May 11, 1935

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



Tortured by a Tele-phoney?

... light an Old Gold



When a pointless phoner ruins your beauty-sleep by calling late, talking long, and saying nothing . . . don't hang up. Light a smooth Old Gold. Its genial fragrance will make the dumb-cluck sound witty.

AT TRYING TIMES. . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

IT'S A LOT OF FUN TO OWN A *Plymouth!*



(*Left*) YOU CAN'T BELIEVE a low-priced car rides so smoothly ... or has such comfort. (*Below*) DRIVING'S FUN ... it's so easy to steer, to shift gears, to apply brakes.

IT'S GRAND to own a car that's so perfectly "at home"... at a Long Island week-end or heading out of town on a transcontinental trip... a car that handles so beautifully in traffic or gives you a real thrill on the open road... a car that costs so little!

It's comfortable to know it's the safest of all the low-priced cars... with genuine hydraulic brakes that stop you smoothly, quickly, without swerving... and an all-steel body that forms practically a single unit with the frame.

It must be rather pleasant, also, to discover that, because of new cooling and new ignition, it actually runs on from 12% to 20% less gas and oil.

America seems to think so. This year thousands more are picking Plymouth. See it at all the smart places!

Drive the Plymouth yourself. Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer ... let him explain the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

Only Plymouth gives you All Four:

1. GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES

2. SAFETY-STEEL BODY

3. WEIGHT RE-DISTRIBUTION

4. 12% TO 20% LESS GAS & OIL

(*Below*) 12% TO 20% LESS gas and oil ... Plymouth is far and away the most economical full-size car, today.

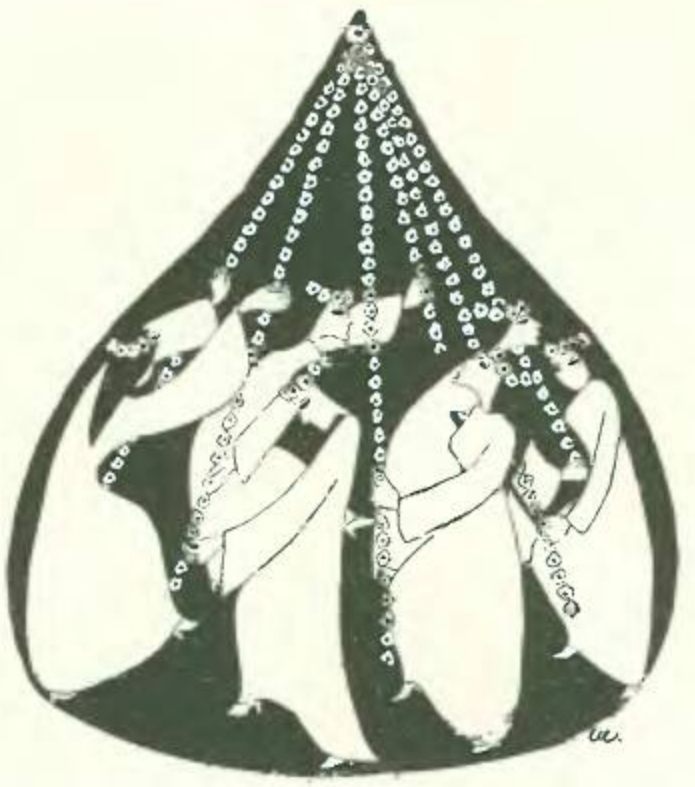


PLYMOUTH *Now only* $510 AND UP

LIST AT FACTORY DETROIT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18. 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 given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ACCENT ON YOUTH—An entertaining and possibly enlightening story of how a middle-aged playwright held his own against polo-coated Youth in a little affair with a lady. Constance Cummings, Kenneth MacKenna, Ernest Lawford, Irene Purcell, and Theodore Newton. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. Extra Mat. Tues., May 14, for the Actors Fund.)

AWAKE AND SING!—Well-acted story of life among the more active Bronxites, grim but good. The Group Theatre adds it to its list of successes. Stella Adler, Morris Carnovsky, Luther Adler, and others. (Belasco, 44, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES—Walter Connolly as a bishop who takes up crime detection for fun. Thanks to Mr. Connolly the affair is much more adult than it would have been without him. (Golden, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

BLACK PIT—Tragedy in the coal fields, carefully enough documented, but somehow a little uneventful. With Alan Baxter, Millicent Green, and Hester Sondergaard. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:45 P.M.)

CEILING ZERO—A fast and fairly dizzy melodrama, giving you an idea of what goes on behind the scenes at a commercial airport. With Osgood Perkins, Margaret Perry, and John Litel. (Music Box, 45, W.)

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR—How a slanderous little girl wrecked the lives of two young women by spreading false reports of their Lesbian relationship. A tensely dramatic play, finely acted by Katherine Emery, Anne Revere, Florence McGee, Katherine Emmet, and Robert Keith. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. Extra Mat. Fri., May 17, for the Actors Fund.)

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST—John van Druten's temperate and literary play about the war, helped immeasurably by the splendid performances of Katharine Cornell, Burgess Meredith, Margalo Gillmore, and Charles Waldron. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Closes Sat., May 11.)

FLY AWAY HOME—Youngster-talk that should warm the heart of everyone who knows youngsters and some who do not. Donald Brian, Edwin Philips, Ann Mason, and others. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

KIND LADY—Grace George and Henry Daniell in a very satisfactory melodrama about the grim fun that follows when six thugs besiege a London lady in her house. (Booth, 45, W.)

THE OLD MAID—A tender and moving play about a mother who has to play "cousin" to her daughter, with two excellent performances by Judith Anderson and Helen Menken. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:45 P.M.)

PERSONAL APPEARANCE—An expert lampoon on certain movie stars in which Gladys George is marooned in a filling station and gets off three acts of really funny cracks. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST—Leslie Howard, lounging charmingly through the Arizona desert, finds himself all mixed up with Life, Civilization, and Death, in terms of Robert Sherwood's philosophy and a bandit's machine guns. With Peggy Conklin and Humphrey Bogart. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:45 P.M.)

PETTICOAT FEVER—Gay times in a radio station in Labrador, with Dennis King in top form, if you don't mind top form. Very, very farcical. (Ritz, 48, W.)

POST ROAD—There is comedy here, in this tale of the dire happenings in a house on the Boston Post Road, and there is excitement and kidnapping and shooting (not much shooting). Mary Young now heads the cast. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:50 P.M.)

SOMETHING GAY—Tallulah Bankhead's mannerisms almost making you forget that the author didn't have a very good idea. Hugh Sinclair and Walter Pidgeon are also in the cast. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Funny, rough, and altogether satisfactory farce about a man who knew how to pick race horses but would rather write mottoes. William Lynn, Sam Levene, Shirley Booth, Millard Mitchell, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:45 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—A pretty grim outline of life in the back sections of Georgia, now in its second year on Broadway. With James Bell. (Forrest, 49, W.)

WAITING FOR LEFTY—Clifford Odets' violent and eloquent play about the taxi strikers, spendidly produced by the Group Theatre. "Till the Day I Die," a Nazi melodrama, also by Mr. Odets, opens the program. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 12, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

WITH MUSIC

ANYTHING GOES!—Musical comedy that has both music (Cole Porter's) and comedy. Ethel Merman, Victor Moore, William Gaxton, Bettina Hall, and others. (Alvin, 52, W.)

THE GREAT WALTZ—Johann Strauss and Radio City not too comfortable bedfellows in an operetta that is big and beautiful and maybe a little dull. Guy Robertson, Marie Burke, and many, many others. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49.)

THUMBS UP—A revue which, although featuring dancing, has just about the best that there is to be had in other lines. Clark and McCullough, Eddie Dowling, Ray Dooley, Paul Draper, Eunice Healy, Sheila Barrett, and others. (St. James, 44, W.)

•

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE HOOK-UP—Ernest Truex in a comedy by Jack Lait and Stephen Gross, with Helen Lynd, Edith Taliaferro, and others. (Cort, 48, E. 8:45 P.M.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

BILTMORE SUPPER ROOM, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Supper dancing to Shep Fields' music. Exhibition dances by Nayan Pearce and Don Carthay, and songs by Virginia Verrill.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Where you will find music by Eddy Duchin, dancing by the D'Ivons, and singing by Ross McLennon.*

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (Plaza 3-8887)—A smartly decorated after-theatre rendezvous, with Joe La Porte providing the dance music, and entertainment by the Coq Rouge Trio.

HOUSE OF LORDS, 12 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8415)—Michael Zarin's orchestra, with songs by Beverly Roberts, and piano-playing by Walter Lynch.*

LARUE, 480 Park at 58 (Volunteer 5-6374)—Arthur Warren's orchestra, with dances by Manuel Ramos and Maybelle Swor.*

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769)—This popular East Side late spot has music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Rodrigo's rumba band.*

NORMANDIE, Hotel Navarro, 112 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-7900)—Eddie Elkins and his orchestra, with songs by the Yacht Club Boys.*

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (Wickersham 2-4100)—Supper dancing in the Round the World Bar. Max Bergère's orchestra.*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5900)—Music by Joe Moss and his orchestra, with entertainment by the Two Hartmans and Iliena Strenge.*

PLACE PIQUALE, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—One of the gayest after-theatre places. Marion Chase sings, Northway and Danilo dance, and there's Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Joseph Zatour's tango band. Dress.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Plaza 3-1740)—The Persian Room is an extremely pleasant place for supper dancing. Music by Emil Coleman and his orchestra, with dances by the De Marcos. Dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (Circle 7-5312)—Odette Myrtil, and Ross and Sargent sing, Rosita and Fontana dance, and Jolly Coburn provides the music in this showplace sixty-five stories above the ground. Dress.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (Volunteer 5-2600)—Supper dancing in the handsome Café Lounge to Bob Grant's music. Songs by Dwight Fiske.*

ST. MORITZ CONTINENTAL GRILL, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800)—Leon Na-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	102
THE CURRENT CINEMA	86
MUSICAL EVENTS	95
CONCERT RECORDS	97
THE OARSMEN	53
OF ALL THINGS	33
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHIONS CABLE	74
FEMININE FASHIONS	74
ABOUT THE HOUSE	78
AS TO MEN	83
PARIS LETTER	39
PROFILES	28
THE RACE TRACK	50
A REPORTER AT LARGE	88
RESTAURANTS	57
TEE AND GREEN	55
THE THEATRE	34

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

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XI, No. 13, May 11, 1935. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

The sleekest

SUMMER CORSETS

you could wear



NAVY satin lastex with your initials in white—the newest foundation for sheer navy clothes. **$18.** *Girdle,* **$10.** *Monogram* **$1** *extra.*

WHITE satin lastex—a light hot-weather girdle with flattening panel of mousseline de soie, **$15.**

Our exclusive Kestos bandeau of mousseline de soie, **$6.**



Sizes to order by mail.
All-in-ones: 32 to 38 bust.
Girdles: 25 to 29 waist.

Network Corset

your announcer is Bergdorf Goodman

Our own specialty—the phenomenal new corset of pure silk and lastex. Its two-way stretch has triple its static span. This makes it thin as gossamer over your flesh, but incredibly firm and restraining. The finest light-weight corset ever created—and the coolest. All-in-one with extremely low back and net bandeau, $25. Girdle, $16.50

Corsets—Fourth Floor

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vara's music, with dances by Maurine and Norva.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Johnny Green and his orchestra play in the Tropical Roof Garden. Marjory Logan sings, and Minor and Root dance at supper-time. Dress.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (Eldorado 5-8028)—A handsome bar and restaurant with music by Joe Smith's and Rodriguez's orchestras, songs by Helen Morgan, and dances by Dorothy Fox and Charles Walters.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Henry King's orchestra supplies the music in the Empire Room, alternating with Xavier Cugat's tango band. The Starlight Roof will open Tues. Eve., May 14, with Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Dress.

WEYLIN, Madison at 54 (Plaza 3-9100)—Gypsy Markoff's orchestra plays in the Caprice Room. Entertainment by Rosalean and Seville, and Charlie Wright.*

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Benny Goodman plays in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46.* . . . Hal Kemp plays in the Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Frank Dailey provides the music at the McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . You'll find Clyde Lucas at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Paul Sabin is at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Marti Michel plays at the Casino-in-the-Air, Hotel Montclair, Lexington at 49. . . . Johnny Johnson plays in the Commodore English Grill, Lexington at 42. . . . Freddie Starr plays at the Claremont Inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (Monument 2-3676). . . . Henry Halstead is at the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Anthony Trini is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Jack Berger provides the music in the Orangerie at the Astor, B'way at 44. . . . Michael Tree and Romani play in the Green Room of the Edison, 228 W. 47. . . . Mishel Gorner is at the Salon Madrid of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . Dick Wilson plays at the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights.

•

NOTES—The Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (Plaza 3-9096), features Haywood Powers' orchestra, Earl Sande, and Gay Adams. . . . There's Jack Meyer's music and singing by Lois Elliman, and Comfort and Reilly, at the Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51 (Eldorado 5-9048). . . . Gene Fosdick's band plays at Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (Eldorado 5-9696), and there's singing by Gladys Baxter and dancing by Mariana Parla. . . . Lee Brody sings, and Joe and Jules play the two pianos at Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8 (Spring 7-7000). . . . Jim Miller and his gang sing at Armando's, 54 E. 55 (Eldorado 5-8083). . . . Joe Howard and Kathryn Parsons sing old-time songs at Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8231). . . . Ethel Levey and Joe Wagstaff entertain at Miss Levey's Little Snack Bar, 68 E. 56 (Eldorado 5-8272). . . . Fouquet's, 40 E. 58 (Eldorado 5-2540), offers dances by Joyce Coles and Jack Rees, and Meyer Davis music. . . . The Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52 (Eldorado 5-8059), has Allan Coles' orchestra and songs by George Owen and Armand Vallérie. . . . Maurice Shaw leads the orchestra at the Roulette, 146 E. 56 (Eldorado 5-9387). . . . Gus Lazaro provides the music at the Place Elegante, 33 W. 56 (Circle 7-7222). . . . The Famous Door, 35 W. 52 (Eldorado 5-9145), features hot-cha music by Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang.

Sidewalk cafés are now open at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; Chatham, Vanderbilt at 48; Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; and St. Moritz, 6 Ave. at 59.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (Columbus 5-7070), is the home of the Folies Bergères, an ooh-la-la show with many sensational numbers, especially the dancing. Don't miss it. And there's Noble Sissle's band for dancing.

Other rough-and-tumble places with revues: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), featuring Paul Whiteman and his orchestra; Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), with Sophie Tucker and Smith Ballew's orchestra; and Del Monico's, B'way at 51 (Circle 7-6108).

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), has Don Costello's orchestra. . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan.

HARLEM—Claude Hopkins and his band are at The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Edgecombe 4-1030). There are lots of other places if you feel like exploring on your own hook.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Cubanacan. Lenox Ave. at 114 (Monument 2-8272), with a real rumba band and a lively show; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (University 4-8644). . . . Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (Circle 7-6435). . . . Montmartre: Bal Musette Bedou, 301 W. 46 (Longacre 5-8194). . . . Russian: The Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (Eldorado 5-8072); and the Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Square 6-9784), with singing by Nastia Poliakova and Adia Kuznetzoff. . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (Circle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove. at Sheridan Sq. (Chelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836), small and intimate, with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000), with Irving Conn's orchestra. . . . Riviera, at the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000), Broadway atmosphere on the road, with an elaborate Earl Carroll floor show. . . . Bustanoby's, Route 6, Teterboro, N.J. (Hasbrouck Heights 8-0008), recently opened under the direction of Jacques Bustanoby. . . . Glen Island Casino, off the Shore Road, New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480), opens Thurs., May 16, with the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra.

MOTION PICTURES

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN—Marlene Dietrich as the assiduous siren again, this time in the combs and mantillas of Spain. A von Sternberg picture, with Lionel Atwill, Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, and Alison Skipworth. (Paramount, B'way at 43; Thurs., May 9, probably last day; continuous from 11 A.M.)

FOUR HOURS TO KILL—Richard Barthelmess in a slick and lively movie from "Small Miracle," the pleasant thriller laid in the lounge of a theatre. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Mon. through Thurs., May 13-16; continuous from 1 P.M.)

G MEN—Our Department of Justice, assisted by Cagney, gets its men in a sort of Dillinger-like chase. (Strand, B'way at 47; continuous from 10 A.M.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Will Rogers unusually agreeable in one of those small-town rustic pieces. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs., May 9, last day; continuous from noon.)

THE LITTLE COLONEL—Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson in Mr. Robinson's stair dance make this worth a few moments of your time. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. through Sat., May 16-18; continuous from 1:30 P.M.)

LES MISÉRABLES—A lengthy and rather temperate version of the Victor Hugo story, with Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Javert. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE YOUTH OF MAXIM—With Shostakovich music and a simple story of revolutionary matters, this turns out to be a Russian film which may please even provincial Occidental capitalists. (Cameo, 42, E. of B'way; continuous from 11 A.M.)

REVIVALS—"The Gay Divorcée," with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (Astor, B'way at 45; continuous from 11 A.M.) . . . "The Thin Man," with William Powell and Myrna Loy. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; through Mon., May 13; continuous from noon.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Black Fury," Paul Muni in a Coaltown story which will keep you excited though it won't explain every possible labor question involved; "The Man Who Knew Too Much," smooth, improbable, and highly entertaining English melodrama, with Peter Lorre, Edna Best, Leslie Banks, and Nova Pilbeam; "Naughty Marietta," a big, handsome production of the old Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; "The Scoundrel," the Hecht-MacArthur fable of wicked and worldly moderns, with Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, Ernest Cossart, Hope Williams, and Alexander Woollcott.

OPENING OF NOTE

THE INFORMER—From Liam O'Flaherty's story, directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs., May 9; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

ART

ABSTRACT—Contemporary abstractions by Charles G. Shaw—not the philosopher—in a gallery devoted to abstract art: Gallery of Living Art, New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

AFRICAN—Exhibition of African Negro Art, Assembled under the direction of James Johnson Sweeney: Museum of Modern Art,

Fair and cooler in RAR·E·OS*



von Wassilko

Rar-e-os*—an alluring new fabric. Rare—because it's unusually sheer. Cool and dainty—with a delicate edging you'll love. Many charming styles, all remarkably low-priced for such sheerness. Exclusively Kayser's. Illustrated: Bandeau, . . 65¢; Brief, . . 75¢

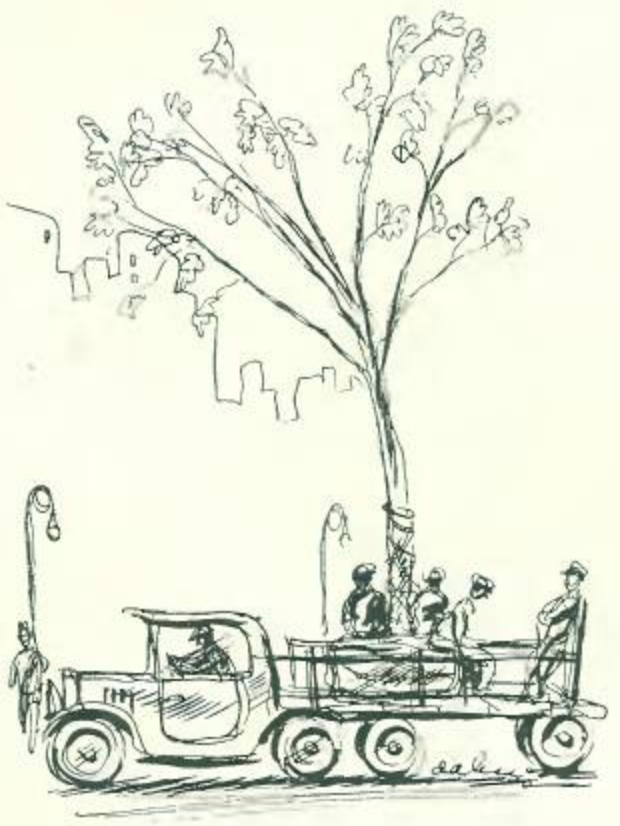
KAYSER

AT SMART SHOPS AND KAYSER STORES

*TRADE MARK

473 Fifth Avenue • 545 Fifth Avenue • 584 Madison Avenue • 31 Nassau Street • 189 Broadway

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 18. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

ALLIED ARTISTS—Twenty-second annual exhibition of the Allied Artists of America: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DEGAS—Bronzes by an artist whose sculpture quietly rivalled his painting. Also showing, paintings by An American Group: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.

DOVE—Recent paintings demonstrating that the wings of the dove are unclipped: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

FOLK ARTS—Early work from Pennsylvania: National Committee on Folk Arts, 673 5 Ave., entrance on 53 St. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

FORAIN—A hundred prints by the sharp and fluent satirist: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

FRENCH—The new Gallery for French Art in Rockefeller Center has an opening show called "Famous Women of French History": 7th floor, Maison Française, 5 Ave. at 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GROUPS—Thirty-two artists presenting as many kinds of America: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. . . . Fifty outstanding Americans: 60th Street Gallery, 138 E. 60. . . . Grand finale: 8th Street Gallery, 61 W. 8. All open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS—Some good, clean designs, a considerable amount of junk, and Frank Lloyd Wright's handsome model of Broadacre City: Forum, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Open weekdays noon to 10:30 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 15.

KROLL—One of the best of the painters who think that pretty girls make pretty landscapes, or vice versa: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.

MASSON—One of the wildest and wittiest of the Surréalistes: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MELTSNER—Oils and lithographs of the industrial scene, serenely and sometimes vigorously presented: Midtown, 559 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.

NAKIAN—Mirrors of Washington, or politicians with plastic appeal: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 18.

NEWCOMBE—A Far-Western painter with something to say: Grant, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Wed. until 9 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.

PASTELS—And gouaches by Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, and Cassatt: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.

SALONS OF AMERICA—Thirteenth annual exhibition. Always a social and sometimes an esthetic event: American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SCHANKER—Young painter first shown by Contemporary Arts: Gallery Secession, 49 W. 12. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., May 13.

YOUNG HOPEFULS—Twenty-three of them in a spring exhibition: Montross, 785 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Water colors by W. Eisenschitz: Weyhe, 794 Lexington; through May 18. . . . Drawings and etchings by Arthur W. Heintzelman: Keppel, 16 E. 57; through May 11. . . . Fantasies by Marcia Stebbins: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through May 18. . . . Landscapes by George Laszlo: Erich-Newhouse, 578 Madison; through May 11. . . . Drawings by Jean Cocteau, and etchings by Bernard Saunders: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. . . . Water colors by Robert Lee Eskridge: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57; through May 11. . . . Paintings by Emory Ladanyi: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . Paintings by Power O'Malley: Museum of Irish Art, Ritz Tower, Park at 57 (also open Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.) . . . Paintings by Charlotte Berend: Argent, 42 W. 57; through May 11. . . . Paintings by Eduardo Benito: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. . . . Small sporting sculpture by Carroll K. Bassett: Gosden Head, 10 E. 50.

MUSIC

CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY—Grand Opera at popular prices, at the Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43—"Carmen," Thurs. Eve., May 9, at 8:15; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., May 11, at 8:15; "La Forza del Destino," Sun. Eve., May 12, at 8:15.

WESTCHESTER MUSIC FESTIVAL—Sandor Harmati conducting: County Center, White Plains, N.Y. Bach-Handel program, Fri. Eve., May 10; modern program, with Giovanni Martinelli as soloist, Sat. Eve., May 11, at 8:30.

BENEFIT CONCERT—Bampton, Bauer, Hackett, Reiner, Ricci, Schelling, and others participating, for the MacDowell Club: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., May 13, at 8:30.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Spring festival of song and dance, Camilieri conducting: Ballroom, Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., May 16, at 8:45.

ON THE AIR

BYRD WELCOME—Official reception to Admiral Byrd upon his arrival in Washington from his second Antarctic expedition, with address by President Roosevelt: Fri. Aft., May 10, at 5:45, WABC and WEAF. Ceremonies by the National Geographic Society in Constitution Hall: Fri. Eve., May 10, at 10:30, WABC and WJZ.

JUBILEE GALA—Cicely Courtneidge, Peter Dawson, the Mills Brothers, Anna May Wong, and others, in a special broadcast in honor of King George and Queen Mary: Sat. Aft., May 11, at 3, WABC.

THE PREAKNESS—The big race at Pimlico described by Clem McCarthy: Sat. Aft., May 11, at 6, WJZ; by Thomas Bryan George, at the same time, WABC.

DIZZY AND DAFFY DEAN—Appearing, with Sheila Barrett and others, on Al Jolson's program: Sat. Eve., May 11, at 9:30, WEAF.

BLOSSOM FESTIVAL—Description of the annual celebration along the Danube, from Duerstein, Austria: Sun. Aft., May 12, at 12:45, WABC.

WALTER CONNOLLY—In a radio presentation of "The Bishop Misbehaves," with the cast now appearing in the play on Broadway: Sun. Aft., May 12, at 2:30, WJZ.

CHARLES HACKETT—Soloist with the Ford Symphony, Kolar conducting: Sun. Eve., May 12, at 9, WABC.

ALFRED E. SMITH—His topic will be "The Human Side of Life Insurance": Wed. Eve., May 15, at 10:15, WJZ.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. and Mon. at 2:30, WJZ; Sat. at 3:30, Tues. at 1:30, WEAF. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Little Symphony, James conducting: Thurs. at 8, WOR. . . . Walter O'Keefe: Thurs. at 9, Tues. at 10, WABC. . . . Waring's Pennsylvanians: Thurs. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Paul Whiteman: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. . . . Beatrice Lillie: Fri. at 9, WJZ. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Phil Baker: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Joe Cook: Fri. at 10:30, WEAF. . . . Stoopnagle and Budd: Fri. at 11, WABC. . . . Henri Deering: Sun. at 2:15, WJZ. . . . Ray Perkins: Sun. at 6, WABC . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WJZ. . . . Ethel Merman: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Major Bowes' Amateur Hour: Sun. at 8, WEAF. . . . Will Rogers: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Raymond Knight: Mon. at 10, WJZ. . . . Max Baer: Mon. at 10:30, WEAF. . . . The Beauty Box Theatre: Tues. at 10, WEAF. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Tues. at 10:30, WOR. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . John Charles Thomas: Wed. at 9, WJZ. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Columbia's Concert Hall: Wed. at 10:30, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. through Sun., May 9-12; Giants vs. St. Louis, Mon. through Wed., May 13-15. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. through Sun., May 16-19. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Lou Ambers vs. Tony Canzoneri, Fri. Eve., May 10; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

CREW—Childs Cup: Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania, Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N.J., Sat. Aft., May 11; first race at 5; varsity at 6:30. (Train leaves Penn. Sta. at 3:10 P.M., arriving Princeton at 4:13 P.M.) . . . Columbia-Harvard-M.I.T., Harlem River, Sat. Aft., May 18. . . . Carnegie Cup: Cornell-Yale-Princeton, Ithaca, N.Y., Sat. Aft., May 18. . . . Goldthwaite Cup: Harvard-Yale-Princeton 150-lb. crews, Charles River, Boston, Mass., Sat. Aft., May 18.

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America, Mineola, L.I., Sat., May 18.

HORSE SHOWS—Lawridge Horse Show, Port Chester, N.Y., Sun., May 12. . . . Atlantic City Horse Show, Atlantic City, N.J., Wed. through Sat., May 15-18.

HUNT RACES—Rockaway Steeplechase Association, Cedarhurst, L.I., Sat. Aft., May 11, at 2:30. . . . West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L.I., Sat. Aft., May 18, at 2.

RACING—Jamaica track: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Tues., May 14. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:50 P.M.) . . . Belmont Park: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Wed., May 15. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

SPEEDBOAT RACE—Annual Albany-New York Marathon, on the Hudson River, Sun. Morn., May 12; start from the Albany Yacht Club at 7; finish at W. 200 St.

OTHER EVENTS

HOBBY ROUNDUP—Exposition of hobbies, games, sports, arts, handicrafts, and other diversions: Commerce Hall, Port Authority Bldg., 8 Ave. at 15. Open daily 1 to 10:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 11.

SPRING BALL—Supper dance for the benefit of the Masters School Day Nursery: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., May 10.

AUTO RACING—Midget automobile races on an indoor dirt track: N.Y. Coliseum, E. 177, Bronx, Sun. Afts. at 2; Wed. Eves. at 8.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Modern first editions, incunabula and early printed books, private press editions, Americana, and other books: Wed. and Thurs., May 15 and 16, at 2.

NOTE—The Gardens of the Nations, 11th floor, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, are open daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; admission is one dollar.



GRAY-O'REILLY

BOATERS . . latest origination by a shop noted for unusual sportswear. Divided skirt and shirt in navy or white wool jersey . . a carefree costume for every sport. **18.75.** Normandie sailor beret, **5.00.** Suede play shoes, **6.00.**

JAY·THORPE
57TH STREET WEST

Believe it or not . . . it's ripply! Even the most candid camera can't catch the way that *Laughing Water* . . . a new Celanese* fabric . . . ripples and shimmers with every motion of the proud young woman who wears it. It's washable, ironable, wearable . . . non-crushable, cool . . . Stehli's latest contribution to the art of weaving . . . a woven ripple on a wavy ground. Ready to wear in the two models illustrated . . . aquamarine, gold, white or blush-pink. Sizes 16 to 44. $19.95 and (with the jacket) $29.95 at **B. ALTMAN & CO.**

LAUGHING WATER...



HATS, GLOVES AND BAG ALSO FROM B. ALTMAN & CO.

© 1935, BY STEHLI SILKS CORP., 1372 BROADWAY, NEW YORK; LONDON; PARIS; ZURICH

Stehli Silks

*Reg. Trade Mark



FABRIC BY CRESTWOOD MILLS, INC.

LILTING LINES. Subtly slimming, a suit to delight a feminine heart. "Acele," the luxury yarn of fashion, gives Stripe Serreny a full-bodied, sleek texture of soft grace. In White with Royal, Wine or Red stripes. Sizes: 14-20. Price 10.95.

BEST & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

DUPONT RAYON
ACELE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Tubbable Champion

THE *American Golfer

A *TOM BOY DRESS



A four-star winner, because . . .

—it's tailored in nice slimming-down lines, but swings free for sports.

—it tubs fresh as a daisy . . . and keeps its vivid color week-in, week-out.

—asks no ironing—it's SHIR-O-SHAKKAR. Simply hang it on a hanger to dry!

—countless women who know *American Golfers* will love this new one.

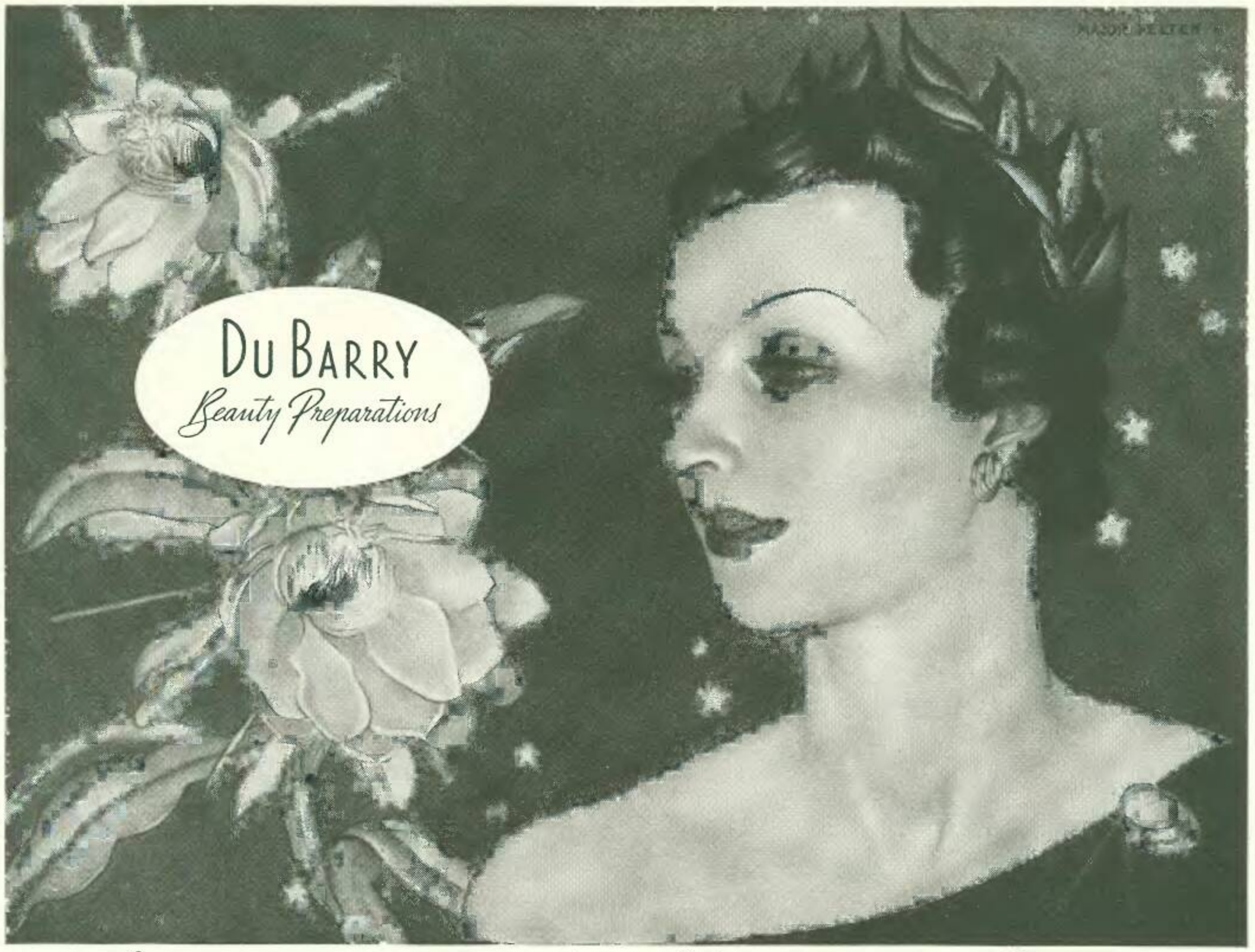


GO EASY—GO WASHABLE!

Summer's coming . . . wherever you go, take Ivory Flakes, too. It's your greatest protection for washable clothes and your biggest bargain in fine-fabrics flakes.

The *American Golfer* is at Best & Co., New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Hochschild Kohn Co., Baltimore; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans, and leading stores everywhere. Price $5.95.

* Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Are you a night blooming Cereus?

BEWITCHINGLY LOVELY AT NIGHT... but a beauty that fades with the daylight! A dull, drab "daytime face" is unthinkable...and unnecessary. Blissfully face the daylight—twenty-four-hour loveliness comes to those women who have discovered Du Barry Beauty Preparations... the Du Barry Hand Principle. These beauty aids do wonders for tired complexions, choked pores, little fatigue lines. A simple fifteen-minute beauty ritual once a day and your reward—a skin that's velvety, radiant, clear! Du Barry Beauty Preparations are sold in fine shops everywhere.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

AND AT OUR FAMOUS SALON... the Right Angle Face Treatment is making beauty history... Different in method and results ...The secret: a specially constructed chair. Come to the Richard Hudnut Salon, 693 Fifth Avenue, for this new experience in loveliness. While you're here, play Badminton on the Sports Roof! For an appointment telephone PLaza 3-6930. *Ann Delafield directing.*



New York **RICHARD HUDNUT** *Paris*

Carolyn REG.

PRESENTS COOL CONGO CLOTH SUITS...



$16.95



$16.95



$14.95

SUITED TO A SOARING SUN! In town or out, your Carolyn Congo suit will be the darling of your wardrobe. Du Pont Spun Rayon yarn gives them a woven-in-the-fabric reason for looking tropically smart—feeling so utterly cool. It's a well-known fact that Du Pont Rayon feels degrees cooler! And it's this new type of rayon that makes Congo Cloth so creamy and crisp. Sizes 12 to 20—white only. Sold exclusively in one store in a city from coast to coast —for the store in your city, write to Carolyn Modes, Inc., 128 West 31st Street, New York City

COOL CONGO CLOTH BY BRAND & OPPENHEIMER, INC.

AN EXCLUSIVE SUMMER SUITING WOVEN IN SPUN

Du Pont Rayon

DUPONT RAYON



SHALIMAR FACE POWDER L'HEURE BLEUE

BY

GUERLAIN

PECK & PECK

Chatham Tweeds in Celestial Colors!



THE sky was the palette from which we took the colors for our new Chatham Tweeds. There's a turquoise, star dust blue, French lilac, white, mais and peach. Yes, and the tweeds themselves are as softly beautiful as the colors. Coats, skirts, even handbags—all are cut from this dashing fabric. Step out in them! For the sky's the limit to the joy you'll get out of wearing Chatham Tweeds in the days to come. Chatham Tweed Topcoat at left, $39.75. Matching bag, $5.95. Yoke coat at right, $39.75. Skirt, $12.75.

PECK & PECK · FIFTH AVENUE

Cleveland · Boston · Philadelphia · Detroit · Minneapolis · St. Louis · Chicago · White Plains

The sheerest yet is SHEERiETTE

underthings

by Van Raalte



WE GIVE YOU . . . Sheeriette! A self-color pin-striped fabric as sheer as—well, so sheer it couldn't be photographed! A real contribution to the underlying cause of Summer coolness. Waiting for you at better stores everywhere.

★

BANDEAU	*(sketched)*	.65
TRUNK	*(sketched)*	.75
VEST		.75
OTHER PANTIE STYLES		.75
NIGHTGOWN		$2.00

Van Raalte

295 Fifth Avenue, New York City

"because you love nice things"

B. ALTMAN & CO.



12.95

halter-neck suit that unties for a complete sunburn; royal, navy, red, green, white or lake blue with contrasting dots; sizes 34 to 40

12.95

halter-suit with separate shorts, very young and good for the figure; navy, white, green, royal with contrasting dots; 12 to 20.

12.95

woman's suit with adjustable surplice back; navy, black, red, green or royal blue with contrasting dots; 34 to 44

all these suits are made of fine wool jersey trimmed with a new embroidered-dot jersey. surf shop—third floor.

12.95

button - down - the - front suit, comfortable and flattering; white, green, rust, red, royal with contrasting dots; in sizes 34 to 42

Meadowbrooks★ . . . 1935

★registered

Fifth Avenue . . . . New York . . . . Shops at . . . . East Orange . . . . White Plains

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE hear that one-third of the late Prince Matchabelli's fortune may be taken from the latter's surviving brother by the Soviet government, which allows no one to hold property. The Prince, as you know, made his money in the perfume business. A woman's scent is a singularly personal thing, and it does seem odd that the lingering fragrance of millions of lovely women's bodies will have added its jot to the world's most sustained political attempt to do away with all private embellishment.

WE often wonder about the success of the Russian experiment. A bit of private property sometimes seems as essential to health as a few private



thoughts or a woman's scent. We suspect that in the really difficult phases of life (such as the dispensation of theatre tickets), the Soviet ideal falls a good deal short of working. There was the incident in the Moscow theatre not long ago, when the management suddenly recalled one hundred seats from paying customers and presented them to some foreign diplomats in the interest of international good will. The good will thus created was heard around the block, in the excited cries of thwarted Moscow citizens, who, in a moment of crisis, unconsciously fell back on the obsolete notion that when a person has bought a theatre ticket, the seat is his.

WITH a bone in its teeth, the New Haven's new streamlined train flew to Boston the other day, breaking the air before and leaving a smooth wake of publicity behind. A friend of ours was aboard the train, and he looks forward to having grandchildren to whom he can tell of his swift ride to Bostontown. Another thing he wants grandchildren for is so he can tell them about his wondrous unstreamlined return trip to New York, which began at the ghostly hour of midnight and continued well into the next day. "I took the midnight sleeper, children," he intends to say, "but while I was in the Land of Nod, some unstreamlined freight cars, obedient to the fallible hand of Man, jumped the rails at Stamfordtown and tied up the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad in a granny knot." "What's a granny knot, Grandpa?" the children will cry. "A granny knot, my dears," he will continue, "is when you climb out with the other passengers at South Norwalk, hitchhike to Stamford, and roll into the Grand Central just twelve hours after you left Boston." He hopes the children will grow to love this story, as a sort of little fable.

WE admire people whose emotions are simple and pure. One of the interested spectators at the reënactment of the Battle of Chancellorsville last week was the keeper of a Third Avenue pub—a man we know well, whose interest in the engagement we know to have been of the purest. Irish to the



core, he knew nothing of the Civil War save from casual hearsay; but the rumor that there was to be a fight in the South captured his fancy, and he dropped his apron, left his tavern in the hands of an assistant, and rode bravely off into sunny Virginia for the pure love of brawling.

VERY much less simple were the scholarly emotions of Generals Kilbourne and Andrews, who testified so loudly before the House Military Affairs Committee recently that President Roosevelt had to rap the committee on the knuckles to make everybody sit down. General Andrews explained that his military recommendations were merely the result of an "ab-



stract military study" and had no specific political reference. His abstractions, it seems, included sneaking an air base in near the Canadian border, on account of some enemy (name not given) which, as near as we could make out, was on its way here by way of the Lesser Antilles. We respect and applaud President Roosevelt for his promptness in telling these boys that they would have to play with their cap pistols somewhere other than the Canadian border, where the cooing of doves has been heard in the trees for many a long year.

THIS is the time of year J. P. Morgan, an itinerant Long Islander, changes his route from town to country so as to see a plum tree. At every other season of the year, the Morgan chauffeur, after leaving Roslyn, directs his course through Glen Head and along what is known locally as the "back road," down into Glen Cove, through that hamlet, and on out to the Morgan home on East Island. But during late April and early May, there is a slight deviation from the

norm. A quick left-hand turn, a nod of the head, a wink of the eye, and the two of them, driver and Morgan, instead of whizzing up past Clarence Mackay's place, are humming along to Sea Cliff, where blooms, in the yard of a Mr. Young on Glen Avenue, a plum tree robed in purest white. As they approach the tree, the car is reined in to a walk, while they drink of Beauty. Then they're off again. In stormy weather Mr. Morgan rides in his closed car, chummily in front with the chauffeur; on serene days he rides in his open car, elegantly in back, alone.

Terrible with Banners

ALL that we saw of the May Day parades was the procession in honor of the Harlem Redeemer, Father Divine. The taxi we were riding in came smack up against the colored marchers at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Seventeenth Street and we watched it go by. Almost everybody carried a sign or a banner bearing such legends as "Father Divine is the lily of the valley" and "Father Divine is the light of the world and the bright and shining star." Our favorite legend, however, came way toward the end of the procession, which was brought up by half a dozen newly washed and polished limousines. One of the more buxom and elegant sisters, sitting in the back seat of a car driven by a uniformed chauffeur, held out of the window a homemade muslin flag on which appeared, in letters apparently made with a green crayon, just one word: God.

Bird Walk

AT 6:30 the other morning, while you slug-a-beds were dozing, we crouched beneath a shadbush in Central Park and saw a ruby-crowned kinglet. This is the season to be an observer of birds, a follower of Mrs. Gladys Gordon Fry, who takes paying disciples out into the misty dawn by the still lakes, to see what she can see. The Park is surprisingly full of migratory birds, which have dropped in on their way north. More than a hundred varieties will be seen in the course of a season.



Mrs. Fry, a small, tweedy person in a green beret and sensible heels, led us briskly to a pine tree, hardly a stone's throw from West Seventy-seventh Street. "There are the screech owls!" she whispered, pointing at a high branch. We didn't believe for a minute there were any owls in that tree, but there were. Two little owls, neat as you please. They'd been there ever since the Tuesday-morning walk. Mrs. Fry knew them well. A little farther on, near the lake, we flushed a black-crowned night heron, which made a wide swing against the distant spire of the Sherry-Netherland and returned to alight for the benefit of those of us who had field glasses. We pushed on, our leader hopping about in the underbrush, pointing, explaining, discovering, while the rest of us—nine in all—strained our eyes and checked off our "gets" on a little printed list. We got (besides the kinglet, the owls, the heron, and a couple of dozen West Side sparrows *domesticus*) a flicker, a hermit thrush, a starling, a purple grackle, a chipping sparrow, a swamp sparrow, a brown creeper, a yellow palm warbler, some black ducks, and a pair of migratory patrolmen looking for nesting material.

Bird people are fanatical—as are all people who enjoy a good hobby. The lake section of the Park, at early morn, is both beautiful and interesting. It is full of free-lance naturalists, who carry spyglasses and stand silent among the sassafras trees. One comes upon them unaware.

Once, crossing a little glade, we all heard a soft, lyrical bird note, liquid and pure.

"Hark!" said one of our number. "Hark, a grosbeak!"

Mrs. Fry froze in her tracks. Intently she peered through the bushes, and then cried gaily, "I see you, Mr. Cruickshank!" It was a fellow-naturalist, unattached to our group, having us on from the security of a copse.

The bird walkers all seem to know each other in the Park. They swap birds, the way reporters share news—with a sort of grudging goodfellowship. We had just "got" our swamp sparrow (a small, mousy bird, hard to find on an empty stomach) when a strange gentleman in a hat bounded up from behind a rock. "Did you get the black-crowned night heron?" he shouted at Mrs. Fry. "Certainly," said Mrs. Fry. "Did *you* get the swamp sparrow?" The fellow admitted that he hadn't, and went hotfooting it off, swampward, feeling bested.

The bird walks take place on Tuesdays and Fridays, and cost $12 for ten lessons. Mrs. Fry is under the auspices of the Museum of Natural History, and knows her birds all right. The big test is whether you can get up that early. Advanced students, we gather, go off in automobiles to far places like Bernardsville, N. J., and certain swamps where bitterns boom. But for a beginner like us, Central Park is a hotbed of bird life. We're not mad about kinglets, but we do like herons against the Goodyear Rubber sign, and all the town shining with the fresh day, through the yellow branches of a forsythia bush.

Undelivered

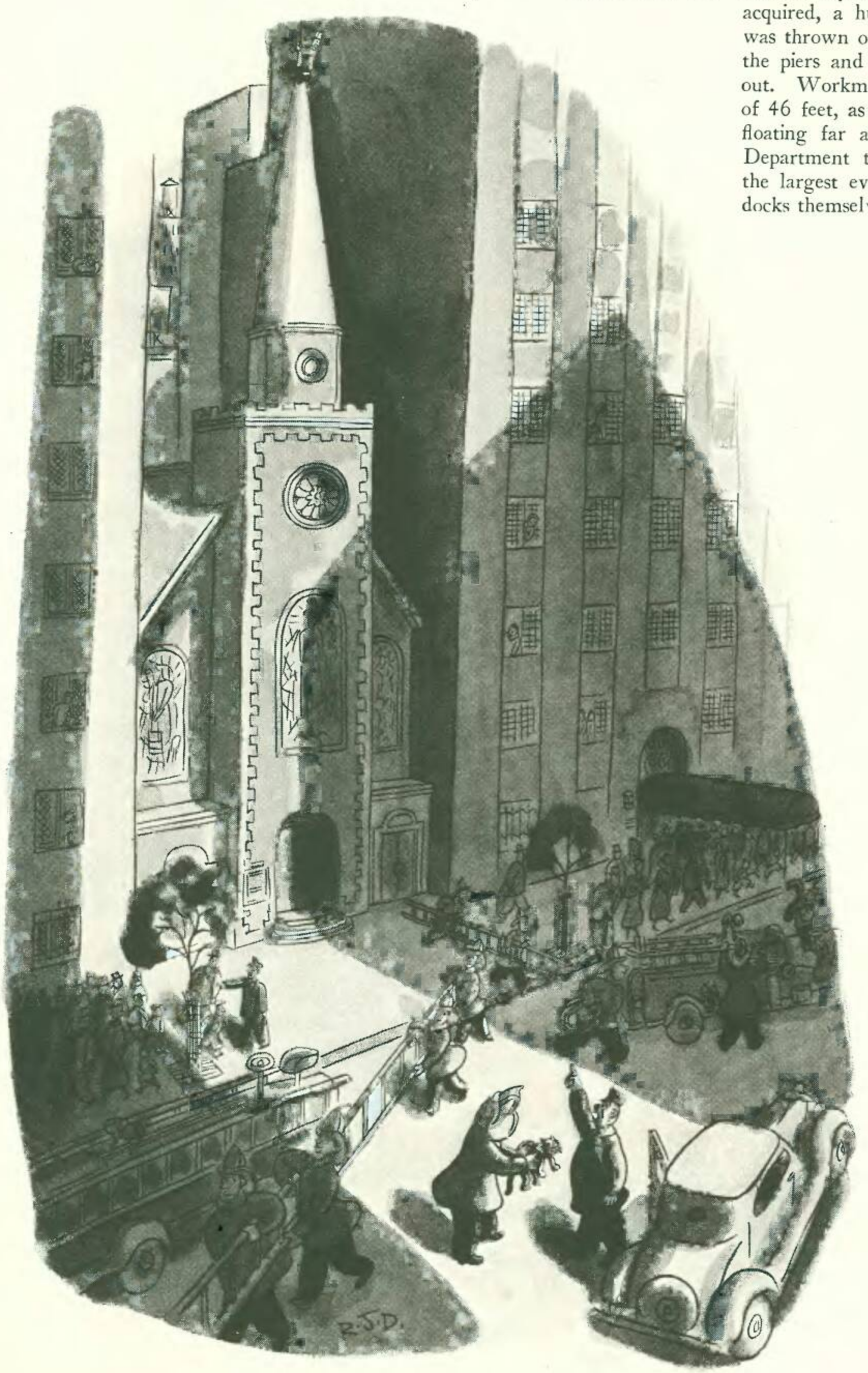
SO help us, we've been told about another experience a Dartmouth young man had with Western Union (which *is* pretty wonderful at times). After considerable inward turmoil, he'd decided to invite to the Green Key Prom a certain young lady he hadn't seen since September, when words had passed. He sent off a long and impassioned telegram, winding up: "WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU VERY MUCH STOP FORGIVE ME MY SINS STOP PLEASE COME TO GREEN KEY PROM THIS WEEKEND STOP RENEWED LOVE TOM." A few hours later a Western Union boy arrived with a printed blank telling him that his telegram was undelivered, "for the following reason [typed reason]: ADDRESSEE NOW MARRIED, DO YOU WISH THIS FORWARDED." The young man said no.

Big Berths

THE Dock Department has crossed its heart that the new pier at the foot of Forty-eighth Street will be ready for the Normandie on June 3rd. It may not be entirely *completed*, but the rumor that the new ship will have to dock in Brooklyn is false. We went over to the pier the other day, and it looks, at this writing, as if the dock boys will have to hurry. The superstructure is still in the red-framework stage. Beside it, at Fiftieth Street, the pier that's being built for the Queen Mary looks just as far along, and the Queen Mary isn't due until next spring. At Fifty-second Street there's a third new dock for the Italian Line, which nobody seems to be in a hurry about. The three

are known, from south to north, as Piers 88, 90, and 92. There won't be any 87, 89, or 91, as these new docks are double width.

The three piers, with the exception of one side of the Italian Line one, are each 1,100 feet long, 73 feet longer than the Normandie. Up to 1931, the War Department refused to permit anything to project more than 700 feet from the shore line, but at that time the city wheedled another 75 feet out of it. Starting with that, the city dug the rest of the space for these docks out of the bank of the river, and accordingly Twelfth Avenue has been moved back 150 feet. The land, we were told, cost the city $7,300,000. After it was acquired, a huge cofferdam, or dike, was thrown out to encircle the site of the piers and the water was pumped out. Workmen excavated to a depth of 46 feet, as they looked up at liners floating far above them. The Dock Department thinks this cofferdam is the largest ever built anywhere. The docks themselves cost $4,100,000, not counting the superstructures, which will run into almost that much more. All told, it's a $15,000,000 project. So far the city has paid the bills, but the PWA is ultimately going to put up thirty per cent of the total. The city hasn't decided yet what it's going to charge the lines for rent, but it'll probably be around $300,000 a year for each dock. The superstructures will be two, and in some places three, stories high, permitting embarking and disembarking on two or three decks simultaneously. They'll have elevators, escalators, fire sprinklers, and a plumbing system capable of supplying a docked ship with a thousand tons of fresh water an hour. The slips, or spaces between the piers, are 400 feet wide, and the Normandie and Queen Mary will be able to lie side by side without scratching.



"Very good! Very good indeed! But how about Schulz?"

The two ships will have to be careful not to arrive or sail at the same time, though. The channel isn't wide enough for two such monsters to maneuver at once. This may complicate things, because both of them will have to dock and sail at high tide. At low water, in some places, there would be only two or



"*Just because it's Mother's Day she thinks the lid is off.*"

•

three feet of clearance beneath their keels. The Normandie, by the way, couldn't pass under any of the East River bridges. If she could manage to creep up the North River when the tide was out, she could pass under the George Washington Bridge. At mean high water, though, it would hardly work, for she and the bridge would then be the same height, 196 feet.

•

TWO quietly dressed, dignified gentlemen were hurrying up Fifth Avenue last Tuesday afternoon, and just as they came abreast of our informant, a Mr. Isham, one of them said irritably, "No, no, you damn fool, not sardines—*gardenias!*"

•

Advice From a Duchess

AS long ago as last Thanksgiving we gave thanks in these columns for the Duchess Carafa d'Andria, who is plugging away at the cultural enrichment of New York, giving lectures at her studio on Fifty-seventh Street on such subjects as "Loveliness in Personal Gestures," "Exquisite Breathing," "Intonation of the Voice in Relation of Romance," and so on. We are now able to give you documentary justification of our rejoicing—a letter from the Duchess to one of her clients. Through a coincidence of names, it got into the hands of a gentleman who opened and read it, and then sent it right on to us. The letter is typed on what looks like fourth carbon, pale-blue onion-skin paper, unscented, with a crest:

MY DEAR MISS T——:

A little resume of our last lesson.

There is no poise without collected thought, which is directed on a situation immediately before us. Greatest beauty, unpoised, is non-consequential. In directing our thoughts, we must direct our minds on one thing at a time.

