May 26, 1934

THE NEW YORKER

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FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

PARIS LONDON

GOINGS ON

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE



ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

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 on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for 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. Closes Sat., June 2.)

COME WHAT MAY—Very mild and very nice. Thirty-two years of family life, including two wars and a depression. Hal Skelly and Mary Philips help make it a pleasant evening. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

DODSWORTH—A clear and concise stage version of Sinclair Lewis's story of the American businessman who finds Europe without his wife better than his home town with her. Walter Huston and Fay Bainter give splendid performances. (Shubert, 44, W.)

JIG SAW—If you don't mind just sitting and laughing at nothing much, you ought to enjoy this tale of the middle-aged mamma who finds her daughter too much competition. Ernest Truex as the official observer is so much velvet. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, 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. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:20 P.M. Mats. Wed. and 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. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. With Alexander Kirkland and J. Edward Bromberg. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE MILKY WAY—Hugh O'Connell as the milk-wagon driver who gets into the fight game without knowing it and manages to get off some very funny cracks, with the aid of an excellent cast. (Cort, 48, E.)

MOOR BORN—Unless you have violent preconceived ideas about what the Brontë girls were like, this play about them ought to prove interesting. Helen Gahagan, Frances Starr, Edith Barrett, and Glenn Anders. (Playhouse, 48, E. Closes Sat., May 26.)

NO MORE LADIES—Fairly old material dressed up in entertaining shape, especially under the ministrations of Lucile Watson as the giddy grandmother. Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Weston, Rex O'Malley, and Nancy Ryan also help. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 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—Hilarious adventures in a Princeton dormitory, incident to hiding a night-club dancer from the police. Polly Walters, Florence Rice, Burgess Meredith, John Griggs, and Charles D. Brown. (46th Street, 46, W.)

THE SHINING HOUR—Something far above the general run of plays about husbands who fall in love with their brothers' wives, so far above, indeed, as to be one of the best plays of the season. Gladys Cooper, Adrianne Allen, and Raymond Massey head a fine English cast. Last two days. (Booth, 45, W. Closes Sat., May 26.)

STEVEDORE—A big, roughneck hunk of sheer drama, dealing with race riots on the docks. With a practically all-Negro cast. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Tues. 2:45 P.M.)

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

WITH MUSIC

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.)

GILBERT & SULLIVAN REPERTORY—Last two days, "The Mikado," with William Danforth, Frank Moulan, Vera Ross, Vivian Hart, Roy Cropper, Herbert and Allen Waterous. (Majestic, 44, W. Closes Sat., May 26.)

NEW FACES—Lots and lots of young people romping through some pretty funny sketches and songs with a pleasant lack of strain. (Fulton, 46, W.)

THE ONLY GIRL—A revival of the Victor Herbert musical comedy, with Bettina Hall, Robert Halliday, George Meader, and Robert Emmett Keane. (44th Street, 44, W.)

ROBERTA—A fine figure of a musical comedy, resplendent in everything but dialogue. Jerome Kern's music, and Lyda Roberti, Fay Templeton, Tamara, and Bob Hope. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Here is a great deal of almost everything you want in a big revue, with such apparently infallible entertainers as Fannie Brice, Willie Howard, the Ebsens, and Everett Marshall. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Mat. Thurs. May close Sat., June 2.)

•

THE DRUNKARD—For a pleasant evening of *Gemütlichkeit* sitting around at tables and quaffing beer and coffee on the management, while P. T. Barnum's old-time temperance play unfolds on the stage. Then you all sing old songs. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. Nightly at 8:45.)

AFRICAN OPERA—Asadata Dafora Horton's "Kykunkor" ("Witch Woman"), performed by native Africans assisted by a few ladies from Harlem. Tribal music, drum rhythms, and all pretty exciting. (Chanin Auditorium, Chanin Bldg., Lexington at 42. Performances weekdays at 9 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

BILTMORE CASINO BLEU, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Music by Alfred Brito and his Cuban orchestra.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Ernie Holst and his orchestra open here Sat., May 26. Dances by Minor and Root.*

EL MOROCCO, 154 W. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769)—Howard Lanin and Nilo Menendez provide the music at this attractive East Side spot, and Arthur Brown entertains with songs.*

MADISON, Madison at 58 (Volunteer 5-5000)—Dinner and supper dancing in the Green Room; music by the Madison Ensemble.*

MAYFAIR YACHT CLUB, 450½ E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9163)—Walker O'Neill's orchestra plays for dinner and supper. Dwight Fiske sings his funny songs at midnight.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and supper dancing to Jack Denny's music in a room forty-two stories above the town.*

PLACE PIQUALE, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—One of the gayest after-theatre places. Harry Rosenthal's excellent music, dances by Dario and Diane, and songs by Marion Chase.*

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Plaza 3-1740)—Emil Coleman leads the orchestra in the Persian Room. Evelyn and James Vernon dance at suppertime.*

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Leon Belasco's music for dinner and supper dancing. After the theatre, impersonations by Sheila Barrett and dances by Lisa and Colombo.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A magnificent view, with Vincent Lopez's orchestra and a group of entertainers, in-

(Continued on page 4)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

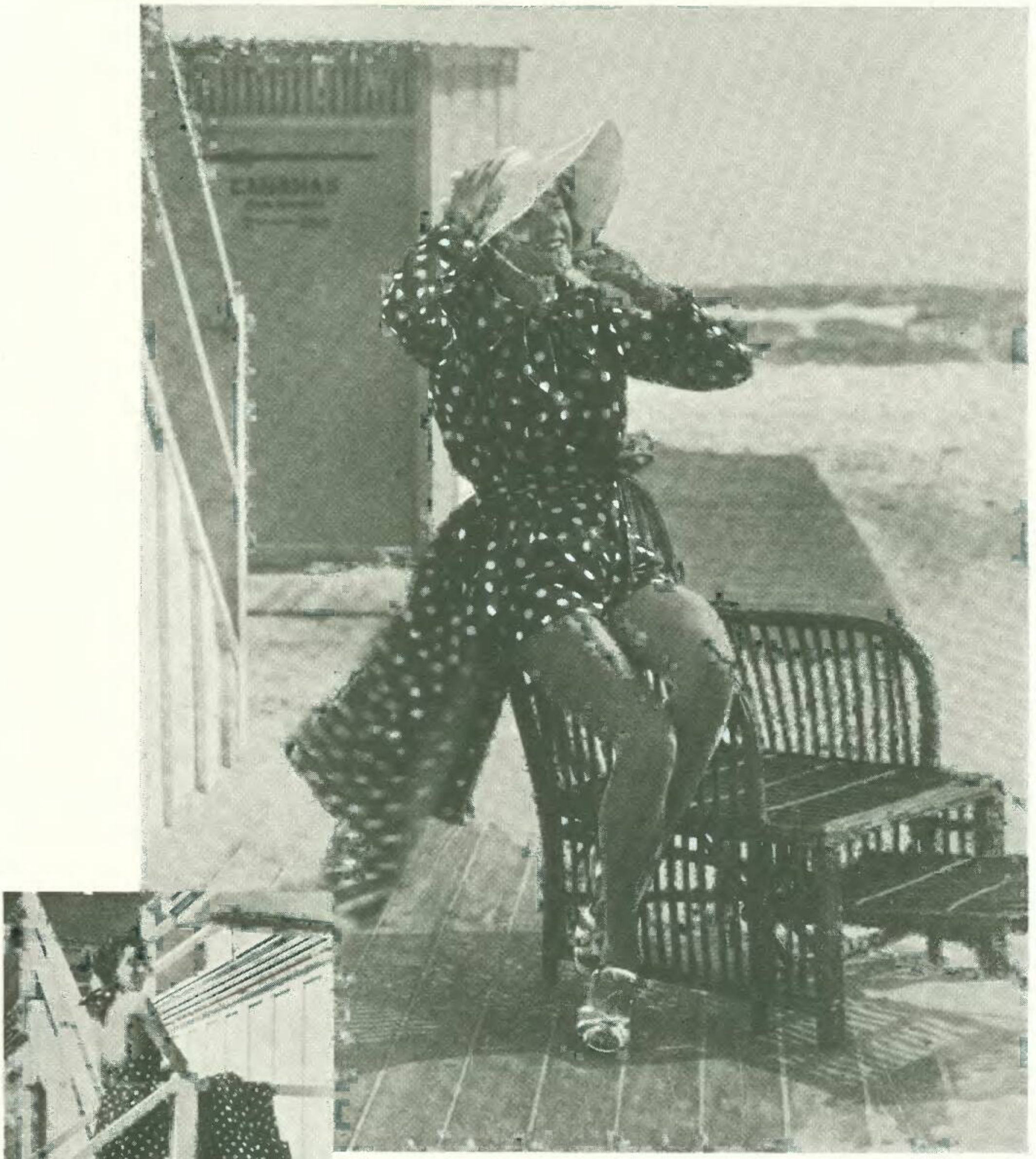
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JAY·THORPE

57TH STREET WEST

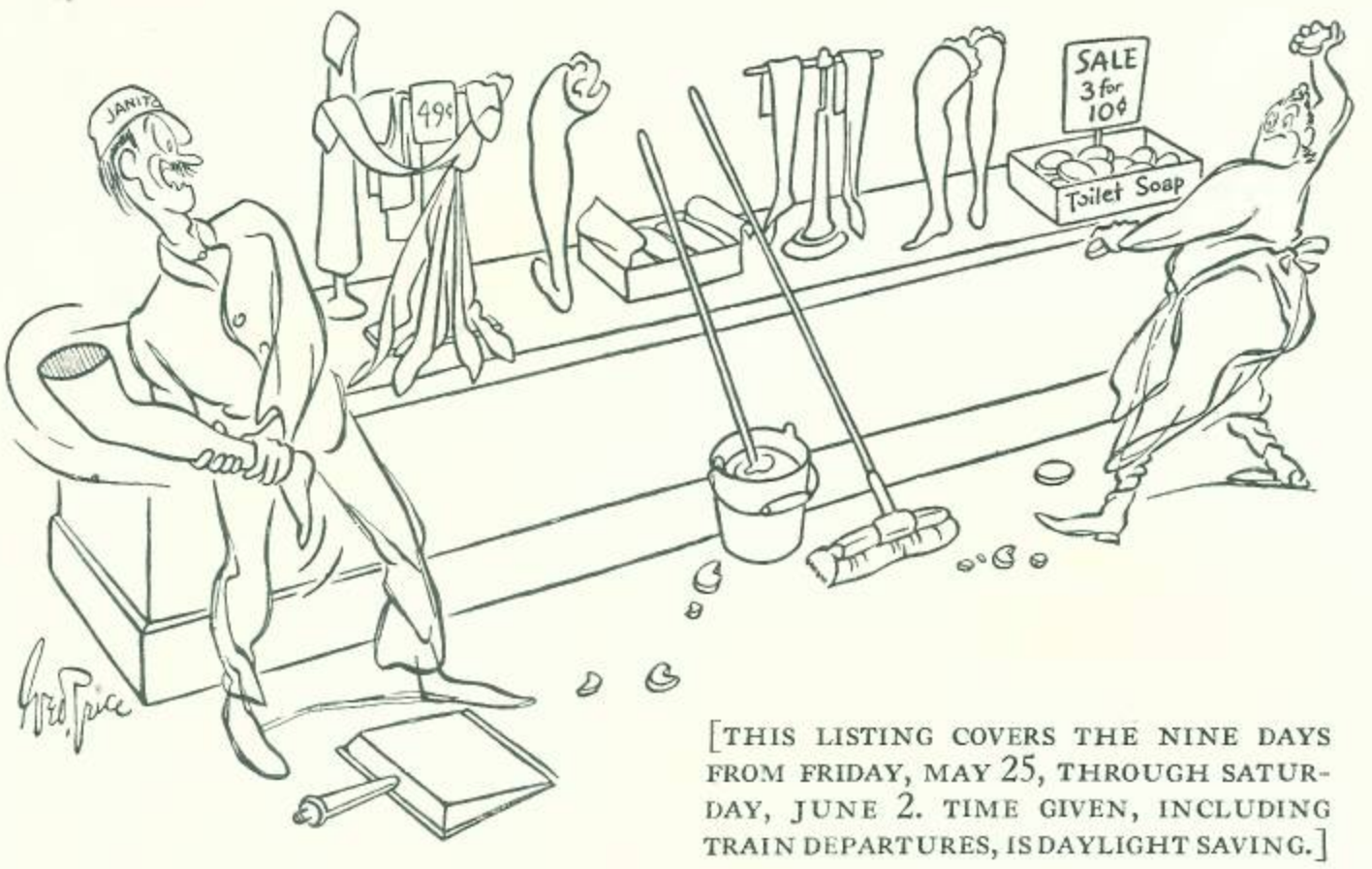


BOUCHARD

Miss Olivia Bird spends the day at the Beach Club in her carefree costume from Jay-Thorpe.

Pique suit and robe in marine and white, sail red and white, brown and white, 22.75: pique cartwheel, 4.50: linen sandals, 5.00.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

(Continued from page 2)

cluding the dancers, Medrano and Donna.*

STARLIGHT ROOF, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Dinner and supper music by Enric Madriguera's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras.*

OPEN-AIR RESTAURANTS—For dining (without dancing) three of the best places are: Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (Volunteer 5-5400); the Park Lane Gardens, 48 between Park and Lexington (Wickersham 2-4100); and the Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park, at 47 (Wickersham 2-9000).

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Eddie Lane plays at the Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks St., Brooklyn Heights. . . . Don Bestor is at the Pennsylvania Madhattan, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Reggie Childs plays in the Roosevelt Summer Garden, Madison at 46. . . . Isham Jones plays at the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Charlie Davis is at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Charles Barnet is at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Harold Stern provides the music at the Montclair Casino-in-the-Air, Lexington at 49. . . . Sam Robbins plays at the McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34, opening Mon., May 28. . . . Jack Little is at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Pancho plays at the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.

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NOTES—Some of the more attractive hotel cafés are those at the Algonquin, 59 W. 44; Ambassador, Park at 51; Barclay, Lexington at 49; Carlyle, Madison at 76; Chatham, Vanderbilt at 48; Élysée, 56 E. 54; Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S.; Gotham, 5 Ave. at 55; Lombardy, 111 E. 56; Madison, Madison at 58; Marguery, 270 Park; Park Lane, Park at 49; Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59; Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46; Ritz Tower, Park at 57; Sherry's, 300 Park; St. Moritz, 6 Ave. at 59 (open air); Tuscany, 118 E. 39; and Weylin, Madison at 54.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of the evening: Surf Club, 42 E. 52; Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51; Le Bijou, 2 E. 56; Merry-Go-Round, 146 E. 56; Casino Town Club, 9 E. 52; Wing Club, 8 W. 52; Petit Palais, 36 W. 56; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; and Stork Club, 53 E. 51.

Zelli's, 130 E. 58 (Eldorado 5-8339), has opened recently, with Bob Grant's orchestra and Godoy's Argentine band. . . . Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell are singing at the Simplon, 26 W. 53 (Murray Hill 2-8332).

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Casino de Paree, 254 W. 54 (Circle 7-1590), with Ben Pollack's and Snooks Friedman's orchestras, and Billy Rose's spectacular revue, at dinner and supper, featuring Jimmy Savo, Carolyn Marsh, Cardini, Gomez and Winona, Eleanor Powell, and others. . . . Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080); Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572). . . . The King's Terrace, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-9252), now has the show formerly at the Ha Ha Club, including Jack White, Jerry Bergin, and Lillian Fitzgerald.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), with Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . Luigi is back at The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way, near Wash. Sq. (Algonquin 4-9271). . . . 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. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), has a good show, with Adelaide Hall and Jimmy Lunceford's band. After that explore on your own hook.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: The Cubanacan, 75 Lenox Ave., at 114 (Monument 2-8272), with lively entertainment and a real rumba band. . . . Russian: The Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (Vanderbilt 3-9189); The Samovar, 142 W. 49 (Bryant 9-0883); and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Sq. 6-9784). . . . Scandinavian: Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251), *smörgåsbord,* dancing, and entertainment. . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove (Chelsea 2-4646), good food and colorful entertainment.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

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

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Outdoor dining and dancing in pleasant surroundings. Irving Conn's music.

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

LONGUE VUE, Broadway, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y. (Hastings 2579)—Opening Fri., May 25, with Vic Irwin's orchestra.

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

RIVIERA, at the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000)—Overlooking the Hudson, with a Broadway floor show headed by Harry Richman.

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

MOTION PICTURES

CATHERINE THE GREAT—Elizabeth Bergner's triumph as the young Romanoff Empress. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., May 25; continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD—George Arliss's best film since "Disraeli." A sketch of the early days of the great banking house. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performance Sat., Sun., and Decoration Day at 5:50 P.M., and Sat. at 11:50 P.M.)

SING AND LIKE IT—One of the nonsensical and entertaining films, its humor chiefly due to the behavior of ZaSu Pitts and Edward Everett Horton. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., May 29 and 30; continuous from 1 P.M.)

TARZAN AND HIS MATE—Johnny Weissmuller again in his preposterous jungle. All quite satisfactorily absurd. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., May 31 and June 1; continuous from 1 P.M.)

WILD CARGO—Frank Buck's latest collection of pets. Should amuse the younger element anyhow. (Little Picture House, 151 E. 50; Fri. through Sun., May 25-27; continuous from 2 P.M.)

REVIVALS—At the Sutton Cinema, 205 E. 57—Eisenstein's "Thunder Over Mexico," Sun. and Mon., May 27 and 28; "Morocco," with Marlene Dietrich, Thurs. and Fri., May 31 and June 1; continuous from noon. . . . At the Little Picture House, 151 E. 50—Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory," Mon., May 28; "Six of a Kind," Wed., May 30; continuous from 2 P.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Blue Light," nice scenes in the Dolomite Alps, edged off by a mystical legend of the region; "20th Century," from the Hecht-MacArthur play, with John Barrymore beautifully comic as the excitable stage producer; "No Greater Glory," a rather surprising and effective picture about boys in Budapest, interpreted by such Hollywood products as Frankie Darro and Jackie Searle; "Viva Villa!," with Wallace Beery fine as a big boy bandit; "We're Not Dressing," a mild pastime, but enlivened by Ethel Merman, Gracie Allen, and Bing Crosby; "You're Telling Me," casually funny, because of W. C. Fields.

ART

AMERICANS—Second anniversary exhibition of painters and sculptors: Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8. . . . Group exhibition: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. . . . Annual $100 show by a group of leading American moderns, including Brook, Cikovsky, Davis, Fiene, Kuniyoshi, Sheeler, Spencer, etc.: Downtown, 113 W. 13. . . . Summer exhibition of selected paintings: Milch, 108 W. 57. All open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Younger painters including Avery, Laittre, Mommer, and Pressoir: Uptown, 249 West End Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ARCHITECTURE—Annual exhibition by the Architectural League of New York: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM—Centennial exhibition for those who are more interested in the history of Brooklyn than in art: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DOVE—New paintings, and also some of the best of his old works: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

LANDSCAPES—Special exhibition of landscape paintings: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M.

(Continued on page 6)



This fat man's WAMSUTTA SHEET *is still strong*

AFTER 326 LAUNDERINGS . . . 13 YEARS OF HARD WEAR

IN 1923 we had Wamsutta sheets laundry-tested by a world-famous scientific laboratory . . . With grim, uncompromising thoroughness they were laundered 160 times . . . the equivalent of six years' washing and ironing. Wamsutta finished strongest of the 24 brands tested — all bought in the open market.

But two years before that another man began a Wamsutta test at home, alternately laundering and sleeping on a Wamsutta sheet. *He is still at it!* This research enthusiast, Mr. William Benoit, owns a modern steam laundry, and says his bedside weight has averaged about 230 pounds. In 1921 he started keeping track of how many times he laundered one of his own Wamsutta sheets which he brought from home every week after sleeping on it for seven nights.

That was in July, 1921, and the sheet has had only two vacations in nearly thirteen years of use — once when it went to a Laundryowners' Convention as part of an exhibit, again when this photograph was taken.

That's his sheet in the picture, still strong and whole; just a typical Wamsutta sheet — firm-textured, beautifully white, and as smooth as snow. Of course it has had the best of laundering, but your own sheets can have that too under the code of the Laundryowners' National Association.

Mr. Benoit says his Wamsutta sheet is good for another two years, maybe more, of the same washing and ironing at the laundry—the same pulling and hauling at home.

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA MILLS
Founded 1846 NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

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to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN—The Bliss Collection, shown in its entirety for the first time. Also, modern housing exhibition: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PRINTS—Classic modern etchings; Haden, Whistler, Meryon, Zorn: Keppel, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

REVIEW—One or more works by all artists exhibited at this gallery during the past season: Macbeth, 15 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., May 31.

SCULPTURE—Recent work by Boris Lovet-Lorski: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Open 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—Paintings of big game by Carl Rungius; also water colors and aquatint etchings of game birds by R. Ward Binks: Harlow, McDonald, 667 5 Ave. . . . Exhibition by the Boston Society of Independent Artists: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 6 P.M.). . . . Paintings by Lee Gatch: Contempora Art Circle, 509 Madison, at 53; through May 26. . . . Murals and drawings by Fred Castellon: Raymond & Raymond, 5th floor, 40 E. 49. . . . Paintings by Paul R. Meltsner: Midtown, 559 5 Ave. . . . Water colors by Adolph Gottlieb: Kohn, 608 5 Ave.; through May 26. . . . Paintings by Gretl Urban: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57. . . . Paintings by Diane Travis: Empire Galleries, 620 5 Ave. . . . Caricatures of musicians and dancers by Aline Fruhauf: Macbeth, 19 E. 57; through May 31. . . . Water colors by Polish artists: 20th floor, 140 E. 63; through May 28 (open Fri. 6 to 9 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. 3 to 9 P.M.). . . . Photographs by Grand Duchess Marie: Rabinovitch, 142 W. 57.

The Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103, is showing: First Events in New York; Drawing-Room with Phyfe Furniture; Empire Fashions, 1800-1830; James and Eugene O'Neill in the Theatre; and Historic New York China. Open weekdays (except Tues.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Free concerts: American Museum of Natural History, Wed. Afts. at 3; Brooklyn Museum, Sats. at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

HIPPODROME NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY—Grand Opera at popular prices. "Faust," Fri. Eve., May 25, at 8:15; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Aft., May 26, at 2:30; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., May 26, at 8:30; "Aida," Sun. Eve., May 27, at 8:15. See daily papers for subsequent performances. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43.)

ON THE AIR

I.C.A.A.A.A.—The annual intercollegiate track and field championships, broadcast from Franklin Field, Philadelphia: Fri. Aft., May 25, at 4:30, WABC. Sat. Aft., May 26, at 3 and 4:30, WABC; and at 3, WEAF.

NORMAN THOMAS—He will talk about "The Next Thirty Years": Fri. Eve., May 25, at 7:15, WJZ.

CHICAGO FAIR—Official opening ceremonies of the 1934 season, with Admiral Byrd pushing a key in the Antarctic to light a fireworks display at the Fair: Sat. Eve., May 26, at 10, WABC. . . . Impressions of the Fair and descriptions of new exhibits: Sat., May 26, at 1 and 10:30 P.M., WEAF.

T. S. STRIBLING—Interviewed about his new book "Unfinished Cathedral": Tues., May 29, at 4:45, WABC.

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Music for two pianos, with society comment by Maury Paul, and Freddy Martin's orchestra: Tues. Eves. at 9, WABC.

AUTO RACE—The annual 500-mile Memorial Day race, broadcast from the Indianapolis Speedway. The start: Wed. Morn., May 30, at 11:45; the final laps: Wed. Aft. at 4:15; WJZ.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Memorial Day address, at the National Cemetery, Gettysburg: Wed. Aft., May 30, at 5:30, WEAF and WABC.

EDWARD TOMLINSON—"The Other Americas." Presenting the history, folk lore, and music of the South and Central American republics: Wed. Eves. at 10:30, WEAF.

U. S. FLEET REVIEW—President Roosevelt's review of the fleet off Ambrose Light and the progress of the men-of-war to their moorings in the Hudson described from land, sea, and air: Thurs., May 31, from 11:45 A.M. to 2:30 P.M., WABC and WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—Max Baer: Fri., Mon., and Wed. at 7:45, WJZ. . . . Jack Whiting and Jack Denny: Fri. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Floyd Gibbons: Sat. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Joe Cook: Sat. at 9, WEAF. . . . Grete Stueckgold and Kostelanetz's orchestra: Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Ellsworth Vines: Sun. at 9:30 A.M., WEAF. . . . Abram Chasins: Sun. at 2:15, WABC. . . . Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC. . . . Egon Petri and string quartet: Sun. at 6, WJZ. . . . Groucho and Chico Marx: Sun. at 7, WABC. . . . Jimmy Durante: Sun. at 8, WEAF. . . . Irving Berlin: Sun. at 9, WJZ. . . . Elsie Ferguson: Sun. at 9, WABC. . . . Waring's Pennsylvanians: Sun. and Thurs. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Mme. Schumann-Heink: Sun. at 10, WJZ. . . . "45 Minutes in Hollywood": Sun. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Lawrence Tibbett: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Rosa Ponselle and Kostelanetz: Mon. at 9, WABC. . . . The Big Show: Mon. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Walter Damrosch and orchestra: Mon. at 10, WJZ. . . . Ed Wynn: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Minneapolis Symphony: Tues. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Gladys Swarthout: Tues. at 10, WEAF. . . . Stoopnagle and Budd: Tues. and Thurs. at 10, WABC. . . . Irene Rich: Wed. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities: Wed. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Nino Martini and Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Albert Spalding: Wed. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Harry Richman and Jack Denny: Wed. at 10:30, WJZ. . . . "Art Today," by E. M. Benson: Thurs. at 11:30 A.M., WOR. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Captain Henry's Show Boat: Thurs. at 9, WEAF. . . . Paul Whiteman and Deems Taylor: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. . . . Josef Lhevinne and N.B.C. Symphony: Thurs. at 10:30, WJZ. (Times are P.M., unless otherwise noted.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Chicago, Fri., May 25; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sat. through Mon., May 26-28; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Sun., June 1-3. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Wed., May 30 (doubleheader at 1:30 P.M.), and Thurs., May 31. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Milk Fund Bout, Jimmy McLarnin vs. Barney Ross, for welterweight championship: Madison Square Garden Bowl, 43 St. and Northern Blvd., Long Island City, Mon. Eve., May 28; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take 8 Ave. subway from 42 St. to 46th St., Queens.)

CREW—American Henley, lightweight championship, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 26.

DOG SHOWS—Morris & Essex Kennel Club Show, Giralda Farms, Madison, N. J., Sat., May 26. . . . Greenwich Kennel Club Show, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., June 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Open Championship, Echo Lake Country Club, Westfield, N. J., Fri. and Sat., May 25 and 26.

HORSE SHOWS—Bronxville Riding Club Show, Tuckahoe, N. Y., Sat., May 26. . . . Millburn Horse Show, Millburn, N. J., Sat., May 26. . . . Westchester Embassy Club Horse Show, Armonk, N. Y., Wed., May 30. . . . Tuxedo Horse Show, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., June 1 and 2.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, Hugh Murray Estate, near Roslyn, L. I., Fri. Aft., June 1, at 2:30. (By motor, use Northern Blvd. and North Hempstead Turnpike [Route 25A] through Roslyn, turning right into road opposite Greenvale School. By train, from Penn. Sta., 1:37 P.M. to Manhasset, whence buses will take you to course.)

RACING—Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. The Appleton Memorial Steeplechase and the Withers will be run Sat., May 26; the Juvenile and the Suburban Handicap, Wed., May 30. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:20 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Eastern Professional Championships: Park Avenue Tennis Club, Park at 61, Fri., through Sun. Afts., May 25-27, at 2. . . . Davis Cup, United States vs. Canada: Wilmington Country Club, Wilmington, Del., Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 25 and 26, at 2:30. Winner of U. S.-Canada vs. Mexico: Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md., Wed., Thurs., and Sat., May 30, 31, and June 2, at 2:30.

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Championships: Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 25 and 26. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. for 30 St. Sta., Philadelphia, at 11, 11:30 A.M., and 12 noon.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: American Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., May 26; Harlem Yacht Club, Wed., Aft., May 30; Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Oyster Bay, Sat. Aft., June 2.

OTHER EVENTS

U. S. FLEET REVIEW—President Roosevelt will review the United States fleet, off Ambrose Light, Thurs., May 31, about 11 A.M. The fleet will subsequently pass through the harbor and anchor in the Hudson.

PUBLIC BALL—United States Fleet Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., June 1.

AUCTION—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Furniture, paintings, Oriental rugs, art objects, and decorations, from various collections: Fri. Aft., May 25, at 2:15.

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



Zip-off on "Zips"!

Tips* are cool. Fresh and absorbent for active wear. They're comfortable. They're mesh. They're *cotton!* Smartly tailored. Nicely finished in every detail. "Tips" wash in a jiffy and wear and wear. White only. Bandeau, 75¢; Pantie, two Briefs, each 85¢.

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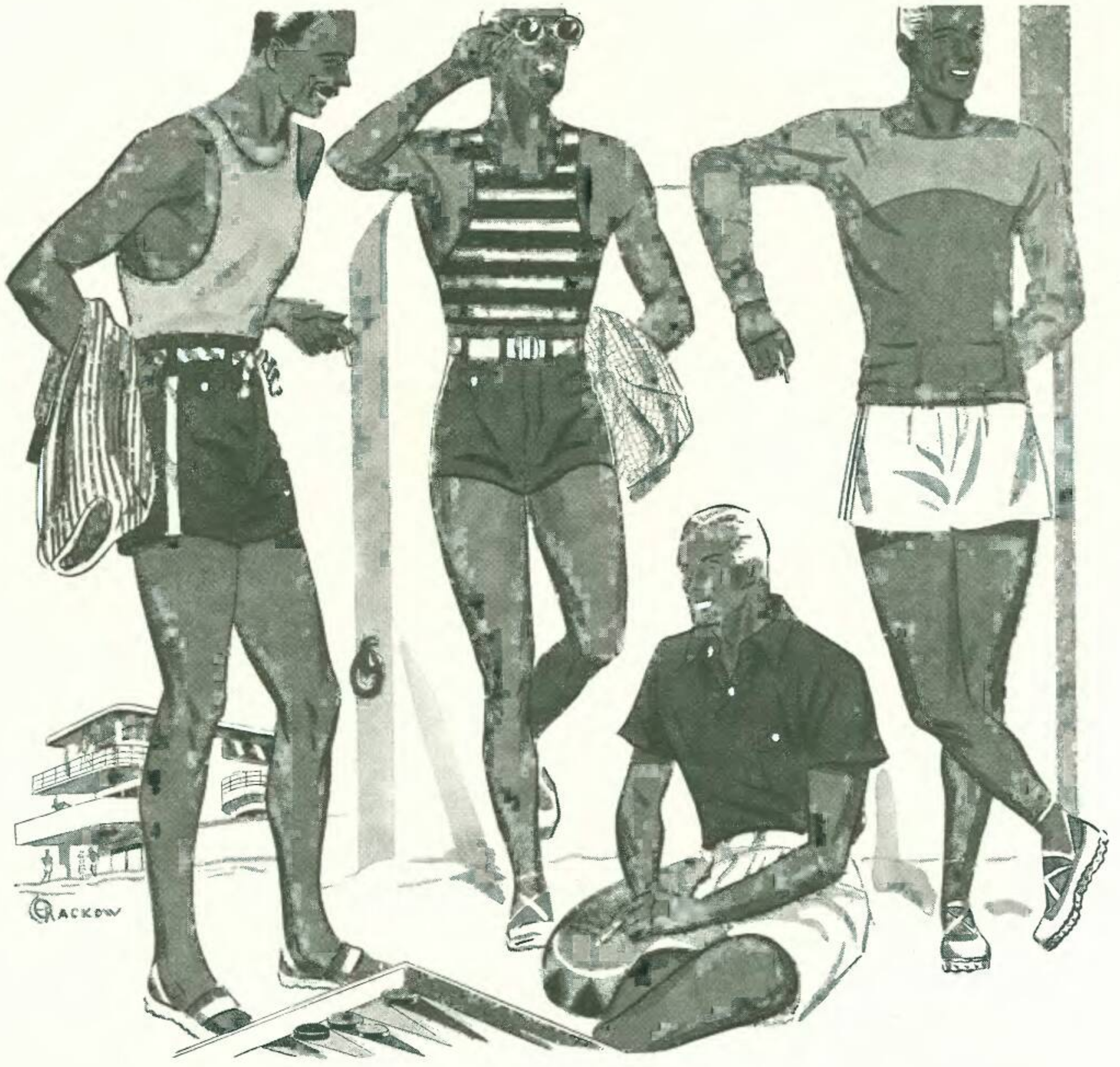


BEACH CLOTHES . . .

Like the vertical ribbed swim suit, left, with adjustable straps that pull you into siren lines. White, royal, turquoise, sunglint, 32-38. 10.95
Or Clarepotter's jersey suit with contrasting bands. Gold, royal or turquoise, 14-20. 12.75 Matching coat of imported jersey, 16.95
Sally Victor's oiled silk souwester, red, green, yellow 5.00
Terry beach bag lined to match, 5.00 Or Clarepotter's linen pyjamas, collared but quite backless, in turquoise, 12-18. 16.95 The sun-size linen sun hat by Sally Victor, 10.00
Beach clogs start at 2.95

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It's a *Mansco* Sportswear season. At the swanky beaches and resorts, *Mansco* is the sportswear of the hour—the very essence of style correctness and good taste. All the skill and originality and devotion to quality standards that have made *Manhattan* shirts the finest ready to wear shirts, have made *Mansco* the outstanding sportswear of today. Above are just a few of an interesting variety of ultra smart *Mansco* Beach and Sportswear fashions, all priced with surprising moderation.

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"Where do we go from here?"



"I'm TAKING UP AVIATION"

His tiny plane was a familiar sight around his Pacific Coast university. You can't help but admire lads of his sort. Four strenuous school years are behind him . . . His courage and downright guts brought his school more than one gridiron victory. His sure aim at basketball was sensational . . . In aviation, his chosen future, life itself may depend on ACCURACY. That's why he wants a Hamilton. Accurate time and Hamilton time are one.

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The most sought-after girl at her Middle Western university. You've known girls like her . . . Leading lady in the Dramatic Club shows, captain of the Girls' Tennis Team, Class Poet . . . To her way of thinking, getting married is a career too. Running a home (and a husband!) won't give her much time for daydreaming. That's why she wants a Hamilton. They're lovely, of course—but just as important to her is dependable Hamilton ACCURACY.

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FOR THE BRIDE. Lovely as a rare jewel, yet worthy of the Hamilton name for long-lived accuracy—the FAIRMONT. A beautiful gift for graduate or bride. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow $52.50

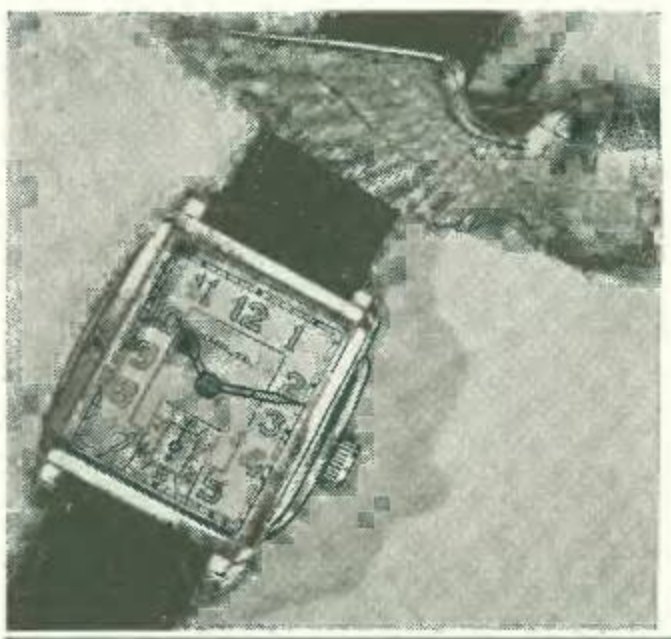


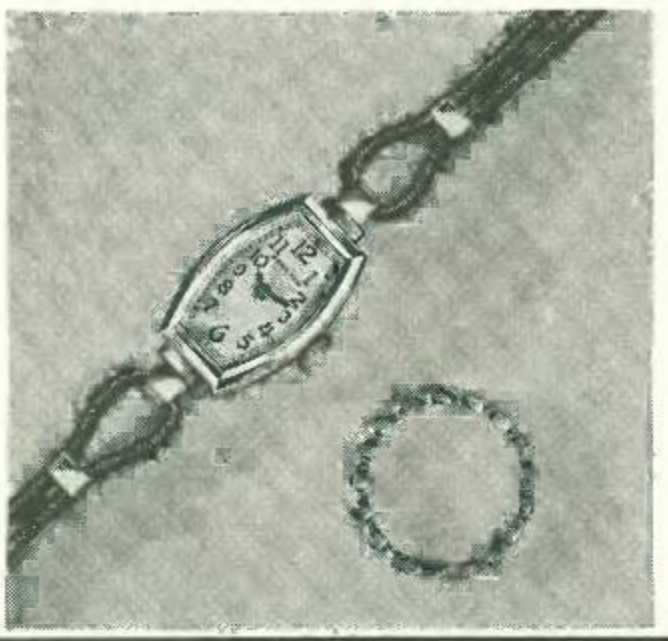
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A graduate from an Eastern law school. You know the type. He was voted "Most Likely to Succeed" . . . Honors in scholarship, editor of the school's paper, Class Orator, the man who led a victorious Debating Society . . . He knows the Law is no rose-covered path to riches. But he aims to make every minute count. That's why he believes a Hamilton—faithful, truthful guardian of TIME — is about the best partner a young lawyer can have.

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FOR THE YOUNG LAWYER. Smartly modern, yet having the dignity demanded by men of affairs, is this handsome pocket watch — the CARTER. 19 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. $60.00. 17 jewels, $45.00







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HAMILTON *The Watch of Railroad* ACCURACY

Shalimar Powder pays tribute to Loveliness

To the woman who treasures a lovely skin . . . the quest for perfect powder to adorn it . . . ends with the discovery of Shalimar. Guerlain has blended this marvel of eiderdown softness. Its texture . . . delicately smooth . . . holds to your cheek for seemingly endless hours. And its natural tints excel in subtle flattery. For blonde or brunette, there's a glow of rose-petal radiance in Shalimar's new Tea Rose shade. At all the smarter shops. In the imported French packages which hold considerably more powder than the usual powder box. $1.75



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A FABRIC EXCLUSIVE WITH DAVID CRYSTAL

LIKE SEA SPRAY, this pin-point knit in Rayon by Du Pont. Crystal Net hangs like a weave—catches every little breeze—resists wrinkling, stretching, shrinking so perfectly that patents pend to protect it. Left—this neck may be worn high or low. Sizes 12 to 20. Right—a young open throat. Sizes 36 to 42 in white, blue, pink or primrose yellow with dark grosgrain accents. Crystal Net washes beautifully in a warm suds of Ivory Flakes.—The Sports Shop, Third Floor. **14.75**

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Crystal Net in Rayon DUPONT RAYON *by Du Pont*

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lazy days . . . on the terrace, in the garden, up in a penthouse or down at the shore . . . pretty pleasant amid sleek, hand-wrought white iron surroundings like these: a glider in a new guise done in white pigskin, 65.00; a lounge chair with striped canvas, 34.50; a tile top table, 10.00; topped off with a tilting umbrella brightly bordered and fringed, 17.50. Or if you prefer your own pet color scheme, we can arrange that, too.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE sometimes worry about the speed with which Commissioner Moses is ousting the Bourbons from the parks. Working on the theory that the parks belong to the people, he has capsized the Columbia Yacht Club and is now taking all the rich desserts away from the Central Park Casino. His spirit and verve appall us: on account of the federal money at his disposal he is the first commissioner in a long while who has been able to get anything done. But we feel that he should be reminded that the parks are for *all* the people; one or two shade trees and a couple of benches ought to be reserved for the remnants of our dying nobility. There are still a few of them around, and they pay taxes just the same as the proletariat. If they want *coupe marron* instead of



cup custard, there ought to be a nook where they could get it.

