat repetitious griefs of the heroine, you once slept through an entire act of "Pelléas and Mélisande." The applause. The pianist, plump and bald but very pleasant. The hush. The last desperate outbreak of coughing. The calm resignation. The first chord, which after all these years still gives you an almost irresistible impulse to rise and wait for somebody to lead you in song.

THE first two numbers. The people leaning back with their eyes closed, looking blissful. The people sitting up very straight, with an air of absorbed attention. The thought that to go up and down the keyboard that fast without tripping is very difficult and commendable. The interesting observation that whereas violinists usually look dreamy and ecstatic, pianists often give more the impression of a man running for a train. The wistful thought that among these music-lovers there may be a few who, like you, might never have heard so much as a sona-



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FIFTH AVENUE

ta if they weren't a little weak about accepting invitations. The clapping. Your companion, who says that was *good*, in the tone of one who doesn't dare trust himself with livelier adjectives. The sound of your own voice agreeing, humbly, that it was certainly very fine.

The third number, louder and far more strenuous. The pianist, who looks as if he were having some kind of seizure. The timely realization that although his manner is a little unnerving, he plays magnificently. The surrender. The noble sadness. The exaltation. The conviction that if you could just keep on feeling this way until tomorrow, you might do something pretty splendid. The finale. The violent applause.

The intermission. Your escort, cheerful and very communicative. The painful discovery that the fact you like a piece is no help in the loftier realms of musical conversation. The return of the pianist. The enthusiastic welcome. The Chopin. The two very exquisite things by Debussy. The fatigue. The drowsiness. The trance-like mental vacancy that would fill any Hindu mystic with quiet envy. The sudden, shattering applause.

THE recovery of your more obvious faculties. The purse. The coat. The vanished glove, which at any public function is likely to be one of your problems. The ominous hush. The first encore, brief and very pleasant. The second encore, which catches you just as you leave your seat. The thought that giving anybody an ovation makes you feel very pleased and benevolent, but the way things look now you may be here until morning. Your progress up the aisle, which would be quicker if your companion didn't feel obliged to walk backward, beaming and clapping. The vacant seats in Row E, where you listen to the third encore, which lasts ten minutes and gives you something to take home and remember. Your unprecedented firmness as you follow Mr. John J. McElligott's advice about the nearest exit.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

ASSOCIATED PRESS AGENTS

I note a reassuring group
Of infant weeds about my stoop,
And in the air, a siren touch
Of warmth. It's true it isn't much,
All told, yet I'm prepared to state
That spring is just outside the gate.

—MARGARET FISHBACK



JACK DENNY

..plays nightly for
Dinner and Supper
in the beautiful

NEPTUNE ROOM

Hotel Pierre

FIFTH AVENUE at 61st STREET

Maillard's

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and MEN'S GRILL
Also A La Carte

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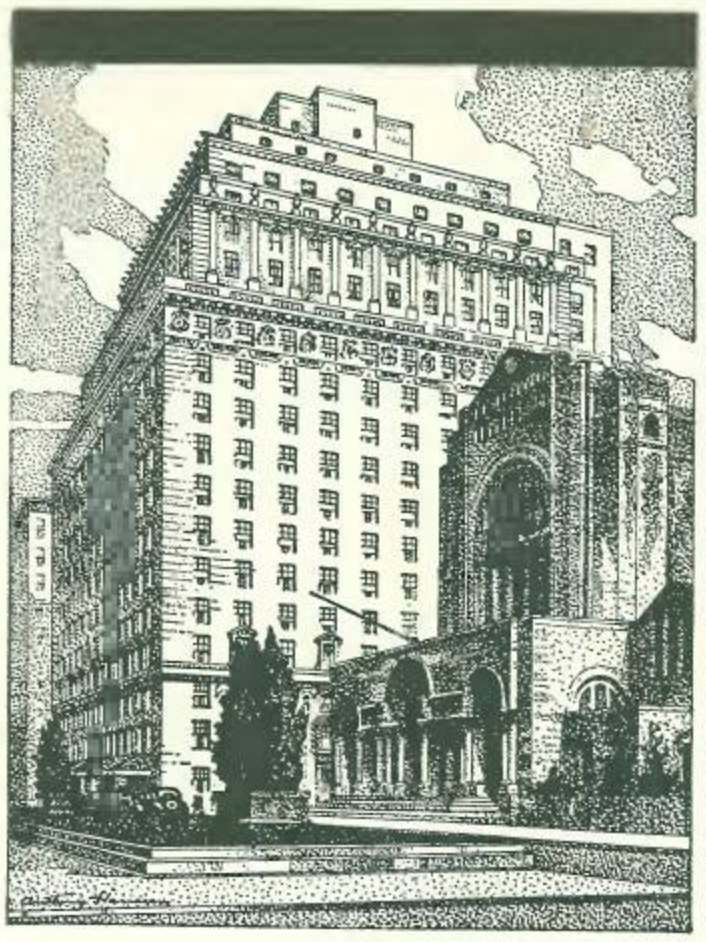
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The AMBASSADOR

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NEW YORK CITY

"SHE'S BOY-CRAZY"

"THE trouble with most girls," said Jane, who was going on fifteen, "is that they let a man see they're crazy about him. That's what Betty does all the time. She's absolutely balmy, and I told her so."

"What does she do?" I asked. Jane put a very large bonbon in her mouth and chewed it vigorously before she replied.

"Gosh, what *doesn't* she do! She falls all over them. Called Stewy up three times last night, and the last time his mother got furious. She won't let him have the roadster until tomorrow, she's so furious. Betty's nuts. She's always putting her feet all over the place. I don't say anything. I just sort of sit and look as if I was thinking of a lot of things I just didn't care to speak of, and pretty soon all the men leave her flat and come over to me. Last night I had five men talking to me at once."

She offered this bit of information for what it was worth. Probably, she continued, she could have had six talking to her, but Betty grabbed the other man and absolutely forced him to dance. He was only about thirteen anyway, so it really didn't matter, but it just went to show.

"THAT'S a thing I'd never do," she said, through another bonbon. "Absolutely grab a man. I mean, I used to do things like that when I was a kid, but it's too—too—"

"Obvious?" I offered.

"N-no, not that. What I mean is, you can *see* through it. Any dumbbell can see through it. At Bunny's dance, I couldn't go more than three steps without having someone cut in. Well, you couldn't say I absolutely grabbed anyone and *made* them dance with me, could you?"

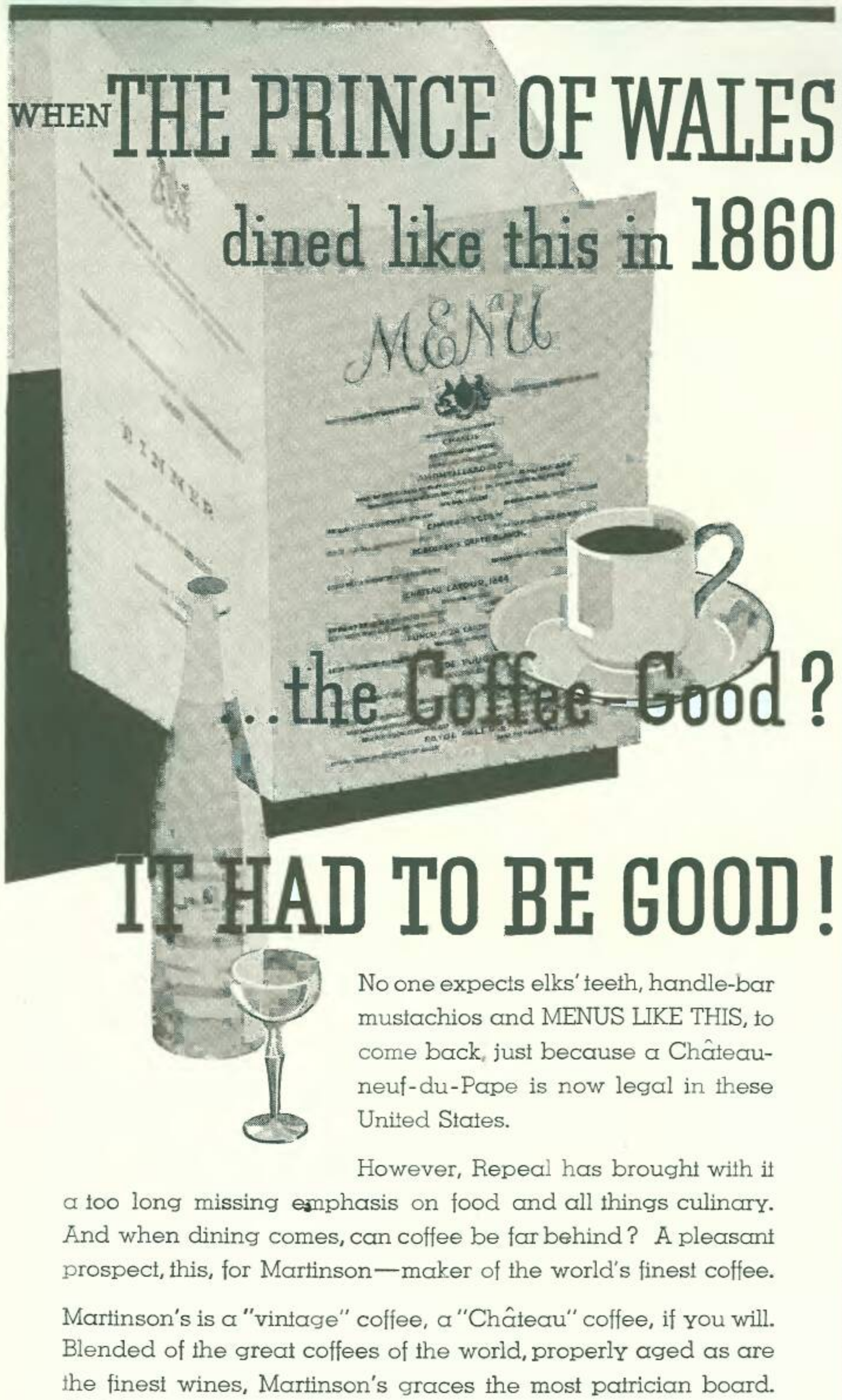
No, I agreed, you couldn't very well say that. I wanted to know what the formula was.

"Oh, I mean it's sort of hard to explain, but when you're dancing with a man—well, of course, with some of them you talk and with some of them





WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES dined like this in 1860



...the Coffee Good?

IT HAD TO BE GOOD!

No one expects elks' teeth, handle-bar mustachios and MENUS LIKE THIS, to come back, just because a Châteauneuf-du-Pape is now legal in these United States.

However, Repeal has brought with it a too long missing emphasis on food and all things culinary. And when dining comes, can coffee be far behind? A pleasant prospect, this, for Martinson—maker of the world's finest coffee.

Martinson's is a "vintage" coffee, a "Château" coffee, if you will. Blended of the great coffees of the world, properly aged as are the finest wines, Martinson's graces the most patrician board. And though it costs a few cents more per pound, its extra richness and strength make it go much further; that's why it costs no more per cup. . . a real case of **"Economize — with the best"!**

MARTINSON'S COFFEE

Endorsed by Alfred W. McCann Laboratories

you don't. It depends. If he says something cute about your hair or your figure or something, you just sort of look like this."

She narrowed her eyes and gazed longingly to the right.

"See?" she pointed out. "The man you're dancing with doesn't know it, but you're looking at some smooth man in the stag line, and when you look at him that way, why he'll be right over in a second, don't worry. Of course you can't look too glad when he cuts in. That's what Betty does. She looks all gaga when anyone cuts in."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I just sort of act—well, I act as if I just couldn't *bear* to leave the one I was dancing with. Sometimes I give his hand a little squeeze, only not *too* much, and then when I start dancing with the other one, I just act relieved, but I don't *say* anything. That's very important. Betty always says, 'Oh, I'm *so* glad you cut in!' or something, and of course stories like that get back and it's *very* bad. Once I knew an older man," she observed thoughtfully, "who was crazy about me. He smoked a pipe, but he was too short. He's in Harvard now."

SHE was quiet for a moment.

"I don't think a man respects a girl that pets *all* the time," she said finally. "I think he gets sick of it. I keep telling Betty that, but she's so dumb. Well," she sighed, "here goes my last piece of candy. I'm a nut to eat this when I'm dieting, but you know how it is."

I said I knew how it was, and asked if she and Betty wouldn't like to have tea with me some day soon.

"It would be swell," she said. "The Ritz has the smoothest violinist. But I wish you wouldn't ask Betty. She absolutely makes me nervous, she's so boy-crazy." —MARGARET FORD

•

QUESTION—What can you suggest to be done to prevent the freezing of water pipes in tax payer, that has no steam heat, and no cellar? D.B., Brooklyn.

ANSWER—Wrap heavily with hair felt, tied on with string.—*The Sun.*

It's going to itch—make up your mind to that!

•

M. Stevens was fined 5/- for failing to register the birth of a child within the specified time. He admitted the offence but pleaded that it was the outcome of a misunderstanding. — *Royal Gazette & Colonist Daily, Bermuda.*

That's a flimsy excuse, sir.



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IT is almost incredible that these lovely Isles of Rest, of 17th-century charm, of sub-tropic summer in the midst of winter—should be only a day and a half southward sailing from New York. No other spot offers you such total eclipse of Northern winter weariness, at so short a distance and such moderate cost. Nearest and most accessible of all the lands you could choose, Bermuda gives you absolutely unequalled profusion and variety of Nature's wonders and delights, and man's many pastimes and comforts. *American dollars buy full value here.* Coveted English importations at the low tariff. Low rates continue unchanged at the many hotels and guest-houses. $60 round trip and up. No passport is required for Bermuda.

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Aided by the continually profitable experience of ten consecutive years of advertising in the New York Evening Journal, the makers of Admiration Cigars now enter their eleventh year of steady progress.

We publish this fact, even though Admiration's successful experience with the Journal is no novelty to scores of other manufacturers who have similarly profited.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

RADIO PATROL

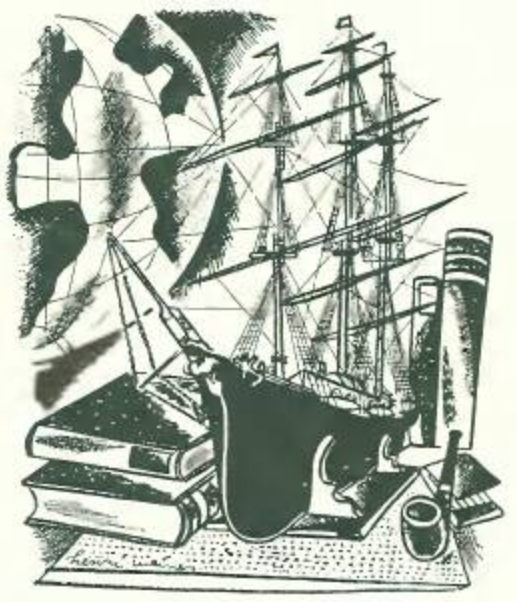
THOSE little green automobiles with two cops in them, moving quietly through the streets wherever you happen to go . . .