We must not fall apart when we sit down. We must not throw our chest out and our chin in.

Keep the spine straight at all times. Glide into a room. Keep the body together. Swing the legs from the hips, keeping the knees slightly stiff. Press more heavily on the toes than on the heels. When arising, do not spread the knees.

Let the hands rest where they fall, without fidgeting.

Stand straight in front of a chair before sitting down, then swirl around on one foot. Keep the knees together. Put the best foot forward. Press the toes down.

At table: Stand directly back of chair. Pull chair straight out. Take one step to the left, one step to the front, one step to the right before sitting down. Treat every object with tenderness. Turn handle of cup and put spoon to the left, when passing to a guest. Do everything precisely. Remember our serviette lesson. Hold the stem of your glass. Hold the very end of your knife and fork.

Breathe and exhale as slowly as possible.

For voice: Do your pencil exercises. Learn to use the muscles of both upper and lower lip. Smile when speaking. Do not hold the tone. Do not hold any part of the body rigid. Breathe deeply and allow the body to fall into position.

Very truly yours,
RENÉE THORNTON CARAFA D'ANDRIA

We have tried out these instructions ourself, and they all work fine, except the little drill for getting into your chair at dinner. In this it's hard to keep from moving your lips, or even mumbling "One step to the left, one step to the front, one step to the right . . ."

Remnant

LIFE is just as complicated in Philadelphia as here, according to a Miss Stoddard, who tells us of something that happened in Wanamaker's down there this week. She went into the store with the simple intention of buying some yellow gauze which, she learned with pleasure, was selling at a remnant sale for fifty cents a yard. She found exactly the right thing, but it was two and three-eighths yards, a yard more than she wanted. She asked the clerk behind the counter to cut it for her, but he said that was impossible; remnants could not be cut. Just then a woman beside her said that perhaps she could help. She would take the extra yard. Beaming, Miss Stoddard told the clerk that jointly they would buy the whole piece if he would cut it for them. He shook his head and said that that, too, was impossible. He simply could *not* cut a remnant. Miss Stoddard then said that if he'd lend her his scissors, she'd cut it herself. He said he could have nothing to do with such a transaction. If the two of them wanted to go off somewhere and do their cutting in private, he had nothing to say about it, but he couldn't abet the practice. Then Miss Stoddard had a thought.

She said she'd take the whole thing. He wrapped it up and she paid in full, the other woman having sneaked her fifty cents. Immediately, Miss Stoddard opened the package again and asked, politely, if he would mind measuring off a yard for her. He bowed graciously and did it. He snipped it. He ripped it across. Then, unable to conceal her delight, Miss Stoddard exclaimed to the other woman, "Look! He's doing it for us!" The clerk drew himself up. "I'm not doing it for *her*, Madam," he said. "I'm doing it for *you*." He gravely wrapped the two pieces up again in one bundle. Miss Stoddard gravely unwrapped the bundle and handed the woman her piece. Each lady tucked her prize in her handbag and went off happily, leaving Wanamaker's principles intact.

Diamond Figures

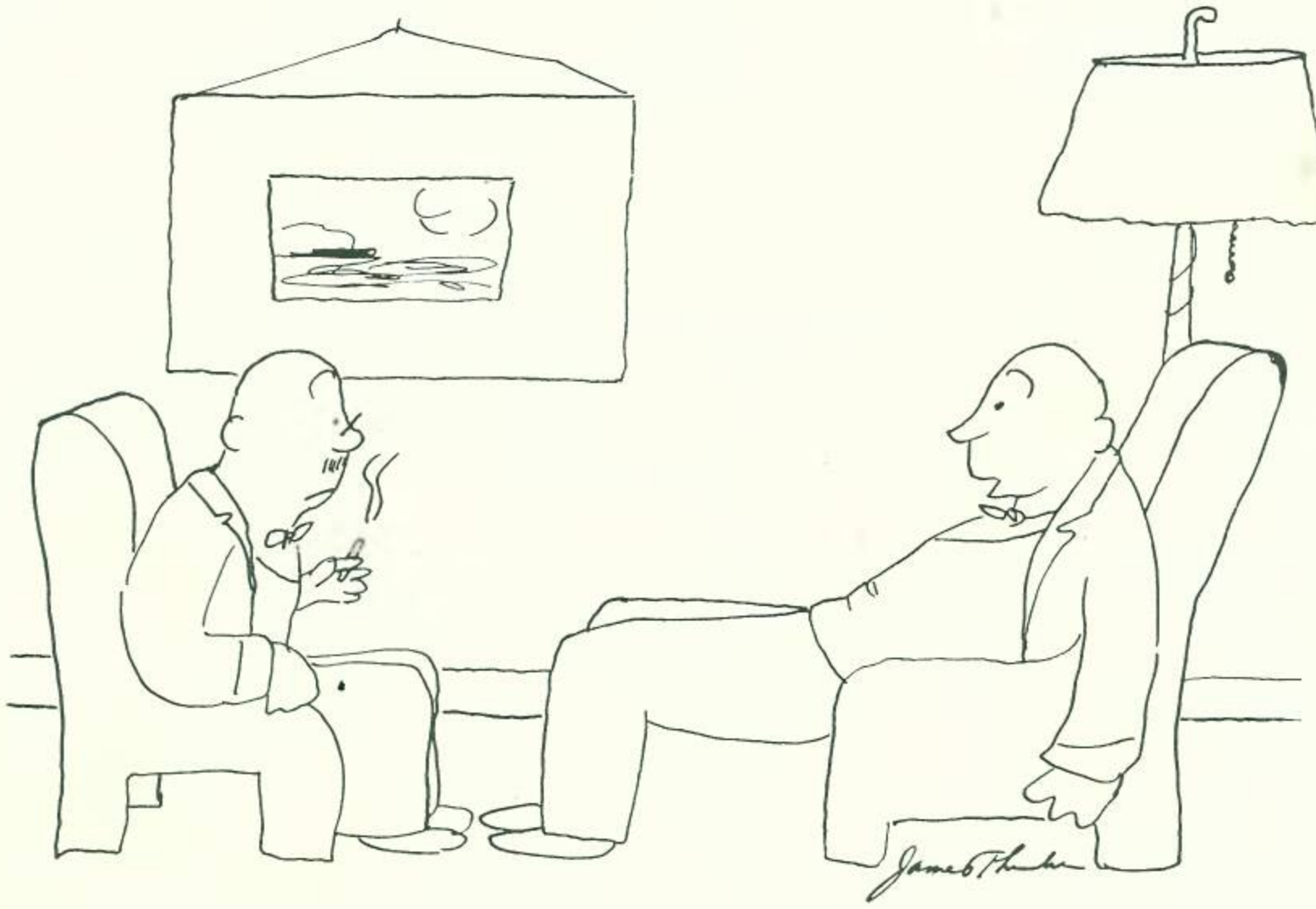
IF you read baseball statistics, you read the dope from the Al Munro Elias Baseball Bureau, Inc. From its cubby-hole office at 11 West Forty-second Street, more than a thousand newspapers are fed figures on games and players. The business was started almost twenty years ago by Al Elias, a one-time shoe, shirt, and salad-oil salesman and former dancer, who was subject to attacks of indigestion. Whenever one came on, he took the afternoon off and went to a ball game. He was a fanatical box-score keeper and this gave him the idea of keeping seasonal records of all the players. He interested his brother Walter, a grocery clerk, and the two of them got out a folder with batting averages and schedules and sold it in saloons and billiard parlors, as well as ball parks. They persuaded the *Evening Telegram* to print a daily record of the five leading batsmen in each major league. Other papers followed, with those and more complicated statistics, and success blossomed. It was tough going at first. Al and Walter used to spend all day figuring averages from the printed box scores. They hit upon the idea of making up a set of tables which at a glance would tell the percentage for number of hits in number of times at bat, or for number of errors in number of fielding chances. They spent all their spare time for a year working at it, and finally got it in shape, on hundreds of sheets of paper. Thereupon Walter found a book giving the same thing. "That's how green we were at statistics," he says.

Al, who hasn't had a touch of indigestion since Walter found the book, broke his leg a few years ago in Florida and, at sixty-two, works mostly at home now. The office is run by Walter and a nephew, the staff of figurers numbering eight in summer and three in winter. It handles nearly fifteen thousand box scores a year and keeps the records of thirty-five thousand players, past and present. Everything is system. If a subscriber wants Ott's entire 1929 record, or the figures on Babe Ruth's whole career, the Bureau can supply them in a few minutes. They know that the tiniest error may cause trouble, and that there's the devil to pay if credit isn't given for every possible hit. Players who bat around .300 are particularly sensitive; a mark of .301 is far different from .299. Some years ago a pitcher was offered a bonus by his club if he won twenty games. He won nineteen beyond a bit of doubt, but whether he deserved credit for the twentieth was questioned. He called the Eliases in, and no lawyer could have submitted a more exhaustive analysis than the pitcher did of that disputed game.

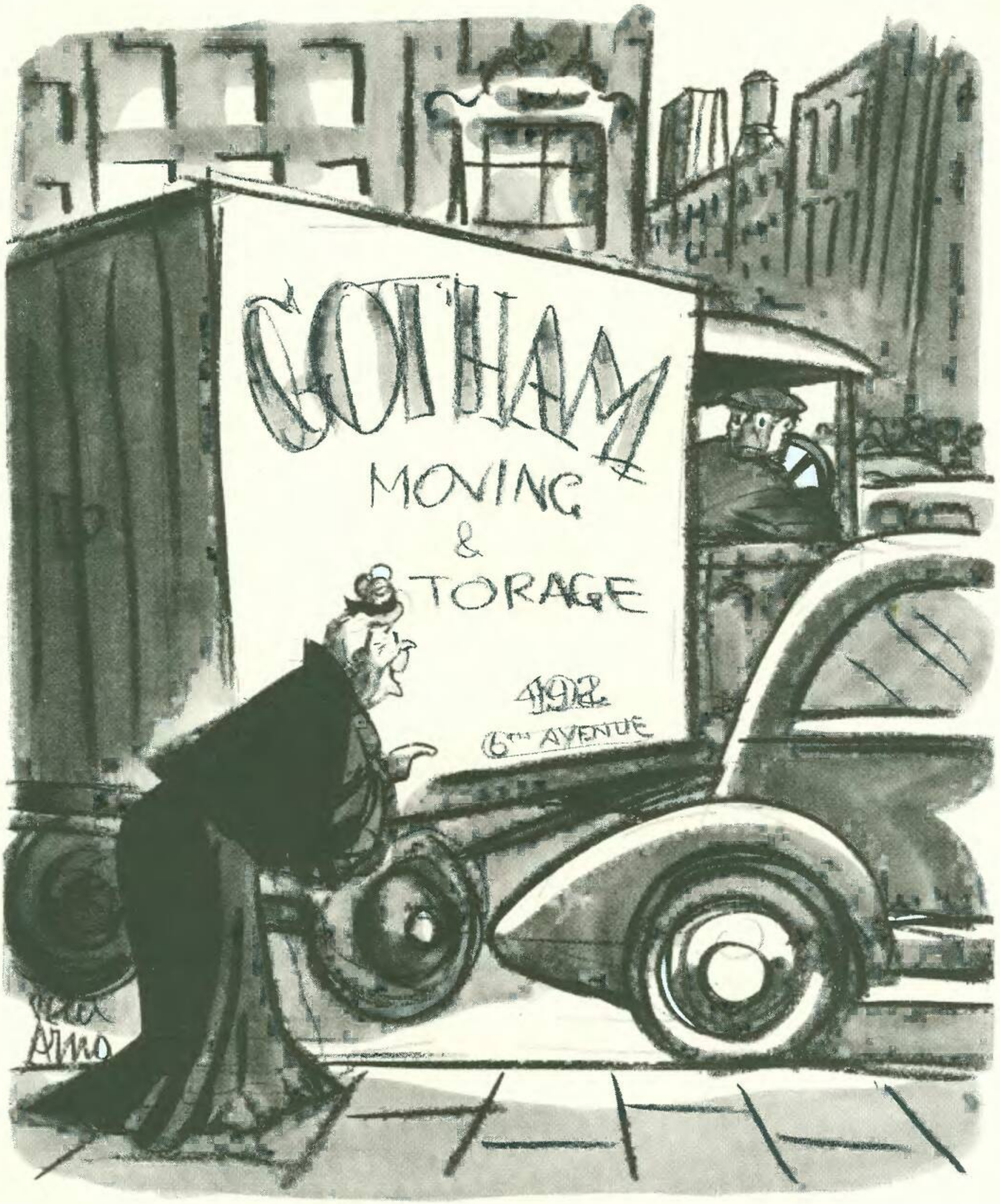
While on the subject, we learned how the daily box scores are kept up. The baseball writers have an association, and every year they select two of their members as scorers for each club. One works the first half of the season, the other the second, each getting five hundred dollars. Everybody, including the Elias Bureau, accepts their decisions. Occasionally, when a point is ticklish, the scorer may consult his colleagues of the press, but as a rule he makes the decision himself. In any case it's final.

Reaction

LAST Monday afternoon a gaunt and sallow man, worn down by winter, stood in the doorway of a café on Fifty-second Street, blinking uncertainly in the unaccustomed spring sunlight as he waited for a cab. He was approached by a young couple, bouncing, vigorous, and blithesome. "Can you tell us where Greenwich Village is?" they shouted. "What bus do we take to get to Greenwich Village?" The man told them they got that kind of bus half a block over, on Fifth Avenue. The bounding couple thanked him and started gaily off, only to turn back immediately with another question. "Where's Harlem? Is there a bus that will take us to Harlem?" The man told them about that too, and tottered miserably back into the café to recover.



"I never really rallied after the birth of my first child."



"O.K. Now cut her hard."

SUNDAY VISIT

IT was a new girl who answered the door of the apartment, so of course she didn't know who he was, but met him instead with a blank look of inquiry, directed partly at the bundle he was carrying. She was a neat, red-cheeked girl, English or Scotch probably, and very clean and starched as to appearance; she looked like a capable sort, he thought. He wondered how she would be with Bill.

"I am Mr. Rodney," he said, feeling somehow a little embarrassed.

Her expression changed. "Oh, yes, sir," she said, and opened the door wider. "Mrs. Rodney told me you were expected. Won't you come in?" There was a broad Scotch burr in her voice, he noticed. Well, everyone said the Scotch made excellent nursemaids. Evidently, too, she had been full of curiosity to know what he would look like, for as she stood aside and he entered he could feel her eyes upon him, studying him discreetly. In the hall she took his hat. "I am Miss Thompson," she said abruptly, and then, without waiting for a reply, made a gesture toward his bundle. "That is for him?"

"Yes," he said, and found himself smiling.

She didn't return the smile. Instead, she looked gravely down at the floor for a moment and then up at him again. "Were you thinking of taking him out today, sir?" she asked unexpectedly.

"Why, yes," he said.

The girl hesitated. "Well," she said, "Mrs. Rodney wanted to ask if you'd mind not doing so today, sir. He has had a slight cold, d'you see, and while there isn't any danger, Mrs. Rodney thought it would be safer . . ." She paused again, and above the starched collar her face grew a trifle ruddier, but he realized suddenly that it was only partly because of embarrassment. The other part was resentment and disapproval. In her Scotch way, she just didn't like his being there at all. "She—she asked me to say that she will not be home until just in time for dinner," she went on. "If you wouldn't mind just staying in with him . . ."

"I see," he said. "Yes, certainly. Has he had a doctor?" he added.

"Oh, no, sir," the girl said quickly. "There's been no need for that, really. He's had only the least little thickness, in the throat mostly, and hardly any fever. It's just that we didn't want to run any risks till he was quite well."

"I know, but—" he said. It seemed foolish not to have a doctor come in, if only to make sure it was really a cold and not something else. The girl waited quietly for him to continue. Then, when she saw that he wasn't going to, "He's in his nursery-room," she said, and started briskly ahead of him down the hall.

He had to address her back, as he followed her. "Has he been laid up at all? In bed, I mean?"

"Oh, no, sir," the girl said, glancing part way around. "He's really as right as rain, you know." She paused a moment, and the pause gave her next remark an added significance, as if she had weighed it well before delivering it. "You may be sure that we are giving him the best of care, sir," she said.

"I am sure of that," the man said drily, and then she was opening the door of the nursery and waving him into the room. "Here is Mr. Rod—your father, come to see you, William," she called, with the nursemaid's peremptory cheeriness. She transferred her gaze to the man for a moment, with the effect almost of an admonition, before leaving the room.

Bill was on the floor over near the window, clutching what looked like a toy autogiro to his chest with one hand while he tried to wind its spring with the other. The man felt the same sharp drag of fear that he always felt, each time he came there—the fear that Bill wouldn't welcome him, wouldn't, perhaps, even recognize him. "Hello, youngster," he said.

But Bill had turned and was looking at him calmly and imperturbably. Whatever explanation he had worked out to account for a father who manifested himself only on Sunday afternoons, it seemed to satisfy his four-year-old mind completely. "Hello," he said. "What you got there? Is it for me? I can't go out today."

"I know," the man said. He had put down the bundle and started to unwrap it. "You bet it's for you," he said. Bill got up and came over to watch, and as he approached, the man ran his hand over him, touching his shoulder and then tousling his head and then, unobtrusively, resting his hand on his brow. There wasn't any fever, as far as he could make out. And the boy looked all right. "How's your cold?" he asked.



"It's all 'ight," Bill said. He still had trouble with some of his "r"s. "Where would we have gone if we had gone out?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know," the man said. He had had plans, but there was no point in telling about them now. He reached out suddenly and rumpled Bill's hair again. "Next time, we'll have to think up something extra good, to make up for today," he said.

Bill had jerked his head away. At the moment he was interested only in the bundle. "What's in it?" he demanded, and again the man set to work unpacking it. When he brought out the pilot's suit, however, Bill's face fell. "I've got a pilot's suit," he said.

"Why"—the man was puzzled—"last week you said you wanted one."

"I guess maybe I did," Bill explained patiently. "But I got one since then. Mr. Bassett gave me one."

The man raised his eyes in a sudden stare, and Bill, misinterpreting the look, got up and started toward his play box in the corner. "I'll show you," he said, but the man called him back.

"Never mind," he said, and, unwrapping the rest of the bundle, pulled out the second object it contained. It was a small mechanical fire truck.

"I like that," Bill said at once, and the man felt better. He spent some time showing him the way it worked—how by turning one windlass the ladder could be raised vertically, and how if you turned another it extended itself, section by section, to quite an astonishing height.

BILL cranked the ladder up and down for a while, and then took to racing the apparatus back and forth across the floor. In the midst of this Miss Thompson came in, carrying a tray with a decanter, a bowlful of ice cubes, a seltzer bottle, and a glass.

"Well, you *are* making an uproar, aren't you, William!" she exclaimed, still with her same brisk cheeriness, as she entered. Bill stopped immediately. The man felt an obscure anger rising inside him.

"He's all right," he said crisply.

The girl made no reply to that. "Mrs. Rodney wanted me to offer you a whiskey-and-soda, if you'd like," she said.

"No, thanks," the man said, and as she started to put the tray down on a

table anyway, he added even more definitely, "I really don't want one." He was discovering that he hated her.

She took the tray up again. "Perhaps you'd want some tea, then?" she inquired. He shook his head silently, knowing that he was being a trifle silly about the matter. What did it matter to her whether he liked her or disliked her? He had no power over her. He could even see that, in a way, she was glad he'd shown his temper. It probably proved something to her about him—something she'd wanted proved. She was on Beth's side, all right, even more so than Beth herself was, probably. When she had gone, he got up and walked over to the window. It was warm outside, even though it wasn't particularly sunny. They could just as well have gone out as not. For a moment he had the fleeting suspicion that maybe it had been the nurse who had decided that point, and not Beth at all. Beth had played fair with him so far, about Bill, anyway. And these Scotch Presbyterians, with their ideas about divorce. But you couldn't tell. He was in a position where he couldn't tell about anything. But nobody was going to get Bill away from him.

"Bill," he said, making his voice very casual, "who is Mr. Bassett?"

Bill had crawled under his bed in pursuit of the fire truck. He came backing out again obediently, but it was plain that the adult interruption was annoying. "Him?" he said. "He's a man. He comes here sometimes." The man didn't dare to question him further, and after a moment Bill volunteered, "He gave me that ai'plane," and pointed to the autogiro he had been winding when the man came in.

"But it won't fly," he added. "Look." And climbing up on the bed with it, he held it high over his head and then let it drop. It fell with a clatter to the floor. The man watched it fall, and then looked at the boy and smiled.

"Listen, Bill," he said, and realized that his voice was altogether too solemn. "Listen," he said again, "I'll get you one that *will* fly. How will that be?"

Bill glanced up at him. "That will be fine," he said politely. "But I'd 'ather have a Zeppelin. With a moo'ing mast. Tommy's got one, and it has a moo'ing mast."

"All right," said the man. He had no idea who Tommy was. "I'll bring you one, next week."

The boy had dropped his eyes to the man's lips. "Next week," he repeated.

"That's right," the man said, and then hesitated. "Don't tell—" he said, and then hesitated again. "Don't tell anybody," he finished.

The boy was still watching his lips, with that transparent concentrated stare of a child. "I won't," he said, but it was hard to tell whether or not he really had heard. And then whatever it was in the man's mouth that had fascinated him suddenly lost its interest and he started winding the autogiro again. "It 'uns on the floor, though," he said. The man turned back to the window. It was so pleasant outside, he thought; there were so many things they could have done together.

SOON after, Miss Thompson opened the door a crack and put her head inside. She didn't speak to the man, though. "I'm afraid," she said, to Bill. "It will soon be time for your bath, you know." Then she closed the door again.

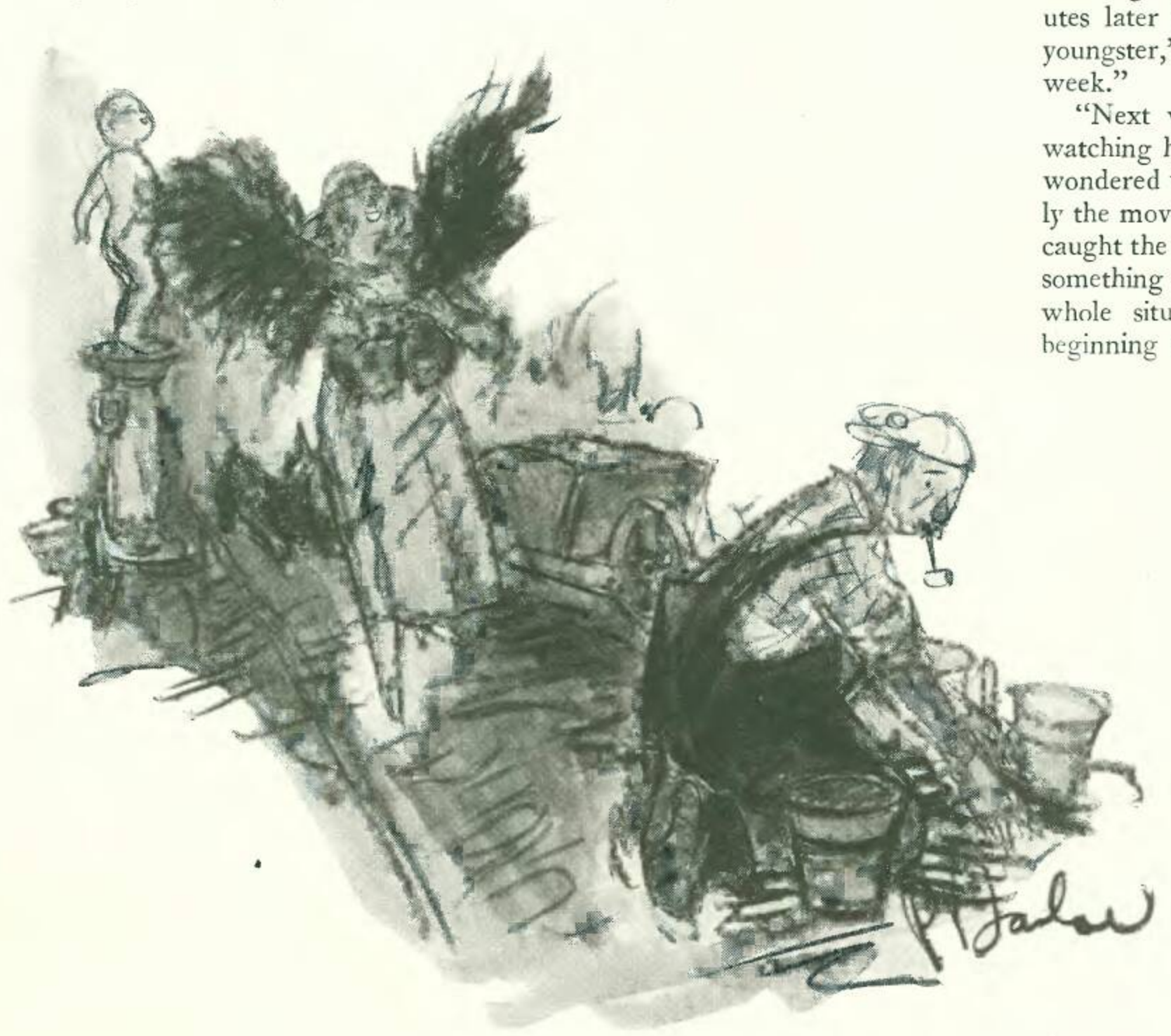
But the man had understood that the warning was for him, and a few minutes later he got up to go. "Well, youngster," he said, "I'll see you next week."

"Next week," Bill repeated, again watching his lips. And again the man wondered why he did it. Was it merely the movement of his mouth that had caught the child's interest, or was there something in the phrase itself, and the whole situation behind it, that was beginning to puzzle him? The man knew he couldn't tell, but he knew he would go on wondering about it. As he was leaving, Bill suddenly looked up at him. "You're my 'eal father, aren't you?" he demanded.

The man stared down at him for a moment. It was just a question like any other question, he realized, designed to settle some momentary confusion of the child's mind.

"Yes," he said gravely, keeping his tone on the same dead level of the matter-of-fact, of the purely informatory, as Bill's had been. "I'm your real father, Bill," he said. Then he went out.

—ROBERT M. COATES



"Well, William, here comes Birnam Wood to Dunsinane."



"You're the sweetest man I ever met on a train."

• •

CALLING ALL CARS

WHEN I bought my first radio, back in 1922, there were, I believe, only three stations on the nearby air. They were WOR in Newark, from which you could learn about L. Bamberger's bargain sales; KDKA in Pittsburgh, specializing in weather reports; and a station run by Wanamaker's, which tickled the ether with phonograph records. I paid thirty-nine dollars for this first radio set, which consisted of a coil of wire, a crystal, and a pair of earphones. We lived on Gramercy Park then, and, as my mother, a realist, remarked, you could almost hear Wanamaker's by sticking your head out of the window. I could sometimes succeed in tuning in Wanamaker's, very faint and with much fading. KDKA came in readily, but for some reason WOR, just across the river, was beyond my reach. To get WOR, which I never did while we lived in Gramercy Park, became a kind of obsession which added its effect to the general postwar neuroses to which my generation was subject. I've had many radios since, and I've got Newark and ten thousand miles beyond, but I shall never be quite happy until I pick up WOR on a crystal set in Gramercy Park.

Recently I decided to turn in the set I had had for several years and get one of these new outfits that bring in Europe and the police calls. For a week I gave the new set a thorough workout, listening delightedly to London, Berlin, and the Cincinnati police, but in the end I was not satisfied. I called up the dealer and said, "Why is it I can't get the *New York* police calls and the airplanes?"

"Oh," he said, "the New York police and the plane calls are on wave bands you haven't got."

A sort of mild frenzy now came over me, reminding me of the way I felt when I couldn't get Newark on my crystal set in Gramercy Park. I knew immediately that I couldn't go through life listening to the police in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Montreal, Buffalo, and Lexington, Kentucky, reporting a man beating his wife at Third and Chestnut, or a stolen Chevrolet sedan with licence number XY-47290, and all the while be ignorant of who was beating his wife right here in Manhattan under my very nose.

So I said to the dealer, "Well, those are the wave bands I want."

I could sense by his pause before replying that I was somehow setting a difficult problem for the dealer.

"You see," he said, "you have chassis No. L-216, two wave bands, eight-tubes-equal-to-ten. The only way you can get the New York police is with chassis No. R-621, four wave bands. But that has only six-tubes-equal-to-eight, and it might not give you enough power."

"I can do without the fancy chassis and the free-wheeling," I replied. "What I want is the New York police and the airplane calls."

The upshot was that I took the dealer's suggestion and went down to the headquarters of the manufacturers of this line of radios.

I GOT off the elevator into a small waiting-room where there was a girl operating a switchboard. "Yes?" she said when there was a lull in her operating. I mumbled something that apparently made no sense to the girl.

"We don't sell radios here," she said with supercilious pride. "Go to a dealer."

I was about to ring for the elevator, defeated and disillusioned, when she called to me, "Wait a minute. I'll get Mr. Buckingham."

After twenty minutes or so a door marked "No Admittance" opened and Mr. Buckingham came out, looking as if he had been called away from a directors' meeting and this had better be important. He adjusted a gold-framed pince-nez with one hand and held the door from which he had emerged slightly open with the other. I took off my hat. This waiting-room was one of those borderline places with regard to the propriety of taking off one's hat—like elevators in buildings having both apart-

ments and business suites. I had tentatively decided to keep covered, but Mr. Buckingham's appearance made me wish I had two hats to remove.

The room where I sat was about six by six and contained two chairs, the switchboard girl, and a picture of the factory. Mr. Buckingham surveyed the scene systematically through his pince-nez, and after three or four circuits he found me. He didn't even say "Yes?"

"I'm thinking of buying one of your radios," I began, encouraged by a glimpse, through the door that Mr. Buckingham still held slightly open, into a room where there were sets on display.

"We don't sell—"

"Oh, I know," I interrupted. "I wanted to get some advice. Now, my problem is that I can't get Newark at night . . . I mean I can't get New York airplanes . . . I mean there's something about the wave band—"

"New York airplanes?" inquired Mr. Buckingham. "Where do you live?"

"Gramercy Park . . . No, I mean East Eighty-sixth Street."

Finally I got over something of my problem to Mr. Buckingham, who still held his hand on the doorknob. "Wait here," he directed, and vanished whence he had come.

After about fifteen minutes the girl at the switchboard motioned me to approach. "Mr. Buckingham says to tell you your trouble is you got chassis No. L-216 two wave bands eight-tubes-equal-to-ten and you gotta have chassis No.—"

"Oh, yes," I cut in. "No. R-621 four wave bands but that has only six-tubes-equal-to-eight and might not give me enough power. I thought it might be that. Please tell Mr. Buckingham thanks and goodbye."

I WENT over to see the dealer. "Listen," I said without taking my hat off, "haven't you got an eight-tube set that gets the New York police?"

"No," he said, "I haven't. The only thing I got that'll do that is an eleven-tube set—"

"Stop!" I said. "Will that get the plane calls?"

"Sure."

"And it's got plenty of power?"

"I'll say."

"And does it cost any more than twice as much as the set I've got?"

"No, not twice as much—"

"O.K.," I said with sudden resolution. "Tell me no more. How soon can you get it over?"

"Before night," said the dealer. And he did.

IT was a beautiful radio. Just to get my hand in, I tuned in Berlin and London and some far-away place that played rumbas and said "*Hasta luego!*" when it signed off. Deliberately I kept away from the New York police, tantalizing myself the way I do with the cherry in an Old-Fashioned. I listened to the Hackensack police, "Calling all cars! Drunk man at 430 Main." I said to myself that with just a twist of this knob I can now find out who's drunk on Eighty-sixth Street; not only that, but I can get the low-down, even before the papers get it, on all the crimes, high and low, of the greatest crime city in the world. And with delicious anticipation I turned the dial to 2400. For a long while, silence. Then:

"Car 3004, Forty-third and Broadway, code signal 85A." Again silence, broken by faint gushes of waltz music from somewhere in the background. Then the voice again. "Car 197, Columbus Circle, code signal 132." Another long pause. "Car 2986, cancel code signal 33B . . ."

I listened to this for a while; then I got up and took a little soda in a glass of water. I went to the phone and called up a friend, a radio fan, with whom I'd been out of touch for years.

"Sure," said my friend. "The New York police have got a code signal for nearly every situation you could imagine. Too easy for the crooks to listen in, you know . . ."

After a little I went back and turned the dial to the place marked "Airplanes." "Newark to Flight 17," droned a voice. "Weather here is ceiling one thousand; twenty-five; NW six; temperature thirty-six; scattered. Go ahead."

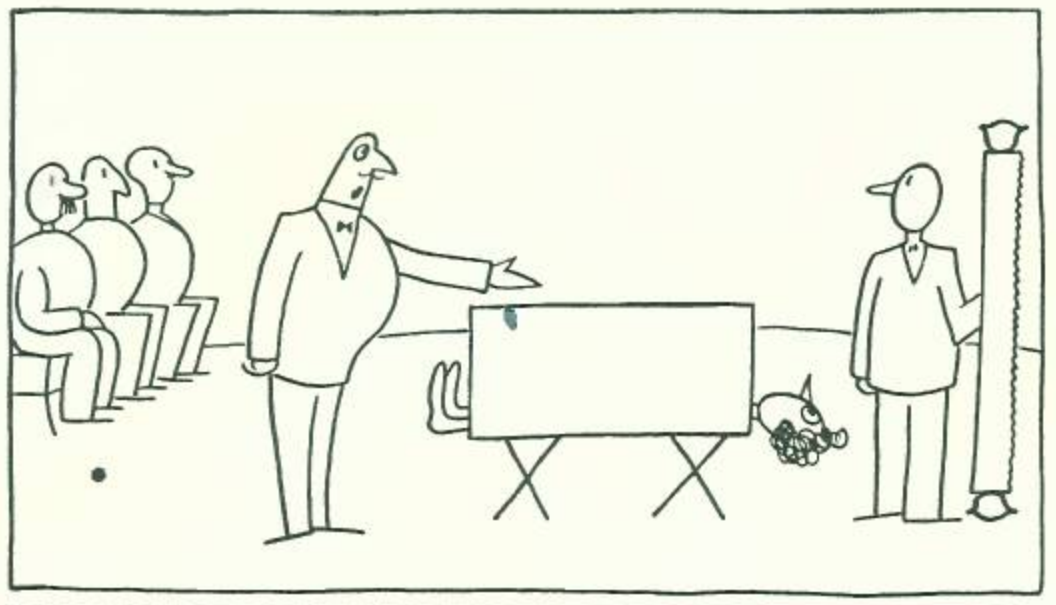
"O.K." said Flight 17.

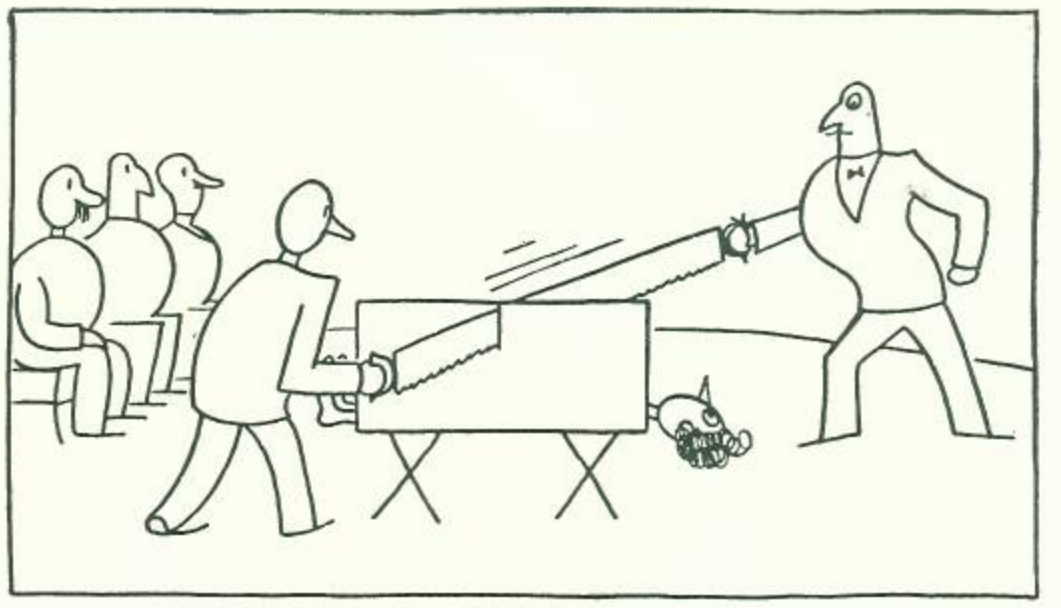
WOR came in nicely.

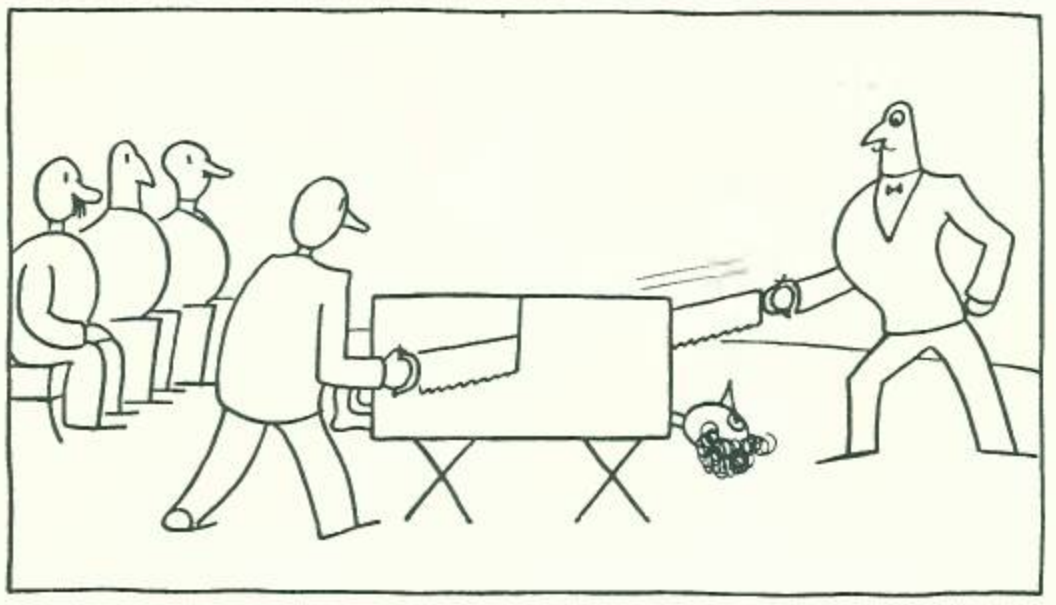
—BEVERLY L. CLARKE

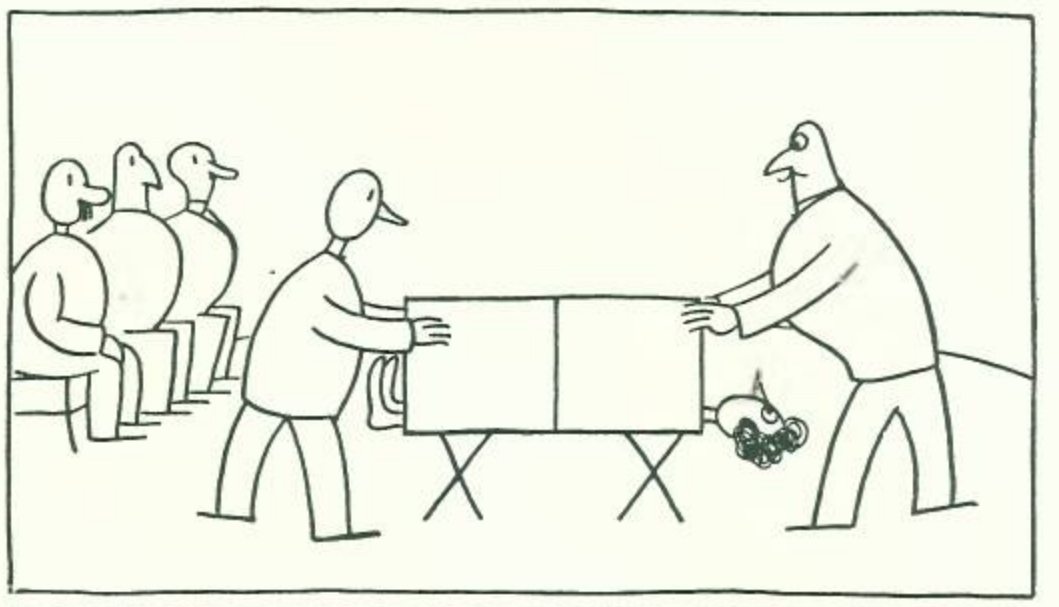


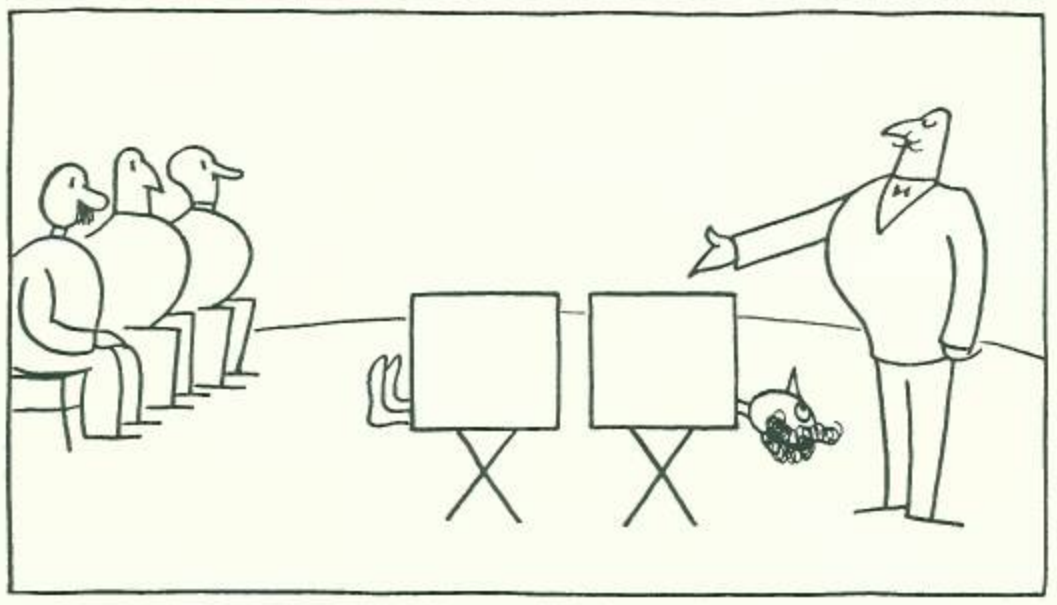
"Let's go to sleep. We can straighten this out in the morning."

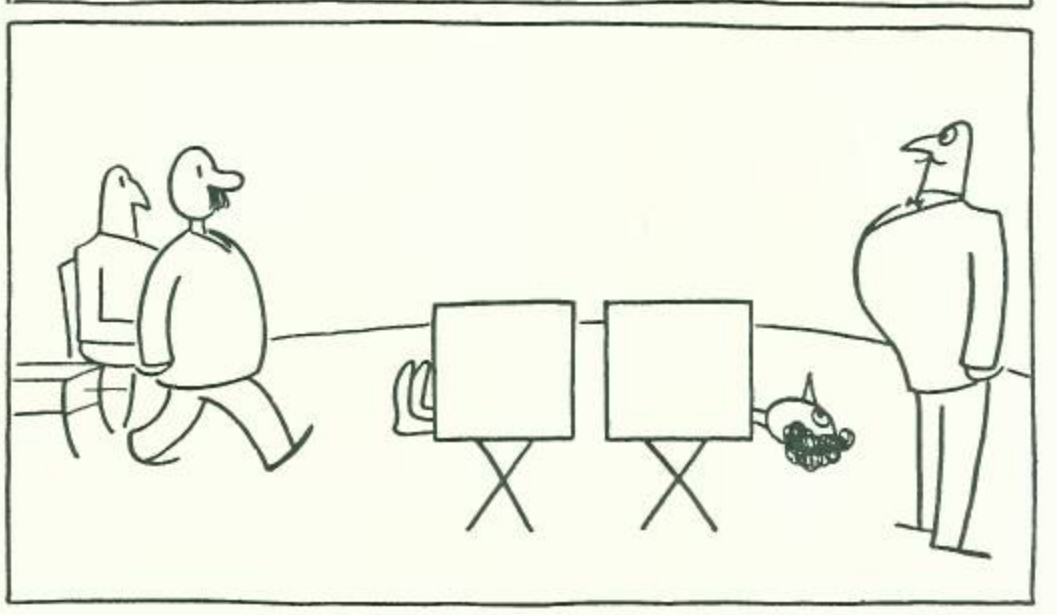


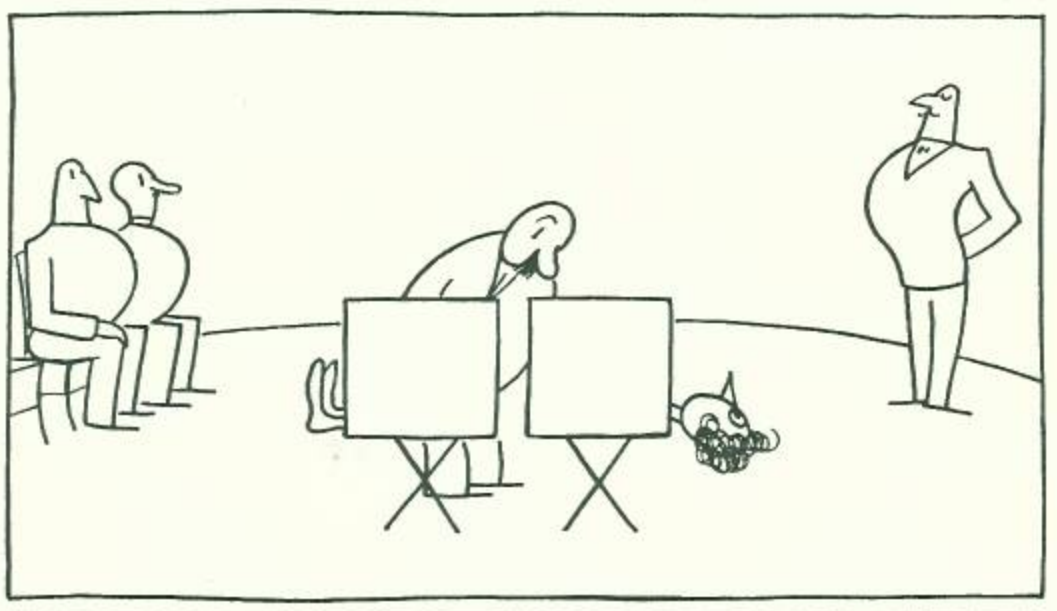


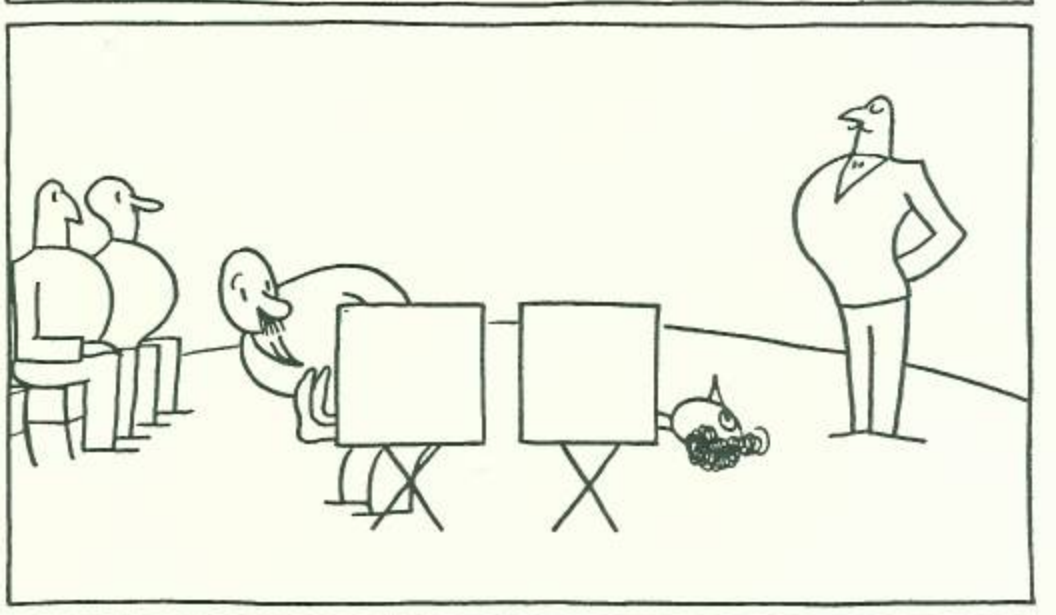


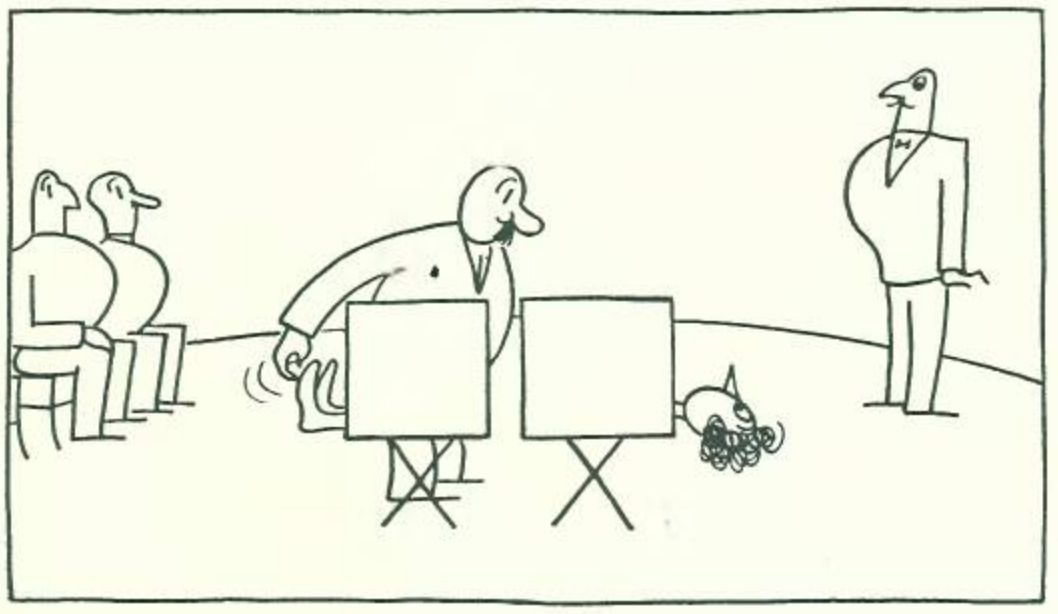


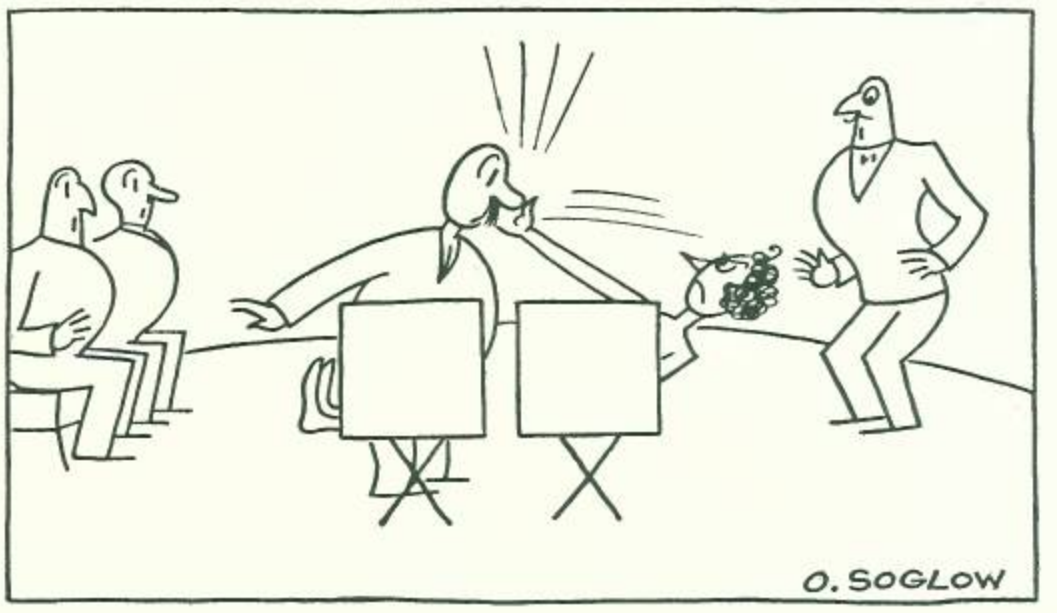











O. SOGLOW

PROFILES

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—II



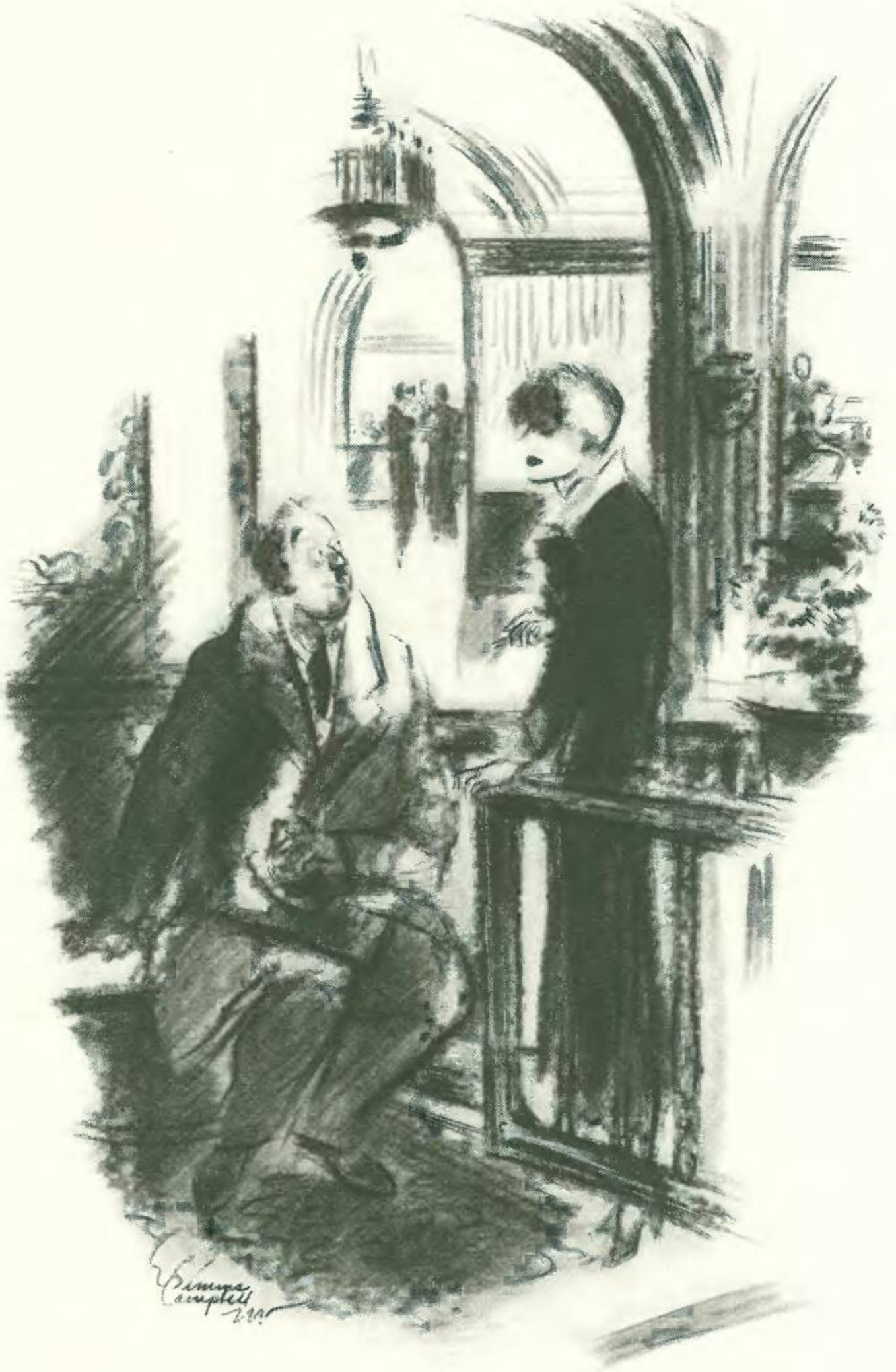
AS a child, the Queen of England has said, she was "very happy and very uninteresting." She was born on the stroke of midnight on May 26th, 1867, in Kensington Palace, in the same room Queen Victoria had been born in. The future Queen's father, the Duke of Teck, immediately noted in his diary that she had "fine powerful lungs;" she was named Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes, but her mother called her "May" or sometimes "my Mayflower." A year or so later her mother wrote that the baby had "a most perfect figure, is wonderfully forward for her age in all things save one, her teeth, at present possessing only two bottom ones." Three brothers, the Princes Adolphus, Francis, and Alexander, soon followed. The Duchess of Teck had made an impecunious love match; her husband had first set foot on England on March 6th, 1866, and by April 6th they were engaged. The Duchess, born in Hanover, was the youngest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, who had married Princess Augusta, the youngest daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse and of Princess Caroline of Nassau-Usingen. The Queen's father, born in Vienna, was the Duke of Teck, the first Count Hohenstein, only son of Duke Alexander of Württemberg and the beautiful Hungarian, Claudine, Comtesse de Rhédey, who had been trampled to death by cavalry when thrown from her horse at military maneuvers. The present Queen of England is, then, in other words—and the easiest for Americans to understand—the great-granddaughter of our last King, George III. Her mother was, thus, Queen Victoria's cousin, but accounted as not very considerable royalty. In state processions she had to ride with her back to the horses, and was delighted when the populace discovered her there, which it always did, with cheers, she being, whether considerable or not, the most popular female royalty of the reign. She frankly loved being royal, and the cheers from the populace. She was portly and corseted to an hour-glass shape, usually wore terrific brocades, animated her mornings with dressing her hair and reading the novels of her friend Mr. Disraeli, called her children "the precious chicks," loved to listen to nightingales, was kindness incarnate, gave away more than she possessed, and had a dashing talent for happy life, rare in the family and time. The Duke disapproved of sports for young females, found it repugnant to see his little daughter May "even in the garden" without gloves, and seems to have been a stickler. The little daughter was presented by a Kensington butcher with a goat and cart, which, since it was raining, she first drove in the palace corridor. She saw her first elephant at the Holborn Amphitheatre and was duly impressed, for she was always sensible about relative values. She had three grades of petticoats—cotton for every day, linen for second, and embroidery for Sunday best—and early knew the great difference. When the child was half-grown, Queen Victoria moved the Tecks from Kensington Palace to White Lodge, Richmond Park. The gatekeeper said that Princess May was then a "tall, thin little girl in a short frock, white socks, high-topped boots . . . she grew up to be very genteel and ladylike." The growing-up at White Lodge continued until she left it as a bride, except when she was sixteen and the Tecks, unusually unable to make two ends meet, spent eighteen months trying to economize in Florence while she learned about Italian art. At nineteen, Princess May simultaneously made her London début and the discovery, so she said, that she "was not educated;" for the next seven years, until her marriage, she read six hours daily with her governess, Madame Bricka, a tactless Alsatian with radical, good brains, who was one of the two major mental influences then forming the Queen of today. The reading was stiff for a débutante: the nineteenth-century European historians and philosophers then the mode, plus Carlyle, George Eliot, and the strange Rossettis. The other influence was "Gussy," as the Duchess of Teck called her elder sister —the Princess Augusta Caroline, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a sturdy-headed old lady who grasped politics and wasn't afraid of opinions about important things then in the air. In the air were Darwin, Swinburne, Pre-Raphaelitism, the Socialism of William Morris, the Select Committees' lordly inquiry into sweatshops, and—more faintly and shrilly—something which sounded like Votes for Women, though nobody could believe his ears. Together the young Princess and the elderly Duchess listened to the various new sounds.