NEVER have we seen a gayer spring in New York than this Maytime 1934. First came the Rockefeller blossoms and the bright fountains playing in the sun. Then came the sycamores, hundreds of them, in back of the Library, budding strenuously in the midst of transplanting. (It will probably kill the sycamores, but it revived the populace.) Then the alfresco gardens of the midtown restaurants —the Chatham with daisies and willows, the Park Lane with poker-chip-colored tables and spotty sunshades, the Marguery with (at the moment of writing) a hasty lattice fence and some iron pipes for shelter. Then Mr. Morgan's little magnolia bush. And last, gayest of all, the flower marts of the Outdoor Cleanliness Association, or the Society for the Prevention of Litter, or some such name, burgeoning on the steps of St. Pat's and making the Avenue as blithesome as the flower stalls of Paris. The Association will sell you a posy while giving you a talk on the



loss of sanitation, or maybe it was the *laws* of sanitation. Loss or laws, the town is gay and full of bright color. Even the park benches are no longer a sickly green: they are café au lait à la Moses.

WE recommend one scene in the big-game movie "Beyond Bengal," the scene in which Miss Baldwin, British scientist, comes down with jungle fever in plain view of the camera. We are used by this time to the miraculous luck cameramen seem to have in managing to be present at such wild coincidences as pythons crushing monkeys, crocodiles mangling native boys, and leopards crunching tigers; we are even hardened to the ignoble character of these workaday photographers which permits them to continue with their photography instead of lending a hand to the sufferer. But this was the first time, to our knowledge, that a cameraman managed to be all set up, ready to shoot, at the precise moment when a lady scientist began to feel bad all over. Miss Baldwin, in a closeup, is seen to sway a little. Her hand goes to her forehead. Over her face comes an expression of feeble alarm. Then she collapses into the arms of Harry Schenck, who luckily is standing in focus right next to her in the Malay Peninsula. What sort of depravity is it that allows a photographer to stick by his camera and take a lady in distress with a fever of 104°? He should be off looking for the quinine.

FIFTEEN miles from Montreal, on Jesus Island, is the penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul. One of the prisoners, recently set free after a two-year rap, has written us a newsy letter about the prison library, where he served as assistant librarian. It was his duty, he says, to blot out with India ink all pictures in magazines and books showing a gun or knife, a censorship designed to keep convicts' minds from dwelling on affairs of violence. In this censorious capacity our correspondent served well, save for the time he let pass a picture in the Christmas issue of the *Bystander* showing Santa Claus being playfully held up at the point of a toy pistol by two little waifs. The



librarian reprimanded him for his negligence and told him that he was unworthy of the trust they had reposed in him.

There were several copies of THE NEW YORKER in the library, but not in general circulation. After the guns and knives with which our pages abound had been deleted, the issues were bound and placed on a shelf marked: FOR THE USE OF ILLITERATES ONLY.

PRISONERS, like other bookworms, often use the tempting margins of a book to jot down, for subsequent readers, their reflections on the story. A single comment of this sort is apt to set up a chain of controversial scribble. Our letter from St. Vincent de Paul contained marginalia copied by our friend from a page

of Gene Stratton Porter's "Laddie." We offer them here as a study of the penitential mood:

1. A book not merely to be read but to be read and thoroughly digested to your fullest mental capacity, not merely glanced at like a blood-and-thunder story because the pages of this tale abound with the goodness of souls and morals (written in an enchanting way) that makes life really worth while, not that I feel that way myself but I know it is the truth.
2. Right you are its a darn good story for those that can read and understand the meaning of real nice home life.
3. A book for ten years old girl or boy.
4. For beds.
5. No good for a man.
6. When you learn to know good reading you will change your mind.
7. Right.
8. A very good book.
9. A real good book but you must be a man of conscience and knowledge. HOME SWEET HOME. Boys, just recall the days of your infancy.
10. Why?
11. Be cynical, fellows, but to have read and gained some understanding of what this book should mean and teach is to have a deep-rooted desire to be CLEAN MEN.

Rule

TWO giddy young New England ladies, here on a junket, bustled into Schrafft's one morning for a late, glamorous breakfast in the big city. One of them, careful about her proteins, ordered "one scrambled egg—just one, please."

After a lot of time had elapsed, the waitress returned with bad news. "I'm very sorry," she said, "but Schrafft's does not scramble one egg."

New Tunnel

THERE was only one hitch in the ground-breaking ceremony for the new Midtown Hudson Tunnel to Weehawken, which we attended last Thursday down at the foot of West Thirty-ninth Street. A great tooting and shrieking of harbor craft, which was scheduled to announce the actual ground-breaking at 2:25 P.M., burst forth at 2:05, when the Mayor had reached about the third sentence of his speech. As we think it over, there's a chance that this unfortunate tooting may have been intended as a fanfare to His Honor, but, whether premature or tardy, it was bad. When it finally stopped, the Mayor was talking about New Jersey. This made us even sorrier we'd missed anything, for we like to hear the Mayor on controversial topics. Governor Moore, who was also on the platform, had already made a speech in which he had assured us all that the tunnel would "bring about a better understanding between the two states." We felt a little skeptical about this, ourself, and as a matter of fact we felt a distinct wave of skepticism sweep over the entire audience; the Mayor, though, who feels things much more keenly than most of us, didn't look just skeptical—he looked downright unhappy. He must have brooded over the matter, and as the tooting stopped he was delivering himself of an idea or two. He admitted—looking quite unhappy, still, as he did so—that "we people of the metropolitan area are one people," but that didn't lead him on to any romantic or utopian ideas. Instead, he crisply announced that he purposed to feel very hospitable to visiting New Jerseyites between 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. After the latter hour, however, when the Manhattan shopping areas are all shut up, the foreigners, their market bags bulging, might just as well go back where they belong. The first real applause of the occasion greeted these remarks, and even Governor Moore looked as though he knew we had got down to brass tacks at last.

Then, after a moment of Samuel Levy, the boats in the harbor began to toot and shriek again, and as salvos shattered the air across the river over Weehawken, the various official gentlemen poured down off the platform, seized nice new picks and shovels (neatly tagged with their names), and began to dig the tunnel. To our surprise, there was no pick or shovel for the Mayor, who was evidently just supposed to look on, but of course the boys with the movie cameras didn't stand for *that* very long. Obeying their commands, as every mayor ought to do, His Honor thrust his hat into our hands, spit on his own, seized somebody's shovel, and began to remove the dirt Governor Moore loosened with his pick. He kept the Governor sweating all right. Between them they got the tunnel nicely started, and then the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," a fireboat out in the river produced some excellent waterworks, and we went home. That is, *we* went home. Almost everybody else got into a bus and went over to Weehawken, for naturally there are two ground-breaking ceremonies for a tunnel. The Mayor didn't go over, though. He knows the right end of a tunnel when he sees it.



Resource

ON a rather warm day recently, a young chap with ecclesiastical connections found himself in the library of the Union Theological Seminary, waiting for a friend who studies there. He sat down at a table covered with a collection of magazines that would have alarmed Mr. Hamilton Fish, and was soon cosily engrossed in the *New Masses*. Pretty soon, noticing that various readers were not hesitating to doff their coats and vests and read in their shirtsleeves, he did the same, returning to the *New Masses* with a satisfying sense of fitness. In a moment, however, he felt a hand laid gently on his left shoulder, and heard a voice—unquestionably that of a librarian—whisper in his ear. "Will you kindly replace your coat?" he heard. "We are sorry, but suspenders are a trifle below our standards." Our young man, a smooth customer, scarcely even looked up. He unbuttoned his suspenders, placed them in his pocket, and continued with the *New Masses*.

Regbureau

LONG, long ago we were told that the cable-code address of the Kayser Silk Company is "Fingertip," and *that* neat bit of imagery so fired us that ever since we've been meaning to look into the subject of code addresses. You know how we are; we only got around to it this week. Found nothing to equal the Kayser Company's effort, either, though the New York Edison Company's "Illuminate" has its own quiet charm, as does the "Idealism" of the Butterick Publishing Company. (Your mother used to use their dress patterns.) Then there's the George Washington Hotel's "Cherrytree" and the Gillette razor people's "Nostrop." Mostly people go in for spelling their names backward, or making words out of their initials, or some such tomfoolery. Like "Sorbreltub" for Butler Bros.; "Wohoco" for *Woman's Home Companion*; and "Saseab" for Samuel Seabury. Or they descend to downright cuteness. If you cabled the Sweets Company of America, you'd address it

(blushingly) as "Tootsweets." We found that Alfred E. Smith hasn't got a cable address and that Mr. Bernard M. Baruch's is "Baruch."

If you want a code address, you go to the Central Bureau for Registered Addresses, at 50 Broad Street, where they have some twenty-eight thousand names already listed, and have the whole thing pretty well reduced to a science. Their service is confidential, too, by the way. We got the names above from the "International Register of Trade and Telegraph Addresses," a directory got out separately of firms and people who want their addresses known. You can choose more or less any code name you want if it doesn't conflict with others already on file, or contain a letter sequence that might be confused with another when translated into Morse code. "A" in Morse sounds like "ET," for instance, and "G" like "ME." In addition to keeping the list of names, the bureau also serves as a kind of dead-letter office for messages that go wrong because of garbled addresses. They get from seventy-five to a hundred of these a day to puzzle over, and to solve the problem of some of them they keep a file in which all the code names are spelled backward. The reason for this is that usually it's the first few letters in a name that go wrong. By comparing the endings, and working back from there, they can frequently fill in the missing letters.

The code name you get at the Central Bureau goes for all seven of the cable companies operating in New York. Before the war, each of the companies had its own separate code list, duplications between these were frequent, and there was confusion generally. In 1917, the State Department, fearing spies, abolished all existing lists and set up a uniform one for everybody. Then the cable companies saw how foolish they'd been. Right after the war, they all got together and agreed to have a single code and a central bureau to handle it. So far, the bureau handles only New York city addresses. Out-of-town firms register at their local telegraph offices, as they used to do in the old days.

The charge is $2.50 a year, but if you want, you can register for six months for $1.50—an idea, by the way, if you know people who are going abroad this summer and you want to save them money on cables.



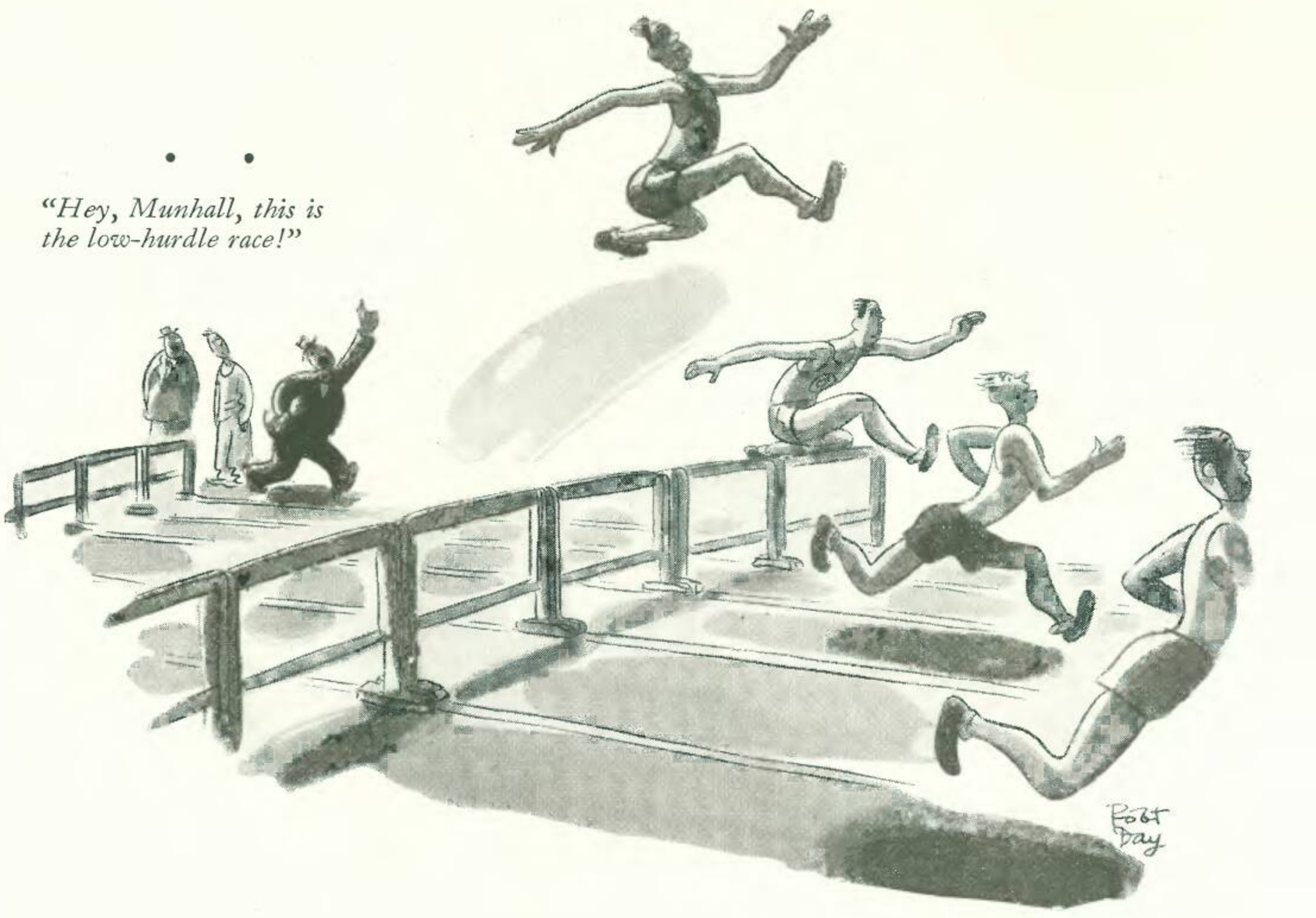
"Oh, Harry! Listen to the wrens saying they've missed us."

Outburst

ONE of our friends took a train last Saturday afternoon for New Haven. Everybody in his coach, he says, seemed listless: there was

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"Hey, Munhall, this is the low-hurdle race!"



practically no conversation, eyes stared dully out of windows or were closed altogether, and newspapers lay idly in laps. The man who came through the car with candies and peanuts for sale couldn't arouse any interest. His bright, cheery voice rang through the car without making an eyelid flicker, a head raise, or a nickel show itself. Every time he revisited that coach, his voice got a little louder and sharper as he called out his wares, but there was still nothing doing. He came through for the last time as the train slowed down for the Stamford stop. Thumping his basket down on the seat nearest the door, he turned on the carload of people and surveyed them threateningly. "All right," he told them, thrusting out his lower lip. "You'll be wantin' 'em by and by and I'm gettin' off here!" With which he picked up his basket and stepped down onto the Stamford station platform.

Ceremony

WE'VE heard from a Southerner something horrifying that happened to his Aunt Anne, who lives in Virginia. She is an earnest Episcopalian lady and last fall started driving up into a churchless part of the mountains and conducting Sunday-school classes in the general store. She kept it up all winter, and by April thought that a couple of her pupils, a boy and a girl in their teens, were ready for confirmation. So she bought the girl a white dress and veil and the boy a blue-serge suit and drove them forty miles to a town the bishop was visiting. They were confirmed and she took them home, telling them that she'd be up again the next week for the final lesson of the year. Up she went, and that's why she's horrified. She found that the young couple had moved into an unoccupied cabin not far from their homes and were openly and blissfully living together. They thought they'd been married.

Red

LEONID TOLOKONSKI, the Soviet Union's first Consul-General in New York, is a tall, ruddy gentleman with tortoiseshell spectacles and the trace of a lisp; he's informal, even genial, to meet, but there's at least one subject he's grim about—White Russians. This feeling dates back quite a while. He was only eight when his father, a professional revolutionary politician, was exiled to Siberia after the revolution of 1905; his mother went along, too, and he was raised by relatives in his native town—Kherson, in southern Russia, not far from Odessa. He graduated from grammar school about the beginning of the war and then began to study architecture at a technical school in Tomsk. Tomsk's in Siberia and that's really why he went there. He was active in the Kerensky revolution. During this, his father died of excitement the day he learned that amnesty had been announced for political prisoners in Siberia. After the October revolution, when civil war started, he joined the Red Army and fought against Admiral Kolchak in Siberia, "cleaning it up from all the White Russian and foreign armies." He stayed in the army until 1922. After the civil war, he became foreign editor of various newspapers in Siberia and Moscow. It wasn't until 1930 that he entered the diplomatic service, largely through the influence of his friend Litvinoff. He was press attaché of the legation at Warsaw first, and at the end of 1931 became press attaché and first secretary of the Soviet Em-

bassy in London. Last January he was selected for his present job.

He lives with his wife, who is a doctor, and their eight-year-old daughter Larisa in the new consulate general, the former Pratt house at 7 East Sixty-first, which will be officially opened next Monday. So far, Mr. Tolokonski isn't very fond of the house. Too many bathrooms, he says—over a dozen—and not enough space for entertaining. Worst of all, it's terribly noisy—being across the street from the Pierre doesn't help *that* any—and as a matter of fact the Consul-General is appalled by the noise all over New York. He doesn't mind looking at the city, though, especially at night, and usually strolls for an hour before going to bed. He takes a different route every time, carrying a map so he won't get lost. He has been spending his days in his big office on the second floor of the house, hung round with portraits of Lenin, Stalin, and other Soviet heroes, busy attending to visa and citizenship matters and fostering relations, both cultural and commercial, between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Amtorg does the business, he says, but businessmen who want to know the general outlook for business come to him. Lots of them ask him to lunch; he's booked solid at present for two weeks ahead, and has already been to the Bankers' Club twice and to the New York Athletic Club. He's been asked to lecture by many organizations—among them, to his delight, the once anti-Soviet American Legion. His English, which he learned in London, is not perfect, but good; he speaks slowly and deliberately, using broad "a"s. He makes quite a point of punctuality, aiming to destroy the general feeling that Russians are never on time.

The Consul-General is husky, and proud of being what he calls a "footballer." His game sounds more like soccer, though, since he says it's played with "a round ball, not a cucumber," and he describes his position as "inside right forward." He loves music, too, especially Beethoven, plays the violin, and attends the ballet. His cigarettes—Troikas, with gold tips—he imports from Russia, but he's not an admirer of caviar. He doesn't think much of vodka, either—says he's found whiskey and soda to be a "better refreshment."

Hot Tip

IN our May 12th issue, on a page far away from this department, was printed a story about the numbers game, in which a lad was quoted as saying he had put his money on 222 and it came out 581. Early on the morning of May 18th, our office boy plopped a copy of the *American* on our desk and excitedly pointed out the Aurora Mutuels figures:

Three races paid	$ 78.98
Five races paid	125.04
Seven races paid	231.84

"Don't you see?" he said, when we obviously didn't. "Eight five one wins." He had to tell us about that; it seems that in numbers, you play the three digits in the first column to the left of the decimal point—851 in this case. That isn't 185, but our office boy explained that a hunch-player would play the combination every possible way, which is six ways. "Thirty cents, each way, 600 to 1, and I'da win $180," said our boy.

We would have referred this matter to the Don't Give It a Second Thought Editor if several adults hadn't mentioned it in succeeding hours and got us interested in numbers to the extent of finding out what it is. It's played extensively the city over and has been the favorite game of Harlem for many years. Several undercover syndicates are behind the traffic, and their only connection with the Aurora Mutuels is that most of them now use its figures. Variously, they have used or do use other figures, such as the last three digits before the decimal in the New York Clearing House's total, or the figures of the Cincinnati Clearing House, which were selected for some obscure reason and looked pretty funny printed daily in large type by several newspapers. The numbers game has always been a big circulation feature for certain morning papers. The first bundles of papers into Harlem sell out quick. Tickets are sold in cigar stores, delicatessens, and all sorts of corners around town. You can bet anything, from a dime up. It's 1000 to 1 you don't pick the right number; you win 600 to 1 if you do. And that's numbers, but we make no claims for any figures we may publish in the future.



"Nothing you wore could ever change my feeling for you, Miss Sargent."



THE ACCIDENT IN THE STREET

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND

LAURINE'S PEARL

IN my home town, when high school was out for the day, the girls in "the crowd" would go downtown in little groups, walking or driving, usually meeting at the Palace of Sweets for sodas or for one of the elaborate sundaes that were the specialties of the place—rash mixtures of chocolate and marshmallow and fruit syrups, topped with whipped cream and nuts and cherries.

The girls would sit in two groups, for usually there were too many for one of the round, always-moist tables, and would call across to each other things that were meant to be clever and slightly cryptic. They always acted as if the rest of the shop were empty, ignoring the other little groups of girls, who were decidedly not in "the crowd."

Boys didn't go to the Palace of Sweets in the afternoon. They went at night, after the picture or the vaudeville shows, but in the afternoon they hung around the Willis Cigar Store, or Joe Hall's Pool Room, or Fisher's. You could get sodas at Fisher's too, but it was in the Tabor House and too sporty for high-school girls, alone.

Laurine Moreland was always one of the group at the Palace of Sweets. She ordered as elaborate a sundae as anyone, weighing very seriously the charms of peach delight and marshmallow whip. Then, after the order was given and before the tray of "specials" arrived, Laurine had to make a telephone call.

"I have to call up my mother," she said.

Now, except for these telephone calls, no one ever noticed that Laurine Moreland was an especially devoted daughter. Even if it were the day on which Mrs. Moreland's euchre or bridge club met, or if the girls had actually seen Mrs. Moreland drive past them only ten minutes before, Laurine's formula never varied. If anyone questioned, Laurine would stare at her, practically devoid of expression, and say, "I guess I can ring up the house to see if there's a message for me."

Laurine would go to the telephone in the corner of the store. She'd talk in a quick, low voice, wait, speak again. Brief. Staccato.

"Yes. The Palace of Sweets."

"Yes, I'm with the girls."

"No."

"Yes."

"Yes. In half an hour."

"All right. 'Bye."

She would saunter back, looking as blank as ever. Sometimes someone would say, "Did you get your number?"

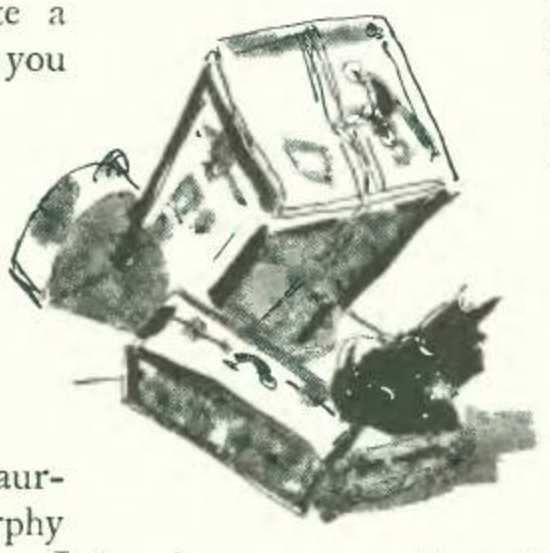
"Yes," Laurine would say. And devote herself to her ridiculous confection.

The sodas and sundaes were consumed. And paid for amid much giggling. "You owe me a soda! You bet me that Steve Walsh wouldn't telephone you when you got home Thursday!" and "Pay for mine, Lois. I spent all my allowance and I didn't dare tell Mamma."

The girls went home, in twos or in little groups. Except Laurine. She walked home alone. That is, she started to walk home alone.

WHEN she was a freshman, and even a sophomore, in high school, she had gone home with the other girls or had met, carelessly, one of the boys of the crowd. Then, in junior year, Laurine began meeting, purely by accident, of course, a very handsome fellow named Bill Murphy. Bill had stopped school in eighth grade. He had never been away to school. His people were unbelievably outside of any recognized social plan of the town. And Bill Murphy was a fireman! Good-looking, of course. But absolutely no one to go with.

Laurine and Bill Murphy would walk down Elm Street very slowly, deep in conversation. No one ever found out what they talked about. Usually, Bill Murphy was a silent fellow, not given to conversation. They would stop at the Moreland gate. The Morelands lived in a large, old-fashioned house across from the Emersons. Either Laurine was afraid to ask Bill Murphy to come in or he knew better. They'd talk for quite a while, so low that, if you passed, you couldn't hear a word they were saying. Then Bill Murphy would leave and Laurine would go slowly up the walk and into the house.



No one knew if Laurine ever saw Bill Murphy except in the afternoon. It is quite unlikely that she did, or folks would have found out and gossiped about her.

Then, suddenly, she stopped meeting Bill Murphy when she turned into Elm Street.

NOW she was a senior and she met, just as frequently, and just as accidentally, Roy Fenton.

Roy Fenton was the clerk at the Tabor House! He was years older than Laurine, and just as impossible socially as Bill Murphy. He was a dapper fellow with light, already-thinning hair parted in the centre. He was always smiling, and yet he had a sort of a sneer, too. A kind of rudeness under his politeness that some women might like, though you couldn't imagine a girl raised as Laurine was caring anything about him. Laurine and Roy Fenton would walk home slowly, talking in little, low sentences, just the way she and Bill Murphy had done. And then they'd stand at the gate and talk for a long time.

At night, when Laurine went to the Gem or, in summer, to the Airdrome, she went with one of the boys in the crowd. She always seemed to have a good time, too, laughing and talking as much as anyone.

Occasionally, though, she'd have to get away from the boy she was with so she could telephone her home. Her mother wasn't feeling well, or Laurine was expecting a message. There'd be the same hurried staccato sort of conversation.

"Yes, just left the Gem."

Or, "Yes, having sodas."

"Yes. And the regular crowd."

"You know I can't."

"Well, all right. 'Bye."

In a little while Roy Fenton would saunter along. Smile that half-rude smile of his. And Laurine would excuse herself and go over and talk with him. Little, low, troubled sentences. She seemed always more troubled, more worried, more affected than he. Then she'd come back to the crowd or to her escort, her face rather blank, but acting pleasant enough, as if nothing had happened. Most of the other girls wondered why any of the boys in the crowd stood for Laurine's treatment.

Some said that Laurine went automobiling with Roy Fenton. They had seen her out past Rock Road. Others said it was Roy Fenton but not Laurine. No one ever found out. Sometimes Laurine

and Roy Fenton had sodas in Fisher's, talking in low voices, Laurine looking worried.

The other girls wondered why Laurine acted that way. Why wasn't she satisfied with the boys in the crowd? Why was she sort of restless and dissatisfied all the time, as if she were searching for something? What was it she wanted? She wasn't ambitious, the way a few of the girls were. She never wanted to write or paint or go on the stage. And she wasn't fast, the way the girls were who weren't in the crowd and who talked to the drummers in front of the Tabor House. No one quite understood Laurine. When you asked her questions, she pretended she didn't know what you were talking about—just gave you that blank look or didn't answer at all.

Someone gave Laurine's father a big fresh-water pearl that came from the river near my home town. Mr. Moreland had it set for Laurine and she always wore it, and folks said it was one of the most perfect fresh-water pearls they had ever seen.

Laurine stopped wearing the ring, and someone said Roy Fenton was wearing it. Sure enough, there it was, on his little finger, while he was working at the desk in the Tabor House! No one knew what to make of that. Girls often wore boys' rings, big seal rings that were out of place on their small hands, but for a girl to let a man years older than she was, and not in the crowd, wear her ring—that was different. Folks shook their heads.

WHEN I went back home to visit, one of the first people I saw was Laurine. She married Wallace Tatum and is one of the smartest matrons in town. I tried to get her to talk about Roy Fenton, and she gave me one of her old blank looks and pretended not to know what I meant. No one else seemed to remember much about that, either, or knew what happened to Roy Fenton or what became of Laurine's pearl ring.

—THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW



"My peas have gone back on me."

• •

WE'VE BEEN VERY HAPPY HERE

WE wouldn't have said that anything in Mrs. Kalbfleish's manner, the first time she came, indicated that she would sign a lease committing her to live for so much as a day under this roof, but we didn't know as much then about house-hunters in general, and Mrs. Kalbfleish in particular, as we know now. Our intimacy with her now seems to be one of those timeless things. We can't remember when we didn't know Mrs. Kalbfleish. The future of this relationship, however, has a very definite boundary, to our minds; the day we move out and she moves in will, we feel, mark a sharp parting of the ways.

The house doesn't belong to us, but we have developed quite a lot of sentiment about it. It is a small house and, as city houses go, rather an old one. It has stairs which crook with quaint, unexpected danger, no closets to speak of, lovely black-and-white marble mantels, a tiny paved garden, and an authentic Victorian quality, except for certain aspects of the garden view. A couple of years ago we signed rather a long lease on it, feeling that it was just the place to wait in till the revolution broke. Lately, however, George's business has begun to stir in the sleep which we had believed to be a death

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HOLIDAYS ARE SAD DAYS FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE HOLIDAYS

Who eats in Schrafft's on holidays
Must add refinement to his ways:
Gone is the usual hurly-burly,
White cloth replaces paper dirly.
And what the habitué notices most is
He's greeted by a strange new hostess.

—E. B. W.

coma, so we are moving; something a little more spacious, and with a slightly different outlook, seems indicated. We told the real-estate man, and he, displaying that mixture of gloom and briskness peculiar to his profession, said he'd see what he could do. The first thing he did was Mrs. Kalbfleish.

We'd got pretty fatuous about the house, with people coming in and saying that, oh, it was the *most* fascinating . . . They'd never seen *any*thing . . . To which we would reply with a special sort of simper that, mercy, it was just a shabby little place, and we had done it all ourselves.

This pleasing state of affairs ceased the moment Mrs. Kalbfleish stepped in the door. The first *coup d'œil* cast by Mrs. Kalbfleish reduced the house to a shabby little place, all right, and no fooling. As she entered the minute drawing-room, there took place one of those transformations so cleverly worked out in the more elaborate Christmas pantomimes. The room shrank until there was hardly space in it for the real-estate man and Mrs. Kalbfleish and us. The wallpaper faded several shades, in streaks, and threatened vaguely to fall off here and there. Large chipped areas sprang into bold relief on the woodwork. Mrs. Kalbfleish sighed, and said, with much the kindly manner of a district visitor who does not want to make the poor too uncomfortable, that perhaps *something* could be made of the room, but it was so *small.* She was quite sharp with the real-estate man about it. Still, she thought she'd look through the rest of it, so long as she had come.

Forbearingly she surveyed the library. She hoped the shelves weren't permanent? We assured her humbly that they were not; just a mistaken eccentricity of ours. The room was *twice* as big without them, we said. We toiled up the stairs, which were now in no way quaint—just definitely dangerous. We discussed whether the sun would shine through the third-floor front windows for a sufficient length of time each day to supply the Kalbfleish children with enough of whatever it is it does supply. Somewhat to our alarm, we heard ourselves establishing virtually a twenty-four-hour schedule of blazing sun for the room. That room belongs to the child Phyllis, whose decorative ideas diverge widely from our own, but have never seemed quite as bizarre as they did when Mrs. Kalbfleish gave them her attention. We agreed with her completely that if the room were all done over, and had some pretty furniture, it might possibly do for her little ones, they being three and five, and not yet over-demanding aesthetically.

Back in the living-room, we all sank into chairs and Mrs. Kalbfleish got down to business. Something, she thought for approximately the fifteenth time, could possibly be made of the place. With her taste. (A quality evidently surpassed only by Mr. Kalbfleish's money.) She liked the location. There were things about the house even in its present state not definitely repellent to her. It was then that we first got off the immemorial one about how *we'd* been very happy here, a remark met on Mrs. Kalbfleish's part with the brassy indifference it deserved.

The worst thing, she said, was how small the first-floor rooms were. That was because of her modern furniture. You see, Mrs. Kalbfleish had a very beautiful modern suite. It had cost a great deal. Mrs. Kalbfleish sometimes wondered how she had ever dared spend that much. But she was funny that way. She just had to have things nice. There were two screens whose



"All this trouble for a couple of snapshots."

size, as indicated by Mrs. Kalbfleish, was about that of one of the main entrances to Radio City. The screens were the Key to the whole room. Bleemish had painted them. We knew Bleemish's work, of course? With eager falseness, we murmured that we did. Well, the screens were in tones of yellow, scarlet, and silver. The larger couch . . . Step by step, we ran through the Bleemish suite. All so very large, so very chic, so very bright and superior to anything in the house at present. Mrs. Kalbfleish said that even with *her* imagination it was hard to picture how . . . And then, all in a flash, she did picture how. They would simply, she said, tear out all the partitions, thus making of the first floor one large room. A room which even then would be artistically doubtful, but which, if the woodwork were scraped and painted scarlet and silver, and the walls covered with really *handsome* paper, might do. There was a very clever Russian Mrs. Kalbfleish knew who might be able to cover those mantels with—well, jungle scenes, perhaps.

She and the real-estate man fell to tearing out the partitions in their minds' eyes. That, we felt, was the only place where such activity could safely proceed. One of the things we happen to know about this house is that you'd better let it alone. The paper (several layers of it) holds the plaster on, the paint holds up the woodwork, and anyone who thinks differently is a potential termite.

After a couple of hours, Mrs. Kalbfleish left. The real-estate man seemed quite bucked by the interview. Cuing from him, we said goodbye with servile warmth.

THAT was three weeks ago. Mrs. Kalbfleish has been here every day since. Mostly to get the vistas. No existent vista exceeds ten feet; but when the partitions are all out, she says . . . Mrs. Kalbfleish is active with a tape measure. In our bedroom; because her bed is very handsome, not at all like ours, and she wants to be sure. In the kitchen; because her Frigidaire is hotel-size, and she is afraid . . . She can't remember *when* she's seen one of these old-fashioned iceboxes. She has four *mar*vellous Swedish servants. She can't imagine what they'd think of the kitchen the way it is now. She always goes away looking very frustrated and tired with trying to imagine. Just the same, she is going to take the house. Yesterday, she signed the lease. In a week, we move. And then she and Bleemish and the clever Russian and other superior mentalities of her acquaintance will see what they can do.

In parting, Mrs. Kalbfleish was very kind, though she omitted to tip us, a gesture her manner had given us every right to expect. She said she thought they could make something of the place, and we said *we'd* been very happy here.

There is someone else who has been very happy here, or practically here, about whom Mrs. Kalbfleish doesn't yet know, but with whom she is bound to set up an intimacy which may surprise even her. Mr. Helms. Mr. Helms has the apartment directly in back of us, behind what the real-estate man refers to as the garden view. Mr. Helms, in fact, *is* the garden view. Off his apartment is a large balcony which protrudes so far that it is quite a lot nearer our library than it is his. Mr. Helms simply lives on that balcony. We hear him telling his friends so at all the intervals of the twenty-four hours during which he entertains them there. Mr. Helms has a great many friends, a carrying voice, a typewriter, and a firm, not to say fanatic, belief in the curative powers of sun and air in direct contact with the human body.

The human body, as represented by Mr. Helms, is rather ribby and wears green shorts. As the seasons roll around, it presents a varied and highly disturbing color range. There are those first crisp October days, when the general effect of gooseflesh makes us cringe miserably. There is that white, white pallor searched out by the early April sun. And there are those last breathless weeks before Mr. Helms goes away for the summer when you check up, practically from hour to hour, on the progress of his sunburn. This year he was *almost* straight burnt-sienna before he left, but it was a tricky shade. We were forever carrying it in our eye, and comparing it critically with different colored elevator men. There was one night at dinner when the sudden sight of a baked tomato set up a quick nostalgia.

Of course, with Mrs. Kalbfleish's taste and executive ability, she may be able to have Mr. Helms scraped and painted scarlet and silver.

—FRANCES WOODWARD PRENTICE

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE President hopes to rid the place of Congressmen by June 9th. The boys will then borrow money from that new fund and go home to repair their fences.

•

It is pleasant to note two reconciliations shining in this naughty world: China and Persia have shaken hands after twelve hundred years of coolness, and Secretary Ickes is again on speaking terms with New York City.

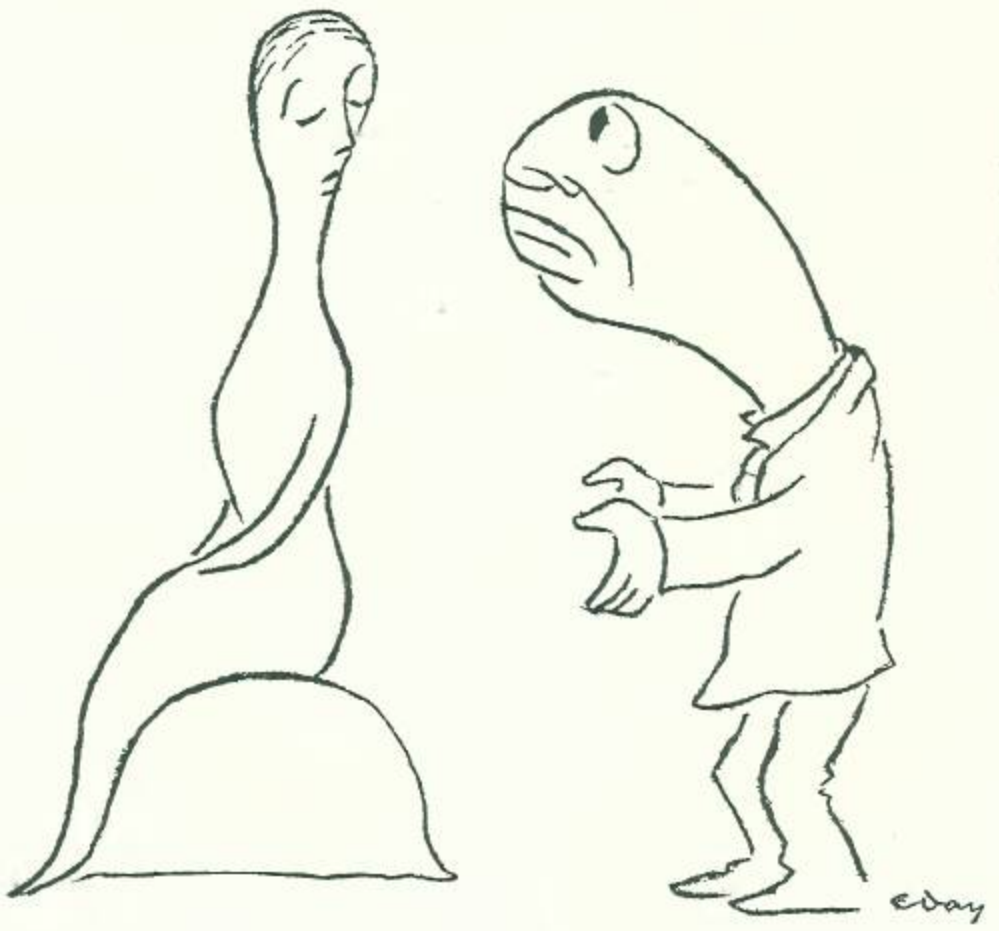
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General Douglas MacArthur is annoyed at the authors of the syndicated column "The Daily Washington



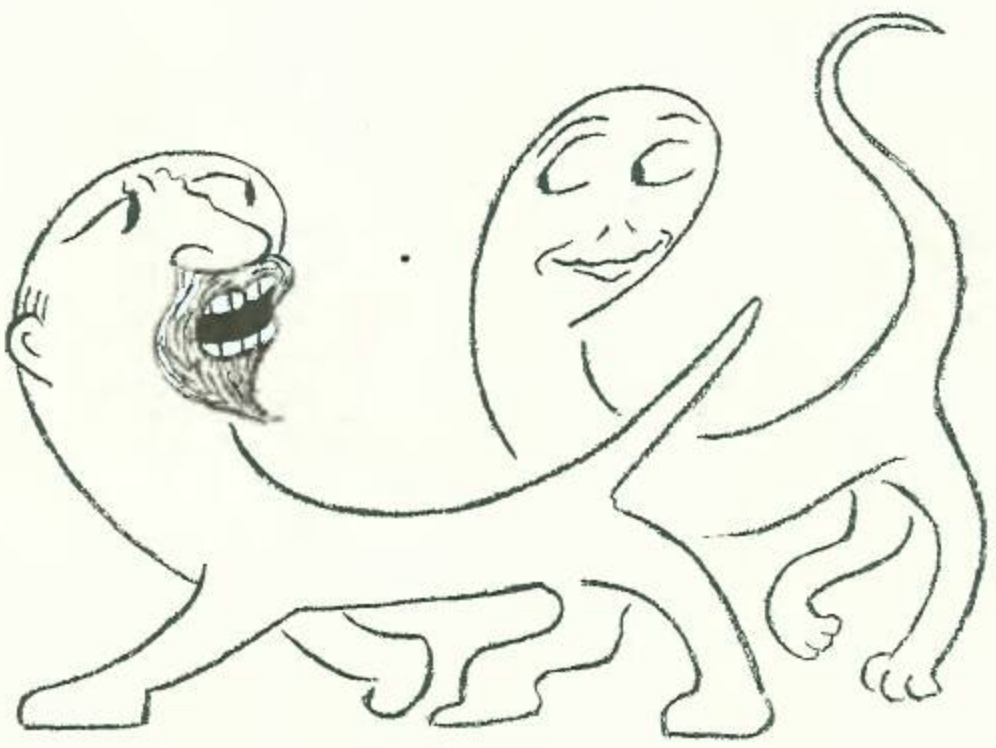
"One day five years ago they all rang at once."