Well, there are four hundred of them in the town. They rarely stop moving, for two thousand men operate them on shifts night and day. They constitute a remarkably organized patrol system, and once you understand how they work it is hard to see how anybody ever could get away with a real crime.

Each of the automobiles has a radio receiving set. Orders come directly from Headquarters all the time, and on any sort of alarm the action is lightning fast. But I can explain that better from the viewpoint of the Radio Division office in the Centre Street police building.

The Radio Division is on the top floor, and to reach it I had to go through the telephone-room, where seven or eight policemen were working at the switchboards. In the telephone-room, also, were the men who send out general alarms over the telautograph system which connects with each precinct station: stolen cars, fugitives escaping, matters of that nature. But the telautograph system has been rendered all but obsolete by the radio patrol.

I went on through the telephone-room, and past swinging doors which admitted me to a quiet, circular chamber, lit by a skylight cupola overhead. It was very quiet in there. Three or four men were leaning over an immense U-shaped table, and another had a telephone receiver in his hand. Still another was sitting before a narrow black panel, over in one of the corners behind the table. His face was level with a round microphone, and in a moment his voice sounded, very distinctly in the quiet room.



"Car 1018," he said. "Car 1018. Go to Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street. Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street."

I asked the Captain what that would mean.

"We can generally be much more explicit than that," he said. "In this case, apparently, somebody just called in to say there was trouble in that neighborhood, without telling any details at all. The car ought to be there in about one minute."

On the U-shaped table was spread out a map of New York City, each borough shown separately and the whole covered over with plate glass.

Each borough was divided into many squares, every square representing the area to be patrolled by one radio car. In the congested districts, the squares were very small, no more than five or six blocks altogether. In the outlying regions they were larger, sometimes as many as thirty blocks being contained in one patrol sector.

Resting on top of the glass over each one of the districts was a small brass disc representing the car on duty there. The discs were numbered to identify the individual car in each case.

The Captain had just begun to explain all of this to me when one of the clerks came up to the table, found disc No. 1018, and turned it over. The side now uppermost was painted white.

"That shows," the Captain said, "that car No. 1018 is on a call. He is supposed to telephone us, now, in fifteen minutes. None of the cars have sending sets. If we don't hear from him within that time, we will order a car or two from adjoining districts to go there — Madison and Sixtieth — and see what is the matter. Then we'll expect a call within five minutes. If it doesn't come, we'll keep pumping cars in there until somebody can get free to tell us what is going on."

I understood that, but suggested that we begin from the beginning. The Captain's explanation, then, went like this:

Every half-hour, day and night, a time call is broadcast from Headquarters. Every patrol car is expected to receive the signal and know thereby that his radio is in working order. Those that do receive it clearly make no response at all. If any car does not receive the time signal, the driver goes immediately to a telephone and reports that his radio is out of commission. Whereupon a radio-repair car is sent





To Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, Pope Benedict XIV penned a grateful verse

APART from the greatness of the wine itself, there was a subtle compliment in the Queen's gift, of which His Holiness was well aware—has not Hungarian Tokay, for over 400 years, been the wine of the rulers of the world?

So tiny is the mountain area in which the grapes can be grown, that Royal Tokay will always be a precious rarity. What wine lover does not know the flattery implicit in Hungarian Tokay? Or find himself comparing all wines, no matter how noble, with some cherished memory of this noblest of them all? What other wine releases such force of fragrance, bursts upon the senses with such mouth-filling flavor—or has won, through sheer magnificence, the title Royal before its name?

Our importations consist of both Dry and Sweet Szamorodni (excellent heavy table wines), Aszu of both 3 and 5 Puttonyos richness, "the most famous dessert wines in the world", including a few bottles of superb Special Vintage Aszu. All are products of the most famous vineyards owned by members of the Tokay Winegrowers Association, under the control of the Hungarian Government.

Much of the history of these wines, the methods of their making and the traditional way of serving them have been published in a brochure which will be sent you at your request.

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ROYAL TOKAY WINES

of Hungary

DANUBE PRODUCTS, INC., 43 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

out to fix up the defective apparatus.

During the period of the repair—that is to say, until the driver of the damaged car telephones that he is receiving signals properly once more—a brass block rests upon the disc representing the damaged car: the numbered disc on the Headquarters map. This indicates that the patrol in question is not available for alarm. If something happens in that district, cars from the adjoining area must be sent in.

Likewise, a symbol is used to indicate the unavailability of a car when it must pull up for gas and oil.

In short, there is an exact picture on the Headquarters map at all times: the cars patrolling as usual, the cars under repair, the cars momentarily out for refuelling.

The man at the telephone began taking a message, asking questions rapidly and writing upon a printed form. In a moment or two he hung up, and called out toward the big desk:

"Forty-ninth Street and First Avenue."

The Captain found that location on the map, and found also the numbered brass disc closest to it. He called out the number of the disc, and the telephone man gave the form to the microphone man. The latter's voice called evenly:

"Car 640. Car 640. Proprietor of delicatessen store at Forty-ninth and First Avenue reports two men acting suspiciously at his doorway. Afraid of holdup." He repeated the message.

The Captain drew my attention to the map. "You see," he said. "Wherever our men are in that sector, they can't be more than three blocks away from the delicatessen store. They have a very small region to patrol. They will be on the spot in less than a minute."

EIGHTY calls a day, on the average, go out over the police radio. Virtually all of them originate with the reports of citizens: that a crime has been committed or that suspicious doings are afoot.

During last year, the radio patrol made 3,200 arrests and recovered $1,100,000 in property—getting to the scene of holdups and robberies before the criminals could get clean away. Here are a few typical captures, chosen from the voluminous official reports:

"Two men held up the driver of a mail truck in Brooklyn and were beating him over the head with a wrench when a woman in an apartment nearby heard his cries and telephoned for the police. A

EST. 1863

VAT 69



— wherever the best is appreciated the order is for

VAT 69

"Quality Tells"

Liqueur **SCOTCH WHISKY**

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Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

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Every UTENSIL DOLLAR NOW COUNTS FOR *36*

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GUARANTEED ENAMELWARE

These utensils are built to last a lifetime. They save 20 to 40% on fuel with their quick-heating Black Bottoms and Straight Sides. They preserve the moisture, natural flavor and vitamins of foodstuffs with their Chromium Vapor-Seal Covers for waterless cooking . . . Federal ware is much easier to clean, more convenient to handle and it sets a new standard for quicker, cooler, better cooking . . . See it at Department, Hardware and Specialty Stores . . . Federal Enameling & Stamping Co., Pittsburgh, Penna., World's Largest Manufacturer of Enameled Kitchenware

INDIVIDUAL PIECES AS LOW AS 95c
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36 *Times More*
DURABLE

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TO EXECUTIVES:

Due to the increasing number of prominent people who've found that an hour's dancing a day is the ideal way to keep fit, Arthur Murray has set aside three entire floors of private studios exclusively for business men. Not only are Arthur Murray dance lessons a pleasant form of exercise—they are good for tired nerves and vastly improve your dancing. Beginners, too, find it easy to learn, and enjoyable. You are cordially invited to drop in for a half-hour lesson. Make it today. No appointment necessary.

ARTHUR MURRAY, 7 EAST 43d

radio alarm was transmitted and in less than one minute a radio car was heard approaching. The criminals fled. The crew of the radio car gave chase and captured one of the men in the cellar of an apartment house and the other in an apartment where he took refuge."

"A laundry in South Brooklyn was held up and an alarm was flashed by radio. A citizen had noticed three men run from the laundry and down the steps into a subway station. He told the crew of the radio car which quickly appeared on the scene, and the car immediately raced the train for a distance of four miles. The crew rushed down to the platform of the station and when the train pulled in they spotted their men from the description given by the citizen. The men were arrested and later identified by the laundryman as the holdup men."

"A holdup was committed by four men in Coney Island. The alarm was flashed over the Brooklyn transmitter and as the men escaped in an automobile a general alarm was sent out over Bronx and Manhattan transmitters. A net was spread over the area and a radio car covering Ocean Parkway caught the men while the alarm was being sent out from the Bronx station, or within a period of two minutes after the first alarm."

"A young woman, hearing a woman's screams coming from an adjoining apartment house, notified the police by telephone. A radio alarm brought a car within one minute, and the crew found that the woman's son had suddenly become insane and was attacking her with a knife. The police took the son into custody and he was committed to an institution."

EIGHTY a day, calls of that sort —some more serious, some trivial.

The Captain said, "People should call us, no matter if their suspicions are very slight. We are always glad to send a car, quick, if only to relieve some citizen's anxiety. If the public would call us at the faintest suggestion of crime about to be committed, we could prevent about half of the crooked jobs that are done."

In addition to the patrol cars, the familiar little two-seaters, there are about a dozen detective automobiles which are equipped with radio. They bear no police insignia, and generally carry a crew of five men. At the feet of these men are machine guns, pistols, and tear-gas bombs. They patrol wide areas, receive all radio alarms from Headquarters, and go wherever they think they may be needed. Most of their activities are directed against organized gangs. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

NED WAYBURN
wants
A Mistress
or Master of the Ballet
—*Variety.*

Well, make up your mind!

"When you're right STAND PAT!"



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IF ANYONE tries to tell you what cigarette you ought to smoke . . . you may quite properly reply: "Who's doing my smoking?"

There are many excellent brands of cigarettes. Which one is best for you, is a matter for your taste to say.

If your present brand is giving you full satisfaction . . . be loyal to it. But if it isn't, why not give it a rest for a few days? And try ultra-mild, honey-smooth OLD GOLDS.

•

No better tobacco grows than is used in OLD GOLDS. And they are PURE. (No artificial flavoring)

AMERICA'S *Smoothest* CIGARETTE

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Smart assembly reveling in a sun-tan setting of the South Seas aboard new Matson-Oceanic liners. A symphony of sun-bright days and star-decked nights + + of tropic languor spiced with lust of living. Hauntingly beautiful as the intangibles that make of life aboard these distinguished liners + + and in Hawaii + + a delectable unbroken feast of the senses, *emphasized by low cost.*

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THE TENNIS COURTS

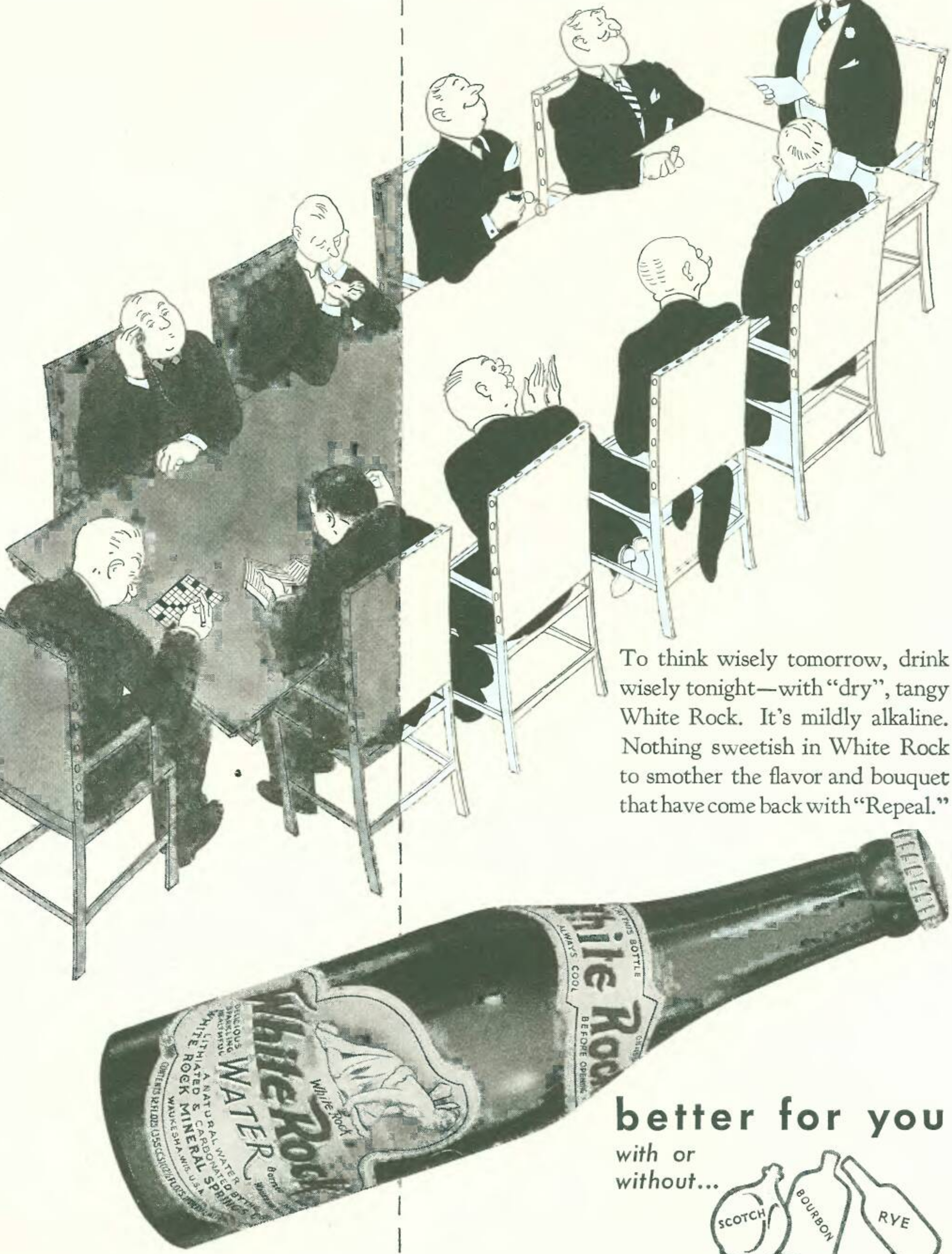
Vines Turns Amateur



CURIOUSLY enough, the professional players, who drew an audience of about twenty thousand people and a gate of forty thousand dollars at the Garden last week, seem to get a lot more fun out of tennis than the amateurs, who presumably are playing for amusement. Everybody, of course, knows that there is nothing that Tilden, at forty-one, would rather do than spend an hour and a half racing over a concrete floor covered with a strip of canvas. Tilden, however, is a special case, it being almost impossible to believe that he exists in any other form than that of a tall, thin man in flannels, chasing a rubber ball as innocently as a kitten. So long as he is allowed to do this, he is just as happy on the commercial turf at the Garden as he would be at Wimbledon.