THE interruption of this life came at twenty-four, when Princess May's betrothal was announced to the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the British throne. Two months later, and five weeks before the date set for their marriage, he was dead of influenza. A year and a half later, on July 6th, 1893, she was married to his younger brother, the Duke of York and the new heir presumptive. The *Morning Post* said, "The marriage of one who is ultimate heir to the throne is not an event which can be regarded as purely of a private character." The *Times* said, "There is even ground for hoping that a union rooted in painful memories may prove happy beyond the common lot." The public was given a choice of two romantic legends about the bride: one that she had really loved the elder brother, the other that actually she had always been in love with the younger brother. Twenty-six years before, the morning after the Princess was born, chroniclers had pointed out that she was cousin to the two royal princes—but not too near a cousin. Whether they were later her choices, or she was theirs, it is known that she was Queen Victoria's. The bride spent her honeymoon at York Cottage, an overflow Sandringham guest house that Edward built in his princely days; five of her six children were subsequently born there. In the nurs-

ery are still visible the mottoes which the little Princes, David, Bertie, Harry, Georgie, embroidered—pious phrases such as "Dear Mamma," "Feed My Lambs," and "Look Unto Jesus." The daughter, Princess Mary, seemed fonder of making windmills.

It was a seventeen years' apprenticeship before the Queen reached the throne. They were not happy public years for her, especially those nine she spent (after Queen Victoria's death in 1901) as Princess of Wales. She had turned thirty-four to begin her task, was already settled in her serious-minded, shy mold, was a dowdy royal dresser with nothing, even when she was later crowned Queen, but her fine, fair hair to compete in public popularity against the gay, stylish beauties who had made up the long Edwardian rout—Mrs. Lily Langtry, Lady de Grey, Lady Londonderry, and at their head her hopelessly handsome, enamelled mother-in-law, the powerful Dowager Queen Alexandra. Indubitably another snobbish wrong militating against her popularity had also been done the Queen, even when betrothed: much had been made of her being "such an English princess," but too much had been made of her being "not a considerable royal personage" by birth, compared to her spouse. At their coronation (which the Socialist Party gloomily called an anachronism anyhow), the Archbishop introduced a special phrase to cover her case, praying that "by the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue she may adorn the dignity which she hath obtained." Yet from her Cambridge mother's side, such mutual blood flowed in the Queen's and King's veins as to make them second cousins once removed. As for the unfair rating given her paternal ancestry, she tried to repair it by laboriously compiling the Teck genealogy and presenting a copy to the Heralds' College, but little notice seems to have been taken of it.

The Queen as an individual was not really popular until the war. In those blasting four years, foreign nepotisms and local snobberies were destroyed, and the Queen, by her unexpected administrative brilliance in women's war work, by her sensitiveness to the new problems of feminine labor and feminism, by her sense for organization and her impatience with red tape, by her long hospital service and her tireless energy, began to become the admired and beloved popular public personage she is in England today. Her Majesty's vast Central Committee had for four years virtual charge of all paid female labor in England. It effected the transfer of millions of women from peace to war industries, and, according to the Queen's only authorized biographer, Kathleen Woodward, saved the government from threatened industrial troubles. Margaret Bondfield, the first British woman Minister of Labor, said that it had also "saved the self-respect of countless women workers." The late, powerful Mary Macarthur of the National Federation of Women Workers, who eventually was to become a real friend of the Queen, coöperated with the committee from its inception. The committee finally took over from the Royal Army clothing department the job of making shirts for the entire British army. The Queen's Needlework Guild was the patriotic outlet for the upper-class unpaid women workers, and served to send fifteen and a half million articles to seven hundred and forty-four regiments; her Collecting Fund brought in one thousand pounds daily. Often the Queen spent three or four hours a day in the military hospitals, visiting especially the facial wards the lesser visitors couldn't stomach. With only a lady-in-waiting, she spent ten days in France, talked



"I'm sorry, but Mr. Himmelstraw has just run off with the circus."

to every living Englishman in every English base hospital she visited, and officially cheered up the V.A.D.'s, the W.A.A.C.'s, and her other feminine organizations. In none of these administrative activities did the Queen sit on the sidelines; she was in the centre, asking questions, getting answers, working like a nailer; and, helping England, she was in her element. In unloosing her energies during those four years, her character stepped forth free. Her hair turned white during the war.

However, her peacetime occupations have been nearly as energetic. In her official lifetime she has completely rearranged the furnishing of the royal residences in England and Holyrood Palace and Balmoral Castle in Scotland. (King Edward originally started the work, but at Windsor only.) The job has consisted of separating and styling, in thousands of palace rooms, the millions of chairs, pictures, tables, chromos, china shepherdesses, fringed sofas, and whatnots of every domestic and foreign period from early Bourbon down to late Gladstone, which time and especially Queen Victoria had allowed to mix into a permanent sentimental muddle. The English consider the Queen pretty much of an expert on house arrangements, tasteful placing of objects, and the like. Certainly she is an expert on things Middle Georgian, being authoritative on the diaries, furniture, and china of the period, all of which she collects copiously. About such things, she not only knows, she cares, which makes her good. About antiques in general she's acquisitive. Her great, individual, rich collection is, however, her Chinese objects, some being examples of really remarkable quality. Her jades are principally eighteenth-century—she isn't interested in the earlier tomb or ritual jades—and she's very fond of the jewelled jades made up for the Indian Mogul market. A few specially fine Chinese items among her many splendid hundreds are a superb seventeenth-century spice box of ruby-studded white mutton fat (a color of jade she likes only next best to green), two lavender-colored jade rice bowls pencilled with gold—a very rare type of K'ien-Lung work—and some red Fuchow lacquer. She has cabinets full of exquisite miniature jade pieces and little objects in other hard stones. Her Canton enamels, notably the miniature tea sets, the vases, and cloisonné ducks and elephants, are exceptional. She has been collecting jades for at least thirty years and was one of the first to do so in a large way, since the stones began to come out freely from China only after the Boxer campaign. Most of her finer pieces come from the famous London antiquarian, J. Sparks, who considers Her Majesty "very knowledgeable." She has installed a Chinese room at Buckingham Palace, where there are Buddhas, some of them with heads that nod. As the Queen walks through, she taps them with her finger and they sit assenting as she passes by.

Her other eccentric hobby is her famous doll's house; she has a passion for what the English call Tinycraft, meaning anything little which should be big. The doll's house, which is kept at Windsor, was designed by the great architect Sir Edwin Lutyens, to show

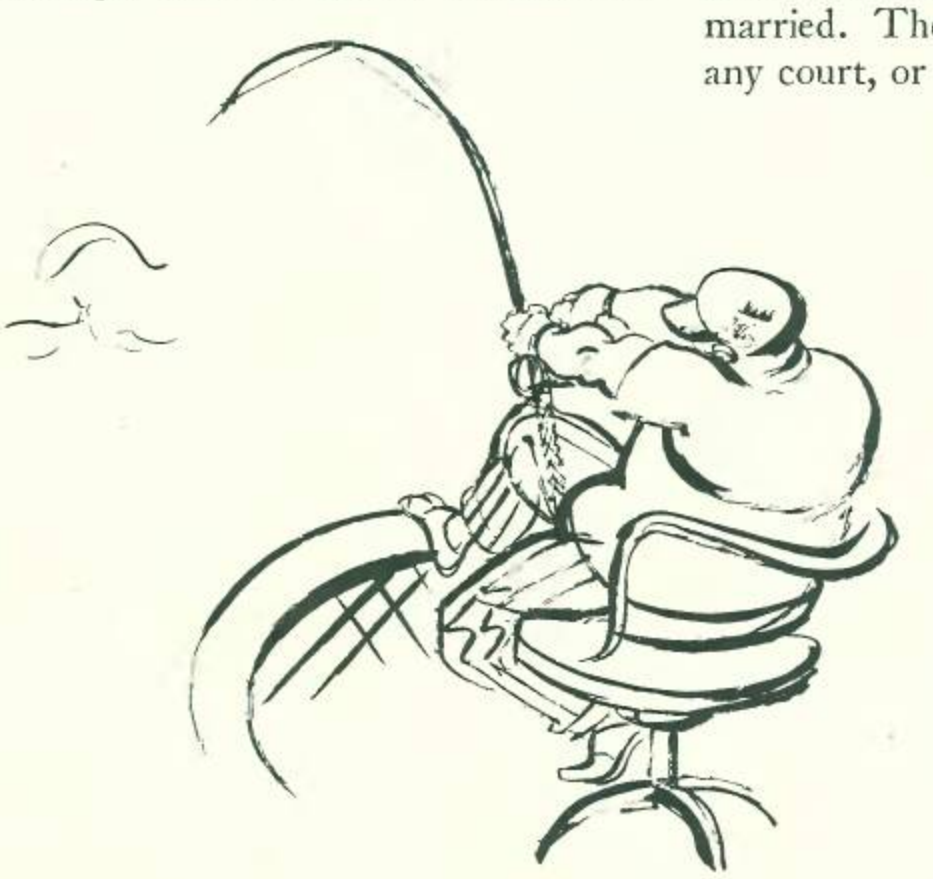


"I think I ought to marry him. He's used to responsibility."

• •

posterity what a 1923 rich British home was like. It is scaled one inch to one foot, and is one hundred inches long and sixty-two inches wide. The outer walls lift off, revealing within crazily complete, elegant furnishings, all practicable, all in scale, including a wine cellar, fishing rods, a library of postage-stamp-sized books handwritten by Milne, Maugham, Conan Doyle, et al., an insurance policy, toilets, baths, towels, and water that runs. Two tomes on the doll's house have been compiled wherein the cellar is nobly described by Professor George Saintsbury, the nurseries by Lady Cynthia Asquith. The doll's house has to be seen to be believed.

THE Queen does not waste her administrative ability on the household details of the various larger royal dwellings as long as they go right. When they go wrong, she becomes executive. Skeleton staffs of servants are maintained in the non-London houses, with part of the Buckingham Palace staff sensibly sent on to fill in when the King and Queen are coming; linen, too, is sent on from the Buckingham Palace supply (as large as a hotel's), travelling back and forth under the eye of Mrs. Moore, the housekeeper. Some of the coarser royal napery is made of the flax from the King's new fields on his Norfolk estate; the Queen is interested in experiments in hand-dyeing the linen, though she herself really likes only white on a table. In journeying to Sandringham or on state affairs, the Queen travels in one of her electrically foot-warmed automobiles—a private green limousine, and an official car in the royal colors of purple and scarlet. The preferred make of the elder members of the family is the Daimler. What is called the Queen's Household consists at present of sixteen ladies of high degree chosen from among the Queen's intimate friends. Their duties are mostly nominal and amiable, though in olden days they were literal. For twenty-five years, the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, the highest in position, has been the Duchess of Devonshire; at the opening of Parliament and when the Queen holds Court, the Mistress of the Robes must be present. A royal coach is sent to fetch her on the former occasion; on the latter, when decorations are being worn, she wears her unique badge of office, a miniature of the Queen set in brilliants. There are four regular Ladies of the Bedchamber, three Extra Ladies of the Bedchamber, six Women of the Bedchamber, one Extra Woman of the Bedchamber, one Maid of Honor. Only four, the Queen's favorites, are in regular attendance: two Ladies of the Bedchamber, Baroness Ampthill, who comes to Buckingham Palace by bus, and Mabell, Countess of Airlie; and two Women of the Bedchamber, Lady Bertha Dawkins and Lady Cynthia Colville. All the Household interest themselves in the Queen's charities, of which the three principal ones are the Girls' Friendly Society, the London Needlework Guild, and the Personal Service League. Each year, when the day comes for classifying the garments sent in for distribution among the poor, the Queen wears an apron at the task; annually the apron gets in the newspapers. She sensibly believes in letting the rich climbers of all faiths who might become ample subscribers to her causes get a glimpse of the inside of the palace at select, aristocratic charity meetings. Like most women who are helpless to combat it, the Queen has an enormous conscience about poverty, especially about the housing conditions of the poor. She's seen the slums of London; her astringent comments on such official trips have helped clean up certain of the worst East End districts. On such visits she puts on her most hydrangea-tinted, queenly clothes, wearing what those who want to see her want her to wear. She's a downright favorite with the poor; they like to stare at her and exclaim, "Ain't she a fair bloomin' treat!" Among the slum districts she has worked enormously for the establishment of infant welfare and maternity centres and hospitals. It would be officially denied, but the best private authorities state, and with admiration for her courage, that the Queen is behind the birth-control movement recently permitted increasing propaganda in England.



Her Majesty's correspondence is vast and varied. Letters come, addressing her as anything from Mrs. Queen to Madame Majesty, and advise her to rub camphorated oil on her husband's chest, because it did the writer's husband's chest good; or hope that the Prince of Wales has a nice birthday, because he was born on the writer's wedding morn, so she'll never forget him; or maybe ask the Queen why she was out having a good time at the races at Ascot (which she probably wasn't, as she dislikes sport) when there's so much unemployment. The Queen opens her mail herself; on the back of each envelope she scribbles the answer, which her secretaries send, typewritten, unstamped, and franked "Privy Purse." In the ordinary course of events, a letter received at Buckingham Palace on one day is answered by the next, for the Queen is démodée enough to think that promptness is still a part of good manners. On the rare occasions when she answers communications herself, her letters are in her longhand and, often enough, not signed with the official "Mary R." Her writing is slanting, angular, with high pointed staffs and a longish swing between the small letters —an oddly poetic script for such a busy, practical ruler.

Her worldly position is curious. Verbally she is addressed as "Ma'am" by all subjects who are gentlefolk or above, and by all below as "Your Majesty." Legally she is rather like what old English law calls a *feme sole*, ordinary wives being *feme covert*, since from early times an English King's Consort has had the right of transacting her own affairs, just as if she weren't married. The Queen can't be fined in any court, or be made to pay a toll, yet she can sue and be sued in her own name with the affix "Queen of England." "To compass or imagine her death [during the lifetime of her husband] is high treason." She is traditionally entitled to the tail of any whale taken on English coasts, to use in the boning of her corsets.

THE Queen is now in her best years. At the age of fifty she

began, mistakenly, to fear the advance of time. Since then her children have matured, bringing the increased mutual satisfaction and sympathy usual in adult relationships between the generations. Like most earnest mothers, she has sometimes been given pain or worry by her sons, one way or another. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent have been the most modernizing, modifying filial influences; there's a story one yearns to believe that the Prince once took his mother riding on a roller-coaster. The most softening of her family attachments has indubitably been that which she feels for her little granddaughter, the Princess Elizabeth, at the moment presumptive future Queen of England in her own right. Just as Queen Mary looks exactly like her great-grandmother, Queen Charlotte, so Princess Elizabeth looks exactly like her grandmother, Queen Mary. Or as cockney curb admirers say on seeing the two driving out together, "She's the spit of her granny." If she overhears it, the Queen invariably beams.

Queen Mary's life has been one of inhuman self-control. The earthly honors have been heavy; the present Silver Jubilee, loaded though it is with pomp and presence, must at least seem light with satisfaction for the quarter-century now safely past. On the state drives through London the Queen will look wonderful, bowing from inside her royal landau. No matter where she might be, no one could mistake her for anyone but the Queen of England.

—Janet Flanner

(*This is the second of two articles on the Queen of England.*)



SMALL FRY

"Sic 'em!"

THE PASSION IN THE BACK YARD

I think that she will always hate the yard
of her rich uncle's house on Eighty-third Street,
the flowering fences that nostalgic birds treat
with gay indignity. Her heart was broken
there.

For in the drawing-room, close-barred
from prudence, they had lingered in a spell.
In the rich dusk were swimming the unspoken
words, and a tremulous, delicious pain,
and ever the soft accompaniment of the rain.

"Upon my conscience! It is one o'clock!"
(Oh, dirge of windy flutes! Oh, passing knell!)

"I'll let you out; there's none to hear the bell.
The butler's gone to bed."

His lips were busy
with words and words.

She fumbled with the lock
and with the burglar-proof alarm in vain.

In vain.

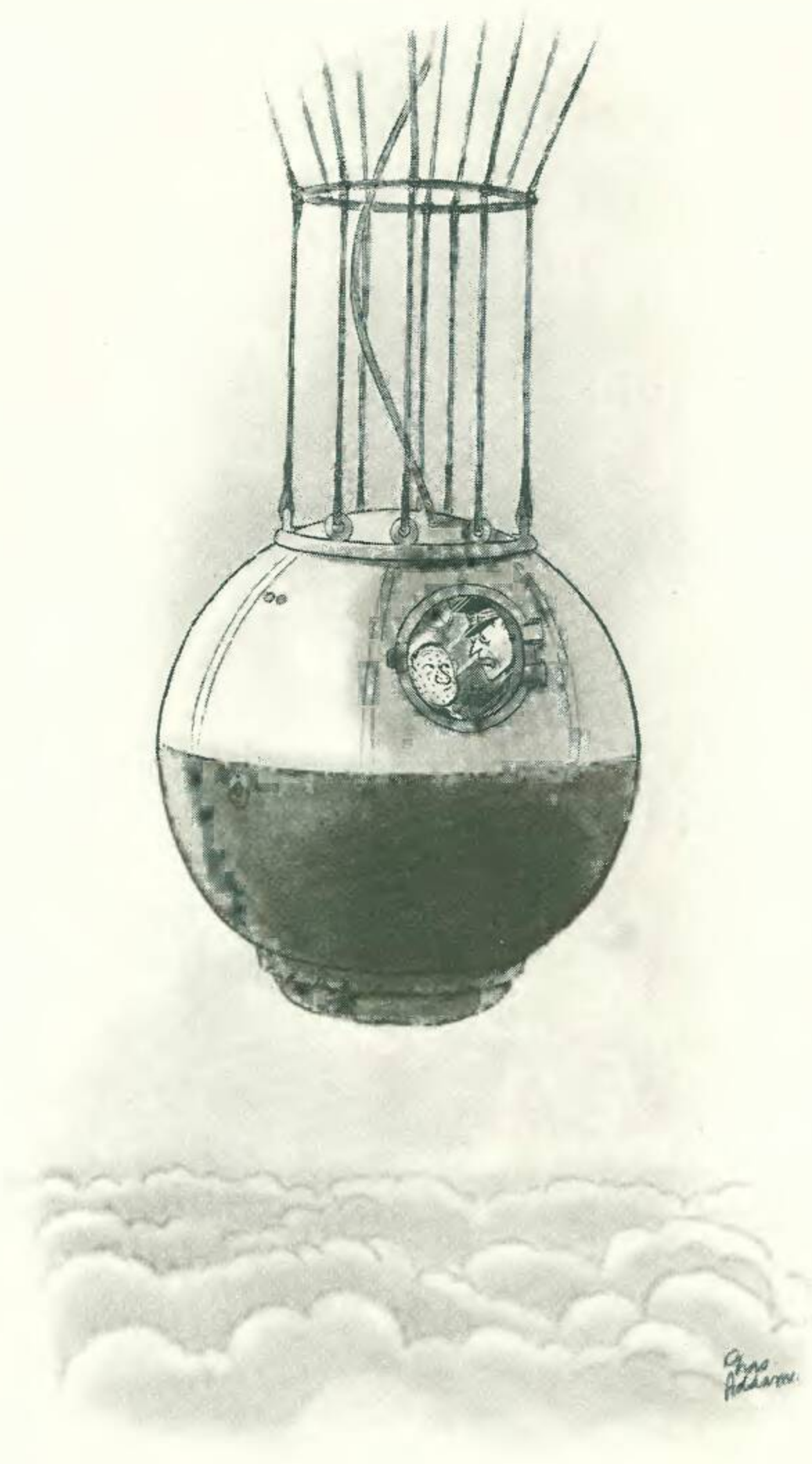
At last: "There's a back door, no doubt."
She found the back door, and she let him out.
"Good night." "Tomorrow, then." "Good night." "Good night."
But all his thoughts turned outward to the rain.

To the guest bedroom, then, a little dizzy,
she climbed. She could not sleep. A fond delight
in the fantastic tumult of her heart
held her within a timeless trance. And wondering
at the broad peace of earth, she flung her casement
window ajar, observing with a start
an opera-hatted figure blindly blundering
round and around the high-walled court, and sundering
the flowering vines, and in the sunken basement
butting. And as the earnest rain came down,
he sought the exit used by kitchen Negresses.
But in those singular back yards no egress is.
None in life, either.

Now a dreadful thundering
awoke the household. Servants to their sentry
duty occurred; in his rich dressing-gown
ran the rich uncle to the belabored entry.
Keys turned, bolts grated; and the visitor,
quelling the gaping minions with his frown,
flowed through the house as on a flooding tide,
and the front door before him opened wide.
And from the vestibule he slammed the door,
slamming it once, to slam it nevermore.

So some great ocean liner have I seen,
above the officious harbor tugs, serene,
down the North River questing tranquilly
the illimitable and unrelenting sea.

—Morris Bishop



"This is a hell of a time for you to get chicken pox."

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THE President administered a well-merited spanking to the military men for their loose talk about fortifying the Canadian boundary. We get along fine with our northern neighbors and we shall never forget what they did for us in our hour of supreme thirst.

•

A man wrote Senator Vandenberg suggesting that the Rocky Mountains be levelled off. The project has merit, but the Administration does not feel that it is costly enough to be practical.

•

The great question before the American people today is this: Will the government bring us the money or do we have to go after it?

•

It is safe to say that in the event of another European war, the United States should stay at home and mind its own business. At this stage of the proceedings, one can make this remark without being sent to Atlanta.

•

G. O. P. leaders in Chicago are sending out half a million cards asking people to promise not to support Roosevelt or Horner. We shall never get anywhere, they say, until we cure Republicans of this habit of voting the wrong ticket.

•

The quintuplets have accumulated a fortune of $150,000 and they have just signed a nice contract with a calendar firm. It shows what girls can accomplish by thrift and industry and going into pictures young.

•

They said at the American Chemical Society that there is two cents' worth of precious metals in every can of ashes and alcohol in the brain of every teetotaller. Unfortunately, there is no practical way to avoid this tragic waste.

•

The life of the NRA has been extended ten months. The Senators felt that the Blue Eagle should be preserved so that judges will have something to shoot.

•

There is secession talk in Dixie, we are turning the Philippines loose, and the Germans are building U-boats again. In fact, we do not seem to have much luck with our wars any more.

•

We have to admit that they do some things better in Moscow. The Soviets let a million volunteers help build the subway and now the people have nobody but themselves to blame.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

SCIENCE

Science is a grand profession!
All the way through this depression
Scientists have swapped their stories
In expensive laboratories,
Or gone poking round in chasms
For primeval protoplasms,
Or they've given talks on smelly
But enthralling jars of jelly.

—C. D.

THE THEATRE

TO THE LADIES

IN a former play starring Tallulah Bankhead, I remember that that energetic lady stood on her pretty head in an attempt to ginger things up, thus provoking from one critic the remark that while this was fun enough in its way, perhaps it takes more than one cartwheel to make a vehicle. In "Something Gay," at the Morosco, Miss Bankhead does no cartwheels, but I doubt if there's anything else she's overlooked. She sings, throws glasses, weeps, changes her clothes every minute or two, and remains generally a gifted tempest of sound and fury—and I doubt if she's got exactly what you could call a vehicle this time either.

It is part of Miss Bankhead's high talent for comedy that she can bring an unrelated humor of her own to the most routine lines and situations, and to this extent "Something Gay" has its merits. The handicaps seem too much, though, and I'm afraid that almost anybody's final reaction would be regret at seeing so much wit and spirit wasted on quite such elementary stuff. I'm not sure, for instance, whether it is Miss Bankhead or somebody else who has to say, "Give her an inch and she'll take the El," but this line is only too typical of a great deal that she *does* have to say. It's also a little unfair, in 1935, to ask anybody to play that scene, originally conceived, I think, by the light-hearted A. A. Milne, in which two characters hold an imaginary telephone conversation across the stage. This performance, which would be acutely embarrassing in the hands of any other actress I know of except possibly Beatrice Lillie, has a special humor of its own because of something grimly nonelfin in Miss Bankhead's character, but it is a trial in any case, and so is a little musical number which anxiously tries to recapture something of the spirit of Mr. Coward's "Private Lives."

"Something Gay" *will* remind you of "Private Lives" in that it represents two men and two women untangling their emotional difficulties in the smartest surroundings, but that's about all. It seems that Miss Bankhead, as Monica Grey, has been off somewhere, and in her absence her husband has been entertaining the widow from the floor below. His hospitality has been perhaps a little excessive, because when Mrs. Grey gets back she finds that the widow, who has a very bad taste in perfume, has been wearing her nightgowns and drinking up the Napoleon brandy. Mrs. Grey and a sympathetic young playwright decide to end this situation by arousing Mr. Grey's jealousy of Monica herself, an idea that the playwright presumably got from the movies. Anyway, that's what they do, and the play follows this theme for most of its three acts, ending finally on a note of mild surprise.

The rest of the cast, I'm afraid, doesn't seem inclined to share Miss Bankhead's fierce determination to enliven these proceedings, and indeed Hugh Sinclair, as the playwright, seems so openly contemptuous of it all that when he left the stage I often wondered if he was really going to bother to come back. Walter Pidgeon and Nancy Ryan have the two other leading rôles, and Percy Ames and Kent Thurber are bright enough as a comic butler and suitor, respectively.

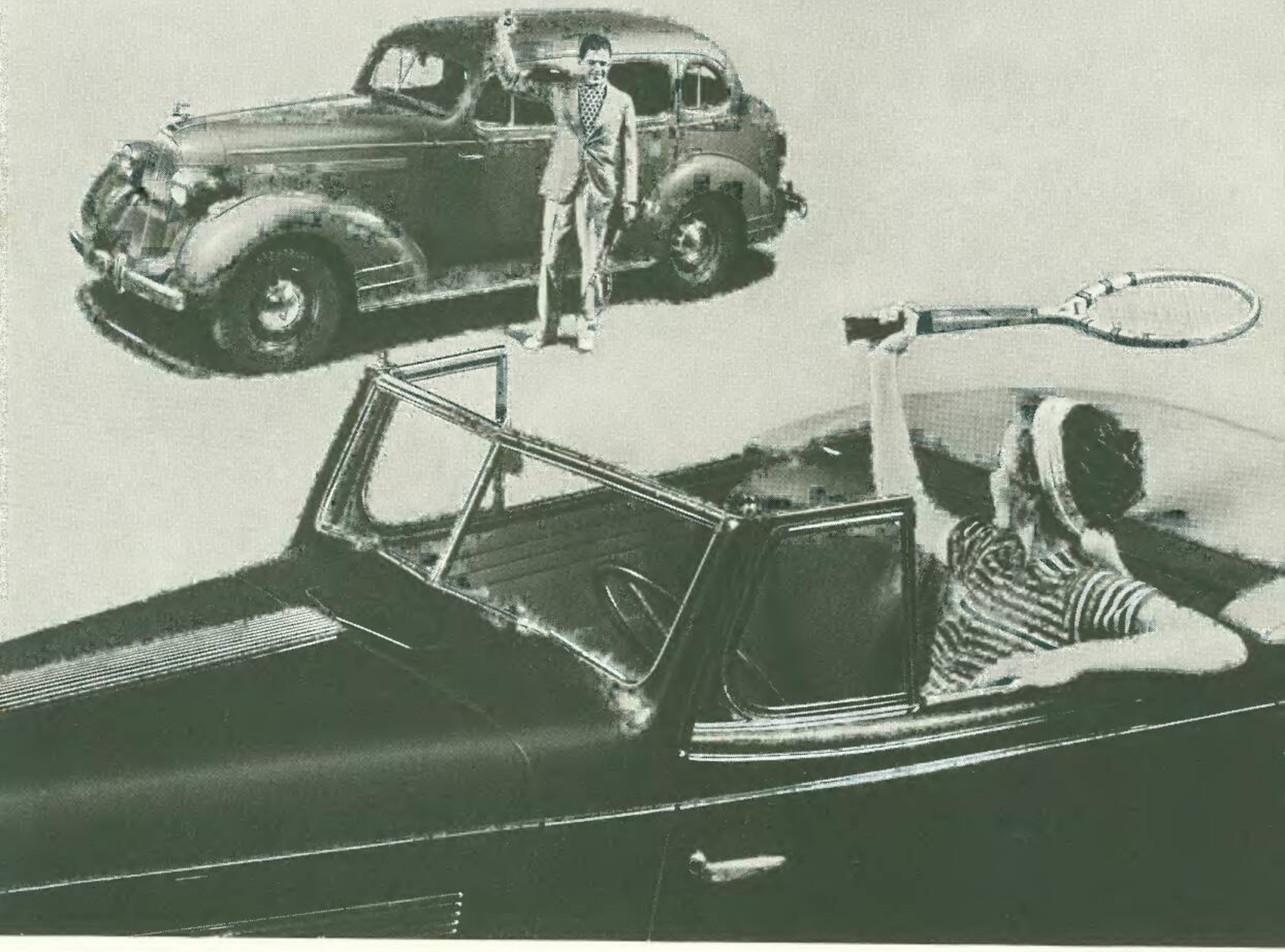
I'M sorry I didn't like "To See Ourselves," E. M. Delafield's play at the Barrymore, any better than I did, because it seems honestly and thoughtfully written, and in one part at least superbly played. The idea, however, of the preoccupied husband, and the fury his grunts and newspaper-reading arouse in his wife, holds no further surprise and very little interest for me. I know that a young man is coming along who will stir the lady briefly, but that eventually the old ties will prove stronger, and everybody will make their sensible adjustment to life. This is exactly what happens at the Barrymore, even to a last scene identical with the first, with the husband grunting over his paper, while his wife knits quietly in her corner. Actually the only excitement in the play lies in Miss Patricia Collinge's sure and beautiful performance of the wife. Everything she does and says is exactly right, and I'm not sure that this alone isn't enough to make "To See Ourselves" worth your while. The rest of the cast includes Earle Larimore, Reginald Mason, and Helen Trenholme, and they are all accomplished, too.



IT is hard to say just when green lights, disappearing bod-

The perfect companion

for your leisure hours

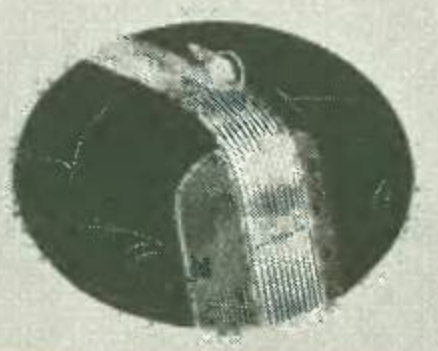


A General Motors Value

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

YOUR LEISURE HOURS ought to be filled with flawless pleasure, and you can depend on a Pontiac to help you make them so. It's a responsive car—this Silver Streaked beauty—and co-operative, too. If you have a yearning to go places, it takes you there in a hurry, yet so smoothly and quietly that you arrive refreshed. If the way is rough, you'll hardly know it—scientific springing and big-car weight restrain jolt and sway. And the weather needn't stop you. An insulated roof and no draft ventilation keep you cool and comfortable; while hydraulic brakes, triple-sealed to bar out water, take hold smoothly and surely on the dampest days. The solid steel "Turret-Top" Fisher Body gives you a sense of complete security—and it is amazing how much that feeling adds to driving pleasure. And then there is Pontiac's astonishing economy. You don't have to watch expenses—this car does it for you! Yes, a Pontiac can certainly qualify as the perfect companion. A look, a ride, and you'll decide you simply can't do better than a Pontiac in 1935!

PONTIAC

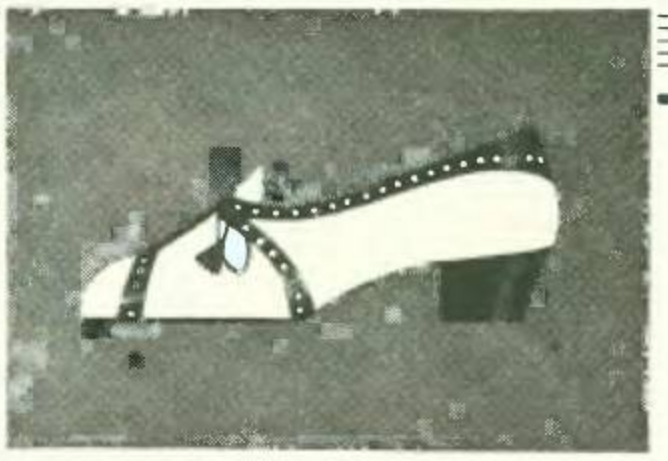


Silver Streak

SIXES AND EIGHTS

$615

List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Easy G.M.A.C. Time Payments.



The Aiken "low-heel"

Introducing the smartest buckskin of the coming season. It's supple. It's summery. The heel gives the newly chic "little girl" look to your ankle. It comes in white buck with black, brown, navy or white calfskin. And cord tie for decoration. $14.50

ON THE PLAZA · NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



PECK & PECK

OUR "BRAEMAR SHETLAND TWINS"
ARE SOFT AS SILK!

STRAIGHT from the looms of Scotland to the shops of Peck & Peck come the Caledonian classics you see above. They're our own exclusive "Braemar Shetland Twins." They're light, they're lovely and indescribably soft and silky. Choose your Shetland Twins in white, maize, Jack Rose, light blue, brown or navy. Cardigan, $15. Pullover, $12.75.

PECK & PECK · FIFTH AVENUE

Chicago · Boston · Minneapolis · St. Louis
Philadelphia · Cleveland · Detroit · White Plains

ies, and sinister Orientals stop being fun and get to be a nuisance, but this point was met and passed very early in the first act of "If a Body." There is probably no more satisfactory emotion in the theatre than horror—the sort of horror, for instance, that is produced when those six remarkable thugs first turn on their mistress in "Kind Lady"—but the pistol shots, closing doors, and general rigmarole in the melodrama at the Biltmore were something else, bringing on only the sort of nervous distress that the average person feels when a truck backfires right behind him. . . . A strange article called "Reprise" appeared at the Vanderbilt only long enough to clinch its title as the most confusing play of the year. It contained four characters, all mad. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

ANSWERS TO FAMOUS QUESTIONS

I

Oh don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? —*Sentimental ballad.*

I remember her, but she wasn't
sweet;
She giggled or jittered, and asked to be
kissed.
If living today, she'd be fair meat
For any hardboiled psychiatrist.

II

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
—*Nursery rhyme.*

It's none of your concern, sir, as far as
I can see,
Your interest is both bold and
indiscreet;
And a most important precept that I
learned at Mother's knee
Was not to talk to forward men who
stop me in the street.

III

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
—*Thomas Lovell Beddoes.*

No house and lot,
No private yacht,
No string of well-matched pearls;
No gilt-edged stocks,
No Paris frocks
(I'm not like other girls).

When tasks are done
And good clean fun
Is then my privilege,
Enough for me
Never to be
Without a fourth for bridge.
—BAIRD LEONARD



"POUR UN HOMME"
LAVENDER EXTRACT
OF GREAT DISTINCTION

CARON PARIS

CARON EXTRACT FOR THE WELL DRESSED MAN INSPIRES ENERGY AND ACTIVITY RADIATES POWER
FOR SPORT AND GOOD LOOKS DURING DAY DISTINCTION AND REFINEMENT DURING EVENING

© 1935 Caron Corp.

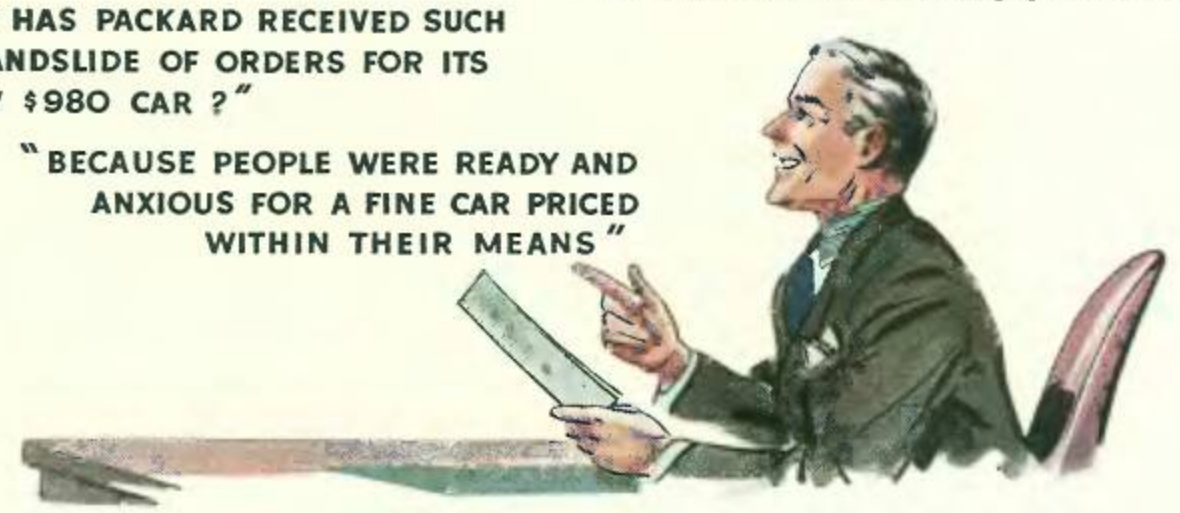


The Packard 120 Convertible Coupe for Two or Four Passengers



"WHY HAS PACKARD RECEIVED SUCH A LANDSLIDE OF ORDERS FOR ITS NEW $980 CAR ?"

"BECAUSE PEOPLE WERE READY AND ANXIOUS FOR A FINE CAR PRICED WITHIN THEIR MEANS"



BEFORE a line was drawn on a blueprint, the new lower-priced Packard was pre-destined to success.

For this great new lower-priced Packard was deliberately tailored—in appearance, in size, in performance and in price—to fit the needs and desires of a far greater number of people.

Before a wheel turned, Packard had established the fact that a hearty welcome awaited a car of unusual quality, built in the fine car tradition, endowed with a fine car identity, born out of fine car experience—yet offered at a price that would fit easily into American budgets.

With its eyes on this objective, Packard spent millions of dollars to build such a car, and because this newest of Packards fulfills a desire as old as Adam—the desire to possess the things that are a little finer—it takes a permanent place in Packard's program to bring everything Packard stands for to a wider range of incomes.

If you intend buying a new car we urge you to see and drive the Packard 120. Only by doing so, will you understand why no car in years has been so royally received at the Auto Shows, and why this newest Packard rolled up such a splendid volume of advance orders.

One ride will prove to you that in building this car Packard has kept faith with Packard standards—the same standards that have been winning for Packard nearly half of America's total fine car business. Your Packard showroom will be glad to answer any question you may have about the Packard 120, and to show you how easily the car may be purchased on the Packard Payment Plan—a plan that for fairness and liberality is unexcelled by any in the industry.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD 120

$980 to $1095

List prices at factory—standard accessory group extra

PARIS LETTER



PARIS, MAY 1

SPRING is already five weeks late here and nothing much has sprung from the chilled ground except a new rural political personality—possibly the kind of green growth the French farmers most need. He is the leader of the two-million-strong agrarian Front Paysan movement and is called Dorgères, a *nom de plume;* his real name, he says, is D'Halluin. His Radical-Socialist political foes say that he is really the Vicomte d'Halluin; that the Duc d'Harcourt, the Duc de Kerouartz, and the Comte de la Bourdamaye are the financial backers of his young and powerful country paper, *Le Progrès Agricole de l'Ouest;* that the episcopacy and clergy are his bosses; that he is secretly a monarchist and, worst of all, an enemy of the revision of farm leases, a question now agitating the fields. The truth of these matters seems to be that Dorgères' father is, just as his son says, an honest butcher named D'Halluin; that the *Progrès*, as a paper with forty thousand paid subscribers, makes money without dukes; that Dorgères, though polite to bishops and curés, is not crazy about them; that he is a republican candidate uninterested in royal dynasties; and that, as for the boom-rate leases now causing the eviction of rurals no longer able to pay, he is an enemy only of farmers who pay at all—except in butter, bacon, or maybe rotten eggs. Further, he added that if his Front Paysan farmers can't get redress legally, they're going to get it illegally—for which statement he was promptly arrested as inciting to revolt against the government.

It's too soon to know whether Dorgères is a young leader with a future or just a three-month jail sentence ahead of him. His defeat in the recent local elections at Blois was really a victory, since while the Radical-Socialist townsfolk voted against him, his rural vote was a Fascist landslide. His slogan is "For Farm and Family," which his politician opponents say is no program. He works it out to read: (1) No communization of ground; (2) no foreign labor; (3) revaluation of crops; and (4) decrease in France's multitudinous gov-



Your vacation can be better than ever



IT ISN'T the days only which count for your vacation. It must be cool enough to sleep. In the resort sections of New Hampshire you will need blankets to keep you warm at night. How restful it is, after a long day's exercise, to be able to sleep so soundly.

People who know New Hampshire never tire of its cool, green woods, its intimate mountains, its varied lakes, its white ocean beaches. Even the most familiar scene changes with every new cloud formation. The sunlight itself seems cool and urges you to be out and doing. No wonder there is many a suppertime boast, "I played better golf than I knew how today!"

Nowhere in the United States has so much time and thought been spent on preparing vacation facilities to give you a good time. Why not actually *come* this summer? As the first step in planning your trip, send today for the beautiful free New Hampshire booklet and map. It is crammed so full of New Hampshire atmosphere that your vacation will begin as you turn its pages. Send for it today.

NEW HAMPSHIRE



NEW HAMPSHIRE VACATION SERVICE Y-25
20 School Street, *Concord, New Hampshire*
Please send FREE ☐ Fully illustrated 72 page booklet ☐ Map

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Use Rockefeller Center Parking Space
Entrance 48th & 49th Sts.

The Rainbow Room

announces a new series of

TEA DANCES



On week-ends during the season, informal Tea Dances will be given in the cool and colorful Rainbow Room, 65 stories above the street. Every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, from 4 to 6:30 o'clock, distinctive dance music will be provided by

RAMON RAMOS
and his Argentine orchestra

Minimum charge, $1.00

EVENINGS

No couvert for dinner guests . . . a prix fixe dinner $3.50 or a la carte . . . Sunday $4.00
Couvert of $1.50 charged after 10:30 P.M.
Saturdays and Holidays $2.50
Formal

6:30 till 2 A.M. nightly - Sunday till Midnight
Dinner Entertainment 9:00
Supper Entertainment 12:15
CALL EUGENE-CIRCLE 7-5312

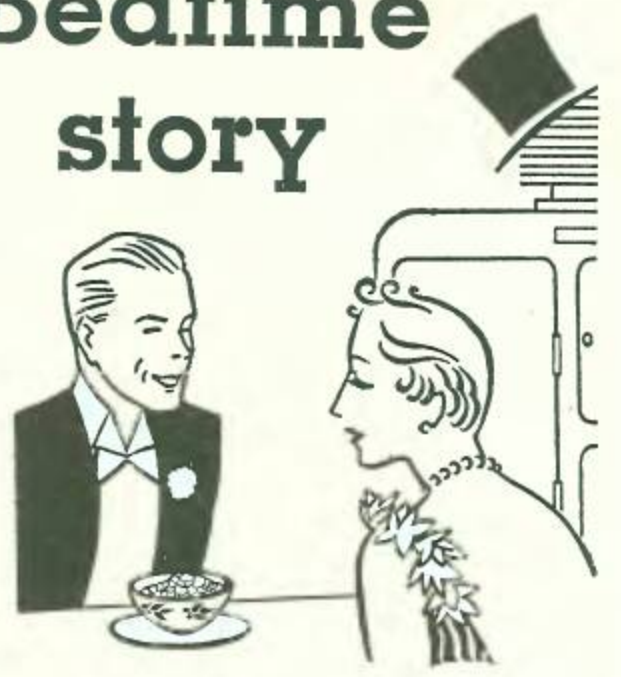
ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF

ernment functionaries, whose salaries load the taxpayer's back. "Government men are like salt in the soup," he says. "If there's not enough, the soup's no good. Too much, and the taxation is so briny the taxpayer can't swallow it." Since Chautemps, chief in the Radical-Socialist party (and of the Stavisky Scandal politicos), was lately elected Senator from Blois, and his party is the greatest civil-service stuffer of France, this means that Dorgères and his millions of peasants in sabots are bucking the gentlemen's machine right in its home.

Dorgères is an odd-looking butcher's boy with a small, beautiful, aristocratic face; neat, intense manual gestures; and a sensitive, sensible eloquence that recently brought eight thousand wheat and sugar-beet farmers through miles of mud to hear him talk in the town's Grain Hall. Since French farms are small, Fascism suits French farmers right down to the ground. None of their recent misfortunes have been collective—no square miles of drought, no cubic miles of dust storms. Indeed, the peasant's real grievance is that for two years God has been too good to him, individually; his 1933-4 wheat crops are still more than the nation can digest as bread. However, Heaven is going to be kinder this summer; what with hail, rain, and frost, it looks like a nice bad harvest ahead, which apparently is just what the peasant wants.

TEN years from now, or in the summer of 1945, if you're coming to France you can whisk over the Atlantic in ten hours in a French 1,500 H.P., hundred-passenger hydroplane which has neither carburetor nor gas but runs on heavy *mazout* oil. That is, you can if it's been invented by then. The French Air Ministry is now offering a prize of ten million francs to the inventor. French interest in the air is suddenly reviving. Their commercial-postal line to South America has been doing remarkable fast things lately, including a seventy-eight hours and seven minutes run from Buenos Aires to Paris, which is five hours faster than their previous fastest-ever. The airport at Le Bourget is being given forty-two million francs' worth of better new buildings and bigger fields. All over France airplane-engine manufacturers are suddenly busy, maybe making that *mazout* machine or maybe making the five pursuit planes that Hitler didn't get added to the forty-one which were his forty-sixth Nazi birthday pres-

Bedtime story



A SMOOTH finish for a big evening — insures a bright start for the next day!

Try a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk or cream after a party. Their oven-fresh crispness is completely satisfying. And they're easy to digest — promote ONLY the sweetest dreams.