ADMONITIONS



Be gay and audacious,
For then she'll be gracious.
But oh, if you're wormy,
It makes her feel squirmy.





Muzzle the creature? No! Why muzzle
An angry male at bay?
Just treat him as a crossword puzzle,
And solve him day by day.

Unnecessary terror is an error
Which very, very few of us avoid,
But the dark interpretations of our comic consternations
Had best be left to followers of Freud.
When a lady wants to weep upon your shoulder
And talk about her nightmares and alarms,
Analyzing her condition should be left to a physician.
A gentleman should fold her in his arms.

—CLARENCE DAY

•

Merry-Go-Round" for seven reasons, at $250,000 per reason. Some journalists we know would feel a loss like that quite a bit.

•

A Methodist Conference, recognizing that the liquor traffic is here to stay, advocates government ownership. We might have to have a Department of Bad Habits, in charge of the Vice President.

•

Virginia tobacco people are worried about a threatened flood of Japanese cigarettes, but the American smoker will not be misled. These cheap imitations will not give us nerves of steel, social prestige, or grand opera.

•

English newspapers refer to us as "defaulting creditors." It sounds like a good name to call the collector from the butcher shop.

•

Watching walkathons is unquestionably the lowest level of leisure-time activities, but counting freckles on boys' faces deserves dishonorable mention.

•

The old planless, anarchic society may now be pronounced dead. Coney Island barkers are limited to two-minute spiels.

•

In Kansas, officers of the law hold target practice on a picture of Dillinger. A constable can be pushed just so far.

•

It is now legal in this city to drink standing up until 4 A.M. Still, as a P. G. Wodehouse hero would say, it takes a bit of doing, what?

•

Henry Ford says the crisis is a thing of the past. Out of the trenches by last Christmas. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

PROFILES

THE FOUR-EYED KID



Austin H. MacCormick

AFTER Austin H. MacCormick's sensational raid on Welfare Island this January, nearly every newspaper in town referred to him as the "dynamic little Commissioner of Correction." As a matter of fact, he doesn't look dynamic, or even particularly brisk, most of the time. He has the appearance of an affable young college professor, which indeed he used to be; his well-pressed suits have a slight collegiate flavor, and he wears spats and metal-rimmed glasses. The journalistic phrase is applicable to some extent, however, because he is thin and wiry, of no more than medium height, and because, like many another small man, he has always made up in activity for what he lacked in bulk. From his Scottish forbears he had inherited a decent respect for money, but he would have taken his present job even if the salary had been less than he was getting before, because he knew that it was a chance to satisfy his craving for Augean tasks. His reason for tackling the grotesquely rotten institution on Welfare Island as soon as he was established in office was that it looked like the biggest job available at the moment.

He thought that everybody knew that conditions on the Island were unspeakable, and was surprised at the tremendous publicity which accompanied his raid. He was annoyed by it, too, although the reporters went with him at his own invitation. He confesses that he feels flattered by press attention, but he would like to keep the publicity within bounds of his own choosing. He feels uncomfortable when the spotlight is focussed on the details of his own life.

Penology was a sideline with MacCormick until his educational tasks began to seem too easy and inconsequential; then he went into prison reform full time. He takes his work—and himself—very seriously, and yet he has a reputation for drolleries. His humor is apt to be broad, and although it is very successful at the banquet table or in the parlor, it doesn't carry much conviction when put in type. He realizes this, and long ago forsook any attempts at humorous writing.

His conviviality serves somewhat to disguise his real, evangelistic self, so that many a Bowdoin old grad who remembers his yarn-spinning and his back-slapping in the years when he was Alumni Secretary finds it hard to think of good old Spike MacCormick as a serious prison reformer. Yet Thomas Mott Osborne, whose ardent disciple he has been for years, once inspired him to break out earnestly into a poem. It was all about broken lives

> . . . within the grim gray walls
> Where God's faint burning spark
> that might be Love
> Is fanned to fiery Hate.

But Osborne came among the men

> . . . condemned, imprisoned, hungry-souled . . .

And

> . . . in those days there touched the
> man a light
> That changed the dull, gray, hopeless place
> And made it bright.

Though he can smile at this effort today, and remark that "It isn't the best poetry I ever read," it still represents his feeling about Osborne and his emotional response to prisons and prisoners.

THE son of a small-town Presbyterian minister, MacCormick was born, forty-one years ago, in Georgetown, Ontario, but most of his boyhood was spent in Boothbay Harbor, Maine. He was a high-ranking pupil all through school. While this gave him a certain amount of self-assurance, he grew up with the small-town boy's awe of the great cities and institutions of the outside world and the people connected with them. He gets a glow of pleasure now out of being an official of the great city of New York, and he likes to meet important people.

At Bowdoin, he was a good student, and made Phi Beta Kappa. He also took a hand in almost everything that was going on. Weighing only a hundred and twenty pounds, he became quarterback of the football team; he ran the college Y. M. C. A.; was president of the student council, editor of the college newspaper and yearbook, and manager of tennis. Among his college mates he was not popular in the sense of being considered a boon companion, but he ran so many of the undergraduate activities that everybody knew him, and those who wanted to get ahead in student politics cultivated him.

In his last year at college, he began to get interested in Thomas Mott Osborne and his work, but his interest was still of such a vague sort that when he was chosen to write one of the commencement addresses, he deliberated a long time whether to write about home rule for Ireland or modern penology. He finally decided on penology, and wrote what he now considers a half-baked essay, praising the methods of at least one man whom he has since been instrumental in discrediting. When he graduated, he told the president of the college, the late William DeWitt Hyde, that he thought he would go into applied mechanics in factory work. Dr. Hyde told him he should work with men, not things. He decided the president was right, and, having been awarded one of the two scholarships given by the college to the most highly qualified candidates in each class for graduate work, he enrolled in the Columbia School of Education. The decision was influenced by the offer of a place on the Bowdoin faculty at the end of his year of graduate study.

In the summer interim between Bowdoin and Columbia, he satisfied his urge for activity and his newly awakened interest in prison reform by getting himself locked up in the Maine State Penitentiary at Thomaston. Dr. Hyde and a state senator from the Boothbay district used their influence for him, and he was booked as a forger. The only people at the prison who knew that he was not actually a crim-

inal were the warden and his chief assistant. MacCormick picked half a dozen lifers, most of them in for murder, as his particular cronies and cultivated them assiduously. They were the aristocrats of the prison and had the most to offer to an earnest young investigator. He made full use of his affability and his energy, delighting his companions with droll yarns as they worked together in the broom shop, and winning their approval by the zest with which he played baseball in the recreation periods. His nearsightedness was something of a handicap to him as a ballplayer, but it gave his murderous playmates a nickname for him: "The Four-Eyed Kid." He stayed in prison a week, and saw everything that there was to see.

When he came out, he described the prison as "a disgrace to the state," declared that conditions were "worse than barbarous" and that while the officials were doing the best they could with the equipment at their disposal, the prison was "antiquated to the point of savagery." Osborne, whom he had adopted as his hero, heard of his stunt and took an interest in him, and when MacCormick went to Columbia in the fall, he met the great reformer for the first time.

HE went back to Bowdoin the next year as an instructor in English, but before the year was out he was selected by Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, at Osborne's suggestion, to assist Osborne in investigating the naval prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He felt, he says, "like a raw recruit from the mountains coming into Napoleon's army and being taken into the tent of the general."

With Osborne, he went to prison again, this time under the alias of "John Austin, deserter." Osborne was "Thomas Brown, deserter." This time, although no attempt was made to fool anybody as to who they really were, they stayed under lock and key for a week, and followed the regular routine of the convicts, MacCormick peeling potatoes in the kitchen and Osborne harvesting ice.

Shortly after the two investigators had made their report to Washington, the United States went into the war, and MacCormick joined the navy. He took a training course, won a commission as ensign, and in July, 1917, was assigned as executive officer to Osborne, who was made commander of the prison. From then until May, 1921, they worked to make it the ideal expression of their theories. They gave the prisoners a share in the prison government, started a prison newspaper and various other enterprises aimed to give the convicts more interesting tasks than peeling potatoes and harvesting ice. It was a prison without a wall, or even as much as a fence, an imaginary deadline being the only boundary. The fact that the whole Navy Yard was on an island, however, with the bridge closely guarded, gave the prison a fair degree of security. Anyway, only sixteen of the nine thousand prisoners who were under the care of Osborne and MacCormick during their terms of office tried to run away.

MacCormick had married Gertrude Albion, daughter of a Universalist minister in Portland, Maine, just before joining Osborne in Portsmouth, and he and his wife lived with Osborne throughout the reformers' terms of duty there. On and off duty, Osborne dominated their lives, talking about his theories, reading poetry to them, playing the piano to them. MacCormick regarded Osborne as his spiritual father, and considers himself today to be Osborne's spiritual heir and successor.

WHEN they were mustered out of the service, Osborne went to Greece, at the invitation of the Queen, to put the Greek prisons in order. In the United States, however, most prison officials were still very chary of Osborne and his followers, and MacCormick had to look around for some other kind of job. Bowdoin wanted him back, but the idea of settling down in the academic groove of a teacher appealed to him less than ever, now that he had tasted such exciting activity as working with Osborne. When the college of-



"There's nothing open just now, but if you leave your name and address I'll keep you in mind."



"This is Rosabelle, Mamma. She's a love-child. Isn't that nice?"

• •

fered him the more active post of Alumni Secretary, however, together with a place on the faculty as instructor in education, he accepted it, and returned to the campus.

It was during his seven years in this job that he gained his reputation as a speaker. He had to travel around considerably, addressing alumni associations and getting the old grads in good humor, so that they would be inclined to support their alma mater, financially and otherwise, and he developed a technique that made him a welcome guest wherever Bowdoin men got together at a banquet table. After a couple of serious, dull, after-dinner speeches, it was always a relief to have Spike get up and tell about the Boothbay Harbor Fire Department, a volunteer organization in which he claimed membership. His stories of the smoke-eaters' adventures, elaborated at dinner after dinner, took on the proportions of a saga. "We first chop a hole in the roof," he would explain, "and then someone kicks in a cellar window. This provides sufficient draft to make the blaze rise to an importance worthy of our attention." For small meetings and parlor entertainment, he also developed an imaginary flea circus. This stunt was done (and is still done sometimes) in Italian dialect, with a matchbox as hangar for the imaginary fleas, manicure pincers to lift them, and a good deal of imaginary equipment.

MacCormick liked speech-making, but he still kept at work on penology. He became a trustee of one of Maine's reformatories, spent a summer in Europe with Osborne surveying prisons, and shortly afterward became field representative of the Osborne Association. This association, organized by Osborne to gather and distribute information about American prisons, and carried on by contributions both before and after Osborne's death, sponsored a trip which took MacCormick to every prison and reformatory in the country, except three, in 1927 and 1928. He collaborated on the "Handbook of American Prisons and Reformatories," put out by the Association; supplied expert information which contributed to the ousting of a warden in Colorado

(the one he had praised in his commencement address), and wrote a book on prison education.

After a few years, the job as Alumni Secretary began to pall on him and when he was offered a year's job directing a publicity and money-raising campaign for Bennington College, in 1928, he accepted. Before his year was finished, he found that Osborne's ideas were beginning to be more highly regarded than they had been in 1921, and that an Osborne disciple need no longer consider himself a hopeless prospect for a penological job. He was offered three, and picked one as assistant to Sanford Bates, who was then in Washington as superintendent of Federal Prisons. MacCormick became the regular trouble shooter of the department. He had been there only a month when the famous 1929 riot broke out at Leavenworth, and Bates sent him out there posthaste to straighten things out. He spent varying amounts of time at McNeil Island and Atlanta, and was running the Federal Industrial Reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio, as acting superintendent, when Mayor LaGuardia appointed him to the New York commissionership.

THE MacCormicks live in an apartment in Washington Heights chosen for its proximity to Barnard, where Mrs. MacCormick is taking a special course, and to the Lincoln School, where the MacCormicks' adopted children, Jean, who is twelve, and Jimmy, who is ten, are going this year. MacCormick, however, has little time for home life. Almost the first thing he did upon arriving in New York was to visit Welfare Island alone. He put on his dead-pan expression, and the warden and deputy warden apparently didn't realize he was seeing anything. That was what he wanted them to think. When he swooped down on them a couple of weeks later, everything was still in the worst possible condition. It gave him a chance to start the cleanup from absolute bottom.

He thinks it is rather ironical that he should have been compelled to dislodge prisoners from positions of authority when he is one of the few administrators who are whole-hearted believers in having prisoners share the prison government. But he does not want the governing boards self-chosen, as were Joie Rao, the notorious gang-leader who ruled Welfare Island, and his satellites. Sometime he hopes to give the island prison "a controlled and well-regulated organization assisting the officials to properly manage the prison."

He places great confidence in prisoners, and has cultivated the ability to talk with them on an equal footing without letting them lose sight of the fact that he is not one of them. He is said to have talked with more prisoners than any other man in the country. Many of them look him up when they get out, and he does what he can to help them. He keeps his wardrobe thinned down to bare essentials most of the time by giving away suits and other clothing to the ex-convicts who come to see him. In Washington, he changed two dollars into dimes every morning, in order to have enough change for men who wanted carfare and coffee, and he put up a famous confidence man in his own home and gave him some work to do in the office. That didn't work very well; MacCormick soon found out that the man was collecting money from prisoners on the intimation that he had access to the official files. Disillusionments hurt him but do not sour his faith.

HE has no patience with people who vaguely group all criminals together as "antisocial." Their average intelligence, he points out, is that of the average army conscript during the war, and their chief concerns in life are food, shelter, and women, like anybody else's.

The eventual solution of New York's prison problem, he thinks, will come only when it is possible to abandon the Welfare Island prison and let the city turn it into a park or whatever the other departments may want to do with it. With the Queensboro Bridge passing right over it, no amount of watchfulness could make it safe against the smuggling of contraband, he says, and he hopes to be able to move most of the Welfare Island prisoners over to the new prison on Riker's Island within a year. His plan is to make Riker's Island the prison for convicts who need to be kept busy and secure, and to turn Hart's Island into a prison for special treatment. The special-treatment cases would include the aged, the sick, and the drug addicts. He believes in cutting off the supply of drugs from the addicts all at once — the cold-turkey method — rather than doing it gradually, but only under careful medical supervision and in a properly regulated institution. He does not intend to start this method until he can segregate the drug addicts better than is possible on Welfare Island.

He is hopeful that the New York public will recognize that Welfare Island is only a small part of the New York prison system. His department has plenty of other institutions to keep him busy: the Tombs, the Raymond Street Jail, the City Prison of Queens, the House of Detention for Women, the Reformatory at New Hampton, and various district jails attached to the courts for detention purposes. Every year approximately sixty thousand men and women are held in these various New York jails, but most of them pass out of the jurisdiction of the Department of Correction after they have been tried, either to freedom or to other prisons.

DESPITE MacCormick's belief in humane methods, he can be firm with prisoners and downright rude to people who disagree with him. His instructions to the squad which accompanied him on the Welfare Island raid were: "No rough stuff unless it's necessary, but if it is necessary make it good and rough. If you have to smack a man, smack him so hard the other prisoners can hear it." At a meeting of prison administrators a few years ago, he made a speech vigorously denouncing the spreading of bunk about prison work. When he finished, he was surrounded by men who wanted to congratulate him. One much-publicized prison administrator pushed his hand over the heads of the others, and MacCormick took it. Then he saw who the man was, and dropped his hand. "You spread about ninety per cent of the bunk I was talking about," he said, turning away.



—ARTHUR C. BARTLETT

CURE

MR. and Mrs. Graves, who had come on the cruise because Mr. Graves had taken to whimpering in his sleep, were the first at the table. Mr. Graves saw instantly that something was up. Instead of the regular menu cards, there were great creamy folders with pictures of Bermuda on their covers. There were six snappers — those explosive paper cylinders, containing mottoes and "favors," that ornament children's parties—and a cardboard hat, with S. S. Kursvaal printed on it, beside each place. Mr. Graves picked up his hat and looked under it. There was nothing there. He had rather expected a cobra.

"*Now* what the hell?" he said.

"It's the last night out," said Mrs. Graves. "They always have a party then."

"Oh," said Mr. Graves.

"Perhaps you'd better put on your hat," she said gently. "Everybody seems to be doing it."

Looking around, Mr. Graves saw that this was true. The dining-room was about half full, and all the guests were wearing cardboard hats. It was, he felt, one of those occasions when it is best to conform. Mrs. Graves laughed.

"You look like the iceman's horse," she said.

By this time pandemonium had descended on the room. After putting on their hats, the guests had begun to apply themselves happily to their snappers. The air was full of tiny explosions and the soft squealing of ladies, deliciously terrified. The snappers contained whistles and rattles and a sort of paper snake that unrolled with a whinny when you blew into it. Mr. Graves pulled one of his snappers, and found a wooden pig with a whistle in its back. There was also a slip of paper that said: "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight," instead of the usual scrap of inspirational verse. This seemed grimly prophetic to Mr. Graves. He gathered up the five remaining snappers and let them fall quietly under the table. Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, who confessed that they did a lot to keep Milwaukee on its toes socially, dropped into their seats across from the Graves.

"Hello, folks," said Mr. Tyler.

He had on a mess jacket, but he did not look especially like Clifton Webb. He put on a cardboard hat, and so did Mrs. Tyler, who was a large woman, rather casually assembled. Mrs. Tyler exploded one of her snappers and found a collapsible wooden rattle that spread madness and desolation when put together and swung. She swung it with spirit. Mr. Tyler got a small tin whistle, but did better with it than might have been expected.

Miss Polly Canopy and the three Yale men appeared next and sat down, completing the table. The three Yale men had pursued Miss Canopy relentlessly throughout the cruise—catching her, Mrs. Tyler had remarked cynically, more often than not. One of the Yale men found a brass ring in his snapper and put it on Miss Canopy's finger.

"Make an honest woman of you," he said with a leer. Miss Canopy shrieked with rapture, but Mrs. Tyler only looked down her nose.

Somewhere near the end of the room, the orchestra blared into the "cruise song," the text of which appeared on a small card by each plate.

"Of all the ships that sail the sea,
The Kursvaal is the ship for me.
Though she's not an ocean liner,
Not a ship that's built's built finer,"

thundered the passengers.

There was a lot more, ending in a nightmare of discords:

"On the ooooold Kursvaaaal."

Dishes began to appear before Mr. Graves. They were rich in color and eccentric in design, and he wondered vaguely if they were edible, although he had neither the spirit nor the appetite to find out. He would scarcely have had time in any case, because the steward was lit with the strange ecstasy of the occasion and put them down and took them away with great rapidity. For some reason he had on a high black hat with a capital "R" in white on both sides.

Miss Canopy and the Yale men yielded gaily to much champagne, and pelted each other with innuendoes which made it appear that Mrs. Tyler had underestimated Miss Canopy's activities, if anything. Mr. Tyler yearned toward Mr. Graves with a story about a policy he had sold to by God the toughest man in Wisconsin. Mrs. Tyler swung her grim rattle. Mrs. Graves, pink and beautiful, ate salted peanuts. From time to time everybody sang about the Kursvaal. Mr. Graves wished he were dead.



"Haven't you any prettier bottles?"

AT a quarter to nine, one of the Yale men insulted Mrs. Tyler. She was, he said, staring at Miss Canopy like an odalisque.

"You're drunk," said Mrs. Tyler fiercely. "That girl, too. All four of you."

"Never mind, Moth-

er," said Mr. Tyler, who would have made five if his wife had cared to be precise. "I'm going to smash somebody."

He had indeed risen to smash somebody when, without warning, the main lights in the room went out, leaving only a small, dim lamp on each table. In the half-light, strange things began to happen. The steward loomed suddenly beside Mr. Graves with a dish bearing a great damp block which gave off a frail and unearthly radiance.

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Graves uneasily.

"Ize-krim," said the steward.

Mr. Graves looked again, and indeed it was ice cream.

"Is ilictric lights inside," said the steward, thinking him still incredulous.

"Oh," said Mr. Graves. He declined the luminous ice cream, although Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and the undergraduates ate it without apparent discomfort. There was, by this time, such torment on Mr. Graves's face that his wife patted his knee under the table.

"Never mind, lamb," she said. "It's almost over. They certainly can't think of anything *more* to do to you."

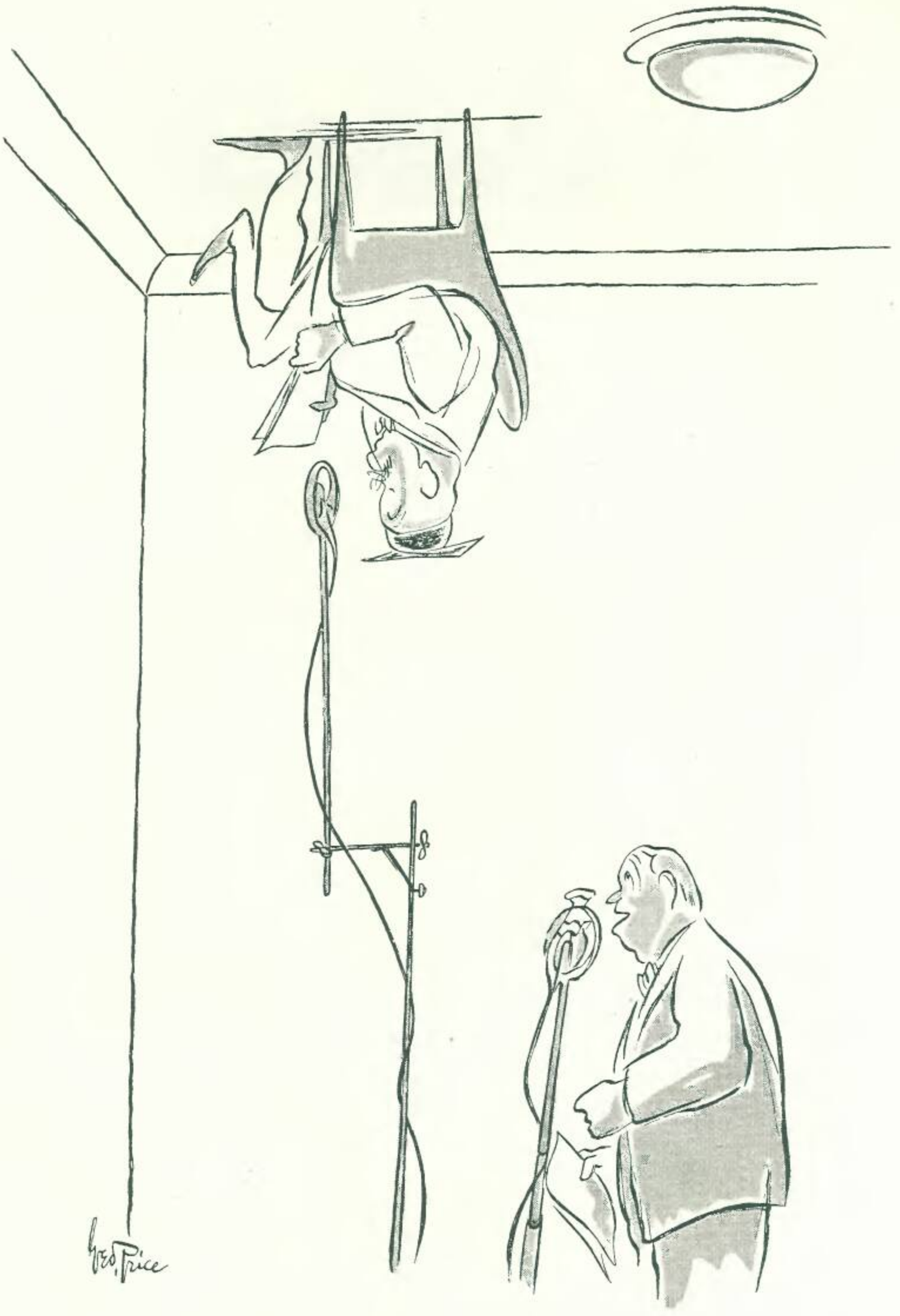
"Oh, can't they?" said Mr. Graves darkly, and his pessimism was almost instantly justified. All the lights went out now, and in the darkness the orchestra burst once more into the cruise song. Suddenly across the room a row of fiery letters staggered into sight. They were large letters, suspended about six feet in the air, and although they wavered and blinked a good deal, it was soon apparent that they spelled KURSVAAL. The letters began a slow, bobbing circuit of the room, advancing implacably upon Mr. Graves.

"It's only the stewards," whispered Mrs. Graves, feeling her husband stiffen beside her as the fiery march approached. "They've got electric lights in their hats. Like the ice cream."

When the line came abreast of the table, he saw that this was true. In some manner electric lights had been installed inside the stewards' hats, and shone brightly through the transparent letters.

The fact that there was a reasonable explanation for the marching lights, however, did little to console Mr. Graves. It was too late. He knew miserably that they, and the illuminated ice cream, and the snappers, and even Miss Canopy and the Tylers, had already joined the long procession of disturbing images which came to torment his dreams. He would see them all many times at night, strangely illuminated from within and marching to that preposterous song, and he would still whimper.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get out of this." —WOLCOTT GIBBS



". . . and now Professor Twill will give his views on the law of gravity."

•

Mrs. Siphors said that beyond choking her, striking her with a roller skate and causing her to undress herself, the youth offered her no indignity.—*The Evening Sun.*

Essentially gallant, these youths.

THE THEATRE

JUST TWO

MOOD is everything in watching a mystery melodrama, and I am afraid that my mood at "Invitation to a Murder" was more suited to an invitation performance of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court.

I was practically unmoved throughout the evening until the butler came in, during the last act, and said to the scorpion lady-of-the-house: "The police are here. Might I suggest closing the oubliette?" At that point I gave in.



Mr. Rufus King, the author, has a laudable ambition to elevate the standard of melodrama by the injection of high-class talk and literary references into the dialogue, but somehow in this instance it interferes with the credibility of his story. And don't think that the boy hasn't got a story! He is story-poor.

By some strange convulsion of Nature, the Channings have been moved, with all their pride in antecedents, from Massachusetts to southern California, and we are confronted by another case of ingrowing family pride, concentrated in the eldest maiden daughter. After "Criminal at Large" and "Double Door," there is nothing left to assume but that excessive family pride on the distaff side is a sure indication of homicidal tendencies, and any smart detective should without hesitation clap into irons the most patrician sister of the deceased, just on general principles. They are a bad lot.

This particular patrician female had a lot of machinery and scientific knowledge (derived from a reading of "Romeo and Juliet") at her command, with the result that the oubliette was in constant use and Death was made a mockery of. (It was understood in the Channing family that criminology was a prescribed course.)

I am told that there was considerable suspense during these machinations and that, phony as it all seemed, pulses were stirred and hair raised. I can only report that, in spite of the best efforts of Miss Gale Sondergaard and the Messrs. Humphrey Bogart, Walter Abel, and William Valentine, I was left completely cold until, as I have said, the butler made his classic suggestion. I just wasn't in the mood, that's all.

AT "Come What May," however, I was definitely in the mood for a quiet, sentimental little play of family life, and as a result I emerged in somewhat of a glow. It all seemed to me to be very, very nice, and I was grateful to Mr. Hal Skelly for having staked his All on such a decent venture.

The life of one family over a period of thirty-two years, especially when that family is just an ordinary, everyday group of people, isn't a thing to write a play about in these days of snarling and cheating, but Richard F. Flournoy seems to have done it. It isn't an exciting play, and I suppose that it drags (although I didn't detect it), but there is a certain thrill in the gradual realization that here are a husband and wife who are not going to divorce each other, and that Sex has got to rear its ugly head awfully high in order even to be seen. The Spanish War and the Depression of 1907 take their place with the Great War and the oncoming Slump of 1929 in a rather delicate monotony, and my impression was that Mr. Flournoy had done a pretty artistic job of what he set out to do.

Certainly Mr. Skelly, being personally concerned, put his whole heart into his performance, and Mr. Skelly's whole heart is a pretty good heart, I guess. Mary Philips, as the wife, has never been better, and that is saying a great deal, for Miss Philips is one of our best hopes here in the East. It was also a comfort to note that, as the years rolled by, neither Darby nor Joan piled on the makeup to the extent of making themselves counterparts of that old Turk who claims to be a hundred and eighty years old. They just looked like any of the rest of us when we get to be fifty or so. Together with Granville Bates, as the family doctor, they made a most agreeable group to grow old with, and, whether it succeeds or not, I am glad that Mr. Skelly put on "Come What May" to leave a good taste in our hearts for the end of the season.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

• •

OUR TOLERANT PIGEONS

Pigeons
Are possibly of all religions.
One hesitates to call them pious,
Yet, free of bias,
They use the home of any congregation
Without regard to its denomination.
They make their dowdy nestings semiannual
In the rose window of the Temple Emanu-El;
They perch among the carvings polyhedral
That grace St. Patrick's beautiful cathedral;
Impartially, they take their daily gorges
Of bread crumbs on the pavements of St. Andrew's, St. Paul's,
St. Bartholomew's, the Public Library, the Little
Church Around the Corner, the Labor Temple, the Society
for Ethical Culture, and St. George's.
They don't object to any special shrine
In the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
Their ways and works are equally barbarian
Whether the place of worship be Baptist, Congregational, Christian
Scientist, Dutch Reformed, Methodist, Quaker, Presbyterian,
Seventh Day Adventist, Swedenborgian, or Unitarian.
In points of taste they may be custom-blinded,
But they're broad-minded.

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN



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THE RACE TRACK

A Disastrous Metropolitan — The Luck of Mr. Khayyam—Amagansett

IF only Chase Me hadn't fallen and broken a leg at Belmont Park last weekend! He was the sort of horse whose career you followed with almost breathless interest, rejoicing as his successes piled high and hating the very notion of defeat. Perhaps there's too much sentimentality in racing, but I'm sure everyone who loves a good horse can understand Mrs. Bosley's devotion to Chase Me.



An hour or so before the Metropolitan Handicap, while telling me that Garner had declined to ride her horse because he'd attended the funeral of Bellizzi (curiously enough, Bellizzi rode Chase Me to his first victory) and that she'd engaged Slate, a steeplechase jockey, she broke off and said, "I've never been so nervous before. I feel something's going to happen." Everyone sympathizes with Mrs. Bosley, who developed and trained Chase Me into a top-class horse, and refused a lot of money for him because she said it would be just like selling a member of her own family.

IT was a disastrous Metropolitan; but if Chase Me hadn't fallen, and Equipoise hadn't been disqualified, it would have been a memorable one. The paddock was crowded with everybody from the Turf & Field Club enclosure and the boys who watch the races from the eighth pole, on a treasure hunt for Equipoise, rushing about, looking into stalls, and behind trees and bushes. He was saddled nearer home, however, and brought to the parade surrounded by ten Pinkertons. Chase Me also was saddled in private, but the crowd wasn't much interested in him, although he had stolen the show when he galloped a mile after the races on the opening day.

There was the usual delay at the start, and Equipoise and Chase Me were away slowly. Turning off the back stretch, they were last and next to last. Half a furlong farther on, both moved up fast on the outside. Then—things like that happen so quickly one seldom sees the cause—Chase Me swerved, stumbled, fell, and lay still. For split seconds most of us forgot the other horses and the race as we watched Slate pick himself out of the dust and walk unsteadily to his fallen mount. On his return to the weighing enclosure, the boy said that Chase Me was running easily, clear of horses on either side, when he crossed his forelegs and went down, and I recalled that he had swerved badly in a race when hit with the whip.

Picking the Metropolitan field up again, I saw that Equipoise had reached the leaders, and as they swung into the straight he was on the outside of five horses. Mr. Khayyam slipped through on the rails and took the lead. But not for long. Equipoise joined him half a furlong from home, and after a dozen strides began to draw away. Workman was whipping with his right hand and Equipoise, tiring under his weight of 132 pounds, flinched and bore over toward the rails, bumping Mr. Khayyam slightly. Then he went on to win by several lengths.

I was quite sure that an objection would be lodged, but some in the crowd were too incredulous for words—at any rate, nice words. They said that Jones snatched up Mr. Khayyam to make the foul look more serious than it really was. Jockeys have a way of doing that, you know. I wanted Equipoise to keep the race, for he had run gallantly, but the stewards were quite right in disqualifying him on the obvious evidence. Well, there's the Suburban on Memorial Day; he'll win that if he runs.

Mr. Khayyam, who was placed first in the Metropolitan and is owned by Mrs. James Austin, has a way of doing the unexpected. Last year he beat Mrs. Mason's Head Play in the Wood Stakes.

THE luck of Mrs. Sloane continues. Almost everyone who went down to Belmont Park for the opening day's racing was quite sure Bob Smith, her trainer, was asking a bit too much of Okapi in starting him for the Toboggan Handicap, at six furlongs, since the colt had won a race at a bit over a mile only four days before. However, if you've luck on your side, you can do almost anything, and Okapi galloped to such purpose that he won with something to spare. Okapi

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Saves an Hour or More a Day—Dishes Are Hygienically Cleaned—Chipping and Breakage Eliminated—Costs Less Than 1c a Day to Operate

Hundreds of women have told us dishwashing is the most cordially hated task of all housework. And, we quite agree when we realize that in the average lifetime of a homemaker there are 72 piles of dishes as high as the Empire State building to be washed and wiped. 340 tons of them! It's a never ending task that steals precious time each day. If there is a maid, at least one-fifth of her time is devoted wholly to dishes.



"Doing the dishes" is distasteful drudgery that leaves an unmistakable sign of "dishpan hands." It is monotonous routine that can now be eliminated in every home.

The ideal wife and mother today realizes that self-improvement is really a greater contribution to her family than self-sacrifice. By eliminating unnecessary drudgery and routine she preserves the youth and charm that holds the respect, affection and companionship of husband, children and friends.

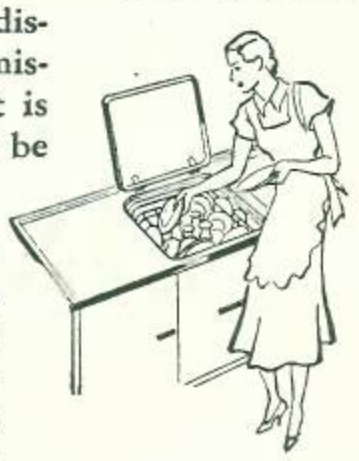
This is a new age of freedom—the age of electrical living. The modern woman rightly insists on her release from menial tasks that can be better done by mechanical servants. She lives longer and more fully enjoys her life.



The woman who turns the job of dishwashing over to a G-E Dishwasher has 30 days more free time every year; she avoids "dishpan hands," she protects her china and glassware from breakage; her kitchen is neat and tidy at all times, free from cluttering stacks of dirty dishes. And, if she employs a maid the position is much more attractive to the best servants.



Soiled dishes are placed in the G-E Dishwasher as quickly and easily as they can be stacked in the sink or on the kitchen table. Chinaware, glassware, silverware, pots and pans, too! The cover is closed, a magic control is turned, and the dishes are clean and sparkling in 5 minutes. No chipping, no breakage—and the G-E Dishwasher cleans and dries itself. With a G-E Dishwasher your hands never even touch dishwater!



There is a G-E model for every kitchen and the operating cost is less than 1c a day! Let us send you a booklet giving complete detailed information about this modern servant perfected at the famous General Electric House of Magic. Use the coupon—no obligation, of course.



GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
Specialty Appliance Sales Dept.
Section O-52, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send free booklet giving full information on the G-E Dishwasher.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

GENERAL ELECTRIC *Dishwasher*

won the race a year ago, and the victory was particularly gratifying as he is one of Mrs. Sloane's favorite horses.

ODD, isn't it, that invariably after a good thing wins at nice odds, every man you meet knew all about it and profited handsomely, but neglected to tell you because he was quite sure you knew all about it, too. I'm thinking of Amagansett. (The Honourable George says all the horses who run in the Kentucky Derby should have names like Amagansett, for the benefit of radio announcers.) After Amagansett won the International Steeplechase, which, incidentally, was his first start, Frank Bryan said this was the best jumper he'd seen in ever so long. Rigan McKinney, who has leased the four-year-old son of Embargo from Thomas Hitchcock, had the easiest kind of a ride on him, and I fancy both will go well in the Charles L. Appleton Memorial this weekend, and the Meadow Brook Steeplechase.

POSSIBLY the breed and manners of bettors have changed, but I don't remember such congestion in the betting ring twenty-five years ago. Joe Widener changed his arrangements for the more commercial gentry under the stand several times, but it's still something of a chore getting a bet down at the best possible odds. Of course, Colonel Tantivy Martingale says you always can write tickets as long as they'll take them.

METROPOLITAN MOMENTS: Sonny Whitney looking for Equipoise in the paddock. . . . Chico Marx looking for a bookmaker. . . . Joe Widener counting the house. . . . The indignation meetings over the Long Island Railroad's super-special train service. . . . Short-Price Solly, in the betting ring: "Come on, boys. We're giving away top odds today." —AUDAX MINOR

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O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[*Complete text of sheet sent out by the National Recovery Administration*]

Approved Code No. 46 Registry No. 1403–32

ERRATA SHEET

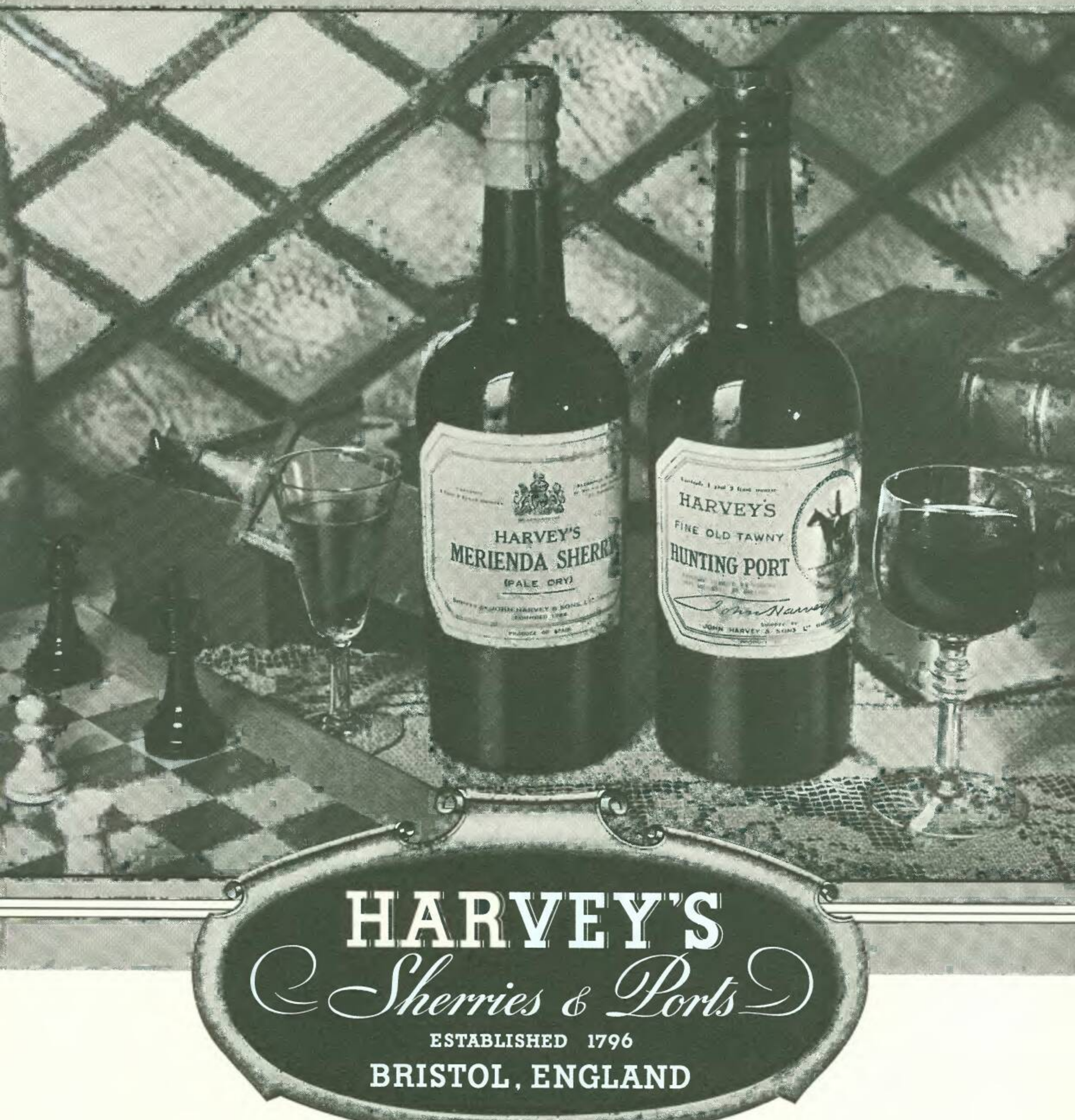
CODE OF FAIR COMPETITION
FOR THE
MOTOR VEHICLE RETAILING TRADE

As Approved on October 3, 1933

Article IV, Trade Regulations, line 2 (page 568), delete comma after the word "trucks."