Vines, on the other hand, is a more understandable character, and his reaction to his present degraded state is interesting and revealing. At Forest Hills, Vines was a solemn young man, liable to active indigestion in moments of stress. He could play magnificently, as he did in beating Cochet in straight sets in the 1932 Nationals, and he could also play like an idiot, as he persistently did last summer. In his three appearances at the Garden, Vines seems almost like another player. He looks more robust, he is certainly more amiable, and his game has improved immeasurably. He is still capable of long stretches of dull and fumbling play—it was painful to watch his first five games against Plaa—but it is evident that he is not seriously worried by these lapses, and you never feel that they are the forerunners of a complete collapse in his game. I can't imagine Vines today going to pieces as the result of a bad start against such a player as Bitsy Grant, the tumblebug who eliminated him last year at Forest Hills. It seems to me that the reason for this is pretty obvious. As an amateur, Vines was perhaps the outstanding victim of the glamour boys. He seldom went on the court against a foreign player without the conviction that he was mixed up in some mysterious, but vitally important, defence of the honor

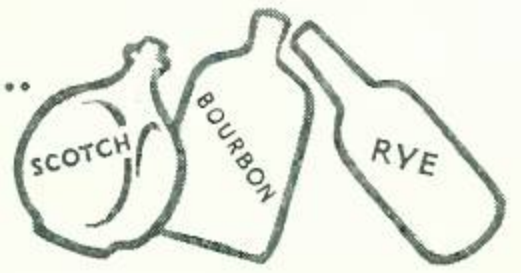
Heads are clear
on the alkaline side



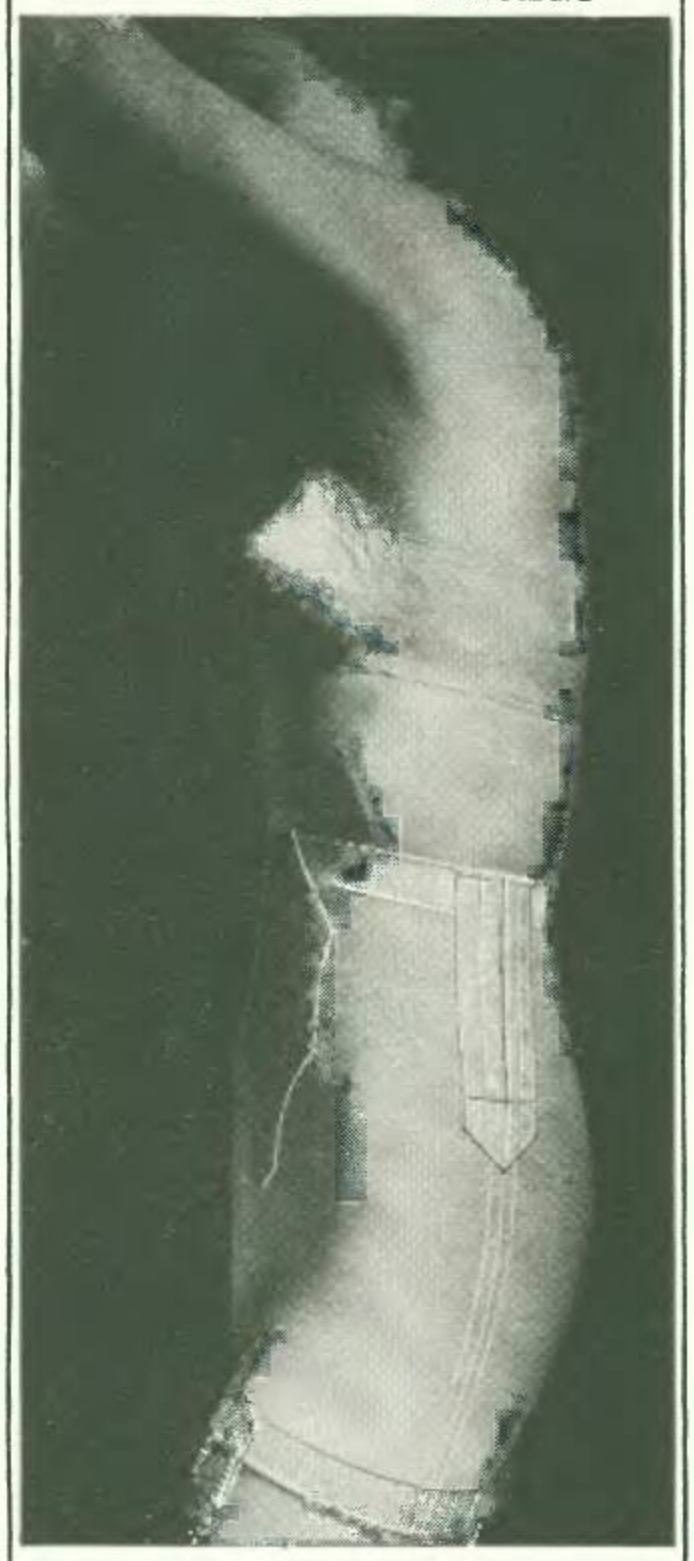
To think wisely tomorrow, drink wisely tonight—with "dry", tangy White Rock. It's mildly alkaline. Nothing sweetish in White Rock to smother the flavor and bouquet that have come back with "Repeal."

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Our expert corset service insures the perfect fitting of these fine corsets to your individual needs.

FOURTH FLOOR

of a hundred million Americans. If he lost, it was probably conveyed to him that he had contributed to a national disgrace. It is not especially astonishing that occasionally he was beaten by players who had no business on the same court, or even that occasionally he got sick at his stomach. Financial worries, of course, had something to do with it, too.

Today Vines, as a professional, is probably playing, in spirit at least, the first amateur tennis of his tournament career. I don't think he enjoys it, or ever will enjoy it, as much as Tilden does, but at least he is playing it as a game—with the privilege of losing, if he happens to, without plunging a nation into mourning.

I AM not competent to talk about the future of professional tennis. Nobody is. At present it has its obvious drawbacks, the principal one being the limited number of first-rate players it has managed to enlist—certainly the supremacy of Tilden or Cochet or Vines can't go on being tested indefinitely, and the others don't matter much—but I imagine that, with the Garden receipts a matter of common and envious knowledge in amateur circles, this is a situation which is likely to take care of itself. Conceivably the game may develop, as hockey and baseball have, into a sort of round-robin proposition, with teams representing various cities competing at regular intervals on a sort of Davis Cup basis. The question of an Open tournament —a delicate subject if ever there was one—doesn't seem to me of much importance, or ever likely to materialize to any great extent. Of all games, tennis requires the most unremitting practice to achieve tournament standing, and it is hard to believe there are any considerable number of young men sufficiently rich and single-minded to devote enough time to it to hope to compete with players who do nothing else. This, however, is a matter of opinion, and probably a heresy.

The objection to professional tennis made by Old Boys who don't like to sit next to people who yell "Get hot, Ellswoith!" can be disregarded. They are Bourbons, and the tumbrels will get them in the end. —W. G.

•

Mrs. Tracy Dows was seen being escorted to a table by one of the military aids looking very handsome in a velvet wrap of geranium velvet.—*Washington Post.*

Not much of an aid, really.



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. . . yes, we might have had a thousand with the same floor space, but our Western "sense of roomier" dictated comfort first. Hence—only 600 rooms—but each large and comfortable, with roomy bath as well.

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COGNAC *Brandy*

"Three Star"



—the world's standard of quality
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FROM

Cocktails TO Cognac

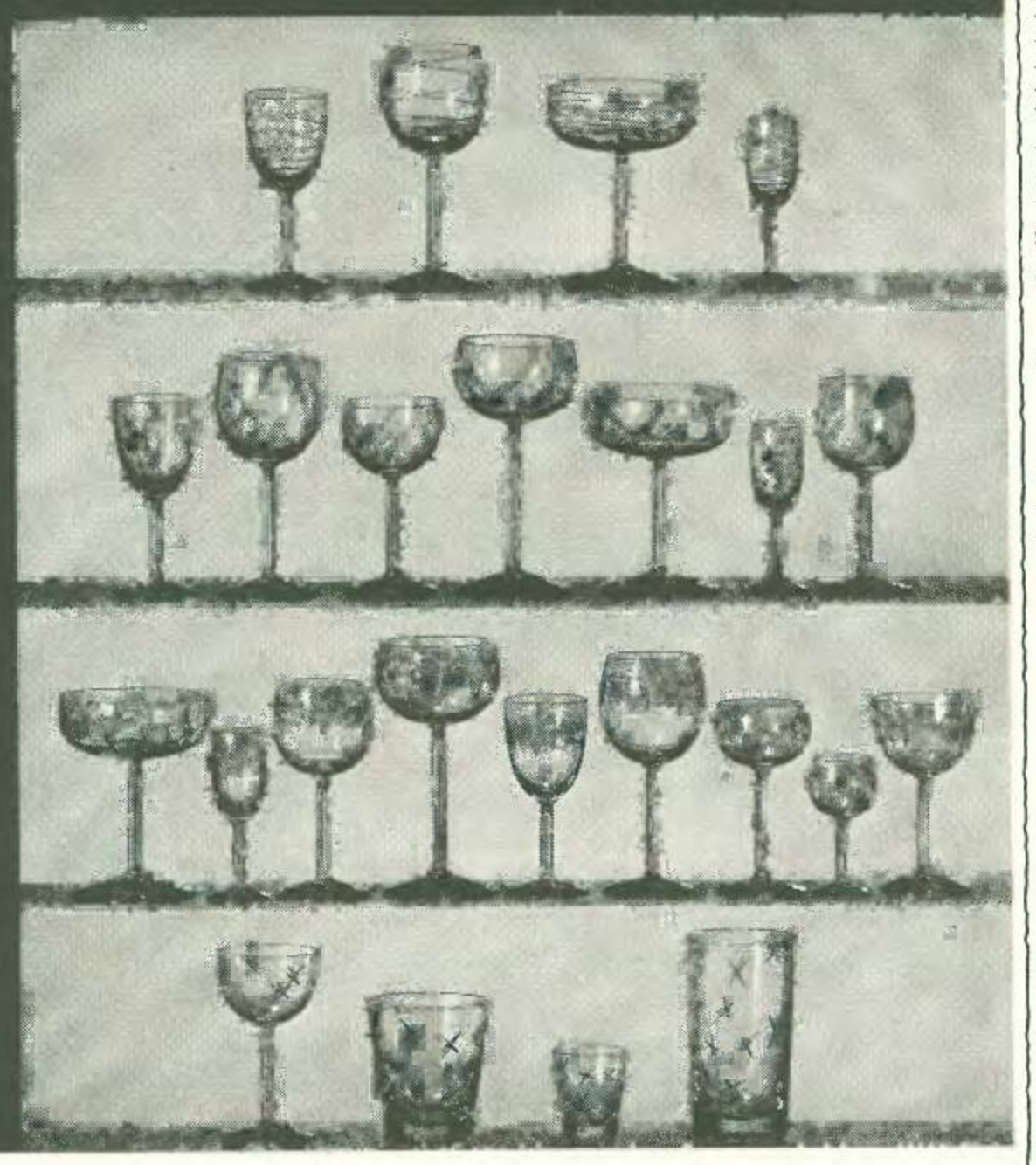
CORRECT REPEAL ASSORTMENTS OF REALLY CHARMING GLASSWARE

PENTHOUSE SERVICE

HOSTESS SERVICE

EMBASSY SERVICE

SIDEBOARD SERVICE



The four designs illustrated are (from top to bottom) Whirlpool, Celestial, Nectar and Rocket. Each service is available in any of these four attractive patterns, as well as in many other designs and in combinations of colors. Water goblets, tumblers and dinner pieces may be had to match.

penthouse service

The customary essentials for correct table service of wines and liqueurs. Penthouse No. 1 . . . (32 pieces) . . . 8 each—Sherry, Claret, Champagne and Brandy. Penthouse No. 2 . . . (48 pieces) . . . a dozen each of the same glasses.

hostess service

A satisfyingly adequate stock of glassware for those whose entertainment requirements assume more than ordinary proportions. Hostess No. 1 . . . (56 pieces) . . . 8 each—Sherry, Claret, Cocktail, Rhine Wine, Champagne, Brandy and Wine. Hostess No. 2 . . . (84 pieces) . . . a dozen each of the same glasses.

embassy service

For the occasional dinner of exceptional formality. Embassy No. 1 . . . (72 pieces) . . . 8 each—Champagne, Brandy, Wine, Rhine Wine, Sherry, Claret, Crème de Menthe, Cordial and Cocktail. Embassy No. 2 . . . (108 pieces) . . . a dozen each of the same glasses.

sideboard service

Standard equipment for every home. Sideboard No. 1 . . . (32 pieces) . . . 8 each—Cocktail, Old-Fashioned Cocktail, Whiskey-2 oz., Highball-10 oz. Sideboard No. 2 . . . (48 pieces) . . . a dozen each of the same glasses.

Fostoria

THE GLASS OF FASHION

Write for our book on Correct Wine and Table Service. Fostoria Glass Co., Moundsville, West Virginia.

MEMORIES

"LOOK at the Avenue," said my driver. "I haven't seen so many people out in years. Looks as if things were pickin' up in spite of the strikes. Of course, we drivers can't tell. But I've known Fifth Avenue since it wasn't a business street—just fine residences. Been hackin' since I was nineteen years—twenty-five years I've run a motor, and before that horses. I hacked when there wasn't a store above Fourteenth Street. I can remember all the old stores—Siegel-Cooper, Ripley's, Lord & Taylor when it was on Grand Street. Macy's was on Sixth Avenue. Of course, Hearn's hasn't moved."

"And Wanamaker's."

"Wanamaker's? They're a new store—only about twenty-five or thirty years old. Bought out Claflin's when they failed."

"Which do you like better, driving a horse or a taxi?"