Sold by all grocers. Served in restaurants and hotels. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES

Pierre Roof

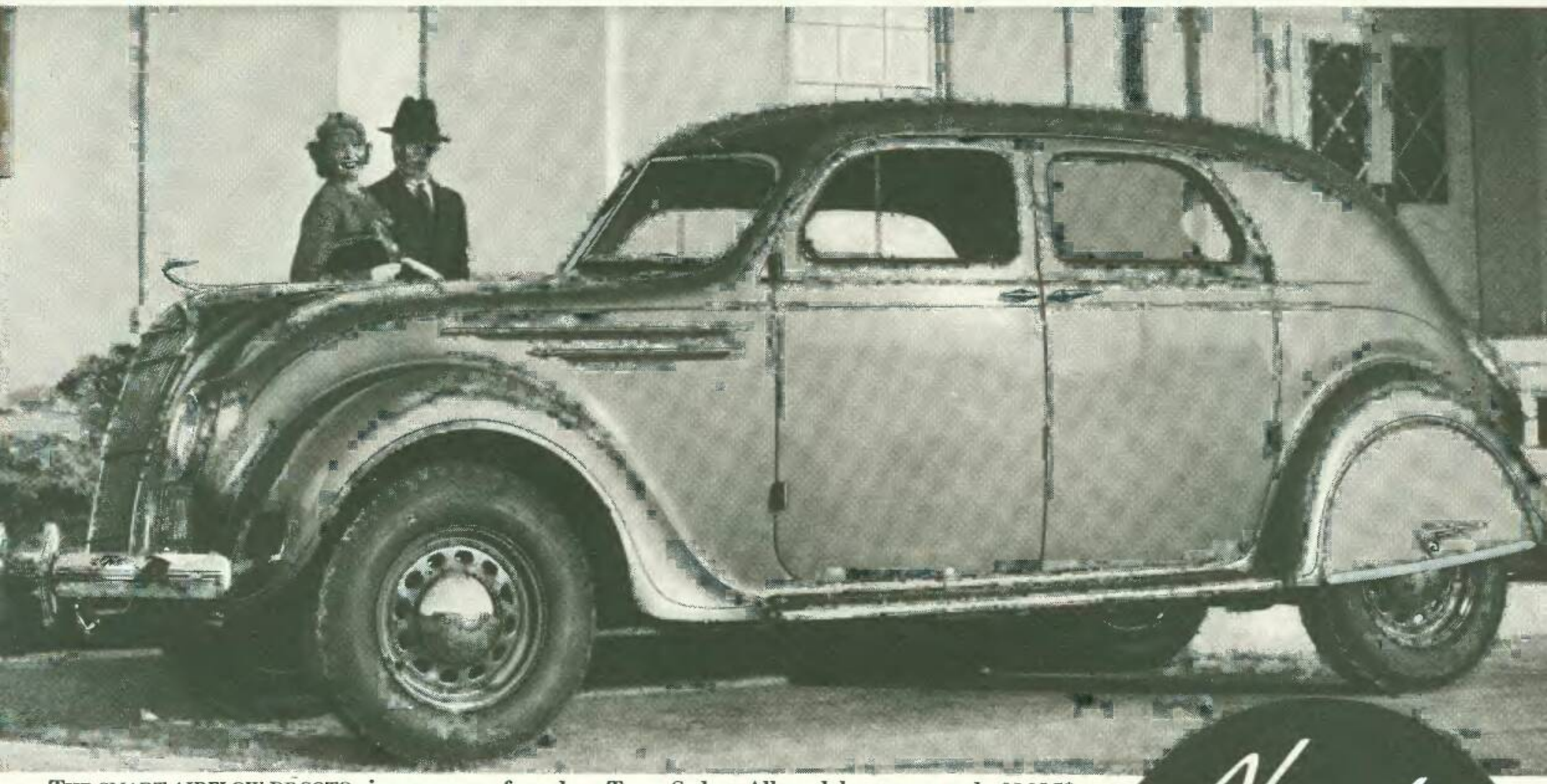
IS "TOPS" FOR COCKTAILS

"Tops", literally, because it is the highest hotel roof restaurant in Manhattan . . . "tops", socially, because of its unique service and location . . . "tops" for luncheon or dinner or supper or casual cocktails.

JOE MOSS
AND HIS INCOMPARABLE
ORCHESTRA
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
ENTERTAINMENT
SUNDAY DINNER DANCING
Prix Fixe Luncheon . . . $1.50
Prix Fixe Dinner $2.50
Supper Couvert Charge
Daily $1.00 Saturday and Holidays $2.00
For Reservations, call REgent 4-5900

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT SIXTY-FIRST STREET
NEW YORK
EDWARD H. CRANDALL, President

AIRFLOW OWNERS ARE AMERICA'S HAPPIEST



THE SMART AIRFLOW DE SOTO six-passenger four-door Town Sedan. All models are now only $1015*.

No other Car gives Airflow's Safety, Comfort and Beauty!

Now at a NEW LOW PRICE

TODAY OVER 25,000 OWNERS can answer any question you may ask about the Airflow. But to understand their enthusiasm you'll have to take a ride with them . . . for words can't convey the thrill of this new way to travel.

When you ride in an Airflow . . . it is as if some strange magic smoothed out the roads before you. That magic is Airflow's scientific weight distribution . . . its specially designed tapered leaf springs . . . its new sway eliminator.

Notice the beauty and luxury of the interior! Big, wide, sofa-like cushions glistening in chromium frames. The front seat is as wide as the back! And there's not only more sitting room . . . there's more room *all*-around.

Drive it . . . the thrill increases. This car devours the miles so effortlessly that only the speedometer reminds you of its terrific speed.

The windshield is so wide that you might almost be in the cockpit of a racing plane. And you have the stopping-power that only genuine hydraulic brakes can give you.

But as we say . . . *words* can't give you the thrill of this amazing car . . . you must *drive* it. Ask your dealer for an Airflow De Soto with the Automatic Overdrive . . . and watch for a miracle when the speedometer touches 45!



(*Above*) The Airflow ride helps Barney Stapert, champion typist, break a record at 82 miles an hour.



(*Left*) All-Steel Body and Frame built like a bridge, one single unit from bumper to bumper.



THE DOORS of the Airflow are as wide those in a house. Both doors open at t center post for easy entrance and exit.

Airflow DE SOTO

COMPANION TO THE $695* AIRSTREAM DE SOTO

*All prices, list at Factory, Detroit



Here is the newest game

Lawn cricket is a home-lawn edition of the English game. It is played in exactly the same way as cricket but instead of a hard leather ball, a rubber ball is substituted to make it practicable for the ordinary lawn.

Any number of people, from two to twenty-two, may play. No specially prepared surface is necessary.

The complete set consists of two English willow spliced bats, two sets of wickets and bails and a rubber ball. Instructions for play are included in the set which is packed in a strong, wooden box.

Lawn Cricket Set $10
Junior Set for Children $7.50

Other Summer Games

Lawn Hi Li. Singles, $5.00 . . . Doubles, $10.00
Badminton Sets . . . . . $10.00 to $45.00
Croquet Sets . . . . . $5.00 to $90.00
Lawn Bowls . . . . . $15.00 to $50.00
Deck Tennis $10.00
Shuffle Board $8.50
Atlantic Derby $25.00

Send for "Play Hours"—A book full of everything for play and pleasure

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

CHICAGO STORE:
Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Avenue

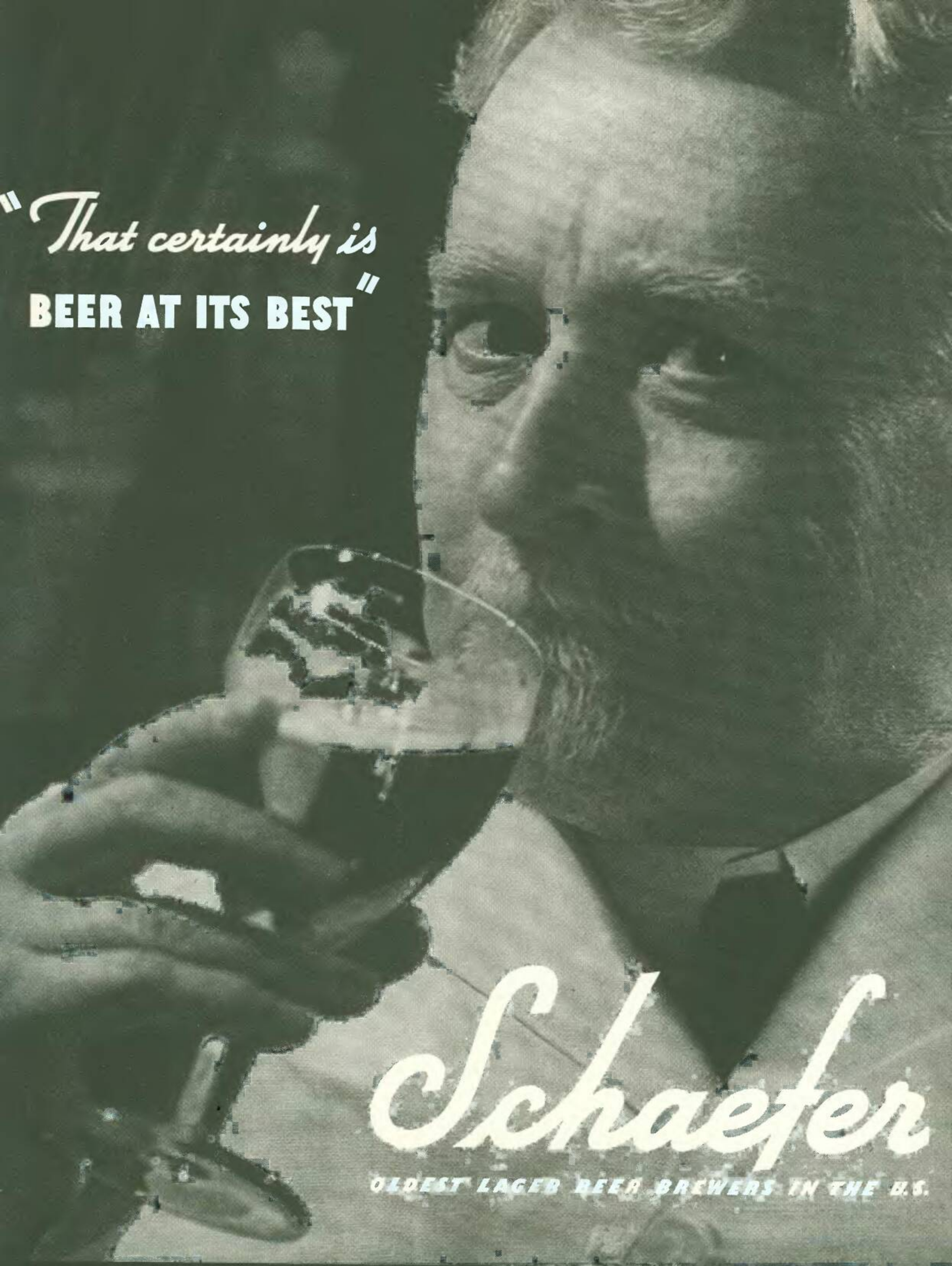
ent. The French aren't much on birthday cakes or candles, but the *Führer's* not being given a plane for every blessed year of his life was a shock here. Almost as much of a shock as his being given any birthday planes at all.

This week, the P.T.T. government station starts France's first television on a 175-meter wave length, with a picture frequency of twenty-five images a second, and sixty-line horizontal scanning, soon to be raised to ninety. In three months, if everything works out, two hundred and forty lines, or the maximum necessary for comfortable televiewing, will be used.

Also, herds of armadillo-shaped streamline taxis have suddenly hit Paris (and passengers' heads), one hundred of them being the first radio-equipped taxis in town. Thus one can now ride up to see Napoleon's Tomb to the good news that "Phoscao, *aliment reconstituant*, is the cocoa that's good for the kiddies." As the radios are hidden somewhere in the cushion, the passenger has the feeling that French products are being advertised behind his back.

REVIVING an old or producing a new opera in these days is an event. Paris has had one of each, both at the Opéra. The revival was Rameau's "Castor et Pollux," first produced in 1737, dropped by 1800, and scheduled for a revival in 1914, which war prevented. It was rehearsed again in March, 1918, in the afternoon, to evade rival night noises from Gothas. Two days later, Big Bertha started her racket. Germaine Lubin is the lady star, and the precious Péretti leads the ballet. It's a "must" if you're coming over here. The new opera (more optional) is Reynaldo Hahn's "Le Marchand de Venise," with Fanny Heldy as Portia.

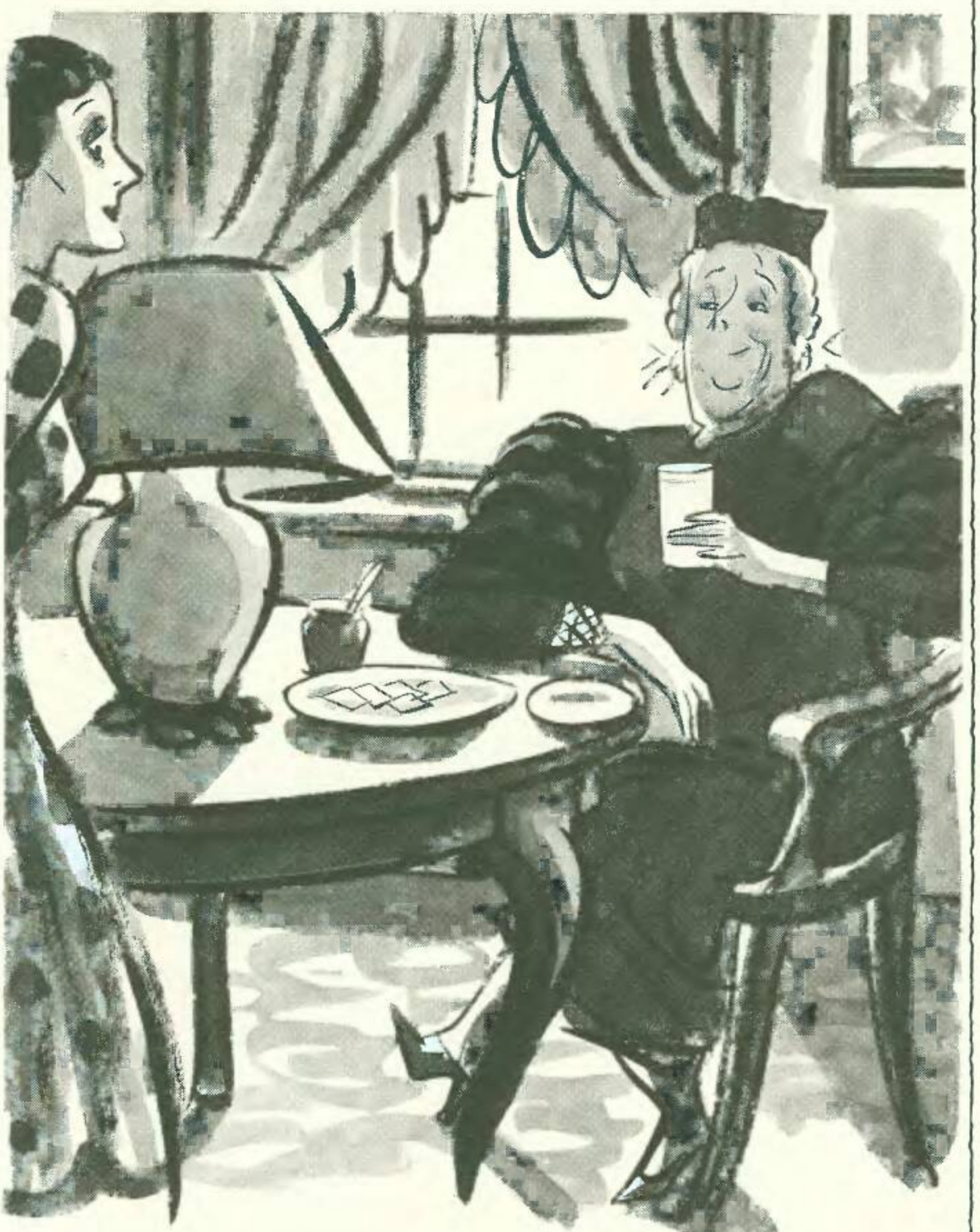
Lucienne Boyer is packing them in at from four to eighteen francs per ticket, matinées and evenings, at the Montmartre A.B.C. revue—quite a change from her New York places and prices. Monte Carlo's Casino has passed a dividend, and, owing to British prosperity, the Nice, Le Touquet, Deauville, and Enghien Casinos all show an improvement of from twenty to fifty per cent, which must have left some English less prosperous. Also, three hundred million francs in sweepstake tickets are going to be sold on the June Grand Prix and the October Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Paris's greatest annual horse races. Don't say we didn't warn you that opportunity was about to knock. —GENÊT



OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

THE F. & M. SCHAEFER BREWING CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MINOR MYSTERY NO. 2



What's given Mrs. Golders that "cat-that-ate-the-canary" look?

Mrs. Golders has so much money herself that she's extra critical about the way other people spend theirs. Particularly her poor relations. She's getting ready now to deliver a *friendly* little talk on not being extravagant to her niece Josephine. For Mrs. G. has discovered that Josephine is buying extra rich milk. Much richer than *she* ever served. Certainly that was most unnecessary!

* * *

Fortunately Josephine has a real alibi. That milk was Borden's Golden Crest and it *is* richer and better-tasting—but it doesn't cost a cent more than regular Grade A. (Probably Mrs. G. will never tell Josephine, but she'll switch to Golden Crest herself as soon as she gets home.) Why don't you try Golden Crest, too? Just phone your order to Borden's.

Borden's GOLDEN CREST

BORDEN'S FARM PRODUCTS CO., INC. 110 HUDSON ST., N. Y. C. PHONE WALKER 5-7300

FLORIDA~OFF SEASON

FOR a moment I thought the man was admiring the peacock, and then he walked around and gave it a swift kick just below its magnificent tail spread. The bird hissed and made nasty shrieking sounds and the man swore. Then he saw me and was embarrassed.

"I've been wanting to do it all season," he said. "That damned bird is going to peck a hole through my plate-glass window some day. He drives me nuts pecking at my window. Every day I've stood it; all the other merchants here facing the garden are nuts too."

The peacock gave a mighty shudder, like an electric fan in motion, and swept off to join the other peacocks and pale flamingos walking about the hotel tea gardens.

The man stood beside his case of hand-painted turtles and baby alligators. Inside the window that the peacock had been pecking all season were handsome pictures and tea trays and other objects made of seashells, a few stuffed alligators with electric bulbs in their mouths, and some boxes of fancy fruits, the oranges a bit desiccated and one of the grapefruit frankly spoiling.

"It's been a bad season—in a way," said the man. "I mean the people were here, the money was here, but they didn't spend. I never saw a bigger bunch of pikers in my life. You know, the kind with two weeks and nothing else to spend in Florida. They come in and take a look, but they never lay out a penny. My prices have been right all season, too. I'm not one of these stick-the-tourist fellows. Look at my bargains!"

I READ the sign, "DRASTIC REDUCTIONS!—Hand-painted turtles—your name added free of charge—guaranteed with proper care to live twenty-five years—fifteen cents!" A Madonna done in shells and colored glass could be bought for five dollars, reduced from fifty.

Near us, some workmen were laying new boards in the walk, ripping out the rotted ones with rending sounds. Most of the arcade stores had been closed and boarded up, their goods being less perishable and easier to carry over the summer than the turtle merchant's. The big hotel loomed, a gaunt pink blot, against the blue sky, its windows shuttered like blind eyes. At the end of the walk the hotel bus man, who had been

• BLOOMINGDALE'S

"EXCLUSIVES"

FROM THE BEACH CLUB

A—Hand knit maillot—looks as if you'd poured yourself into it. Pink, aqua, white, gold, exotic blue, 10.95. Worn with multi-colored clogs, 3.50.

B—Pleated gob shorts in navy, brown or white gabardine, 2.95; worn with adjustable halter, 1.00, cap, 79c, bag, 2.95 and shoes, 1.95 in brilliant colored cotton studded with white stars; or plaids.

C—The new "short" skirt suit in quilted knit. Navy, brown, pastel blue, pink, maize, turquoise, Corsican blue, 8.95. Huge Mexican beach hat, 1.00. Natural crash bag with colored cord, 1.00.

D—Linen culotte in natural, brown or navy, 8.95; worn with natural colored string shirt, 1.95.



B

C

D

A

In Misses' sizes—exclusive with BLOOMINGDALE'S.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK

HAVE YOU TRIED, SEÑOR, OLD-FASHIONED À LA CUBA?



1 cube Sugar; add two dashes of Angostura Bitters; dissolve in 2 teaspoons of water; add 1 jigger of Bacardi Gold Seal. Serve in an old-fashioned glass with ice, dress with fruit and mint.

BACARDI

Avoid substitutes. See the bottle

A Schenley IMPORT



ABI-49

Copr., 1935, Schenley Import Corp., sole importer for the U.S. for COMPAÑIA RON BACARDI, S. A.

so alert and busy only a few weeks before, stood on the curb waiting for his bus to go on a two-hour instead of a half-hour schedule. It had been empty lately, save for a few people coming to and returning from the beach.

The soft trade winds, which were the summer selling point of this Florida resort in the Chamber of Commerce catalogue, brought a wave of smoke from the Everglades fires, clouding the sun.

Both of us coughed.

"Do the Everglades burn every spring?" I asked.

"Yes, but never as bad as this spring," said the man. "Every night I wake up choked. My wife's got her asthma back. The farmers out near us can't milk their cows till the sun comes up and the wind changes. Smoke gets in the milk."

A girl walked by wearing slacks, dragging a small child by the arm. The turtle man looked up alertly and then looked back at me, hopeless.

"I took in just seventy-five cents yesterday," he said. "But my rent's paid till the first. I want to clean out everything—all the livestock. Then I'm going back to New York. They can have this place in the summer." He had the look in his eyes that he'd had while kicking the peacock.

"What I like," I said, "is that you can live almost for nothing down here in the summer. Rents are so cheap. And you get such good fruit and vegetables for just a few cents."

"Wait another month. Everything dries up. Then you pay for stuff shipped down from Georgia. You don't eat anything but fish here in the summer."

A chauffeur passed carrying a small child, who wanted to see the turtles.

"Make you a pair of them for twenty-five cents—the paint on them's worth more than that."

The chauffeur said nothing.

"Give you a healthy young alligator for the same price."

The chauffeur's expression did not change. A nurse came up to him and took the child from his arms. They walked off to the cabañas and the beach, picking their way over the ripped-out boards of the walk.

There was a gentle thud near me. The peacock had jumped up from the grass, this time dragging his long tail feathers protectingly behind him.

He stared at the storekeeper. The storekeeper stared at him. I went over to the cabañas for a swim.

—MILDRED GILMAN

THE

STARLIGHT ROOF

OPENS MAY 14

☆

DINNER-DANCING
AND SUPPER-DANCING

HENRY KING
and his Orchestra

XAVIER CUGAT
and his Tango Band

At Supper:
The superb
GEORGES and JALNA
In dances

SUPPER COUVERT
After 10:30 P.M.—$1.50 (Sat. $2.00)
Sunday Night Dinner Dancing
(No Couvert)

☆

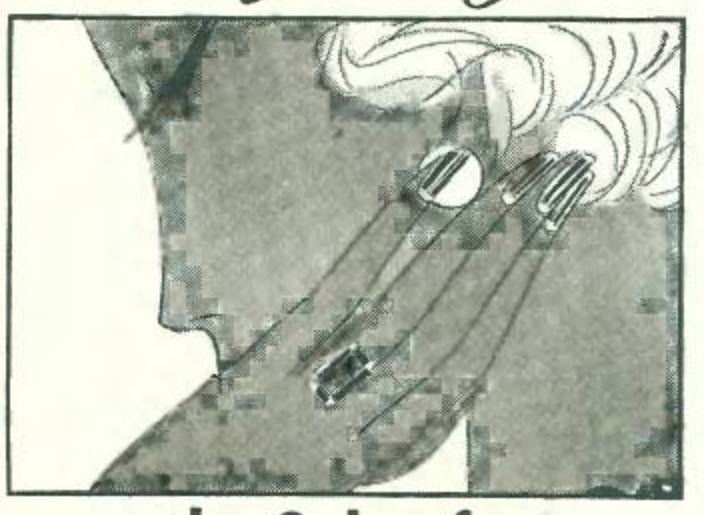
From June 6th
GUY LOMBARDO
and His Royal Canadians

Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000

THE

WALDORF ASTORIA

Peggy Sage



the Salon for distinguished manicures

GARDENING by day, insisted a new Peggy Sage client, prevented her hands from being glamorous by night. But, to her endless delight, rough cuticle disappeared, her fingernails became flawless, her hands silken soft under deft Salon ministrations. And as the climax to this loveliness, she made her choice from twenty-four exclusive Peggy Sage Polish shades.

For appointment: 'phone Plaza 3-9011—Address: 50 East 57th Street.

Salons: New York • London • Paris

ACHIEVEMENT

FOR the last twenty miles Mr. Ware had been looking for a place to have a sandwich. When he saw a frame inn, he parked, and went inside. It was two o'clock in the afternoon; the place was empty, except for a blonde behind the bar, overweight but authentically blonde. Mr. Ware ordered an ale and a combination sandwich.

While he was drinking his ale and waiting for the sandwich, Mr. Ware noticed a punchboard on the shelf behind the bar. He didn't often take punches, but the ale had lifted him up, after his tiring drive.

"Two chances," he said to the blonde.

She handed him the board. The prizes ranged from twenty-five cents in cash to five dollars in cash plus a leather wallet. None of the five-dollar prizes had been taken.

"Guess I might as well win a grand prize," Mr. Ware said.

He punched twice, at random, and smoothed the folded slips of paper that fell out. The first was 268, which won nothing, but the second was 1500—one of the grand prizes. Mr. Ware tossed the slip across the bar.

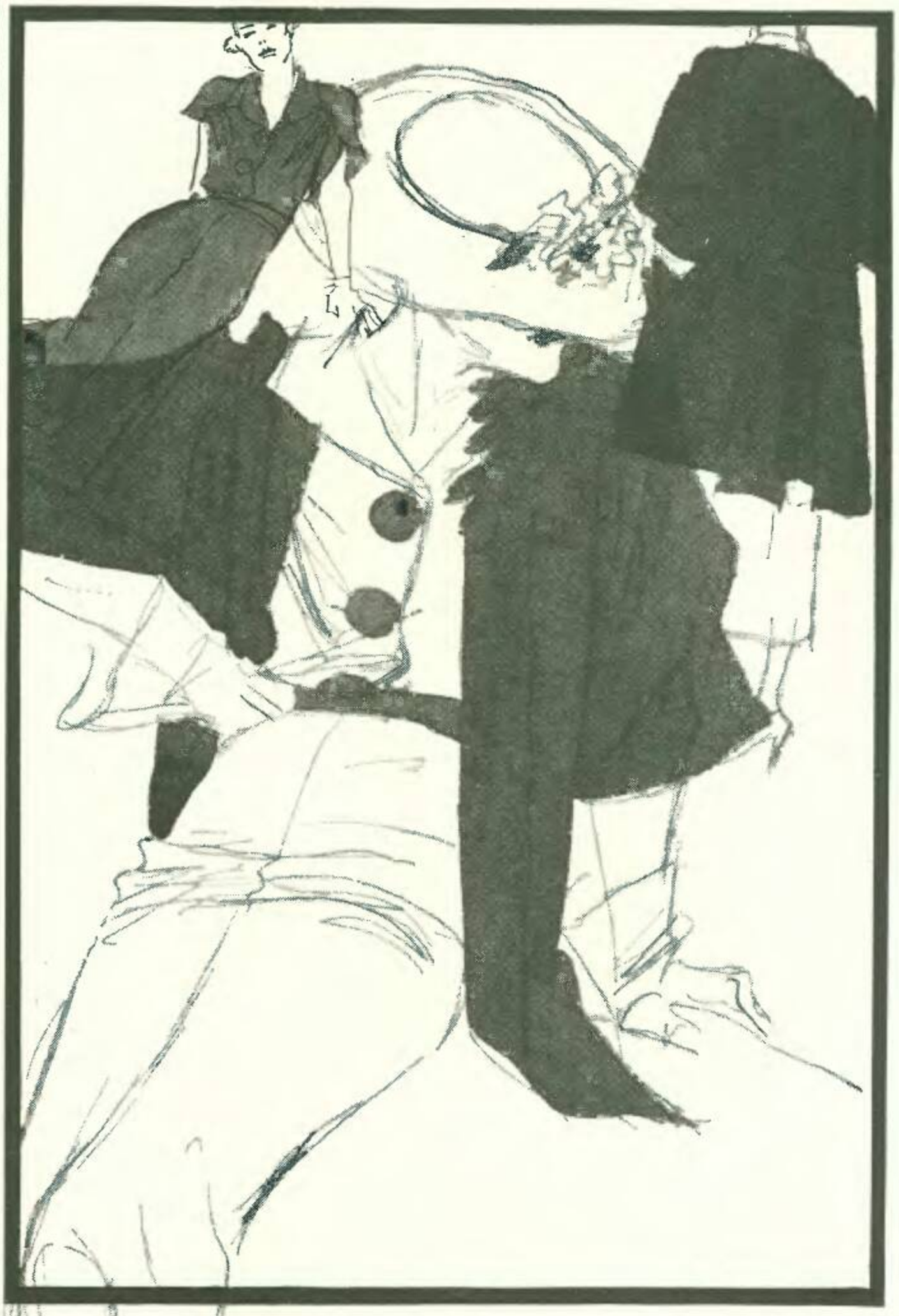
"A big one," he said.

"What?" The blonde looked at the number. "I'll have to get the boss."

MR. WARE began on his sandwich while the girl went to an office at the other end of the room and brought out an unshaven little man in shirtsleeves. He put on glasses and looked at Mr. Ware's slip.

"That's it," he said. "Wish you hadn't stopped in, stranger." He handed over a five-dollar bill, and pried a wallet from the card behind the punch-





smart alix...

changed our simple American clothes for us. This little summer crepe has the new feeling in the soft shirred drape of its bodice, but a silk linen swagger coat helps you get used to the idea... Lovely colors—Wedgewood blue or flesh with Dubonnet coat, belt and buttons; white with navy or brown. 22.50
Sizes 12 to 20. Daytime Shop, Third Floor

Lord & Taylor

Fifth Avenue, New York

We have done all the preliminary inspecting for you



CALL us at PLaza 3-2260 about any apartment you may be interested in and we can tell you all about it. Besides knowing the apartments in the many buildings we represent in nearly every residential district, we have lists and plans of all others, and our brokers have made personal inspections. We can tell you immediately if an apartment fits your needs and budget. By our selective method we save you the time and annoyance of useless hunting. Apartments from 1 to 16 rooms.

East Side

563 Park Avenue	10 rooms, 4 baths	*from*	$5,000
N. E. Corner 62nd St.	16 rooms, 6 baths		6,000
876 Park Avenue	Doctor's Office, 3 rooms, 1 bath		2,400
S. W. Corner 78th St.	Private entrance, Cooperative bldg.		
969 Park Avenue	8 rooms, 3 baths	*from*	3,000
N. E. Corner 82nd St.	Cooperative building		
1060 Park Avenue	4, 5, 6 rooms, 1 and 2 baths	*from*	1,400
N. W. Corner 87th St.	Park Ave. advantages at side street rentals		

West Side

65 Central Pk. W.	5 and 6 rooms, 2 baths, also penth'se	*from*	$1,900
N. W. Corner 66th St.	Roof terrace for tenants		
75 Central Pk. W.	4 to 8 rooms, 2 and 3 baths	*from*	2,000
N. W. Corner 67th St.	Cooperative building		
120 Riverside Dr.	7 and 8 rooms, 2 baths	*from*	1,600
N. E. Corner 84th St.	Overlooking Hudson River		
125 Riverside Dr.	4, 6 and 7 rooms, 1 and 2 baths	*from*	1,120
at 84th St.	Overlooking Hudson River		
404 Riverside Dr.	3, 4 and 10 rooms, 1 to 3 baths	*from*	1,500
S. E. Corner 113th St.	View of River. Spacious rooms		
106 West 69th St.	3 and 4 rooms, 1 bath	*from*	840
Near Columbus Ave.	Sunny Apartments		
44 West 77th St.	8 and 9 rooms, 3 baths	*from*	1,900
Opposite Museum	Studio Ceiling 16 feet high		

For all information call Renting and Managing Agent

POTTER, HAMILTON & COMPANY, INC.

15 East 53rd Street **Telephone PLaza 3-2260**

The Bedford Hotel

118 East 40th St.

A Continental Home in New York

1 & 2 ROOM SUITES

Charming Furnishings. Serving Pantries. Restaurant and Lounge Cafe.

CLUB LUNCHEON 65c UP

Private Rooms for Social Affairs

Ownership Management. Cal. 5-1000

FRANK B. DOHERTY, M'G'R.

FOR RENT

Studio Apartment, May to October. Completely furnished, very large living room with skylight, bedroom, dining room, kitchenette, bath. Entire top floor, three fireplaces. Just off Fifth Avenue—$80.00 per month. **'Phone—St. 9-0928**

Light, airy and conveniently located **Apartment** for rent May 15th to September 15th, completely furnished, living room, dining room, two master bedrooms and bath, kitchen, maid's room and bath, in modern elevator apartment house a step West of Fifth Avenue on Eleventh Street. $125.00 a month. **'Phone Al. 4-4452**

board. By this time the blonde had called in another waitress and the cook, to see the lucky guy.

"And with all I've spent on that board," said the cook, "and never won a nickel."

Mr. Ware felt genially superior.

"I'm ahead of every game in the world," he said. "Monte Carlo, the ponies, bridge—and now even punchboards."

"I wish I had your luck," said the blonde.

Mr. Ware put a quarter on the bar.

"Try five punches," he said. "Maybe I'll bring you luck."

None of the five punches won anything.

"Takes me, I guess," said Mr. Ware.

"Maybe you're from the company that makes these boards," said the blonde. "Maybe you know something."

Mr. Ware laughed.

"Sure I know. I know about the wheels at Monte Carlo, too."

But some of the pleasure in his achievement was gone.

Mr. Ware finished his sandwich, laid another quarter on the bar, and went out to his car and drove away. He had the five dollars and the wallet, but he didn't enjoy them now as much as he had at first. People never gave him credit. Saying he knew about those numbers! He'd half a mind to go back and spend the whole five dollars just to show them.

—EDWARD L. GORDY

•

"Case: Evans; Lawrence, Nina and Tina.

"When Mr. Evans registered he seemed quite radical in his ideas. When we visited the home, we could understand. They live with the wife's mother and as he had been out of work for some time, he could not pay the mother-in-law anything. To add to his troubles, all the fingers from his right hand were gone as the result of an accident. His wife was a hunch-back and the baby was cross-eyed. We sent him out to the farm . . . and now he has a smile for everyone."—*From a Federal Relief Administration report.*

We mustn't rest till he laughs out loud.

•

For Faulkner has hopped off in this novel into the clearer lanes of ordinary narration rich as raisins with a wealth of airpockets that drop you plummetwise into eerie realms of good old-fashioned suspense.—*Charles Wagner in the Daily Mirror.*

It's a long lane that has no raisins or airpockets.

Ask a Cuban

if you want to know about rum



WATCH a Cuban test rum: he sniffs it to try the bouquet; he tilts the glass to see its "body"; a little on the tongue for flavor; he swallows it to ascertain its smoothness, mellowness; he experiences its warmth, its afterglow. Like as not, if it answers all his tests, it's

HAVANA CLUB
Straight Cuban
RUM

Havana Club is the "PRIVATE STOCK" Rum of José Arechabala, distillers and sugar planters since 1878 — mellow, aged, smooth. Tourists to Havana can tell you, or if you like first hand information, just try the

HAVANA CLUB
RUM
Cocktail

HAVANA CLUB
improves *any*
Rum Cocktail

½ Havana Club Cuban Rum + ½ Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth
+ Cherry = HAVANA CLUB RUM COCKTAIL

Sole Agents in the U.S.A. for HAVANA CLUB and MARTINI & ROSSI

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.



AFTER THE THEATRE

BOB GRANT

with his Popular Dance Orchestra

THE INIMITABLE

DWIGHT FISKE

IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO

Cocktail Hour Dancing daily and Sunday
BASIL FOMEEN and his Internationals

Snack Bar Luncheon and Dinner daily and Sunday.
"Brunch" the late Sunday Breakfast and Luncheon

Air-Conditioned

Café Lounge and Snack Bar

SAVOY-PLAZA

FIFTH AVE • 58th to 59th STS • NEW YORK

A New Expression

SUMMER DINING

on the Avenue

OPENING WEDNESDAY, MAY 15

Sidewalk Terrace

AND

Venetian Room

JULES & JOE

At the Twin Grand Pianos

One Fifth Avenue

at 8th STREET

Reservations: Phone Leo, Spring 7-7000

THE RACE TRACK

A Derby in the Rain—Lucky Omaha, Unlucky Today—A Preakness Tip



IT'S difficult to have a satisfactory race with unsatisfactory horses. Omaha won the Kentucky Derby by only a length and a half. There was amazement, amounting almost to indignation, on the part of his backers that he didn't win by six lengths, with Nellie Flag, Boxthorn, Today, Plat Eye, and the others beaten to blazes, and there was quite as much surprise from the rest of us that he won at all.

I never shall become lyrical about Omaha. He's not as handsome as Gallant Fox, his sire, who won the Derby in the rain five years ago, and he's clumsy and slow to settle in his stride—a disadvantage in The Preakness on Saturday, for the Pimlico track is narrow and the turns are sharp. Obviously, Omaha is a stayer; still, I can't forget that Roman Soldier, who raced in Florida all winter (Joe Widener says that this speaks well for Hialeah as a training ground), was second in the Derby, and Whiskolo, whose form in the hinterland was more moderate, was third. Oh, well, I expect that Omaha will be just another Faireno in my book—another of William Woodward's horses I don't like, but who'll win race after race.

There really was some excuse for Today's letting us down, and I still think he's the top three-year-old. He bruised a heel the morning before the Derby—of course it had to be the foot that was hurt last season. So vets were called in, and there were consultations and long-distance telephone calls. Finally, an hour before race time, Sonny Whitney, on the advice of Tom Healey, his trainer, decided to run the colt. My Derby luck still holds bad. I'd no sooner written that all was well with Chance Sun, my earlier choice, than he was retired for the year. He'd developed something worse than fallen arches.

LEAVING the wailing wall, and returning to the race, there was the usual slam-bang at the start, which Omaha escaped. Plat Eye led for more than halfway, and a man named Zam-

NOT OF THE COMMON MOLD

A certain distinction in atmosphere—a certain nicety in service—a certain exclusiveness in clientele—these are the things which set The Beekman apart from—and above—other fine residential hotels. In everything which makes for gracious living. The Beekman is decidedly not of the common mold. Apartments of 2 to 7 rooms Furnished or Unfurnished.

Arrangements may be made for Luncheons, Bridges, Teas and other functions.

THE BEEKMAN

575 PARK AVE. AT 63RD ST.

EDWARD L. BUCKLEY, JR., MANAGER

1010

FIFTH AVENUE

North Corner 82nd Street

Distinctive apartments overlooking Central Park. Well-proportioned, conveniently situated. Now renting for October occupancy.

7 ★ 9 ★ 11 and 12 rooms

INSPECTION INVITED

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT CO., INC.
551 Fifth Avenue
VAnderbilt 3-6320

DINE IN CENTRAL PARK

The Tavern-on-the-Green

UNIQUE

For its five PRIX FIXE meals daily
BREAKFAST—LUNCHEON
AFTERNOON TEA—DINNER—SUPPER
Music—Dancing

CENTRAL PARK WEST 67 ST. ENTRANCE

bole, who'd wired Mrs. Payne Whitney that he'd dreamed that her horse had won the Derby, must have had a high moment as he sat beside his radio. Boxthorn was going well, and so was Psychic Bid, who'll do better at six furlongs, but I thought Today hardly had racing room halfway down the backstretch, though he ran gallantly enough for all that he'd spent most of the day and night before with his foot in a tub of hot water.

I was watching Omaha, too, who started to move up at about the same point where Gallant Fox began his spectacular rush in the 1930 Derby. In a furlong or so, Omaha had swept past everything but Plat Eye, and in another furlong he was in front. After that he won rather easily.

The Kentuckians always must have a horse for the Derby. This year it was Nellie Flag. I didn't think she'd be third. At least I was right about that—she was fourth. And Sonny Whitney won a dinner from Herbert Swope, who bet that Nellie Flag wouldn't be post favorite. Nellie, who has the conformation of a colt, and no feminine whimsies, had a rough time, but I don't think she'd have won with all the luck in the world.

Ed Bradley was quite sure Boxthorn would win. His colt looked well, too, but wasn't up to running a mile and a quarter in his first race of the year. He will not start for The Preakness; Black Helen, who galloped off with the Florida Derby (beating Roman Soldier by six lengths), will have that honor. By the way, Meade is riding well again. He slammed Dixiana's Upholder and Mrs. Peter Widener's Johnnycake as neatly as I've ever seen him do it at Hialeah in winning with Bien Joli.

My choice for The Preakness this weekend, if I must have one, is Rosemont. He hasn't done quite so much travelling as the other colts.

OH, yes, I flew out to the Kentucky Derby—Colonel Martingale always loves the hard way—and if you must know, I could have made better time on my scooter. Even the train that brought us in was hours late. Next year I'll try a carrier pigeon.

Louisville has changed a lot. There's even more of the political-convention, street-carnival atmosphere. Colonel Martingale had to be forcibly restrained from collecting too many sausage balloons, rubber horses, canes with streamers, and parti-colored jockey caps. I don't know how many people were at Churchill Downs on Derby Day, but

CHINTZ OR CRETONNE

GARDEN WORK FROCK

WITH HOOK-ON KNEE-PAD



It has a place for everything! Pockets for packets of seeds. Kneepad to hook on. Adjustable non-slip shoulder straps. Snappers, hooks, etc., riveted on as in men's work clothes.

6.95

Sizes 14 to 20

CHINTZ as pictured

Blue
Rose
Orange
Brown

CRETONNE, large floral

Brown Plum
Black Green

Get it at Best's

FIFTH AVE. STORE OR SUBURBAN BRANCHES



907
FIFTH AVENUE
At 72nd Street

The apartments in 907 Fifth Avenue are modernly appointed and spacious. Each has an unobstructed view of the park.

The quiet dignity and homelike atmosphere of the building will appeal to you.

Apartments of from 8 to 15 rooms

★

WM. A. WHITE & SONS
Established 1868
422 PARK AVENUE • ELDORADO 5-1450

they bet more than a million dollars in the mutuels, and I'll lay a little (8–5) that not half of them saw all of any race. And some—even boxholders—stood for hours in the rain, and liked it. Matt Winn puts on a good show.

WELL, King Saxon won the Excelsior Handicap at Jamaica after all. Perhaps the sprinters are moving up. Mrs. Deering Howe's Only One, who finished third to the King in the Paumonok, won the Dixie Handicap at Pimlico.

I HAD no idea that Carroll Bassett sculptures horses as well as he rides them, until I saw his exhibition at 10 East Fiftieth Street last week. I daresay he violates all tradition by making horses so like their prototypes that you can identify them. My choices were the bas-relief of the Maryland Hunt Cup—poor Trouble Maker taking a fence—and two mares and foals.

DERBY DAY: The program-markers—Matt Winn marking Jim Farley's card, Bob Smith marking John Curry's, Mrs. Jock Whitney marking Ambassador Rosso's. . . . Bill Dwyer just up from Miami for the day. . . . Walter O'Hara of Narragansett Park and Lou Smith of Rockingham, not sitting in the same box. . . . Rudy Vallée, without his smoked glasses, directing the little orchestra under the odds board in the paddock. . . . Governor Laffoon, who's breveted a regiment of colonels, waving his white hat at the airplanes. . . . Jouett Shouse wearing the brightest checked suit I ever saw. . . . Jock Whitney watching the saddling of Plat Eye. . . . Arthur Hancock cheering for Omaha and Whiskolo. Both came from his farm. . . . Sam Riddle cheering for Man o' War's grandchild, Nellie Flag. . . . The parading colonels, especially the little fat one with the very yellow Sam Browne belt. . . . The militia using night sticks to keep the crowd in the infield. . . . And the crowd booing the militia. . . . The team of brewers' big horses that never moved all afternoon. . . . The claiming paddock. It's bigger than Hialeah's. . . . And Colonel Martingale leaving a trail of mutuel tickets behind him.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

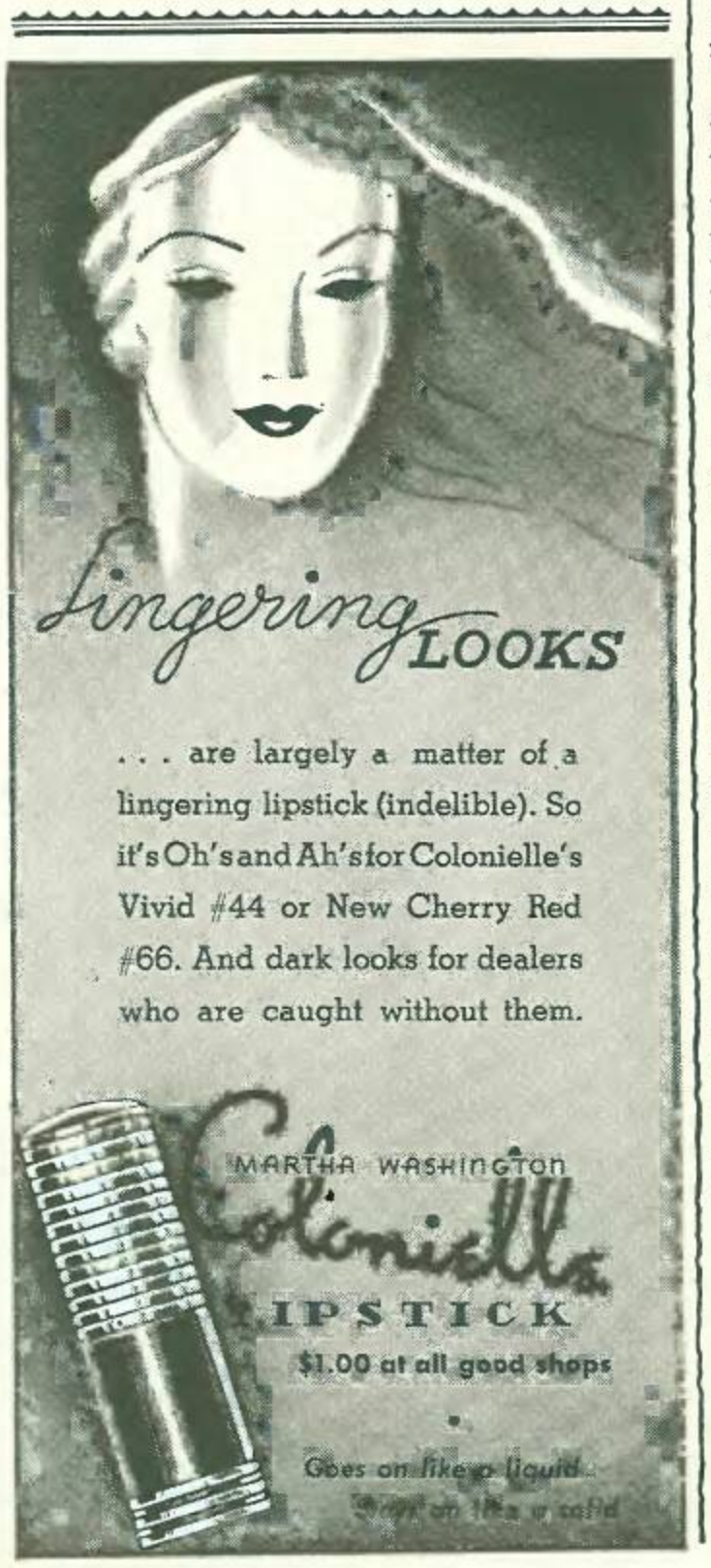
Having a baby is one of the thousands of things that can hardly be done today without the telephone.—*Adv. in the Post.*

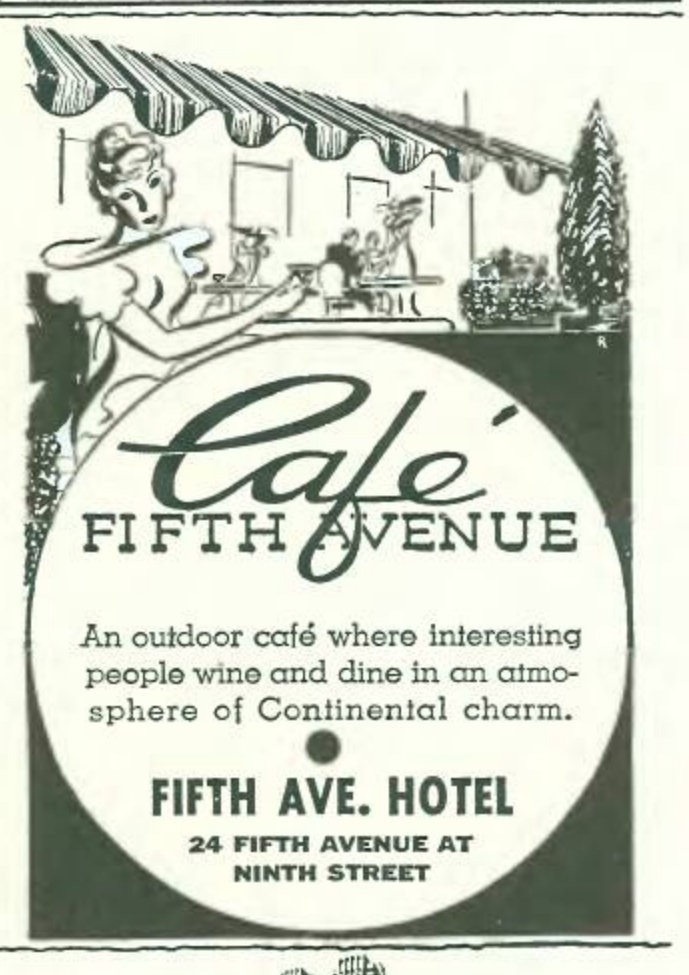
Well—maybe once in a great while.

NETHERLAND
RESTAURANT AND BAR



LUNCHEON · DINNER
COCKTAIL DANCING
JOSEPH ZATOUR'S MUSIC
AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER
★
call Paul: VOLUNTEER 5-2800
The Sherry-Netherland
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH

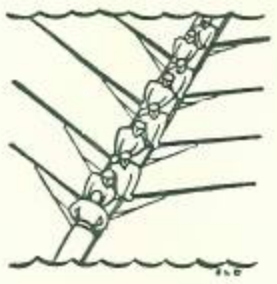






THE OARSMEN

Surprise, Surprise! — Confusion on the Charles



PENN'S performance in the Blackwell Cup Regatta will probably stick in my mind for some time to come as one of the season's most exciting rowing events. There are two things that make a crew race exciting, and this race had both: brilliant rowing, and a victory for the underdog. Everybody was convinced that Yale would win without much difficulty, especially as scholastic troubles had deprived Penn of Peter Reed, their veteran stroke. It may be that the Yale oarsmen had been hearing too much of this talk for their own good; when they saw how good Penn really was, they seemed to get a little panicky. I can't help it if you think "panicky" too strong a term for a steadily rowing crew; it's as near as I can come to finding a word for the difference between a smooth, confident application of power and the same power applied not with confidence but with a prayer. Yale crews are pretty well used to other crews' getting the jump on them at the start, but they aren't used to being jumped the way Penn jumped them last Saturday. Penn started off at a stroke of forty-three, and inside of the first minute there was open water between the shells. Columbia had got off to as good a start as Yale, and soon made its only contribution to the outcome of the race: the cox veered over toward Yale, forcing the Yale cox to get into Penn's wake for a few strokes. Penn never let the stroke get below thirty-six for the rest of the distance, and the best that Yale could do was close up the gap of open water. Lloyd Saxton, stroking his first big race, did an excellent job for Penn. Castle, the Yale stroke, seemed to be skying a bit, just at the catch. (And perhaps I should mention the fact that Arnold Way, the youngster who stroked Columbia against Navy, and who is the best oar at Columbia, wasn't in the boat.) In the final sprint, Penn got the stroke up over forty and finished just three seconds under the record it established last year in the Adams Cup Regatta—under approximately similar wind and weather conditions.

Yale took all the other races, and there was some good rowing in each of them. Columbia's second crew,



● Moulding you to the slender, harmonious lines that make you a symphony in chiffon or a slimster in sports clothes, Vassarette Foundations are delightfully comfortable and utterly controlling . . . from morning coffee to midnight caviar. Vassarette Girdles, Pantie-Girdles, All-in-Ones . . . of specially processed Lastex . . . for slims, plumps and in-betweens. Insist on a fitting in the one meant for you. $5.00 to $15.00 at better stores everywhere. Vassar Company, 180 Madison Avenue, New York, 2579 Diversey Avenue, Chicago.

● *Pictured, left, the new Vassarette All-in-One Foundation with panel for flattening control. The bandeau top is adjustable and most uplifting.* $10.00.

Copyright 1935 by Vassar Company

ESTABLISHED 1874

Wetzel

2 AND 4 EAST 44TH STREET • NEW YORK



©WETZEL, INC.

WETZEL IS MORE THAN A NAME IN A FINE SUIT OF CLOTHES. IT IS A WAY OF MAKING CLOTHES THAT IS AS INDIVIDUAL AS THE MAN WHO WEARS THEM.

wisely choosing to row as 150's instead of as the second varsity, finished a bare half-length behind Yale. The Pennsylvania jayvees, trailing Yale by half a length, put on such a good show of strength that Ed Leader was looking thoughtful even before the varsity crews were on the water. And of course there was the Columbia freshman boat. The margin was, again, a bare half-length. Everybody now tells you to keep your eye on the freshmen and see what a swell varsity Columbia will have next year. And I'm sure all this optimism is well justified, except that it's bad luck to talk so much so soon.