48157°——425–125——34

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SINCE 1796 — Harvey's Sherries and Ports have been an English institution . . . as English as Fox Hunting and Cricket. For generations . . . because of their supreme quality . . . they have been traditional with the true English host. Today . . . they are the elect of gentlemen the world over. At leading clubs, hotels, restaurants and retail stores.

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS



JESTING AT SCARS

YOU hear a story for the first time, chuckle happily at it, and, in all neighborliness, pass it along only to be greeted with the frosty assurance that it is, indeed, the very whimsy wherewith Chauncey Depew used to keep Mrs. Whiffen in stitches at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. Having been thus chilled quite recently, I was hesitant about reporting the comment on Eddie Cantor which was made the other day by the incomparable Jessel. It might, I thought, be wiser just to consult the authorities. Had my colleague, Frank Sullivan, ever heard it? But he was too bemused to reply, being lost in a vision evoked by a summons to the twentieth reunion next month of his class at Cornell. This document assured him that it would mean a jolly old get-together above Cayuga's waters with "Stub" Shaner, "Pink" Finck, "Ducky" Swalm, "Spike" Murray, "Ed" Daly, "John" Cuddeback, and many others, a prospect made exceptionally horrid by the stipulation that they should one and all obey the following directions as to costume:

> A tailored, double-breasted, two-button coat of white silk material. Three patch pockets and pearl buttons. Class numerals easily detached. Worn with red necktie and white cloth jungle helmet. Bring your own white shirt, white flannel or duck trousers and sport shoes to complete.

While "Frank," as they used to call him in their chaffing way up at Ithaca, was hastily booking passage for Buenos Aires, I took my problem to Oscar Levant, but that eldritch and morose melodist was sunk in the stern contemplation of a new Ben Bernie song which had the following refrain:

All I want is a bowl of Chop Suey
A bowl of Chop Suey and You-ey
A cozy little table for two-ey
With a bowl of Chop Suey and You-ey.
For a place that is velly Chinese-ey
It's nice for a hug and a squeeze-ey
Where we can do a bill-ey and coo-ey
With a bowl of Chop Suey for two-ey.
We'll hum a love song, funny little love song,
Like the Chinese do
Hung-kow, Fung-kow, Chic-ki-lick-i yung gow
That means "I love you."
And if you say it's me that you love-ey
All-ey same-ey just like turtle dove-ey
Then all of my dreams will come true-ey
With a bowl of Chop Suey and You-ey.

Next I turned to Dorothy Parker, but she was busy in the composition of a review of "A Backward Glance," the new volume of memoirs by Edith Wharton. Mrs. Parker had typed out a title for her review and, if she could get no further, it may well have been because it left nothing further to be said. She had already written, "Edie Was a Lady."

So, recklessly, I submit the story anyway. It seems that the talk at Dinty Moore's had turned on the fact that the great Mr. Cantor, besides being an expert and engaging comedian, was no big dreamer, but something of a businessman. "Why," said Jessel, "when Cantor goes to Hollywood and the train stops at Albuquerque, *he* gets off and sells blankets to the Indians."

AT that, if we could now review all the jocosities wherewith Mr. Depew used to keep Mrs. Whiffen in hysterics, many of them would be new to us. Some chance word, a teasing resemblance, will bring up a story long mislaid. Thus the other evening, it was just such a resemblance which summoned from limbo a painful episode I had not thought of for years. I had been listening at dinner to one of the banker chaps who are busy with the Augean task of restoring Paramount Pictures to solvency. I was mildly interested to hear that, in this process, they had cut the salary of one minor employee from fifteen hundred to fifteen dollars a week, a reduction which led the uncoöperative fellow to resign in what is technically known as a pet. I confess that, even to me, who always finds the giantism of the movies somewhat alienating, this measure seemed a trifle drastic. I was moved, therefore, to inquire what work he had done for the fifteen hundred a week. It seems that was just the point. The bankers couldn't find out.

Then on my way home I was haunted by a sense that I had been through all this before. For a time the resemblance eluded identification and then, all at once, I found the evasive analogy in the ruthless weeding out and pruning to which the prose of every outraged reporter is subjected by the city-room copy desk. Of such excruciating surgery, the classic story is the one concerning that most celebrated of rewrite men, the late Lindsay Denison, and Boss Clark, the night city editor of the old morning *Sun.* (*Olav Hasholem!*) One night when Mr. Clark came on duty, Denison had been writing on a story for a couple of hours and a great stack of unedited copy had already accumulated beside his typewriter. Clark moseyed over to him, scooped this up, said "Go right ahead," and retired to the operating table called the night city desk. Mercifully, Denison's typewriter was so placed that he could go on banging away at the home stretch of his story without seeing what was happening to the first part of it, on which Clark's pencil was performing fearsome prodigies of condensation. Phrases, sentences, paragraphs, whole pages were coming out bodily. Finally the old Tartar looked up over his glasses and called out with deceptive gentleness: "Mr. Denison, what page are you on now?" Denison peered at the paper in his machine and called back happily: "Page seventeen, Boss." "Ah, well," said Mr. Clark, "mark it page three."

NOT the copy desk of the *Herald & Examiner* but its composing-room was responsible, I suspect, for the saucy note imparted to an interview published on its society page on Sunday of last week. The interview was with Arthur Meeker, Jr., a Chicago *bon vivant* whose agreeable task it was, I believe, to squire E. M. Delafield when the Provincial Lady inspected the shores of Lake Michigan. According to the *Herald & Examiner*, Mr. Meeker is known not as the easiest guest to please by a long shot, but as one "of unusually fastidious and particular taste that only the most painstaking hostess satisfies—preferably of the ignoring English type." This offish Midlander is thereupon quoted as follows:

> "As a bachelor of many years' standing, I suppose I should, by this time, be inured to all kinds of social sufferings. I have mixed innumerable cocktails in the panties of feminine friends under the hostile eyes of noncoöperative cooks. . . ."

Why, Mr. Meeker!

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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Bergdorf Goodman

Goodby to all compromises with quality. Goodby to all the false economies of Depression Years. This year Fashion repeats: "Watch your fabrics. You can't be smart unless they're right." (And you can't—you just don't feel smart!) So watch. Look for the tag or label of the International Silk Guild reading "ALL PURE SILK". Then you are sure of that authentic chic which comes with genuine

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THE INTERNATIONAL SILK GUILD, INC
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Calico and *Velvet* each has its place in the scheme of things

The usual domestic beer has its place . . . so does

Kingsbury Pale

MADE IN WISCONSIN

The uncommon quality of Kingsbury Pale Beer registers with the first refreshing sip. Pleasant, too, is the feeling of well-being it brings. This excellence is no accident.

To attain it, clear, healthful spring water is piped from nearby springs to the home of Kingsbury at Manitowoc.

Brewed in the heart of the malt industry, Kingsbury selects, through local affiliation, the purest and finest malt. Choice Bohemian hops are imported for blending with the costliest American hops.

Moreover, Kingsbury Pale is brewed under the supervision of the head of the company, a member of the family which has directed the organization since its start in 1883.

Kingsbury Pale costs a trifle more. Not enough more to matter, really. What does matter is its purity and its distinct aromatic flavor—its tang. Try it and put your trust in your own good taste. Kingsbury Breweries Company, General Offices — Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

ARISTOCRAT OF BEER

Tastes just right



BARMAIDS

THE press has regaled us with stories and pictures of women learning to shake cocktails and otherwise qualify for the distinguished career of a female bartender. The bartender has a legitimate place in the saga of American sociability, but it is doubtful if a female will ever attain that high office. Woman's place behind a bar is that of a barmaid, a species not to be confused with the male bartender. It is a species which, I think, has reached its perfection in the Mother Country, specifically in the metropolis of London.

Severely banished from men's clubs, the barmaid comes into her own when the Englishman wants to drink neither in his club nor in his home. She can supply some of the best features of both, and every Briton has his favorite barmaid. Her qualifications are peculiar, subtle, and strictly defined. She has to play a part which is neither that of a servant nor of a pickup, yet she fulfills, within limits, the functions of both. She has, obviously, to wait on her customers, but she may be admitted to certain intimacies which would be denied to a cook or parlormaid. She is expected to look well, but a decorous black is the only color she is permitted to wear. A waitress may sport a coquettish apron or cap; a barmaid would be insulted if so transformed into a girl in uniform.

Unless spoken to, she is not encouraged to say more than "The usual thing this morning, Mr. So-and-So?" On her skill in interpreting the nature of that first call for solace, her popularity depends. After the requisite restoratives have been consumed, she may well find herself engaged in a little gay persiflage, which she takes in a spirit of maidenly modesty. A story may be told, if it is not *too* risqué, but no bar-



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38 East 57th Street — PLaza 3-5050

988 Fifth Avenue — 16 rooms
At corner of 80th Street. This duplex on the 12th and 13th floors with four exposures. Overlooking Park. Incomparable Fifth Avenue value.

1035 Park Avenue — 6-7-8 rooms
Corner 86th Street. All outside rooms. Located on the higher floors. Wood-burning fireplaces. Large entrance gallery. Numerous closets.

345 East 57th St. — 3-4-6 rooms
Sutton Place Section. A 15-story building. The 6 rooms have 3 master rooms facing South. The 4's have dinettes and 2 bedrooms. Fireplaces.

192 East 75th St. — 3-4 rooms
Distinctive apartments in attractive surroundings. Wood-burning fireplaces, southern exposure and with fully equipped airy kitchens.

131 East 66th St. — 8-11 rooms
Desirable residential neighborhood. Some apartments with double height living rooms, all with fireplaces. Duplexes. Co-operative.

140 East 81st St. — 3-4 / 5-6 rooms
Fashionable neighborhood. Double exposures in every apartment. All appointments are modern, large foyers and fully equipped kitchens.

130 East 67th St. — 9-11 rooms
The 9-room apartment is a beautiful duplex, and the 11-room a duplex studio with 20 ft. ceiling, wood-burning fireplace. Co-operative.

163 East 81st St. — 3-4-6 rooms
Distinctive neighborhood. Modern in plan with spacious rooms. Wood-burning fireplaces. Southern exposure.

136 East 67th St. — 3-6 rooms
Specially designed apartments. All outside rooms. A 3-room with terrace, another with 50 ft. living room. Wood-burning fireplaces. Co-operative.

167 East 82nd St. — 3-6 rooms
Unusual features in plan that establish remarkable values. Fireplaces. The 6 rooms with full Southern exposure. The 3 rooms well planned.

142 East 71st St. — 5-6 rooms
A very desirable location. These apartments are among the best values on the East Side. Large living rooms with fireplaces. Well planned.

151 East 83rd St. — 3-4-5 rooms
Quiet residential street. Two exposures, wood fireplaces, dining alcoves. Each bedroom with bath. Facing South.

340 East 72nd St. — 5-6-8 rooms
A few of these modern co-operative apartments are offered for rent at moderate rents. All with large living rooms and wood-burning fireplaces.

115 East 90th St. — 3-4-5 rooms
Just off Park Avenue on Carnegie Hill. Are very reasonably priced. Southern exposure. Modern appointments with fully equipped kitchens.

111 East 75th St. — 3-4 rooms
Adjoining Park Avenue on a quiet residential street. Wood-burning fireplaces. Southern exposures. Complete housekeeping. Real kitchens.

9 East 96th St. — 4-6 rooms
Adjoining Fifth Avenue and Central Park. The 6's have living room and 2 master bedrooms facing South. The 4's have all outside large rooms.

Complete floor plans and prices of all apartments now available on the East Side are on file at main office



Make intimate history as it should be made . . . in an atmosphere dedicated to the occasion. Aperitifs in the Circular Lounge. Thence to the beautiful Renaissance Room for luncheon or dinner* . . . with the music of Jeno Bartel and his Orchestra. A joyous experience that frequently repeated retains always the same lustre.

Nicola Sabatini, former chef de cuisine of Old Delmonico's

THEO. KROELL, *General Manager*

The
AMBASSADOR
PARK AVENUE • 51st to 52nd STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

maid will stand for the kind of anecdote that circulates at fashionable cocktail parties. She rather expects a few minutes of serio-comic flirtation, but it is usually understood that this means nothing. It has none of the awful implications of a similar dialogue with one's wife's maid.

In this, as in other careers, the consensus of opinion is that blondes are the best. Readers of James Joyce will remember a classic phrase, for it sums up the eternal type: "Bronze by gold, Miss Douce's head by Miss Kennedy's head, over the crossblind of the Ormond bar heard the viceregal hoofs go by, ringing steel." Bronze and gold are the predominant shades for a successful barmaid's career. When she affixes in her corsage the flower which it is *de rigueur* for her admirers to give her, the gleaming lights in her hair, as she reassuringly surveys herself in the mirror behind the bar, combined with the gleaming light on bottles and glasses, create a picture which soothes the Englishman when lonely at some distant outpost of Empire.

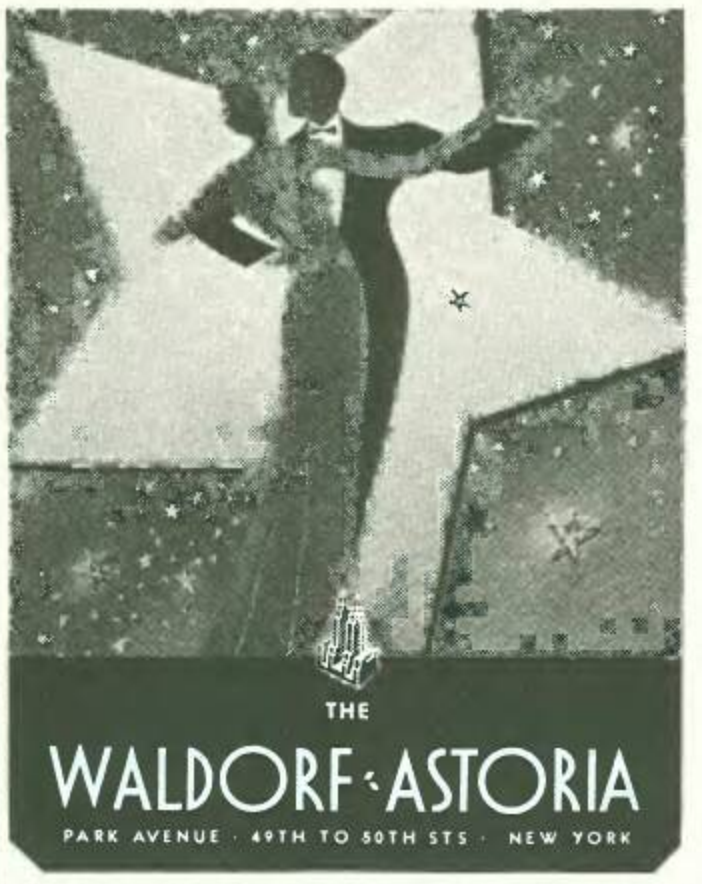
The barmaid gives to the bar that feminine touch—just enough—which is lacking in the club and too omnipresent in the home. For many generations, she was the only relatively or absolutely respectable woman who associated with men when they were drunk. She was the precursor of the modern coëducational drinker, save that she herself rarely took more than a small port or sherry, and then only on special occasions. A solicitous but never bothersome creature, she is the recipient of confidences which do not diminish her respect for the customer. A man can be a hero to his barmaid. If his lower nature becomes too much in evidence, she discreetly invokes the aid of the boss.

The restraining influence of a good woman is her proverbial asset. No bartender can compete with her. All he can do is to wait until matters reach the point where the offender has to be bounced or carried out. Many a man has been induced by the melting appeal of a barmaid to go home to his wife and



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Palm Bar, a new feature of the Starlight Roof. Music by *Madriguera* and *Cugat* orchestras. Solo character dances by *Margo*. Spanish songs by *Carmen*. Couvert at Supper, $1.50 (Saturdays and holidays, $2). Informal Sunday Dinner-Dancing. Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000.



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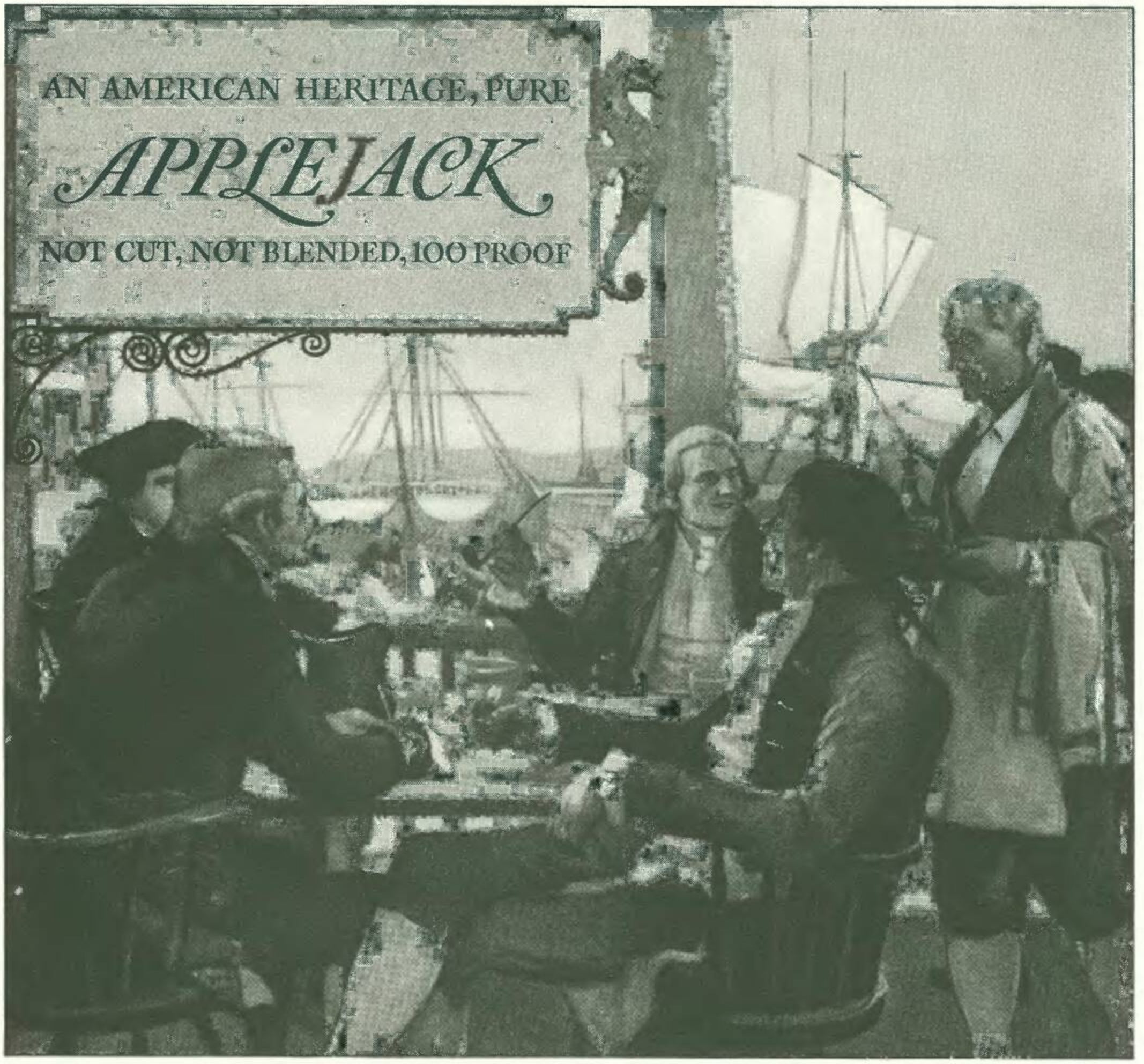
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There are few drinks that can not be made with Hildick Applejack Brandy. In cocktails, long drinks, or "straight" it is equally delightful. Until you have tasted Hildick, you do not really know what fine, aged applejack can be.

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A booklet of recipes for cocktails and other mixed drinks is wrapped with each quart or pint bottle of Hildick. For your protection every bottle is tightly sealed with a lead-foil cap, stamped "Hildick." Make sure that this, as well as the U. S. Revenue Stamp, is intact. In hotels and restaurants ask for the "nip" size bottle of genuine Hildick. Distilled Liquors Corp., New York.

The **A. J.**

½ Hildick *Applejack* Brandy
½ Grapefruit juice
Grenadine to taste
Shake well with ice and strain into glass



Full Quart, Full Pint, or 2 Ounce ("nip") Size.

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Applejack
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BRANDY

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YOU can taste the reason. The first sip of Croft is a revelation. It explains why nut brown ale is celebrated in song and story.

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A single bottle of Croft Ale proves that there's nothing anemic about hearty mellow ale.

It's brewed, mellowed, matured, in the old tradition, as good ale should be.

Order Croft at all good hotels, clubs, and restaurants. Charles and Co., and Park & Tilford have it too. Hyde Distributing Co., sole distributors, New York, N. Y.



CROFT ALE

Brewed in the Old Tradition

children instead of having "just another." The domestic status of her customers is as familiar to the barmaid as their various unspoken alcoholic preferences. She is the English equivalent of the American office wife.

THAT she will ever flourish in this country I am inclined to doubt. The American woman is ill-adapted to the nuances of the relationship which custom has established between men and barmaids. The way of a man with a maid is not the way of an Englishman with a barmaid, and an American would almost certainly mistake the latter for the former. She would feel either too degraded or too exalted to maintain the proper balance of intimacy and distance. Moreover, it is not the business of women in this democracy to wait meekly on men, save when some social or other kudos results therefrom. The English barmaid, unlike her Continental rivals, is satisfied with the lot to which she has been called. Her station in life is securer and more honorable in her eyes than that of the painted hussies whom she is often called upon to serve, and to serve them at all is the one trial of her existence. Barmen should wait on women. In America, I feel, there may be women bartenders who can shake no mean cocktail, but there never will be barmaids in the British sense of the term. —ERNEST BOYD

•

HOW MANY CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

[THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 96.]

1. William Frank Brunner
2. George W. Lindsay
3. Thomas H. Cullen
4. Loring M. Black, Jr.
5. Andrew L. Somers
6. John J. Delaney
7. Patrick J. Carley
8. Stephen A. Rudd
9. Emanuel Celler
10. Anning S. Prall
11. Samuel Dickstein
12. Christopher D. Sullivan
13. William Irving Sirovich
14. John J. Boylan
15. John J. O'Connor
16. Theodore A. Peyser
17. Martin J. Kennedy
18. James J. Lanzetta
19. Joseph A. Gavagan
20. Anthony J. Griffin
21. Frank Oliver
22. James M. Fitzpatrick

—JOHN TYLER



"Go White, Young Woman!"

Now that week ends are the biggest part of life, Cammeyer suggests you get going—in white —and offers a choice variety of clever shoes for your selection.

The Nautica—a genuine white buck oxford with white portholes on brown Russia calf $10.50

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"A definitely corking party... who's giving it?"



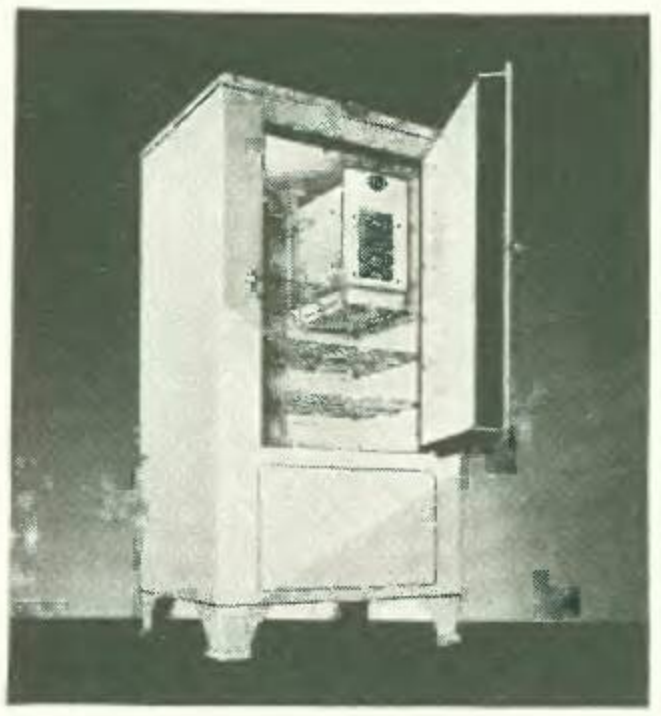
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LOW RUNNING COST: Electrolux works for a very low wage. Its operating cost is pleasingly low, because it operates upon the simplest freezing principle next to nature's. A tiny gas flame circulates a simple refrigerant. Ordinary air cools it.

PERMANENT SILENCE: Electrolux has nothing to make noise with... nothing to wear and become noisy. You can be sure that its pleasant silence will continue as long as you own it.

NO MOVING PARTS: Startling to think of—a refrigerator with no moving parts. But pleasant to think of, too, when you consider that parts that do not move cannot wear.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE: Your gas company willingly stands back of and services every Electrolux it sells. Your gas company also invites you to come in and discover the many other advantages that Electrolux offers. See this modern refrigerator today. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York City.



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ELECTROLUX

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POLO

East, West, and England



SPRING polo at Meadow Brook this year will be, if not overshadowed, at least radically affected by such diverse elements as excursions to England, weddings, and East-West matches. The Old Guard of the club and of the Polo Association are sharply divided over the value and wisdom of the series with the West. One group says that it rouses public interest as nothing short of an International match does, and that it guarantees the Association the tremendous rental which the Meadow Brook Club gets each year for the No. 1 and Cochran Fields. The other says that it makes for bitter feeling, for dangerous, rough, and unscientific play, and, above all, cuts tremendously into the medium player's polo. These dissenters feel that during pre-match games the emphasis will be on the trial matches rather than on club games; that the six or eight high-goal prospects will play against one another exclusively, leaving "the ashes" to scrimmage about down in the hollow; and that all ideas of welded teamplay will be lost in the struggle on the part of each candidate to make a brilliant individual showing. As a result of the dissatisfaction aroused by the selection of last year's Eastern team, the lineup will be chosen by a committee, not, as last summer, by one man.

TOMMY HITCHCOCK is back in polo, apparently completely recovered from the accident which for a long time seemed to have ended his career. He seems to be hitting as well as ever, and has a couple of much-needed new ponies, one a gray the gallery will mistake for Katrina. We venture to predict that when the season's over next fall, there will no longer be three ten-goal players; the arrangement was more or less an expedient, and further trial will clarify a still-muddy situation.

Cecil Smith also has recovered from his injury, and he and Rube Williams are warming up in Jersey. Aidan Roark played brilliant polo all winter in California, and his confreres out there think that he is worth more than his eight goals and will be a very hard man to overlook for the Western team, no matter what idol has to be toppled to make room for him.

Winston Guest will miss the twenty-

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goal events by being on his wedding trip, but will be back in time for the trial matches. Laddie Sanford will have C. B. Wrightsman of California with him, so the East will get a chance to see one of the finest strings of ponies in the world. Wrightsman is a low-goal player, but any pony that he thinks is top he'll buy at any price, and that's a big asset.

THE younger Earl Hopping has gone to England to play with Prince Alexis Mdivani, who also has Lewis Lacey and a seven-goal titled Frenchman with him, making a team which, to say the least, will have plenty of what the tabloids call "color." It seems that the Prince has dabbled at Riviera polo for years, and is now taking the game up in a big way. He went to a prominent Long Island dealer last winter and tried to buy an International string of ponies for eight hundred dollars apiece.

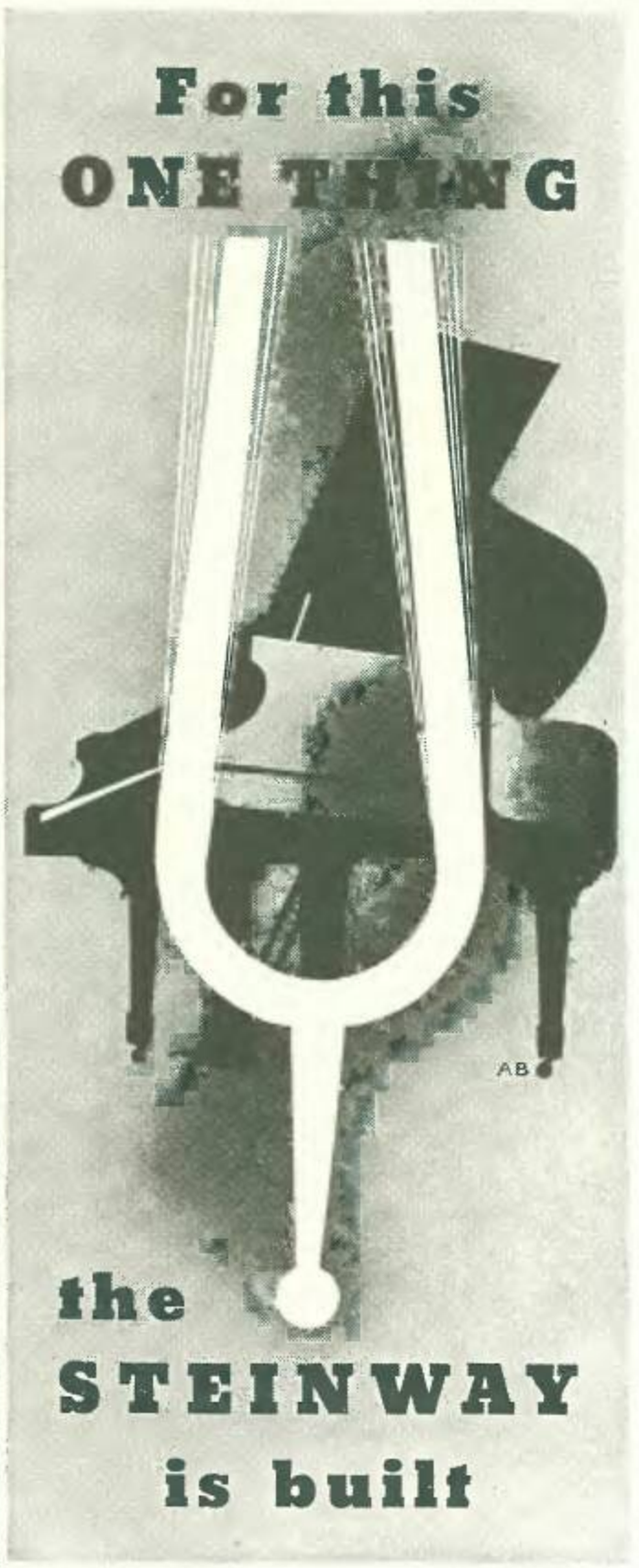
Right now, this is the most flourishing and poorly stocked market for high-class ponies since 1929. Everyone who has a chance to try out for the Eastern team, as well as those who are obvious certainties, feels that another pony or two wouldn't hurt, but there aren't any paragons about. Harold Talbott tried to buy a few before he went to England; Billy Post could find only five in the Argentine and his father's well-filled barn. Of course, in such a situation Shorty Knox is always sitting with four aces, as he owns so many good mounts he can't ride them all in one game.

THE Aurora team should sweep through its British engagements, for it looks much stronger on paper than the Jaipur team, which was undefeated in England last year, and was said to be, in plain language, merely the best of a bad lot. Aside from the rather improbable contingency of its ponies' not getting well acclimated, Aurora's only stumbling block would seem to be an unfamiliarity with the surface of British fields; accustomed to the fast Long Island game, the players might be upset by the slow English turf, which calls for a great deal of dribbling and short passing. —FREE HIT

•

"Now you want to create this authority," he said, "which will be nothing more than an octopus to sandbag these people to turn over their property to them." —*The Sun.*

Let's see, that would take about eight bags.



It was the ambition of Theodore Steinway to build a piano which would surpass, in beauty of tone, any other piano he had ever heard.

For that, he would have turned the Steinway upside down or built it backwards, if it had seemed to him advisable. And he did, in fact, make so many changes that he evolved, at length, a whole new system of piano construction, now universally known as the Steinway system.

He changed the stringing of the piano to accord with his Duplex Scale. He changed the construction of the case. He worked out a new action. He developed a new alloy, and cast his own plates. And he made the piano a beautiful *object* as well as a beautiful instrument.

Because of his career, all pianos today are infinitely finer than they were. And in the building of the Steinway, the ideals which animated him still glow as brilliantly as in his lifetime . . . making the Steinway today a thing far greater even than when Theodore Steinway laid down his work.

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How to act like a veteran beer drinker...



Comment on its color

A light beer that's *really* good has a pure golden color —a honey-gold. A dark beer too, must have "brilliance".



...on its clearness

Good beer is as clear as a bright May morning! No murkiness at all. Use the clearness of Rheingold as a standard.



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A creamy "collar" promises fine flavor! The same thing that gives beer "head" gives it refreshing taste.



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The pleasant, pungent odor of delicious beer tells you that great skill and finest ingredients went into the brewing.



Observe its temperature

Beer should be cold, but not *too* cold. In chilling bottled beer at home do not place it directly *on* the ice.



Let the "collar" settle

As the full, white "collar" settles, it should leave a wispy ring around the glass. Rheingold's settles slowly.



Taste it critically

A *mildly* bitter taste is characteristic of good beer. Not too bitter. Not sweet. The first sip is the truest test.



Note its full-bodied flavor

In addition to good flavor, an excellent brew should have a certain indefinable tang to it—character, personality.



Ask for beer by name

When you find "your beer" always ask for it by *brand* name. More people every day are calling for Rheingold.

We'd like to have you match Rheingold against all these points. It's brewed to meet the critical tests of veteran beer drinkers.

Rheingold *good beer*

LIEBMANN BREWERIES, INC., NEW YORK

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE LITERARY BUSINESS



CYRANO, who never wrote a word he had not heard in his own heart, probably never came across the *Writer's Digest*, that handy guidebook for young authors. The *Digest*, though an indifferent swordsman and no poet, yet makes a good thing for itself by telling ambitious writers how to silence the annoying clatter of their own heartbeat so that they can hear the delicate fluttering of popular taste. As Mr. Joseph T. Shaw put it, in the May issue, if you want to make a living "forget literary ideals and concentrate all your efforts on creating what the great mass of the reading public want and are willing to pay for."

This creating what the people want, or at least what editors buy, appears to be something of an exact science. It is a science which concerns itself largely with selling to magazines; and for the sake of convenience it divides these into two groups, the rough-paper magazines, or pulps, and the smooth-paper magazines, or slicks. It is a science of which the *Writer's Digest* is a leading house organ, with "over 200 different markets in every issue" for the writer to aim at. That the *Digest*, which calls itself the literary business magazine, produces satisfactory results is attested to by letters from subscribers which tell of checks rolling in and of dreams realized. There are also letters from editors outlining what they want in the way of material. Published side by side, they make an unusually complete picture of the industry. It looks like a good business to be in.

"Dear Editor: *Spicy Detective Stories* uses thrilling, fast action detective stories with a very strong element of sex in them." "Dear Editor: Thanks to market information published in your magazine I have sold my first three articles to *Real America*." "Dear Editor: We wish to advise you we are using novelettes of 20,000 to 40,000 words length." "Dear Editor: Thought you'd probably be interested to learn that an editor of a large publishing house sent a bomb into my life by favoring me with a $500 check for a story, plus a request for more of my work immediately."



Published in Cincinnati where it can see America whole, the *Digest* emphasizes one cardinal point: it is not life one must study but markets. To write, for pulp or slick, is a trade to be learned the same as bricklaying. "If you believe you have it in you to be another O'Neill, Lewis. Hergesheimer, and are willing to endure the necessary years of struggle and apprenticeship, go to it," says Mr. Shaw. "You'll succeed eventually and make enough money to live a very full and happy life." But he adds that if you know what's good for you you'll put away all such fancy notions and find out what the pulps need. The pulps are too impressive to be taken lightly . . . "this market has broadened satisfactorily and has now attained proportions that are very worth while to reckon with."

You need, first of all, a guiding hand. Let us see how you would fare, were you to fling yourself blindly into a literary career, without the special information which the writing magazines provide. Suppose you took it into your head to write a story about a girl who worked in a branch library. My friend, the odds are against you. Mr. Ward Thomas, a contributor to the *Digest*, has checked all the women's magazines for the past five years, to analyze the change in their fiction. Of forty girls in forty representative stories during the past two years, only two were employed. The others had independent means. Therefore, your little story about the girl who worked in the branch library would be a twenty-to-one shot, the way things are today in the slick field. It is a mistake to rush into writing in all the innocence of inspiration.

Or suppose you wanted to write about



"Very well, gentlemen. But cutting Blondell this way is like running the shears into my own heart."

FIVE FAMOUS PLAYERS SEE THE EFFECT OF

"the newest shot in golf"



THE SCENE is Pinehurst, North Carolina. The time is early Spring, 1934. Five famous players—all members of the Spalding Advisory Committee—have gathered to get a look at the effect of "the newest shot in golf"—the "shot" that *adds seven to ten yards to the Kro-Flite!*

Bobby Jones steps up to the tee, starts a swing that exemplifies the poetry of motion, and "Wham!"

"Sweet click," says Horton Smith. Tommy Armour and Billy Burke nod in approval.

"Yes," says Ed Dudley, "and look at that distance."

Yes, *look* at that distance! Distance the tough old Kro-Flite never had before! And here's how the miracle has come to pass:

In the process of vulcanizing Kro-Flite's armor-plated cover, some of the tension of the rubber winding was lost . . . and lost tension means lost distance.

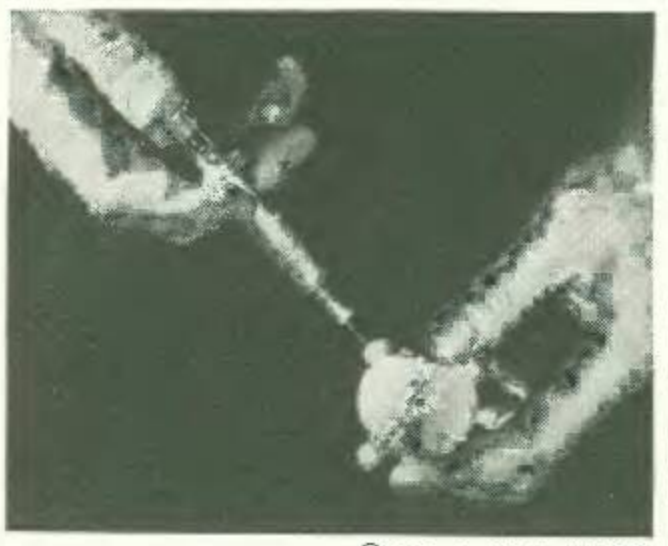
Several years ago, our laboratory advanced the theory that this lost tension might be restored by injecting more liquid into the famous Kro-Flite liquid core—*after the ball was made.*

The theory proved sound—the kinks were worked out—and this winter thousands of balls were given the "shot" and put through a lifetime of actual play. Every ball showed an increase of seven to ten yards in distance—and *kept* this added distance to the end of its long life.

Play this amazing new Needled Kro-Flite. Learn that the ball that "can't be cut" now can't be outdistanced.

Your Professional, your Spalding Dealer, or any Spalding Store can supply you. 75 cents.

This shows the needling process in its experimental stage. It is now done mechanically.



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SPALDING *needled* KRO-FLITE

a girl who was merely *seeking* work in a branch library—hadn't landed the job yet. The odds there, if I interpret Mr. Thomas correctly, would be forty to one against your selling such a story to such magazines as *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, *Delineator*, *Woman's Home Companion*. During the winter and spring of 1933-1934, according to Mr. Thomas's research, only one heroine in forty was looking for work, and even that girl was merely casting about for a rather cushy job in the field of Chinese antiques.