"Oh, driving a horse was a pleasure," he said. "It wasn't work, like this. Get a trained horse, and he'll drive himself. I had a horse for five years. I'd drive wherever my fare said, and then I'd fasten the reins to the dash and he'd drive himself back to the stand—even back himself in to the curb. You didn't have accidents with horses. I had my stand at Madison Square, and all the hotels round the Square—the Madison Square, the Fifth Avenue Hotel—they'd just send out a call for a hack. There were twenty of us there. I worked for the New York Transportation Company. They was nice to work for. If I took in five dollars a night, my boss was pleased. Paid me twenty dollars a week. You know, I think we was better off when we earned less and spent less. Why, I had a four-room flat for seventeen dollars a month—my wife and my three kids. I could give 'em every advantage. Look at my daughter. She had singin' lessons and piano lessons—the best teachers—one dollar an hour. I married her off. It cost me seven thousand dollars to marry



her off, but I could do it. And my two boys trained to be bookkeepers. And now they can hardly earn their livin'. Now I've four rooms for forty dollars a month, and I'm lucky if I take in twenty-eight or thirty dollars a week. When was I better off—twenty dollars a week and tips and a seventeen-dollar flat, or twenty-eight dollars a week and a forty-dollar flat?"

"THERE'S just yourself and your wife now?"

"No," he said. "That's the trouble. When my youngest boy was nineteen years old, my wife started bearin' children again. That's why I'm back with the Parmelee people. I've two kids still, nine years old and twelve years old. *They* won't have any of the advantages the older ones did. Why, any teacher now charges two dollars an hour, and they're no good."

"Well, I guess the schools are better than the old ones," I offered as comfort.

"Yes," he said. "I guess the schoolin' *is* better. My daughter, she lost her fortune three years ago and can't help me. The Parmelee people aren't bad to work for, though. Even if they did fight us on the nickel tax. They give a man a break—not like some companies. But I knew it when you didn't have none of this cruisin' around to get fares. They was snow in the street all winter then. They'd shovel out the main streets, but if it snowed like in '88, the snow stayed on the city till April. And I'd just wait at my stand—right there was where I had it, Madison Square and Fifth Avenue—and they'd telephone a call to the boss, or the people would come out from the hotels."

•

Silence for a few blocks.

"Look at that feller; too lazy to get out and close his cab door! I hope you smash it off the hinges!" he yelled.

—K. S. W.

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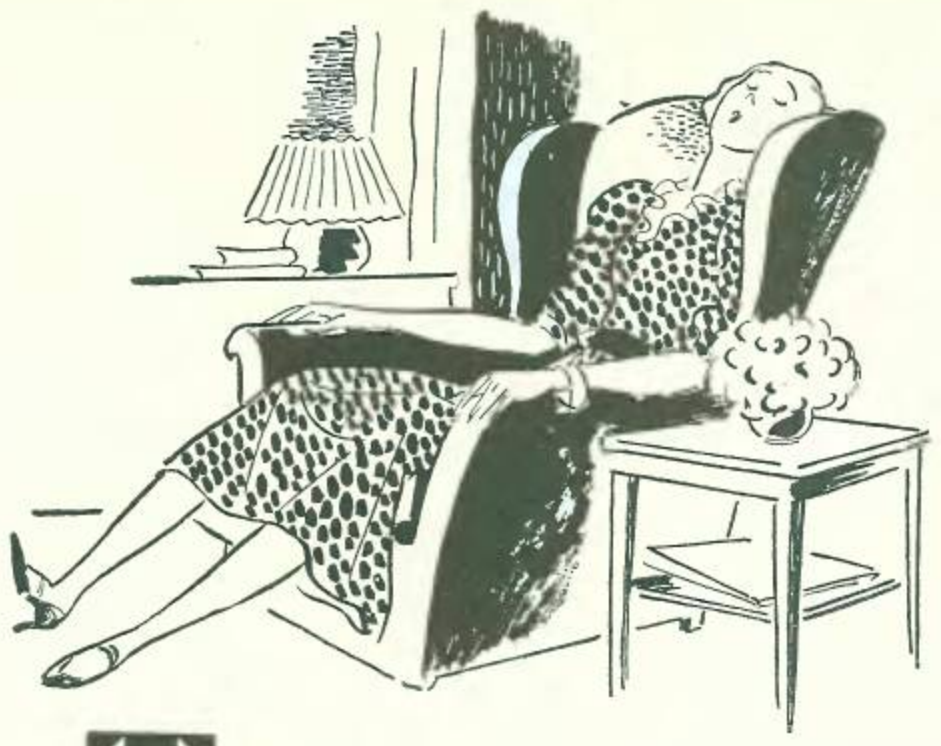
Looking very smart in a long mink coat and very fit after their trek around the world, the Charles G. Norrises came back home yesterday.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Button up the Norrises, when the wind blows free . . .

•

CLEVELAND, Feb. 9 (AP). — Asking Maria Jeritza, Viennese opera star, if she has been Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss of Austria brings a quick answer.—*The Evening Post.*

It's one of those easy things to remember.



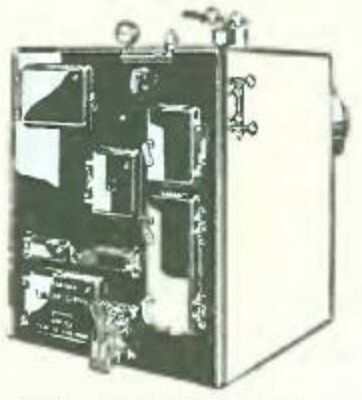
TO HUSBANDS whose wives are always TIRED...

MAYBE you think you're on the "firing line" but just stay home some winter day and try keeping the house warm with heating equipment that has to be pampered and fed all day long. Then, you'll know why your wife is worn, exhausted...sometimes irritable...after a day trying to coax a little comfort out of antiquated heating.

Running your office without a typewriter—writing all your letters by hand—would be a lark compared to trying to keep a house comfortable with out-of-date heating equipment.

Constant firing is not only tiring to your wife, but it's trying on your pocketbook, too. You are paying for modern, fuel-saving, step-saving heating in discomfort and high-fuel bills. You wouldn't stand for such false economy in your business, so don't make your wife stand for it at home.

Put an end to this expensive economy right now. Join the R. F. T. W. (Relief for Tired Wives) today! Write for complete information on low-cost American Radiator Heating and the CONVENIENT MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN. ADDRESS DEPT. Y



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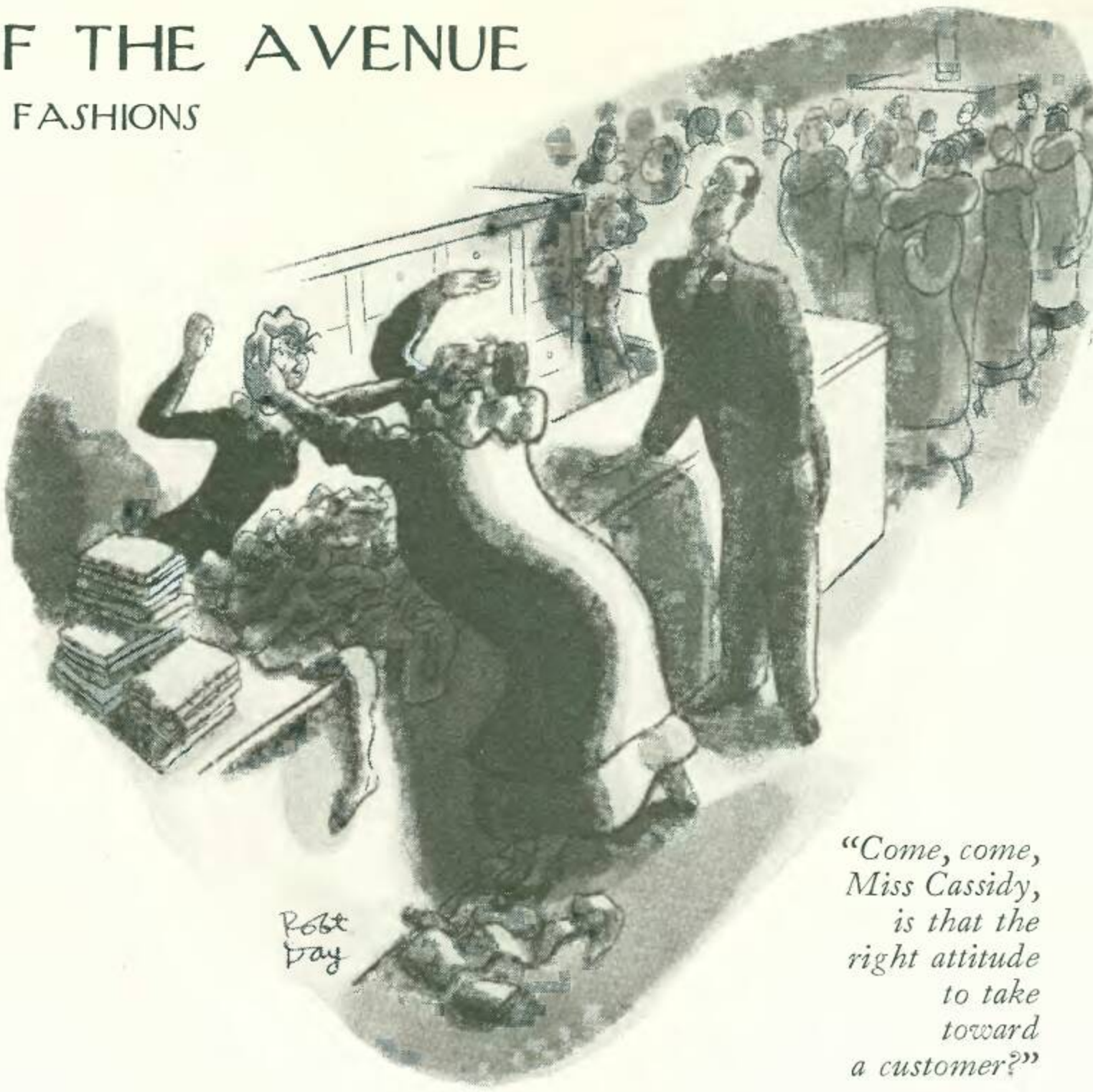
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Division of
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
40 WEST 40th STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, FEB. 21

FOR a while there we didn't know our own mind. It wasn't so much the strikers, or the street riots, or the slinking around corners when on foot, or the having to drive like mad when in a car, or the general menace in the air. It was none of these; it was the effect of so many buyers, so many little meetings, so much trying to find out the New York point of view (two years out of America *do* make you wonder, you know). And at the end we found that, all our researches and pulse-feeling to the contrary, the old point of view hasn't changed much. It seems to be merely a question of so-many-francs-to-the-dollar. Buyers are picking out the same kind of things they always did, only fewer of them because they cost more. So we might as well go back to the same old reporting of—well, it may not be art, but it's what we like.



"Come, come, Miss Cassidy, is that the right attitude to take toward a customer?"

WE like the Schiaparelli coat, with its new tucked-in neckline and its staggered buttons; and the Grecian air about that smooth, simply hung evening dress with the occasional lines of zigzag print. We like, too, the small, tight coiffure that Madame S. herself affects, and the little jewelled conches that she wears at her throat.

We like the expansive way Augusta-bernard can take a piece of silk, the color of dark rich fruit juice, wrap it around the figure, and droop its folds, held together by hundreds of tiny shirrings, into a huge jabot across the shoulders, then into a cascade that drips to the hem; we like the way she can get greenish and rusty tones into ordinary blues, and the way she can make a dress turn about and do two things at once without being flippant.

We like such AlixBartonisms as these: long, sleek net evening wraps; woollens that leave their selvages in evidence; beach pants of white jersey with many pleats in the middle, like a Turk's *sheroual*; crazy wooden buttons and a crazy red-and-black checked material in a perfectly dignified daytime dress, worn with a black coat.

We like the long-skirted tailored suits that Marcel Rochas makes; we like his dolman-sleeved coat; we like his beach skirts that leave an open strip, to show off your shorts, at the front; and we like his Chanut gloves, which have his own initials, in kid, at the back.

We like the Mainbocher leitmotif of the three little bows, made of the dress material and encrusted into the fronts of his wool and silk daytime dresses; and we like his evening jackets covered with tiny flowers, all black.

We are dotty about the new jewelry at Chanel, which has zircons and white sapphires and aquamarines sunk into gold so soft you can almost bend it; earrings that clip almost over your whole ear; crowns, and great brutes of necklaces. About the sapphire blues that Patou has adopted, and his square-brimmed hats. About the 1913 jabots and high collars and taffeta jackets at Maggy Rouff. And as for the Molyneux collection, we want the whole works. You'll be seeing it. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

ABOUT the time you read this, shining examples of the French couturier art will be exploding all over town (and you can count on buyers with limited dollar budgets to bring back the kind of model that Shows), but my scouting thus far has been too limited to warrant the big, prophetic report that is somehow expected of me. I have seen the Chanel jewelry on the person of Miss Hattie Carnegie (and those massed, facetted stones in soft, watery colors are lovely indeed), but aside from that, I'll have to confine myself to the sports situation in New York.

The hats at Dobbs, for instance, are restful after all the highfaluting fashions that have deluged the town. It is good to see simple brimmed felts once again. Most of them have low crowns and medium-sized brims, the brims dipping front and back, and curving high on the left side of the head. The one called Crosscountry adds a feather in the band and a flat bow on the up side. The New Yorker has a brim with stitched edges, and a kid band with a tailored bow in front; Five Hundred features deep tucks, starting on the crown over the right eye and shooting back toward the right; Scalawag has a half-moon fold curving up the front of the crown, and a brim turned up in back. Besides these classics, there is a Breton felt, the crown low in front and higher in back, with the little brim turned up all around; an off-the-face felt; and a grand felt hat with a three-inch brim. The last one comes down very low over one eye, curves upward on one side, and has the brim flat to the nape of the neck, bonnet style. All



Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: *"Why should summer only be permanent waving time. I want my hair looking its best the year round —and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."*



Miss Margaret C. Whitney

WITH HER LATEST EUGENE *PERMANENT WAVE...*

Why not enjoy your next Eugene Permanent Wave *now?* If you wait for "later," as you may have been planning, you will miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene waving and get a *genuine* Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through spring and summer; then when your new hair grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method will keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls... just as you desire. They achieve these results by using genuine Eugene sachets — which are identified for your protection by the Eugene trade mark, the famous 'Goddess of the Wave'.

When you see this trade mark stamped on the sachets used you will know that you are getting what you are paying for — *a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave,* preferred the world over. Eugene, Ltd., New York, London, Paris and Barcelona.