THE Syracuse-Cornell-Harvard-M.I.T. brush on the Charles was a dreamy, cluttered-up affair, and somehow typical of Boston rowing in its less inspired moments. Whiteside, inconsiderately waiting until after the morning papers had gone to press with the announced seatings, switched his varsity and junior varsity crews. This might be criticized by outsiders as a rather radical procedure, Harvard not being so much given to such antics as Princeton or Syracuse, but it is understandable to Harvard men; the race with Yale was, after all, more than six weeks off, and there was plenty of time for experimentation. The promoted Harvard junior varsity finished a poor third, and will, I imagine, soon find itself demoted. The race resolved itself, almost from the start, into a clash between Syracuse and Cornell, with Harvard and Tech coasting far astern, in attitudes of ill-concealed despondency. Syracuse ploughed through the Charles River basin to a victory of well over a length. It was a deserved victory; and it is simply to keep the record straight that I remark that several people thought Cornell was off her course below the Harvard Bridge. At any rate, Cornell looked remarkably good in defeat. I have a lot of respect for a Navy shell which could lead her by two lengths. —No. 5

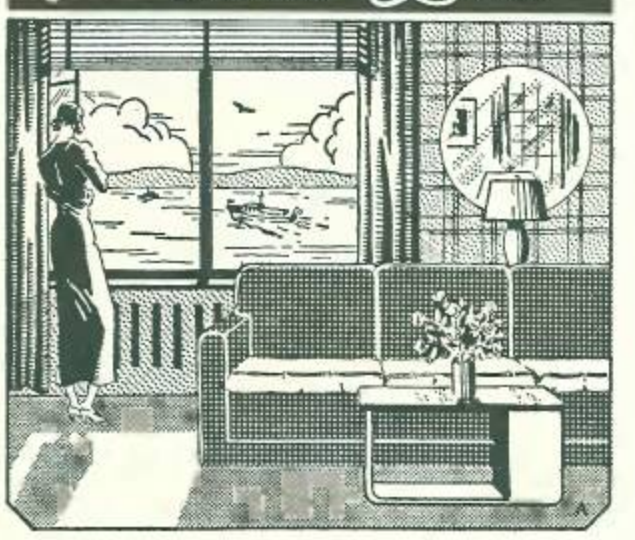
•

"Then flop over, knees straight and abdomen in, but letting your arms and head dangle while you flop loosely as though there were a spring in the center of your back and slap the floor with your relaxed hands, first palms and then backs. Then straighten, slapping your body all the way up till your arms fly to the stars in an abandoned gesture. Repeat, slapping your way down and up. Then shake each leg in turn. Maybe that doesn't loosen you up and make your blood leap." —*Collier's.*

Leap, or boil.

Southgate

BEEKMAN HILL



THE charm and quietude of a waterfront country home plus the convenience of mid-town location is offered by this exclusive apartment colony.

Adjacent to all forms of transportation and yet secluded from City congestion.

2 to 5 ROOMS

From $720. to $2400.

Some with dropped living rooms. Real wood-burning fireplaces. Dining Galleries or Alcoves

PENTHOUSES • TERRACES
STUDIOS

Renting office at 414 East 52nd Street

East 51st & 52nd Sts.



THE DE MARCOS

America's Foremost Dancers. Many of their intricate new steps are inspired by the picture, "In Caliente" in which they are featured

•

EMIL COLEMAN

AND HIS RENOWNED ORCHESTRA

appearing at Dinner and Supper and on Sunday at Dinner and at the Sunday Cocktail Dansant

•

THE COCKTAIL HOUR DAILY

GEORGE STERNEY

and his Plaza Dance Orchestra

The Persian Room at the Plaza

TEE AND GREEN

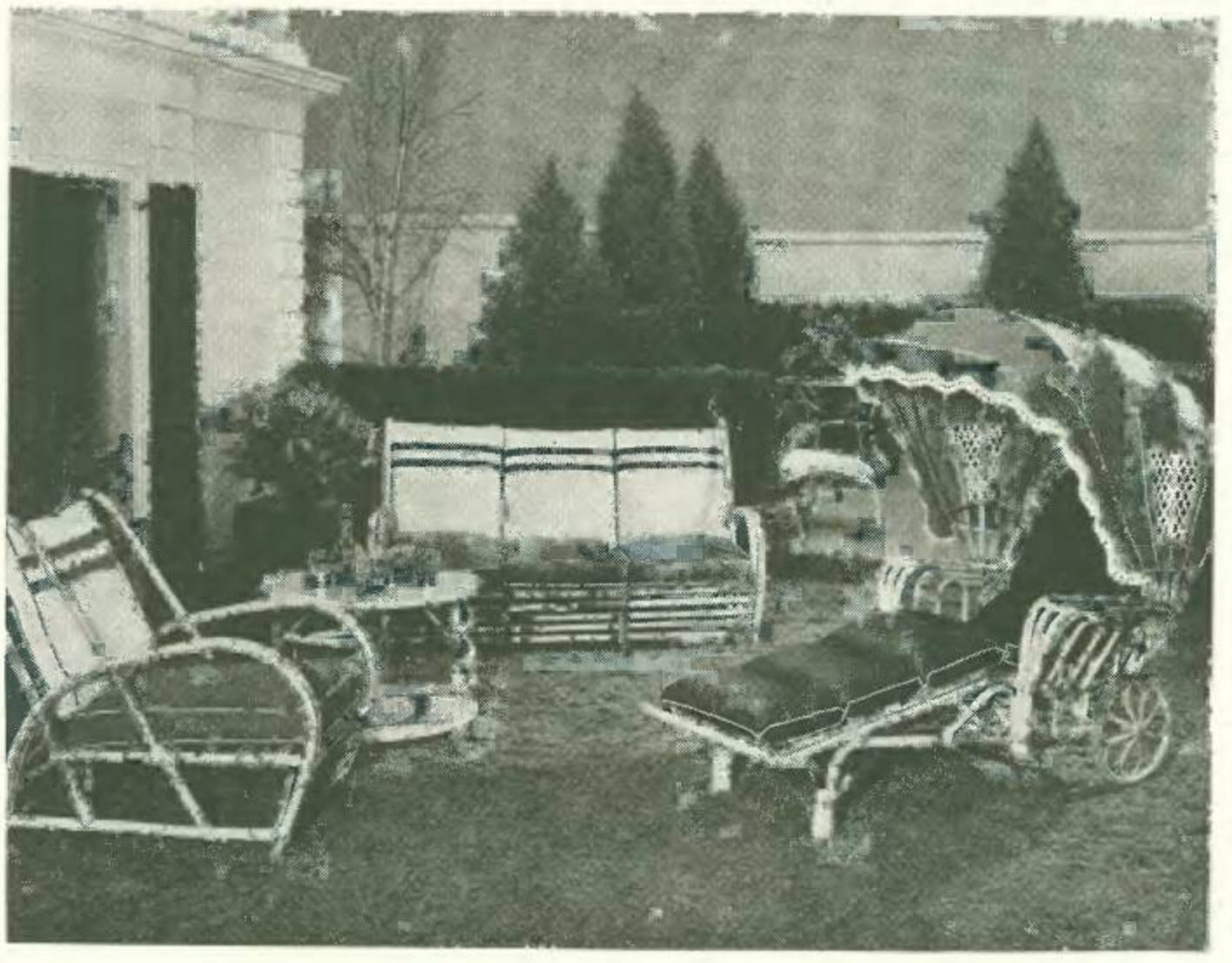
College Athlete—The Season's Innovations



WHAT amateur golf champions do while the professionals are keeping their games in top-notch condition with the round of winter tournaments is something that has always interested us. When we saw Lawson Little, Jr., at Augusta a few weeks ago, we found out. Little belongs to the school of golfers which believes that the ability to sink a fifteen-foot putt depends less upon Providence than upon rigorous diet, diligent training, and intense determination. After winning the United States Amateur last year—a feat which made him easily the outstanding amateur player in the world—he went back to Stanford and started serious preparation for the Grand Slam he hopes to score this season. He got up early, ran three miles before breakfast, played golf from two to four hours every afternoon, and subjected himself to a routine of conditioning like that of a star shot-putter. The problem of how to honor an undergraduate sportsman far more celebrated than the captain of the football team baffled Stanford's athletic authorities for a time. When Little became a member of the United States Walker Cup team last year, a proposal to reward him with a major sports letter was turned down. He got his block "S" for winning the British Amateur last spring, and this helped further to make his demeanor on the campus resemble that of a typical college athlete. Six months of assiduous attention to golf failed to convince Little that he had done all that could be expected of him. On the contrary, he decided that the fact that he had been playing regularly over a long period meant that faults must inevitably have crept into his game. He went to Augusta a week before the Masters' Tournament and played twenty-seven holes a day in the effort to correct them.

What happened at Atlanta must have been thoroughly disconcerting to a young man with Little's mania for self-improvement. He and Tommy Armour, who had helped him straighten out his iron shots last summer, played four rounds, on each of which Little had a better medal score than the pro-

Summer Scene



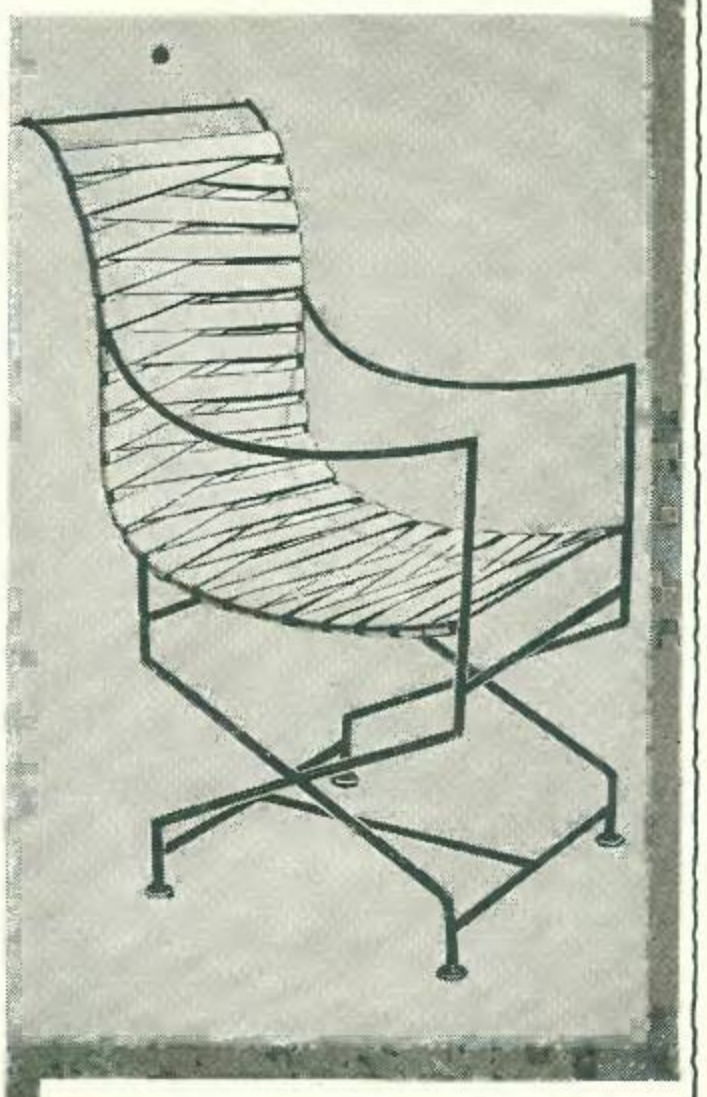
This set, sturdily constructed of reed, with a choice of covers, is $160 . . . for settee and two chairs. The chaise longue, with adjustable back, offers a million dollars' worth of relaxation for $100. (Shrubbery by Hicks Nurseries)

FOR a time-saving summary of summery furnishings, visit Sloane's Terrace Shop and see the many combinations of coolness, color and comfort contrived for porch or penthouse by our Master Craftsmen. An attractive out-of-doors need not mean "out of pocket". . . here you'll find the answer to whatever price you have in mind.

W. & J. SLOANE

575 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

IRON with TAPE



METAL CHAIRS . . . New and exclusive. Bottle green iron framework, strong, steady though light weight. Criss-cross bands of white tape for figure fitting comfort.

Arm chairs **$18.00**

Side chairs **$14.50**

DECORATING on Land and Sea

Yacht! Cottage! Cabana! Penthouse! . . . And we decorate them in manners refreshing to the eye and completely practical. You'll find us full of suggestions and helpful hints, nor will our recommendations exceed your budget. You'll find, too, the grandest collection of Summer furniture on display. New! Unusual! Worth your attention! See it today.

●

Write today for "Elsie de Wolfe's Journal" of Furniture, Gift and Decorating Suggestions.

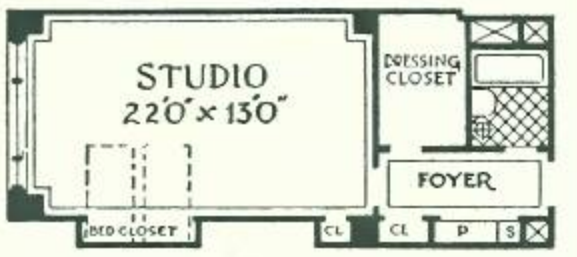
Elsie de Wolfe
DECORATORS Inc.
677 Fifth Avenue, New York

fessional, but instead of giving his pupil helpful advice, Armour maintained an ominous and stony silence. Finally, sitting in the locker-room afterward, Little asked for a diagnosis. What mistakes was he making and how could they be cured? Armour shook his head. "There isn't a thing wrong," he said. "You're playing grand golf, and if you keep on the way you're going, you've a fine chance to win this tournament."

THE idea that regular hours of sleep, early-morning exercise, and a rigid diet are likely to have the same beneficial effect on a golf-player that they have, for instance, on a runner or a pugilist is so tempting that more experienced players than Little have been seduced by it before. A year ago, Gene Sarazen astounded those of his confreres who share Walter Hagen's belief that the surest guarantee of a delicate putting touch is a *nuit blanche* and a whiskey breakfast, by his preparations for the British Open. He began to eat tubfuls of salad, played golf only on raw and windy days, and lost several pounds in Turkish baths. When an erratic young Englishman named Cotton beat him by a dozen strokes, it ended Sarazen's timid hope that the length of his iron shots could be regulated by vitamins. When he arrived at Augusta for the Masters' Tournament this spring, he had completely regained his old confidence, based on intangibles. As that tournament turned out, Little entirely justified Armour's prophecy by coming within four strokes of the winning score, with par for his four rounds. Three of the four strokes that separated him from the winner were, of course, the ones that Sarazen picked up by making the most providential shot of his career, the one he holed out from two hundred yards.

THE golf-ball situation seems to be more complicated than ever. Last year, Walter Hagen, who used to start the season by going abroad to win the British Open, made a sensation more in keeping with his years by finding out that breakfast honey was the ideal material to put at the core. This season, the Crawford, McGregor & Canby Company announce that they are making golf balls with a dry-ice centre; the Spun Latex U. S. Royal has a new kind of thread inside and a Javanese substance called Tjipetir outside; and there is a new ball called the Burbank, whose distinguishing attribute is an up-to-date streamlined cover. —N.F.B.

BEAUX-ARTS
APARTMENTS, Inc.
310 EAST 44th · NEW YORK



A Complete Home for 2

with disappearing twin beds, dressing closet and G. E. Refrigeration, unfurnished . . Monthly from **$55**

***Saving in CARFARE through FREE BUS SERVICE** **$5**

So, you see, your **Real Expense per Mo. is** **$50**

Also 2 & 3 Rooms

PENSION PLAN *American Home Cooking*

***FREE BUS TO GRAND CENTRAL AND ROCKEFELLER CENTER**

John M. Cobden, Manager Murray Hill 4-4800



Chatham Walk

NEW YORK'S SMARTEST BOULEVARD CAFE

Now Open for Luncheon Cocktail Hour and Dinner

Fixed Price Luncheon $1
Dinner $2

Hotel Chatham

VANDERBILT AVENUE AT 48th STREET

Under the direction of Martin Sweeny



RESTAURANTS

Nice Little Place



THE hitch in reporting on nice, cheap little places is that from the moment they are reported on they are likely to stop being either nice or cheap. It is therefore with some misgivings that I submit the following list of what were, at the time of my last visits, unpretentious little restaurants serving honest food and (in most cases) honest drink. If I thought that as many as six of you hung around waiting for my pronouncements before dashing out in search of food, I wouldn't bring up the matter at all, for these places are all small, and some of them are already well filled.

Certainly if you plan to try the good, savory cooking of Maurice, at 132 East 61st Street, you had better arrange a stagger system among yourselves, as there are not many vacant tables to be had at any time. The cooking is good *cuisine bourgeoise*: a better-than-ordinary hors-d'œuvre, a hearty country soup, entrée, and a simple sweet dish and good coffee. Dinner runs from seventy-five to ninety-five cents, depending on the price of the entrée, and there is passable wine to be had by the glass as well as by the bottle. No hard liquor is served, but there is some dry Amontillado sherry that gets you off to a good start. The place has a friendly air, and the food is better than that of some of the Parisian restaurants which Street puts in his Fourth Group.

Felice's, at 21 West 9th Street, is one little Italian place among a million or so little Italian places in Greenwich Village. The food is of good quality and carefully cooked, everything isn't plastered over with tomato sauce, and there isn't that sickening smell of fried food for which cheap Village restaurants are so justly famous. You will have to telephone ahead (or wait twenty minutes) for the risotto with chicken livers, but it's worth waiting for. Besides the regular Italian dishes, there is a variety of well-cooked fish—pompano is the best thing right now. There is a pleasant little bar in back of the restaurant, and a longish list of imported wines, but I found a California Chianti with a good earthy tang that goes well with the robust country cooking. The menu is



"Oh, Captain—so many of us are going to Essex House that I thought it would be handier if you'd let us off at 59th St. before you go to your regular pier."

ESSEX HOUSE

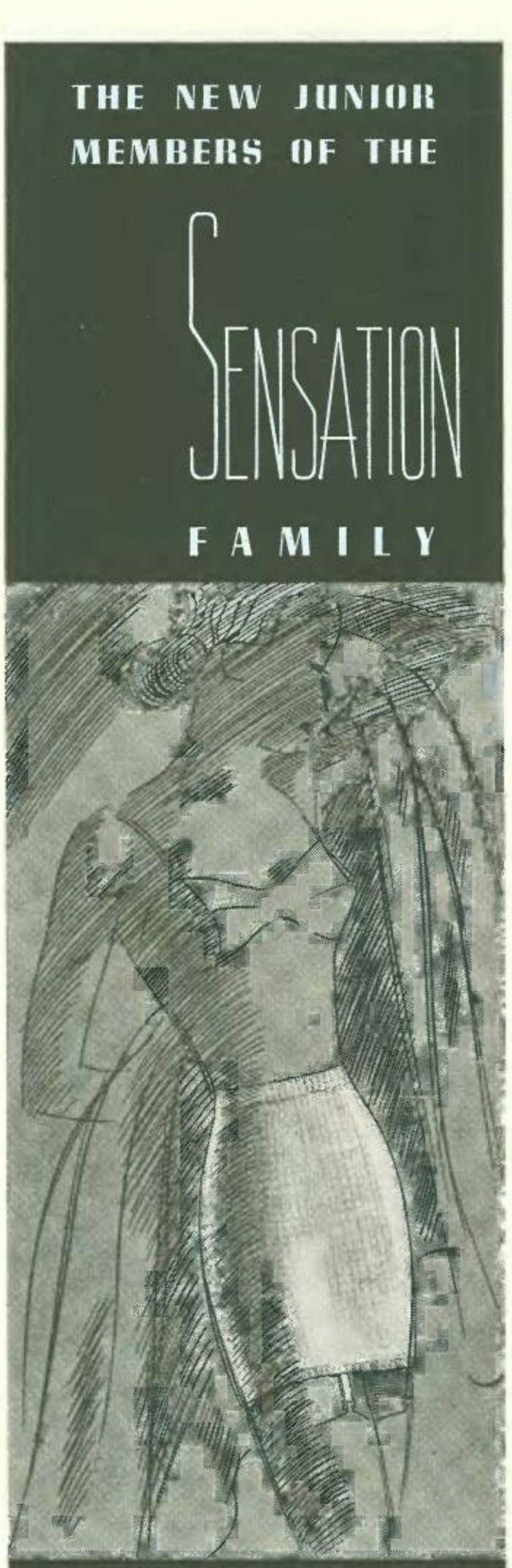
160 Central Park South



THE NEW JUNIOR MEMBERS OF THE

SENSATION

FAMILY



Fashioned from dainty open weave Lastex featuring the new Callipygian double support back . . . The ideal foundation for now and on through warmer weather.

MITE. . . 10 inch Boneless Lastex Step-in . . **2.50**

WINX. . . 12 inch Boneless Lastex Step-in . . **3.50**

POSE. . . 14 inch Boneless Lastex Step-in . . **3.00**

THIRD FLOOR

THE NEW SAKS-34TH

BROADWAY AT 34th STREET

à la carte, and most of the entrées are around fifty cents, although broiled lobster gets up to seventy-five. If you are one who, like me, thinks that a strong Romano cheese can spoil a dish of spaghetti, you should ask for the freshly grated Parmigiano; otherwise you won't get it. The management is exceedingly obliging and civil, however, so it is easy to get what you want.

The Griffon, at 77 Park Avenue (39th), is more than a cut above anything on West 9th Street. The dinner starts at a dollar, and lunch is seventy-five cents, and there is no Village riffraff present. The cooking is usually good, although some of the dishes are only passable. Whenever frogs' legs Provençale appear on the menu, they shouldn't be missed. The high spot of the place, as far as I am concerned, is a Saarburger Schlossberg '31. It is something between a Moselle and a Rhine, and is as delightful and frivolous a little wine as you could want of a warm spring day.

ACTUALLY, there isn't much sense in mentioning Pietro's, at 201 East 45th Street, as the place is already so crowded with *Daily News* men, *Mirror* men, and people with offices in the nearby Chrysler Building that there won't be room for more than six of you newcomers. The restaurant is small and shabby, and up a rickety flight of steps; it is very clean, however, and the food—mostly veal and chicken—is fair, with the vegetables well cooked, which is unusual in small Italian places. The ordinary table wine isn't bad, and the vintage wines are remarkable. The wine list is an extremely unbalanced one, with some really great red wines (all from the cellars of the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo), and nothing worth speaking of in the way of white wine. There is a 1911 Chambertin that is nothing short of magnificent, selling for $3.75 a bottle; a very fine Château Dufort Vivons '17 at $2.75; and an equally good Romanée '19. There is, oddly enough, an exquisite St. Pierre Sevaistre Beychevelle 1917, which I have never before drunk in this country, as all of the very small output is usually consumed in Belgium.

Le Mont d'Or, at 255 East 48th Street, is a cheerful, clean little place with an obliging management and simple French home cooking. By no stretch of the imagination can the food be called fine, but there are such heartening *plats de famille* as broiled pigs' feet, tripe à la mode de Caen, and calves' brains au beurre noir that are

NO TWO APARTMENTS ALIKE

in the former

PULITZER MANSION

Each apartment is individually planned and provides the attractive features of a private home in combination with the more desirable elements of apartment and hotel service. Among the few remaining apartments of 1 to 6 rooms, some of which are duplex, are a 6-room maisonette with private garden, and a 4-room apartment with a terrace.

Representative at the building

11 East 73rd Street

Designed by Stanford White

BROWN. WHEELOCK. HARRIS & CO. INC.

14 E. 47th ST. Wic. 2-5500

Renting and Managing Agents



Calling all connoisseurs for the pedigreed victuals served in our table d'hote lunch (75c. up) and our dinner ($1.10 up).

SEVENTY

PARK AVENUE

Dining Room

CORNER 38th STREET

well done. The mussels usually on the menu are overcooked in a watery sauce, but at least they are fresh, and the salad is crisp and well dressed. There is a bar, and hard liquor is served as well as some indifferent wines. All the same, it's a likable little place, and luncheon is only sixty-five cents.

Lebus, Inc., at 34 East 52nd Street, at first glance looks almost as painfully refined as a tearoom, but it turns out all right, once you have set your teeth in the magnificent Kentucky ham; and there are some simple, well-cooked dishes, including a delicious black-bean soup, on the sixty-five-cent table d'hôte. The wines are nothing much, but they boast a mint julep made of as fine bourbon as I ever drank. The bartender takes ten minutes to mix this splendid drink, which is, of course, innocent of any such indecency as the maraschino cherry, but which, on the other hand, hasn't nearly enough mint to suit me. The fact that Lebus is patronized largely by the big shots from Columbia and N.B.C. doesn't seem to have disturbed either its modest prices or its extreme gentility.

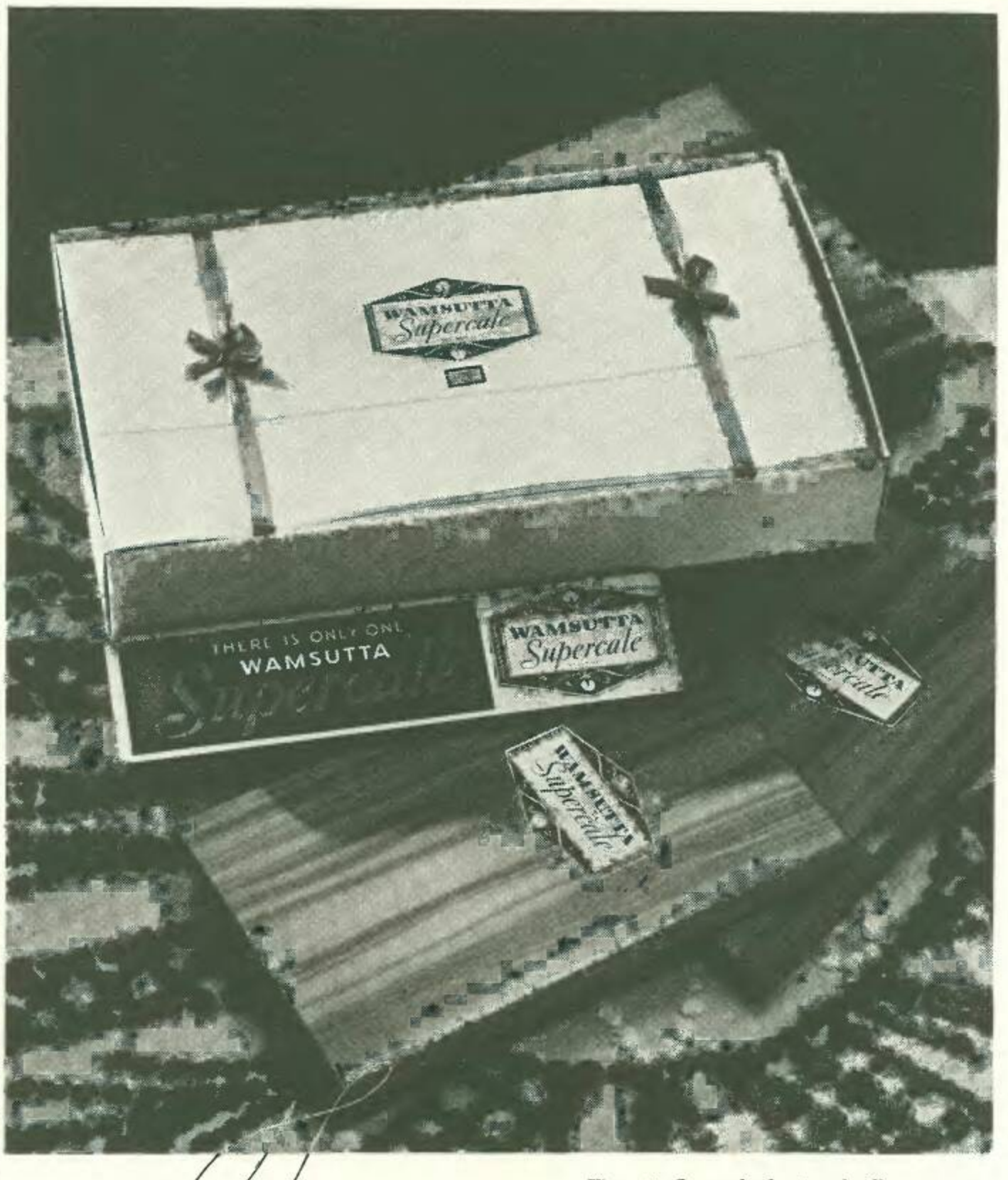
Upper-class eaters will please stop right here and pay no attention to my low weakness for a shabby little place called the Antica Roma Restaurant, at 77 Baxter Street. Alongside of the Antica Roma, Pietro's and Felice's look like nothing short of the Colony, but all the same, the honest, peasant fare is good. The chef has been on the job for twenty-one years, and the same ignoble red ink that saw the restaurant through prohibition is good enough for days given over to less noble experiments. The Antica Roma's clientele has also remained unchanged since the war. The great man of the restaurant (and of the district) is I. L. Levy—son of the $17.50 suits—and at lunch time a long table is reserved for him and a couple of judges from the nearby courts, and half a dozen political henchmen. A scattering of Italians makes up the rest of the clientele. No new customers ever drop in. The chef just cooks for the old crowd, and nobody bothers about building up the business. The place is almost deserted for dinner and closes at nine. —S. H.

• •

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Harvard Alumni Bulletin*]

On Thursday of last week the coaching launch "Frank Thompson" caught on fire, and the flames spread so quickly that Coach Whiteside, Manager Angier, and the engineer, Arthur Sims, had to hurry in getting out.



Wamsutta Supercale sheets and pillow cases are packed in these handsome boxes with a new label in silver, green, and rust . . . For your convenience a woven label indicating the width is sewn on the hem of each sheet.

The first

EQUI-TENSION *sheet since the days of Hand Loom weaving*

Sheets — in the old days — were woven in narrow strips and hemmed up the middle. They were made slowly and all the "threads" were closely watched and tested at every step to make sure that there was an equal tension on all of them, all the time.

Today, in the recently announced *Supercale* sheet, Wamsutta has restored this lost art of EQUI-TENSION. The process is too intricate and technical to be of interest to anyone but a textile expert, but its results will interest you in the greater strength and evenness that they give to *Supercale* sheets. For here — at last — is a sheeting fabric which is even finer, stronger, and smoother than the famous old Wamsutta Percale. And, although the cost is the same, most people say, "It's the most beautiful sheet I've ever seen!"

WAMSUTTA MILLS • *Since 1846 — The Finest of Cottons* • NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

WAMSUTTA *Supercale* **SHEETS**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"You know, if I hadn't seen the bottle, I'd swear this was fresh from the keg!"



CANADA DRY *presents*

HUPFEL'S

the bottled beer that tastes

"Fresh from the Keg"

3 BOTTLES FOR 25¢

(plus deposit)

Also on DRAUGHT at the better bars

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK

BIRTH OF A NOVELTY

I'VE called you people in here today because I've got a great new idea and I think you're the only two writers in the studio who can carry it out. Naturally, I don't want you to say anything about it outside this office, because—well, you know how an idea gets around. You get an idea, and the first thing you know some other supervisor hears about it and passes it off as his own—yes, some fellows will do that sort of a thing—and then where are you? But I know this idea of mine will give you as much of a glow as it does me, and that you'll keep it under your hat.

Well, here goes with the idea. *I think the public is fed up with the conventional mystery story!* They just won't buy it any more. In other words, they're tired of the regulation detective mystery treated in the same old way! But here's my hunch. I believe that if we can get a new angle on a mystery picture, the public will go for it in a big way. And this is what I want to do. This studio owns the rights to a mystery story called "Danger After Dark." At least, that's the present title. Personally, I think we ought to change it to something a little catchier for pictures, maybe something that doesn't even suggest it *is* a mystery story. Because nowadays you can't tell a mystery picture by the title at all. Look at "The Thin Man."

But to get back to this story of ours. I think it's a swell story, and why the company bought it and then kept it on the shelf for three or four years is something I can't understand. I'm telling you, it's a great yarn. It has a little of the quality that that fellow Dashiell Hammett gets into his books, and I think it will make a knockout picture if we only use the proper attack on it. It's all about this detective who gets interested in a case and solves it. You two might make him a retired detective who comes back, just for the fun of the thing. I'll leave that to you.

Anyway, to get down to brass facts, here's my notion about this picture. I want you two to make a screen treatment of this book that's really a detective thriller and *handle it lightly!* Do you get it? I mean, have bright, clever dialogue all the way through and have the main characters, this detective and his wife—there's no wife in the book, but I thought we might write one in—sort of kid the story and the sit-

uations they're in. It'll be a real novelty.

I don't quite know who'll play those parts yet. Maybe a team like Bill Powell and Myrna Loy. Sa-ay, that isn't a bad idea. Let's try to get Loy and Powell for this picture! I have a hunch they'd give it a kind of nice feeling. You know, they'd sort of show the public a different kind of a married couple—you know, kind of friendly and kidding. And incidentally, from all I hear, Powell and Loy are pretty hot at the box office now. That "Thin Man" did them a lot of good.

Of course, in a picture like ours, that we're doing with a new slant to it, I'll just leave the details of the writing to you and not even bother you with suggestions. In fact, I'll just give you a copy of the book and let you go ahead and do the screen treatment without any suggestions at all from me. All I'll do is look over what you've done once in a while, with a sort of fresh eye.

Oh, yes, there was one suggestion—just one—that I wanted to make. But if it doesn't bounce with you, just disregard it. I thought it might be a kind of a cute idea if this detective and his wife had some sort of a pet. I was walking this little dog of mine the other night with my wife and another fellow, and, of course, we had to keep stopping all the time. And I got to thinking how funny it would be if you wrote in a pet part in this picture. This detective and his wife could have a cat maybe, that could get scared or some-



Irene Castle

SAYS:

"THE IDEA OCCURRED TO ME WHILE I WAS DANCING..."

"Not only as a dancer, but as an active woman,—I have been more aware every day of the longfelt need for a new, more plastic kind of foundation,—so I designed one myself—"





THIS Formfit SATIN LASTEX CREATION IS THE RESULT!

Irene Castle's own foundation, that won enthusiastic applause when she showed it at BLOOMINGDALE'S fashion show. A hookless, boneless satin sheathe. Supple and smooth as a woman's skin. Fluent as quicksilver. Clinging as a cocoon. Pliant, yet firm enough to control the contours. The new Thrill bras gives you the high, proud bosom of a young Diana. Tea rose, black and white . . 7.50

Other Formfits for all types
5.00 to 15.00

CORSETS – SECOND FLOOR

Bloomingdale's NEW . . . YORK



TODAY AS EVER

"New York's Smartest Apartment Hotel"

★

Transient or yearly lease . . . Furnished, or unfurnished . . . Choice suites are available for immediate or Fall occupancy.

Alfred C. Ray, Manager

the DRAKE

440 PARK AVE. at 56TH ST.

"How do you do it?" they quizzed the Town Trotteur

"The very glass of fashion, the very mould of form," murmured the Brown Gown enviously.

"She has IT, and to spare," said the Blue Crepe, who didn't.

"Perpetual Bond Street—on Park Avenue," the Old Coat said wistfully.

"Simple, so simple," exclaimed the T.T. "Madam sends me to Landsman, and anyone can rely on Landsman. I'm a bit expensive, you see, and she's giving me the best. Pity she doesn't realize it would do you all a world of good. Why not try a whisper in her ear?"



Gentlemen's Suits $2.50.....Gowns $3.00 up.

The LANDSMAN METHOD, INC.

Cleaners To Fastidious People

The Waldorf-Astoria, New York City — STillwell 4-7815

Alfred Nelson

TAILORS

BREECHES MAKERS

608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Noted for

Riding Clothes

of Excellence

Clothes for All Occasions

DAY — EVENING — SPORTS

A Suite to Suit

Suites at the Buckingham are among the most desirable in town. Two to four rooms — unusually spacious, sunny and airy—many have just been attractively refurnished—and the rates are even more attractive.

A beautifully decorated penthouse, with roof garden and view of Central Park, now available.

The Buckingham

101 West 57th St., New York

Edward J. Farrell, *Manager*

CIrcle 7-6810

thing and give us quite a lot of very nice comedy. It could hide under a sofa or something, for instance, and maybe we could show its eyes dilating. I mean some sort of a new twist—not just that old gag of the cat having kittens.

But I'd better not talk to you two any more about this now, because if you're as sold on the idea as I am, I know you'll want to get busy on it right away. And in the meantime, don't say anything about this little chat around the studio or outside, because the whole idea of a novelty is it comes as a surprise. Here's a copy of the book, and if you'll just take it and turn me out the kind of treatment we've been talking about, I think we'll have a picture that will give them something to shoot at.

Oh, yes, about the director. I haven't really decided on anybody yet. I'm not sure there's a director on our lot that can do it. I've got several fellows in mind, though. For instance, I wondered how you felt about that fellow W. S. Van Dyke. He's over at Metro, and I've seen a lot of good pictures that he directed. "Forsaking All Others" and "The Thin Man" are the only two that I can think of at the moment, but he's done a lot of good ones. By the way, why don't I run "The Thin Man" over again for you this afternoon? I'd like you to get an idea of the way Van Dyke handles a picture.

In the meantime, let's get busy on our treatment and I'll get busy on my cast and we'll give the public a real novelty for a change.

—ALAN CAMPBELL

•

BACK IN SPOTLIGHT. John Nance Garner being presented with a lamb by the Future Farmers Association of America. The lamb was runner-up at a Houston show. Mr. Garner is Vice President of the United States.—*Caption in the Detroit Free Press.*

They ought to hit it off fine.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*The Rev. Chester W. Parmley, of Wallingford, Conn., as reported in the Danbury News-Times*]

Many ministers, he said, are unintentionally spreading communistic ideas while others are doing so intentionally. The legalizing of horse racing and gambling throughout the country and the attempt to legalize horse racing and betting in this state were communistic ideas, the speaker stated, declaring that all movements away from God's teachings are communistic.

Questions and Answers



ABOUT Guinness



Ques. *What is Guinness?*

Ans. Guinness is a strong natural brew of barley malt and hops, fermented with the special Guinness Yeast.

Ques. *Where is it made?*

Ans. In Dublin.

Ques. *Is it true that it has been made there since* 1759 ?

Ans. Yes, quite true.

Ques. *Why is Guinness dark in colour?*

Ans. Because of roasted malt used in the brewing.

Ques. *Why is its head more creamy and durable than the head of any other brew?*

Ans. Because its head is the result of natural fermentation, carried on often for a period of more than twelve months, and continuing in the bottle. It is not the result of pumped-in gas.

Ques. *Guinness is called a "natural" brew. What does this mean?*

Ans. It means that it is produced in nature's way—SLOWLY—from natural materials. It is not pasteurised. No chemical "short-cut" is taken in the brewing, and none of the healthful elements are filtered out to make it sparkle.

Ques. *Does this make a difference in the palatability of the drink?*

Ans. A very agreeable difference.

Ques. *What is the fine deposit sometimes seen at the bottom of a Guinness?*

Ans. Yeast, formed by the process of natural fermentation. This yeast is a most valuable constituent of Guinness and a fruitful source of Vitamins.

Ques. *Does Guinness taste like other brews?*

Ans. No. It is drier.

Ques. *Is this a good point?*

Ans. It depends on your taste. Epicures say that other brews seem insipid after Guinness.

Ques. *What is the effect of Guinness?*

Ans. The effect is very pleasant.

Ques. *What about the after-effects?*

Ans. That is where Guinness is different. The only after-effects are pleasant ones.

Ques. *Is Guinness really "good for you?"*

Ans. Millions of people who have drunk it all their lives are never done saying so.

Ques. *How strong is Guinness?*

Ans. A glass of Guinness is as good as a Highball.

Ques. *Is a Guinness the same today as it was before Prohibition?*

Ans. Exactly the same, but if you have not had one since then, it will seem better.

U.S.A. Offiee: A. Guinness, Son & Co. Ltd., 501 Fifth Ave., New York.

G.U.57A.

ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE ADVANCE OF NOMENCLATURAL EUGENICS IN THE REPUBLIC



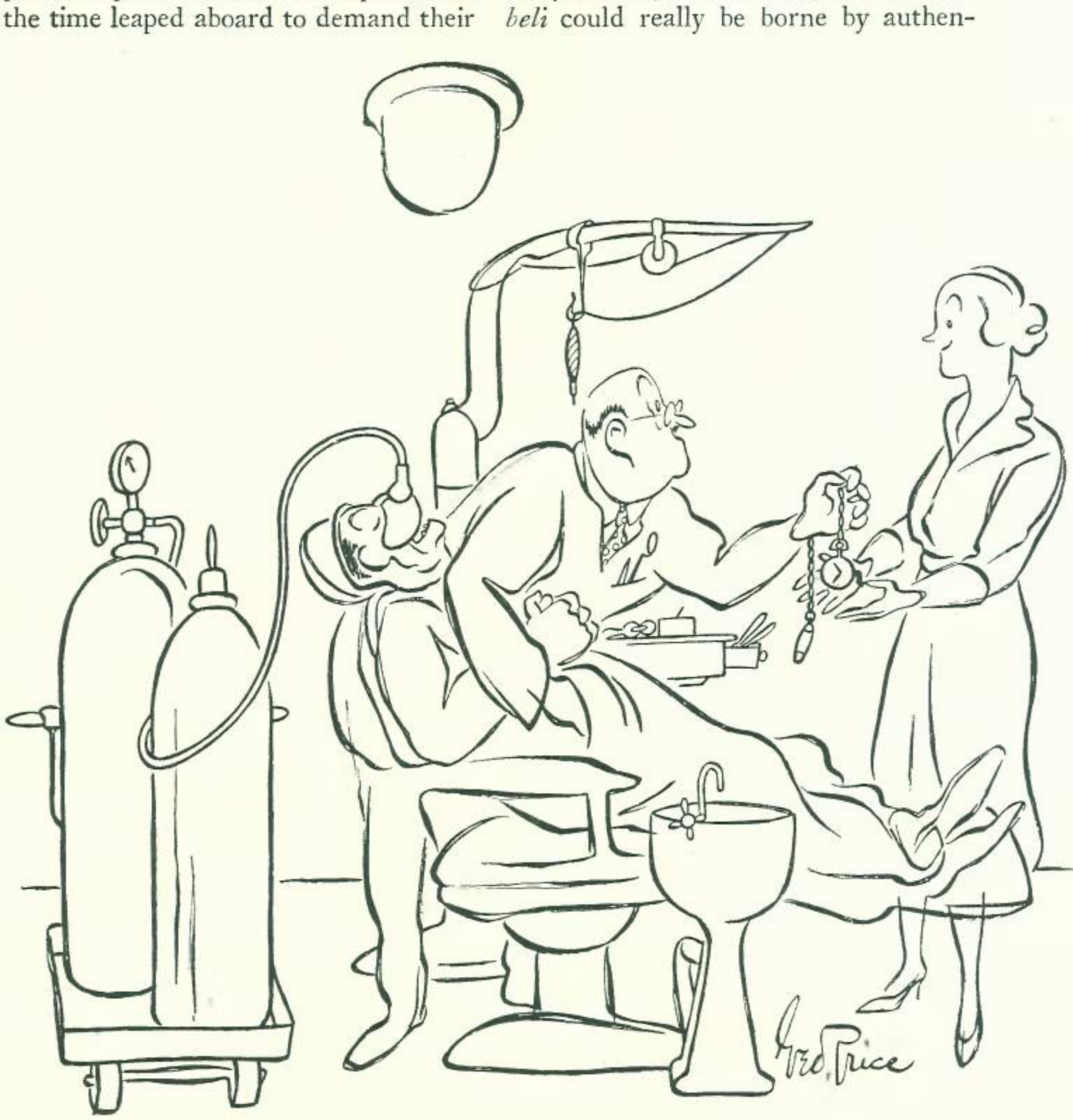
THE John Smiths are still the most numerous of Americans, but the chances that any given John Smith came by his name by the devices of lawful wedlock are now only about eight to five. The rest of the clan are Germans born *Schmidt*, Scandinavians born *Smed* or *Smede*, Poles born *Kowalczyk*, Jews born *Finkelstein* or *Rabinovitz*, colored brethren whose family names in the Old Country may have been *'Mgwambe* or *Undwandoko*, and Czechs, Finns, Italians, and Greeks who staggered into Ellis Island under such patronymics as *Hořčička*, *Koskenniemi*, *Imbraguglio*, and *Pappadimitracoupouos*. My figures come from Howard F. Barker, research associate of the American Council of Learned Societies, and the leading authority on American surnames. He estimates that of the 66,250,000 persons in this country who now claim English or Welsh names, only 41,550,000 bear them by ancient inheritance. The remaining 24,700,000 are made up of 7,500,000 Aframericans who acquired them by acclamation in the days before Appomattox, and 17,200,000 white folks who have since quietly collared them—or resignedly submitted to them.

Well, why not? Suppose you were a Frenchman named *Bon Cœur*, and your neighbors insisted on calling you *Bunker?* Suppose, when you were naturalized, the poll clerk so wrote it down in his book, and the schoolma'am so recorded it when your children started to school, and it was so entered when you joined the Elks? What would you do? You would holler for a while, and then you would yield. That is precisely the course pursued by a worthy Canuck who came down to Boston in 1750 or thereabouts, and proceeded to raise a family on a hill overlooking Boston harbor. By the morning of June 17th, 1775, when Boston patriots and British Huns drenched his farm with their gore, he was *Bunker* irrevocably, and the hill was *Bunker's* for all eternity. And his friend *Pibaudière* was *Peabody*, and their lodge brother *de l'Hôtel* was *Doolittle*.

How many of the Americans who now wear false names chose them voluntarily, and how many had them forced upon them—this I don't know, and Mr. Barker fails to offer an estimate. But I incline to think that the latter class is much larger than the former. Certainly this is true of the more recent immigrants—for example, the Greeks. The Greeks are very proud of their surnames, and especially of those which embody the word *pappas*, meaning a clergyman, for the Greek clergy were the chief heroes of the war that pried Hellas from under the Turkish hoof. But the names including *pappas* are commonly so long-winded that Americans laugh at them, and refuse flatly to remember them. Thus a Greek named *Pappadimitracoupoulos* must either boil it down to *Pappas*, or *Dimitri*, or *Poulos*, or let his neighbors and customers change it for him to *Dempsey*, or *Shorty*, or *Pete*.

The Germans who began to swarm into Pennsylvania in earnest in 1717 were the first victims of this rough-and-ready nomenclature reform. As the ships carrying them tied up at Philadelphia, the primeval customs inspectors of the time leaped aboard to demand their names, and otherwise welcome and alarm them. The German captain always had a list of them written down in his manifest, but the inspectors naturally assumed that, as a foreigner, he was a criminal, and all his entries forgeries. So each immigrant was forced to stand and deliver, and what he delivered was recorded as it sounded. The results are visible in the Pennsylvania archives, which preserve both the manifests and the inspectors' rolls. Every *Johannes Kuntz* in the former is a *John Coons* in the latter, and every *Pfeffer* is a *Pepper*, and every *Schmidt* a *Smith*.

Once they got settled in the Pennsylvania uplands, and began to till the soil and yodel Bach, these early Germans tried to recover their honest names, but in many cases it turned out to be impossible. The court clerks and other petty functionaries of the region, most of them Scotch-Irish Calvinists, refused to believe that such cognomens as *Pfalzbach*, *Krähenbühl*, and *Schnaebeli* could really be borne by authen-



"Now, I'll extract a ten-spot in payment of his last bill."

SAFE DEPOSIT



For the most precious treasures of all . . . in America's ONLY bodies ALL of steel

Jewels, heirlooms . . . all such family treasures . . . you entrust to protecting walls of steel. Can you do less for those most precious treasures of all . . . baby . . . mother . . . others who are near and dear? Yet nowhere, save in motor cars built by Hudson, can you give them the COMPLETE protection of a body ALL of steel. Plus a great group of other safety features found in no other 1935 car.

Yes, they *are* safest in a *Terraplane!*

First of all because Terraplane is America's *only* lowest price car with a body *all* of steel—back, front, sides, floor and *roof*—over an inner structure that is also all of steel. The strongest automobile construction ever known.

Because of husky, police-tested Rotary-Equalized brakes, too. Brakes which, in public tests the country over, cut *almost in half* the stopping distances that police call "perfect."

And the lightning-fast acceleration that only a Hudson-built motor can give—to whisk you out of traffic tangles or flash you ahead on the highway.

The Electric Hand (optional at small extra cost) for faster, smoother shifting, and greater safety, too—with both hands always on the wheel and both eyes on the road.

Road balance—lower center of gravity—for greater safety on the highway curves.

Drive a Terraplane today. Enjoy a kind of performance that's *new* and thrillingly different. And ask for the *proof* of performance, ruggedness and economy that any Hudson and Terraplane dealer will gladly give you.

• • •

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Hudson Motors of Canada, Limited, Tilbury, Ontario

NO OTHER LOWEST PRICE CAR GIVES YOU THE GREATER SAFETY OF

America's ONLY Bodies ALL of Steel

• • •

Big Hudson Rotary-Equalized Brakes

• • •

The Electric Hand (optional)

• • •

88-100 h. p., when traffic demands action

• • •

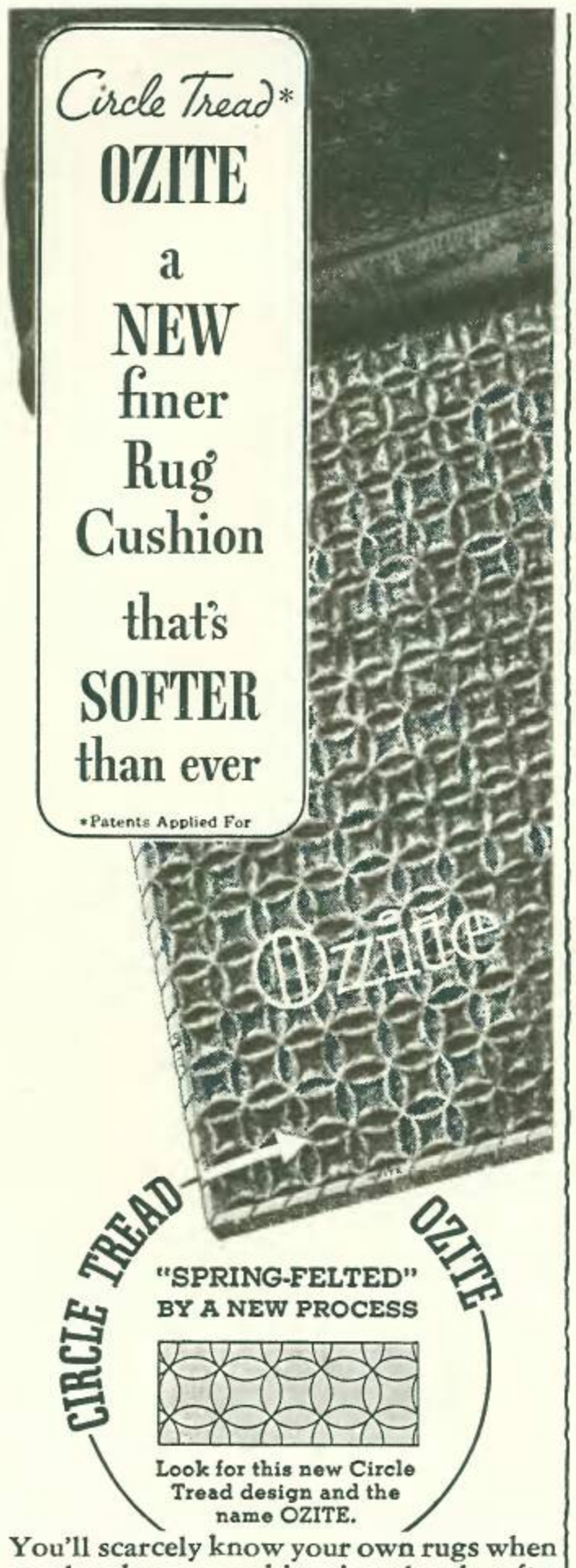
Road Balance—on highway curves

In Hudson Sixes and Hudson Eights, too, you get the greater safety of America's ONLY *bodies* ALL *of steel, and these other safety features.*

And Look at the Prices!

$585 and up for Terraplane . . . Hudson Six $695 and up . . . Hudson Eight $760 and up. *All prices f. o. b. Detroit for closed models*

TERRAPLANE



You'll scarcely know your own rugs when you lay them over this miraculously *softer* new Ozite . . . because "Spring-Felting" in the scientific CIRCLE TREAD design interweaves the hair into a mass of tiny springs that offer greater resilience than ever before. CIRCLE TREAD OZITE *more* than doubles rug life . . . adds a feeling of *priceless* luxury—*saves* its small cost many times over.

Insist on *genuine* CIRCLE TREAD OZITE that's permanently *mothproofed* by a process that kills moth larvae; *"Ozonized"* to prevent "stockyards smell"; felted to burlap with an *adhesive center* to prevent lumping.

Three Weights of Circle Tread Ozite bring it within every budget—identified by Gold Tape (heavy); Silver Tape (medium); and Orange Tape (light). Look for the name in the fabric. Genuine Ozite is *guaranteed* to satisfy. Sold everywhere.

GUARANTEED Good Housekeeping Magazine

CIRCLE TREAD Ozite REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RUG CUSHION

There is only one Ozite—Look for this trade-mark

CLINTON CARPET COMPANY
Merchandise Mart, Chicago
Please send me a FREE sample of new Circle Tread Ozite and your free booklet, "Useful Facts About Care of Rugs and Carpets." N535

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

tic human beings, baptized by any recognizable Christian rite, and in consequence they had to be changed. Thus *Pfalzbach* became *Balsbaugh*, *Krähenbühl* became *Krehbiel*, *Kraybill*, and *Graybill*, and *Schnaebeli* became *Snavely* and *Snively*, and thus a host of other names were changed, too, some by rough transliteration, some by translation, and some by devices even more lamentable. Many a bastard surname still common in Pennsylvania was launched there and then—for example, *Diffenderfer* (originally *Tiefendörfer*), *Snyder* (*Schneider*), *Fegley* (*Vögli*), *Cline* (*Klein*), *Cramer* (*Kraemer*), *Baugh* (*Bach*), and *Goodchild* (*Gottschalk*). Nearly every *Müller* became a *Miller* or a *Muller*, and nine-tenths of the *Schumachers* became *Shoemakers*. "In Lancaster," says Dr. L. Oscar Kuhns, the Pennsylvania German historian, "there once lived two brothers, one named *Carpenter* and the other *Zimmermann*."

A little before this, the English had thrown the Dutch out of New York, and were now making as free with their surnames as with their goods and chattels. Some of the saucier and better-heeled Dutch, dug in up the Hudson, resisted both processes with great pertinacity, and in consequence a number of their names still survive, just as their money survives—for example, *Van Rensselaer*, *Stuyvesant*, *Ten Eyck*, and *Schuyler*. But the lesser folk were helpless, and in a little while most of the *Van Arsdales* were *Vannersdales*, nearly all the *Haerlens* were *Harlans*, the *Van der Veers* were *Vandivers*, the *Kuipers* were *Coopers*, and the *de la Hayes* (for some of the Dutch had French names) were *Dillehays*, and so their descendants remain to this unhappy day.