Suppose your heroine (your proposed heroine) was not only seeking a position with a branch library but was married into the bargain. The odds there would be too fearful to contemplate. Only four of the girls of Mr. Thomas's survey were married, and you can readily understand that if only four were married and only one was looking for work, the chances against a girl who possessed both of those unfortunate characteristics would be appalling. And if you happened to choose, as your heroine, a female job-hunter who was not only married but was a mother, you might as well give up all thought of writing. Children, Mr. Thomas reports, have disappeared.

Why have children disappeared? The *Digest* tells everything. Children have disappeared because children imply responsibility, and America has swung from a fiction of justification to a fiction of desire—a desire for freedom, for escape, for glamour.

So you see it is folly to sit down and write what is in your heart, or even what is in your head. The way to write is to study, study, study the market, and let not thy pulp hand know what thy slick hand doeth.

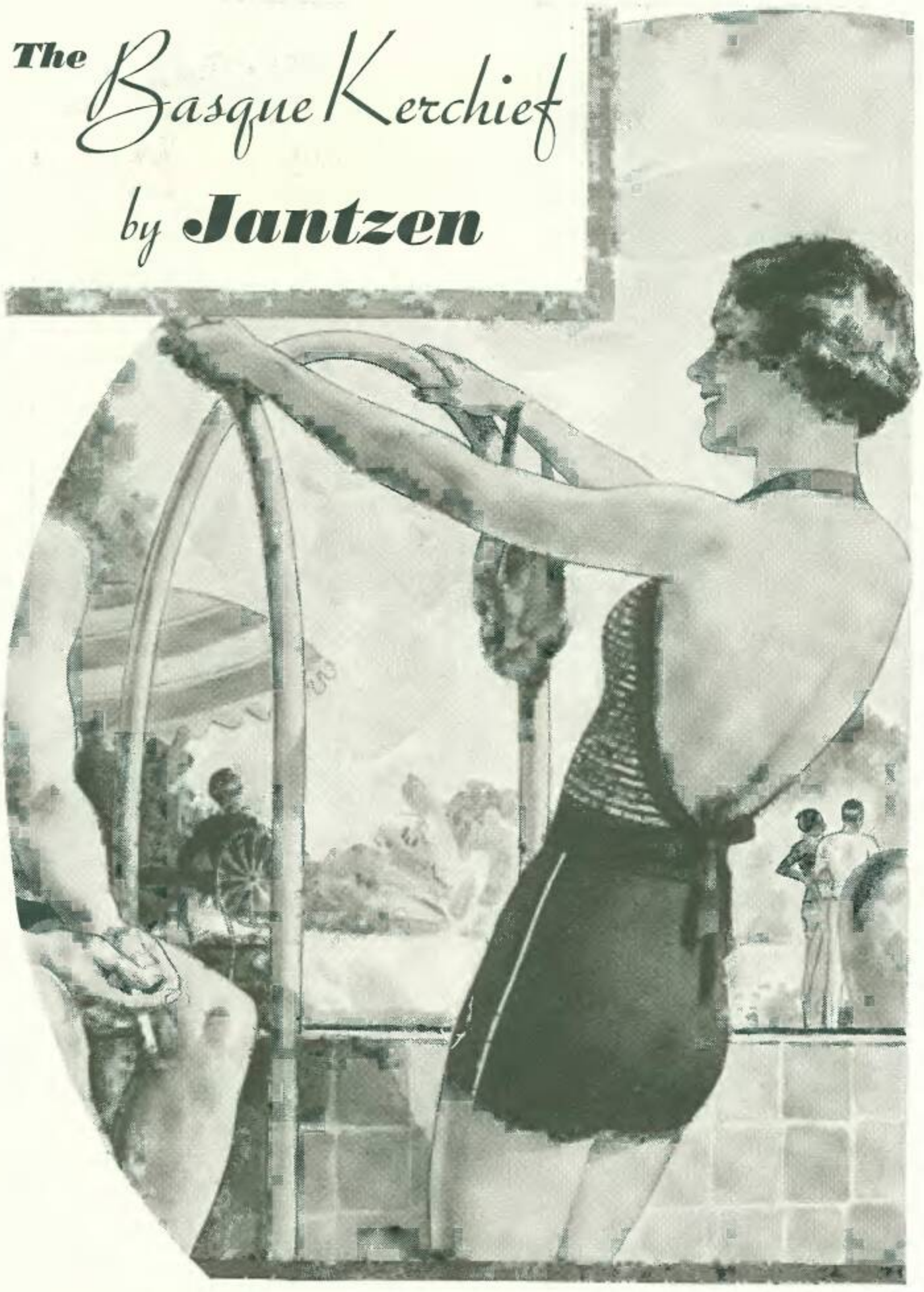
THE backbone of the *Digest*, and of most other writing guides, is its regular monthly New York market letter. There are more buying markets in the May issue of the *Digest* than in any other issue they have published in several years. It is in this gossipy market report that the young writer gets the names of editors, the addresses of publications, the current needs, the number of words beyond which he should never attempt to go, the subjects which he should or should not embrace, and the twist he should give his art to make it a living, breathing, merchantable thing. It is in the market letter that he learns that *Breezy*, contrary to rumors, is not to be made into a sweet love magazine. For the

present, *Breezy* does not intend to go over onto the sweet side, and the sex slant will be a definite requirement of all stories, "though it must be delicately handled, with a sugar-coating of glamour." It is in the market letter that he learns that *Cosmopolitan*, although faithful to the few, does not ignore the many; new writers are welcomed, preferably with five thousand words, "but be sure it is full of vitality, with self-assured people that arrest attention." No Caspar Milquetoasts for *Cosmo*. Men with self-assurance.

Where else but in the *Digest* could a striving author discover the amazingly handy, the uncannily elusive news that *McCall's* looks with favor on stories told from the point of view of a child in a broken or unhappy home? It is conceivable that a writer might write all his life without ever stumbling into the happy coincidence of depicting a child in an unhappy home and sending the manuscript to, of all the hundreds of magazines published in America, *McCall's*, the very one that dotes on unhappy kids. (The fact that Mr. Thomas finds children disappearing and the market letter in the same issue finds *McCall's* wanting sad tots is an embarrassing contradiction for which I am not responsible.)

It is in the market letter that one learns that there is always sex in *College Life*, never in *Good Housekeeping*. It's there that one memorizes the names of the thrillies: *Thrilling Adventure*, *Thrilling Love*, *Thrilling Detective*, *Thrilling Ranch*, *Thrilling Western*, the needs of each and the hopes. One finds that this group is "probably the fastest of all the pulps" and that *Thrilling Love* uses more sophisticated material than most of the love magazines. The information imparted in this department is not restricted to the somewhat obvious facts about wordage and slant. It penetrates the more subtle crannies of changing taste. Easily the most provocative and useful paragraph in the May issue is the one which reports the effect of the slow business recovery on love, as interpreted by Miss Daisy Bacon, editor of *Love Story Magazine*, who should know. Miss Bacon, the *Digest* says, is one of the most consistently friendly readers a new writer can have the luck to meet. When *she* finds love changing, it's time to listen. And she admits that it is changing. She is now stressing "the real romance" note more than ever—the note that "has come to the fore in popularity so markedly in the talky of 'Little Women.'" Miss Bacon does

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Mr. W. Starling Burgess, designer of the new America's Cup defense yacht "Rainbow". Mr. Burgess will be on the "Rainbow" next September if she meets the challenger "Endeavour".

BY W. STARLING BURGESS

"The captains I know are mainly skippers of racing yachts. That's natural, since I am more concerned with yachts than large ships. Seamanship, for me, is usually expressed in yachting terms.

"Yet I know that the captain of an ocean liner on his bridge eighty feet above the water and the yachtsman skimming along close to the surface experience much the same feeling. The liner captain, although his command may be a steel monster of 50,000 tons, also thinks of his ship as a sensitive, living thing. He is part of her. He knows her buoyancy—can measure her speed, in heavy weather, so that she will just have time to lift her bow gracefully to meet each onrushing sea. It isn't generally known how much a skillful captain can do to eliminate waste motion in a ship.

"Despite differences in size, the analogy is a true one—a liner can be controlled as precisely, as intuitively, as a yacht. And the expert way in which Cunard captains exercise that control never ceases to call forth my sincere admiration."

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AQUITANIA ... BERENGARIA ... DIRECT ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT ... These great Cunard Liners go directly to Cherbourg, which is the nearest port of disembarkation for the Continent, thence to Southampton. Recently both the Aquitania and the Berengaria have been remodelled to provide many spacious new rooms with bath which offer especially good values and exemplify that fine art of living at sea traditional with Cunard. *Next Sailings from New York: Aquitania June 9 ... June 27 ... July 14 ... Aug. 8. Berengaria May 31 ... June 16 ... July 5 ... Aug. 2.*

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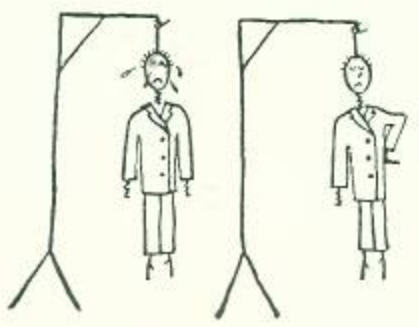
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Summer is bad for hangings!



YOUR draperies and hangings need careful cleaning, or perhaps dyeing if you have an urge for another color scheme, and we are experts on both subjects. Dyeing and hangings sound very sad . . . and sad is the way you will feel if you let just any cleaner take care of them for you. Have us clean and store your draperies over the summer. You will be glad in the Fall! We will also take entire charge of closing your house, if you prefer.

The LANDSMAN METHOD, INC.
Cleaners to Particular People
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK

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TEN DOLLARS

One of the many delightfully different creations by the originators of round-toed footwear now offered at Summer clearance prices! Wide variety of materials and colors.

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not favor the furiously fast love pace, but prefers the slow, detailed depiction of emotional scenes, which she believes is more definitely the tempo of the present year and (here we come to the acute observation) more in harmony with the slow business recovery. The best length is five thousand words, slowly, slowly; payment is promptly on acceptance, and the address is 79 Seventh Avenue.

You see, to write you must learn simple, proved facts; and remember always that the stethoscope is mightier than the pen.

CONCRETE information and advice are the secret of the literary-advice profession. The *Digest*, of course, is not the only publication in the field: it happens to be a most prosperous and practical one. A close second is the *Writer's Review*, "What to Write and Where to Sell It," also published in Cincinnati, a city which somewhat surprisingly turns out to be America's stronghold of literary knowingness. The *Review* for May shows its sympathetic understanding of a writer's crying need for definite information by publishing two hundred synonyms for the word "said." Instead of always using "he said," the *Review* points out, one can vary one's tune by writing "he sang out," "he woofed," "he twanged," "he strangled," "he glowed," "he jollied," "he twinkled," "he particularized," and many others. This is practical, something a writer can put his finger on. So are the *Review's* directions for writing a Western. I don't see how anybody who is not a subscriber to the *Review* could hope to know that the first step in creating a Western is to drop a line to a firm in Brooklyn. The firm is Chas. Bragin, 1525 West 12th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and you write them first thing you do. They'll supply you with some old-time dime novels, which are still the model for today's open-space fiction. The next step, after sending off your letter to Brooklyn, is to visit the Library and view some stereopticon slides of typical mesas, gulches, arroyos, canyons, and lariats. As long as you remember to keep your hero always out of doors and never let him in the house even to get a handkerchief, you're safe; no first-hand knowledge of the subject is necessary. "Is there any more reason," asks the *Review*, "why a cowboy story should be more true to life than a slick-paper story? Why demand honest realism in a pulp-paper story which admittedly

reaches a lower type audience, and then publish sugar-coated taffy in *Cosmopolitan* and *Collier's* which reaches a better audience?" The question, I assume, is as rhetorical as can be expected under the circumstances.

It might profit and regale us, at this point in our gentle study of literary handbooks, to take up in some detail the *Review's* detailed criticism of a rejected Western, whose obliging author kindly donated it for vivisection. The magazine publishes the story in full, as an object lesson in faulty style, substance, and form. On facing pages appears the criticism, paragraph by paragraph, point by point. Here, in incredible clarity, shines the slender, membranous wall between failure and success in art, an impressive instance of the exact science of contemporary fiction. I can't quote the whole thing, but here are some extracts:

The story: "Sure Fire" Eddie Moore, railroad dick and ex-range rider, rode into Hamilton with mixed emotions.

The criticism: Don't tell the reader that Eddie is a dick.

The story: He saw a tall, stern-eyed, bewhiskered man of forty or so.

The criticism: Let him be a tall rat-faced man with drooping, greasy whiskers.

The story: Mary nodded and went on. "It wasn't long before he brought me to this forsaken place. You are the first decent man I've met since leaving Salt Lake."

The criticism: Cut this out. The girl repeats herself too much, and she shouldn't tell her story so readily. Out west the motto is "Tell 'em nothin'."

[The writer should have known that from his stereopticon slides.]

The story: Eddie said nothing, deeming silence to be golden.

The criticism: Not in character. He seems too much like a sissy. After a man has been saying "ain't" and the like, he would hardly "deem silence to be golden."

The story: Ringing him in, they rode swiftly for the pass where he had planned to have them meet their Waterloo.

The criticism: Don't use "Waterloo." If you must use a term of this type, use a sectional expression. Waterloo is over in Europe, the story is happening in America, in the west; the jump is too big for the mind of most readers.

The story: He could see the steel monster now, roaring down on him at terrific speed. TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

The criticism: This isn't bad, but you don't have enough of it. Let the reader almost feel the hot cinders from the roaring train.

The story: Eddie groaned involuntarily.

The criticism: This is a fine time to groan!

The story: He looked into her dark eyes. What he saw was tonic. It brought his wide smile into play.

The criticism: This is a heck of a way to end the story. For all we know Eddie may die of his wounds. Tell us what we



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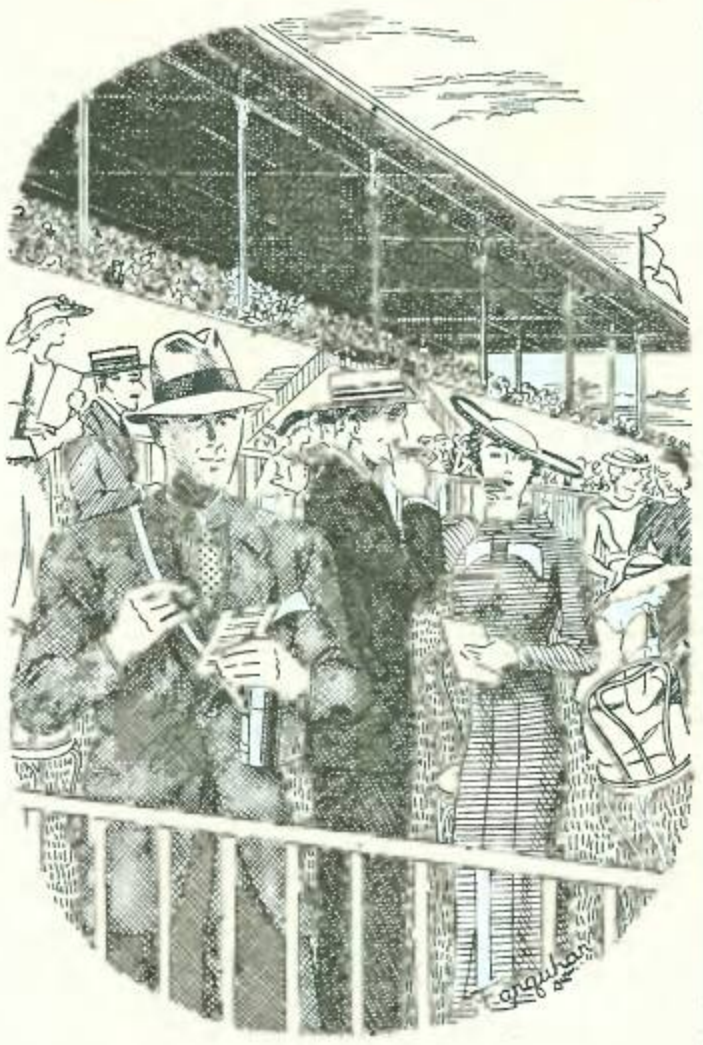
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may expect. Have a doctor there if you must. The wedding is a foregone conclusion, but if this is a Street and Smith yarn as we planned, then the climax should be a fighting climax, and not a "love and kisses" ending. Male westerns should always have a fighting ending.

This sort of rapid-fire aid and counsel, as you see, has the clean-cut quality of answers in the back of an arithmetic book. Of course, the critic admits, once in a while you run across a story that does not fall neatly into a category. "A case in point," he writes, "is a story of my own which was written for *Liberty*, was liked by a church publication editor, and finally sold to *All-America Sports*." Such stories, though, are regrettable, and the less said about them the better; the thing to do is to make sure that the slant is right and then there won't be any confusion when it comes to placing them.

ALTHOUGH I seem to have concentrated on the *Digest* and the *Review*, I don't mean to suggest that there are not many other writer's magazines. There are plenty. We have, in fact, a magazine to suit the taste of any writer. The latest entry in the field is the *Blue Pencil*, a decorous monthly published by Thomas H. Uzzell with special attention to the slicks. Mr. Uzzell, one-time aid to that peerless bachelor of literary engineering, Walter B. Pitkin, announces that his magazine has "no advertising, no guarantees, no hokum." He devotes his effort to impeccable essays on writing, an occasional genteel interview with some such inescapable Parnassian as the editor of *Harper's* (a slick), and a prize contest for the 300,000 boys in the Civilian Conservation Corps. The appeal of the *Blue Pencil* is definitely to the intellectual artist. I note, however, that all the literary-business counsellors stick together on one point: that the duty of every worthwhile writer is to keep his finger on the pulse of the editorial offices. Mr. Uzzell has a department called the Ash Can, to which he consigns literary fragments which he regards as tripe. Among the items in the Ash Can for May was George Moore's optimistic announcement that "All that one writes is dictated from above." I supposed George Moore was a bit wistful in asserting that it all came from above, but it's a cinch that the writer's magazines are going to see to it that most of it originates Right Down Here Below.

After all, you can't trust the Muse on length. And the slant is often wrong.

—E. B. W.

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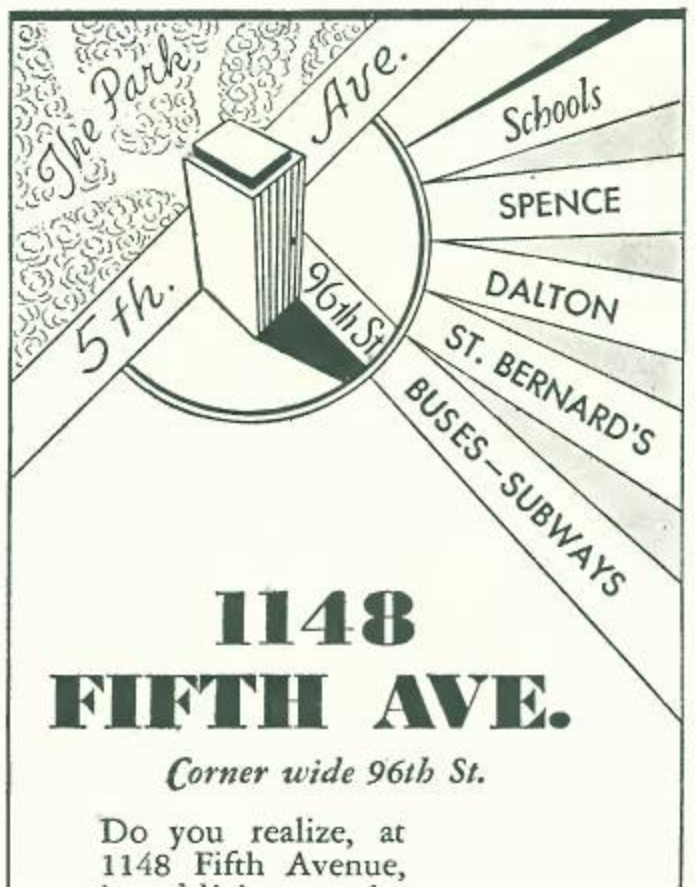
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PARIS

WHEN I was eighteen years old and living at The Hague, I received an invitation to visit my mother's old friend, Madame Seurat, in Versailles.

While packing my modest belongings, I embraced my mother over and over again. "Calm yourself, child," she would say. "Don't be so excited."

"But think of it!" I exclaimed. "Two weeks in Paris, in April! Can you imagine anything more thrilling?"

"It isn't Paris, dear, it's Versailles," said my mother.

"Oh, that's the same thing!" I exclaimed impatiently. "I'll go to Paris every day."

THE Amsterdam train set me down in Paris one lovely spring evening. There was a faint perfume of lilacs in the air. The sky was pale blue-green, and one star twinkled. Riding through the streets in an open carriage, I thought all the women chic and pretty, all the men romantic.

My hostess, whom I had never seen before, seemed very kind. We drove from one station to another, took a train, and after a little while arrived at Versailles.

The Seurats lived in a quiet old street in an old, old *hôtel*. It was all very calm and beautiful. We had dinner and then coffee in the salon, which was an immense room, white-and-gold, with tall blue Delft vases filled with branches of lilac. We chatted a little and Madame Seurat took up some knitting.

Did I knit? No, I did not knit. What kind of needlework did I do? Well, I was afraid I didn't do any. I didn't care much for that sort of thing. Well, well! My hostess shook her head.

"Do you often go to Paris?" I asked.

"No, not often. But I am going tomorrow. I have an appointment for eleven o'clock with my dressmaker, Madame Dutoit. She is making *un petit tailleur* for me, of a *chic!*" She raised her hands to heaven.

We started out the next morning at nine o'clock. The weather was perfect. We took the nine-fifteen for Paris. There we took a bus, then the Métro, then a bus again; then we walked for ten minutes. Finally we arrived in a small, quiet street. We climbed up three flights of stairs. Madame Dutoit greeted us with exclamations of delight. We were led into a tiny, dark room

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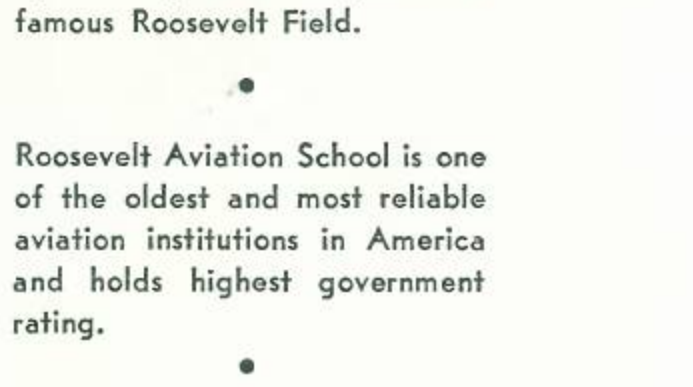
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where a sallow woman sat working at some black cloth. This turned out to be the *petit tailleur*. It was draped around Madame Seurat, and for half an hour pins were stuck into it and marks were made on it with white chalk. Finally the three women agreed that it was perfect. We left at noon. Madame Seurat and I walked in the spring sunshine again. "Now we'll have lunch with my dear friend, Madame Panat."

Madame Panat, a dull lady, served us a dull luncheon, and the conversation was chiefly about people I had never heard of. At two o'clock, Madame Seurat took me by the arm and said, "Come, come, I have to be at Madame Dutoit's at three; she is giving me two fittings on one day, because I live in Versailles. She is of an agreeableness!"

At four o'clock, we trudged down the steps again. The fitting was over; it had lasted an hour. "Now we will go to the Louvre and see the Mona Lisa."

Alas, when we arrived at the Louvre, it had just closed. Well, the Madeleine then. "We must catch the five twenty-five for home, *chérie*, but I think we have time for the Madeleine." She took me by the hand and we rushed down an enchanting street crowded with shops. "Oh, do let me look!" I cried. But no, there was no time. We arrived at the Madeleine, raced up the steps, stood stock-still in the church for just one second, rushed down the steps again, on to the station, and just caught the train.

THE following morning I spent in the Parc with Madame Seurat. In the afternoon we visited the Palais. At four o'clock, I hoped for a "five o'clock" at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, which, I had heard, was the acme of



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chic. Alas! Madame bought us each a roll and a slab of chocolate, and these we munched while sauntering along, admiring busts and pictures of Louis XIV.

The evening we spent in the salon. I was given a book of poems and was urged to read one poem in particular. It was "Versailles," by De Musset.

The following morning was spent in the Parc again. In the afternoon, we visited the Trianons.

The day after, I was all set to go to Paris again. But no, Madame Seurat was not going that day. Or the next, or the day after. But couldn't I go? Alone? What was I thinking of? My dear mother would never forgive her, Madame Seurat, if anything should happen to me. No, for me to go to Paris alone was absolutely out of the question, but she was going on Monday and then we would have a delightful day.

ON Monday we set forth. "I am so anxious to see my *petit tailleur*," remarked my hostess, as soon as she was seated in the train.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Must you go and be fitted again?"

"My dear child, that is what I am going in for."

This time the *tailleur* had the sleeves basted in. There was a long, long conversation about the lapels. A little longer? A little wider? A little more pointed, perhaps? What did I think? I said, "*Oui, oui, oui.*"

We had lunch at the apartment of a Madame du Château, who was a Bourbon duchess in disguise. She was swathed in black crêpe and sat at her table wearing a black hat and veil. She read us three letters of a grandson—charming, poetic letters.

"I wish he were here," I remarked, imagining a tall, dark, handsome



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man with whom I'd go to the races.

"He is dead," said my hostess in a deep voice. It turned out that all the Pierres, Jeans, Roberts, and Alfreds she had been talking about were dead. All sons and grandsons, all fallen in some war or other. As a gayer note, the *petit tailleur* was brought into the conversation.

"It sounds marvellous," said the disguised duchess. "Three buttons, you say?"

"Yes, three. And the sleeves like this. . . . Of a *chic* unbelievable!"

A week passed. Only five more days were left before I would return home. During that week I had been in Paris once. This time the *petit tailleur* had had the buttons sewed on.

A couple of days later it was time for my departure. On that day, Madame Seurat took me to Paris. We had barely time to drive from one station to another and for me to catch my train.

SOME time after I was home again, my mother received a letter from her dear old friend. Madame Seurat was glad to hear that I had safely arrived (I had, of course, written her a polite little note) and that I had enjoyed my visit. I was, she wrote, on the whole a pleasant girl, but she feared that I was, like so many of the younger generation, inclined to be selfish and pleasure-loving. She hoped that my mother did not mind an old, old friend telling her this. She felt it her duty.

By the way, had I perhaps mentioned the *petit tailleur* which she was having made? Well, it was finished! And of a *chic! Epatant! Incroyable!* It had long narrow lapels, and three buttons on the cuff, and four small pockets . . .

—MADDY VEGTEL

•

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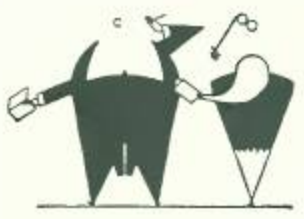
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THE ART GALLERIES

The Rear Guard—Mr. Craven on Modernism



AND so the procession drags to a close. Mr. Stuart Davis, at the Downtown Gallery, heads the rear guard with a series of designs in line and some Gallic water colors that have a richer content of realism than usual with him. These paintings make me think again that he is properly a decorator who should be entrusted with a bar or a restaurant or a theatre foyer. The A.C.A. Gallery follows, with its company of young painters, and after it comes the Eighth Street Gallery, with the sonorous trombone of De Martini punctuating its steps. At the Midtown Galleries, Paul Meltsner, who has done some vigorous water colors from nature, demonstrates that this does not prepare a painter to orchestrate a forty-foot wall, and—but here come the sweepers. The parade seems to be over. I cannot imagine why anyone should be interested in the Fifty Best Prints of 1933 selected by the art dealers.

LET us rather look at Thomas Craven's "Modern Art." This book has the boisterous vitality of Mencken, the Gallophobia of Mr. W. R. Hearst, and the inverted puritanism of the Alexandrian hermits of old. Occasionally, it also boasts the shrewd good sense and candor that have characterized Mr. Craven in the past, but there is not enough of this to hide the fact that he has contributed little except biographical and autobiographical anecdotes and undigested major premises to his new analysis of modern art.

"Modern Art" is, in a sense, a continuation of his excellent "Men of Art." As such, it deals with the contemporary figures to whom the author looks for salvation in the midst of the prevalent confusion. It is a separating out of the sheep from the goats, with a large part of the book devoted to an excoriating attack on Mr. Craven's particular goats. The argument is sustained on an evangelical note, high-pitched, shrill, impervious to finer distinctions of thought, no more fair to the opinions of those who hold different views than, say, Billy Sunday. As in another book of revelation, there is an Antichrist,



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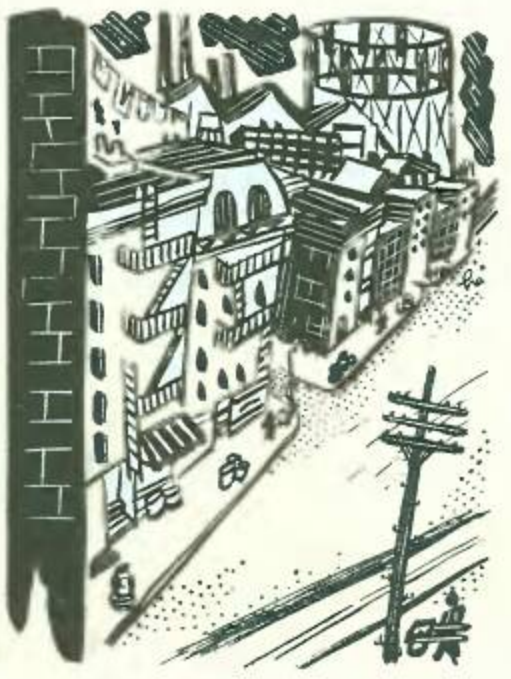
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the Scarlet Woman, the shameless lady of Babylon; namely, French art, and more particularly the school of Paris. This gives the book a dramatic theme. To describe the habits of this villainess, to examine—and, still better, to depict—her thirty-nine methods of seduction, occupies a good part of his critical interest and emotional zeal. He approaches the subject in the way that a patriotic Elk from Kansas, also a Baptist, might approach a cabaret on the Place Pigalle; and his discoveries and revelations have as much to do with the living art of France as the Elk's discoveries have to do with daily habits of the French family.

MR. CRAVEN's thesis runs something like this: The curse of modern art is its Bohemianism and its venality. Both of these sins were invented in Paris. The practice of cohabiting with the shameless creatures who dwell in the Latin Quarter makes artists lazy and they become unfit for serious work. Immured in a fake world compounded of cognac, loose ladies, and rapacious art dealers, the modernist painters become mystagogues; the successful ones become mere painting machines turning out a standard product for an international market. The disease of Bohemianism infects the rest of the world. The result is painting without content, without social purpose, without ideas: empty exercises in method and fake abstractions that are evasions of life.

The outstanding representatives of the vices of Paris—I am still interpreting Mr. Craven—are Matisse and Picasso. Matisse is convicted out of his own mouth of being a mere soother of the tired businessman, his paintings are empty pattern-making, and he is finally damned (but this is all too easy!) by a fatuous quotation from Barnes and De Mazia. As for Picasso, he is little better than a clever swindler. He has not risen above a childish play





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with materials. Since this is the best the modernist movement can show, it has died and it deserves to die. The artists who are putting art on a firmer foundation are Georg Grosz, Frank Lloyd Wright, Epstein, Barnard, Benton, Orozco, and Rivera. These men are expressing social needs, vitalizing ideas, interpreting the present age, working harmoniously with the spirit of their locality. They have shown the way back to real experiences in a real world. So far Mr. Craven.

IN the abstract, Mr. Craven plainly has a thesis that, with a little discipline and self-analysis, he might have developed into very salutary criticism, which would have clarified most of the great choices in modern life. On special points, one can find many places for agreement. Mr. Craven is right, I believe, when he holds that Picasso's work has been over-valued, although he weakens his own case by dismissing too brashly the touching and frankly sentimental blue period, before Picasso had succumbed to his own cleverness. But to form a just estimate of Picasso, one has to appreciate the work of the mere technician. Like Lyly or Thomas Browne or James Joyce in literature, painters like Picasso make a bequest to succeeding generations of artists that is independent of the ideological content of their work, that is effective, perhaps, because the content is so easily divorced from the process.

There is a further weakness in Mr. Craven's philosophy that makes it impossible for him to do justice to painters of different temperaments and with a different scale of perceptions and values than his own. He reduces the notion of "experience" to the simple, observable contents of daily life. Hence he regards with animosity and suspicion experience on other levels; the contents of dreams, the projection of subjective states, the interpretation of experiences that are neither open to the eye nor reducible to words, he dismisses as unimportant. Convinced that music alone is capable of reorganizing these subjective states, he turns impatiently away from the attempt of the painter, like Picasso or Lurçat, or the writer, like Gertrude Stein, to do the same thing. To point this out is merely to emphasize the fact that Mr. Craven has not grappled with the problem of the symbol in painting. What is the connection between the apparent objects of a painting and its real contents as a work of art? This is perhaps the central problem of aesthetic criticism, and Mr.

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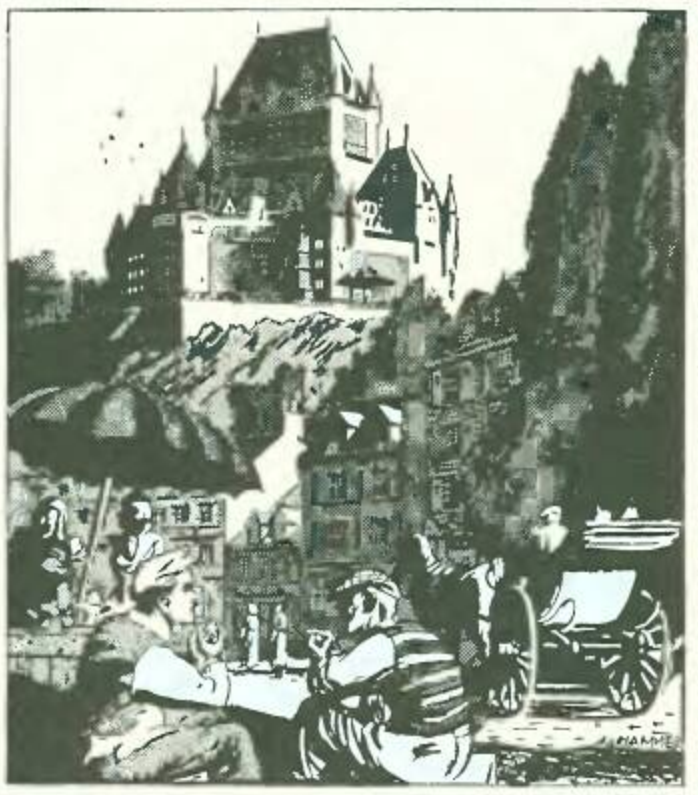
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Craven has not reckoned with it. A bowl of fruit in a painting is not the bowl of fruit one finds on the breakfast table, but it is not for that reason a sterile abstraction. It may as painting represent something to eat, but it may also represent a feeling of noble composure, a state of psychic disintegration, a condition of exaltation; it may indicate interests as austerely rational as a mathematical equation or it may affect the action of the heart as directly as if the apples and bananas, say, were actual sexual organs. The real contents of the picture cannot be dismissed merely because the patent contents seem empty or abstract; the abstraction may have a more powerful physiological and psychological effect than a more intelligible symbol. Here is in fact the rationale of all art. And this explains, I think, why a still-life by Chardin can tell us as much about the spiritual condition of the eighteenth century as a street scene by Hogarth.

Since Mr. Craven has failed to grasp this essential fact about the symbol in painting, half of his judgments about painting seem to be the work of a blind man. But, critically speaking, this whole study of modern art is marked by what, in a man of Mr. Craven's intellectual distinction, seems a willful blindness. How else is one to explain the fact that he lumps the third-rate hangers-on in Bohemia with its productive spirits? Why else is he so contemptuous of that substratum of minor work without whose existence the soil would not be prepared for the greater artists? How else can he write a book about modern art in which major figures like Rouault are not even mentioned? Within this large work, Mr. Craven has concealed a smaller one, freed from the sophomoric obsessions, the cocky provincialities, the crass complacencies of the present volume. As the friendliest of enemies, I wish Mr. Craven would extract that little book and finish it. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

The American League to Abolish Capital Punishment, Inc., and Kenneth Miller, boudoir accessories, have leased offices at 145 East Fifty-seventh Street. —*The Herald Tribune.*

One thing at a time!

•

NOTICE

The Wedding of Miss May Powell and Mr. Harry Pexton, which was postponed last week, will take place THIS THURSDAY, April 19th.—*The Bermuda Colonist.*

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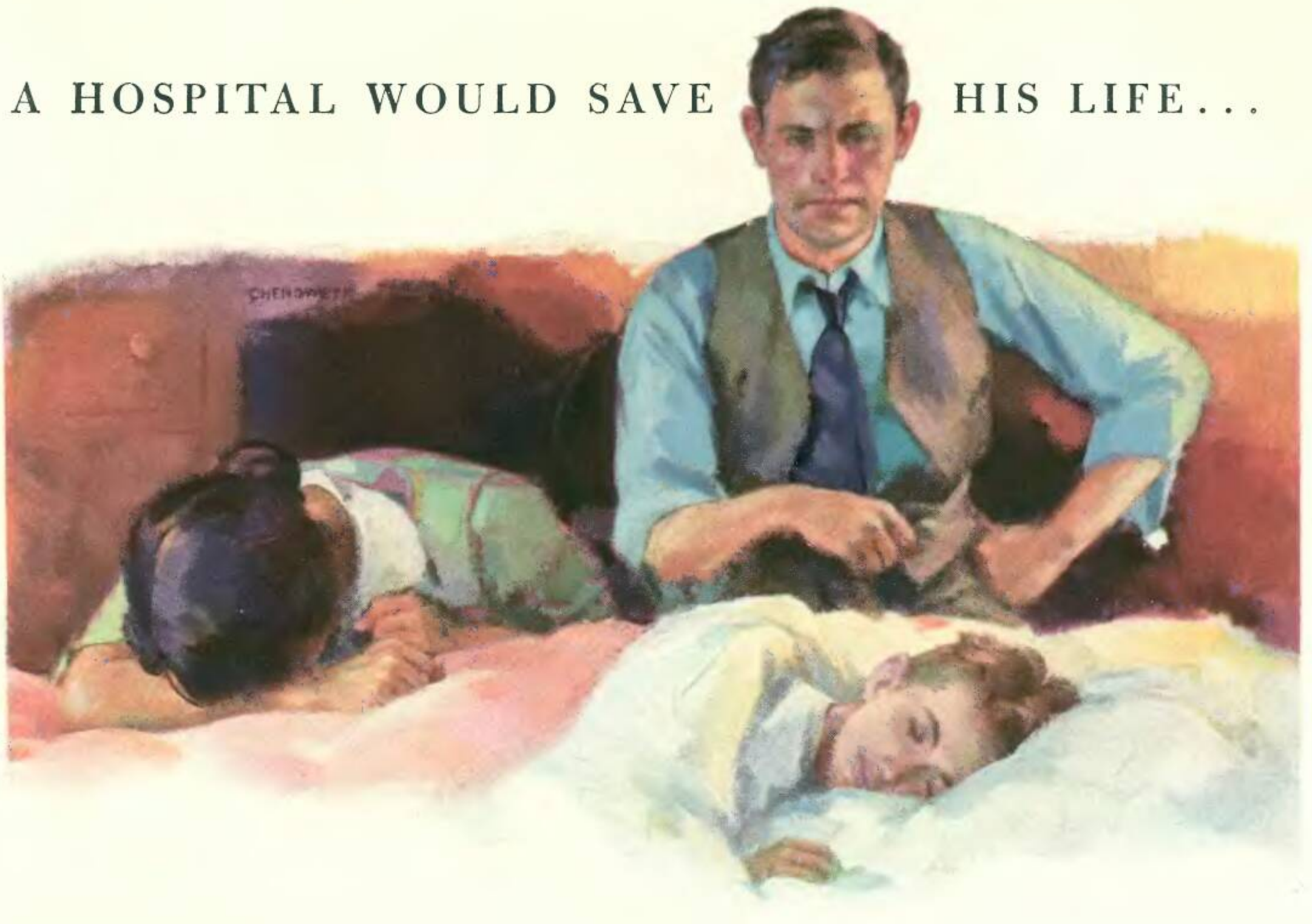
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

IN 1801, Robert Richard Randall, bachelor landlubber son of a pirate father, feeling he had not long to live, asked his friend Alexander Hamilton how he might best dispose of his estate. The latter replied that inasmuch as the estate consisted chiefly of a $12,500 farm inherited from Randall's father, and therefore had been purchased with the proceeds of buccaneering, the best thing for Randall to do was to return it to those from whom the late Captain Randall had, so to speak, taken it. Randall *fils* took this in a nice way, and when he died later that year the estate, with the exception of modest bequests to "legitimate nephews and nieces," was left for the founding of a home for aged, decrepit, and wornout sailors, to be known as Sailors' Snug Harbor. Consisting of a few shares of stock and the farm, a plot of land bounded roughly by what is now Washington Square North, Fifth Avenue, Tenth Street, and Fourth Avenue, the Randall holdings in 1806 brought in $4,243 in rentals and interest. In 1930, the Harbor's income was over $1,450,000, and even today, with real-estate values what they are, there is well over $1,100,000 a year to go toward the 875 old sailors, locally known as Snugs, who wabble around the Harbor's 120-acre farm on Staten Island. Randall's will stipulated that no part of the property ever be sold, and with the exception of a strip which the city condemned in 1902 for the Fourth Avenue subway, and for which the Harbor was paid $231,000, the original farm is intact. Controller Walter A. Gunther, even in his annual reports to the State Legislature, does not reveal the value of this property, but conservative estimates a few years ago were as high as $40,000,000.