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of Lure, a Peggy Sage Manicure
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ruby and vermilion and their
paler sisters. And then makes you believe
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- *Liquid Polish* . . $1.00
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- *Hand Lotion* . . $1.00
- *Hand Smoother and Softener Cream* . . $1.00
- *"Set of Two" with Polish and Remover* . . $1.50

PHONE PLaza 3-9011 *for appointment*

PEGGY SAGE, 50 EAST 57th ST., NEW YORK

these are from $7.50 to $10, and if you want something more towny or elaborate, they are making custom hats for from $16.50 to $35.

DUNHILL, at the present moment, is delighting its customers with performances in antelope. There are short jackets and swagger, belted three-quarter and full-length coats in colors like burgundy, gold, and the like. You can't imagine anything more zuzu than burgundy antelope, with a skirt of checked or herringbone tweed in burgundy and rose, and twin sweaters of a dusty rose. You'll go for the gold antelope combined with gold sweaters and gold-and-brown tweeds, dark-green-and-sand combinations, and black with gray herringbone, unless you like giddy colors with black better. Dunhill also dotes on separate, masculine jackets cut on sack lines, the back having a built-in belt and Norfolk detail, the front simple and single-breasted. These are of tweed, and there are all kinds of skirts and sweaters to go with.

The new cigarette-blending department is fun, too. I ho-hoed about it a lot at first, and then lingered fascinated as I watched the girl (who has a factory licence to herself) mix up all kinds of tobaccos and roll them deftly into all kinds of shapes. You can have any combination of tobaccos you like. Also, they have cigarette papers colored with a non-injurious vegetable dye; cigarettes with gay silk tips; cigarettes with cotton filters, which are loved by opera singers; Russian types; cigarettes stuck in long, soda-fountain straws (slippery but dapper); and Egyptian ones in English papers with script monograms—all grand gifts from you to you, or from you to a hostess.

THE Tweed Shop, at 528 Madison Avenue, is a small haven for those of you who consider no spring complete, whether in town or country, without a suit of English tweed. They show few models, but all are inspiring—as witness a three-quarter coat of shrimp-and-gray checked tweed, collarless, and semi-fitted in back, with patch pockets that really look patched on. There is a skirt to match, and an idiotic sweater of ribbed cotton that looks for all the world like one of those girdles, and has, besides, a round, high neck with a camisole finish. Another checked marvel is a two-piece jumper dress, fitted through the waist, buttoned down one side, collarless, and having patch pockets on the jumper,



SWINGING INTO SPRING! The newest of fashion flippancies —the formal Swagger Ensemble . . . Young and dashing as it is . . . it has elegance, too, because it is created in Crepe Beluga—a Bloomsburg luxury texture—woven of Seraceta Strands of Fashion—the far-famed threads of glamour . . . To catch and keep a young man's fancy—choose a bon-bon shade—Lotus Blue, Peach, Chartreuse, White. Sizes 12-18. The price is 19.95 . . . In the Misses' Dress Department, Third Floor.

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Dozens of trips to the laundry are nothing in the life of this jaunty cotton frock by Hubrite. It bears the seal of American Institute of Laundering which has tested and approved its Fuller-fit fabric quality, fast colors and complete shrinkage. . . . Sanforized-shrunk.

Range of colors.

SIZES 14-20

Look for this Tag.



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40 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

opposite the closing. Then there is a three-quarter-coat costume in green tweed whose coat has an inverted pleat swinging free from below the shoulder-blades. It has a roll-back collar, patch pockets, a self scarf, and a straight-across yoke, and you wear it with one of the cashmere sweaters that abound, in colors to match the tweeds, most of them having contrasting yokes in various shapes. You'll find long tweed topcoats, too. The place is a daisy.

MARTHA WEST understands the exigencies of country life—the desire to look well when you motor to and fro, and the need for golf clothes that are practical, yet look well in the clubhouse at the nineteenth hole. Hence her assortment of knitted clothes of all kinds, machine-knit but having a deceptive, for-you-alone look. Her latest performance is in string, dyed in dark colors like olive green, brown, and so on. The effect is that of a dull bouclé. You'll like a dress of it with elastic around the waistline, and the triangular scarf at the neck divided sharply into two contrasting colors ($18.75). She has all kinds of navy costumes with red (though you can have them in other combinations, too). One navy suit has red diagonal stripes on the jumper, which has red buttons all the way down, a red belt, and triangular flaps over the pockets. Another has a jumper with red splotch dots, and a red triangular scarf. There are all kinds of colors and materials to be combined any way you like, in any size you like, at very low prices. She has tweeds, too, and tennis dresses of silk or jersey, well made in the classic styles.

IN addition to its collection of town tailleurs, made by the tailors of its men's clothes, De Pinna harbors a town coat you will die for. It is of a navy corduroy-wool stuff with military shoulders and a roll-back collar, and is plain in back with toward-the-front fullness. Deep up-and-down tucks in the centre-front, held flat at the waistline by a wide belt, heighten this forward movement. Underneath is a dress of navy-and-white print, appropriate for any hour of the day. You could wear sterner stuff beneath the coat, too.

—L. L.

•

She was distinguished among the ladies of this city for her chastity. (?)
—*Baltimore Sun.*

Compositors prefer skepticism.

The future of your LIPS depends on your future

LIPSTICK

★ Looking kisses ahead, what's in store for *your* lips... the no foolin' kisses of a loving mouth, or the gingerly pecks of a paint-shy male?

Any man will forgive the painted past of your lips, if you assure them a rosy future with a Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee *intensifies the*



natural rose color in your lips; thereby encouraging the belief among men that Tangee coloring is your own youthful glow!

Forget their painted past

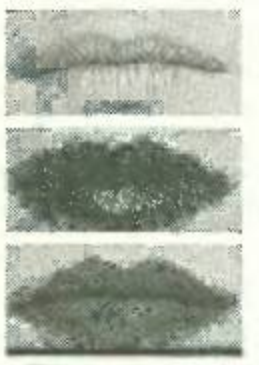
Face the days and men to come with alluring lips free of paint! Use Tangee Lipstick. *It* isn't paint. It's a lipstick that changes from orange to translucent rose. Looks like your own flesh-and-blood . . . instead of an ordinary painted coating.

In addition to these good omens, Tangee smooths the way for paintless kisses. For its special cream-base softens cracked peeling lips . . . gives them a satin-smooth rosy sheen!

Want to try Tangee for 10¢?

Nothing would please us better than to send you the Tangee Make-Up Set containing miniature Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Just write your name and address on this advertisement . . . attach 1 thin dime, well-wrapped (or 10c in stamps); and mail to

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UNTOUCHED—Lips without the benediction of lipstick spell their own obituary.

PAINTED—*Hr-rumph!*

TANGEE—Intensifies natural rose, assures lips a colorful future..ends that passé painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

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Schenley is at last able to announce that dealers everywhere can now obtain—*for the first time*—a plentiful supply of the true, the genuine, Bacardi

WHAT'S BACARDI? Made from a precious type of sugar cane that grows only in the region of Santiago de Cuba. A liquor specially distilled and aged—*always for four long years at least*—according to 72-year-old secrets jealously guarded by the Cuban family whose name it has made world-famous.

A flavor, a delightful mellowness no one has ever been able to copy. You'll know that when you sip it straight, when you roll it over on your tongue, connoisseur fashion, before swallowing. So smooth, yet how it warms you with that gentle, invigorating glow you can get only from the finest of old liqueurs. You'll know it in the better Bacardi Cocktail you can mix yourself—the *real* Bacardi Cocktail, the smartest cocktail in the world!

Get your supply of the genuine Bacardi from your dealer today.

TWO KINDS

White Seal Bacardi. Drink White Seal Bacardi straight, or use it in cocktails.

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Write at once for the unique internationally famous Bacardi Specialty Card, which gives 25 authentic, approved recipes for delightful cocktails made with Bacardi. You can slip it in your pocket. Address Schenley, Room 407, 20 West 40th Street, New York City.

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EUGENE O'NEILL'S *comedy*
AH, WILDERNESS!
with GEORGE M. COHAN
Guild Thea. 52d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:20 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:20

JOHN WEXLEY'S play
THEY SHALL NOT DIE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St., W. of B'way
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MARY OF SCOTLAND
with
HELEN HAYES PHILIP MERIVALE HELEN MENKEN
ALVIN THEA., 52d St., West of Broadway
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ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with FANNIE BRICE
WILLIE & EUGENE HOWARD, EVERETT MARSHALL, JANE FROMAN, PATRICIA BOWMAN, VILMA & BUDDY EBSEN, DON ROSS, CHERRY & JUNE PREISSER

MOROSCO Thea. 45th St. West of Broadway Eves. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45
"A DEFINITE HIT."—*Hammond, Her. Trib.*
New York's Newest Laugh Hit
NO MORE LADIES
by A. E. THOMAS
with
MELVYN DOUGLAS LUCILE WATSON

THE **PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS** The Bundling Hit
Both Robert Garland & Burns Mantle *say:*
"One of the ten best to date."
AVON Theatre, W. 45 St. CHi. 4-7860. Eves. 8:45
All Eves. $1 to $2.50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 75c to $2

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SIDNEY HOWARD'S
YELLOW JACK
MARTIN BECK THEATRE
45th St., West of 8th Ave.
Matinees Wed. & Sat.

"Of all the straight plays to date here is far and away the jolliest and best."—*Gabriel, Amer.*
COURTNEY BURR presents
"SAILOR, BEWARE!"
THE UPROARIOUS NAVAL COMEDY
LYCEUM Thea. West 45 St. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

ROBERT BENCHLEY *in New Yorker says*—
"J. C. Nugent knows how to be a good comedian. . . . He kills me, and that's all I ask."
EDDIE DOWLING presents
J. C. NUGENT in
BIG HEARTED HERBERT
By Sophie Kerr & Anna Steese Richardson
BILTMORE THEA. W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Prince Sirki's Holiday
—Romance on a Bus—
Crime and Marriage



THE world and its ways generally supply sufficient material for the screen, but it is doubtless fitting that it should now and then conjecture, as in "Death Takes a Holiday," even if only in an offhand fashion, about the ultimate fate of those frail humans who, after all, constitute its mortal public.

Death, incarnate in Fredric March, takes a three-day holiday, intruding upon a houseparty of the nobility in an Italian villa. He is disguised as a certain Prince Sirki, and until the end only his host knows his identity, that gentleman sustaining an amazing composure under the circumstances. Death proves to be singularly uninformed about the ways of life, which is a notion for the poets to paw over, but he is curious to taste the delights of this world. The setting for his experiment is luxurious, and he finds pleasure in the wine, the food, the music, but, naturally, is eager for the more intense stimulus of love, which he has noted is especially relished. The ladies of the houseparty are, of course, just out of their wits with delight over this handsome, mysterious stranger who says such fascinating things as that he is a "vagabond of space" or "the point of contact between eternity and time," and one of them, the youngest and the fairest, though obviously rather an unbalanced and morose little thing anyhow (played by Evelyn Venable), goes the whole hog and loves him, loves him more than life itself, loves him when she finds out at last that she has fallen in love with Death, and follows him into the night and the garden when his holiday is over, stepping away from the circle of the living just as she is, in her little dance frock. In a way, the picture is nicely done, though Fredric March isn't quite up to the job, nor is the poetry, the fantasy, which is, after all, essential, quite persuasive enough, and I am not sure that I don't find it a little merely eerie, and also a little obnoxious with all its talk of being in love with death. Late in the last century, there was so much versifying

4 MAX GORDON'S OUTSTANDING HITS
WALTER HUSTON
in SINCLAIR LEWIS' "DODSWORTH"
Dramatized by SIDNEY HOWARD
SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GLADYS COOPER ADRIANNE ALLEN RAYMOND MASSEY
in
THE SHINING HOUR
A New Play by KEITH WINTER
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Thursday & Saturday 2:30
"A charming score, richly melodic."
—John Mason Brown, Eve. Post
"ROBERTA"
The New Musical Comedy
BY JEROME KERN & OTTO HARBACH
NEW AMSTERDAM THEA., 42nd St. W. of B'way
Eves. $1 to $3—Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1 to $2.50 plus tax

ROLAND YOUNG & LAURA HOPE CREWS
"HER MASTER'S VOICE"
A New Comedy by CLARE KUMMER
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

SAM H. HARRIS PRESENTS
MARILYN MILLER CLIFTON WEBB HELEN BRODERICK
in a new musical revue
"AS THOUSANDS CHEER"
By IRVING BERLIN & MOSS HART
with ETHEL WATERS
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. 8:30—Mats. 2:30

Dwight Deere Wiman & Tom Weatherly
present
She Loves Me Not
by Howard Lindsay
Adapted from Edward Hope's novel
"The most gloriously cock-eyed farce comedy the season is apt to reveal." *—Brown, Post*
46th St. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40—$1 to $3 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—50c to $2

Jed Harris Production
"THE GREEN BAY TREE"
by Mordaunt Shairp
CORT THEATRE
West 48 St. Eves. at 8:35
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

HARRY MOSES presents
FOUR SAINTS IN 3 ACTS
By GERTRUDE STEIN
and VIRGIL THOMSON
44th STREET THEATRE. Eves. 8:50. $3.30 to $1.10
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40. $2.20 to $1.10

Musical Comedy Hit!
ALL THE KING'S HORSES
"The royal boop-doop-a doop is a knock-out."
Garland, World-Telegram
IMPERIAL Thea. W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30 $1.00 to $3.00
WED. MAT. $1.00 to $2.00 and MAT. SAT. $1.00 to $2.50

★ ★ ★ ★ —*Daily News*

Men In White

"A sound and meritorious play, produced and acted with great feeling, and one for you to see."—*New Yorker*

BROADHURST Thea. 44th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:45—50c to $2.50
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday. 50c to $2.

Catherine A. Bamman Presents
17th WEEK 2nd SEASON
"Everyone can find something there."—*Times*
SUNDAY NIGHTS AT 9
POP. PRICES $2, $1.50, $1
BARBIZON—PLAZA CONCERT HALL

"A picture worthy of many superlatives."
—*New York Sun*

CATHERINE THE GREAT
with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
and Elizabeth Bergner
ALEXANDER KORDA PRODUCTION
ASTOR B'WAY—45th
Twice daily 2:50—8:50. 4 times Sat. 2:50—5:50—8:50—11:50. 3 times Sun. & Hols. 2:50—5:50—8:50. Matinees 50c to $1.—Evenings 50c to $2.