But it was not until immigrants began to come in from the dark vastness of Eastern Europe that mayhem upon surnames began on a really large scale. When the first Serb arrived at McKeesport, Pa., and told the boys in the rolling-mill that his name was *Jakšič*, he was confronted at once by a sad but inescapable choice: either he could consent to become *Jackson* or he could submit to become *Jackass*. And when he was followed by a Pole named *Bartoszewicz*, there was presently another *Barton* on the payroll, maybe called *Steve* for short. And the honest Czech lads, *Masnička*, *Matuscheck*, and *Očenášek*, quickly became *Mason*, *Matthews*, and *O'Shaughnessy*.

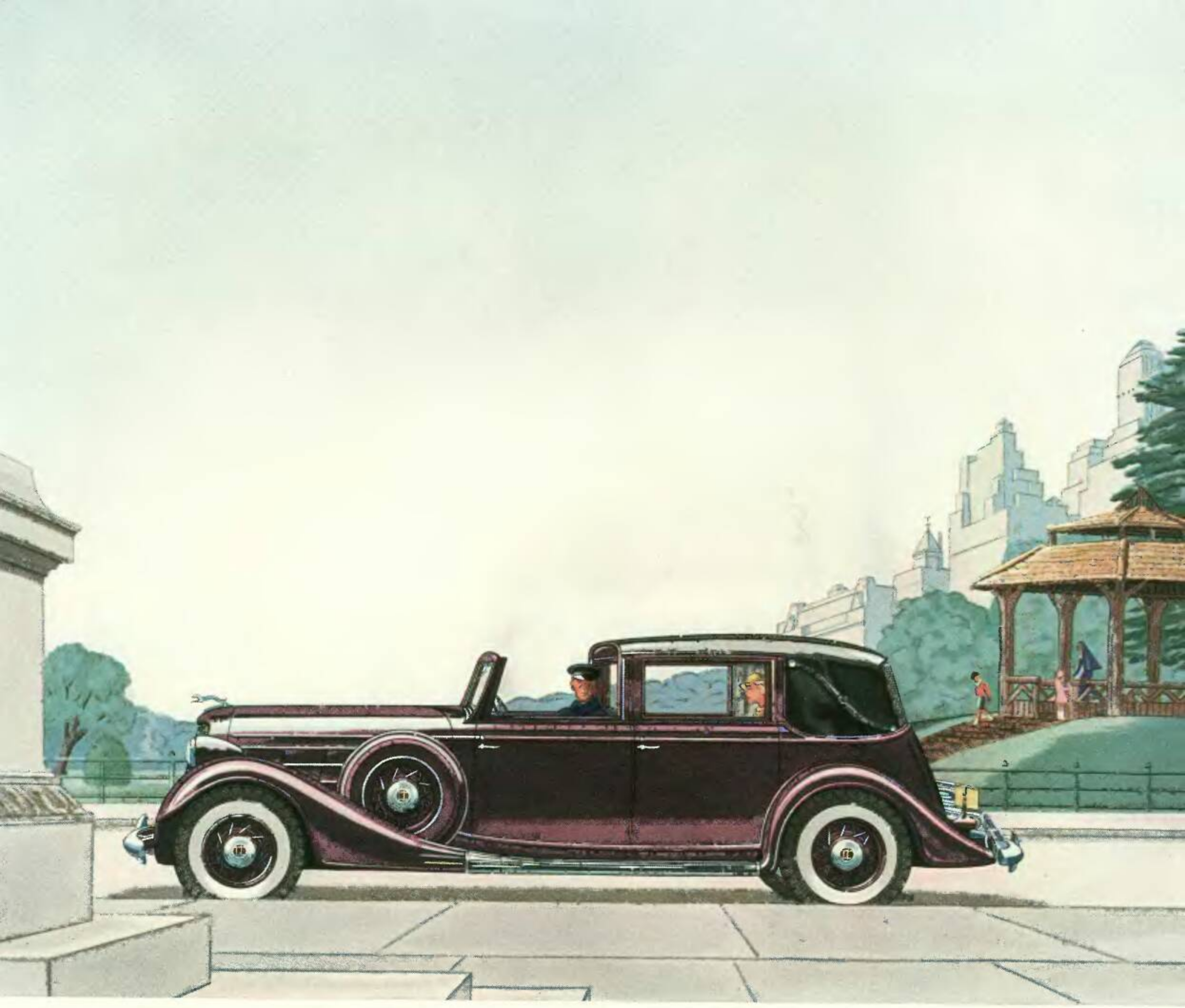


Some of the Slavs tried to halt this violence to their names by translating them, as the Germans had done two centuries before. Thus the Czech *Holič* became *Barber*, *Mlynář* became *Miller*, and *Vlk* became *Wolf*. In the Middle West, where the Czechs often settled among Germans and were commonly put down as Austrians, they sometimes translated their names into German forms that were locally familiar. Thus *Krejčí* (tailor) became *Schneider* or *Snyder*, and *Dvořák* (which suggests the Czech word for courtier) became *Hoffman*. Monsignor J. B. Dudek of Oklahoma, the great authority on Czech names in America, tells of a *Sýr* (cheese) who translated his patronymic into the German *Käse*, and then wrote it *Casey*. And of a *Zajíc* (hare) who became *O'Hare*.

The original names of these Czechs were not only unpronounceable by American lips, they were also written in characters sprouting hooks and tails which greatly irritated the American eye. Thus even the heroes who tried valiantly to stick to their names had to submit to what, according to Czech notions, was a gross misspelling of them, pregnant with further and worse changes. *Dvořák*, by this process, became *Dvorak*, which was as barbaric to a Czech as spelling Roosevelt with a little *r* would be to an American, and *Kutiš* became *Kutis* and then *Curtis*, and *Myšička* became *Mysicke* and then *Mitchky* and finally *Mitchell*.

The Scandinavians in the upper Middle West had to run the same gauntlet. When the first Swedish *Sjörgren* arrived in Minnesota, he discovered quickly that the *ö* of his name was not in the American lexicon, and that the *sj* offered his neighbors a subtle but powerful insult. So he soon became *Shogren*, and his descendants of today are variously *Schugren*, *Segren*, and *Seagreen*. In the same way the first *Esbjörn* became *Esborn* and then *Osborne*, and the first *Åman* was quickly turned into *Ahman*, and the first *Hjelm* became *Helm*, and the first *Ljung*, *Young*. The *Olsons*, of course, got through the fire unscathed, but of late some of the more ultra of them have changed their name to *Olseen*, for the *-én* ending (pronounced, and now written, *-een*, and not to be confused with the plebeian *-en*) is regarded as very swagger among the Swedes.

But it is the Jews, of course, who have done the heaviest execution upon their surnames in the Republic. The first to come to these shores, however, seldom if ever changed their names,



THE BRUNN CABRIOLET

THE *LINCOLN*

The new owner first looks upon the Lincoln with respect. He has a high regard for its distinguished beauty, the excellence of its engineering. Then, as the Lincoln reveals its character, respect deepens to loyalty. It is no coincidence that those who esteem the Lincoln most have tested it through years of ownership. . . . The new Lincoln V-12 is a finer car even than its predecessors. More than sixty changes have been made in engineering and design. Springs are softer. Shifting is easier. Acceleration is swifter. A new stabilizer holds the car closer to the road. The powerful V-12 engine is placed further forward in the frame. Rear-seat passengers now ride poised ahead of the axle, rather than directly over it. Thus interiors are roomier, and riding is more comfortable. . . . The Lincoln has never been more beautiful than now. Modern design adds its graceful sloping contours to traditional Lincoln elegance. Eighteen body types, formal and informal, all luxuriously appointed, including designs by Brunn, Judkins, LeBaron, Willoughby.



THE LEGENDS ARE OLDER in ALASKA

1935 "See Alaska" YEAR

Have you the spirit of adventure? Then come to Alaska. This Land of the Midnight Sun will give you thrilling experiences you will never forget. Each port of call—Ketchikan—Juneau—Skagway—Valdez—Cordova—Seward—Fairbanks—Sitka—seems a different land. It may be a totem-lined city, rich in colorful tribal history of the centuries. It may be a town radiating Russian or Indian atmosphere. Always it is different.

Unless you have actually taken this trip, it is impossible to imagine the adventure, the beauty, the infinite peace and rest given you by Alaska.

Travel by train—*air-conditioned* comforts—relax as you ride. Arrive at Seattle, rested and refreshed, ready to sail. Vacation cruises to Alaska are not expensive. May we figure the costs of a trip from your home town? There is no obligation on your part.

For free Alaska literature, write any of The All-American Services to Alaska:

ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO. Dept. A-7, Seattle, Wash.	NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY Dept. P-7, St. Paul, Minn.	NORTH WESTERN LINE Dept. N-7, Chicago, Ill.	THE MILWAUKEE ROAD Dept. M-7, Chicago, Ill.
ALASKA RAILROAD Dept. R-7, 333 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.	GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY Dept. G-7, St. Paul, Minn.	BURLINGTON ROUTE Dept. B-7, Chicago, Ill.	UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD Dept. U-7, Omaha, Nebr.

for they were of the Sephardic or Spanish tribe, and very proud and even sniffish fellows. To this day a Jew named *Cardozo* or *daSilva* or *Solis-Cohen* is proud of his name, for it comes down from the dark backward and abysm of time, whereas the names borne by the Ashkenazim, or German-Polish Jews, are seldom older than the eighteenth century. It was not, indeed, until 1783 that the last Jews in Austria submitted to being labelled like *Goyim*, and not until 1813 that the diehards in Bavaria gave up. Before that the majority of German Jews had clung to the Biblical system of calling Isaac's son Jacob simply *Jacob-the-son-of-Isaac*.

When the first Ashkenazim arrived from Germany and Austria, they thus bore relatively recent surnames and had no great attachment to them, so they changed them with easy facility. Thus *Levy* was often turned into *Lewy*, *Lewyt*, *Levitt*, *Levin*, and even *Lever*; *Cohen* began to hatch *Cohn*, *Coyne*, and *Conn*; and *Solomon* became *Solmson* and *Salmon*. The longer Jewish names were often shortened. *Wolfsheimer* became *Wolf*; *Rosenblatt*, *Rosenthal*, *Rosengarten*, *Rosenzweig*, and *Rosenbusch* became *Rosen*, *Rose*, or *Ross*; and *Goldschmidt*, *Goldstein*, and *Goldenberg* became *Gold*. There were also some bold translations: *Schlachtfeld* to *Warfield*, *Blumenthal* to *Bloomingdale*, *Reichmann* to *Richman*, *Gutmann* to *Goodman*, and *Weisberg* to *Whitehill*.

The Eastern European Jews, when they began to immigrate in the middle eighties, carried all these processes to greater lengths, and in addition many of them abandoned their surnames altogether, and chose ancient "American" names instead. The early German Jews were content to shorten *Goldwasser* to *Gold*, or to translate it into *Goldwater*, but these newcomers, disdaining all such temporizing, bust out boldly as *Wilson* and *Preston*, *Schuyler* and *Lowell*. I turn to a roster of Zeta Beta Tau, the Jewish college fraternity, and find brethren named *Waller*, *Harwick*, *Ferguson*, *Livingston*, *Howland*, *Cotton*, *Gladstone*, *Richards*, *Rand*, and *Butt*. I proceed to a list of Boston Jews who have written books, and unearth *Coleman*, *Lyons*, *Taylor*, *Millin*, *Curtiss*, and *Burroughs*. A third of the *Jacksons* in New York are probably Jews, and at least a fourth of the *Browns*, *Millers*, *Mortons*, and *Smiths*.

Some of the commonest names among the Jews from Eastern Europe have almost disappeared in this country. I can't find a single *Melech* in the Man-

Movie of a man finding out why

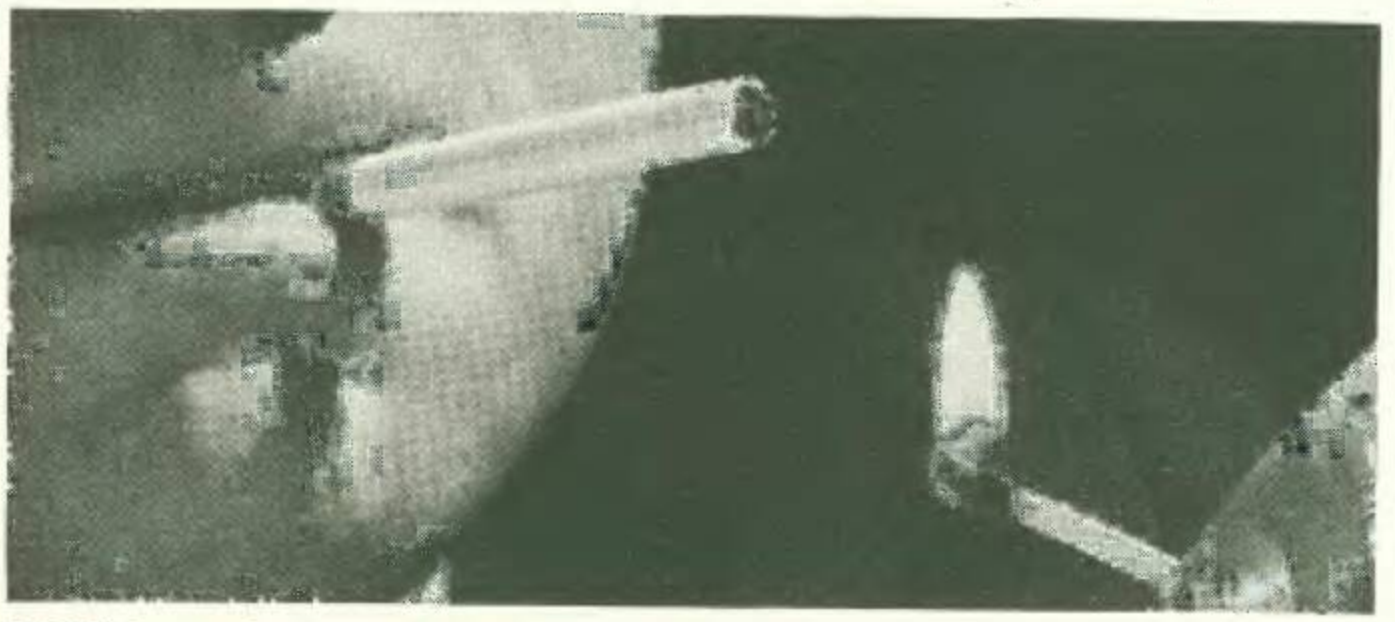
All menthol-cooled cigarettes are not alike



ONE—*Open a pack of Spuds and smell them.* You don't notice any menthol? Just fragrant tobacco? That's *one* of Spud's secrets—treating tobacco with smoke-cooling ingredients without in any way masking the natural tobacco fragrance.



TWO—*Roll a Spud between your fingers.* Notice how fresh it feels—never dry or crumbly? It isn't just menthol that does that. Again, it's Spud's *secret process.*



THREE—*Light up!* Isn't there something different about that taste—so refreshing, and yet *so full of tobacco fragrance?* That's because Spud's process holds back the taste-spoiling irritants and lets all of tobacco's *natural flavor* assert itself.

CORK TIP or PLAIN 15c FOR 20 (20c IN CANADA)

CORK TIPS PACKED DOWN — SO EVEN YOUR OWN FINGERS DON'T TOUCH THEM.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Flexo-Gram

[NO. 3]

Jack be nimble—Jack be quick,
No longer you'll need a candle stick
To melt your metal ice trays free
When they're frozen fast—if you listen to me.
For now you can use a rubber tray
And get ice cubes the modern way.



Really, any dealer who tries to sell you an automatic refrigerator equipped with those old-fashioned metal trays ought to offer you a *blow-torch* as a gift! Then you could get the ice trays out without a can opener! Of course, most refrigerators come equipped with Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids. *Then* the trays come out at your bidding—*AND* the ice cubes pop out of the trays at a finger touch—you don't have to *melt* them out under the kitchen faucet. Remember *that* when you buy your refrigerator. *Insist* on Flexible Rubber Trays or Grids.

THE INLAND MANUFACTURING CO.
Department F-5, Dayton, Ohio

Flexible Rubber Trays & Grids
ice cubes at the refrigerator

Avoid the Penalty of Fine Dining!

SYSTEMIC acidity is usually the unfortunate aftermath of fine dining. Unless you have learned, as have gourmets the world over, to make a habit of drinking Vichy Célestins. This famous water helps to restore—and maintain—the alkaline balance . . . quickly, safely, pleasantly. Try it today. Obtainable everywhere.

AMERICAN AGENCY OF FRENCH VICHY, INC.
198 Kent Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BOTTLED ONLY AT THE SPRING IN VICHY, FRANCE



VICHY CÉLESTINS
The World's Most Famous Natural Alkaline Water

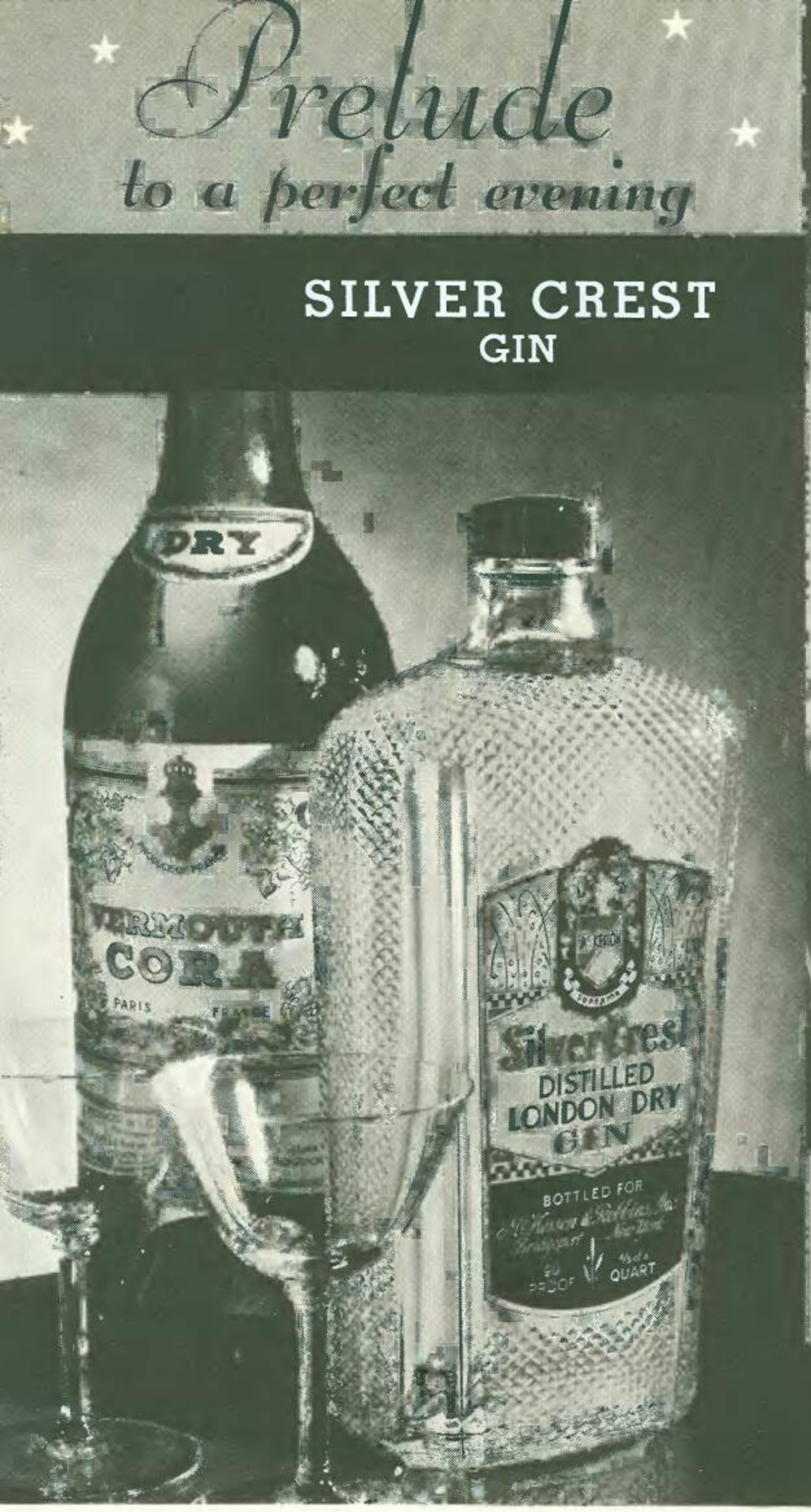
hattan telephone directory, and there are but nine *Shers*, two *Moiseiffs*, one *Rogowski*, and one *Stolar*. All the *Melechs* have become *Kings* by translation, and nearly all the *Shers*, *Moiseiffs*, *Rogowskis*, and *Stolars* have become, respectively, *Shermans* (or *Sheridans*), *Masons* (or *Macys*), *Rogerses*, and (by translation again) *Carpenters*. Sometimes there are gradual changes of names, say, from *Rubinovitch* to *Rubin*, and then to *Reuben*, and then to *Robbins* or *Robinson*. And sometimes the same name produces a large number of "American" forms, some of them revealing a florid fancy, as, for example, *Goldstone*, *Galdston*, and *Golson* from *Goldstein*. I once encountered a *La Borwitt* who was born *Labowitz*, and who had a brother named *Labowis*. And there is on record the celebrated case of the *Kabotchnick* who changed his name to *Cabot*, and then went into court to resist the protest of the Boston familiars of God, and gave them a good beating.

Even when Jewish names remain unchanged in substance, they are often greatly modified in spelling or pronunciation. The *Schlesingers* have bred many *Slessingers* and *Slazengers*, the *Dalshheimers* have become *Dalsemers*, and many a *Schön* now subscribes himself *Shain* or *Shane*. All the familiar Jewish name endings (*-stein*, *-baum*, *-thau*, *-thal*, and so on) acquire new values. The fashion for pronouncing *-stein* to rhyme with *bean* came in during the World War, possibly influenced by French example, and is now widespread. When *Stein* stands alone, it is still made to rhyme with *brine*, but at the end of a name it has become *stean*. Rather curiously, *ein* retains the *ine* pronunciation in earlier syllables. Thus, *Weinberg* is still *Wineberg*, not *Weanberg*. In *Einstein* the first syllable rhymes with *brine* and the second with *bean*. Even when the spelling of *-stein* has been changed to *-stine*, it is pronounced *stean*, at least in New York.

Lehman, a common name among the German Jews, was always pronounced *Layman* when I was a boy, but the example of the Governor of that ilk has changed it to *Leeman*. On October 5th, 1932, his family banking firm issued a formal notice that that was the way he preferred to be called. Another banker in New York, *Strauss* by name, pronounces it *Straws*, and no doubt the radio announcers will soon be talking of Johann and Richard *Straws*, as they already talk of Anton *Rubinstean*. *Kuhn* (originally *Kühn*), *Loeb*

Prelude
to a perfect evening

SILVER CREST
GIN



Finale
for the same

MARTIN'S V.V.O.
SCOTCH

OLD CROW
BOURBON



★ A SILVER CREST Cocktail—*any* SILVER CREST Cocktail—is bound to be smoother, better-balanced. For this premium Gin—distilled by famous experts as carefully as fine whisky—releases just enough of its delicious dry aromatic flavor to blend superbly with *all* ingredients: your hastiest mixture acquires a suave new distinction.* And, of course, being 90-proof, SILVER CREST goes considerably farther. Try it and see! **For the perfect Martini cocktail, use it, by all means, with CORA, the Aristocrat of Vermouths.*

★ Pour yourself a highball as mellow as moonlight—with MARTIN'S V.V.O.!* Starting with the choicest of full-bodied Highland malts, Martin of Leith ages and mellows every drop for ten patient years. The result is a Special Liqueur Scotch so potently smooth and rich it is fast winning America—as it has won the rest of the civilized world! Yet you will find that it costs you no more than many younger whiskies on sale today. **And when it comes to fine American whisky, try OLD CROW, famous with lovers of Bourbon since 1867.*

THESE AND OTHER FAMOUS FAVORITES ARE DISTRIBUTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INCORPORATED, NEW YORK

DISTRIBUTED BY **McKESSON & ROBBINS** QUALITY SINCE 1833



& Company, as everybody knows, is always *Coon, Lobe* & Company in Wall Street, but that is no novelty, for both names succumbed among the Pennsylvania Germans long before the first Jewish *Kühns* and *Loebs* came to this country. Sometimes *Kühn* is *Coon* or *Kyoon*, and sometimes it is *Keene*. Sometimes *Loeb* is *Lobe* and sometimes it is *Laib*.

In the case of the *-thal* names, a new consonant has been invented in America. It is the *th* of *thick*, but with a distinct *t-* sound preceding. The name *Rosenthal* sounds something like *Rosent-thal*, and the same *tth* is also heard in *Thalberg*, *Thalheimer*, and their congeners. In *Morgenthau*, however, the extra *t-* sound is lacking. The termination *-baum* is often pronounced *bawm*, and of late the spelling of some of the names which include it has been changed to *-bem* and even to *-bum*. In the same way, some of the names ending in *-heim* and *-heimer* are now spelled *-hym* and *-himer*. I once received a collect telegram from Frank Sullivan saying that he had discovered a *Ginzberg* who spelled his name *Guinness-Bourg*. At about the same time Anita Loos broadcast the news that another *Ginzberg* had changed his name to *Mountginz*.

But are these foreigners to be permitted to monopolize the engaudiment of American nomenclature? Nay, nay. There is still some red blood in the old stock, and when it boils it produces masterpieces. What say you to Miss Mary Lou *Wham*, another of Sullivan's discoveries? And to Keith R. *Catchpole*, unearthed in Nebraska by students of Dr. Louise Pound? And to these gems from a list of policy-holders lately published by one of the great moral insurance companies: Julia C. *Barefoot*, Edward J. *Bible*, John *Bilious*, Emil E. *Buttermilk*, E. J. *Cheesewright*, and Willy *Twitty?*

But where the Aryan native really shines, of course, is not in making surnames, but in making given names. Of his feats in that art and mystery I may discourse in this place anon.

—H. L. Mencken

•

Someone suggested that Mrs. Vanderbilt autograph the yellow and white napkins, and for her lifelong friends to make such a request struck a comic note. "Aw go 'way," said the sophisticated young matron, who is the personification of charm and dignity.—*Clarksburg (W. Va.) Telegram.*

Well, it's charming, but that's as far as we'll go.



Did she pull the wool over my eyes!



1. I've always loved coffee. But a cup at dinner gives me a sleepless night. And I couldn't see the decaffeinated kind.



2. But one night my daughter pulled the wool over my eyes, and hoodwinked me into trying Kaffee-Hag. The coffee, as she later told me, that has all its flavor *in*, but 97% of its caffeine out.



3. She certainly fooled me! It was the best cup of coffee of my life—followed by one of the best night's sleep. I'm sold.

SEND 15c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE CAN



(Pronounced Kaffee-HAIG)

KELLOGG CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send me a can of Kellogg's Kaffee-Hag Coffee and booklet. I enclose 15c in stamps. (Only one sample to a family.) (38) NY N 5.11

Mr.
Mrs. .....
Miss

Street .....

City & State .....

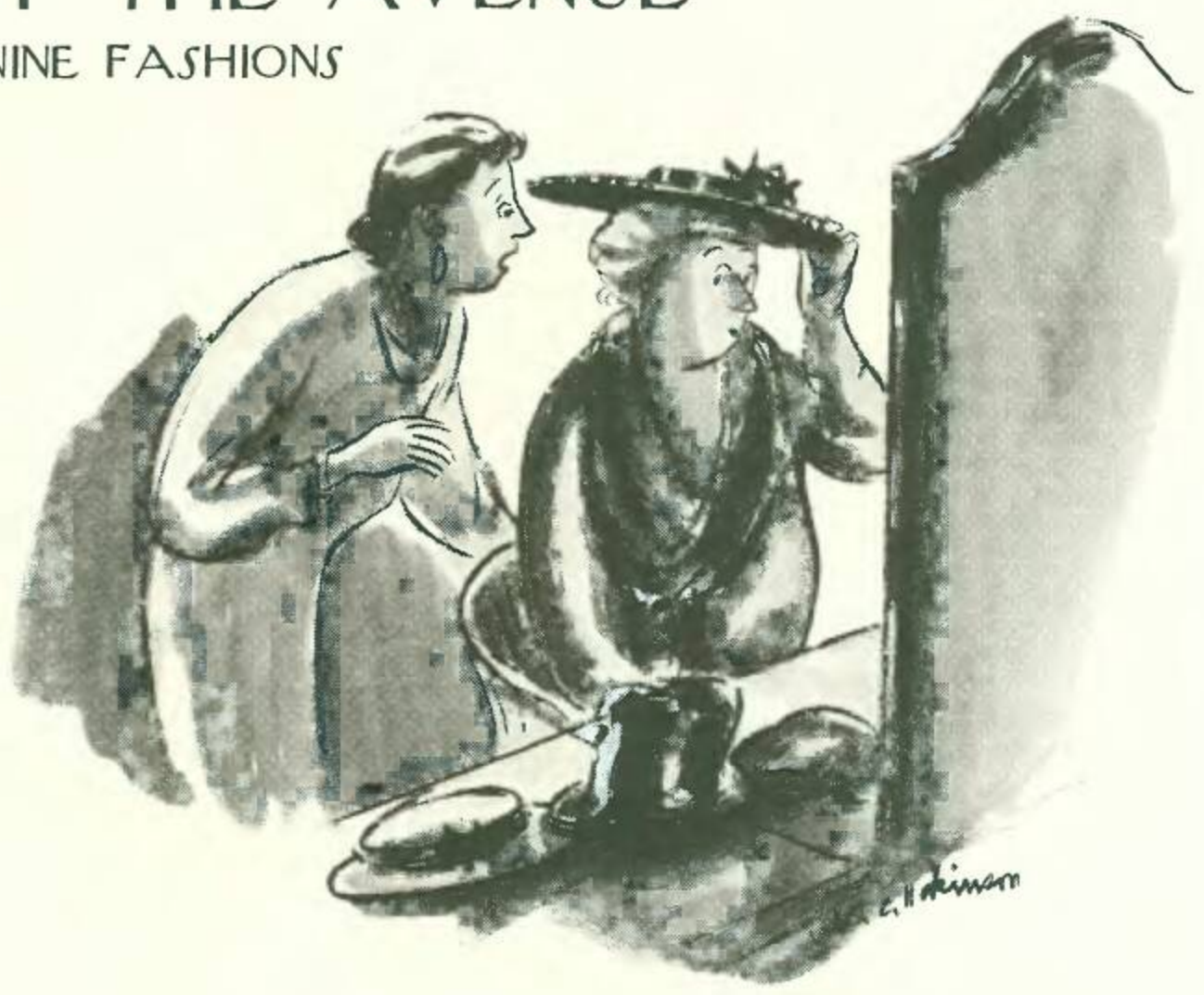
ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

I prepare coffee by

Percolating ☐ Dripping ☐ Boiling ☐

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



"But, Madam, they're not supposed to stay on."

• •

PARIS, MAY 6

HERE IS BEEG NEWS. CLOTHES IN THE NEW OPENINGS ARE NOT ONLY FULL, AMPLE, AND GENEROUSLY PROPORTIONED BUT ACTUALLY DRAPED. VIONNET, THE GREAT, DRAPES THE BACKS OF HER MOST HANDSOME EVENING DRESSES. THIS PROBABLY SOUNDS TERRIBLE, BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE CLOTHES. THERE IS A LOT OF TALK ABOUT CHANEL'S NEW, REALLY SHORT DAYTIME COSTUMES; ABOUT THE NEW ROCHAS COATS WITH FULL SKIRT-BACKS, AND HIS SUITS WITH WIDE FUR REVERS; AND ABOUT PARAY'S EVENING DRESSES WITH STITCHED BELTS AND BERTHAS. SCHIAPARELLI STUNNED HER OPENING-DAY AUDIENCE, AS USUAL, WITH SUCH TRICKS AS EVENING DRESSES WITH ZIPPER FASTENINGS, BRAIDED FROG FASTENINGS ON EVERYTHING ELSE, FULL-LENGTH CHINTZ BEACH COATS, AND TAILORED SUITS MADE OUT OF MATTRESS COUTIL. BOTH HER DAYTIME AND EVENING DRESSES HAVE DRAPED SKIRTS. FROM NOW ON THERE WON'T BE A TIGHTLY FITTED DRESS IN A BOATLOAD, AND DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU. BEAMISH

AND IN NEW YORK—

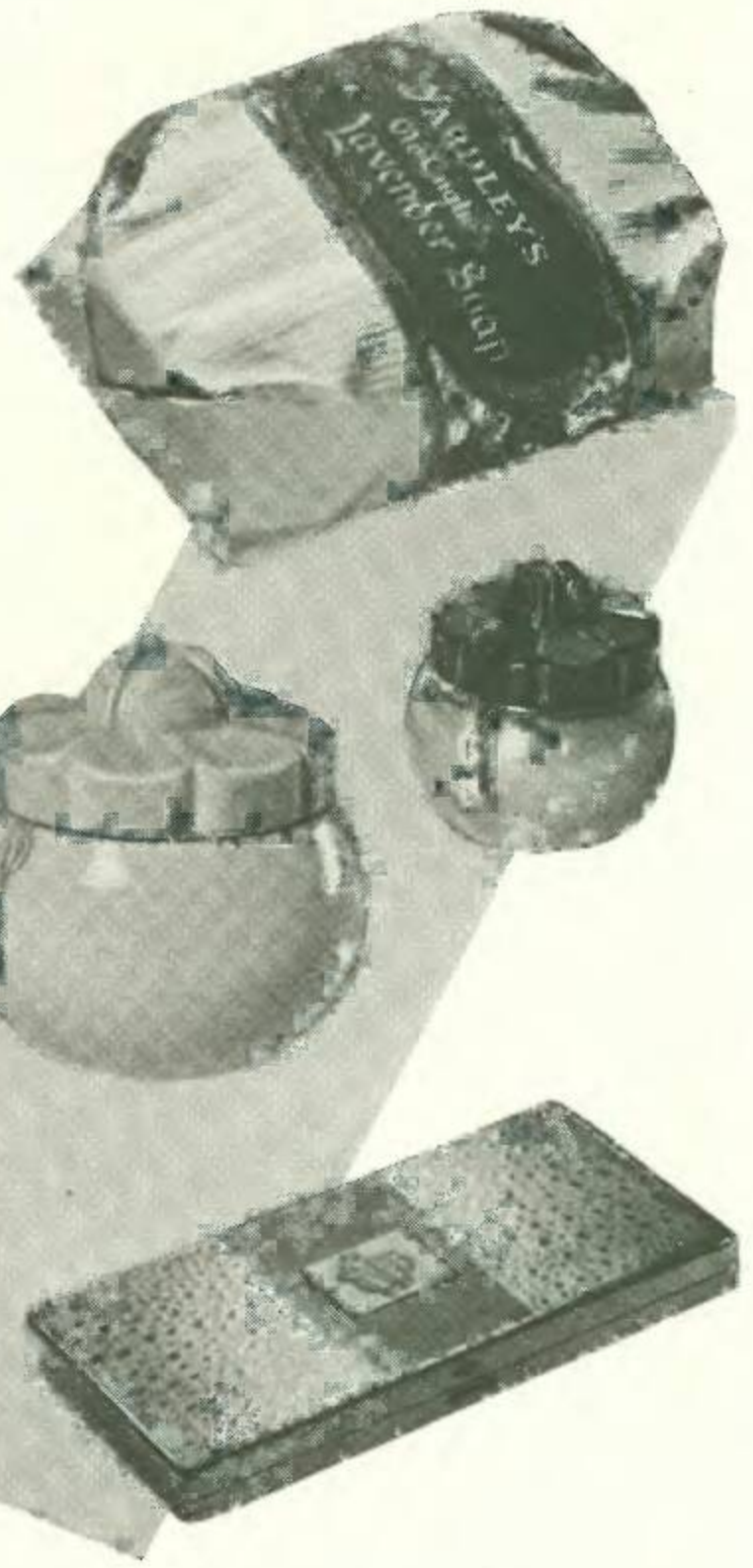
I HAVE few ideas at this time of year, but one is deeply rooted in my very soul, and concerns the fact that I have no more business sitting at a typewriter in the spring than you have lolling about reading magazines. However, duty demands that I take a pot shot at haphazard items, in the hope that they may help to round out the wardrobe of the general public.

Having heard that golf is a splendid way of frittering away a business day, Bloomingdale has opened its Countryside Shop in the sports department on the third floor. It is solemnly specializing in inexpensive clothes for women golfers who have learned enough about the game to know that blouses shouldn't hike up after a healthy swipe at the ball, and that sleeves shouldn't pull or backs strain, and that skirts shouldn't be allowed to ride up and show your slip. A great many one- and two-piece models are on hand to help your game along these lines, made of various materials—flax twist (pure linen worked out to resemble a flat Turkish towelling); Encanto silk, which is like a silk nainsook and can be boiled; linen-knit tweeds; and so on. You can start at $10.95 and work your way up into the twenties. There are many separate divided skirts that aren't too arrogant about their pants rôle—in hemp, in tweed, in linen. The man-tailored hats that Bloomingdale dyes, at no extra charge, to match a suit of difficult hue cost from $2.95 up and come in as wide a variety of models as the traditions of the sport will permit. They have inexpensive golf shoes, too. And a belted chamois jacket with Lastex down the sides for Give costs a mere $12.95. The sports coats are good, too. There is one knee-length affair in camel's-hair cloth, with leather buttons marking the double-breasted arrangement, and an army-officer look, for $16.95. A red, white, and blue knit-wool tweed comes in seven-eighths length. And they love their demicoat, very full and flaring, and ending just below the hips, in dark colors or high shades of thin tweed, which you can have for the incredible price of $8.95. I have always had trouble with sports clothes, for though I can wear a $14.95 evening dress without self-consciousness, I have never dared to economize on clothes for sports, which I think should be made of materials that look best when they are old and battered. Despite this prejudice, I found Bloomingdale's department fine indeed.

IF you insist on lolling, the negligees at Bendel are grand. They are the kind of wearable, attractive things in which you feel at ease around the house, company or no. And don't let the Bendel name frighten you; lounging pajamas start at $16, and negligees at $22. You'll find good three-piece pajama ensembles with long jackets in polka-dotted crêpes. There are pajamas in washable crêpe that sport fringed sashes on the knee-length jackets, and some in rough crêpe that have mandarin collars, and exceptionally well-fitted pants. Among the negligees, I was mad for a one-piece affair which has a collar that can be worn high or otherwise, shirring above the long bishop sleeves, and frogs down the chest. The price ($25) is my idea of something, too. Another knockout that you could wear with equanimity to dinner has a long fringe dangling from the cape scarf, and bunchy pearl clips at the neck and belt. Bendel offers good color combinations, too, like pale beige, trimmed with deep wine color. This is the way to be informal in the summer without looking it.

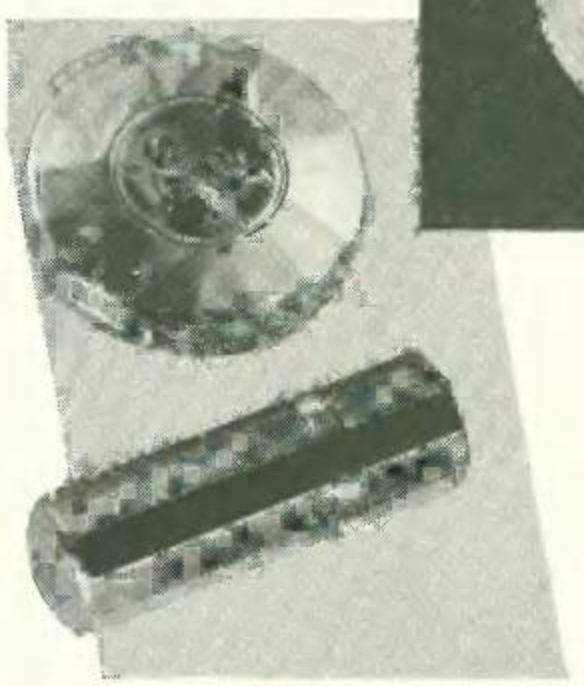
THE ballyhoo about flat-heeled shoes continues, with pros and cons as equally divided as is possible in the

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder—so delicate it's like a light spring mist on your skin; seven skilful shades, including English Peach with a subtle glow, and Gipsy, a radiant sun shade, $1.10 a box. *Yardley's English Lavender Soap*, a delightfully refreshing experience, 35c large tablet; $1 box of three; bath size, 55c; guest size, six in box, $1.05. *Yardley's Cream Rouge*, three shades, 85c. *Yardley's New Indelible Lipstick*, five shades, $1.10. *Yardley's Rouge Compact*, five shades, 85c. *Yardley's new Double Compact*, loose or cake powder, $2.50. *Yardley's English Complexion Cream*, snowy, cooling, all-purpose, $1.10. And *Yardley's English Lavender* itself—as enchantingly fresh and lilting as spring breezes for your perfume, $1.10 to $13.20.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND





OH, FOR AN ENGLISH COMPLEXION

. . . Now that Spring is here!

Now comes the time of year when poets sigh for an English spring . . . and women of fashion long for an English skin! For the one, we admit, you must visit England itself in Maytime. But the other—that delicately blooming complexion you noticed on beautiful women from John O'Groats to Land's End when you last toured Britain—you can set out to obtain for yourself, practically here and now. • You'll see on this very page the names of important items used to create, or enhance prized English complexions. Yardley has been supplying them, meeting the changing demands of life and fashion, for over a century. • Naturally we can show only a selection of Yardley inspirations to make your skin fresh and attractive in full spring sunshine. There are many more, equally intriguing, right here in America! Why not let revealing sunbeams persuade you to try them immediately? In fine stores, everywhere spring's been—today! Yardley & Company, Ltd., 620 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York City; 33, Old Bond Street, London; and in Paris, Toronto, Sydney.



YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER



Use this Exquisite powder

IT KEEPS YOUR SKIN SHINE-PROOF, SOFT AND LOVELY

If you want to have a soft, unshining skin, get a box of Primrose House Chiffon today.

It's the shine-proof powder — scientific in formula, exclusive in process, exquisite in effect.

Many powders are only gay deceivers. They do not keep your face from shining because they shine themselves.

For they contain a shiny substance which actually catches the light and causes the skin to shine.

By a special process, every particle of this substance is removed from Primrose House Chiffon. And another exclusive process makes this powder cling for hours and hours without caking or clogging the pores.

Try a box today and convince yourself. Eight lovely shades to blend with any type of skin. In boxes, $3 and $1. Primrose House, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Primrose House

CHIFFON POWDER

fashion business, where something new usually is considered good *per se*. My idea is that most women walk so badly after years of practice on high heels they'd hate to start over with a new stance. At the Vanity Boot Shop, 576 Madison (56th), they feel that changing will adversely affect the spine and arch, so they are showing only a few flat heels. They then turn blithely around, however, and show three-inch Franco-China heels that I should think would enrage a sensitive spine. Vanity shoes are noted for their round-last comfort, and you'll like the linen sandals—navy blue with a high heel and trimmings of white picot (so narrow that it is swell), white with colored pipings, and white yearning to be dyed.

I. Miller is all for low-heeled shoes because they are comfortable, and goes so far as to produce a white satin sandal, outlined in gold thread, that has no heels at all. It's very ballet-dancer, so practice up on your Degas poses ($14.75). Next, Miller proudly produces a flower-printed crêpe evening sandal, in different colors of the same print, designed to be worn with plain dresses, and having a very high heel. For the daytime, they go in heavily for T-strap sandals, with Continental, Cuban, or flat heels. There are lots for the summer in a cool lightweight suede, and they show them in a Roundie last (round-toed, in case you didn't guess) with a vamp that is pretty well closed. You can have these with any kind of heel you like, in dark colors or gray or beige.

HAIRDRESSER OF THE WEEK: Marion-Susanne, at 18 West 57th Street, has a refreshing, cordial type of salon, and there isn't a man about the place to coo his appreciation of Moddom. Three girls, as attractive as they are capable, give you the works. I had a perfect haircut, scalp massage, oil shampoo, brushing, tingling astringent, and a set, and was out the door after all this pampering in less than an hour and a half, with hair glossier than it had been in weeks. They are experts in permanent waving and every possible kind of scalp treatment.

While all this is going on, you are hard put to it to resist the temptations offered by an expert manicurist who is also interested in pedicures that will make your feet glamorous. In addition, she mixes face powders, gives makeup facials, and yearns to remove superfluous hair with a new wax that is applied cold and, without giving

WHEN TASTE EXPERTS AGREE
YOU KNOW IT'S HIRAM WALKER'S

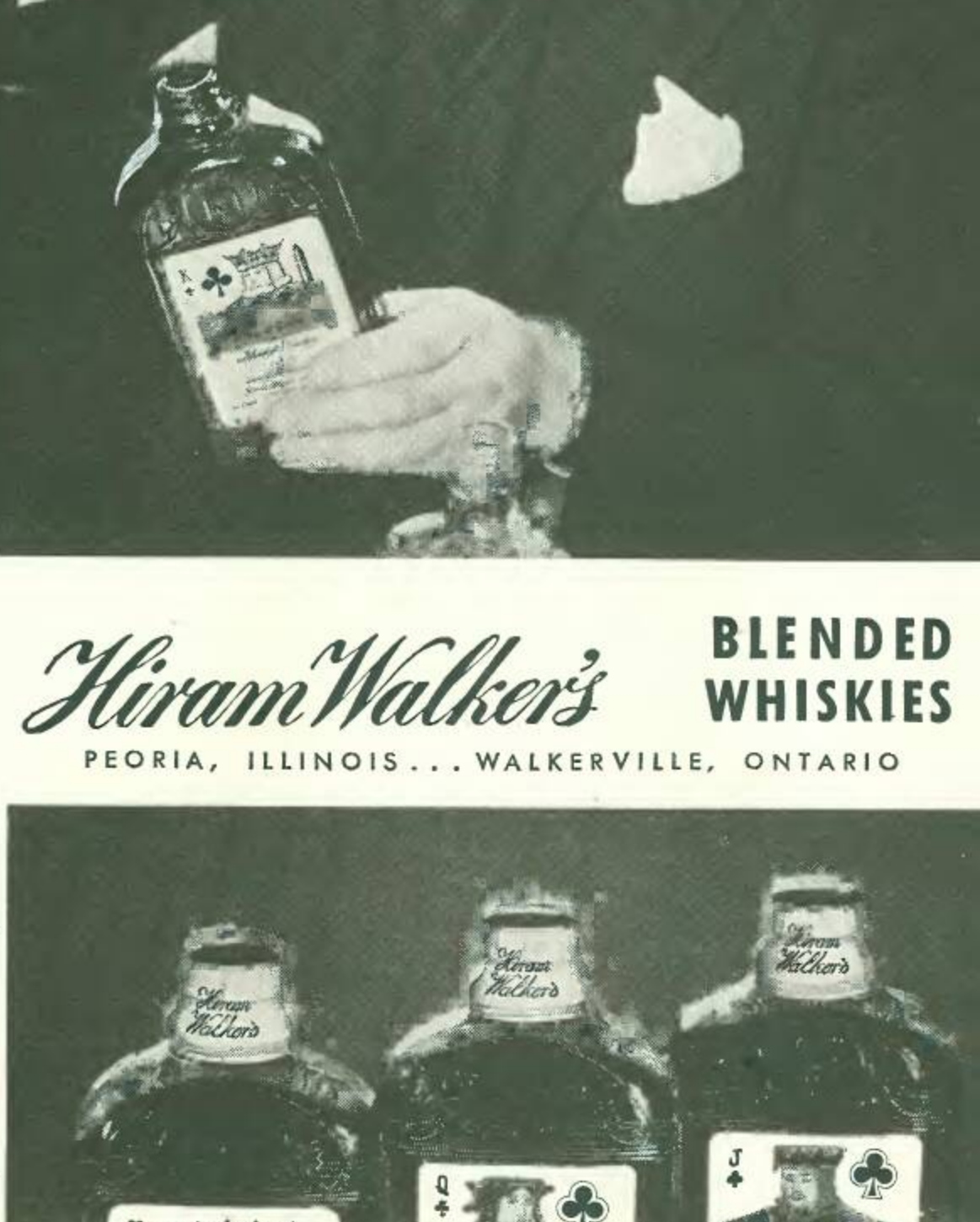
FRED M. REUSS, *taster and blender of high-priced coffees for 18 years, says:* "I get paid for tasting coffee . . . but I have to pay for the whiskey I serve my friends. I found my money's worth when I discovered Hiram Walker's! That rich, mellow flavor tells me there's plenty of Hiram Walker's good old whiskey in these blends."

ANDREW J. O'LOUGHLIN, *expert taster for a leading New York coffee importer, says:* "You said it, Fred! I've been sampling coffee for 20 years, and when I drink I like whiskey that *tastes* like whiskey. That's why I like Hiram Walker's blends. No matter what you mix them with, you still get their *natural* whiskey flavor!"

When professional tasters agree, that's *your* cue! Change to Hiram Walker's and enjoy that *real* whiskey taste you've been missing. Whiskey connoisseurs from Cape Cod to California agree that *King, Queen* and *Jack of Clubs* are America's richest, most satisfying blends. A single sip will tell you why!

Hiram Walker's **BLENDED WHISKIES**

PEORIA, ILLINOIS . . . WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



King of Clubs

A generous base of Hiram Walker's rich, old whiskey makes this a particularly full-bodied blend. If you like the *real* whiskey taste to "come through" in a mixed drink—ask for Hiram Walker's *King of Clubs!* Forty percent is 5½ year old whiskey; sixty percent is neutral whiskey.

Queen of Clubs

A gentler blend, *naturally* smooth and fragrant. For the *Queen*, like the costliest coffees, is skilfully blended to bring out the distinctive flavor of its time-mellowed base. You'll like the *Queen* in highball or cocktail. Thirty percent is 5½ year old whiskey; seventy percent is neutral whiskey.

Jack of Clubs

An agreeably balanced blend, containing plenty of Hiram Walker's treasured old whiskey. You'll find it equally pleasant, mixed or "neat", if you, too, prefer whiskey that tastes like whiskey! Twenty-three percent is 5½ year old whiskey; seventy-seven percent is neutral whiskey.

Lily of France

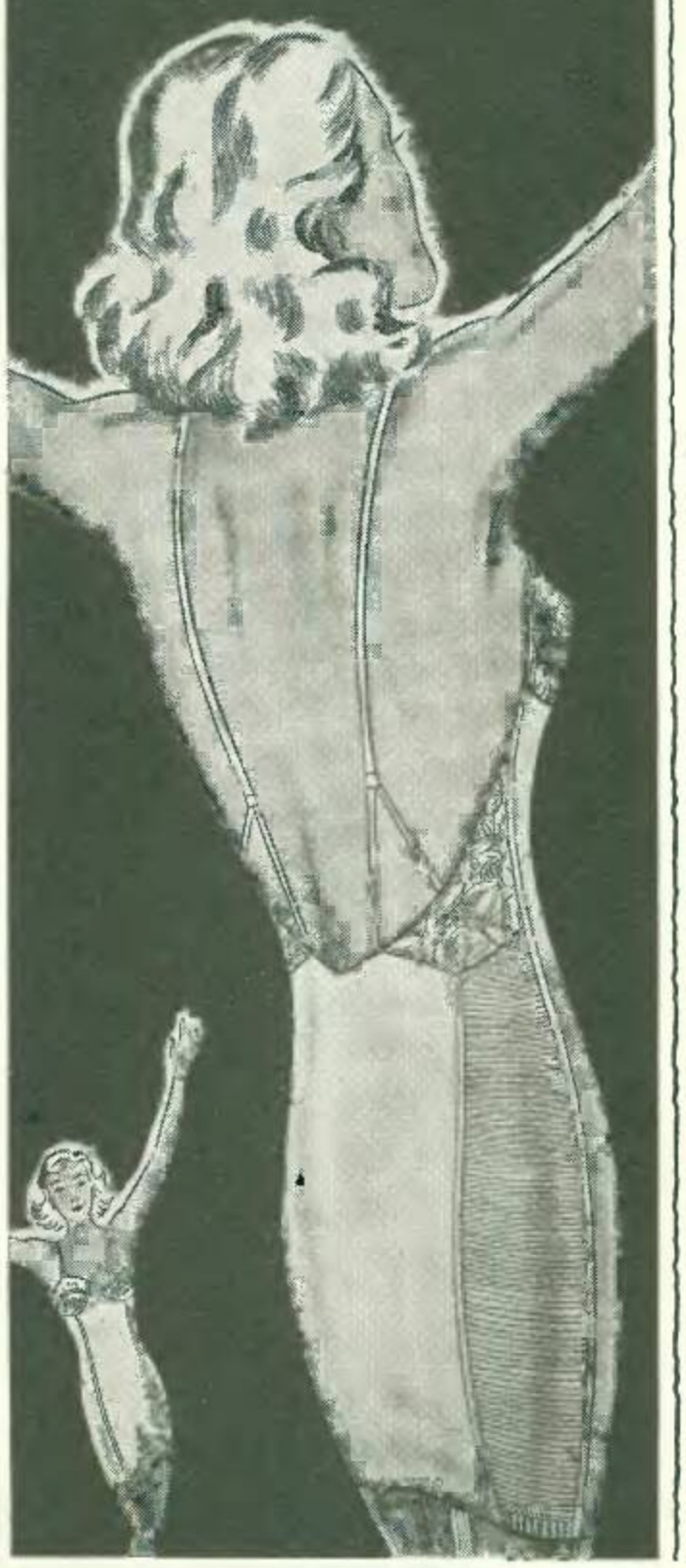
LOW-BACK

Duo-Sette

Perfection in corsetry is indicated in this extremely low-back Duo-Sette. Note the new uplift bust in which the seams are entirely eliminated!