Randall's idea had been to have the home built on the Manhattan property, but the trustees, brightly foreseeing the day when this rural waste would be considered desirable by such tenants as Wanamaker's, the Lafayette, the Brevoort, Mrs. Robert W. De Forest, Aunt Clemmy's Restaurant, Buddy Truly on the Square (Dress for Less), the Germania Basket Company (If It's a Basket We Make It), the World Clothing Exchange, Rockwell Kent, and Dick the Oyster Man, petitioned the State Legislature in 1828 for permission to lease the city property and purchase another tract elsewhere for the institution itself. The twenty-seven-year interval between the founder's demise and this inaugural step was due to long-drawn-out intervening attempts on the part of Randall's enraged relatives, including the legitimate nephews and nieces, to break the will. One even engaged Daniel Webster as attorney, but the idea of Alexander Hamilton prevailed, and in 1830 the last suit was quashed. The following year the cornerstone was laid, on the site on Staten Island which the institution still occupies, and in August, 1833, the place opened, with forty-six inmates. There was talk of a centenary celebration for the inmates and trustees last summer, but most of the trustees were out of town and a special dinner was served instead.

IN spite of its great wealth, the institution is given to occasional fits of economy. At one time an annual cruise on the bay was held for the more able-bodied Snugs, but this cost over two hundred dollars, and has been abandoned. Similarly, food and living accommodations at the Harbor, though perfectly adequate, cannot compare with those at the Andrew Freedman Home for old people, in the Bronx, although the ratio of income to membership is approximately the same. Exteriorly, however, the Harbor buildings, over thirty in number, form as impressive a group as many of our best prep schools. Looking out over the Kill van Kull toward the Standard Oil factories in Bayonne are five marble-fronted, pillared buildings, set in an immense lawn embellished with elms and ornamental shrubs. In front of the central building is a monument to the founder, whose remains, transported in 1834 from St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, lie underneath. Inside the main hall, pictures of crack sailing vessels line the walls, and members in loosely fitting blue suits, with shiny buttons with anchors on them, crowd around a bulletin board adorned



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with announcements of the Truss Man's next visit, etc. Grouped around a large dome overhead are skylight windows with vivid-blue panes in which unconvincing constellations twinkle. To the right are the Governor's offices, and to the left reading-and recreation-rooms, littered with papers, copies of the *Literary Digest*, and old postcard albums. There is a writing-room, but stamps are now supplied only in the actual presence of outgoing letters. Formerly, when a more open-handed policy prevailed, many members, after pleading a gigantic correspondence, would subsequently sell the stamps and blow the proceeds in on liquor.

The other four frontal buildings are dormitories, and back of these are dining halls, poolrooms, laundry, hospital, gardener's house, chaplain's house, commissary department, doctor's house, morgue, and so on, many connected with covered walks. There is a theatre, where movies are given twice a week, and a church, a small copy of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, where some members regrettably snore through the sermon. Church attendance is optional. "We have a churchy bunch of trustees, but the men are not very churchy," one of the men said the other day. In the basements of the main buildings are long, light corridors, where aged seamen smoke, and whittle model ships which they sail on the pond or sell to visitors. Franklin Roosevelt bought one years ago when he visited the place. The hospital is in the shape of an "X" and houses an average of some two hundred men. As hospitalization is a disciplinary as well as a hygienic measure, the building is well occupied. One ward, sinisterly known as the insane ward, is devoted chiefly to members suffering from hangovers, who sit around moodily in a small enclosure.

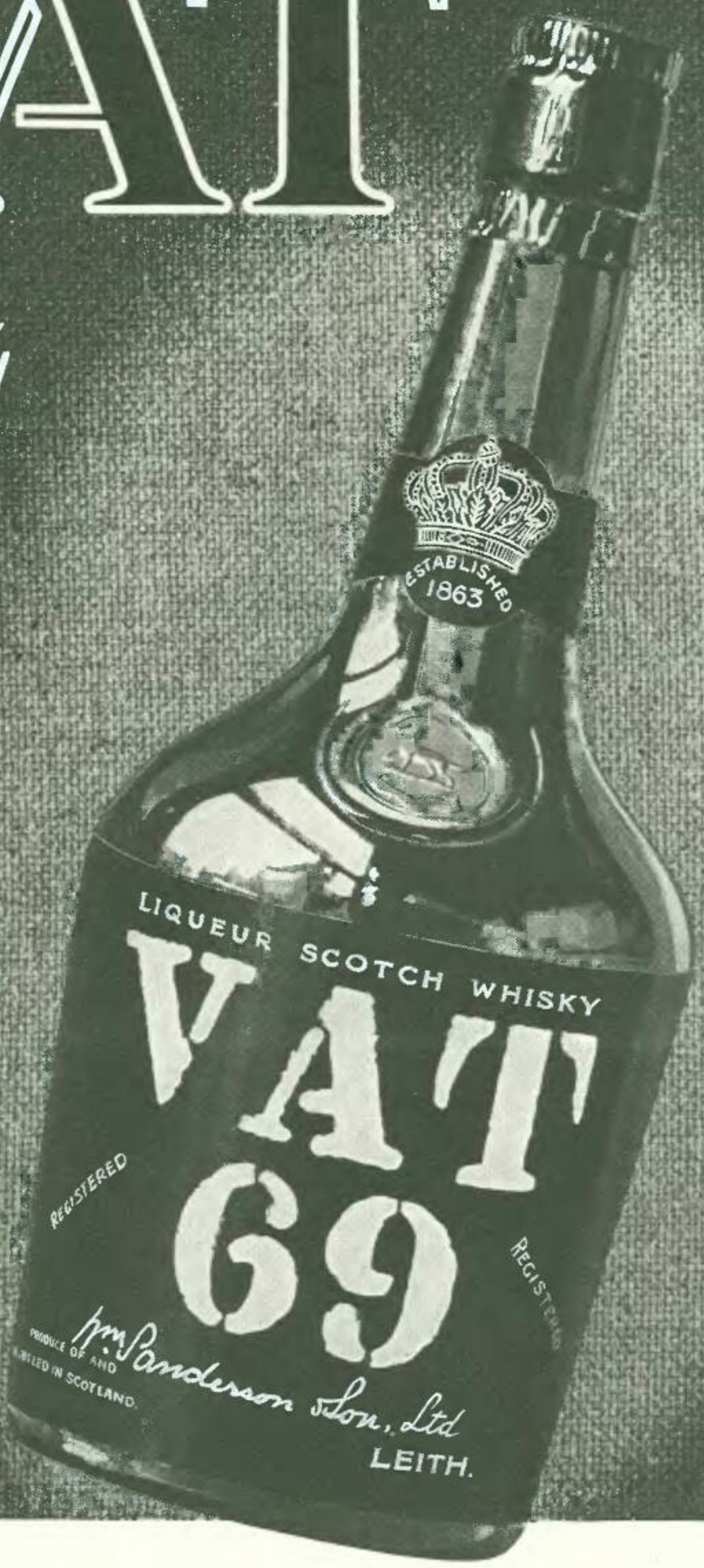
LIQUOR plays a larger part in many of the Snugs' lives than the authorities like to think about, and, coupled with a general contrariness bred of old age and the sense of being cut off from active life, makes for occasional quarrels. Most of the rooms are double rooms, and the question of who shall have the upper bureau drawers is a touchy one, sometimes leading to bloodshed. Although enjoined by the original charter to demean themselves in a decorous manner, as becoming aged and honest seamen, many retired skippers draw a chalk line down the middle of their room and defy their roommates to cross it at peril of their lives. One drew the line so that his half included the door, and informed his roommate he would have to come and go by the window.

There are, however, group feuds in which more impressive issues are involved. United only in a common contempt for landlubbers, the East Coast men look down on the West Coast men, former skippers snub former stokers, and the old sailing-vessel men, who, although dying out, still comprise about one-third of the membership, have nothing but scorn for the steamboat men. "Damn you, you never been to sea a day in your life" and "I wrung more water out of my sou'-wester than you ever sailed over" are two of the deadliest insults with which one Snug can infuriate another. Incidentally, the loathing of the sailing-vessel men for steam is not confined to the high seas. A year or so ago, Captain Martin Svendrup, an old wooden-boat man, awoke to find his roommate, Captain James Pigott, diddling with the radiator. Captain Pigott was feeling cold. He removed the radiator cap and steam hissed into the room. "Steam!" shrieked Captain Svendrup, and, bounding out of bed, he whacked Pigott over the head with his cane, knocking him senseless. The judge in police court subsequently suspended sentence, Captain Svendrup having served eleven days in the Richmond County Jail while awaiting trial. An attempt was made by the Court to get the two mariners to shake hands. Captain Pigott was agreeable, but Captain Svendrup stomped off indignantly, saying he could never forgive Pigott for having sent him to jail for such a trifling thing.

Ordinarily, breaches of etiquette, unless profound enough to come before the local courts, are handled by George A. Beckwith, the Governor of the home, who, as a former lieutenant-commander in the Naval Reserve, is favorably regarded by the Snugs as a fellow-mariner. Such offences as attacking another inmate or selling one's monthly ration of a pound of tobacco are usually punished by placing the guilty party on Taboo, which means he can't leave the grounds for a certain period. Members in good standing may go where they please during the day, provided their beds are made and rooms kept tidy, and provided they're home in bed by ten. Few miss a meal, however, though there is an urban group which occasionally goes to New York to

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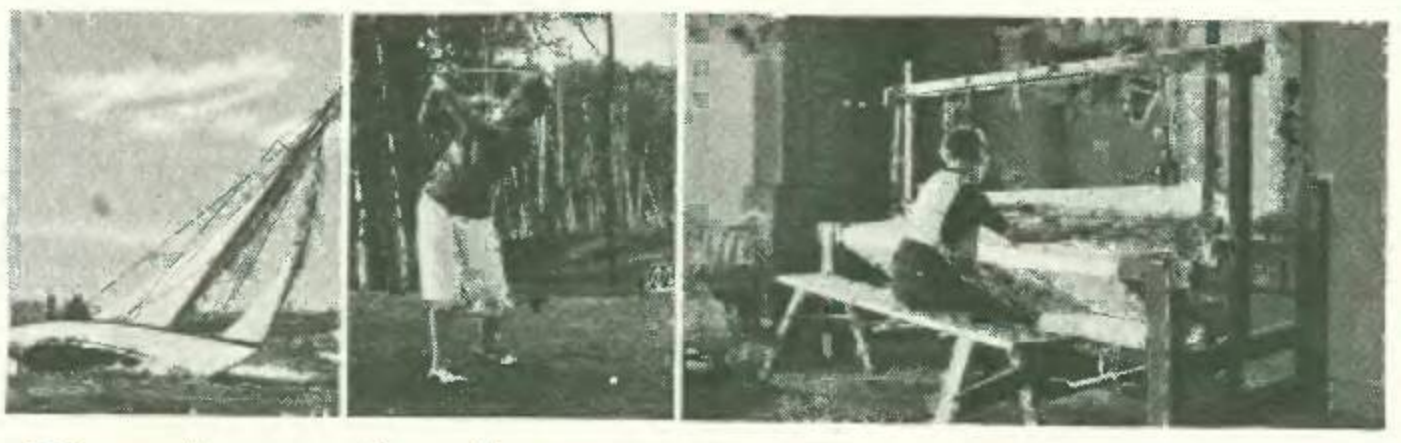
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take walks in Central Park, and during the summer many go off for two or three months to stay with relatives. Some resign to take jobs as barge watchmen, etc., often coming back. Except for a month's vacation, the Governor, a handsome, elderly gentleman with large mustaches, lives in a rambling house on the farm with his family, the amiable target for all inmates who have grievances to air, such as snoring roommates or insults sustained at the hands of other members. The Governor deplores the tendency to ascribe many of the Snugs' quarrels to the bottle. "If we had eight hundred and seventy chaplains here," he observed recently, "we'd have just as much drink. No, better make that lawyers," he added. "We have two ministers on the board."

THESE two are the senior Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers of New York, Dr. Fleming of Trinity Church and Dr. Duffield of the First Presbyterian. Randall's will stipulated that the holders of these offices, as well as the Mayor, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and the president and vice-president of the Marine Society, should *ex officio* serve as trustees. Traditionally, the Chamber of Commerce man is elected president. Along with Controller Gunther, these gentlemen meet every Friday at the Brevoort, where they pass on applicants for membership, leases, etc. No Mayor since McClellan has shown up, although Hylan once sent a representative, who was very much put out when he wasn't allowed to vote. Two or three inmates die every week, more in bad weather, and the trustees are kept busy at their luncheon. Prospects for entrance must fill out a series of application blanks, indicating at least five years' offshore service under the American flag if native-born, and ten if foreign-born, and either an age of over sixty-five or permanent disability. Service records are checked with ship companies and custom houses, and former Great Lakes men, ferryboat captains, Adirondack guides, and old crew men are firmly excluded. The original will stipulated that only sailors be admitted, and an appeal to the Legislature had to be made to include under that term steamboat men. Engineers, cooks, messmen, carpenters, masters, stokers, and offshore fishermen of many different nationalities belong to the Harbor, and an attempt to wipe out difference of rank is made by calling them all Cap-

tain. Only cooks from sailing vessels are admitted, however. They have been held to qualify, since in a storm they join the crew. A few offshore fishermen were admitted during the war, when many regular members got jobs and left. Those remaining are snubbed even by the stokers.

By mowing the lawns, working as waiters, and so on, inmates may make pin money up to fifteen dollars a month, but any considerable independent income disqualifies an applicant. A few thousand dollars' capital is no barrier, however, and one or two men with quite sizable pensions have slipped in. No one of the inmates, some of whom have lived there thirty-eight years, has ever made a bequest to the Harbor, although two years ago one electrified the Mariner's Family Asylum of Stapleton, S.I., a humble refuge for sailors' wives and sisters, by leaving it five thousand dollars. Many of the Harbor men have wives, incidentally, some of whom run boarding houses in the vicinity. A twenty-five-thousand-dollar bequest was once unexpectedly received by the Harbor from a lady in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, while another woman bequeathed an old cup that had been awarded some captain for a record trip. The New York office, now located at 262 Greene Street, grumbled a good deal about having to have it cleaned up and a case made, but it was finally accepted.

Disgruntled applicants for membership, and others, occasionally criticize Sailors' Snug Harbor's financial policy of spending more money on the New York office and the upkeep of the real estate than on the inmates themselves. It is true that the 1933 figure of $439,000 for taxes and repairs and $122,000 for New York office expenses, as contrasted with $420,000 to maintain the inmates, seems rather high, especially in view of the fact that much of the Harbor property around Ninth and Tenth Streets consists of lofts and walkups in pretty shabby condition. In the last fifteen years, only



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three apartment houses have been erected. Altogether, the Harbor has two hundred and fifty employees, eighty of them in the administrative department, but the general impression is that the institution's affairs are not being managed as shrewdly as those of Trinity Church, whose income is approximately the same. Possibly the complexion of the trustees as stipulated by Randall's will, according to which the only man of affairs on the board cannot serve for more than two years, that being the maximum tenure of office for the president of the Chamber of Commerce, is a factor. Another obstacle to economical operation is the haphazard growth of the Staten Island buildings, which, added to from time to time, are now an expensive, scattered, far-flung group of units. After allowance has been made for depreciation, there is rarely a surplus of income over expense. In 1933, in fact, there was a deficit of $103,000. Back of the trustees' minds is the possibility that the B. & O. may some day make a juicy offer for the Staten Island property, which is well located for terminal purposes. The inmates could then be moved to some place along the Hudson.

IT is not probable that the Snugs would care much. Most of them live in the past, and their memories of rounding the Horn, of typhoons successfully weathered, of the Great Wall of China and the Fiji Islands are more important to them than anything conceivable in the future. As they wander slowly about the cobblestones of Staten Island or sit under the elms, chewing tobacco or smoking, a rebellious discontent, unknown to those who have led less adventurous lives, gnaws at them. The frequent tolling of the chapel bell reminds them they are waiting to die. Grateful enough for their three meals a day and a roof over their heads, they keep pretty much to themselves, isolated for the most part by a restlessness and a half-resigned irritability which once caused Theodore Dreiser, after a visit, to say he was unconvinced they would be happier if pensioned modestly and set free. Occasionally, however, former shipmates have unexpected, happy reunions. Now and then an embarrassing meeting takes place. In the fall of 1932, when a Sea Scout schooner came from the Battery to get a thousand-dollar pledge to the Gibson Fund from the members and employees of Sailors' Snug Harbor, Count von Luckner, who was on board, met at the



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Harbor wharf a captain whose boat he had sunk in the war.

Such exciting reminders of past life are rare, however. The monotony of the present in many cases has heightened the men's recollections of the past, and one of their greatest pleasures is regaling reporters from the local paper, the *Staten Island Advance*, with tales of their exploits. One legless old fellow claims that after a shipwreck he seized a large turtle and rode to the nearest island on its back, his legs being nipped off by sharks on the way. Another, heavily tattooed, recalls with gusto his adventures with native women all over the world. "Undressing me is like looking at a funny paper, they used to tell me," he says. Most of the men sleep part of the afternoon and go to bed early, often rising at three or four in the morning to prowl into the kitchen and make themselves a cup of coffee. One small group sits on the Harbor wharf all day, looking at the nondescript traffic of the bay. Another group is crazy about funerals and two or three times a week follows the coffin of a fellow-inmate to the nearby hill where over four thousand old Sailors' Snug Harbor men lie. As many more are buried elsewhere. Others work on the grounds, walk in the woods, make baskets, rugs, or play poker, with matches for stakes. Some have wives or children living nearby, whom they visit. The recreation-room has radio headpieces tuned to the various stations. Christmas there is a special dinner, with presents of cigars, pipes, etc. Most of the men read the papers and take a fairly vituperative interest in politics. Forty years ago local politicians had become so proficient in the art of voting for dead members of Sailors' Snug Harbor that Judge Gaynor, later Mayor of New York, on a legal technicality concerning residence, took away the inmates' right to vote. Before the last presidential election, the local Democratic Party, realizing that most of the Snugs, being wet, would vote Democratic, got them to appeal to the Election Board, which restored the privilege. Alarmed, the Republicans sued, and the vote was taken away again. To show how they felt, however, the Snugs held a straw ballot. Hoover got fourteen votes.—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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What a break for coffee lovers! Kellogg chemists set out to rid coffee of bitter caffeine, and still retain all its flavor. They did... and found? Their new Kaffee-Hag Coffee was supremely smooth and mellow. You can make it *strong* . . . still it won't turn bitter! Try it soon. For pure enjoyment . . . for your nerves and heart. Blend of finest Brazilian and Colombian coffees.

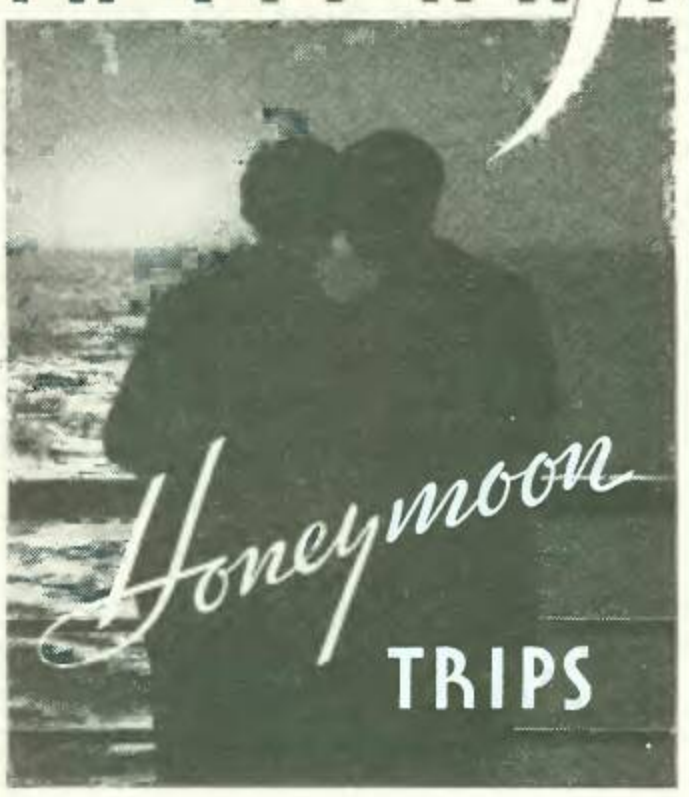
NRA



(Pronounced Kaffee-HAIG)

The DELICIOUS Coffee . . . that's 97% Caffeine-free

HAVANA



THE GANGPLANK TO HAPPINESS!

A gangplank to two worlds of romance where it's always honeymoon time . . . the first, your ship . . . and then, Havana! There's a sweeter sunshine on the broad decks of the famous T.E.L. "Morro Castle," cooled by the fresh trade winds . . . there's luxury in the lounges, in the staterooms and on the verandah dancedeck of this one of the two newest, fastest liners in exclusive Havana service . . . sprightly entertainment, joyous sports under experienced Cruise Directors. And Havana itself is the sea-cooled and sparkling center of a honeymooning world . . . days brimful of beauty, of glamorous history . . . nights such as only Havana knows.

7 DAY CRUISES $65. min.

Two days and a night in Havana with maintenance aboard steamer, two thrilling sightseeing trips included.

Also

10 DAY CRUISES $95. min.

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Including all Expenses

There's a sailing from New York every Saturday at 4:00 P.M. . . . no passports are needed.

For illustrated literature and reservations apply any Authorized Tourist Agent or General Passenger Department, Pier 13, East River, Foot of Wall Street, Uptown Ticket Office, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Reservation Phone: JOhn 4-1820

WARD LINE AGWI LINES

NOTES FOR AN EAST SIDE DICTIONARY

THE SPORT OF KINGS

bookie: a spectre whose specialty is frightening children; as, a *bookie* man.

canter: a goose, if its sex is masculine.

colors: persons who drop in for a short visit; as, Did you have many *colors* on New Year's?

colt: opposite of warm.

drive: to flourish, to prosper.

field: completely full; as, His cup was *field* to overflowing.

fodder: the male parent.

jump: a foolish fellow, a blockhead, a person not overly bright.

leather: foam produced by mixing soap with water and agitating it, usually with a brush.

pony: full of or pertaining to *pones*; that is, the parts or pieces of a vertebrate's skeleton.

racer: an instrument used for shaving hair from the face.

ride: to squirm violently, to twist, to contort; as, to *ride* in agony.

saddle: to calm, to become still; as, He's old enough to *saddle* down.

time: a coin worth ten cents.

tip: to plunge or submerge momentarily in liquid; as, a *tip* in the ocean.

tout: uncertainty, a wavering, unsettled condition of the mind; as, I have my *touts* about that.

track: to draw or pull slowly; as, "You *tracked* and *tracked* me down until my soul within me died," from "The Curse of an Aching Heart."

weight: to move or go forward through something which offers hindrance; as, to *weight* through water. Also, in the vernacular, to step doggedly into an opponent in a fight; as, to *weight* into somebody. —J. X. J.

•

"Why is it," Sophie would query in elaborate pantomime behind her father's back, "that Papa finds the paying pupils so much more intolerable than the paupers. On the same principle that it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as a poor one, I don't see why talent needs only to be found in poverty."—*From "Anitra's Dance," by Fannie Hurst.*

Try that on your pantomimer.

•

Bad news from the wheat-growing regions, intense heat burning up crops. —*The American.*

It's an ill heat that does the AAA no good.

Ten Park Avenue
at 34th Street



Lobby

Unusual Hotel Suites

with

- **Living room—Bedroom combinations . . .**
- **Complete Kitchens .**
- **Large dropped living rooms . . . . .**
- **Dressing rooms . .**
- **Distinctive Furnishings**

1 Room $6 to $8 daily
2 Rooms $12 to $15 daily
Special Monthly Rates

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Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Management
15 East 49th Street Plaza 3-9200

Our deck is set for Decoration Day



Memorial Day comes on Wednesday — a good excuse for you to make it a five-day affair. Our Ocean Decks, alone, will occupy whole afternoons. Here, lying recumbent in a lazy chair, you'll be perfectly content to put-off golf until tomorrow. Tennis and fishing too. Aside from sport, there are the spacious lounges, health baths, music, and quiet rooms to make repose sublime. Come down Wednesday, and linger.

American Plan — Room with bath
One person—single room
CHALFONTE, $7 up; HADDON HALL, $8 up
Two persons—double room
CHALFONTE, $12 up; HADDON HALL, $14 up
Europ. Plan rates on appl. Send for booklet

Leeds and Lippincott Company

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall

ATLANTIC CITY



SALUD!

HERE'S to a drink, my friends, that will warm your heart but cool your head. HABANERO...potent and potable...it mixes well with ginger ale or club soda...is well mannered in any kind of a cocktail ...and equally gracious alone. When you lift your glass of Habanero say "Salud!" the Mexican toast with a doubly friendly meaning..."To your good health" and "Come over to my house."

You'll meet Habanero at all the better bars. It's for sale, too, at high grade liquor stores in Mexican hand blown glass bottles and wicker covered demi-johns. There are two qualities, designated by the numbers "5" and "11," plainly marked on the face of the bottles. This means Habanero has been aged in the wood—for 5 or 11 years—according to the marking.

We suggest that you write to the Mexican American Habanero Corporation, 22 East 40th Street, N. Y. for the Habanero Recipe Book—full of recipes for delightful new drinks and the proper canapes to serve with them.



VERA CRUZ COOLER

1 oz. Mexican Habanero
½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar
1 cherry, 1 slice of orange, add cracked ice
Fill glass with seltzer

HABANERO COCKTAIL

1¼ oz. Mexican Habanero
½ oz. lime juice, teaspoon brown sugar
Dash of pineapple juice
Serve very cold



MEXICAN HABANERO

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

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 16



LUCIEN LELONG is really a man apart. After following his collections for a few years, we realize at last that he is not only a couturier and a businessman but a psychologist, too. He understands women. In the good old days, he kept his eye pretty well fastened on New York, and turned out models accordingly. A few seasons ago, he suddenly changed his tactics and went very French, and nobody but Mr. L. himself seemed to know why. We know why now. He has reached a point (and only a few of his contemporaries are in the same situation) at which his few seasons of experiment fit him to turn out good French clothes without even casting an eye toward the Atlantic, or, what is more, not caring whether the Atlantic casts an eye at him or not. Of course the result is paradoxical. New York likes his strictly French clothes better than ever.

This turn-about attitude of many of the Paris dressmakers, this return-to-the-native interest, is responsible for some fine work. Because, for once, they are making clothes to suit themselves and not just to please foreign markets, you are going to find yourselves wearing real French clothes again. In other words, the activity of the American designers is apparently bringing out the best in the Parisians. We might add, at this point, the line about necessity being the mother of something or other, but we'd prefer to leave all mothers out of this.

There is, for example, something of what we've come to call Parisian about the way Lelong uses his black this year—and it is far and away above what he used to do in the era of his New York interest. There is one especially handsome coat (which is really an advance fall type, but whose general lines are good for right now) of black wool, long and following the lines of the figure. It fastens at the waistline with two buttons horizontally placed, and has big revers of silver fox. He uses silver fox again on some evening gowns and dinner dresses of black satin, with elbow-length sleeves banded in the fur.

In general, his clothes follow two types — the informal daytime things (boxlike coats, tweed fabrics, and a loose rather than a fitted silhouette), and the evening clothes that are all formality and figure-revealing and shining satin. His white tunics we have already cabled you about. He does a couple of nice organdie things, one in black with paillettes, and one in a moiré effect that looks as if it were doubled fabric.

MADAME Besançon de Wagner, who is the Maggy of Maggy Rouff, has a new trick with ruffles. She makes them sometimes as wide as three inches, and places them across the shoulders, both back and front, then down the arms. The ruffles stand up, too. The effect is not too unexpected on dresses (even when the ruffles are white organdie on black crêpe), but on coats, with the ruffles in flat fur, it is a distinct departure from any of the usual collars, cuffs, sleeves, or other fur-trimmed devices. There are lots of the Maggy Rouff favorites of beige-gray and grayish beige, and a preponderance of black. She uses flowers in a nice way—one big white daisy at the waistline of a black dress, and a big pink rose with a stem that reaches to the waistline of a long black velvet coat. What got the biggest hand is an evening dress of black georgette done with a flowing panel attached at the waistline only and trailing on the floor, almost train-like. The décolletage is to the waist in back and very low in front, with a twist of pink-lined black georgette at its edge.

DILKUSHA has a lot of new gadgets —leather tassels, lingerie jabots, cellophane belts, rhinoceros-hide buttons and buckles, and swimming suits with numbers on them. Everyone can pick out her own lucky number. (Ours is either 7 or 11, and sometimes 7 *and* 11.) A good many of the swimming



"Here I go on, making it a point never to be the same woman two days in succession, and there you lie, more dead than alive!"



NOW in just a few minutes' time you can serve a rich, smooth Cream of Mushroom Soup, every bit as delicious as the kind you used to spend hours to make.

This soup comes to you ready to heat and serve! Heinz prepared it from an old home-recipe—spent months of experiment and trial to make it equal in every way to the finest home-prepared Cream of Mushroom Soup.

If you have still to taste Cream of Mushroom Soup as Heinz prepares it, you have a real treat coming. Think of the tenderest, fresh mushrooms simmered down slowly to make a rich stock, then blended with rich cream to bring out the full flavor! Completely ready to heat and serve—without measuring, blending or diluting—it saves you a world of trouble, time and expense.

We want you to try Heinz Cream of Mushroom, Noodle or any of the 16 new homemade style soups *at our risk.* Serve one of them tonight. If it's not as good as the finest homemade kind, Heinz says it's yours free. Simply return the label to your grocer and he will refund the purchase price! Be sure to select a variety of your favorites at your grocer's today.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

PITTSBURGH, U.S.A. • TORONTO, CAN. • LONDON, ENG.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

SIXTEEN VARIETIES

Cream of Oyster	Noodle	Beef Broth	Gumbo Creole
Cream of Asparagus	Vegetable	Pepper Pot	Clam Chowder
Cream of Green Pea	Bean Soup	Mock Turtle	Cream of Celery
Cream of Mushroom	Consomme	Scotch Broth	Cream of Tomato

HEINZ *homemade style* SOUPS

Lipstick by Guerlain



While the Summer sun turns your skin to gold, let your lipstick from Guerlain bring out its glory. Tropical, of rich bronze red hue... and Orange, lighter tint of loveliness... are Guerlain's new lipstick shades. Their velvety smoothness knows no rival...nor does their indelibility, which is truly astonishing. $1.65 *each.*

Guerlain

PARFUMEUR · PARIS

things are Lastex. They say they dry the minute you walk out of the water, even though they're made of linen. There is one beach slicker, just barely fingertip-length, with a hood; it's of transparent rubber, in dark red, and is made for wearing over the kind of bathing suits that stay damp.

She has a new deep coral that she calls post-box red, and a good many combinations of gray suits and yellow blouses with scarves. She uses dark beiges over white, and lots of other combinations that get this oatmeal effect. Unless you've got the perfect peach complexion, you'll like it a lot better than straight white. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

WHIMSICAL bubbles of talent pop to the surface in New York, too, even at this quiescent time of year. While Dunhill exists, there is no reason on earth that even the most informal summer days shouldn't find you smart though comfortable. They are going mad with gray-flannel ensembles, for instance, comprising jumper shirts nipped in at the waist, shorts, and separate skirts—all for $35, which astounds the Messrs. Dunhill as profoundly as it astounds you and me. The same type of thing, in a linen so soft it resembles crash, would be ideal for tennis. You'll go for Tyrolian jackets in checked crash linen, with crisp lapels and six buttons down the trim double-breasted front, to be worn over shorts. And they are having a time with that California Lano stuff which is half cotton and half linen (the cotton seeds are left in, which makes sudden nubbles) in grand colors. The stuff is as smart as it is inexpensive, $5 for slacks being a representative price. It's used for simple dresses, shorts, coats, and the like, and there are two floppy summer hats of it, both with crisscrossed bands composing the crown. One has a huge, square crown that is strangely becoming; the other is round, with a band of the stuff tying it on under the chin—probably not any more your type than it is mine, but grand for kitten-faced women. But the glowing pearl of the whole Lano collection is the white duster ($15). It has a little collar and two big brown buttons on the collarbone, and looks best hanging straight to the knees, though there is a belt to gather it in, bunchily, at the waist. Other nice features at Dunhill are the Sparag-Alexander beach and sports designs, which are exclusive and have a monkey originality combined with good taste. Candy-striped halter-

Locked by a Loop!



• A key in Buxton's safety loop is there until you remove it. Should you lose your Key-Tainer, Buxton's unique KEY RETURN SERVICE brings it back free!



• Key-Tainers come in a wide variety of leathers to match the Ascot pocket cases and bill folds. Same fine workmanship. In two-, four-, six- and eight-loop sizes.

Buxton
KEY-TAINERS

Buxton presents a new and practical pocket accessory for Men . . .

• Outstanding in sheer good looks and equally practical, these new Ascot Pocket Cases compliment your taste and judgment. Plenty of room for papers, letters, checks, etc., yet easy to classify through the contrasting leather of the smart "cutaway" design. Deep inside pocket. A regular filing case, but wafer-thin and flexible. Every inch thoroughbreds, Ascots are beautifully finished in fine selected leathers.



(Above) Morocco Pocket Case, $7.50
(Left) Pigskin Pocket Case, $10 . . .
Others from $5.

• The companion piece Ascot Bill Fold carries out the same distinctive design. Finely tooled edges —Buxton precision workmanship throughout. Pocket cases priced from five dollars, bill folds from two-fifty. Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass.; N. Y. Office, 47 W. 34 St.

Mandalay Goat Bill Fold, $2.50 . . .
Others up to $10

ASCOT
MADE BY BUXTON

"LISTENING IN" ON ASCOT



"I've bought fine pocket cases in London and Paris, but none could touch my new Ascot for good looks or usefulness."



"No more bulging pockets—my Ascot 'gives' to accommodate everything. Never bulky, slips easily in and out. Handy, too!"



"I have found Ascots to be the answer to my 'gift-problem prayer.' They're a man's idea of what a woman ought to choose."



"Here's what I call a knock-out. Longer wearing—no fabric lining to wear out. And I've got a great Key-Tainer to match."



Morning

The shoes for sport clothes. Because they are casual, comfortable . . . T-strap in cut, perforated. Because of their leather: that crinkly, easy-to-clean white calf named Mandrucca. (They also come in tan, in sturdy Norwegian grain.)



Noon

Trips to town call for smart but serviceable ties. This pair is particularly noteworthy for its coolness and lightness. Perforations, cut-outs, eyelets, are responsible. Done in white Sea Breeze, and black, brown, blue calfskin.

Night

The slender cut and stitched trimmings of these shoes were designed to flatter an ankle! So from five o'clock on—except for gala galas—let feet look like this. Blue, black, brown or white kidskin.

Center and lower models have PYRAHEELS, *using Dupont's new scuffless heel-covering.*

THE STETSON SHOE

Stetson Shoes

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT, SMART FEET APPEAR IN STETSONS. LET YOURS TAKE YOU TO ONE OF THESE GOOD SHOPS. (MEN'S STETSONS ARE SOLD THERE TOO.)

ALBANY, E. A. Beaumont Co., Inc.
ALTOONA, A. Simon & Co.
BALTIMORE, O'Neill & Co., Inc.
BINGHAMTON, Parlor City Shoe Store
BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Co.
BOSTON, Stetson Shoe Shop
BROOKLYN, David Heller
BROOKLYN, H. Triebitz, Inc.
BROOKLYN, Harry Sachs
BUFFALO, The Buffalo Stetson Shop
CANTON, Horton's, Inc.
CHICAGO, The Stetson Shops
Dearborn at Adams, and
59 East Randolph Street
CINCINNATI, Stetson Shoe Shop, Inc.
CLEVELAND,
The Cleveland Stetson Shop Co.
COLUMBUS, The Holbrook Bootery Co.
DAYTON, The Harry L. Buck Shoe Co.
DECATUR, Raupp & Son
DENVER, Daniels & Fisher Stores Co.
DERBY, Hubbell Bros.
DES MOINES, Wiltsey's Shoe Shop, Inc.
DETROIT, Berke's Boot Shop
ELMIRA, N. Y., Gosper-Kelly, Inc.
FLUSHING, L. I., Harry Sachs
GREENWICH, Favorite Shoe Store
HARTFORD, W. G. Simmons Corp.
KANSAS CITY, Will M. Brown, Inc.
LA CROSSE, Baker & Steinbauer
LANCASTER, PA., Shaub's Shoe Shop
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LOS ANGELES, The Stetson Shop
MADISON, Huegel-Hyland Co.
MASON CITY, IOWA, Laird Shoe Co.
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., B. F. Van Sickle
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MINNEAPOLIS,
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NEWARK, Stetson Shoe Shop
NEW YORK,
Stetson Shoe Shops, Inc.
289 Madison Avenue
15 West 42nd Street
153 Broadway
NEW YORK, Swarts Shoe Shop
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PHILADELPHIA,
Norcross & Abbott, Inc.
PITTSBURGH, Stetson Shoe Shop
518 Wood Street
PORTLAND, ORE.,
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PUEBLO, Crews-Beggs D. G. Co.
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SAGINAW, Kuiper Bootery, Inc.
ST. LOUIS, Hutcheson Shoe Co.
SALT LAKE CITY,
The McKendrick Shoe Co.
SAN FRANCISCO, Frank Werner Co.
SEATTLE, The Stetson Shoe Shop
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Reisch Shoe Shop
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,
Stetson Shoe Shop
SYRACUSE, Park-Brannock Co.
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
The Stetson Shoe Shop
WATERTOWN, N. Y.,
E. P. Elitharp, Inc.
WICHITA, KANSAS,
Jones O'Neal Shoe Shop
WILKES-BARRE, PA.,
Walter's Shoe Store
YONKERS, J. Cantor

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, Inc., *South Weymouth, Massachusetts*

neck tops are worn with navy-and-white sateen trunks, and there are sateen coats to make you decent when you leave the boardwalk. Cotton ratines abound. For instance, there's a shorts-dress all in checks, red and white, blue and white, etc., to wear over a bathing suit, and a white ratine coat with buttons all down one side to go over all. Sweaters of this ratine stuff, buttoned down the back and having a wide, moderated, corded turtleneck, are to be worn over navy-and-white printed slacks. You'll like the wide suede belts with gloves and little brimmed hats to match, the original note being the quiet, stitched initial that appears on each. This just happens to be one of the rare European places that understand American country life.

RESTLESS souls in quest of custom-made clothes with taste should jot down the address of Lillian Kedy, 515 Madison Avenue. With feline intuition, they have snaked Paris models that represent the best houses, yet are not to be seen all over (with the exception of good Fords, like the Augustabernard spiral organza dress, which no one tires of if they are well done). The dresses are made to order for from $85 up, of imported materials, and the prints are noteworthy. Prints, the summer standby, usually look ordinary, but these are exceptionally chic. Like every other house of its type in New York, this one claims to have the best fitter in town, but the past record of said fitter (Bendel, Salon Moderne, and such) helps to give substance to the proud boast.