Loew's Leads in New York!
LEXINGTON (Lexington Ave. at 51 St.) · 72 ND STREET (72 Street & 3rd Ave.)
Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Mar. 2, 3, 4, 5
ANNA STEN in "NANA"
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Mar. 6, 7, 8
2—BIG FEATURES—2
DOROTHEA WIECK "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" | MAY ROBSON "You Can't Buy Everything"
ZIEGFELD (54 St. and 6th Ave.)
Mar. 2, 3, 4, 5
PAUL MUNI in "HI, NELLIE"
with Glenda Farrell—Ned Sparks
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Mar. 6, 7, 8
MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN | YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING

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WILL ROGERS in "DAVID HARUM"
Plus a gala MUSIC HALL stage show
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about that idea that it seems rather old-hat now.

LEAVING the eternal mystery unsolved, we come, in "It Happened One Night," to the mundane matter of travel by bus. Obviously, if one is going much to the movies, it will soon be necessary to experience an overnight trip on a bus, so many pictures now are concerned with the doings on these brisk conveyances. Claudette Colbert as an heiress to twenty millions, for the moment in flight from an irate parent, and Clark Gable as a newspaperman, meet on this journey to New York from Florida and have all sorts of misadventures before romance is established between them. Unlike so many lady passengers, this heroine starts on the journey in no mind at all for a chance meeting with anyone, even a Mr. Gable, but she is able after a long while to adjust herself to the surprise of it. The picture is pretty much nonsense and quite dreary, except for natural touches of the habits of the travellers, their camaraderie, their songs, the etiquette of the ten-minutes-for-lunch periods, the customs of the overnight cabins, all replete with hints as to this essential development of our civilization.

MEMBERS of the Crime Club will not be as satisfied with "The Mystery of Mr. X" as will members of the Robert Montgomery Association, who will find their hero as chipper as ever in a sort of Raffles rôle, as a smart thief who woos the daughter of the commissioner of police and eventually justifies his own peccadillos by ensnaring a contemporary fiend who has been knifing the London police wholesale. The mystery elements are rather minor, but there is a good scrap toward the end.

"Dark Hazard" doesn't amount to much. As the gentle gambler, a worthy soul in whippet-racing circles, Edward G. Robinson is always the meek victim, especially in his marriage. Apparently, the director didn't quite dare develop the idea of the hazard a gambler runs in marriage with a really good woman, an officially good woman, an idea which is just suggested and left muddled. —J. C. M.

•

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THE RACE TRACK

Nice Two-Year-Olds Run Straight—Derby Entries — Band Notes



WE think something really ought to be done about making two-year-olds run straighter down the Nursery Course at Hialeah Park. At Ed Bradley's suggestion, riders of young horses don't carry whips, but that hasn't lessened the swerving. Possibly, lanes should be marked on the track, and the jockeys ordered to keep to them. As it is, Colonel Tantivy Martingale says they might as well parade all the horses to the post, line them up in the stalls, have someone spin a big Wheel of Fortune, and decide the winner that way.

We don't remember when we last saw such a scramble as the Nursery Stakes No. 1 at Miami. The runners were all over the shop, and some were lucky to keep their feet. The right horse for most of us—Forever Young, a colt by Peter Pan—won, but the first six were heads apart at the winning post. Mrs. Payne Whitney, who owns the winner, was delighted, and Mrs. Loughlin, who came down from Aiken to see Sablin run, at least had the satisfaction of cashing her tote tickets, as Sablin, in whom she has a partnership with Mrs. Payson, was coupled in the betting with the winner.

A CURIOUS feature of these long winter race meetings is that nobody wins—or at least nobody admits that he wins. Doubtless some sort of code governs this. Still, it's all lots of fun, and it keeps one out in the open air. Nearly seven million dollars have been wagered in the tote so far, and there aren't any spectacular plungers about, and very few—except in a small way—professional bettors.

OBVIOUSLY, Springsteel is top of the list of older horses on his form in the Nassau Handicap, which he won under 126 pounds in 1:35$\frac{4}{5}$. We hope you'll take our word that that's fast without making us dig up the speed-chart figures. Springsteel's a gray horse—it's strange that grays are so unpopular in America—and he's not a paragon of consistency, but we liked



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the way he polished off his field, including Clarify. However, beating Clarify is not such a trick. Three horses did it last weekend.

Morton Schwartz must have been psychic, for he sold Clarify to the Messrs. Jones and George, a couple of Texans. When we came to Miami, we were enthralled by their stable name: Haughton, Jones, and George. Nothing else we've heard since Tinker to Evers to Chance has had such a lilt. But Haughton was ruled off, so it's just Jones and George now.

Doubtless, we shall see Springsteel and Clarify in the Jockey Club Handicap this weekend. We're not so sure, though, that either will like the distance —twelve furlongs. It seems the sort of race Mad Frump would win if she were back in the form she had at Laurel last autumn.

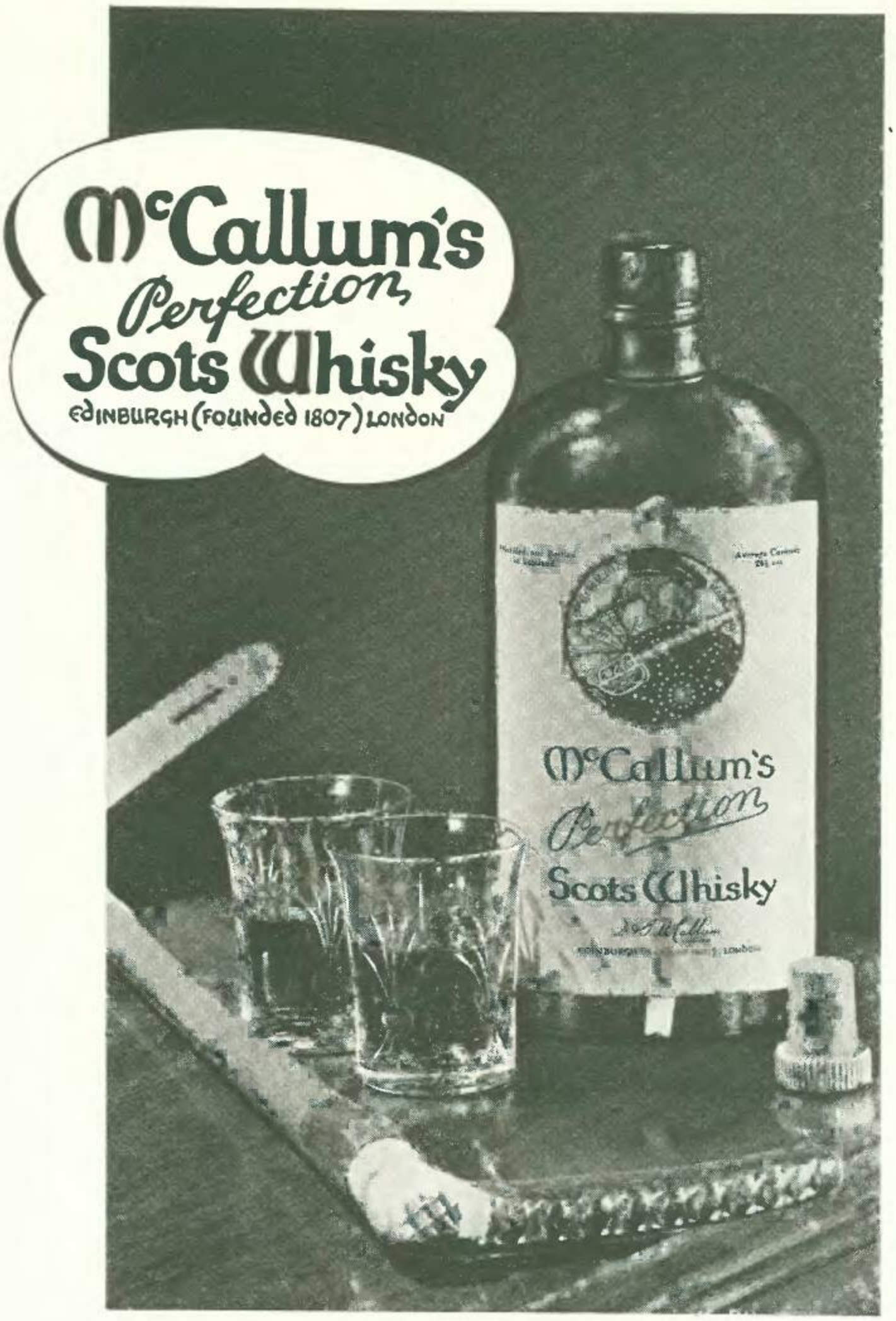
WE'VE been reading over the list of Kentucky Derby eligibles. Oh, well, you know—if Derby entries are out, can spring be far behind? But we're not so thrilled by the race as we once were. The field is now merely one hundred and twenty-four horses to us. Our fancy would have been First Minstrel, but Mrs. Payne Whitney tells us he couldn't be ready. He's fit and well, of course, but she wants him to have plenty of time for solid, steady training, something impossible for a race run on May 5th.

RECENTLY, we were urged by a magazine advertisement to Ciné-Kodak at Hialeah Park. (We would, too, if we knew how to work one—and if we had one.) It was a swell ad, and it had a swell picture; but, just to keep the record straight, it was a picture of Tropical Park—Bill Dwyer's track, which opens in a fortnight.

Incidentally, after listening to the band at Hialeah Park—and why should they have bands at race tracks?—the Honourable George has decided that the one which used to be at Empire City was a symphony orchestra by comparison.

LESTER DOCTOR says he has to take an interpreter with him when he goes down to the Red Sea mornings. . . . We're still unperturbed over the fate of the racing bills at Albany. Somebody told us that somebody told him that the Big Fellah says it's all right. . . . The Honourable George is putting on his fur-lined swimming trunks for a dip, and how he dreads it!

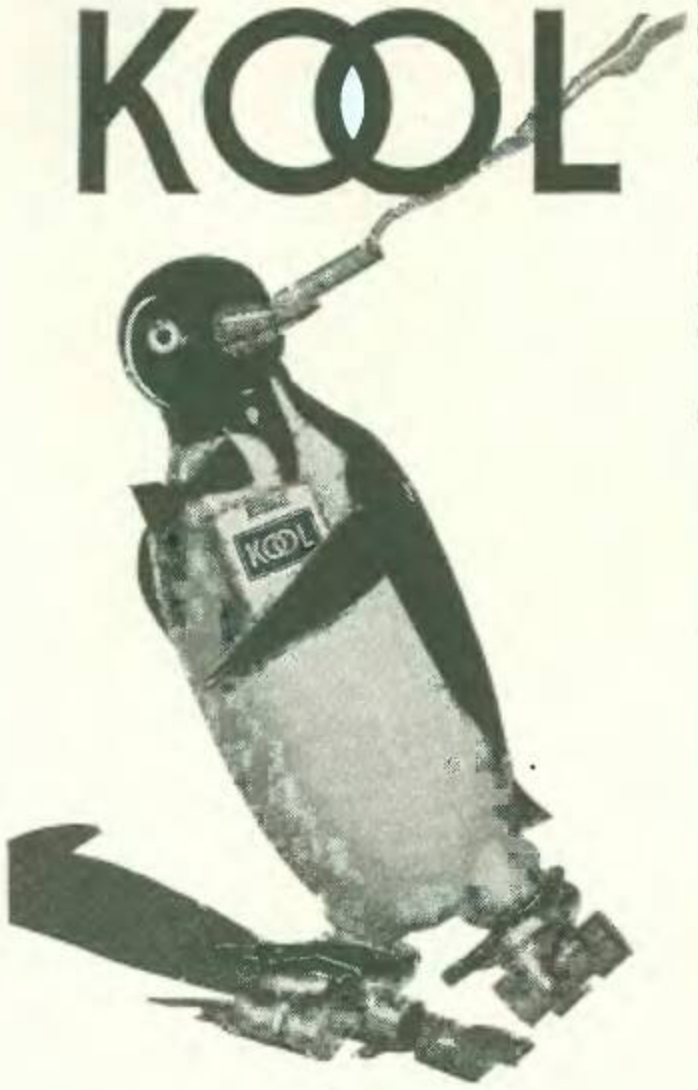
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Virgil Thomson and His Stein Songs—Beethoven As a Fund Campaigner



AT the Forty-fourth Street Theatre there is, if everything is still on schedule, as tidy an operatic production as the town has seen. The sponsor is Harry Moses, who has allied himself with a group all-embracingly styled The Friends and Enemies of Modern Music. The cast includes flocks of gifted Negro singers, actors, and dancers. An alert orchestra is directed by Alexander Smallens, who appears by courtesy of The Philadelphia Orchestra. Mr. Smallens is a prize for any opera company. The settings are smart cellophantasies by Miss Florine Stettheimer, who also contributes gay costumes; the unorthodox choreography is by Frederick Ashton; and every other detail of production is praiseworthy, including the thoughtfulness of the management in supplying reviewers with copies of the text in the original language.

The attraction is "Four Saints in Three Acts, an opera to be sung," and, strangely enough, it is a singable opera, for its composer, Virgil Thomson, has something like genius for setting words so that they "come out." His melodies are agreeable, his writing for voices is superb, and his orchestration is euphonious, apposite, and frequently witty. This job establishes Mr. Thomson as one of our most interesting composers for the stage. As music and its projection, Mr. Moses's party is a distinguished enterprise.

MR. THOMSON'S score, in case you haven't heard, is sung to words by Gertrude Stein, and you may take them either as just a bowl of Cherry Sisters or as the utterances of a Master Mind. They may be read in a handsome edition by Random House, which, by the way, would be a good name for the opera; and if you find out what they are about, it won't make much difference. It makes a difference, however, to discover in Virgil Thomson a composer who apparently can set to attractive music a theatre program, from the fire notice to the liquid-soap credits. Which is almost what he has

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accomplished in "Four Saints in Three Acts."

THE Philharmonic-Symphony has put forward one of its most cogent pleas for public support in Mr. Toscanini's latest performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in which he was assisted by Mr. Ross's excellent Schola Cantorum and four entirely competent soloists, one of whom, Rosa Tentoni, seems to be a soprano of astonishing vocal qualities. The peculiarities of the soprano's music in the symphony, plus Mr. Toscanini's spell over people who appear with him, make it difficult to appraise Miss Tentoni accurately, but I think that you'll hear much more from her and like it. Mr. Toscanini directed the Eighth Symphony by way of prelude, and this "little" symphony became impressive enough to be the Big Item on almost any other conductor's program.

A FEW years ago, I heard in Philadelphia a young baritone who had a beautiful voice, indications of singing instinct, and several vocal mannerisms that threatened to offset his obvious qualifications for a career. The singer, however, had intelligence that wasn't confined to music, and he not only eliminated the mannerisms but developed an interpretative and literary sense that made his first Town Hall concert one of the memorable recital débuts of the season.