When you examine it, note the richness of its fabrics and the magical, living elastic. Examine, too, the sewing and the general finish. Finally, when fitted, note the new loveliness it imparts to your figure. From $10 to $50.

SOLD IN QUALITY STORES IN THE U. S. A.
AND IN CANADA BY ALL THE T. EATON CO. STORES



unnecessary twinges, yanked off again. I left the place in great good cheer, feeling like the Best One.

HAWES, delighted beyond measure with the wool sweatshirt she brought out last year, is doing it up in heavy linen to wear as a sweater for active sports, or to accompany a tailored suit. She makes it along the traditional sweatshirt lines, with that harsh-across-the-throat, bulky-through-the-waist look. It is particularly good on a skinny girl, who can belt it in as casually as anything, and it comes in grand colors and costs $25, which price may make you scream and yell. . . . Myrurgia, the Spanish perfumer, is offering many scents with that tropic-flower lure—voluptuous without being obvious. I am especially fond of the one called Hawaii, because it could turn Jones Beach into Waikiki if necessary, but there are other triumphs, which you can sniff critically at Altman and Saks-Fifth Avenue.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Spring Spirit



THE shops about town would have you know that it is spring—in fact, almost summer—and you must hurry like anything or hot weather will descend and there you will be, without a stick of white iron furniture to put out on your lawns and roof terraces, you slothful creatures. Since this is a prospect which would make any normal hair stand on end, maybe you ought to do something about it.

Personally, I should recommend looking in at Décor, a nice shop at 123 East 57th Street, where they seem to have ideas and enthusiasm as well as good taste, three qualities which are only too rarely found together. One idea they have worked out is white iron chairs and tables built up on supports made of hoops, like the framework of a barrel, this contributing a pleasing airiness of design without making each piece look as if it might collapse under your weight. They are deft, too, about using white wire, twisting it into hanging shelves and wall brackets (one bracket is a mirror-centred wire daisy supporting a white flowerpot; $3.75, complete with pot), looping it around the edges of glass-lined metal ashtrays ($1.80 for a nest of three in assorted colors), and so on. They have also

Follow the ★Dri-Line

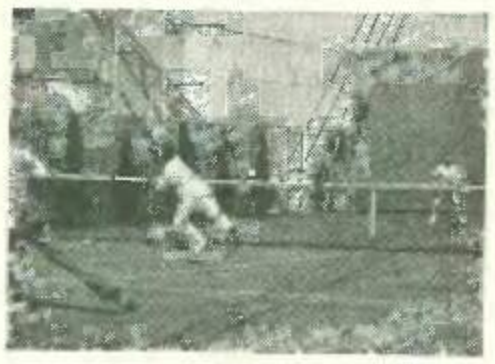
● A bathing cap, no matter how fetching, must be a practical item. It has to be tough. It should be tight. And "permanent" protection is vital. Only *Dri-Line* does all this!



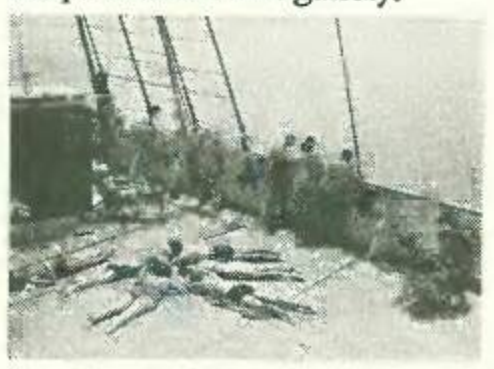
● Kleinert's—exclusively—present the *Dri-Line* cap with the wide band of stockinette fabric lining the lower back and ear-line. Should any water seep under, it is immediately absorbed by this *Dri-Line* and cannot spread over the hair. ● Kleinert's—originators of trimmed bathing caps—apply the exciting notes of the millinery mode to these caps. They flatter the wearer as well as offer her utmost protection. ★Ask to see the *Dri-Line* caps and other Kleinert's beach togs and accessories sold at the better shops. ●Style headquarters, 30 Rue Joubert, Paris, France. • • • •

Kleinert's

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



SPACE . . . for sports. A full size doubles tennis court with court-side café. Championship squash racquets court and gallery.



SPACE . . . for deck fun. 26,000 square feet of lounge deck . . . glass-enclosed avenues of sunshine. A sports deck! A sun deck!



SPACE . . . for swimming. The beautiful Olympian pool . . . 46 feet long and 21 feet wide. Turkish and electric baths adjoining.

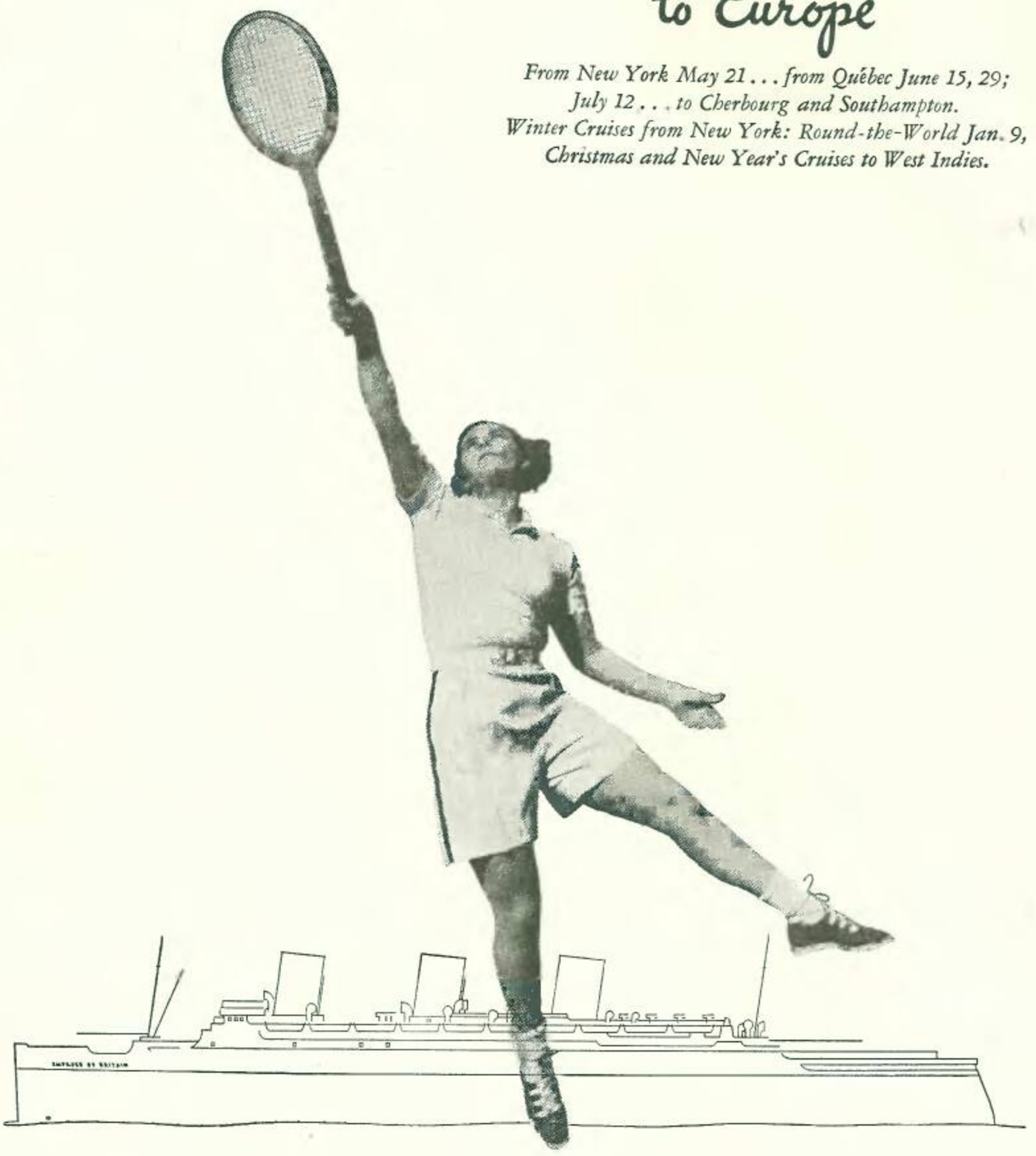


SPACE . . . for regal dining. The magnificent Jacques Cartier salon. And two private dining-rooms for your own parties.

SPACE . . . for lounging. The Mall . . . the splendid Mayfair and Cathay Lounges . . . the Empress Room for talkies and shows.



SPACE . . . for living. Typical apartments are 27 feet long. 70% with private bath. Full-size beds. Ship-to-shore phone service.



Empress of Britain to Europe

From New York May 21 . . . from Québec June 15, 29; July 12 . . . to Cherbourg and Southampton.
Winter Cruises from New York: Round-the-World Jan. 9, Christmas and New Year's Cruises to West Indies.

MORE SPACE

per First Class Passenger

than any other ship afloat

Room to do things . . . to live . . . to be yourself. Doesn't that add to gaiety . . . to comfort . . . to relaxation as you travel? Why not go *Empress* this time and enjoy more space? Sail from Québec to Cherbourg and Southampton in 5 fast days. First Class, Tourist Class, Third Class. Book through YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Washington, Montreal, 32 other cities in the U. S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

made up a large white wire urn with a milk-glass lining to hold cut flowers or a plant; $19.50. This is fifteen inches high, or big enough to stand on the floor without looking lost in space. If you like, they will turn it into a low table for you by equipping it with a wide glass top having a hole in the centre for the flowers to come branching through.

They have rattan, too, in a big canvas-slung chair with a high back which curls over at the top to shield your head from the sun; $49.50. It is handsome in red rattan with white canvas, but can be ordered in any colors.

Their garden pièce de résistance, though, is of plaster—an Ionic capital brought down to earth, all full of correct architectural detail, to be set up in a formal garden as a table or seat. You can have it for $68 with a top of Bakelite or dark-green mirrored glass. It is somewhat overpowering seen at close range in the shop, but should be sensational as a garden feature at the end of a long avenue of, say, cypress, if you have such a thing. (If you haven't, just forget the whole affair.)

Something very fine in summer chintzes also cropped up at this place, in designs the like of which I had never seen before. One of them has a prodigious garland of stylized pink oak leaves winding in an S-shape over an expanse of clean white background. The complete design covers one average curtain length—about three yards —and is really something exciting to look at. Another chintz is yellow, with a bright-green band running all the way down the selvage on one side, to save you the price of extra edging. Out from this band sprouts a branchy pattern that looks like asparagus fern, but which, it seems, the designer meant for pine, although the shop likes to think of it as seaweed. Anyone confused at this point as to what this looks like should see for himself. It would be worth the trouble.

MORE of your pennies can be squandered to good effect at Abercrombie & Fitch. The Play Hours Shop, newly installed on the sixth floor, has every imaginable thing to lure you into retiring at an early age to lead a life which is one long round of pleasure. Maybe you are the type to get fun out of furious sporting activity, or maybe you would like a career of Oriental languor among cushioned couches in your garden. It's all one to Abercrombie; the Play Hours Shop has equip-



Mimi's

Daisy Number

THIS is linen, dotted and daisied in the most piquant manner. Such a careless white bow tie and such careful white daisies, their dear little faces in Copenhagen blue, navy, brown or pink to match dress.

NOTE: For once an ensemble equally happy with or without jacket which is Something.

And, for goodness sake,

$10.75

Peach basket hat, also daisied, is in shiny white rough straw with ribbons in white, navy or brown, $5.

MIMI fashions are exclusive with

JOHN WANAMAKER

in both stores

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

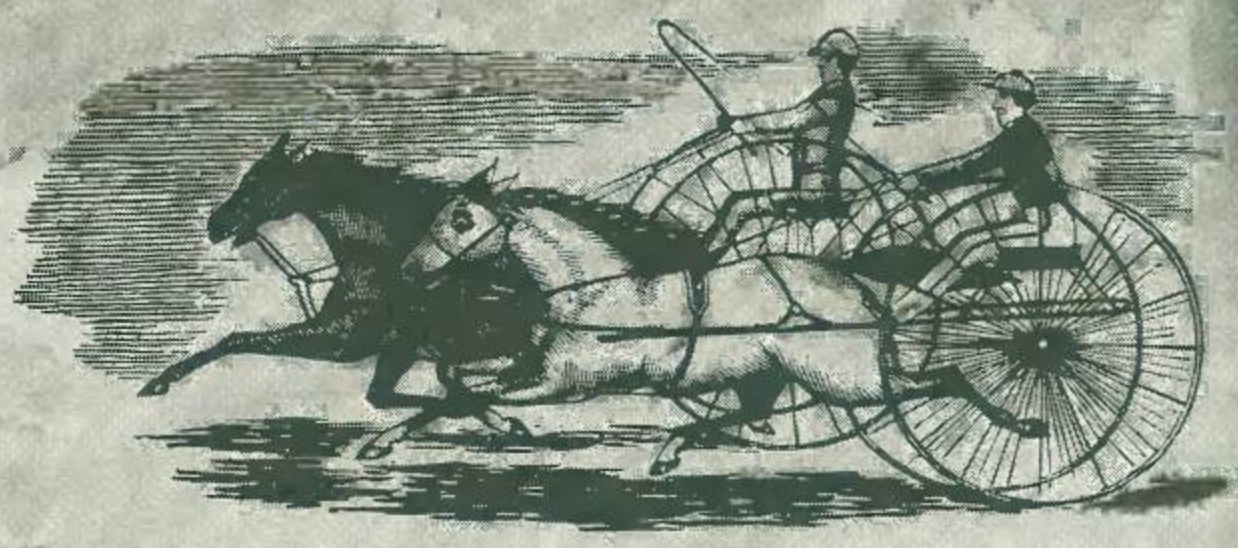
MORNY
Bath Soap
MADE IN ENGLAND
The Choice of Royalty and Aristocracy the world over
Subtly Perfumed • Long Lasting
JUNE ROSES • CHAMINADE, 1.00 the cake
FRENCH FERN • VERVEINE, 50c the cake
and 10 other fragrances • at all good shops



Shefford
SNAPPY CHEESE

ZIP! and the stars are above . . .
ZING! and it's shut up tight . . .
We're talking about our "SPLIT-SECOND" SLIDING ROOF
LEON & EDDIE'S 33 W 52 N Y C
Incidentally there's a ZIP! and a ZING! to the Rare Entertainment!!!
LUNCH! DINNER! SUPPER! COCKTAILS!


Dine al fresco at New York's Smartest Summer Garden
ENTERTAINMENT
LUNCHEON • TEA
COCKTAIL HOUR • DINNER
PAVILLON MARGUERY
"PROTECTED FROM THE SUN & RAIN"
PARK AVENUE at FORTY SEVENTH street



The Whiskey Rebellion

Many folk think
The whiskey rebellion
Happened way back
Before high-wheeled sulkies
And low settees



Truth is, however,
It's happening now

Octogenarians
Who've growled over toddies
What kept 'em awake....

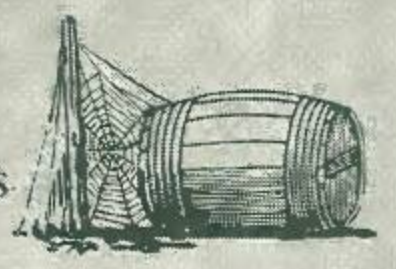
Sexagenarians
Who've kicked about cocktails
That put 'em asleep....



Quadrigenarians
Who've dreamed about tipples
That tickle the taste....

All these rebels
Are turning away
From the new and unknown
To the good old names

One of the oldest
And proudest
Of these good names
Is Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey
Born: 1810



It's bottled in bond
4 years in cask
And as mellow
And savory
And silken a sup
As you ever sipped





OLD OVERHOLT

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

©1937, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.



The LIQUEUR Scotch with

"JUST THE RIGHT

Peat Smoke

TASTE"

This very ancient de luxe Scotch has long been recognized as probably the finest whisky obtainable. Every drop at least 12 years old.

Look for the squat fat bottle with the dimples. Old Curio is bottled in Scotland.

Peter Dawson "Special" Scotch, at least 8 years old, has the same balanced peat smoke taste.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y.
Sole U. S. Agents *Est. 1877*

Peter DAWSON

OLD CURIO

PRIVATE HOME LIFE

ON PARK AVENUE

FOYERS
PANTRIES
SPACIOUSNESS
WOOD BURNING FIREPLACES
HOSPITALITY
DIGNITY
CHARM

Mayfair House
EDWARD H. CRANDALL

PARK AVENUE AT SIXTY-FIFTH STREET
RESERVATIONS NOW FOR OCTOBER FIRST

The Smartest Gift of the Season



MONOGRAMMED glassware always makes a hit. It's personal, distinctive, ideal for weddings, anniversaries, and birthday gifts.

Cloverleaf Crystal is excellent in quality, low in price; the most complete line available.

Highball—Oldfashioned, $5.00 doz. * Muddler 25c, Cocktail $7.50 doz. * Including three-letter monogram, hand-engraved. Cash with order. Send full name for monogram. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**Exp. 75c per doz.—$1.25 on West Coast.*

Free catalogue shows hundreds of items. Free cocktail dial showing 22 recipes with each order.

CLOVER LEAF CRYSTAL SHOPS
Dept. E-9 58 East Monroe Chicago

Modernize — Preserve

Since 1878 this decorating firm has been remodeling homes, painting and whitewashing, adding closets and window boxes, altering halls, cellar or penthouse, **modernizing** kitchen and bathroom.

We pick up your carpets and curtains, clean and store for the summer. Repair, reupholster, vacuum and cover your furniture, books, etc., either with muslin or cellophane so that they are **preserved** for next winter's enjoyment.

O. CHARLES MEYER & CO., Inc.
37 & 39 W. 8th St. Bet. 5th & 6th Avenues
Telephone—Stuyvesant 9-5727

ment for either choice. Every known game is there, indoor and outdoor; all the best new designs in wheelbarrow garden chaises, portable beach or terrace cabañas, push-about bars and cellarettes of every description, and all kinds of goofy devices for having fun in and on the water, including a one-man raft, adjustable to any size—you lie flat on your stomach, propel with your hands, and steer with your feet ($20). They have even taken care to throw in inventions to keep your children occupied while you play, notably a canvas swimming pool for $49.50 in a size big enough to allow two or three babies to dog-paddle in it simultaneously. It's a couple of feet deep, and can be sunk in the ground or (heaven forbid!) set up on the lawn. Also for the little ones: Daniel Boone play cabins, knock-down style, of timber. They are $18.50 and $45—real little houses which would set any normal child crazy with joy, yet wouldn't ruin the landscape for his elders.

SMALL, scattered items of similar summery interest are springing up daily all about town. Such as two new devices for carrying in cut flowers from the garden, at Lewis & Conger. One, scientific, is called Practical Pails. The pails are joined in pairs and carried by a single central handle; the cut flowers go right into water, which is very good for them ($3.50). The other, picturesque, is a large, flat disc of straw. Folding it in half brings a pair of handles together at the top (like those canvas wood-carriers), and you have a basket which will hold illimitable quantities of flowers with stems of any length ($1.25).

Then, the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has a homely comfort in the way of a footstool on rockers, at once the most soothing and the hardest to describe that I ever saw. It supports the whole leg right up to the knee (making a chaise-longue out of any old chair) and adjusts itself automatically, because of the rockers, to the most comfortable angle for any sitter. It costs $15 and would be very handy out on the porch.

Lord & Taylor have trimmings to turn your terrace into a gaudy Mexican bower, teeming with life and color and other primitive virtues. They can sell you garlands of gourds and seed pods, painted in hot, beautiful colors, for around $4 a string, as well as bottles, bowls, and pitchers, each made of a single dried Mexican gourd all painted

up ($2.50). They even have a gourd birdhouse, with painted landscapes on it. I don't know how an American bird would feel about this, but it *looks* very pretty.

Russel Wright has a new punch bowl, for romantic summer parties under the stars. It looks like a chromium scale model of Saturn; the globe is the bowl (covered) and the ring holds punch cups suspended in holes. The ring, cups and all, lifts off for handing around the drinks. You don't really have to have a terrace to use this. It would even be nice for wassail on the hearth next New Year's. Price, $20; at the Russel Wright showroom, 165 East 35th Street.

In case you didn't realize it as you were reading along, most of these would make good bread-and-butter presents to send out to friends in the country who put you up week-ends. You never can tell when you might get invited some place. —B. B.

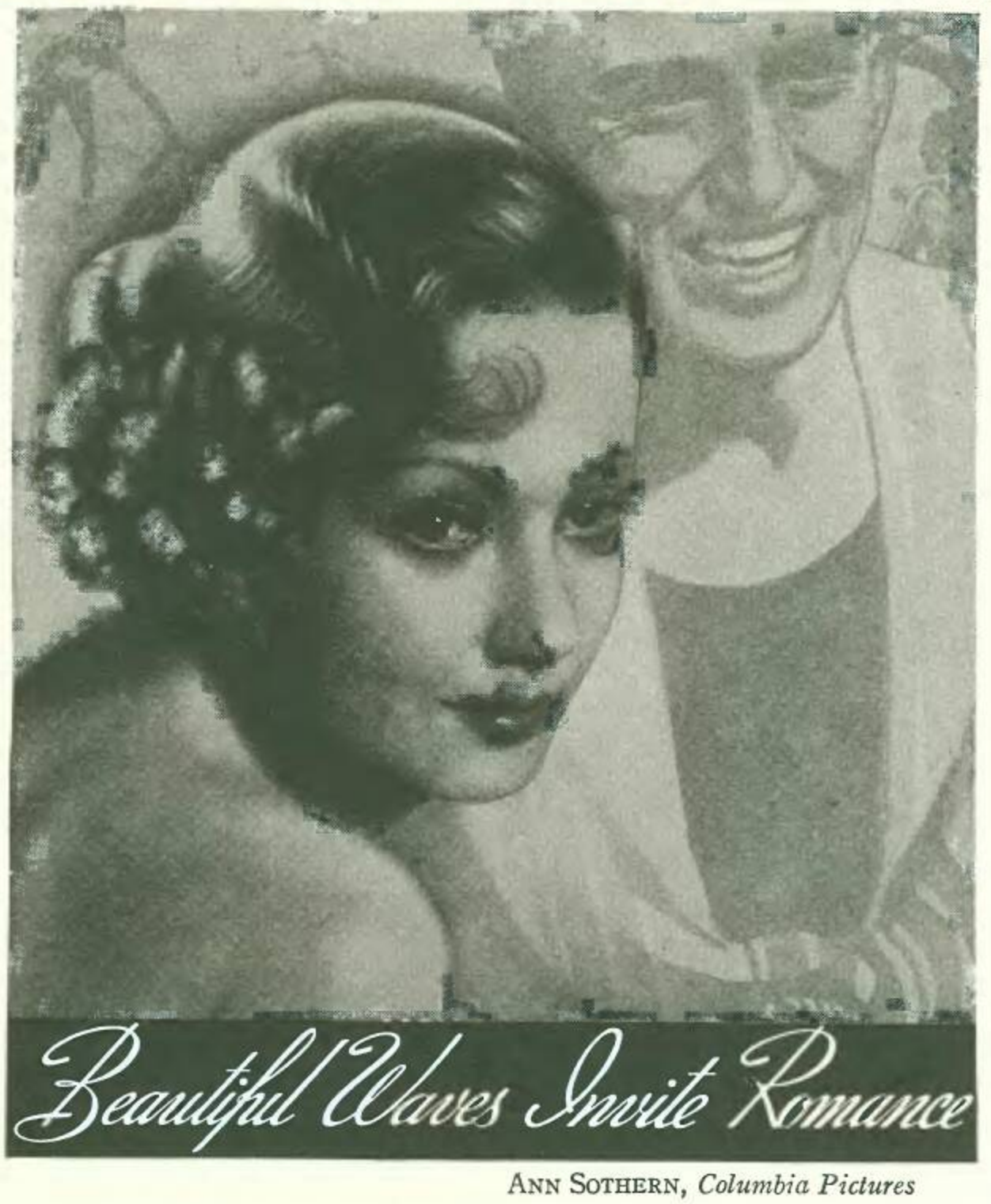
AS TO MEN

Games and Things

WE haven't got out to the country yet—all our spring nature studies have been confined to roof gardens—so our exercise of late has been pretty well limited to trying to run up big scores on those new bagatelle boards and Dartelle, a version of the British game of darts, which you've doubtless seen, and played, in country pubs. In Dartelle—we found the game at Spalding—the darts have rubber vacuum cups instead of spikes, so they won't damage the wallpaper or the furniture, and the board is divided into numbered squares for scoring.

We've also been thinking of taking up lawn bowls, or bocci, the Italian variation (you can get good-looking sets in the better sporting-goods shops around town), and we've taken a fancy to Shu-Quoi, which, as you've probably guessed, is a combination of horseshoe-pitching—down on the west coast of Florida they call it barnyard golf—and quoits. The horseshoe-quoits you toss are made of rubber, so the game may be played indoors. As a matter of fact, they do it at the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood, among other places, and at the Naval Prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Of course you've seen it from the board-walk at Jones Beach. And if you would keep up your ping-pong form, there's paddle tennis (S. J. Feron, 55 East 44th Street, has both these games), which is really quite fast. It's played

frederics 50% COOLER Permanent Waves



ANN SOTHERN, *Columbia Pictures*

ALWAYS so different...always so adorable...but he didn't know it was the elusive charm of her beautiful, soft Frederics Permanent Wave, glistening with youthful radiance, and tossing willfully in the breezes—that won his admiration and then his heart.

Many a girl has made her own romance, and "captured her man" by making herself lovelier than her fondest dreams with a Frederics Vita Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave. So natural, so beautiful, so easily molded into the newest coiffure styles, and so easy to keep neatly arranged. And now, there's a new discovery which makes it possible to really enjoy this beautifying process.

NEW 1935 FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES ARE 50% COOLER

Your hair is actually waved with one-half the heat formerly required, yet your permanent is softer, lovelier, more lustrous, and lasting. This is made possible by Frederics New Improved *Controlled Heat* Process which preserves and protects the natural loveliness of your hair. If you value your hair —your most precious possession—avoid permanent waves given with High Uncontrolled Chemical or Electrical Heat.

E frederics inc

VITA-TONIC *Wrappers*

VITRON *Wrappers*

To be sure of receiving a Genuine Frederics Permanent Wave ... Patronize an Authorized Frederics shop! Look for the Frederics Franchise Certificate which guarantees the use of a Frederics machine! Examine all the wrappers used on your hair—make sure no harmful imitations are used.

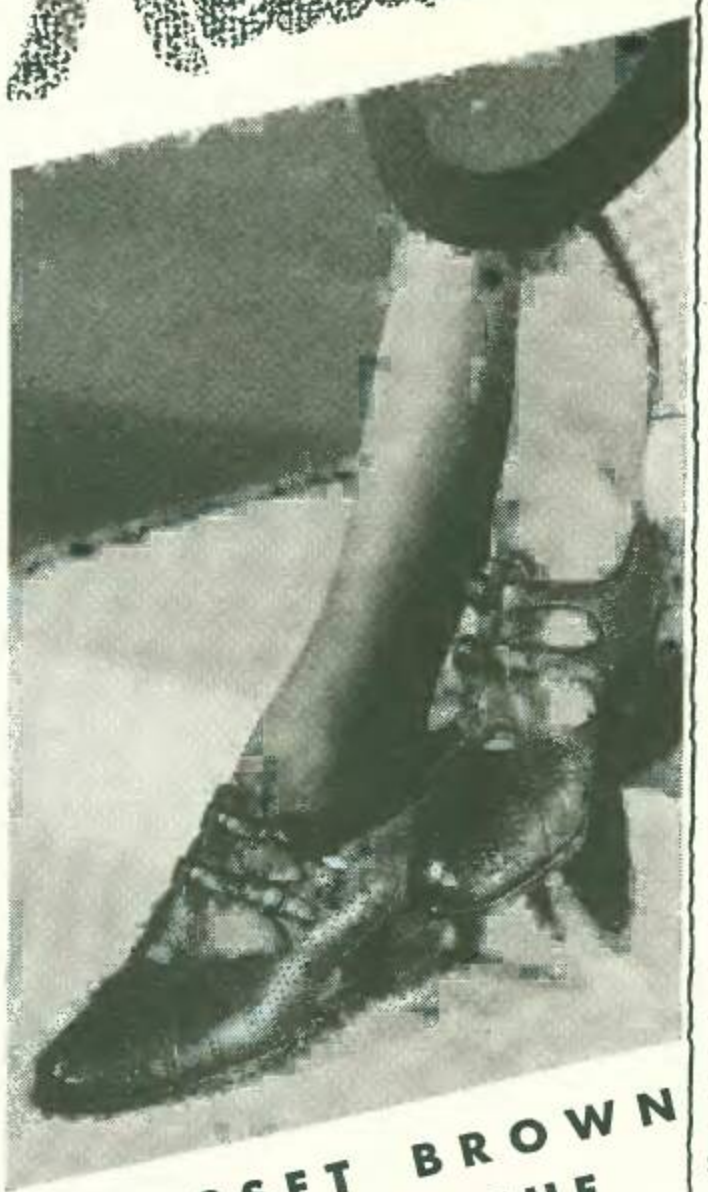


E. FREDERICS, Inc., Dept. NY7, 235-247 East 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me free booklet and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise salons.

Name..... *Address*.....

City..... *State*.....

Rough AND Ready



A RUSSET BROWN FROM THE

Stetson Shoes.-REEL

Two buckles are better than one and both are better still when they swing to the side and fasten your sandal high about the ankle. Other signs of good sport-sense here are broad, blocky heels and plenty of toe room. But perish the thought that we're too practical! The flexible sole may be thoroughly water-proof, but the pin-prick perforations are open to all the elements! That makes you both cool and calculating when you buy this shoe in russet, and later on, in white.

Stetson Shoes are found in many leading stores across country and at Stetson Shops in principal cities. Shoes-reel style book (*all in pictures*) sent on request.

THE STETSON SHOE

THE STETSON SHOE CO., Inc.
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

on a smaller court than lawn tennis—twenty by forty-five feet—and complete sets, with four paddles, three sponge-rubber balls, net, posts, tape, etc., cost $15 and $21. Badminton sets are rather more expensive, running up to $45.

Abercrombie & Fitch, who have all sorts of games for the lawn, are tremendously proud of their croquet sets—particularly of one that has mallets with hard-rubber ends, and fits into a compact and portable rack. They also like a new, and somewhat informal, modification of cricket, which can be played on the beach as well as on a lawn. And speaking of beach things, we thought their Atlantic Derby, a variation of Minoru, with a track eighteen feet long and horses eighteen inches high, was first-class.

Oh, yes, we also saw, and played with, a strange contraption which its makers have named the Flying Dodo Mystery Bird. It's a fabric bird, with revolving wings, attached to a thin, strong line on a steel fishing rod. When you swing the thing in the air, it flutters about in an astounding fashion and will fly, we're told, to great heights—there's at least several hundred feet of line on the reel. Silly, but a lot of fun. It might make a good target for wing-shooting practice when the children aren't around.

And that reminds us: Captain Bob Robertson, one of the leading English shooting coaches, is over for his annual visit. He spends most of his time at Abercrombie & Fitch's target-practice grounds near Bayside, which are as complete as we've seen anywhere. He's especially good at correcting your faults at skeet.

ALFRED DUNHILL, who's pretty conservative about introducing innovations and gadgets in his pipes, has brought out what he calls a filter shell-briar pipe, which we're assured gives an unusually cool smoke. The trick is that a disc of something called kaoloid at the base of the bowl arrests moisture and eliminates residue. The bowl of the pipe unscrews, so you can remove and clean the filter when necessary. The pipe is $10. Dunhill also has a



PERSPIRE?



88 OUT OF 100 WOMEN PREFER

Ever-Dry

ONCE THEY TRY IT!

Just try Ever-Dry. 88 out of 100 women who do, tests show, never go back to other ways of checking under-arm perspiration. This pure, colorless, delicately fragrant liquid will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Use it any time. It acts instantly.

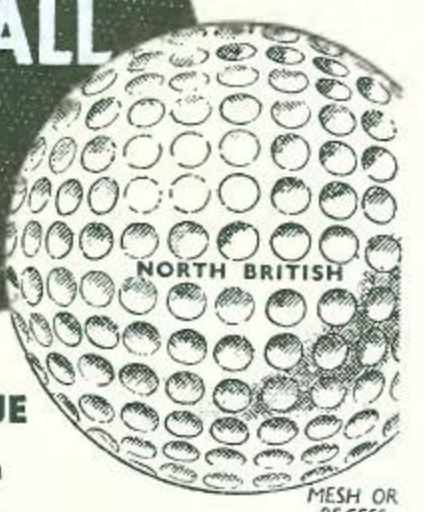
We use only the most expensive ingredients—do everything we know how, to make Ever-Dry the *best*. In fact, we guarantee money back if you don't like it better than any similar product! Look for Good Housekeeping's seal on every bottle. 50c.



(Ever-Dry is the best seller in Hollywood.)

EVER-DRY LABORATORIES
385 Fifth Ave., N.Y., *and* Los Angeles

PLAY THE BALL THAT WINS



TOUGH & TRUE

The North British Standard Ball has a tough cover, which in no way reduces its power. Reports from golfers all over the world who have played the ball for as many as fifteen rounds, under all sorts of conditions, state that the ball has not shown even a club mark. Its long distance, steadiness and satisfactory behaviour off the iron clubs, show that this ball fully justifies its reputation.

75c - 50c

Distributor: T. W. NIBLETT
350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

NORTH BRITISH

pocket lighter for pipe-smokers, and a new table lighter—a reproduction of an eighteenth-century tinder pistol.

MOSTLY ODDS AND ENDS: Brooks have a smart new sweater vest for golfers, with a tweed or Tattersall front and a knitted back; and, for the beach or weekends in the country, India print madras shirts in bright colors. . . . Fortnum & Mason's suggestion for golfers is their Troon sweater—we like it, too. . . . Spalding showed us a belt of real fish-net twine, with a trick loop fastening instead of a metal buckle ($2); it is made, we were told, by a Russian sailor in his spare time. Also, they have an American seat-stick that's really comfortable. We approved of their round-necked tennis shirts, too, and the gay, plaid, light-weight wool socks to wear without garters with slacks. . . . Hanan will make you shoes of natural yellow calfskin for $40. . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue have extra-light, wing-sleeve pullover shirts of French shirting, made to order for $6.50 and upward; and sleeveless cashmere pullover sweaters so fine that they'll make no more of a bulge in your coat pocket than a pair of gloves ($10.50). . . . And Alfred Dunhill has a new toilet water for men which he says is as masculine as the click of a polo mallet. It's $2 a bottle. —E. K.

•

NEWS NOTES

EDITORIAL

Earthquake and fire and flood and dust.
If one doesn't get you, the sales tax must.

FOREIGN

Eager for peace by peaceful means,
Germany starts to build submarines.

ECONOMIC

Exhorts La Follette, "Soak the rich!"
Excuse me, Senator. Soak the which?

WASHINGTON

Every one of the President's moves
Mr. Roosevelt fully approves.

LITERATURE

As per the pre-award surmises,
The wrong guys get the Pulitzer prizes.
—BARON IRELAND

•

His mother . . . is the sister of that grand American contralto, Louise Homer —familiarly and affectionately known as Madame Homer.—*Carl Engel, quoted in a Philharmonic program.*

Hi-ya, Tootsie!



The discord is DRY SKIN

Your nose so pert and charming . . . your mouth sweet and sensitive . . . your eyes devastatingly wistful . . . but Dry Skin can put your face all out of tune.

If you are immersed in the problem of your own facial harmony, and your skin is showing even the finest of lines, you will find the right answer in FRANCES DENNEY Herbal Oil Blend. MISS DENNEY strikes all the right chords with this Preparation.

A brief letter to MISS DENNEY will bring you news of where her Preparations can be purchased in your city. Address: FRANCES DENNEY of PHILADELPHIA.

HERBAL OIL BLEND	MILD SKIN TONIC	HERBAL CLEANSING CREAM
$5.50 $11.00	$1.40 $2.75	$1.00
Trial Size $2.00		$2.00 $3.00



FRANCES DENNEY

2 PEMBERTON PRIZE PLAYS

with OSGOOD PERKINS and JOHN LITEL

CEILING ZERO

"Best melodrama I ever saw."—Clarence Buddington Kelland

A new play by FRANK WEAD

MUSIC BOX Theatre, W. 45 St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.

—Both Plays directed by Antoinette Perry—

"More laughs than 'Once in a Lifetime'. The greatest performance I've seen in years."—MARY BOLAND

8th HILARIOUS MONTH!

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

with GLADYS GEORGE

A new comedy by Lawrence Riley
[No passes 1st year; No cut rates]
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30



"I HAD A GRAND TIME."
—Hammond, Herald Tribune

Walter Connolly

in the John Golden Comedy Hit

The Bishop Misbehaves

with JANE WYATT

GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th Street
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

"THE BELLY LAUGH HIT OF THE TOWN."
Gilbert Seldes, Journal

ALEX YOKEL presents

3 MEN ON A HORSE

by John Cecil Holm & George Abbott

"Funniest play in 25 years."
Ward Morehouse, Sun

PLAYHOUSE W. 48 St. Evs. 8:45—50c to $3
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45—50c to $2

VINTON FREEDLEY, Inc. presents

WILLIAM GAXTON ★ ETHEL MERMAN ★ VICTOR MOORE

in New York's No.1 Musical Comedy Hit

ANYTHING GOES!

with BETTINA HALL

ALVIN THEA 52nd St W of B'way · Mats Wed & Sat
Seats 8 weeks in advance

Herman Shumlin presents

"The thunderbolt of Broadway."
—Literary Digest

The Children's Hour

By Lillian Hellman

"The Season's Masterpiece."
—Percy Hammond, Herald Tribune

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S W. 39th. Eves. 8:30
50c-$3. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40. 50c-$2

MOROSCO Thea., 45th St., W. of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Theatre's Most Glamorous Actress

Tallulah BANKHEAD

in a New Comedy

SOMETHING GAY

With HUGH SINCLAIR

"Miss Bankhead performs with glamour and with spirit."—World-Telegram

GILBERT MILLER & LESLIE HOWARD
in association with ARTHUR HOPKINS
present

LESLIE HOWARD in
THE PETRIFIED FOREST

by ROBERT SHERWOOD

BROADHURST Thea., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:45
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:45

JUDITH ANDERSON and HELEN MENKEN in

THE OLD MAID

A Play by ZOE AKINS

"THERE IS NO MORE MOVING DRAMA ON BROADWAY."—Burns Mantle, Daily News.

EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way & 40th Street
Evenings at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Noel Coward's Miracle Play



PERHAPS any film which gave us a glimpse of Noel Coward under water, Noel Coward beautifully tailored yet awash in the high seas, might be thought to have its surprising incidents. This detail itself is perhaps not quite so surprising, though, as is the whole turn the Hecht-MacArthur picture takes as its story shapes up at last. "The Scoundrel" is a tale of our most modern moderns, and for wit and perfection of handling it is unique among the pictures of the year. Concerned at first with the effete circles, with the utterly worldly, the plot is all at once wrenched down the byway of medieval legend, touched with the color of a fourteenth-century morality. After scenes in publishers' waiting-rooms, and in the Hapsburg restaurant, after as sharp and flinty badinage as any talkie has attempted, with the smart reference to Proust and a flash of that latest striped American edition, after scenes with Alexander Woollcott and Hope Williams, both in fine feather, after line upon line of Noel Coward at full blast, we are suddenly faced smack with the beldame's adage that he who dies unmourned may never rest in peace. It comes as a shock, and it is a *tour de force*, I think, on the part of all concerned, especially of Mr. Coward himself, that the conclusion is made as acceptable as it is. Personally, I cannot help but wish that the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur had confined themselves to this finite world and had not toyed with the hereafter. Until, with a crash, it becomes a miracle play, the story would seem fitted to end with the ruthless comments of his acquaintances upon the "scoundrel's" death, an epilogue of acid obituaries. Such a conclusion would have its effect of complete cynicism, not without power, less disturbing than mysticism.

As "scoundrel"—or as corpse—Noel Coward is suave, sure, of an elegance, before the lens. He is a publisher in the piece, as you may know, a man-about-town with a taste for the exquisite phrase and none for the eternal verities, who allows himself to be

3RD BIG WEEK!

★★★★—Daily News

Joseph M. Schenck presents
Darryl Zanuck's production
of Victor Hugo's

"Les MISERABLES"

Starring

FREDRIC MARCH CHARLES LAUGHTON

A 20 Century Picture

UNITED ARTISTS RIVOLI BROADWAY AT 49TH

Loew's Leads in New York!

LEXINGTON · 72ND STREET
LEXINGTON AVE. at 51 ST. 72 STREET & 3RD AVE

Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon. May 10, 11, 12, 13
JEAN HARLOW and WILLIAM POWELL
in M-G-M's "RECKLESS" with Franchot Tone

Tues., Wed., Thurs., May 14, 15, 16
2—BIG FEATURES—2
Hayes—Montgomery "Vanessa: Her Love Story" | "Behind Green Lights" with Norman Foster

ZIEGFELD 54 ST. at 6TH AVE.

May 10 to 13
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
In "PRIVATE WORLDS"

Tues., Wed., Thurs., May 14, 15, 16
"Vanessa: Her Love Story" & "Behind Green Lights"
Kesslere's Exhibition of Famous Personalities

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

THE INFORMER

With

VICTOR McLAGLEN HEATHER ANGEL
PRESTON FOSTER MARGOT GRAHAME

Plus huge stage musical extravaganza

SHOW PLACE OF THE NATION

The Group Theatre presents

AWAKE AND SING!

by CLIFFORD ODETS

BELASCO THEA., 44 ST. EAST OF B'WAY
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. BRy. 9-5100

"A GOL-DARNED GOOD SHOW."
Percy Hammond in Herald Tribune

To See Ourselves

A Comedy by E. M. Delafield

Earle LARIMORE Patricia COLLINGE Reginald MASON

ETHEL BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Ev. 8:50—50c-2.75
Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:45—50c to $2

Grace George

"In one of the most appealing impersonations of her history."—Hammond, Herald Tribune

"Kind Lady"

BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40

18,000

enthusiastic playgoers read

THE STAGE

You'll enjoy it, too. On the better newsstands, 35 cents.



"—but waiter, these are not made with MYERS'S Rum!"

Give the little girl a big hand, folks,—and go and do likewise. When anyone tries to slip over a just-as-good Rum on you, raise a nasty eyebrow and wither him with this time-honored proverb:—

The World's Best Is Jamaica Rum
Jamaica's Best Is **MYERS'S** *Rum*

Here's how the rum-wise couple, shown above, insist a real Planters' Punch should be made—



- 3 jiggers MYERS'S Fine Old Jamaica Rum
- 1 jigger of Lime Juice
- 2 barspoonfuls of Sugar
- 4 jiggers of Water
- (Mix above thoroughly)
- Dash in Angostura Bitters to taste
- Ice well and serve.

A booklet telling how to mix 60 swell Rum drinks is yours for the asking. Just drop a penny postcard to
R.U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc. Dept. N-5.
57 Laight Street, New York.

MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch"
BRAND
FINE OLD JAMAICA RUM

★ ON YOUR OWN in Europe

EUROPE $8.00 PER DAY ★

A Revolutionary Method of Planning An Independent Trip Abroad.

Our new method of planning independent travel in Europe enables you to figure your trip at basic per-day prices of $8, $10, $12, $15 or $18. We show you exactly how to lay out your time and money to the best advantage. Come in and let us show you how to see more in Europe and save money seeing it while traveling independently. Also call and get a copy of our big, new 43 in. x 32 in. Illustrated Map of Europe. A very helpful map to anybody planning a trip abroad. Address Department N



MARGARET CONE *and* ELIZABETH WHITMORE
Travel Service
745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK PLaza 3-6090

distracted by a young poetess who is all soul. This little literary sample might not have been such a sympathetic character, so moving a victim, had Julie Haydon not given the part such a very persuasive charm. The affair leads to catastrophes, including the broken heart of the poetess, which she is not able to exploit in her verse evidently, the whole situation hurtled all at once into the realms of the higher mysticism by the accidental death of the publisher in an air crash as he is flying to Bermuda, and then by his return from the dead for a month's respite. The background of New York life, as I have indicated, the life of successful literary and artistic people, so to speak, with Coward as a central facet, is the really triumphant feature of the whole film. It may make some people perceive the fascinations of Nome.

VERY rococo, very ornate indeed, is Marlene Dietrich's "The Devil Is a Woman." From an old story of Pierre Louÿs' concerning the fatal charmer, with Rimsky-Korsakoff music, with some Spanish touches credited to John Dos Passos, with furbelows never so fancy or combs so high, with carnival masks never so wonderful before, the picture is fun, though rather hysterically Andalusian. Marlene, with a valance of spit curls, sometimes resorts to baby talk to strengthen her heartless coquetries, sings agreeably on occasion, and isn't probably as convincingly provocative as she was in either "Morocco" or "Blue Angel." Some Edward Everett Horton humor, I must add, helps things a great deal.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler appear together in "Go Into Your Dance," which is routine musical, with backstage plot. Uninspired! Uninspired and somewhat choppy is Lionel Barrymore's "Mark of the Vampire," with Bela Lugosi. Just nickelodeon miracle material of the old school.—J. C. M.

•

If you're bored with wife go down into the Village on a Saturday morning and stroll up and down Bleecker St. . . . have your fortune told by a Cockatoo, buy snails by the peck or take home a necklace of dried filberts.—*The Villager.*

And *then* see who's bored.

•

. . . gazing disconsolately into what Elbert Hubbard called "innocuous desuetude."—*O. O. McIntyre in the American.*

In his famous "Message to Grover Cleveland."



SALYMIL SHOP

Laughing Water! It shimmers and ripples one moment, it is dull and quiet the next! A perfectly fascinating new fabric, made into one of those gloriously casual sports frocks you simply "live in" all summer long! Maize—petal pink—blue—white. Sizes 12 to 20.
$19.75

FOURTH FLOOR

MILGRIM

6 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK
Cleveland Detroit

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PUTNAM DIVISION

ASK a New Yorker about the road between Monte Carlo and Antibes, and you may get an answer. He can tell you the running time of trains from San Francisco to Santa Barbara. And he is sure to have some highly colored notions about things that happen to people on those travelling homes of romance, the Shanghai Express and the Stamboul Limited. Speak about the Putnam Division of the New York Central, however, and it's twenty to one his mind is blank. Mention the names of a few of its stations—places right at Manhattan's front door—and he thinks you are kidding him. Bryn Mawr Park? It must be near the woman's college in Pennsylvania. Yorktown Heights? Where Cornwallis was taken—in Virginia. And the venerable settlement, Tilly Foster, once a hive of industry and a source of wealth? What's that? Tilly Foster? Don't be whimsical!

Even at the headquarters of the railroad, in the Grand Central, interest in the Putnam Division strikes the officials as quaint. The Putnam belongs to the eighteen-eighties, and to be curious about it is as if someone insisted on information about passage on the Erie Canal. Rider's guidebook to New York City says, of the Putnam, "The tourist will have little use for this line."

At the Grand Central they will give you a timetable, however, and they will tell you that you may take a train there and change to the Putnam at High Bridge. When I said that I had actually ridden over the entire line, the whole fifty-three miles, from its beginning at Sedgwick Avenue and 161st Street, the Bronx, to the end at Brewster, and done this for entertainment, they regarded me as an antiquarian, but nevertheless a globe-trotter, who might be awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

A RIDE on the Putnam is an agreeable diversion for a spring morning. If you are restless enough to want to go up to the Sedgwick Avenue station at 7:47 A.M., you may travel to Brewster under the care of Conductor Stevenson MacWhinney. The tickets are stamped PUT in red letters, and veteran travellers on this road refer to it as "the Put." Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was sometimes jocularly called "the Huckleberry Road." The station is a modern building of pressed brick, and out of it every day puff three or four steam trains which go all the way through to Brewster. The others —not very many in number—content themselves with reaching Yorktown Heights, thirty-six miles from the start.

The trip to Brewster will take two hours and eighteen minutes, and you stop at twenty-six little stations, and at four or five more if the train is flagged. These are well-kept and attractive places; the names of perhaps two are familiar—Ardsley and Briarcliff Manor. You run by the back doors, the fairly tidy back doors, of cities like Yonkers, Mt. Vernon, Scarsdale, and Tarrytown without getting more than a distant view of any of them.

The train winds and climbs through a lovely country. Much more travelled roads run nearby: the Hudson Division of the New York Central to the west, and the Harlem Division to the east. Neither is in sight. The Putnam skips the noise, dust, and speed of both these lines, and pegs along, past men playing lacrosse, and men playing at bowls, past half a dozen golf courses, past woods full of anemones and bloodroot, past trout streams, and around the shores of romantic lakes with old-fashioned romantic names, like Glenida.

It crosses Westchester and part of Putnam County, and makes its longest non-stop run, of twelve minutes, between East View and Briarcliff Manor. Two to four minutes between stations is more usual. It is pleasant to get off and walk between some of these villages, on the highways nearby, and there is always another train to pick you up two or three hours later. There are good motor roads, and other roads, especially in the region of the Crotons, on which the traffic is not too heavy for comfort. Some stretches of a mile or two are as leafy and secluded as if they were in the Catskills, and there are occasional tea houses or restaurants if one gets hungry or thirsty. These places help to pass the time, too, in case of the not unlikely event of a three hours' wait for a train.

The best chances for walkers, how-



"That Typographical Union is an awful bunch of show-offs."

Wine Merchants since *March, 1935*



Mr. Frank Schoonmaker

Known to New Yorkers since before repeal as a writer on wine and liquor for their favorite magazines, co-author of The Complete Wine Book, *is now visiting his friends in the vineyards of France, Germany and Spain. He returns toward the end of this merry month of May, and with him arrive about one hundred wines.*

The 100 will include a few great Clarets, Burgundies, Rhine wines and rare Sherries. But Mr. Schoonmaker will concentrate, not on these, but on sound, less expensive bottles – the sort of wines those of us who are not yet (or no longer) millionaires can afford to drink every evening. We are convinced (and we believe that most of his readers will agree) that Mr. Schoonmaker knows his vintages and his vineyards.

We will have for sale in the month of June in addition to a few rarities the following imported wines –

At least 4 at $12 a case or less

At least 15 at $15 a case or less

At least 30 at $18 a case or less

Meanwhile we should like to offer *without charge:*

4 VINEYARD REPORTS

These will be letters written by Mr. Schoonmaker – one on Burgundy, from Beaune; one on German wines from Wiesbaden; one on Bordeaux and Rhone wines, from Bordeaux; one on Spanish Wines, from Jerez de la Frontera. They will not be sales letters but surveys and quite as useful if you continue to buy your wines from Doe, Roe and Co., as if you decide to buy from us. They are, quite candidly, our way of making friends. Write us at 17 East 42nd Street or call us at VAnderbilt 3-4757. If you are among the first two thousand, you will receive them without charge.



BATES *and* SCHOONMAKER

INCORPORATED

17 East 42nd Street · New York City



FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION FOR

THE NEW YORKER

☐ 1 YEAR — $5.00 ☐ 2 YEARS — $7.00

(Canada, 1 year $8.10; 2 years $13.20;
Foreign, 1 year $6.00; 2 years $9.00)



THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

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

ever, are the aqueducts, on either side of the railroad, for here is turf underfoot much of the way, and no motorcars to maim or affright the pedestrian. There is the old Croton Aqueduct, with excellent stretches between Yonkers and Tarrytown, fine views of the Hudson River, and a railroad station every mile or two, where the weary and faint-hearted can stop and pick up a train. This, however, is nearer the Hudson Division. Within sight of the Putnam are other aqueducts, and between Van Cortlandt and Scarsdale is a fine walk of about ten miles.

This can be halved by starting not at Van Cortlandt but at Bryn Mawr Park, and following the new Catskill Aqueduct. I know a quartet who, having fortunately been born before the motorized age, have not suffered complete atrophy of the legs, and who often take the entire walk, stopping at that good restaurant, Hillside Farms, near Central Avenue in Scarsdale, to rest and refresh. At certain times, Saturdays to Mondays, for instance, the contemplative walker may be slightly ruffled by the bands of hikers who set out on this walk in full regalia. Their energy always expires, however, at the end of three-quarters of a mile, as they are too perfectly equipped with axes, camp kits, and packs to stagger any further.

The streams and towns along the Putnam Division bear delightful names: Grassy Sprain Brook and Saw Mill River, Beaver Hill, Nepperhan, and Dunwoodie. It is historic ground; this is one of the neighborhoods where for a few hours one morning the existence of the United States hung wavering in the balance. Major André, with the plans of West Point in his boot, was on his way back to British headquarters in New York. He ate breakfast in a house near the site of the present railroad station at Yorktown Heights, and then, according to George S. Bryan, who wrote some verses about it, Major André started "along the sunlit Nepperhan." This stream is now called the Saw Mill River, but the town keeps the old name. Mr. Bryan declares that the Major never got to Tarrytown that "fair September day" —a statement which seems to contradict the inscription on the statue in Tarrytown, erected in honor of his captors.

CONDUCTOR MACWHINNEY, who takes the 7:47 to Brewster and brings back the 5:20 in the afternoon, has been on the Putnam for fifty

years. Some of his passengers on the early train are schoolchildren whose fathers and mothers travelled with him when they were youngsters; some are laborers going to work; a few are elderly people on their way to inspect their country estates. He sees these last regularly on certain days almost every week through the summer, and they have become old friends.