PEOPLE who swam around in Krepe-Tex rubber bathing suits last summer are prone to swear that they cannot live without them. In the first place, the water slithers over you as you swim; in the second, they are amazingly becoming to the figure; in the third, they last a long time. The fact that they are an aid to reducing is another nice point in their favor. This year, the colors are perfectly marvellous—periwinkle and royal blues, dusty pinks, sunflower yellow, and the





Either way, Vermouth is the best Apéritif in the world [*next to fresh air*]

● NEITHER GIRL is making a mistake. A Martini is the most popular cocktail in the world—and the simplest. It has everything a cocktail should have. Doesn't cloy the appetite as sweet cocktails do. Sends you to the table with an alert palate.

On the other hand, the Mixed Vermouth didn't become the great continental apéritif by action of the Chamber of Deputies; it has earned every moiety of its popularity. For the taste of vermouth is the opposite of obvious. It is tart and aromatic—has a haunting bitter-sweet quality. And many Americans who prefer a gentler drink than a cocktail have taken up this admirable continental custom.

You may have gathered that when we say "vermouth" we mean Martini & Rossi Vermouth. Modesty forbids us to say it is the best. But we do say (and you probably know) that it is the standard vermouth all over the world and has been for generations. You will want both kinds—the "Italy" and the "Dry" (Green Label).

HOW TO MAKE A MARTINI: 2 parts gin, ½ part Martini & Rossi "Italy," ½ part Martini & Rossi "Dry." A MIXED VERMOUTH: ½ Martini & Rossi "Italy," ½ Martini & Rossi "Dry." AN "AMERICANA": Good-sized portion Martini & Rossi "Italy," several drops of bitters, slice of lemon peel, fill up with seltzer. Write for other recipes in FREE *booklet, "Six Civilized Cocktails—Six Simple Canapés."*

***Imported and Guaranteed by* W. A. TAYLOR & CO., New York City**

MARTINI AND ROSSI VERMOUTH



NOTE: Some people think that dry vermouth is made *only* in France. You can find out yourself this is not true. Buy a bottle of Martini & Rossi Dry Vermouth (Green Label) and compare it with the French Vermouth you like the best.

SAKS • FIFTH • AVENUE
New York **Chicago**



Presenting

MME. IRENE'S

Knit and Net

DUOSETTE

Delightfully cool are the sheer boneless girdle and shaped brassiere devised by Mme. Irene for warm weather. The weight of the four-ply English net and Swiss knit elastic is trifling, yet they give firm support and sleek, molded lines. **10.00**

EXPERT CORSETIERES
supervise the fitting of all of our foundation garments.

FOURTH FLOOR

like. One model is a skirt type, with ventilation in the trunks, and a wide white cord around the neck that descends the back to hook on the trunks at the waistline and surrounds the waist. They come without skirts, too, which seem superfluous in this fabric. There are brassière-and-shorts types, and grand ones, similar to last year's, that have a halter top which snaps, in front only, on the trunks.

Other gadgets are caps made from Lemonnier and Agnès designs, chic as anything, some with suction cups around the edge to keep your hair really dry; shoes made of fishnet, with Krepe-Tex soles and cord around the ankles; and Krepe-Tex suits for men, which will help keep your menfolk from swiping your shorts. Another little triumph is the beach or stormy-weather garb of smooth rubber: little capes with contrasting turn-over collars, for children, and adult costumes consisting of a wrap-around skirt in plaid patterns, a plaid beret, a plain cape with plaid collar; and a small envelope to hold your handbag in the rain, and your costume when you aren't wearing it.

Saks-Fifth Avenue, Altman, Best, and lots of others harbor this United States Rubber Company art.

ROBERT DUDLEY, at 681 Madison Avenue, is one of our pet milliners, mainly because he has the knack of turning out hats that are both unusual (to the point of being cockeyed) and wearable. They don't sound like anything much, but you should see some—white baku with zebra patterns on the medium large brims, small rough sailors faced and trimmed in front with a large bow of West Indian bandanna material, and a mannish necktie to wear on your blooze. A Breton sailor with a sombrero feeling is of plaid hand-blocked linen, with a knotted cord to wear either beneath the chin or over the hair in back; and mercurial wings sprout on a shiny hat of pale-pink

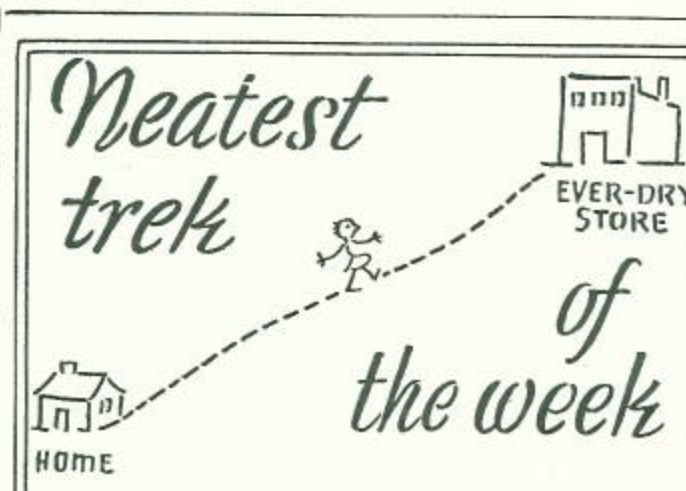


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Selects
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— or —
CHEVREUIL



The Finest French
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Guaranteed Washable
Made and solely distributed through
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Neatest trek of the week

Discover Ever-Dry, the perspiration preventive that's already the best seller in Hollywood. It solves this vexing problem once and for all, without irritation to the most sensitive skin, and without danger to the most fragile frock.

Tests show that 88 out of 100 women who once try Ever-Dry, never go back to other methods. They like its instant action, its delicate fresh fragrance, its exclusive soft wool applicator. Only the most expensive ingredients go into this pure, colorless liquid. Good Housekeeping's seal is on every bottle. 50c and $1 at leading department and drug stores.



EVER-DRY

EVER-DRY SALES COMPANY
551 FIFTH AVE. N. Y. and LOS ANGELES

His BETTER JUDGMENT *advises him:*

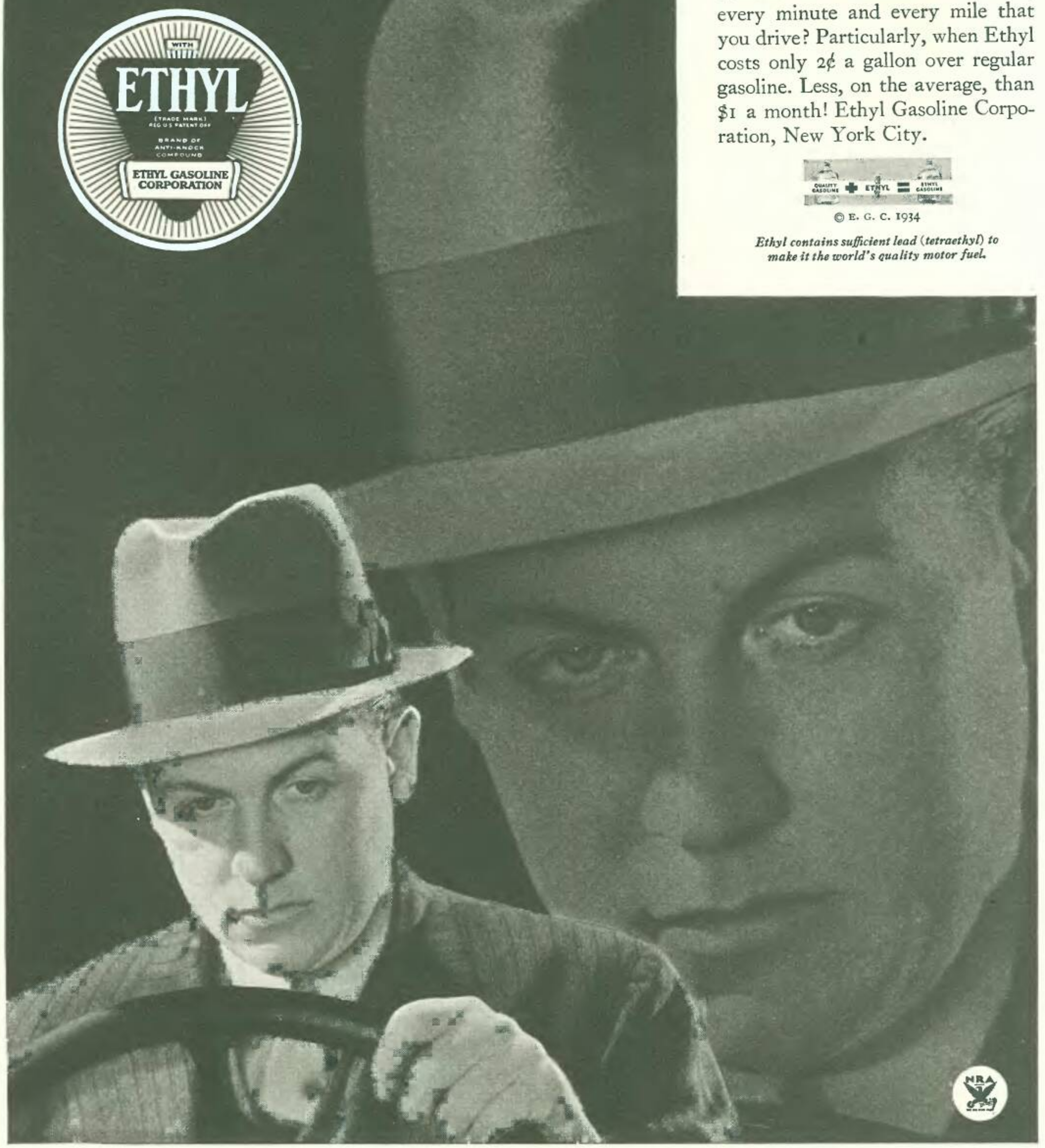
"NEXT TIME GET ETHYL"

HE KNOWS that in business it's an invariable fact: "You get just what you pay for—no more and no less." And now as he drives his car along, his *Better Judgment* reminds him: "The same holds true of gasoline. You can't get Ethyl quality at regular price."

Whether you paid $500 or $5000 for your car, isn't it sound economy to make the most of that investment, every minute and every mile that you drive? Particularly, when Ethyl costs only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline. Less, on the average, than $1 a month! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.



straw, with the brim cut away at the sides. The hats cost from $15 up, and the man's talent should amuse you.

KARGÈRE has some of the kee-yootest children's aprons you ever saw in your entire life. Most of them are squares of handkerchief linen, tied around the neck, and decorated with applied circus and animal designs, and they come in tiny sizes, like 3. I fell for one myself, and have been searching ever since for a child worthy of wearing it; $4.50. . . . The Midget Cigarette and Vanity Case is made of Bakelite, is designed to fasten on your bathing belt, and they do say at Lord & Taylor that it is waterproof. It's the shape of a package of cigarettes, with the top screwed down by something resembling a tee. Holds ten cigarettes, a tiny comb, matches, and powder, and costs $1. E-magine! . . . The Knox Crusher is the latest real nice felt sports hat with a floppy brim, and arrives rolled up in a cellophane envelope. It has the grace to be in quarter sizes, costs $6.75, comes in every color you can think of, and is one of those things you'll wear contentedly year after year. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Trends in Trivia



IT is comforting to think how, while our brilliant young Industrial Designers are busily bringing beauty to central heating plants and making a great to-do about it all with their leagues and guilds and self-conscious shows, hundreds of quiet souls keep working away in the background at homely trivia nobody ever will be called upon to think of as Art. In the last few months alone, dozens of good ideas have been worked out that never got into any shows anywhere.

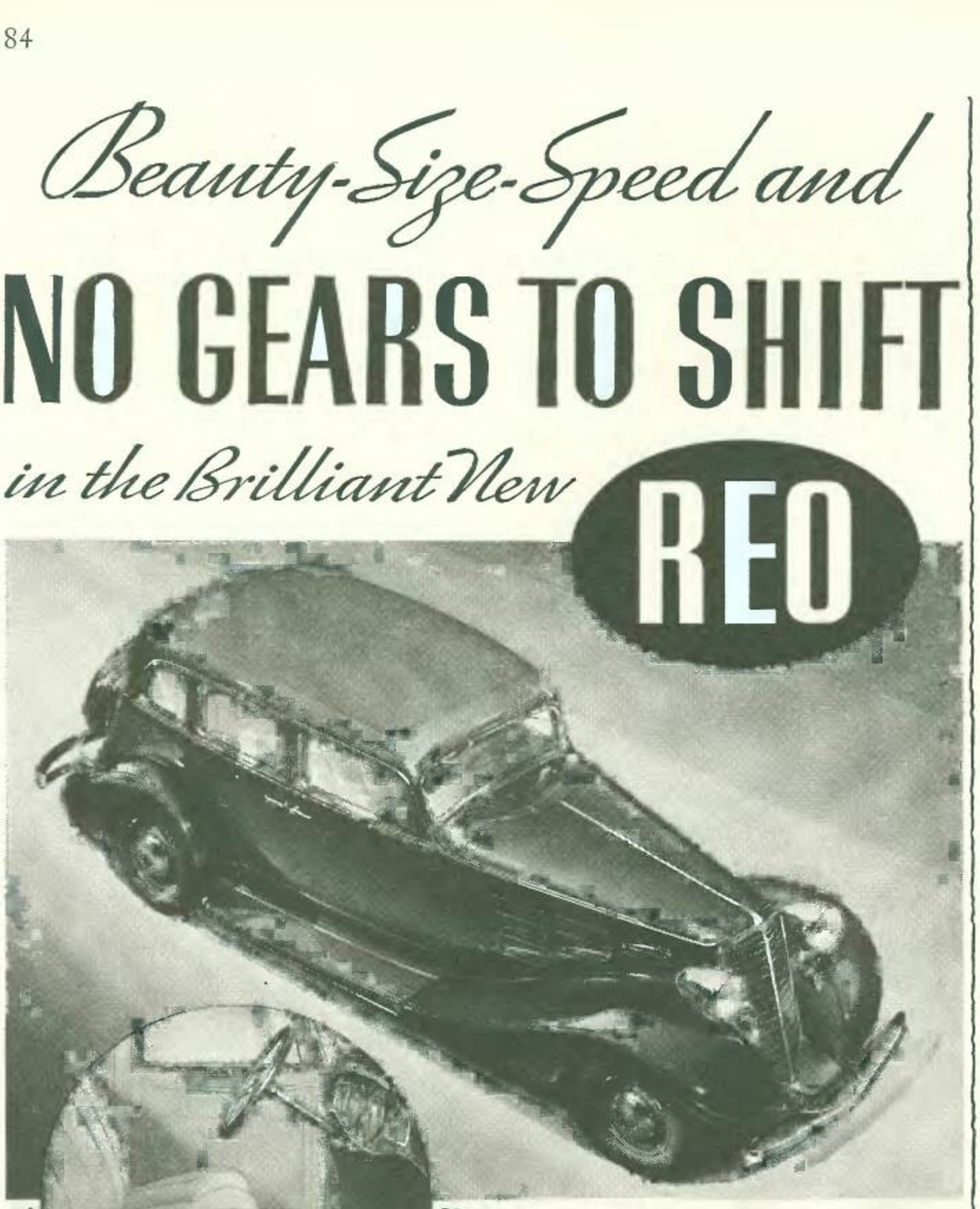
For one thing, somebody with a notable brain has thought up a kitchen gas stove with a flapjack griddle set right into the top. You get it at Gimbel, for $99.50. The griddle lifts up, so you can slide a thick steak in and broil it then and there without tying yourself into knots.

Then there is a new reversible ironing-board cover with a pad attached inside—the whole thing in one, and washable. It fastens on with elastic bands, and thrifty housekeepers love it for being equally useful on both sides.

Beauty-Size-Speed and

NO GEARS TO SHIFT

in the Brilliant New REO



ANY impartial analysis of the facts points convincingly to the wisdom of buying a Reo. . . . The new 1934 Reo Flying Cloud—the car without a gearshift lever—is exceptional in beauty and size. It is *correctly* streamlined by the *originator* of the present styles. . . . It has more power and speed than 99% of all drivers will ever care to use. . . . It is a QUALITY car in the truest sense of the word—the superior type of quality that has been produced by Reo over an unbroken span of 30 years. . . . It is priced so low that it can now be bought for only a few dollars more than the smallest cars. . . . In addition, the new Reo Flying Cloud offers *exclusively* the tremendous advantage of *automatic gearshifting*. Reo owners by the thousands term the SELF-SHIFTER the most revolutionary improvement since the self-starter—insist that the new Flying Cloud is *America's most advanced car!* . . . They find it a SAFER car to drive—33⅓% EASIER and more enjoyable than they ever dreamed driving could be. . . . It takes only a few minutes to check these points for yourself—and it PAYS.





$795 Business Coupe **$895** Standard Sedan

Self-Shifter—bumpers, spare tire and lock, metal spring covers, included at slight extra cost. Prices f. o. b. Lansing, plus tax.



Read these before you buy any car—
Write for interesting booklets today.

Outstanding Features in the New Reo—Reo Self-Shifter . . . Economical 6 cyl. 85 h. p. Reo engine . . . 7-bearing crankshaft . . . 118 in. wheelbase . . . Exceptional riding qualities . . . Air cushion engine mountings . . . Airplane type shock absorbers . . . Positive action hydraulic brakes . . . Draft free ventilation . . . New type starter.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICHIGAN

At Hammacher Schlemmer and numbers of department stores, like Wanamaker, Bloomingdale, Lord & Taylor, Stern, Altman, McCreery.

Another unsung hero started the grapefruit-juice department at Charles & Company, 48 East Forty-third Street. They deliver anywhere in town, any time of the day, starting with breakfast. The juice, which costs twenty cents a half-pint, thirty-five cents a pint, and sixty-five cents a quart, is freshly squeezed, and cool when you get it.

NEW notions start coming thick and fast when you get to Abercrombie & Fitch. They have even thought of what to do about champagne cocktails in the home. The device that takes care of this problem is a silver-plate framework into which a bottle of champagne is clamped upside down. The cork is pierced by a long needlelike arrangement, allowing as much champagne as you need to fizz gently into the glass below. Then you clamp on an airtight lid and keep the rest of the bottle for next time. Beaux of the old school will shudder at such irreverence, but there must be lots of thrifty champagne-cocktail addicts who will find the idea a good one, seeing that, at $15, the thing is bound to pay for itself before long. This shop also has a gem called Tap-It to use on bottles of carbonated drinks. It clamps right over the cap, the siphon part piercing through. You then proceed as with seltzer water; $1.50.

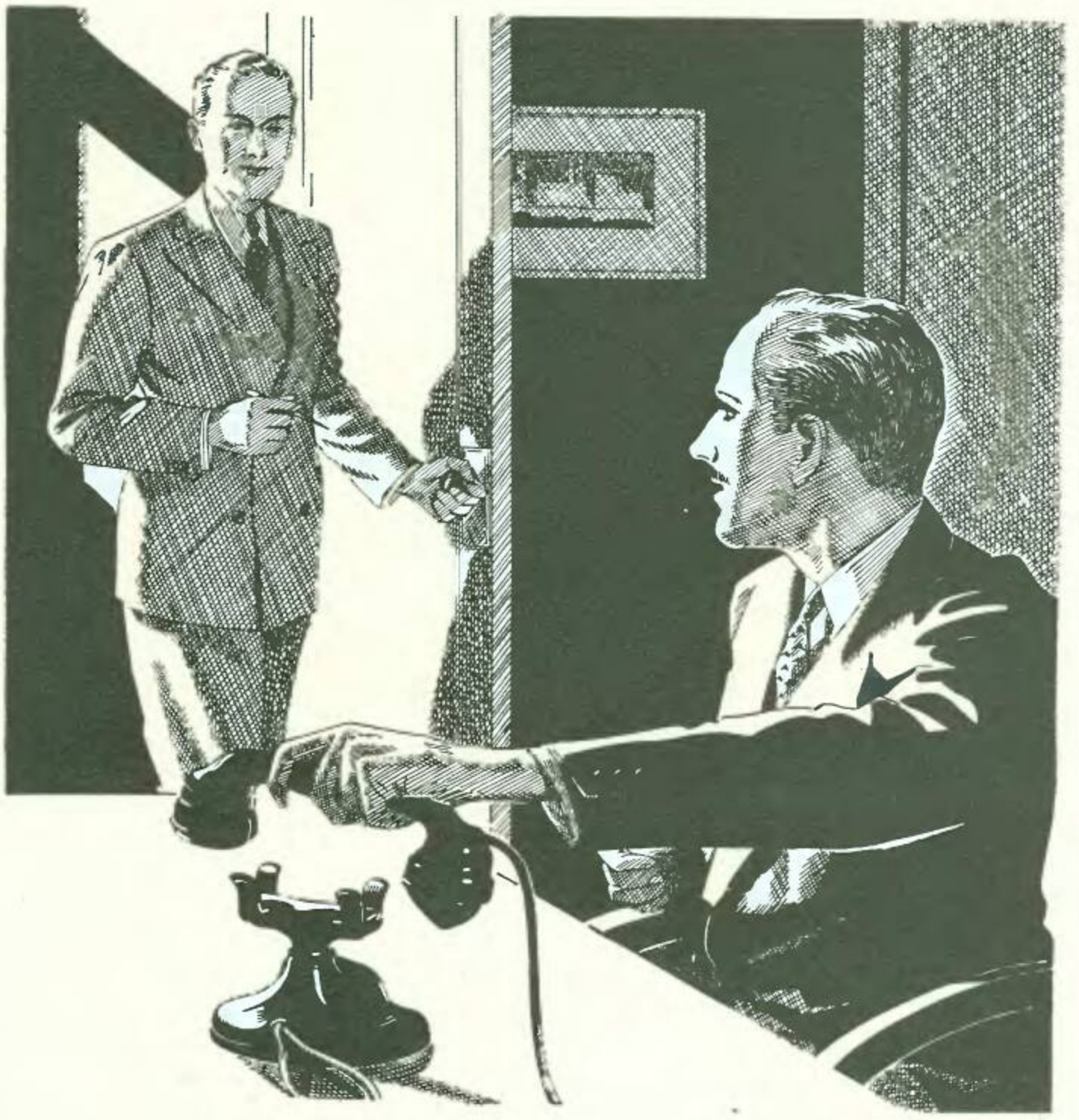
Country folk who cycle seriously love Abercrombie's Speedibike, which is a kind of outboard motor for bicycles. It costs $59.50 and causes any standard-make bicycle to whizz along at from ten to thirty miles an hour.

Two more at A. & F.: Silhouette firescreens for your country seat, with the silhouette figure cut in an exact copy of your favorite snapshot of yourself going over a jump, or whatever; $45 up to have one made, and it takes about two weeks. And Slim-Gym, a new vest-pocket gymnasium which folds up smaller than anything you ever saw—anything, at any rate, which turns out to be a rowing machine when





"Our Australian agent just telephoned about the market there"



A WOOL IMPORTER writes: "I notified my Australian agent of the top figures I was willing to pay on certain purchases. He telephoned me to describe market conditions there and to ask whether I would pay a ha'penny more per pound. Due to the intimate, accurate picture gained by actual conversation, I was able to make an immediate decision."

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FIRST CLASS $600 up

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ITALIAN LINE

In Cooperation with

Thos. Cook & Son—Wagons-Lits, Inc.

it is opened up. In white, $4.50; in chromium, $8.50. Either way, you can adjust it with a twist of the wrist to meet the requirements of man, woman, or child.

Saks-Fifth Avenue are ready with a new kind of beach roll, for eager sand-loungers who are already out courting sinus troubles and blisters on the shoulders. It is covered with a bright plaid waterproof fabric, is soft and springy, and rolls up to nothing for carrying around, which is done by means of bamboo-stick handles. A matching pillow is also a beach bag, with zipper pockets and more bamboo handles, and the price is $7 for the whole outfit.

You never heard so much fuss as is being made over the Chase Brass & Copper Company's new chromium wine bucket, and all because it has a plaque on it by Rockwell Kent. Anybody overheated by this news can find the thing at Ovington's. It costs $10, and really is a good, serviceable bucket at the price.

A NEW tendency in service plates seems to have got under way while my back was turned. Suddenly, sets of plates with a single central theme, but each different, are all over town. Mitteldorfer Straus (245 Fifth) started doing this last year with an American Pioneer motif, running Puritans, covered wagons, early Dutch settlers, and Daniel Boone around the rims of earthenware dinner plates. Now they have an American Statesmen set, each plate bearing medallion portraits of patriots fittingly interspersed with stars and stripes. At Alfred Orlik, 395 Madison, you can get bird prints, all in natural colors on tea plates, the birds set in the centre and the rims left plain. William H. Plummer, 7 East Thirty-fifth Street, has flower prints in the same manner, and the sporting tradition crops out at Abercrombie & Fitch in a service set featuring a round dozen dogs by Gorainoff, with all the popular breeds represented, one on each plate. They also have a cockfight series, full of grand color. —B. B.

•

Joe Savoldi, who wrestled Jim Londos here last night and ended the match by diving out of the ring onto his head, was suspended indefinitely. The commission had previously asked heavyweight wrestlers not to leap out of the ring onto their heads.—*The Sun.*

They probably didn't put it up to them the right way.



Every one of the new hats demands a trim hair cut—a good Permanent Wave! Lucky for New Yorkers—Ivan has *lowered* the price of his superb Permanents to *$15*

Ivan INC.

For Permanent Waving Appointments: Telephone: Circle 7-5860

714 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Le Touquet FOR THE WEEK-END BY AIR!

You should visit gay Le Touquet when in Europe. The golf, tennis, safe bathing and Casino have helped to make it one of the smartest resorts in France. Imperial Airways can get you there in one flying hour from London. You travel in the most luxurious air liners—tea on the way out and dinner served on the return journey.

RETURN FARE FROM LONDON £6

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FREE BUS service to Rockefeller Center and Grand Central.

Hotel Suites from $4 Double

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Atlantic City Blues — From Timber to Brush



THE list of winners at the Atlantic City show was not a cross-section of the entries but a relentless repetition of the names of four or five stables, and Mrs. Jock Whitney, like Abou Ben Adhem, led all the rest. She missed out in only one hunter class, and that at the very outset of the Bon Diable-King Vulture feud. The first time her gray and the Dilwyne Farm's King Vulture met, the judges, Henry Bell and George Elliot, couldn't agree. Pencils were pocketed and unsigned cards tapped on knees until a referee was called. He picked King Vulture, and fled. The performance was repeated in the next class, with a new and dewy-eyed umpire. It was beginning to look as though everyone in the arena who knew anything about horses would be put on the spot when Mrs. Whitney's The Grey Knight ended the situation by beginning to go perfectly, and so, as both judges preferred him to the other two, life was again a song.

Firenze Red Tape, the Guggenheims' costly bid for honors among the hunters, won only one blue, in a hack class, but he was well up on several occasions, and had the memory of his Washington championship, gained over all the Whitney horses the week before, to stay his tears. Ulic, the star of Brooklyn, New Haven, and Newark, could get no better than thirds, and you had to watch closely to find that such good stables as Mrs. Reuben's and Charlotte Montgomery's were even entered.

In the saddle classes, there was less reversing of places than at any other recent major show. After the first day, you could take the catalogue and predict the results practically to a decimal. After an absence from Eastern shows, Dixiana brought in two scions of that popular sire, American Born. The five-gaited one, All American, was undefeated, and the three-gaited one, Miss America, bowed only to Isabella Peavine in the open stake. Miss America is one of our secret sorrows. She just isn't as good as she ought to be.

THE Teaters brothers are making the circuit with four stables of newcomers from Ohio, a regular de-

McCallum's Perfection Scots Whisky
EDINBURGH (FOUNDED 1807) LONDON



AS SCOTCH AS "AULD REEKIE"

The McCallum oval bottle, with its distinctive label, is taped, sealed and tamper-proof, a protection that assures the soundness of its contents. And what contents! Every drop genuine Scots Whisky, distilled by Scottish skill and methods from Scottish ingredients . . . a whisky known and respected the world over, imported direct, in the full flower of its mellowed flavour and smoothness.

Distributors:
TOWER WINES & SPIRITS CORP.
New York - Chicago
HERMAN ELSBACH & SONS, INC.
San Francisco - Los Angeles



Bottled in Scotland

A kiss on the LIP is worth 2 on the LIPSTICK

● . . . or 3 or 4 or 5! For when a man kisses your lips *au naturel*, his being craves to share with you that blissful state called solitude. Yet if ye common paint should rear its ugly head . . . forsooth, he wakens with a sudden start and sadly sees he kisses lipstick, not your lips.



But ladies, one and all, needs must plus their lips with color. So in our modest way we recommend that you bless your lips with *natural* color . . . by using Tangee Lipstick.

Deceives the best of men

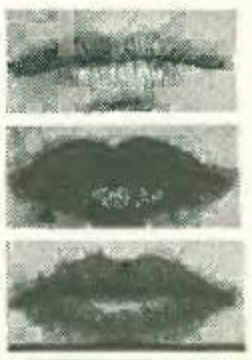
This Tangee Lipstick aids you in the sweet deceit of men. For it so intensifies your natural rose color that mere man thinks Tangee is your own youthful glow! The more so, because it becomes a kissable part of your lips . . . not a greasy coating.

Orange in the stick, rose on your lips. That's Tangee! And *never* will it cause a painted look. Simply because . . . Tangee isn't paint.

Lend us your lips . . . for 10¢

Give your lips a Tangee trial. For 10c we'll send you Make-Up Set: miniature Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Write name and address on this advertisement, attach 1 dime (or 10c in stamps); and mail to:

The George W. Luft Company, Dept. F, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City



UNTOUCHED—Lips without lipstick look as faded as last year's dress.

PAINTED—*Hr-rumph!*

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color . . . ends that peculiar painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

partment-store line of saddle horses—large, small, gaited, novice, junior, and fine-harness. This means they buy, develop, manage, and show them all. The arrangement is all but perfect. The one bluebottle in the ointment is that Earl, the senior brother, was injured in a roadster-class runaway.

As long as Knight Bachelor and his stablemates live, Paddy O'Connell will eat. Since Jean Browne Scott gave them and him up, they've changed hands three times, with Paddy always part of the bargain, and they've been well up in the ribbons for each new owner.

THE hunt-race situation at the moment is as unforeseen as it is unfortunate. Timber horses are disappearing, and if things keep on at their present rate, we may find the so-called classic cup races the only events for them. The immediate reason for this dearth is the appalling number of horses on the injured list. Oliver C., Trouble Maker, and Corn Dodger, all from Mrs. Somerville's barn, are out of the running. War Eagle has been hurt. Charioteer, Fugitive, and Drinmore Lad are not right. The Ryan has felt all spring that Drinmore wasn't looking strong and in full bloom, and after that dull race against Melita at Radnor, he decided to rest Drinmore up and then start him over brush, always with an eye to sending him to England to try for the Grand National. Which brings us to a more serious reason for the dwindling of post-and-rail candidates. While the laws of ballistics inevitably limit the speed at which a horse can jump timber, they're more flexible regarding brush. Hence people who have horses that they believe possess top class are now going to run them over the bushes, so that their last ounce of speed can be called on. (Also, they're not in such danger of being hurt.) Outlaw, after an unsuccessful trial at timber, is going back to brush. Soldier's Fate, so unlucky last year, ended a successful spring by beating Britannicus on the flat at Rose Tree, and will also be converted to brush, so as to make full use of his brilliant speed.

Perhaps we'll end up back in the good old days, when the Maryland Cup took nearly twenty minutes to run.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

ON March 4 my wife, Rose Pierne (nee Yotto), left my bed and board. I will not be responsible for any debs. Victor Pierne.—*Adv. in the American.*

That's a good rule.



Grand Marnier is exclusively made with a base of 25 year old Fine Champagne Cognac; the origin of which is certified by the French Excise. Ideal as a cocktail base or as a cordial at dinner's close.

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BREAKFAST
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COCKTAIL HOUR

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VANDERBILT AVE. at 48th ST.

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FERNET-BRANCA

Italian Bitters

Known the World-Over Since 1844

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Around the World



WHATEVER else may be lacking on the face of this globe, it is not movies. Seven of the things have I seen in the last three days. And I've heard of an eighth, something about a murder in Trinidad, which I missed in the rush. I guess I can stand passing up Trinidad. I seem to have been everywhere else on earth. All the pictures pieced together would make a nice travelogue, covering Bengal, Australia, Hungary, and such spots in our own fair land as New York and the Californian coast.

"Beyond Bengal" is the only one, to be sure, which is actually travelogue stuff. This is a rather curious account, not always pleasing or satisfactory, of an expedition which Harry Schenck made into the jungle country, an excursion which was attended by possibly even more mishaps than those given us. With the party went a certain Miss Baldwin, described as an "Englishwoman prominent in the world of science." Miss Baldwin, an intrepid heroine, acquires an ailment right in the middle of things. We have some nice glimpses of the lady in the throes of a fever of 104°, surrounded by tigers, honey bears, gibbons, bats, and, most notably, crocodiles. The great moment of the picture is a forced crossing of a river as thick with crocodiles as a pudding with raisins. Natives are sent on ahead to shoo off the things, and there are startling scenes with the boys racing them, risking being gulped by them. It's a little obscure just what did happen on this river, but anyhow they all finally get across, and Miss Baldwin is conveyed back to the world of icepacks and quinine, restored at last, I assume, to her research. I am not at all sure that certain rumors going about the back parlors of Broadway to the effect that this river crossing was more tragic than is evident in the film might not be true.

JOAN CRAWFORD's "Sadie McKee" doesn't take us out of America, but it indicates that enough is going on in our simple land, as it is one of those everlastingly prolonged chronicles that M-G-M delights in giving us. Sadie



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You'll enjoy having "The Art of Mixing," an attractive booklet of authoritative recipes for drinks and dishes. A mere request will bring you a copy with our compliments.

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THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
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. at 2:20

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S new play
MARY OF SCOTLAND
with
HELEN HAYES — PHILIP MERIVALE — HELEN MENKEN
ALVIN THEA., 52d St., West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:20. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:20
Extra Matinee May 30th

JIG SAW
A comedy by DAWN POWELL
with Ernest Truex *and* Spring Byington
ETHEL BARRYMORE Th., 47th St., W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thursday and Sat., 2:40

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

"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

MOROSCO Thea. 45th St. West of Broadway Eves. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45
New York's Smartest Comedy
NO MORE LADIES
By A. E. Thomas
with
MELVYN DOUGLAS — LUCILE WATSON
"UNCOMMONLY GOOD ACTING"—*Atkinson, Times*

"REALLY VERY FUNNY"—*Benchley*
GAYEST, FASTEST, MADDEST
most youthful musical in town!
New Faces
FULTON, W. 46 St. Lon. 5-8825. Evs. 8:40.
Prices 55c to $3.30. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40

stevedore
"A HELL OF A GOOD SHOW"
—*says Benchley, New Yorker*
CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE 14th St. & 6th Ave.
WA. 9-7450. Prices: 30c, 45c, 60c, 75c, $1 & $1.50
EVES. 8:45. MATINEES TUES. & SAT. 2:45

GEORGE BUSHAR and JOHN TUERK offer
HELEN GAHAGAN — *FRANCES* STARR — *EDITH* BARRETT
in Dan Totheroh's play about the Brontës
MOOR BORN
with GLENN ANDERS
PLAYHOUSE 48 St. E. of B'way. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c to 2.20

has a varied career in this film novelette. Beginning as the daughter of a cook in a big house in a small town, she skedaddles to New York with a crooner, who jilts her as those crooners will; marries an old souse with seventeen million, divorces him, weds at last the son of her mother's old employer. Her last find, played by Franchot Tone, is only too glad to have his cook as a mother-in-law. In the old days, anyhow, he was accustomed to hug the worthy domestic with a gay informality. Sadie, too, during her interlude as a millionaire's wife, has various servant problems, which really form an undercurrent in this account of the grand passions, as I suppose they do in life itself.

Still keeping in America, we have a mild little Cagney capsule ("He Was Her Man"), with Jimmy as a stool-pigeon who flees vengeful acquaintances to a fishing village on the West Coast, and there becomes embroiled in sentiment just before he is done to death by the men he had double-crossed. We have the Rufus King-Earl Carroll "Murder at the Vanities," with Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie, a carload of feather fans, and some so-so songs. We have "Little Miss Marker" (Paramount whimsy), with Menjou and a tiny tot called Shirley Temple. Racketeers in this item find themselves custodians of the little girl, and on her account must bedeck themselves as King Arthur's knights, a show I suppose often occurring in night clubs after the guests have gone. I enjoyed, though, the instance of Menjou reciting, "Now I lay me," lines obviously just devised for him.

LOPING abroad again, we have "The Black Cat" (Hungary), which is about as far from Edgar Allan Poe as Hungary itself is from the Grand Concourse cottage he had once. Karloff and Lugosi add the horror note; and in a strange house built in most modernistic design on the site of a battlefield, a honeymoon couple find themselves involved with fiends, strange rites, a snack of Satanism, and wish they had gone to Niagara Falls. There is a cat in the picture, too, a handsome, black pet. "Stingaree," with Irene Dunne and Richard Dix, one as a sort of Melba, the other as a Robin Hood, centres about life in Australia, though Melba bolts out on a tour of Europe as a prima donna, giving it all up at last to get back to Melbourne and Robin Hood, the Dillinger of this 1870 Australia. —J. C. M.

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
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.

SIDNEY HARMON & JAMES R. ULLMAN present
The MILKY WAY
by LYNN ROOT & HARRY CLORK
"Overwhelmingly funny."—*Lockridge, Sun*
CORT Thea. 48 St. E. of B'way. Evs. 8:40 Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

Dwight Deere Wiman & Tom Weatherly present
She Loves Me Not
Dramatists' Guild Prize Comedy for 1934
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

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
250 Front Balcony Seats Now $3.30. And Best Orchestra Seats Now Available at Box Office.
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. 8:30—Mats. 2:30

HAL SKELLY *presents*
COME WHAT MAY
with MARY PHILIPS and HAL SKELLY
PLYMOUTH THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:45. Best Seats $2.50
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:45. Best Seats $2

Loew's Leads in New York!
LEXINGTON AVE. at 51 ST. — LEXINGTON-72ND STREET — 72 STREET & 3RD AVE
Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., May 25, 26, 27, 28
"20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS"
DICK POWELL—GINGER ROGERS
Tues., Wed., Thurs., May 29, 30, 31
2—BIG FEATURES—2
"DOUBLE DOOR" MARY MORRIS | JOE E. BROWN "A Very Honorable Guy"
ZIEGFELD — 54 ST. at 6TH AVE. — May 25, 26, 27, 28
CLARK GABLE—WM. POWELL—MYRNA LOY
in "MANHATTAN MELODRAMA"
Tues., Wed., Thurs., May 29, 30, 31
"DOUBLE DOOR" MARY MORRIS | JOE E. BROWN "A Very Honorable Guy"

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
CLIVE BROOK · DIANA WYNYARD
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Amplified Opera



THE use of amplifiers for opera productions makes it easier to hear the music, but not necessarily easier to listen to it. They've been using loudspeakers in the Hippodrome for a year, and when "Madame Butterfly" was produced at the Radio City Music Hall, the tone-expansion apparatus also was with us. If this keeps up, you won't know whether you're at an opera or at a Sixth Avenue auction.

If auditoriums are too large for ordinary singing voices, it probably is better to increase mechanically the volume of the voices than to worry the patrons with a pantomime to orchestral accompaniment. When an opera is produced for the microphone, as it is in a radio studio, there may be a deviation from normal tone, but in a good receiving set this deviation isn't important. When, however, the microphones are planted in a theatre, the result occasionally is a double performance: sometimes you hear the voices themselves and at other moments you hear them coming through the speakers. A tenor who seems to be a light lyric when he addresses the soprano at stage left precipitously becomes a roaring robusto as he holds forth to the baritone at stage right, simply because he may be out of range of the microphones at one time and directly on top of them at another. This business of amplifying stage performances still requires a good deal of homework by the engineers.

When the problem is worked out, account should be taken of the singers involved in any given presentation. The Hippodrome company, for instance, has several tenors who can sing so vehemently that the amplification system seems to reduce the volume of their voices.