The baritone is Nelson Eddy, who mixes his voice "with brains," as the painter had it. His program was too much a demonstration of versatility, for it wasn't necessary to sing indifferent Russian songs in Russian or to choose so indiscriminate a group of English refrains, but there was valuable originality in the presentation of an Ode by Francis Hopkinson, songwriter and



ᑭᓇᐱᐅᓂ, ᓄᑲᑎᑦ, ᓂᐅᐱᐃᑐᓴ



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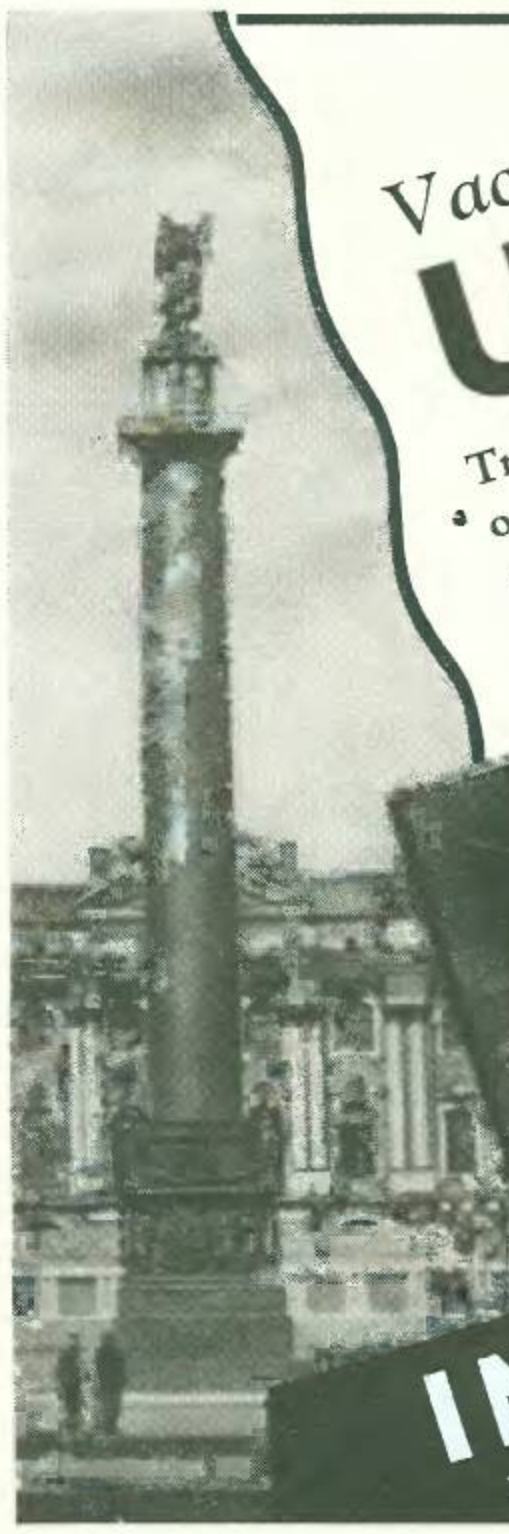


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signer of the Declaration of Independence; in a remarkable assortment of *Lieder*; and in such encores as the Chancellor's nightmare ditty from "Iolanthe" and David Guion's' roaring version of "What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor?" Mr. Eddy introduced also a new accompanist, Theodore Paxson, who is remarkable not because he plays from memory (plenty of terrible pianists can do that) but because he accompanies as if he knew the meaning of the texts as well as of the music.

ADD to the season's high spots the recital of Walter Gieseking. When better piano concerts are given, Mr. Gieseking probably will give them. . . . A violin highlight: Mr. Zimbalist's recital. . . . Orchestral novelty: Deems Taylor's "Circus Day," rescored for large orchestra, conducted by the composer at one of Mr. Schelling's entertaining Children's Concerts, and certain of wide circulation as soon as other directors hear of it. . . . Graduated: Oscar Shumsky from the boy-fiddler category to a Town Hall recitalist, and worth watching.—ROBERT A. SIMON

●

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Cull a calla"—
Since I cannot
Call a cowl a
Collar now,
I'll get this gal a
Calla fair;
Wise or silly,
Willy-nilly,
All a-
Gog to seem
Jeune fille-y,
The corolla
Of a lily
Will I wear.

Though a toiler
And a spinner
Who's but seldom
Bid to dinner
(For King Solomon
Was *not* arrayed
Like these),
When I turn thus
Fine and frilly,
And a bit more
Jack-and-Jilly,
Bring one chance to be
A sinner,
Lily, please!

—JEAN BATCHELOR

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, FEB. 16



NOBODY knows how many people were on the Place de la Concorde the night of February Sixth; maybe forty thousand, maybe sixty, with hundreds of thousands more on the Left Bank, behind the Madeleine, down the Rue de Rivoli, up at the Étoile, over on the Place des Ternes, struggling to join them. For no matter what the sectarianism of the French now, or a future bloc of other European nations, may make of that evening, its initial importance lay in its unheralded unity, its passionate, complete popularity. For several years, every class in France has been banditized by state taxes, state politicians, state-protected swindlers; on that one night every class in Paris turned out to protest—from men in Republican derby hats down to chaps in Communist caps, from middle-aged, medalled war veterans down to Royalist adolescents who had never battled for anything except, in dreams, for an exiled king. Against horses' hooves, gunshot, and police clubs, this unpartisan mass fought in surprise, struggled with mutual courage, and was struck down without party distinction.

However, by morning, when the papers came out, the strugglers—those who weren't unconscious in hospitals or morgues—knew better. Or worse. For headlines in the Communist *L'Humanité* informed them that the fight the night before had been against Fascism and that the Working Men of Paris Had Answered. *L'Action Française*, Royalist gazette accused of Fascism, said that the noble riot had been against Communists, Socialists, Radicals, Republicans, Jews, and Freemasons. *La République* (Left-Wing Young Radical) said that the Republicans Had Quelled the Uprising. Léon Blum's Socialist *Populaire* said that dictatorship had been attempted by War Veterans and the Right; Léon Bailby's Conservative-Nationalist *Le Jour* later said that War Veterans had defeated dictatorship attempted by the Left. *L'Œuvre*, which, as Radical-Socialist party sheet for Chautemps, Daladier, and others recently spat out of power, had to expectorate on as many as possible in re-



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turn, said that the Sixth had been An Evening of Fascist and Communist Riots in which Royalist Camelots, Blue-Shirt Young Patriots, Fiery Cross Veterans, and Bolsheviks Had Vainly Attempted to Take the Palais-Bourbon by Assault. Well, so they had, along with thousands of other fellows, who couldn't be called anything specially except Honest Citizens With Their Dander Up at last. Only *Le Matin*, sole among twenty-seven dailies, simply and significantly called the Sixth "A Day of Civil War."

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*' comments on the riots of February 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1834, just one hundred years ago to the dot, are not unlike those of last week. The Revolution of 1848, which also began in a February, and also started, as on last Tuesday, as a just manifestation against corrupt politicians—though it ended dissimilarly, let us hope to the Lord, in the killing of twenty thousand people—was also almost partisaned out of its original force by odd French factions in favor of lots of things beside the point, including Poland. If the French still insist on going out of their own back yard, one can only trust that their wandering interest today falls not on that constant Corridor, but on Austria and the Saar, two European spots as important to Paris for their events as its own Place de la Concorde.

FIVE simple, stupid steps led up to February Sixth. In their ineptness, they could serve as easy lessons on how to make a revolution. (1) Premier Chautemps's refusal to retire after the Stavisky Scandal had involved his Radical-Socialist party (especially after the Oustric, Sacazan, Aéropostale, Hanau, etc., Scandals had involved nearly everybody else's party). Chautemps resigned only after the Boulevard St.-Germain riots, and the clear evidence of insults and paving bricks that the public was tired of hushed swindles, lost savings, what were called party loyalties, and, worse, what were called Corpse Cabinets, consisting of men revived from a previous dead régime. (2) To pacify this public, Daladier was called as Premier, he being another member of the Radical-Socialist Party, by this time the last party Parisians wanted to see, hear, or smell. After promising to investigate the Scandal and put in new, lively men, Daladier hushed up the Scandal, and set in the customary Cabinet cadavers. However (3), for a change, and in order to gain Socialist



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support, he dismissed the Prefect of Police just at a moment when the city most needed a prefect; and (4) ousted the venerable director of the Comédie-Française Theatre, who had been giving Shakespeare's mob-inciting (and box-office-filling) "Coriolanus," replacing him with a Sûreté Générale police officer. On top of this, with tension and by now ridicule in the city air (5), Daladier appointed as Minister of the Interior, or chief in charge of the patrolling of Paris, a personal friend from the provinces who so little understood Parisians that he ordered them shot at on the Place de la Concorde.

THE rest is data, details: War veterans protesting to government that Gardes Mobiles, before firing on crowd, failed to sound regulation three trumpet calls, which makes resulting deaths illegal; also signal fact that their and all paraders' permits had been okayed, thus making troop charge on them irregular. Two riot widows have brought complaint against X for willful murder of their husbands. Official number of dead, twenty, obviously too small; unofficial number, around seventy, also too small except for miracle, considering that over two thousand machine-gun shots were fired into twenty thousand people. French cost of living, compared to French wages, higher by thirty per cent than any other on earth. Taxi strike plus riots coming during spring fashion shows estimated to have lost big houses one million each. By breakfast after riots, Paris cleaner than New York any day, and by noon immaculate and mended. Herriot nearly undressed on street; one deputy taken from bus, detrousered; one horse guard ditto, being paddled bloody by his own sabre; three horse guards still missing after riot, supposedly having been thrown in Seine. Socialist leader Blum's Quai Bourbon house lighted at night and soldier-guarded to make Royalists think he's living there, which he's not. Wednesday *apache* looters racketeered motorists one hundred francs per to let cars cross Rue de Rivoli without being somersaulted. Sixteen theatres dark, only Bourdet's new "Temps Difficiles" selling out, since it describes *haute bourgeoisie* as either rotted by money-love or else not worth their salt to France as a class. It is a terrible and timely play, historically no "Barber of Seville," one hopes, but still a temporary substitute.

—GENÉT

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BOOKS

The Tycoons

PERHAPS—along with some millions of American Negroes—you once spent an idle moment or two wondering why the Civil War was fought. The answer, quite neat and convincing, is to be found in "The Robber Barons," by Matthew Josephson, which you should note for your required-reading list. The Civil War, it seems, was fought to make the world safe for monopoly. Though only a few people knew the little secret, the issue lay between a dying mercantile-agrarian America and a determined America of the future, based on concentrated capital and organized industry. A few young men in 1861 saw the point, hired a few handy heroes to do their dying for them at Chancellorsville or Antietam, and became the molders of the industrial age. The Union won the Civil War and they took over the Union. In other words, the Civil War was fought for them—probably the most imposing compliment ever paid so small a group of individuals. Among their number were such men as Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, J. P. Morgan, Philip Armour, Andrew Carnegie, Jim Hill, John D. Rockefeller, Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Henry Villard, and Jay Cooke. It is their tangled and sanguinary story which Mr. Josephson tells in his remarkable volume.



Building upon the solid foundation laid by Gustavus Myers and Charles A. Beard, Mr. Josephson (whose "Zola," quite by the way, is one of the finest books of its kind ever written) has here composed the most intelligent history of the great American capitalists available to the general reader. It's not quick reading, for the author is more than ready to sacrifice a picturesque theory in favor of a mess of dull but illuminating facts, and he makes little attempt to "dramatize" his subject. To tell the truth, his book is almost painfully objective on the surface, though it is fairly clear that his emotions are not oriented toward Big Business. He writes with a cold disregard of human and social values. His fundamental premise, a reasonably sound one, is that the Robber Barons who parcelled out and ruthlessly despoiled a continent were neither heroes nor villains. They exhibited in magnified form the general tendencies of their piratical era. They were a part of history, focal points which polarized larger forces of economic development.

One feels, reading this book, that here the last half of the nineteenth century is interpreted in its basic terms. These things made us, determined the way a continent was to look, who was to own it, by what technique it was to be developed, who was to do the enjoying, who the suffering. Jay Cooke's invention of the financial mechanism which helped to float the Civil War; the battle of the Southern Pacific; Rockefeller's delivery of the infant Monopoly from the belly of American Business; the advance of the Vanderbilt dynasty; Collis Huntington's calm annexation of California; the raiding of the great Northwest by Hill and Villard; the rise of multi-dimensional finance capitalism under the wand of the elder Morgan; the empire of Jay Gould; the final era of harmonious monopoly in the early nineteen-hundreds—these compose the major plot of the story of the growth of the United States.

It is a story which, in many of its aspects, has been told before. But never in one book has this complicated and horrifying adventure in oligarchy been so competently unravelled, compressed, and interpreted as in "The Robber Barons."

DESPITE Mr. Josephson's businesslike absorption in watered stock, mergers, vertical trusts, pools, syndicates, and similar intimidating phenomena, the Robber Barons cannot help emerging as personalities. And a very paltry, a very tawdry, a very sickening lot they turn out to be. It is not that they were base and cruel, for, after all, everything encouraged them to baseness and cruelty. It is that they weren't anything else. Their shrewdness, their cupidity, their organizing ability, and their dominating power—these qualities are undeniable and the study of them is a fascinating one. But,

once outside the field of pure acquisition, their imaginations, their personalities were apparently either uninteresting or definitely repulsive.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., himself a scrabbler, though a reluctant one, in the muck heap, knew them all and set them down as a pack of cunning bores. The most cultured of the Robber Barons, William C. Whitney, reached the pinnacle of his extra-commercial career when he—that is, a horse which he bought and a jockey whom he hired—won the English Derby. Their social instincts flowered in such infantile saturnalia as the Bradley Martin ball, the dream of a charwoman and an underpaid clerk translated into gaudy reality.

There were some full-size human beings among them, but not many. Jim Fisk, flaunting his Tenderloin vulgarity, is almost a relief amid these psalm-singers and exalted bookkeepers. Even the hand-me-down pseudo-Florentine magnificence of the elder Morgan had something vital about it. But the rest of the crew cannot be made into heroes, despite the best efforts of subsidized biographers.

One of the least appetizing of their traits is their physical cowardice. They were unscrupulous behind their desks, but whenever life presented itself in a form in which it could not be bought off, they developed a wide streak of yellow. One thinks of the wheat-faced Daniel Drew, cowering like a rat in his Jersey hotel bedroom, intoning his nasal peddler's prayer to his God; one recalls Jay Gould shaking before the wavering pistol of one of his victims, hastily buying his way out of a fight with a check for twenty-five thousand dollars; one remembers even bluff old Commodore Vanderbilt turning faint-hearted and attending mesmeric séances like any palpitating old lady. They were too anemic to enjoy their own villainies, they were cancered with the same petty fears and prejudices and puritanisms that tortured the hearts of the least of their serfs.

They seem to have hated mankind far more than mankind hated them, which was surely illogical. Even the most pious would, in a crisis, show his fangs. Somehow one feels that their attitude toward humans was best typified by the utterance of Morgan the Elder, when he growled out, "I owe the public *nothing*." No humor, no amiability, no charm is to be found in any of these men. Morgan, when he was irritated, threw food at his servants. Their misanthropy was the pet-

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ty, brutal hatred of the savage for his neighbor. They were not big enough to be entrepreneurs and human beings at the same time. They were a necessary link in the chain of American development, as Mr. Josephson makes clear, but hardly the sort of people one would care to meet socially or talk to around the fire. Half tycoon, half yahoo, they dominated the nineteenth century like Wellsian monsters, gigantic, terrifying, and misshapen.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

A WARNING TO WANTONS, by Mary Mitchell. A quite improbable, but also rather amusing, story which appropriates the Rupert of Hentzau atmosphere for the purposes of mildly erotic satire. The fascinating and totally immoral Renée de la Vaillière is forced, by a complicated chain of intrigue, into living with a Tarzan-like peasant, and finds the situation has its charm. Miss Mitchell's book comes highly recommended by the English reviewers.

MURDER—MADE IN GERMANY, by Heinz Liepmann, translated by Emile Burns. A completely horrifying semi-fictionalized exposure of the Nazi terror. The author, who escaped from a concentration camp, swears that every incident in the book is true. If so, this is a report from far beyond the bounds of civilization.

GERMAN FAMILY, by L. C. N. Stone. The history of a family which was part English, part German-Jewish, in the postwar years and under Hitler. A rather gentle anti-Nazi propaganda novel, interesting, but very easy to forget in contrast with Herr Liepmann's book.

SUMMER'S PLAY, by G. B. Stern. Demonstrates that a moderately amusing novel can be made out of the conflict between the traditional upper-middle-class inhabitants of an English watering place and their enemies, the "Augs," the alien race which flows in during the month of August. Whenever the satire does not sour to snobbishness, the book is very readable. Miss Stern has never written a dull page in her life, but perhaps she has written better ones.

BLACK RIVER, by Carleton Beals. "It was 'Wild-Cat' General Yarza versus Simon J. Bartlett, the local oil king." Strong doings in the Mexican oil country, with the style and characterization a little less genuine than the local color. Mr. Beals, one of the finest muckraking journalists in America, is not quite as successful in his rôle of novelist.

LOST MAN!, by E. L. Grant Watson. This starts like a pattern D. H. Lawrence triangle story and ends in melodrama, with the dark, brooding lover dying of snakebite and the thick-necked husband perishing of hunger and thirst in the Australian desert. Some fine descriptions of Australian topography do not compensate for Mr. Watson's inability to decide whose story he is telling —the wife's, the husband's, or the other fellow's.

WITHOUT ARMOR, by James Hilton. Mr. Hilton's previous novel, "Lost Horizon," augured a new Stevenson; "Without Armor" merely supplies a new Oppenheim. There are some brilliant narrative pages. but on the whole his story of the adventures of a negative Englishman in Czarist and Bolshevist Russia is skillful melodrama.

SACRIFICE, by Norah James. Crises in the lives of seven humble Londoners, connected by the fact that they are fellow-travellers in the same suburban train. Honest and dullish.

CHILDREN OF RUTH, by Marvin Sutton. The story of Tom the Ploughman, who kept to the land, and Ted, his son, who was forced to London by a few little economic laws he didn't understand. Breathes the love of rural England common to novels of this type. Sincere but a bit pedestrian.

HIS FIRST MILLION WOMEN, by George

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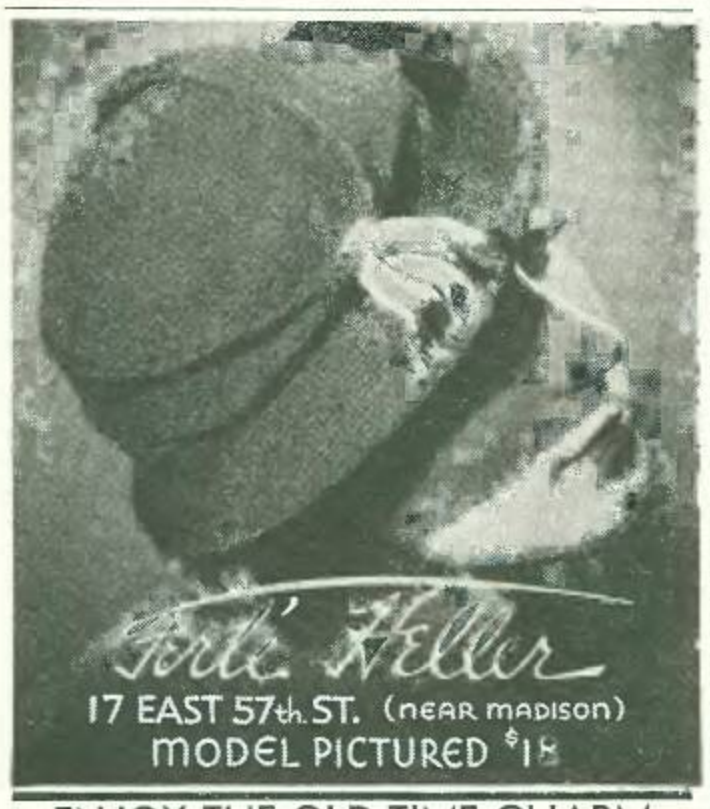


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BLOODY MARY'S, by Geoffrey Dennis. Life, recalled with an inimitable mixture of nostalgia, humor, and mysticism, in an English boys' school of thirty years ago. Those who know the books of Geoffrey Dennis will need no further encouragement.

WOMAN OF SPAIN, by Scott O'Dell. A yarn of old California one hundred years ago, and how Jared Wyeth and Marta Salazar worked out their Spanish-American loves. Readable local-color romance.

CINNAMON SEED, by Hamilton Basso. A novel of the contemporary South, with special reference to Louisiana and the shift in the life of the plantations. There is an amusing portrait of a New Orleans politician who is either Huey Long or somebody else of the same name. Mr. Basso writes intelligently and does particularly well with his black characters.

GENERAL

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE, by Lauren Gilfillan. The author, a twenty-two-year-old middle-class girl, stayed for some weeks in a Pennsylvania mining town in an endeavor to find out how the other seven-eighths lives. Much more than merely graphic reporting, this book offers a moving picture of the terrible plight of the miner and his family at the height of the depression. The book is interesting as well as disheartening.

SOVIET LITERATURE: AN ANTHOLOGY, edited and translated by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. The title is modest, for the elaborate introduction, notes, and appendices give this collection more than merely anthological value. Excellent samples of Soviet fiction, criticism, and verse from 1917 to the present are included.

THEY HAD THEIR HOUR, by Marquis James. Lively stories from American history. Some deal with characters as well known as Franklin and Jefferson, but most of them are concerned with minor personages, from Captain Jones, the pirate who sailed the Mayflower into Plymouth, to Dick Yeager, the Oklahoma outlaw who stood off a man hunt for one hundred and twenty-five days. Good Americana and good story-telling.

THE VATICAN: YESTERDAY—TODAY—TOMORROW, by George Seldes. Objective and very interesting detailed description of one of the subtlest political forces of the modern world. In Mr. Seldes's book you will find out all there is to know about the Vatican, from the Papal relations with Mussolini to what the present Pope eats for breakfast.

ROBERT E. LEE, by Robert W. Winston. Comprehensive and highly sympathetic life, apparently written to confute Colonel Fuller's feeling that there was something, at bottom, parochial about the Confederate leader. Illustrated.

ADVENTURE'S A WENCH: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES VEIL, as told to Howard Marsh. Mr. Veil is a soldier of fortune of the most approved type; he has even been a member of the Lafayette Escadrille. Here he recalls what he terms his "lurid past." in obstreperously romantic and swaggering terms. While his book is not conceived in the very best of taste, it has its interesting moments.

MORTON'S FOLLY, by J. B. Morton; pictures (very funny) by Nicolas Bentley. British columnar humor, against which the accusation of subtlety cannot be brought.

MYSTERIES

THE MYSTERY OF THE CAPE COD TAVERN, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Another one of the Asey Mayo series, which gets progressively better as the detective grows less quaintly picturesque. You may recognize the murder device, but the story is so well plotted that it makes little difference.

MR. DIGWEED AND MR. LUMB, by Eden Phillpotts. Good writing and atmosphere, but not good enough to disguise the fact that the plot is so old it creaks.

THE SHADOW IN THE COURTYARD and THE CRIME AT LOCK 14, by Georges Simenon. Two short and extremely sordid novels in one volume, by the French Edgar Wallace, whose much-publicized swiftness has somehow tripped him up this time.

MURDER IN THE CALAIS COACH, by Agatha



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What a feast this season has offered—for every type of taste! Romantic history, sentimental comedy, bawdy farce, satiric review, musical comedy that sometimes guffaws and sometimes stings. It has been a stellar season on Broadway.

It has been a stellar season for The Stage too.

Perhaps it is our vanity, but we are led to believe that rarely has so young a paper so deeply invaded the affections of its public.

We *love* the play.

We enjoyed particularly these 12 plays—and you will enjoy the way that we deal with them in the March number.

In the March issue some of the new hits as the season catches its second breath: The Shining Hour, Dodsworth, and Richard of Bordeaux.

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READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

COME IN AT THE DOOR, by William March. A few new wrinkles on the face of Southern degeneracy, skillfully traced by the author of "Company K." Faulkner material but not the Faulkner manner.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, by James M. Cain. The Tough School presents us with a new genius. How a lady and gentleman of uncomplicated biological tendencies contrived, after a little fumbling, to murder the lady's Greek husband—and the Consequences. A fast, superior thriller which makes a direct and successful attack on the nervous system.

ON THE SHORE, by Albert Halper. Autobiographical sketches, and stories of his youth in Chicago, by the author of "Union Square." The publishers' comparison with "Winesburg, Ohio" is in part justified, except that too many of the tales have an unfinished, reportorial quality. This is not true, however, of the section "Young Writer Remembering Chicago," which catches beautifully the emotion of city nostalgia.

AN ALTAR IN THE FIELDS, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Story of one of Mr. Lewisohn's patented marriages, with a mellow ending. It will no doubt please admirers of the author's previous novels.

CLOUD HOWE, by Lewis Grassic Gibbon. A story of modern Scotch village life, told with much brilliance and also much beauty. If you can plough through the dialect, you will discover that Mr. Gibbon has a touch of what looks a little like genius.

THE WORLD IS YOURS, by G. B. Lancaster. Miss Lancaster seems as much at home in the romantic Yukon of the twenties as she was amid the nineteenth-century Tasmanian scenes of her best-seller, "Pageant." She utilizes, with much skill and energy, the conventional Rex Beach-Jack London props, and unfolds what is known as a good yarn.

GENERAL

DURANTY REPORTS RUSSIA, edited by Gustavus Tuckerman. Intelligently organized book of selections from Walter Duranty's *Times* despatches from Moscow. Mr. Woollcott contributes an excellent introduction which explains how Duranty got to be Duranty.

WHO RULES AMERICA?, by John McConaughy. An indignant account of the betrayal, by malefactors of great wealth, of the American democratic ideal. The author's habit of comparing cases of contemporary and historical corruption makes for reading that is sometimes pointed, sometimes confusing. Its honesty, its passion, and its rather old-fashioned faith in Jacksonian liberalism make this a remarkably interesting job of muckraking.

JULIA NEWBERRY'S SKETCH BOOK; OR THE LIFE OF TWO FUTURE OLD MAIDS, by Tracy D. Mygatt. A memoir of the now-famous authoress of the "Diary," set down by the daughter of Minnie Clapp, Julia's girlhood friend and cousin and one of the "two future old maids." Has much of the lavender-and-rose-water charm of the original diary. Julia's pencil sketches have an amusing Victorian quality.

THE HOUR OF DECISION, by Oswald Spengler. Some hoarse yells for the Man on Horseback, as voiced by the author of "The Decline of the West." Mildly hysterical, some will think.

THREE PLAYS, by George Bernard Shaw. Contains "Village Wooing," "On the Rocks," and "Too True to Be Good," plus two brilliant prefaces.

THE NATIVE'S RETURN, by Louis Adamic. A charming and observant account of the author's experiences during a year's visit to his native Yugoslavia. Tells you a lot concerning the Balkans that you might ordinarily imagine you wouldn't care about.

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AFTER THEATRE, to complete an enjoyable evening, what could be more enticing than a visit to the PERROQUET which is now offering French Champagne cocktails with Crêpes Suzette for $1.25.

LUNCH—DINNER—SUPPER

Perroquet RESTAURANT
134 EAST 61ST ST., NEW YORK

RADIOS VICTROLAS RECORDS

MARCONI BROS. INC.

Open Evenings
VOlunteer 5-4026

114 EAST 59TH ST., BET. PARK & LEXINGTON

☆ WHAT MAKES A GOOD JULEP? ☆



CONNOISSEURS may argue heatedly on whether or not the mint in a julep should be crushed.

But on one point they agree: that the whiskey that goes into the julep must be fine, mellow whiskey.

Here are two whiskies that connoisseurs have favored for years—not only in mixed drinks, but "straight" as well.

One is Paul Jones, which was first produced by Colonel Paul Jones 'way back in 1865, and from which the famous "Paul Jones" square-dance took its name. The other is Antique, known during prohibition as the finest of all medicinal whiskies.

Both are products of Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization, and one of the very few distilleries which operated under government license during prohibition.

The exclusive Frankfort Pack is your protection

The Frankfort whiskies shown here come to you sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible. This carton, *used only by Frankfort,* is your assurance that the whiskey you buy is the fine, pure liquor placed in the bottle by the distiller at his bottling plant.

In addition to Paul Jones and Antique, Frankfort offers these other fine brands: Four Roses, Broad Ripple, Meadville, Mattingly & Moore, Old Baker and Old Oscar Pepper. All of these whiskies are bottled only in full measure packages. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.



This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful



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THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

and in Cigarettes too — Taste is Everything

ALWAYS *the Finest Tobacco and* ONLY *the Center Leaves*