RADIO CITY's "Madame Butterfly" was important because it introduced opera to a good many customers who never before had heard more than eight consecutive minutes of music. They probably were surprised to discover that Puccini could invent more good tunes than any purveyor of melo-

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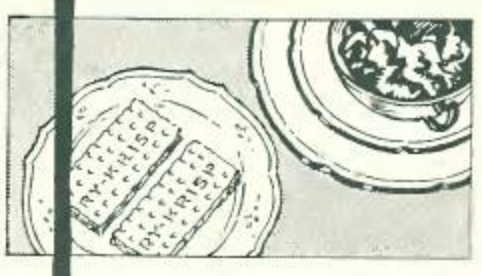


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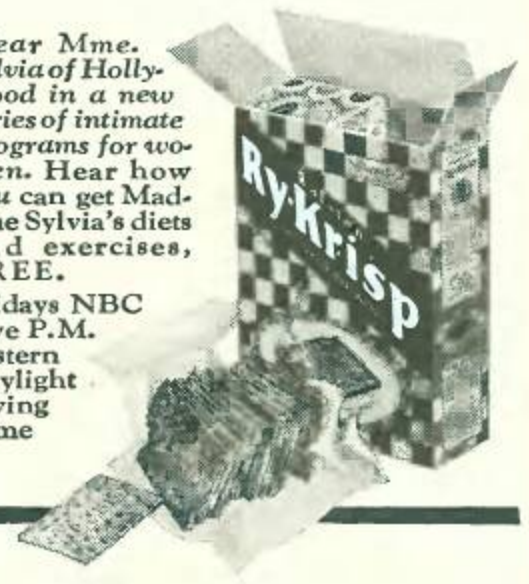


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dies for films, and that the Long-Belasco story was clear and effective, even with excisions that brought the whole production down to an hour's doings on the stage. The management was shrewd enough to engage Mr. Leonard Liebling to explain the opera (with amplification) before the show started, and Mr. Liebling, a learned and practical man of music, was shrewd enough to describe the action in non-technical language that made everything explicable even to those who were sitting through the opera merely so that they could have advantageous seats from which to digest the feature film.

The cuts trimmed away almost all of the first act up to the entrance of Cho-Cho-San, most of the detail work of the second act, and various ramifications of the third. The residuum was an unusually fast-moving opera—faster than it was moving — which went steadily from climax to climax. The cast, including the Mmes. Roselle and Eustis, and the Messrs. Duncan and Gandolfi, sang smoothly, and Mr. Rapée balanced his large orchestra against the amplified voices with great discretion. Musically, Radio City proved itself entirely equipped for grand opera.

THE staging was dramatically to the point so long as it concerned the action of the piece, but the production had about it the air of an old-fashioned "presentation." Fujiyama stayed in place, whether you were looking at the front door or the inside of Cho-Cho-San's house. Moonlight played prettily on the waters of Nagasaki at all hours, and everything was determinedly Japanese. It was a pleasure to discover so much scenic and lighting display at the disposal of an opera, but the customer who was hearing his first opera—in Italian—may have needed more definite Oriental orientation.

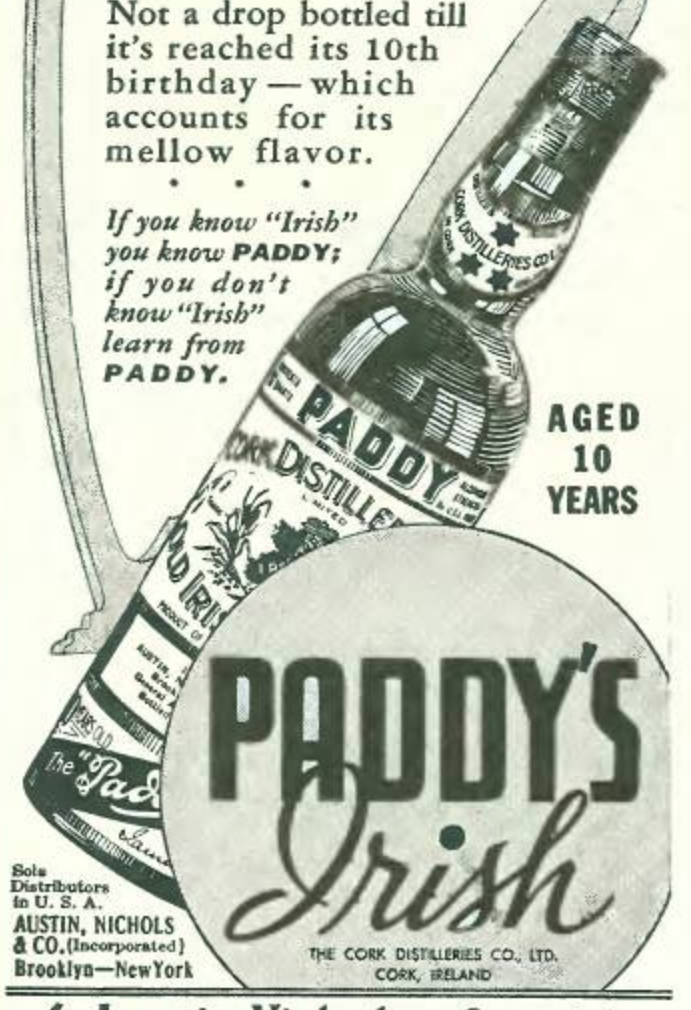
The enunciation was unusually clear, and since the four principals were not



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unfamiliar with English, the opera might just as well have been sung in the language of its listeners. Radio City has a rare opportunity to make propaganda for opera, and no harm could come to "Madame Butterfly" if it were offered in the standard English edition, which has proved itself hundreds of times.

AT the Hippodrome, one of the surprises of the spring was "Andrea Chénier," in which Mr. Amato, as Gerard, and Mr. Radaelli, as an exceptionally impressive hero, enlivened a resounding performance. "Andrea" isn't one of the best-sellers, but the Hippodrome group plays it with so much gusto that it may, in time, become almost as popular along Sixth Avenue as "Carmen."

—ROBERT A. SIMON

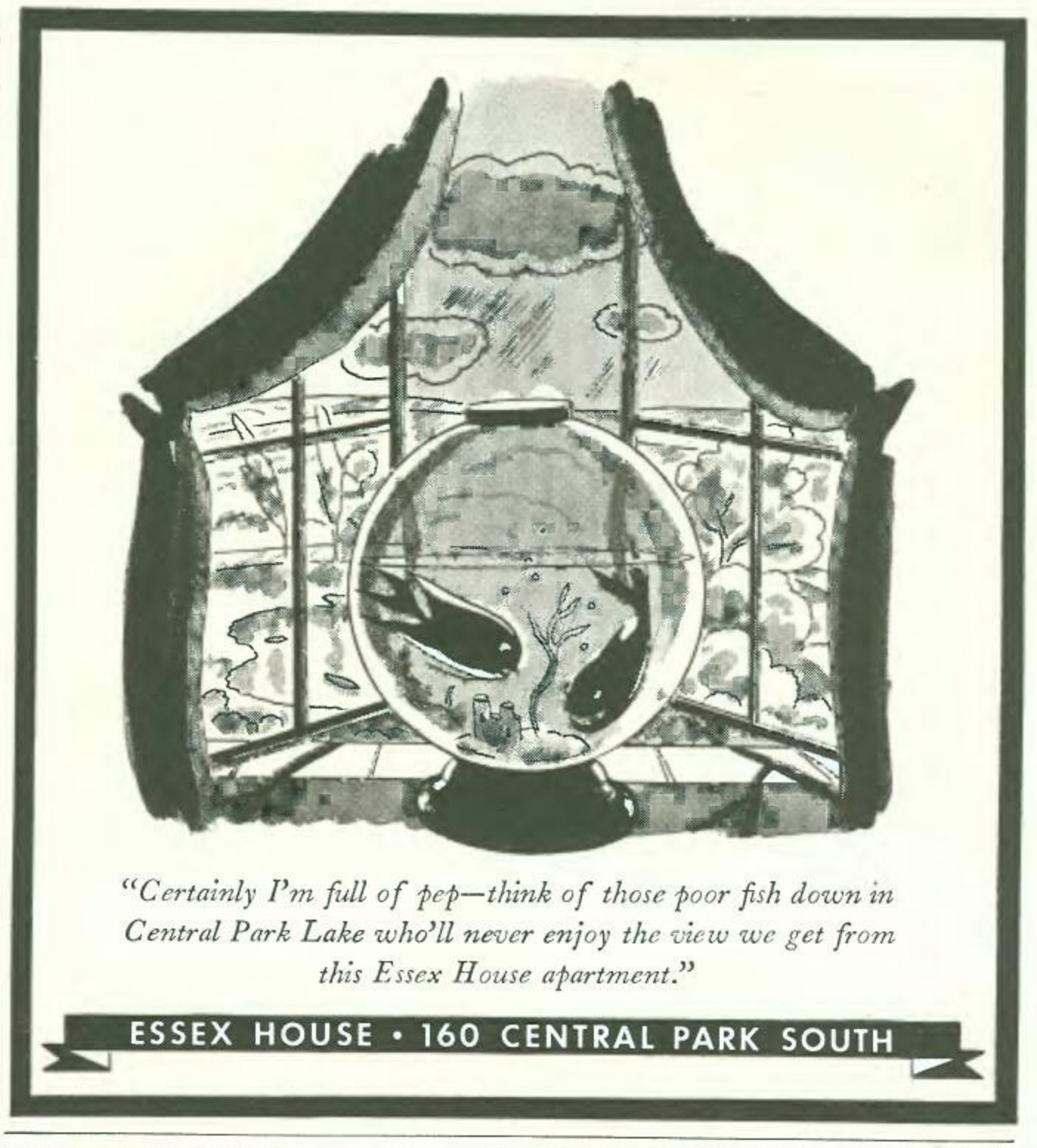
POPULAR RECORDS

Salon Arrangements and Muted Brasses

WHEN you and I were taking piano lessons, a salon piece was a disreputable bit of music tricked out with arpeggios and tremolos. Compositions of this order gave the salon a bad name, but the salon recovered respectability with the phonograph device known as the "salon arrangement." At one time, there was a rage for these short, light transcriptions of easily identified melodies. They disappeared from records to bob up again on radio.

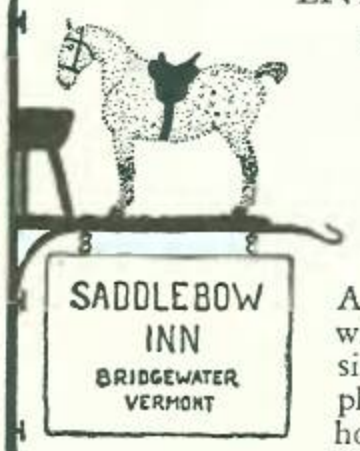
Nathaniel Shilkret, one of the first of phonograph salon arrangers, has revived a form which he helped to make famous in settings of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Zigeuner," both played by the Victor Salon Orchestra under his direction (Victor 24609). These are remarkable, not only for the ingenious scoring of the tunes but also for the light and shade which Mr. Shil-





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kret gets from his musicians. With all of the rhythmic and harmonic variation which Mr. Shilkret introduces, these contemporary classics never lose their melodic outline, and this is the record-of-the-year for treatment of musical-comedy material.

MODERN recording equipment is kind to muted brasses, and the dance maestri seem to have heard about it, for you'll meet up with all sorts of mutes—stuffy, boffy, wah-wah, and the rest of them—in this assortment of airs in dance tempi:

HOLD MY HAND and SIX WOMEN—Hal Kemp and his Orchestra. "Hold My Hand" has an unusual treatment, being transformed into a sort of rumba. "Six Women," the ditty about "me and Henry the Eighth," is sung by Skinny Ennis to a gravely humorous commentary by the band. Quotations from "An American in Paris" are interpolated in "Six Women," but that's one of those inexplicable international questions. (*Brunswick 6857*)

JIG IN G and MARIHUANA—Emilio Caceres and his Club Aguila Orchestra. The "Jig in G" is a fox trot, marked by hot fiddling that you don't expect in Latin orchestras. "Marihuana" is a rumba from the "Murder at the Vanities" film score, one of the season's best screen symphonies. The Caceres group is way above the usual gourd-shaking outfit. (*Victor 24614*)

MADEMOISELLE (Debroy Somers's Band) and UNLESS (Henry Hall and the B.B.C. Dance Orchestra). Two English ensembles playing full-toned waltzes, released in local pressings. If you dance to these, look out for a smart change of pace in Mr. Hall's version of "Unless." (*Columbia 2915-D*)

BUTTERFINGERS and LITTLE DID I DREAM—Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. The always reliable Reisman catches the right mood and speed for each of these fox trots. (*Brunswick 6856*)

YOU MAY NOT BE AN ANGEL and FAIR AND WARMER—Tom Coakley and his Palace Hotel Orchestra. Muted brasses *in excelsis*, making for insinuating moments in richly scored tunes turned out in a popular ballroom tempo. (*Victor 24600*)

—POP

•

'06 WILLIAM I. SIROVICH, '06P&S., Greenwich Village's representative in Congress, has taken to playwriting again, this time with the New Deal as his motif. The New York surgeon-legislator has prepared for early production a drama called "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," to give his version of the Roosevelt recovery program and what it may hold for the future. "The play begins with President Hoover going out of office, and I have dramatized what the Roosevelt administration inherited. The second part tells what's going on now, and the third is my prophecy," Sirovich said. If Sirovich has his way, Speaker Henry T. Rainey himself will preside over the prologue scene on the night the play opens on Broadway.—*Columbia Alumni News.*

The surgeon-critics will also be present.

GETTING SETTLED

THE decision, with hot weather ready to start at any minute, to find larger quarters, preferably furnished, for the summer. The renting agents. The neat, helpful lists of addresses. The week spent hunting. The place you like, only it is empty except for a large, dangerous folding bed that stands on end in a closet. The hesitation. The uncertainty. The friends who think it would be fun to start like that, practically from scratch, and buy what's needed. The stimulating thought that you already have a chest of drawers, some bookcases, and a coffee table. The quietly growing enthusiasm. The tendency to loiter in front of furniture displays in shop windows. The auction at which you stop, planning to watch for a few minutes, interested but bashful. The triumphant though faintly startled realization, as you emerge hours later, that you may as well sign the lease now, because you've bought a wall hanging, a pair of candlesticks, and a desk.

THE moving. The settling. The feverish decorative planning. The weariness. The discovery that if you want to sit down to rest you have to choose between the floor and your steamer trunk. The anxious hope that, with curtains and more furniture, the pieces you now have may lose that apologetic air of having got in by mistake. The decision, after trying the steamer trunk, to start out early the next morning by getting a couple of good, comfortable chairs.

Your slightly premature arrival at a large establishment dealing in furniture. The endless rows of chairs, all unsatisfactory to your still uncorrupted standards of thrift and aesthetics. The hurried trip though the drapery department. The sheaf of samples, wholly confusing, but handy in case you ever take up patchwork. The next store. The maple armchair they can have made for you at a factory that must employ paralytics, because it will take six weeks. The one that's not in stock, but which they may reorder the first of August. The group of chairs that is being sold out because there's only one of each kind left. The rising hope, since they won't even have to send to the warehouse for them. The one that's not quite what you had in mind, but you're getting less idealistic. The salesman who, as he takes your money, thinks brightly he can

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Your arrival at a little upholstery shop you've heard about down on Eighth Street. Your somewhat weakened condition because you've acquired, among other things, five pairs of net curtains, a small pillow, and a box of picture hooks. The proprietor, who has just what you want in muslin and will cover it if you'll get the material. His chillier tone as he says of course, if you want ordinary factory pieces, he has one on hand, which turns out to be a large, fruity affair in strawberry-pink brocade that would be quite striking with your rust-colored chintzes. The departure. The desperation. The shop dealing in old and used furniture. The Windsor chair that seems to have been gnawed by termites. The straight-backed, not-so-very-early Victorian antique, probably no more comfortable than your trunk but less undecorative. The dazed conviction, as it is being swathed in brown paper, that you've bought it chiefly because it's small enough to take in a taxi. The feeling that nothing matters because you'll probably take to your bed, and if you could stay there till a week from Thursday, the way you feel now that would be entirely satisfactory.

THE return. The unwrapping of the chair, which turns out quite nice, though you haven't time to sit in it. The picture-hanging. The tidying. The rearranging. The loss of all fatigue. The surging energy. The gratified realization that your desk and bookcases are already beginning to lose that vagrant look. The decision, as you balance on top of a stepladder, hammering curtain fixtures, to start out early tomorrow for the davenport and the rug.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

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HOW MANY CAN YOU IDENTIFY?

[ANSWER TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 44.]

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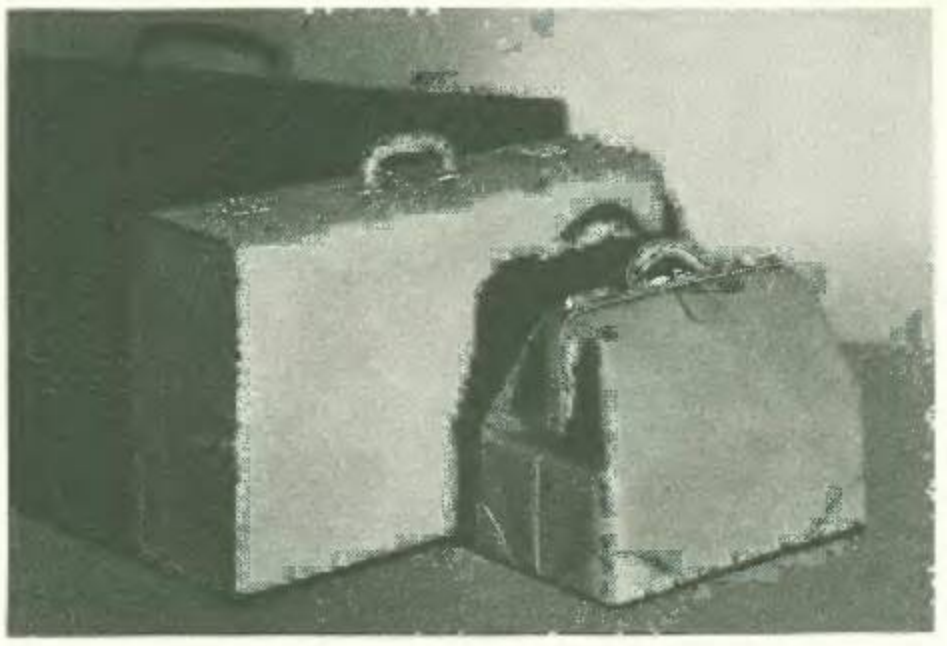
PARIS LETTER



PARIS, MAY 16

THE swallows are back from their winter in Egypt, but even in millions can't make a summer, judging by the European travel agencies. What makes a summer for them is three tourists. As a result, to attract French sightseers to the capital of the U.S.S.R., or, as it calls itself, "The Art Capital of Europe," Leningrad is mounting a May musical centenary in honor of Borodin, with Stalin ballets, operas, food, lodging, railway tickets, propaganda, and all comforts included for about 2,500 francs per head, from Paris back to Paris. To attract kulak sightseers, maybe, French de-luxe hotels have cut their prices forty per cent. To attract any Aryans it can get, Germany has issued travellers' registered marks for twenty-five cents each, as against the forty-cent or unregistered marks. The catch with the registered marks is that those you don't spend you can't take out of the country (as against the catch in the unregistered marks, which, even though you want to spend, you can't get out of the bank except by the government's permission. This is known as the *heil*-and-farewell system of mark-saving). Also, Germany is offering Americans a sixty-per-cent reduction on railway fares for a stay of seven days or more; other nationals get only twenty-five per cent off, even if they stay forever. Oberammergau is offering its three-hundredth season of the Passion Play, or your last chance to see it before its three-hundred-and-first in 1944; price of a first-class theatre seat with two days' board and lodging is thirty-four marks. At Bayreuth, on the other hand, one seat for one performance of the Wagner Festival costs thirty marks, even without a sandwich, or seven dollars and a half, Teutonic mythology still being considered worth more than universal Christianity. Italy still cuts train fares seventy per cent, and has already enjoyed another prosperous Holy Year. London is giving a Mozart series, courts, and the customary races. Portugal is giving nothing at all, but will likely get this season's *recherché* travellers just the same, because for seven years Portugal has been peaceful, prosperous, pretty;

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has neither persecuted nor revoluted nor failed to balance its budget. It is now cheap. In 1934, its Atlantic beaches will probably have the reward of merit which in previous years has in rotation gone to Venice, Antibes, Mallorca, Dubrovnik, and the like. It is Portugal's turn to have her place in the sunburn.

Aside from Lisbon, obviously the capitals best suited to the vacationing dollar are London and Berlin. In Italy prices are about twenty-five per cent dearer than normal living costs, in Switzerland twenty-eight per cent, and in France about thirty per cent—if the Italians, Swiss, and French will pardon our pointing. And France is not going off the gold standard to make anybody any Roman holiday; instead, she plans to become the new banking centre of the world by fall. But you're probably planning to spend the summer swimming at Jones Beach and the autumn roller-skating in Central Park anyway.

THE greatest piano name in French history has just passed from sight with the rechristening of the Salle Pleyel as the Salle Rameau. The name Pleyel has been associated with the best music-making and giving of France for the past hundred and fifty years, or considerably longer than it should really have been, since the last of the name to function professionally was active in Napoleon's heyday. The founder of the clan was an Ignace Pleyel, who was a friend of Mozart and one of twenty-four children born to a poor schoolteacher and a noble lady who was no snob. After the Revolution, he composed, and played on the organ at Strasbourg Cathedral, an opus devised to include offstage cannons as percussion instruments, fainted when they went off on time, and went to Paris to found his fortune manufacturing pianos and managing the greatest concerts of his time. His son Camille carried on the business with a Mr. Wolff as partner. On Camille's death Wolff took over the piano and concert affairs, but acted like a Pleyel, since he invented the harmonic pedal, the transposing keyboard, and the baby grand which Gounod honored by nicknaming it the toad or *crapaud*. The Pleyel *crapaud* was such a hit that a special Wolff factory had to be built to meet the fad. On Wolff's death, his son-in-law, Lyon, now an old gentleman, kept up the family tradition by inventing the chromatic harp and lute, the double piano, and various acoustic theories. Old Lyon's son, Robert, invented noth-

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ing for the Pleyels except, one hears, the habit of giving the pianos away free to his friends. With the new Pleyel concert program heads reading "Salle Rameau," and the Wolffs and Lyons being replaced by an even more incognito board of business directors, the great musical name of Pleyel now becomes for France nothing but a distant echo.

AFTER the war, Ida Rubinstein was, despite her un-French Polish accent and her unfashionable length of leg, one of the Parisian theatres' great ornaments. Bakst, Debussy, d'Annunzio, Diaghileff all worked hard for her, and must have worked *on* her even harder, judging by the disappointingly different results now obtained by her when she labors alone. Still a rich woman, she has lately been accustomed to hire the Opéra for a spring gala series of ballets, talky dances, and musical philosophical mimings specially written, composed, choreographed, costumed, and directed for her by the best men in Europe today. Maybe men aren't men any more, judging again by this year's result. With Stravinsky, Ibert, Honegger, Florent Schmitt, Gide, and (as an exception) Élisabeth de Gramont, formerly Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, Paul Valéry, and Ravel as word and music writers, with Fokine and Jooss for choreographers, sets by Benois, and stage management by the Great Copeau, Mlle. Rubinstein still managed to flop artistically. Apparently it would take an army to hold her up.

The fashionable first-night Opéra house received her performance with mixed snickers and applause. Aside from Ibert's pleasant period music for the De Gramont "Diane de Poitiers" ballet, and the disappointment that the promised new Ravel opus turned out to be the same old "Valse" and "Bolero" (Ravel having been ill), the main musical interest, naturally, centred in the Stravinsky self-conducted première of his "Perséphone." Like his "Psalm Symphony," it is noble, massive music, nearly religious and clearly not to be appreciated on its first audition. Especially with a stage cluttered by one male, one female, one children's chorus, Rubinstein miming when she wasn't reciting, the ballet prancing when she wasn't doing all three, and, far to the back of the stage, a tenor on a pedestal singing about what Persephone felt like when she was going through Hades. The tenor probably knew.

—GENÊT

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BOOKS

That Is Forever England—The Game of Kid-the-Correspondent



EVELYN SCOTT, after producing, in "The Wave," "A Calendar of Sin," and "Eva Gay," one great and two very distinguished novels, determined upon a well-deserved rest. She was not to find it. On the walls of her furnished East Anglian seacoast cottage hung a picture of the four Courtney girls who had once lived there: Cora, Ethel, Margaret, Tilly. This was enough for the indefatigable imagination of Evelyn Scott. Not until she had brought these little women back to life, along with Papa, Mamma, and Brother Bertram, was she satisfied. From a few stray hints, photographs, local memories, she has built up, as the anthropologist-sculptor constructs from a stray neckbone his Piltdown man, a whole social organism.

Mrs. Scott has translated herself—I don't know why, but novelists frequently choose the most surprising company — into the small souls of a group of middle-class Englishmen and women of Late Edwardian and Early George-and-Mary vintage. There they are to the life, inhabitants of the Kingdom of Stodge—a group of ignoble dames, born into an inheritance of death. The luckiest of them was Tilly, who died before she could realize that she had never lived. Her sisters were not so fortunate. Meg cherished a silent, crazy love for her curate, and was otherwise a corpse. Cora assisted her smooth Harley Street husband to give the proper dinners. Ethel, who had a tiny speck of brain, was defeated by her Victorian sentimentality and wept her bewildered way, like a Tennyson heroine, through a world she never understood. And the men — old Courtney, who hung himself, and Brother Bert, who was killed on the Somme—came to no more significant ends.

Mrs. Scott, I suppose, wanted to give us a picture of post-Victorian middle-class life with intent to show that it was a horrifying affair. It was, and she has. Here it is in all its repulsive stuffiness, its "niceness," its good form which was the acme of vulgarity, its essential cowardice and cruelty, its willful blindness to the odorous commercial base on which it rested, its false family solidarity in which no real warmth resided, its Sunday-morning piety—life under a glass bell, life lived in a moral basement, unmanned, unwomaned; with dullness, as Sinclair Lewis remarked in another connection, made God.

But haven't Mr. Aldington and half a dozen others already done this job to perfection? Aren't we pretty well convinced by this time that to save the Courtneys—or their big brothers of the shires and the City—was not worth the little finger of a single British soldier? The prisoner has been judged guilty. It is too late now to bring new indictments.

This is not to detract from the skill with which Mrs. Scott has breathed upon her slain and caused them to live and move. It is a skill specially worthy of praise because the stuffy, close, deadly, tea-and-sausage, the-Empire-forever atmosphere of the middle-class England of the period is so remote from the author's own background and experience. As a technical feat, "Breathe Upon These Slain" gets an A, but as a novel, my hunch is that it represents an interlude in Evelyn Scott's remarkable career.

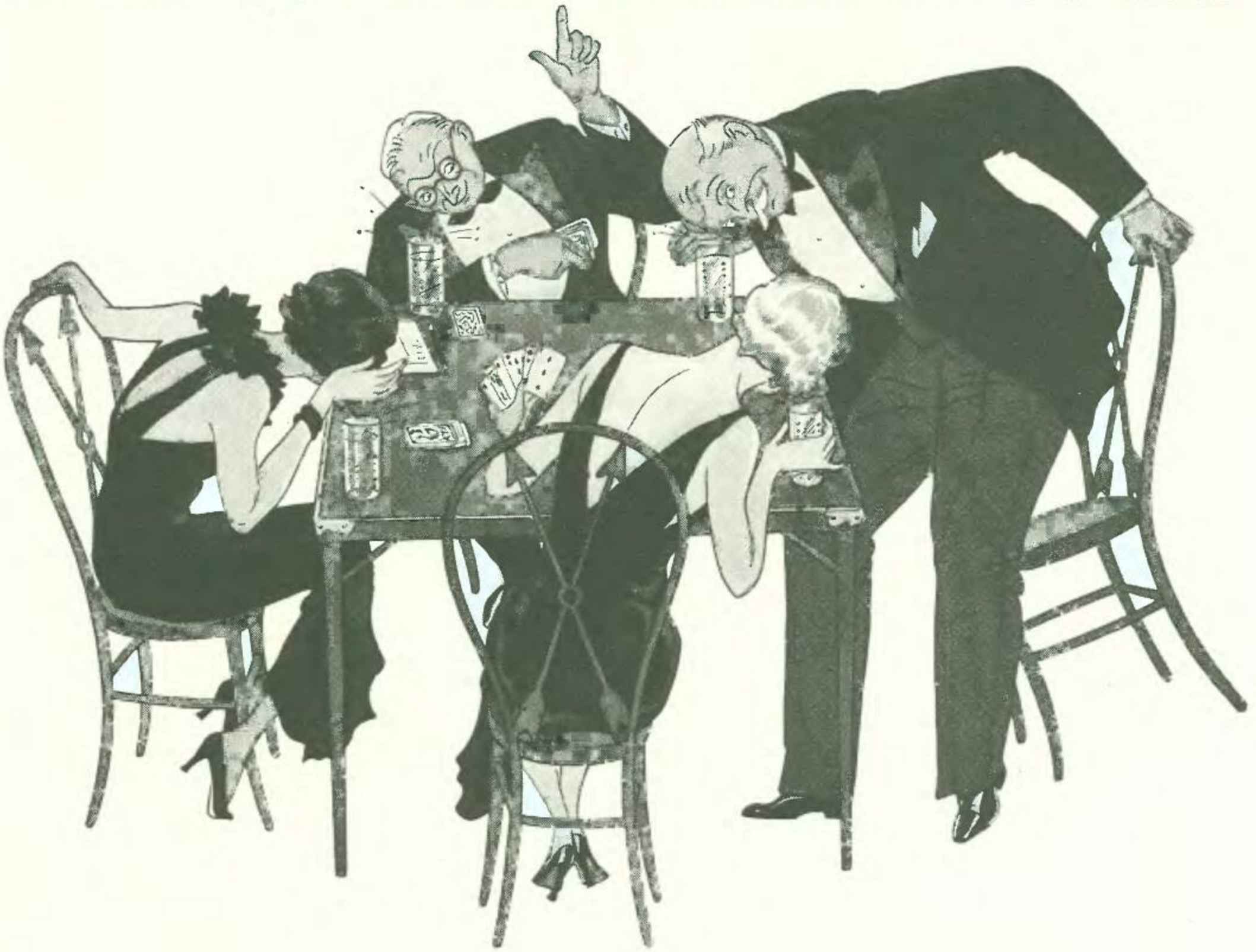
MR. H. R. KNICKERBOCKER, who should know better and no doubt does, has recently, perhaps on Mr.



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Hearst's suggestion, been playing at the peculiar game of kid-the-correspondent. He was told to find out whether and when war would come, and, in particular, to determine the effect on international politics of Hitler's accession to power. Now it seems to me that if a man were given this assignment the very last people he would want to interview would be the following: Masaryk, Beneš, Horthy, King Alexander, King Boris, Dollfuss, Barthou, Goemboes, Mussolini—in fact, all the potentates and diplomats of Europe. For these cagy gentlemen, knowing that Mr. Knickerbocker is to report their utterances to the gullible but influential American public, would naturally hand him a typed form, disguised as a "statement." But Mr. Knickerbocker faithfully tells us what Beneš and Masaryk and Winston Churchill have to say, forgetting that these imposing statesmen are, as far as the world public is concerned, merely public-relations counsellors acting for the real forces which make up Europe, Ltd. Consequently their utterances are bound to make, though good copy, no particular sense. If you doubt it, read Mr. Knickerbocker's book, "The Boiling Point," whose message finally reduces itself to the cautious statements that war is probable and that, if it does come, civilization is finished.

Should you desire to compare a bright journalist with a real student of international strains and stresses, read first Mr. Knickerbocker's account of his interview with King Alexander of Jugoslavia and then Louis Adamic's interview with the same crowned head, to be found in "The Native's Return." You will see there the difference between a man who is trained to use his notebook and a man who is trained to use his brains. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

OUT OF CHAOS, by Ilya Ehrenbourg, translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy. The new Soviet materialist morality in conflict with the older Russian culture, portrayed against the background of a Siberian steel-plant town. About as confusing and chaotic as most novels of this type, but alive with Ehrenbourg's vigorous personality.

THE PHANTOM EMPEROR, by Neil H. Swanson. Historical romance, of the Stewart Edward White variety, based on a slender foundation of fact—the attempt of an American adventurer, in 1836, to raise an independent army, ally it with the Indian tribes, and conquer for himself a kingdom in the Southwest.

GENERAL

FRENCH WINES, by Paul de Cassagnac, translated from the French by Guy Knowles. De Cassagnac is a recognized authority. His



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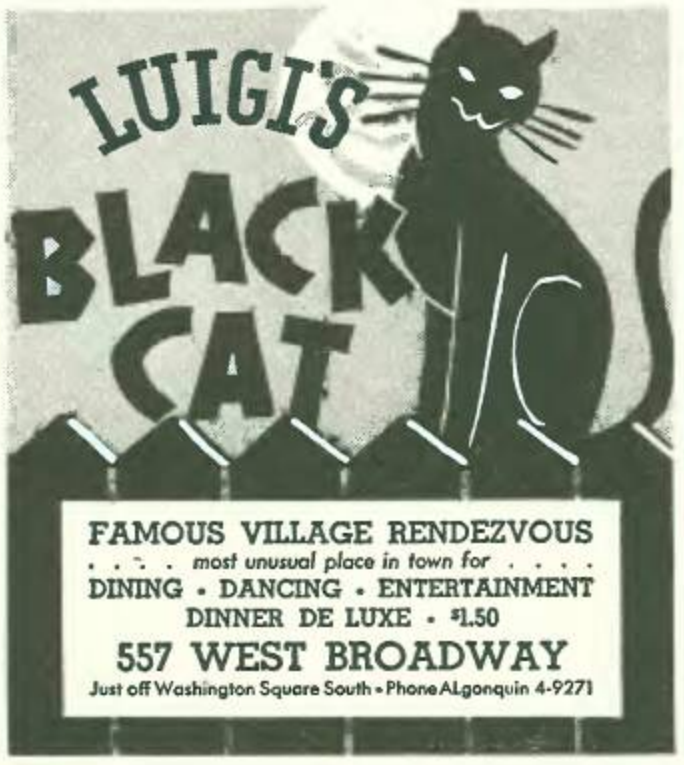
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little book, written half a dozen years ago, is sound, if a trifle finicky, and has an amusing Gallic touch. Intended primarily for the reader who already knows something about wine.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA, by Harry F. Guggenheim. "A review of United States relations with Cuba, briefly tracing the development of this relationship since Spanish colonial times." Mr. Guggenheim's bias, as might be expected, is conservative, and the extent of his sympathies may be gauged by the fact that his lengthy bibliography does not include Carleton Beal's now standard "Crime of Cuba."

SWIFT, OR THE EGOTIST, by Mario M. Rossi and Joseph M. Hone. A new attempt, thorough and in part profound, to reconstruct and interpret Swift's paradoxical character on the basis of a reëxamination of his writings. Under-the-skin biography, a little tinctured with pompousness, but original and important.

RUSSIA, YOUTH AND THE PRESENT-DAY WORLD, by Frankwood E. Williams. Intelligent, simply written discussion, by a noted psychiatrist, of the sexual and emotional problems of youth under a laissez-faire system like our own, repressive dictatorships like Germany and Italy, and the Soviet non-repressive society. Dr. Williams is no propagandist for Russia, but thinks highly of the relation established there between youth and its environment.

UNDERSTANDING THE BIG CORPORATIONS, by the editors of *Fortune*. Brisk, picturesque studies, originally published in *Fortune*, of eleven large corporations, including Ford, United States Rubber, and American Sugar Refining. Rich material, though the authors, of course, are interested not in the social service their corporations render but in their setup, efficiency, and power. Illustrated.

THE TRAGIC KING, by Philip Lindsay. Fairly effective job of whitewashing Richard III, whose reputation, Mr. Lindsay contends, was ruined by Tudor propaganda. Which may or may not matter.

PEOPLE AT WORK, by Frances Perkins. Miss Perkins's interest in labor started with the Triangle fire; hence her book, dealing with the history of American labor's slow fight to protect itself against unfair working conditions, has a certain attractive warmth and sympathy. It is a fair example of the New Deal liberal philosophy, shorn of much of its rhetorical ballyhoo.

VERSE

POETRY: ITS APPRECIATION AND ENJOYMENT, by Louis Untermeyer and Carter Davidson. A lightly disguised textbook for adults, differing from an undisguised textbook for adolescents in that all the hard parts are left out. If you like your poetry arranged under convenient headings or crave ready-made appreciation, you will get both. The book contains really well-informed and interesting chapters on poetic technique, particularly that on light verse.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

THE UNPOSSESSED, by Tess Slesinger. A notable first novel by a newcomer who is clearly going somewhere. A kind of "This Side of Paradise" for 1934. The characters are New York intellectuals paralleling, to an extent, the frustrates in "Antic Hay" and "Point Counter Point," and the treatment is also somewhat Huxleyan in its bite, its cockeyed wit, and the quality of its sentiment. The book is loose in structure and occasionally Miss Slesinger tries to do too much, but the dialogue crackles, and there is one character, Bruno Leonard, who is not too easy to forget.

THE GREAT ONE, by Henry Hart. Keen study



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of the way in which the system managed to defeat the best intentions of a Philadelphia aristocrat whose career recalls that of Boies Penrose. A notable first novel.

INDEED THIS FLESH, by Grace Flandrau. Rather sombre but interesting story of the tragedy of a Puritan idealist caught up in the amoral pioneer surge of the great Northwest in the eighties and nineties.

THE GINGER GRIFFIN, by Ann Bridge. The diplomatic set in Peking, hard at play and mildly in love. A rather charming romance competes desperately for the reader's interest with pages and pages about riding and racing horses. You have to be pretty well mounted to enjoy all of "The Ginger Griffin."

THANK YOU, JEEVES!, by P. G. Wodehouse. Jeeves in his first full-length novel, and as funny as ever.

FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS, by Louis Golding. A panoramic novel about the bizarre fortunes of an Anglo-Jewish family during the prewar to postwar period. Has the faults and virtues of "Magnolia Street." Crammed with life and excitement.

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, translated from the French. The sensational French best-seller, presenting a nightmare vision of mankind in a cold, bold, brutal prose. Gripping reading, if you can manage, for a few hours, a willing suspension of all belief in the human race.

THE LAND OF PLENTY, by Robert Cantwell. Economical, exciting, and brilliantly written novel of class life and class strife in a Pacific Coast lumber mill, incomparably superior to most proletarian fiction.

THE DREAMER, by Julian Green, translated from the French by Vyvyan Holland. A careful probing of the morbid relations existing among a young man, his girl cousin, and his aunt.

GENERAL

OUR MASTER'S VOICE: ADVERTISING, by James Rorty. Vigorous, athletic, witty, and in parts profound analysis of and attack upon the advertising game in its broadest aspects. Author is a former adman and knows his stuff. Highly recommended.

MODERN ART: THE MEN, THE MOVEMENTS, THE MEANING, by Thomas Craven. A vigorous and completely independent survey, by the distinguished author of "Men of Art," of the major personalities and tendencies since Cézanne. Craven's attack on the abstractionists and on the unhealthy aspects of the French salon and drawing-room tradition is stirring up the animals. Thirty-four full-page bleed plates.

PORTRAIT OF AMERICA, by Diego Rivera. Sixty reproductions of Rivera's American murals, including plates from photographs of the destroyed Rockefeller Center fresco. With an interesting introduction by the artist, and text, explanatory of Rivera's revolutionary conception of our history, by Bertram D. Wolfe.

TECHNICS AND CIVILIZATION, by Lewis Mumford. A history of the last thousand years of civilization in terms of the machine and its effect upon mankind. A profound and fascinating book, quite possibly a great one. Marvellously illustrated. Recommended without reservations.

NINE ETCHED FROM LIFE, by Emil Ludwig, translated from the German. Interesting extended biographical portraits of Nansen, Masaryk, Briand, Rathenau, Motta, Lloyd George, Venizelos, Mussolini, and Stalin.

A BACKWARD GLANCE, by Edith Wharton. Very calm memoirs, more literary than personal, of a rich and fruitful life. Certain to charm Mrs. Wharton's admirers.

IN ALL COUNTRIES, by John Dos Passos. First-rate travel sketches and short narratives, clarifying recent social upheavals and excitements in Russia, Spain, Mexico, and the United States. Mr. Dos Passos sees things with a camera eye and passes them through a generous mind.

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