The conductor can tell you the names of the estates along the line, and the best places to get views of distant hills in Connecticut. He may find time, in the brief moment between stations, to point out a minor but interesting sight, like an astonishing cache of goldfish in a thick wood near Carmel. The privately owned pond which was the original habitat of these fish went dry a summer or two ago, so the landlords transferred them to a deep pool, hardly larger in area than a dinner table. The sun on a clear morning shines far into its brown waters, and reveals hundreds, if not thousands, of the ruddy, golden fish—all as nonchalant in their lonely surroundings as if there were no kingfishers and no boys in the world.

ANY attempt to unravel something of the early history of this road is complicated by the fact that books and pamphlets refer to it sometimes as the New York & Putnam and sometimes as the New York City & Northern. Two other neighboring roads, the Harlem and the old New York & Albany, date from the eighteen-thirties, but it was not until 1871 that the Putnam was projected. It was to run over pretty much its present route: from High Bridge to Brewster, and there to connect with the New York & Boston for points in New England. Those were the days when measly little capitalists, men with only two or three millions to their names, were building the small roads which later became parts of great systems. John Q. Hoyt and Andrew McKinney had organized the New York & Boston; they took in a road called the Dutchess & Columbia and other lines, and planned to add to these the Putnam, the whole to form a great railroad named the New York, Boston & Montreal. Loans were obtained in Europe, one large source of financial support, it is odd to learn, being the Franco-Egyptian Bank in Paris.

This plan fell through, with complete loss. In 1878 the Putnam was reorganized as the New York City & Northern, leasing the New York City, Westchester & Putnam, and beginning



GRACE

ALL EXPENSE CRUISES TO CUZCO · PERU OR TO SANTIAGO·CHILE EITHER CRUISE 19 DAYS FROM $600



To CUZCO, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE INCA EMPIRE, the INTERIOR OF PERU, and visiting Kingston, Panama Canal Zone, Buenaventura, Guayaquil, Salaverry, Trujillo, Chan Chan, Callao, Lima, Mollendo, Arequipa, Lake Titicaca; Havana, homeward.

Or to CHILE. 10,500 miles, visiting 17 Caribbean and South American cities. Same itinerary as Cuzco Cruise (above) as far as Mollendo, thence to Arica, Antofagasta, Chanaral, VALPARAISO and SANTIAGO, Chile. Return via Havana.

SAIL FROM NEW YORK ★
(on either cruise)

May 25, July 6 or August 17
on the luxurious new "Santa Lucia"—all outside rooms with private baths; outdoor built-in tiled pool; promenade deck dining room, open to the sky; the club; gym; Dorothy Gray Beauty Salon.

June 8, July 20 or Aug. 31
on the splendid "Santa Clara" (identical itinerary as "Santa Lucia" but the all expense fare is only $525, room with private bath $50 extra).

ALSO WEEKLY CRUISES
Every week a "Santa" sails from New York to Panama and South America. 17 to 39 day all expense cruises, from $175. Ask your travel agent or

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Sq., New York; Boston, Washington, D. C., Chicago, 2 Pine Street, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle.
★OR you may sail from CALIFORNIA on a new GRACE "Santa" connecting with either cruise at Panama Canal.

to run trains from High Bridge to Brewster in 1881. There was a special attraction in the opportunity for rapid transit from lower Manhattan to Westchester when the Sixth and Ninth Avenue "L"s were connected with the railroad at 155th Street. The freight business was expected to be important, since in the eighteen-eighties three hundred tons of iron ore were being brought daily from mines along the route. But the New York & New Haven proved to be the successful way to New England, and the line along the Hudson River the popular road to Albany, Buffalo, and the West. So the Putnam was leased to the New York Central in 1894, and in 1913 was merged with the greater line, becoming the Putnam Division of the New York Central.

In the eyes of the industrialist and the engineer, who love the sight of double tracks and coal piles, and yards full of smoke and hooting engines, the road runs through a melancholy region, a backwater; it is the living remains of a business whose competitors were victorious. Readers of *Fortune* would not care for it.

But the country along the line of the Putnam is neither melancholy nor sad. You find the most dismal spots in America nearer the roads which are busy and prosperous. The Putnam runs by the stately homes of Westchester (how beautiful they stand), alongside fairways and putting greens, near woods and brooks that make gunners and fishermen begin to paw the ground and snuff the air. From Van Cortlandt, where you see the first green grass, and the first players of outdoor games, to Kitchawan, twenty-six miles farther along, the country is less and less thickly settled and more beautiful. At the latter place, the track crosses the big lake of the Croton Reservoir, with blue water for miles on each side. After this, hills and lakes: Muscoot Reservoir; Lake Mahopac, where the Chief Justice of the United States and his wife return to celebrate their wedding anniversaries; West Branch and Lake Glenida, with the town of Carmel set so pleasantly on the shore that it would be famous if it were on Windermere or Loch Katrine instead of on a lake at home.

Near the last of these lakes, called Middle Branch Reservoir, are the stations at the end of the line: Tilly Foster and Brewster. The warnings that the city has put up around the waters of Middle Branch are the most hospitable signs imaginable; they say,

American Academy of Dramatic Arts
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent
THE first and foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.
TEACHERS' SUMMER COURSE,
July 8 to August 16
Catalog of all Courses from the Secretary
Room 194-E, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

Head and Shoulders
ABOVE THEIR SISTERS
are the farsighted young women who take their business training seriously. It means independence, self-reliance, efficiency, and security under all economic contingencies.
★ Write for catalogue describing Webber's unique course of business and financial training for women. Secretarial technique, executive training, business principles, investments and finance.
★ ★ ★
Elizabeth N. Britt, Registrar
WEBBER COLLEGE
535 Beacon St. Babson Park
BOSTON · AND · FLORIDA

GUY PÈNE du BOIS
School of Art
Norfolk, Conn.
Summer Session—June 5 to October 5. Drawing and Painting from Life. Still-Life and Landscape. Charcoal, Pen-and-Ink, Water Color, Pastel and Oil. Daily criticisms by Mr. du Bois. Write for complete information—monthly rates, accommodations, transportation. Now registering. Address: Guy Pène du Bois, School of Art, 3 Washington Square, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK MILITARY ACADEMY
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, NEW YORK
A SCHOOL OF DISTINCTION
Milton F. Davis
D.S.M., B.A.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, SUPERINTENDENT

The Experiential Groups
Offer a new type of education for girls from 18 to 25, making full use of New York as a laboratory for the study of problems in industry, government, international relations, social welfare, drama and the fine arts. For further information, address
Mrs. Marion Coats Graves, Chairman
Box 2247, 353 West 57th Street, New York

BOYS' CAMPS

WASSOOKEAG SCHOOL-CAMP
Mature tutorial program and sports for older boys. School and college entrance credits. Certification. A summer can save a year. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and for folder, "The Wassookeag Method".
Lloyd Harvey Hatch, Director, Dexter, Maine

ULVER FOR YOUR BOY'S SUMMER VACATION
NAVAL SCHOOL (Boys 14-19 years)
CAVALRY CAMP (Boys 14-19 years)
WOODCRAFT CAMP (Boys 9-14 years)
Specify Catalog Desired
CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS
On Lake Maxinkuckee
502 Lake Shore Place, Culver, Ind.



"No trespassing in this reservation except for the purpose of fishing."

The town of Brewster, now the junction for two or three railroads, and once intended to be the junction for so many important ones, has its own attractions, with others nearby. There is a neighboring village called Sodom. I wonder in how many states of the Union did our pious ancestors bestow that opprobrious title on some community as token of disapproval of its *mores*. And what do the inhabitants call themselves?

My interests, however, led me north, toward the oddly named hamlet of Tilly Foster. Who was this lady, and how did she give her name to the settlement, and to its once active iron mine? Citizens of Manhattan and of Brewster having been interrogated without result, I invented a sort of Molly Pitcher legend of my own. Tilly Foster was a young heroine of the Revolution, the rosy-cheeked daughter of a farmer, who gave valuable information to General Washington and the American Army in their days of need. A dashing girl spy, in fact, who helped baffle Arnold and catch André, and confuse the enemy. Invited to headquarters by General Washington himself, she was given tea by Mrs. Washington, and a silk dress, and five golden guineas. Several people agreed that the truth was "something of that kind."

The deserted iron mine, alongside the highway on the way from Brewster to Tilly Foster, is marked by enormous heaps of jagged rock which, to anyone but a mountain goat, are useless and tiresome to climb. Behind them is the mine itself, a great hole in the ground, into which we peered. It is nearly full of water, and in warm weather is doubtless a good swimming pool. One man, who sits in a shanty, has charge of the work which is occasionally done for the purpose of supplying crushed rock for use on roads. The iron mine was worked out long ago, before he was born, in his father's and grandfather's day. Both of them helped work the mine, he told us.

On the road back to Brewster you will probably stop to eat your well-earned luncheon at the Gay Nineties. Two ladies from Philadelphia, who insist that their restaurant is in Brewster and not in Tilly Foster (which, after Philadelphia, seems rather too small a place), have taken the old family mansion of a deceased magnate and given it this alluring name. They have refrained from any bizarre ornamenta-



Blasting his way through the all-star field of the Masters Tournament at Augusta, hard-hitting Craig Wood posted *six under* perfect figures for 72 holes to tie for first place. Superlative golf... and his Dunlop Gold Cup ball did its full part. Craig himself says:

"How my Gold Cup did help! Plenty of golfers are calling it with me, 'the new ball they're hitting a mile'."

FREE CRAIG WOOD GOLF BOOK

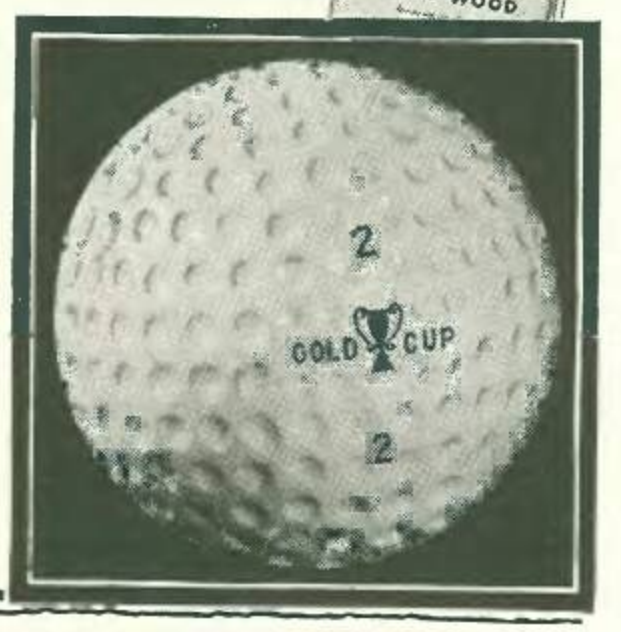
28 pictures of Craig in action...with his own description of the major strokes. A new check-up chart helps improve wood shots quickly. Write Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co. Dept. 175, Buffalo, N.Y.





"SLICED 5 STROKES OFF PAR FOR ME TOO"
says Mac Smith

"In the first tournament I used the Gold Cup," says MacSmith, famous stylist. "I not only shot low medal with five under par but later won the tournament also. The Gold Cup adds twenty yards to my drive."



TRY THE NEW GOLD CUP
they're hitting a mile

DUNLOP

Why "Shop" for Bedding?



IT IS much easier and less expensive to come right to Hall. If you want lasting comfort at comparatively low cost and a wider selection than you will find anywhere else, come to Hall—specialists in Bedding for more than a century. Orders may be placed direct, or through your own dealer or decorator.

FRANK A. HALL & SONS
Established 1828
25 West 45th Street New York

A FULL LINE OF QUALITY BEDS AND BEDDING 175

Hall T.M. Reg.

CADAHO FOR BOYS **JUANITA** FOR GIRLS

Distinctively separate camps on Gardner Lake, Conn. 630 acres of land. Rates $185, including all land and water sports. Featuring handcrafts and dramatics. Horseback riding and tutoring are optional. Illustrated booklet.

MILO K. LIGHT
Teachers College West Chester, Pa.

MAYFAIR MANNEQUIN ACADEMY
America's Original Mannequin School
The profession of distinction and charm for girls of high type.
Fashion Modeling, Commercial Photo Posing, Style Advice, Make-Up Harmony, Poise, Charm.
Gertrude L. Mayer Director N-545 Fifth Ave.

CROSSING *Delectable* COST *"Neglect–able"*



"ONE CLASS Run-of-the-Ship"

The Popular Way to Europe

THOSE smart but thrifty veterans of a hundred crossings have discovered new travel value in the modern Western-land and Pennland—just redecorated and refurnished from stem to stern. Cuisine...service...dancing...deck sports ...and all...prove to the most particular that the Modern Red Star *now* offers luxury at low cost.

Twin 16,500 Ton Queens of "Run-of-the-Ship" Tourist Class

WESTERNLAND and PENNLAND

May 11 & 25—June 8 & 22*—July 4* & 20

*Summer Rates

ROUND TRIP SOUTHAMPTON $207 ANTWERP $214

Tourist Class

BRING YOUR CAR...$120 ROUND TRIP

SEE YOUR STEAMSHIP AGENT OR

THE MODERN RED STAR LINE

17 BATTERY PLACE
Tel. Digby 4-8686

tion to make the place live up to its title, and wisely relied on the fact that the big white house looks like a refined picture by Edward Hopper. The style of architecture, by the way, is rather that of the eighteen-seventies. Here you may lunch or dine or stay all night, and, even though you come on foot, be treated (as we can testify) as politely as if you were carriage folk.

BREWSTER itself has a pleasant and not overcrowded public library, we found. This library contains a feature new to my experience: two large and heavily upholstered divans on either side of a fireplace. After the early rising, all the train-riding, the three or four miles of walking and clambering about on rock piles, and especially after the satisfactory cooking at the Gay Nineties, one of the sybaritic divans was a desirable place from which to pursue further studies of this terrain.

The learned Mr. Pelletreau and his history of Putnam County are a bit heavy so soon after lunch, but perhaps it is possible to keep one's eyes open long enough to receive a great shock. I did, and at the outset realized that Tilly Foster, the lovely girl spy, had vanished forever. Blown to bits was Washington's cherry-lipped heroine.

In 1810, a man named James Townsend lived on the site of the mine. Iron ore was then plainly visible on the surface of the ground, and Townsend did a little mining on his own hook. In 1830, this land, or some of it, was sold to one Tilly Foster (a great, big brute of a man), who lived here till he died in 1842. The Harvey Steel & Iron Company acquired it in 1853, when mining really began in a serious way. The name of the farm-owner had a natural fascination, however, for in Civil War days the Tilly Foster Iron Mines were incorporated. In 1886 the mine was being operated by the Pennsylvania Coal & Iron Company, and it was highly active, producing as early as 1879 as much as seven thousand tons a month, and employing three hundred men.

And that's what comes of reading books. —EDMUND PEARSON

•

SPRING FEVER

Colts cavort
And lambkins gambol

Whereas Man
Can hardly amble.

—MILDRED WESTON



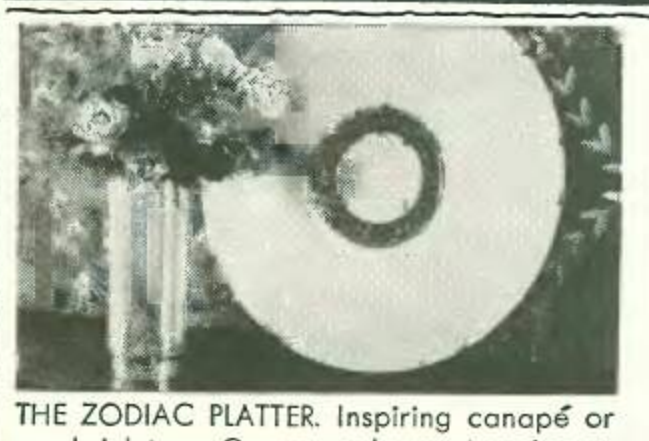
BUY FOR QUALITY BUT SAVE ON PRICE

Satin Tissue in PURE WHITE, natural, and modern colors is sheer, smooth, and soft, yet strong textured. Its purity makes it safe for every one. Costs less—its 2000 sheets are more than double ordinary rolls. Fits all fixtures. 25¢ per roll—or in 4-roll cartons at drug stores, better grocers, and department stores. Or write to the A. P. W. Paper Co., Albany, N. Y.

A.P.W. *Satin Tissue*







THE ZODIAC PLATTER. Inspiring canapé or sandwich tray. Gorgeous decorative plaque. The soft lustre of Kensington metal will not tarnish. At the better stores. Two sizes. 18-in., $10.00; 22-in., $15.00. The Sherwood Vase, $4.75.

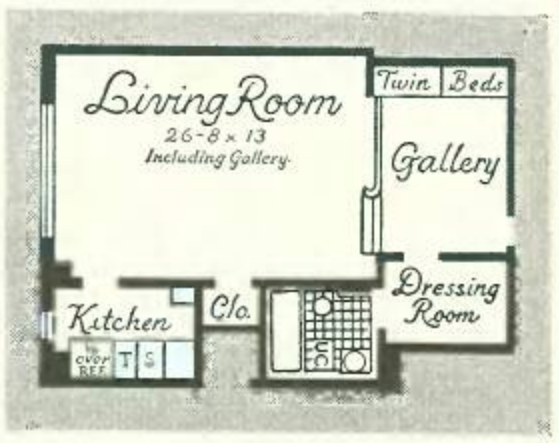
Kensington INCORPORATED
OF NEW KENSINGTON
PENNSYLVANIA

"BE-KIND-TO-LIQUOR WEEK"

LET'S start a crusade—or something. Let's see if we can't get people to really *taste* the flavor they pay for, when they buy good liquors! Clicquot Club Sparkling Water "Soda" gives you *natural* purity (it's *not* purified) . . . contains nothing to mask the marvelous mellowness of good Bourbon, Scotch, or Rye. Try Clicquot Club Sparkling Water "Soda"—and see!



Ten Park Avenue at 34th St.
CAledonia 5-5200 NEW YORK



THIS UNUSUAL
HOTEL SUITE

with large dropped living room, concealed gallery beds, dressing room and complete kitchen

from $6 daily
Same rate for one or two persons
ALSO LARGER SUITES
Special Monthly Rates
RESTAURANT
Management
Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC

MUSICAL EVENTS

About a Chorus, Opera, Orchestra, and Pianist



MUSICAL traffic becomes less congested about this time of the year, and one has opportunities to hear things that might be missed when the Big Names are in town. On one of our best warm afternoons, I found the Town Hall occupied by the Amphion Male Chorus, a group of one hundred and six gentlemen from Fargo, North Dakota, and Moorhead, Minnesota, directed by Dr. Preston, who has charge of music at the State Teachers' College at Moorhead.

The Amphions hadn't sung more than a minute before it was obvious that this was an unusual choral outfit. Their voices have been blended expertly, their enunciation is astonishing, and the basses have a quality which may be compared favorably with some of the Russian *bassi*. Dr. Preston has trained his singers, who, I understand, are not professionals, into a state of great flexibility, and, with the friendly assistance of a discreet piano, to stay in tune.

If all of the music which the Amphions presented had been as notable as their singing of it, the concert might have had four stars attached to it. Although the afternoon began with Palestrina, it soon became glee-clubby. I'm a cousin, as the ballplayers have it, for close harmony, but the Amphions have an ensemble that could be devoted to more interesting matters. Possibly the repertoire is in the transitional stage at the moment, and the Amphions are growing out of "The Sword of Ferrara" into more ambitious compositions. Anyhow, the gentlemen can sing, and if you care for male choruses, here's one that Sounds.

AT the Hippodrome, they tried the experiment of having the rôle of Leonora in "Il Trovatore," which usually emanates from a fairly hefty voice, sung by a coloratura, Miss Virginia Le Rae, who is able to sing about a fifth higher than any opera composer has prescribed. Almost any innovation is welcome in opera, and in Leonora's first aria, it seemed as if this bit of recasting might be a bright idea. Miss Le Rae tossed off her cabaletta viva-



Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra
contribute the
First Electrical Recording of
THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

SUCH is the range of Richard Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra"—and such is its sweep of dynamics—that no method of recording has heretofore been able to capture it all.

That you can hear it now on your phonograph, without loss of a single tonal effect, is a triumph of the new Victor Higher Fidelity process of reproduction.

As one critical listener says of this new release: "I am sure that this album must usher in a new era of recording. It has such tremendous earth-shaking power with no sacrifice of tone quality, that at last we have something to make us cry aloud from the housetops."

This magnificent tone poem is famous as a special feature of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's current repertoire. When the recording was made, a portion of it was broadcast over a national radio hook-up.

Those of you who heard this broadcast, fine as it was, will be struck by the superiority of the recording over the very same performance as it came over the air. You can hear it at your Victor dealer's today.

ASK TO HEAR ALSO
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"
An American Overture
by Roy Harris . . . played by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Record No. 8629

VICTOR RECORDS

RCA Victor Division
RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Camden, New Jersey



HERE'S TO

Your Face

Here's an exhilarating after-shaving lotion that's like a cocktail for your skin. It snaps the tiredness out of your face... and repairs the damage done by razors.

Pat Fougere Royale on your face after shaving. Then, while your hands are still damp with it, run your fingers through your hair. It completes good grooming with a fresh, clean, open-air fragrance that is *all man*. Price 85c.

* * *

Fougere Royale Preparations include Shaving Soap (cream, stick or bowl), After-Shaving Talcum, Hair Lotion and Brilliantine. 55c up.

If not yet at your dealer's, send $1.00 for the new Fougere Royale set containing After-Shaving Lotion and Talcum. (Regular value $1.30.) Houbigant, 539 West 45th St., New York City.



HOUBIGANT

FOUGERE ROYALE

Foozhaire Roy-al' (*Royal Fern*)

for MEN

ciously and thrilled the Hippodrome patrons with high E-flats and the like. It was only when she had to sing with such lusty vocalists as the Signori De Muro and Pandiscio that the new idea didn't seem so good: and some of Leonora's solo passages call for efforts that no light soprano can make.

Miss Le Rae, by the way, has acquired no little poise and ease since her début last season, and if she can make all of her singing as effective as some of her stratospheric tones . . .

CLOSING out its current season, in which it not only gave its own series of concerts but also collaborated ably with Mr. Gabrilowitsch in his concerto cycle, the National Orchestral Association brought to Carnegie Hall the local première of "Les Danses de Polichinelle," composed by Nicholas Nabokoff, who wrote the ballet "Union Pacific."

Mr. Nabokoff, like most young composers from overseas, is aware of the jazz age, and once more we heard trombone slides, chirps from muted trumpets, and perky percussion. The suite seems to be deliberately and determinedly playful, and when there is danger of slipping into a long sentimental strain, the composer reduces the sugar content with brassy episodes or odd snatches of instrumentation. Accompanying a ballet, it should be effective. In Carnegie Hall it seemed pleasantly to show the virtuosity of Mr. Brazin's young musicians.

The string section, assisted at the piano by Thomas Richner, began the evening with a fine performance of Bloch's eloquent and skillful Concerto Grosso, and Mr. Spalding played the Tschaikowsky violin concerto to an accompaniment that sometimes was here and there. One can't expect consistent excellence from a training orchestra, but the National Orchestral Association is an alert band, with an able conductor, and its value extends beyond its public appearances.

ONE of the spring surprises was a piano recital in which there was nothing by Bach-Hyphen, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, or Schumann. The original pianist who devised such a program was Jenö Swislowski, from Chicago. He introduced us first to sonatas by Cantallos and Soler, transcribed by Joaquin Nin. Cantallos, I take it, was, like Soler, an eighteenth-century Spanish musician, and these sonatas are Scarlatti-like briefs, although Soler occasionally an-

AFTER THE THEATRE

....In New York's newest and most charmingly appointed cocktail lounge and restaurant, Carlo Restivo plays his accordion during Supper— and during Cocktail Hour....

LUNCHEON—COCKTAIL HOUR (4 to 7)
DINNER—SUPPER—Moderate Prices
No Cover Charge—"Smart but Informal"

ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
RESTAURANT
& COCKTAIL LOUNGE
•RCA BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
32 West 50th St.
N. Y. C.

A well-known

cosmetic authority recently cited Ivan as the perfect hairdresser. She commended his smart but sane cuts, his honesty—*and* his judgment. It's perfectly safe to slumber while he trims your hair! And the salon—immaculate, cool and flower-adorned—invites you to do so.

Permanents are now $10

For appointment please call
CIrcle 7-7455

Ivan INC.
714 FIFTH AVE.



"Mummy, may I go out to play?"
"Of course, my darling daughter;
In Gramercy Park I know you'll stay
Exactly where you OUGHTER"

Gramercy Park

1-7 ROOMS
and Larger
in all the better houses
on the Park

Management of Merit, Inc.
GRACIOUS LIVING
OFFICE AT No. 60 ON THE PARK
STuyvesant 9-0318

To Those Who
Seek Quiet Elegance

The Surrey

A RESIDENTIAL HOTEL
20 East 76th Street, N.Y.C.
Dignity and charm and
a distinguished clientele

Two or more rooms. Large closets.
Serving pantries . . . refrigeration
Furnished or unfurnished
MODERATE TARIFF
EXCEPTIONAL CUISINE
Tel. RH. 4-1690



CHIC & ALLURE for YOUR HAIR

Have your permanent wave at our salon and be the talk of the party.

In smartness, in practability and in perfection of workmanship and technique, every Gladys McCune permanent reveals the work of a master hairdresser.

You can take your dip in the ocean and engage in sports . . . and wear your hair up or down with a care-free nonchalance for your permanent remains lovely and manageable.

Wickersham 2-8650

Gladys McCune

517 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.

A CHIROPODIST IN ATTENDANCE

FOUR STAR VALUES *in* SMART APARTMENTS

1148 FIFTH AVENUE
8-9 Rooms .. $3200 to $4000

1111 PARK AVENUE
7-8-9 Rooms .. $2300 to $4000

1085 PARK AVENUE
8 Rooms ..... $3300 to $3800

1225 PARK AVENUE
5-6-7 Rooms .. $1700 to $3000

112 EAST 74th STREET
8 Rooms $2600

65 EAST 96th STREET
6 Rooms $1800

We invite inspection of these houses with an established reputation for excellent management.

John Byrne • A. M. Bowman • Stewart Forshay

BYRNE & BOWMAN INC.

370 LEXINGTON AVE. Ashland 4-2600

Representative at each building daily and Sun.

ticipates moments of Beethoven. Mr. Swislowski played them easily and gracefully.

After that, there was Schubert's A-major sonata, which is almost a novelty, in which Mr. Swislowski developed a sort of stop-and-go playing which may have been the result of New York début nerves. When he didn't exaggerate pauses between certain phrases of his offerings, Mr. Swislowski performed with a good command of his music, and he deserves extra credits for making up a list of good piano music without using ready-made patterns. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Easy Listening



THEY'VE been issuing new editions of many familiar tunes lately, along with recordings of other music that's not much trouble to hear. The Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra, led by Sir Dan Godfrey, has a resounding résumé of the overture to Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" (Columbia 50377-D), in which Sir Dan doesn't let the trombones blat as feverishly as they usually do in the celebrated cancan. The solo fiddle isn't too spectacular, but the disc is a lively affair and good entertainment. A genuine rip-roarer is Tschaikowsky's Marche Slave (Victor 36164), played by the Banda di Chieti, which gets *caldo* with the famous apotheosis of the old Russian national anthem.

A composer named Friedemann, whose orchestration isn't so contemporary that I could swear that he himself is current, has a Slavonic Rhapsody (H.M.V. C 2702; imported) which draws a brisk publication from a nameless orchestra conducted by J. Ainslie Murray. This Rhapsody is good business for maestri who are looking for effective openers or closers for summer concerts.

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME" has been treated to a "rough hewn, sinewy and directly outspoken" orchestral setting by Roy Harris (Victor 8629). This paraphrase of the old melody was written to specifications for recording, and is an attempt to "express a gamut of emotions particularly American and in an American manner." Whether Mr. Harris's deliberately rawboned hand-

Alexander Gibbs was a pioneer



The people in Dundee laughed when Alexander Gibbs set forth to London to manufacture soap. But the business he founded on Grub Street in 1712 has prospered ever since and to this day enjoys a fine reputation for quality.



EST. 1712

25¢ AND 40¢ THE TABLET



AT THE *Durbar* in DELHI

Once each year, India's native rulers come to Delhi—to be welcomed by His Majesty's Colonial Staff. The array of wealth, in the form of ornamental jewels and trappings, is reputed to exceed that of any other gathering in history. And at the banquet table, when Britain is host to Prince and Potentate, only the finest food and drink is served.

"King George IV" is indeed the ruling preference among Englishmen. You, too, will like its finely blended taste. Ask for it by name, at the better bars, restaurants and shops.

"King George IV"

Quality Scotch Whisky

A MOLLOY IMPORT

Sole U. S. Agents:
T. J. MOLLOY & Co., Inc.,
444 4th Avenue, New York

ling of the air is something typically American brings up a question that may be debated till Johnny comes marching home. I'd rather take the composition as an interesting sample of Mr. Harris's skill in his own idiom. Mr. Ormandy and the Minneapolis Orchestra perform a not too easy score brilliantly.

A MUCH different proposition is the Fray and Braggiotti set of variations for two pianos on "Yankee Doodle," in which Mr. Braggiotti's ideas of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Gershwin working over the theme are illustrated (Decca 15006). It's all light, amusing—and musical. For a simple and lovely presentation of a traditional melody, hear Albert Spalding's record of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" (Victor 1703), which is based on the graceful harmonization of Roger Quilter. With it is Mr. Spalding's own transcription of the Chopin B-minor waltz, in which he translates Chopin into agreeable violinese without damage to the original.

THE Men About Town, whom you probably have heard on the radio, collaborating with Miss Zora Layman, have a smooth medley of Foster songs (Decca 15003), in which most of the familiar ditties turn up, along with less common bits like "Gentle Annie" and "Nelly Bly." "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," referred to briefly in the Men About Town anthology, is detailed at length by John McCormack on Victor 1700, where it is coupled with "Sweetly She Sleeps, My Alice Fair," which you may never have heard, and no wonder. Mr. McCormack sings them simply and unaffectedly.

Accompanied by an orchestra, Richard Tauber offers Schubert's Serenade (Columbia 4099-M) and "Der Doppelgänger," both of which are better with piano, but aren't often sung as well as Mr. Tauber sings them, even if he adds superfluous "h"s. Another tenor festival is a new recording by Mr. Gigli of "La Donna é mobile" and "E lucevan le stelle" (Victor 1704), in which he demonstrates a new finesse.

"My Laddie," which used to be inevitable at song recitals, returns through the agency of Miss Florence Easton, whose musicianship and enunciation give it new life (Victor 1705). Its partner is "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," which probably wouldn't be sung very often if its composer hadn't been Haydn. —R. A. S.



Yours For Better Parties—

Whether you like to
Sing, Dance, Harmonize or
just sit and listen
"Schwartsy" is your man
415 E. 86th St., SAcramento 2-6819



Make Your Cotton Costume Important with a hand-made hat to match.

Multicolored cotton print, light or dark ground, with hat $25.00.
Pastel or high-colored linen frock, contrasting buttons . . . with hat $31.50.

Other attractive groups from $17.50.

Vera Sawrille

746 Madison Ave. (64th & 65th Sts.)



A TOAST
to your Complexion

HERE'S Hoping . . . that your loveliness never loses its exhilarating sparkle of youth. ¶GLORIA BRISTOL, one of the town's finest beauty specialists, has an exciting recipe for a facial beauty cocktail. It imparts a glow of vibrancy to youth, returns youth to the aging and loveliness to the matured.

Free Consultation

745 FIFTH AVE. N. Y. C.
PLa. 3-6458

Gloria Bristol



4 ★★★★ Hit – The **"GRINGO"**
Sensational Shoecraft masterpiece—Talk of the town—Now entering its second run.
Only at Shoecraft . . . and only . . . **12.50**

SHOECRAFT
at 56th—FIFTH AVENUE—at 38th
AAAAA to C Narrow fitting heel
8½ 9 9½ 10 add $1. 10½ 11 add $3.

Awnings of Distinction
. . . for Terrace, Penthouse, Home and Club. New Exclusive Designs and Patterns. Also Flame-proof Fabrics.
call Mr. Walling—CAnal 6-7900
C. R. DANIELS, Inc.
101 Crosby St., New York City

THE HUEY LONG BOY

SHORTLY after a perfectly good concrete highway turned into a muddy red road, I pulled out on meeting another car and mine slipped gently down the slope into a ditch. There wasn't any getting out myself. After while a car came up from behind and I hailed it.

"Do you think you might help me get out of this?" I said.

There were two men in the car, which carried a Louisiana licence. The driver, a rangy, untidy, gum-chewing, very young blond, said, "We shuah can, sistah." He jumped out in the mud and then looked at my New York licence. "You-all not from around heah, Ah reckon, else you wouldn't a let you'self get down in that ditch."

"I guess it wasn't very smart," I said. He got out a thick hemp rope, doubled it, roped the cars together expertly, then his companion took the wheel and pulled me out.

Then I said, "On the other hand, such roads as these are a disgrace. People used to driving on good roads can't be expected to know how to drive on these."

"You-all ah talkin now, ma'am. I reckon you-all know we're in Mississippi? Looz'ana stopped back yonder with that good road, heah? What Mississippi needs is a Huey Long, ma'am."

"He's the man that built the Louisiana roads, isn't he?"

"He shuah is, ma'am."

"Are you for Huey Long?" I asked, very curious, since I had been around New Orleans for some time and hadn't yet met anyone who'd say a good word for Senator Long.

"Yes, ma'am!" he said, emphatically. "Ah'm a Huey Long Boy, one hundred peh cent. Now see heah, sistah, Ah'm goin' youah way and you-all just follow me, and if anybody comes along, you-all just leave them get out of the road for you-all, heah?"

This worked fine for a while, but I drove too slowly, and after while the Huey Long Boy stopped and suggested that his companion drive his car while he drove mine till we hit Looz'ana and good roads again. The road at that part crosses and recrosses the state line. He as good as said that if I didn't accept his suggestion they'd desert me, and now the idea of being on this muddy road with no Huey Long Boy guarding me was unbearable, so I agreed.

My car, propelled by the Huey Long Boy, now set the pace. We rode fast. We slipped, slithered, sashay-



WHAT
makes a man look
YOUNG?
THICK
HEALTHY
HAIR!
SAVE YOUR YOUTH BY
SAVING YOUR HAIR
GRO-FLEX
DOES IT FOR YOU—

Gro-Flex is a remarkable departure from the ordinary hair treatment. No tonics are used. The Gro-Flex motor driven machine loosens the scalp and sends nourishing blood to the hair roots. It gives improved circulation and new hair life. Our method is successful and our charges are very moderate.

Come in for Demonstration

GRO-FLEX TREATMENT SHOPS
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA—Shop No. 12 Concourse RCA Building
17 EAST 42ND STREET—at Madison Avenue—4th Floor, Room 400
44 WALL STREET—10th Floor, Room 1000
Open daily 10 A. M. to 7 P. M.—Saturdays 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

© 1935



Cointreau est renommé sur le Continent et apprécié par les connaisseurs de liqueurs dans le monde entier.

COINTREAU
World's most famous
LIQUEUR
SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS: BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO

BEAUTY in action



On the links and in the saddle, only a trimly tailored coiffure is acceptable.

If you anticipate a season of active sports, one of these new easy-to-manage coiffures is suggested by

Charles OF THE RITZ

A HAIR CUT IS $1.00
A PERMANENT WAVE IS $15.00

BEAUTY SALONS AT

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
Madison at 46th — WI 2-3344

RITZ TOWER
Park at 57th — WI 2-1781

PLAZA HOTEL
Fifth at 58th — PL 3-2527

BARCLAY HOTEL
Lexington at 48th — WI 2-1743

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
Boston, Mass.

HAIRDRESSER TO HER MAJESTY: THE SMART AMERICAN WOMAN

ed around, but always ended in the direction we intended going. Meanwhile he chewed his gum and conversed. Our subject was Huey Long. He asked what we thought of Huey Long in the North, and I said what I thought we thought and he said we were cockeyed. We took a bend with a grand, swooping sweep and the Huey Long Boy said when Huey Long was President we'd have no depression, and not before. I said how did he know, and he said, simply, "Theh ain't any depression in Looz'ana, ma'am."

"I kind of noticed some in New Orleans," I said.

"Listen, sistah"—he had waves of calling me "sister" in between the habitual Southern "ma'am"s—"New Orleans gets what's coming to her, heah?" In the South, they say "hear" instead of "see." "It's been against Huey and he's going to let it pay the price, ma'am, and he'll take it on when he gets ready. Huey owns the Legislature and when he wants New Orleans he takes it, and ninety peh cent of the New Orleans people will be glad when he does it—yes, ma'am!"

"And that will end depression in New Orleans?"

"Yes, ma'am. And when he's President, they won't be any depression anywhere, heah?"

"You mean in 1936?"

"1940, ma'am. Huey won't bothah with 1936, I reckon."

We went downhill bobsled fashion. When the car had the feel of solid earth below again, I suggested a reduction in speed. "You-all call this fast, ma'am? Listen, if you-all wasn't here Ah'd be driving seventy miles an houah. You got to cover the ground when you work for Huey Long, ma'am."

"You work for him?" I said.

"For the State of Looz'ana; it's all the same thing, ma'am." He said he had a job in a certain department, but had been putting in his time on the Share Our Wealth campaigns. He said he himself was one of the local speakers for the Share Our Wealth movement, but there were no meetings just now,



RESTAURANT
Larue
WHERE PARK AVENUE DINES* EARLY AND LATE

LUNCHEON

DINNER AND SUPPER DANCING

ARTHUR WARREN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

BENAY VENUTA
RADIO'S NEWEST SENSATION
APPEARING NIGHTLY

NO COVER CHARGE

480 PARK AVENUE
ENTRANCE ON 58TH STREET
RESERVATIONS: VOLUNTEER 5-6374
*SUNDAYS INCLUDED

HOTEL
MARGUERY
270 PARK AVENUE
at 47th Street
NEW YORK

SINGLE ROOMS with bath	$4	and up
DOUBLE ROOMS (Twin beds), bath . .	$6	and up
SUITES, Living room, bedroom and bath .	$10	and up

(Special Weekly and Monthly Rates)

TELEPHONE: WIckersham 2-9000

The GREEN PARK
1-2-3 Rooms and Kitchen—Furnished and Unfurnished—Terraces—Restaurant
Maid Service
Seasonal reductions
Park Avenue at 34th St.
ON FASHIONABLE MURRAY HILL

Le Coq Rouge

Jardin Exquis

Opens May 16th

The new Italian Garden—smartest thing in New York. Peerless Coq Rouge food and vintages, served in a fairyland of lights and fountains—under a canopy of stars.

LUNCHEON—DINNER
SUPPER

Cocktails at the Skyline Bar

Tisdale's Coq Rouge Trio
and Joe La Porte's Orchestra

65 East 56th Street, New York
Reservations PLaza 3-8887

Caviar,
Canape, Cossacks

. . . and Smirnoff Vodka! All old pals. Omit the horsemen but admit the hors d'oeuvres with a VODKA MARTINI: 3 parts Smirnoff Vodka, 1 part French Vermouth, dash of bitters, twist of lemon peel. Stir, strain. Recipes galore! Write Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Dept. N-5, 232 Madison Ave., New York City.

SMIRNOFF
VODKA

NO IMPORT DUTY! Now made in America from the original formula, just as Smirnoff made it for the last 3 Czars.



NEW YORK
PARIS • NICE
Est. Moscow 1818

because Huey had taken Dr. Gerald Smith, the former preacher who headed up the movement, and the sound trucks over to sew up Georgia. He said Huey already had Mississippi, Looz'ana, and Arkansas sewed up. I said how long did it take to sew up a state, and the Huey Long Boy said about a week. He said Huey could do anything in a week. He said Huey wrote "Ev'ry Man a King" in a week. I said then why did Huey want to sew up all the states, and he said because he wanted to own the delegates to the next national Democratic convention, and I said I thought he said Huey didn't want to be President till 1940, and he said Huey didn't, but he might have to take it on before that.

A CAR was now driving straight into us. We dodged it with a dip and curtsy. I said, "I want to know something. You say you work for the state, and they say in New Orleans that anybody who keeps a state job has to hand over part of his wages to Huey Long. How about it?"

The Huey Long Boy gave me a condescending glance. "Listen, sistah, you-all know about politics, don't you? Then you mustn't ask little-girl questions, heah? Ah don't give anything to Huey, but if theh's something to be paid, something for publicity or other campaign expenses, Ah give it, shuah Ah do, and Ah don't say Ah don't, ma'am, and neither does Huey. No, ma'am. Politics is politics, ma'am."

"Do you call him Huey to his face?" I asked, later.

"Huey or Kingfish or Senatoh. It's all the same to Huey. Nicest fellow you-all ever met, ma'am. Huey always does the right smart thing—when he's out with the folks in the bayous, he eats with his fingers and says 'seen' and 'taken' just like they do, and when he's with nice people, he talks and eats right, ma'am. Huey shuah is right smart. You-all see that good road on ahead? That's Looz'ana."

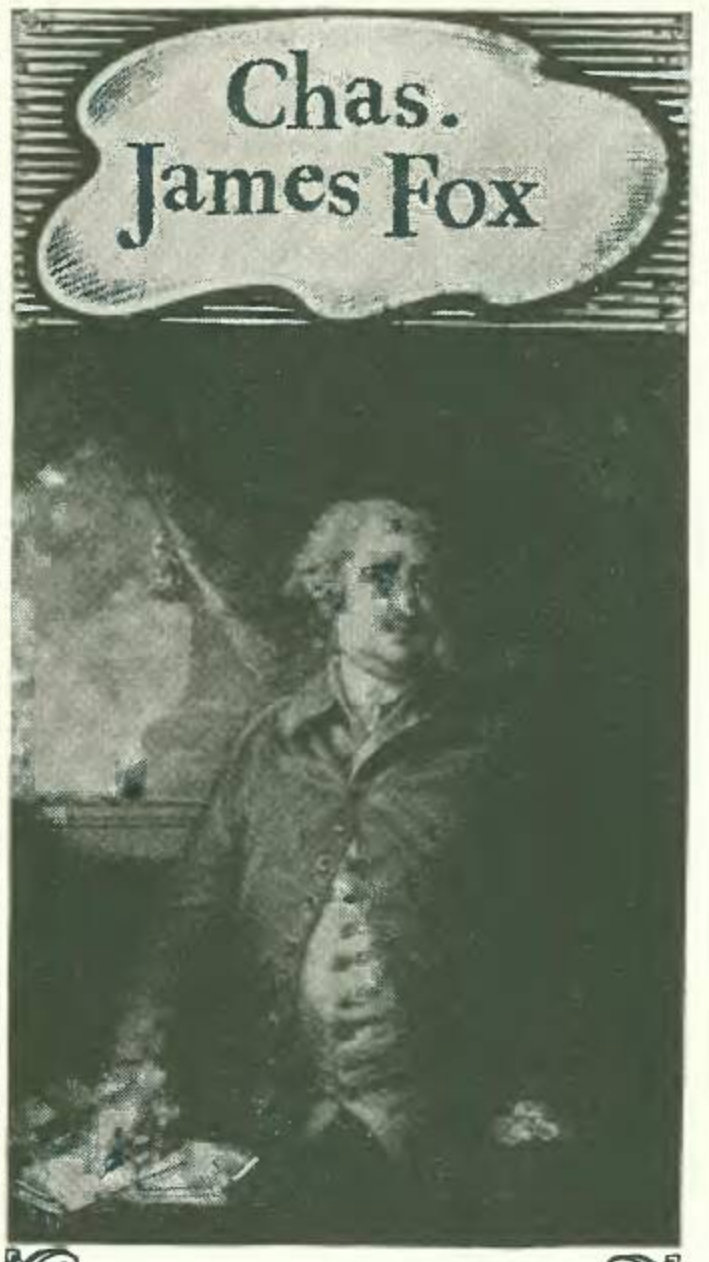
With a grand final splash we slid out of Mississippi. I said Louisiana certainly did set her sister state a good example. The Huey Long Boy shifted his chewing gum and said confidently, "Mississippi'll have good roads right soon now, I reckon, ma'am. Huey owns the new governor over there."

—FRANCES CRANE

•

Taylor was a radio singer before he came into the movies, so you see he has a voice.—*The American.*

Sorry, we don't get it.



"two bottle man"
and patron of
Berry Bros.

IN the golden days of the Regency, one of the most brilliant of a brilliant company was Chas. James Fox, statesman, gambler and gourmet. He was accounted a "two bottle man" by his intimates. Fox is another famous name to be found on the list of BERRY BROS patrons.

Since the XVIIth Century, BERRY BROS wines and spirits have been acclaimed wherever connoisseurs convene.

CUTTY SARK
blended
Scots Whisky
of superior smoothness and mellow flavor.

Write The Buckingham Corporation, Dept. N, for their new booklet on wines and spirits.



BERRY BROS & CO.
Established in the XVII Century
LONDON
WINE
MERCHANTS
by appointment

Sole Selling Agents in the U. S. A.
THE
BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION
British Empire Building
Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y.

BOOKS

Babies, Just Babies



MR. ERIC LINKLATER's new novel, which is almost entirely concerned with the cradle, opens, with winning irony, beside a grave. After Major John Gander, C. B., T. D., has been interred, five potential inheritors gather for a reading of the will. Of them, his half-sister Hilary (unmarried) is the only prepossessing person. The remaining four—two nieces, two nephews—vary, though not markedly, in feeble-mindedness. (Mr. Linklater takes over the tried and true Wodehouse tradition which sees the entire English upper middle class as ready for the attentions of a sympathetic alienist.) Katherine Clements is married and nasty; Jane Sutton is unmarried, open, and direct, and virtually lives on a fairway; Arthur Gander is married (one child, with spectacles) and leads a complicated heroic dream-life, involving the telling of many anecdotes in which he rarely, if ever, comes out second-best; Stephen Sorley is unmarried, fond of designing women's clothes, fattish, and fond, in a nice way, of his exquisite friend Wilfrid.

Major Gander, it turns out when the will is read, cuts up rather peculiarly, in a manner to rejoice the heart of Il Duce. His testament is an anti-Malthusian document by which the sum of £70,000 (accumulated in the toffee business by Jonathan Gander, the Major's philoprogenitive father) is bequeathed to whichever of the late Jonathan's progeny shall within a specified period—two years and three months—have become the parent of the greatest number of children born in holy wedlock. "The chief ornament of marriage is a full quiver," mutters the Major, from Beyond.

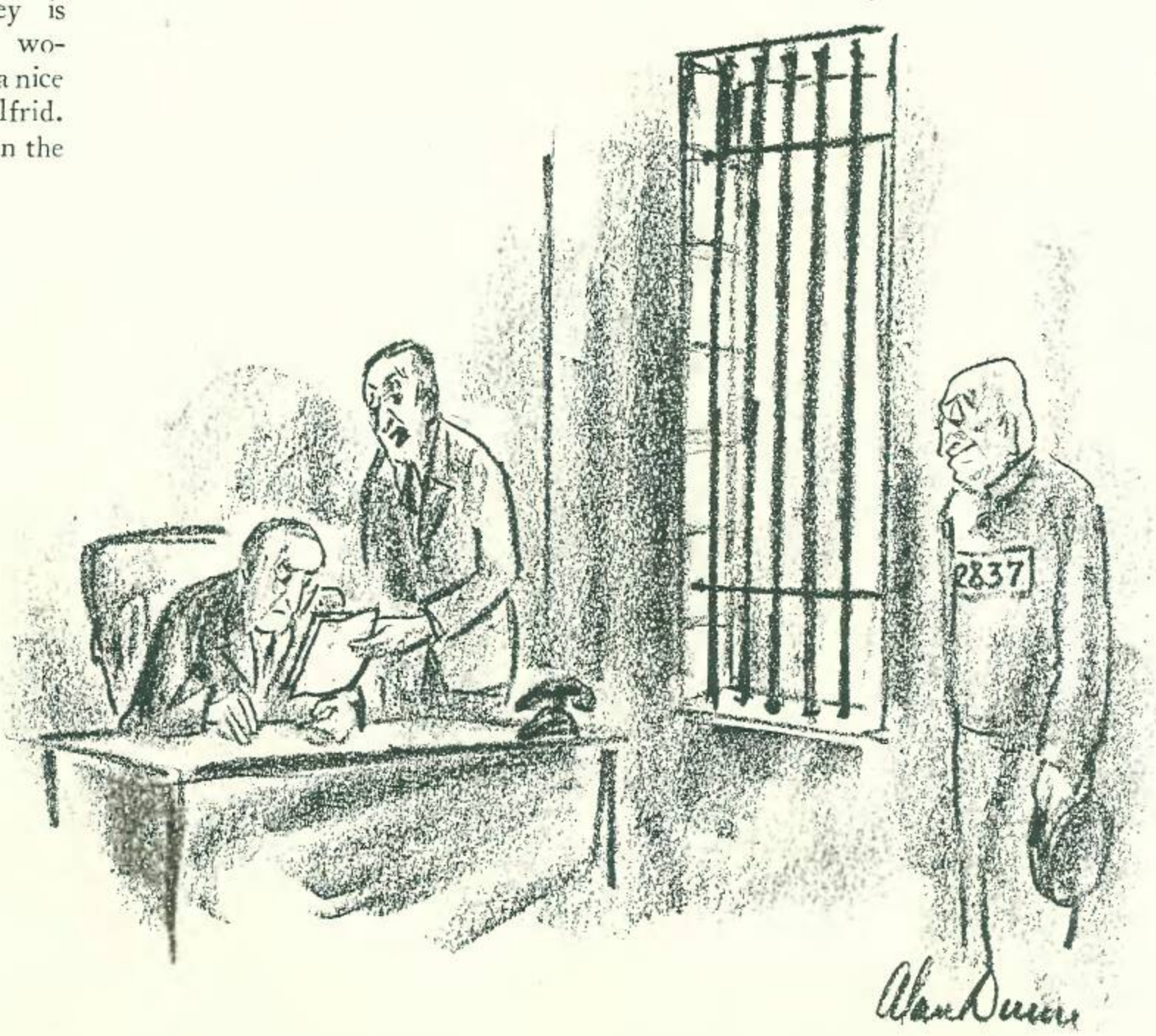
This is what is known as a situation. A very sound one, too. But it is one of those situations so good that the poor author is hard put to it to measure up to them. It's so stimulating that the ribald imagination of the reader at once begins to figure out its inevitable farcical consequences. The best the author can do is to develop in detail what the reader hazily sketches out for himself. Naturally, where there is such a will, there is bound to be a way. Twins will be at a premium. Some determined young woman is going to assault the virtue of the misogynist Stephen. The two married couples will engage in a feverish race for the Nursery Stakes. And ne'er-do-well Cousin George (I forgot to mention him, but you'd know there is one) is fated to drift in from India with five coffee-colored progeny. Also, as you would suspect, an outsider is going to romp off with the seventy thousand, but here Mr. Linklater is too clever for us, the denouement being really surprising, as well as an acid commentary on the morals of Victorian grandfathers.

"Ripeness Is All," not being written by Thorne Smith, deals decorously with this indecorous situation. Mr. Linklater does not play his opportunities for double-entendre very hard, and the required obstetrical humor is drawn rather mild. There is plenty of fun, particularly toward the end, but it is not fast, in either sense, and certainly not furious.

All in all, this comedy of procreation seems rather a holiday effort after the ambitious "Magnus Merriman" and the witty "Juan in America." It bogs down in the middle; there are a number of thoughtful remarks on politics that sound like the best efforts of a bright eight-year-old; and Arthur Gander is too apparently reminiscent of Sentimental Tommy to be quite as amusing as he should be. Otherwise "Ripeness Is All" is moderately good foolery and will probably delight those who find child-bearing an excruciatingly funny subject.

IT takes English novelists to portray attractive rascals and weaklings. We usually sentimentalize them; they view them with complete cynicism and yet somehow manage to make them endearing. I don't know how it's done.

A young Englishman named Christopher Isherwood, for example, offers this week a short, very slick story ("The Last of Mr. Norris") in which the hero



"He wants permission to sit up tonight and listen to the radio. His crime is being reënacted by the March of Time."

RUGS CLEANED

RUGS and Carpets from New York's better homes are now going to Campbell's for their annual cleaning.

Back will come these valuables looking like new—*Safe*—moth-proofed, repaired where needed.

One thrifty home manager tells another about Campbell service and so every year new names are added to our list of satisfied customers.

If you value your floor coverings you will have them *professionally* cleaned every Spring. There is no substitute. And to be *Safe* you will send them to Campbell.

The house of Campbell is famous for SAFE Rug cleaning. Rugs and Carpets stored.



PHONE US TODAY *for full information about cleaning your rugs — carpets — draperies and upholstery.*

A. B. CAMPBELL
Carpet Cleaning Company

612-614 East 15th St., New York
ALGONQUIN 4-8100

NORTHLAND Cruises

42 DAYS $295 UP

10,000 MILES VISITING SWEDEN—POLAND—RUSSIA—DENMARK AND FINLAND

Transatlantic steamers—frequent sailings. Excellent accommodations—all deck sports—swimming pool—sun bathing—interesting sightseeing tours.

ARCTIC CIRCLE TOURS—8 DAYS

(Optional) Rail fares—hotels—meals—excursions, leaving from Helsingfors to the Arctic Ocean. Most interesting tour ever offered. **$55**

See your local travel agent or write direct to

AMERICAN SCANTIC LINE—5 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOURSE BLDG., PHILADELPHIA...Moore & McCormack Co., Inc., Gen. Pass. Agents



FOR THIS FACE what coiffure? A question, answered to perfection at the salon of G. Jean

permanents, rinses, treatments, waves, etc.

G. Jean

32 West 58th Street
PLAZA 3-1470

is a grotesque masochist who collects whips. Mr. Norris is one of those gentleman-adventurers whose careers are all turning-points. He lives by conspiracy, by betraying both sides, and by selling out his friends. Completely unsavory as is this Arthur Norris, he has to put up with severe competition from his associates, who include *souteneurs*, homosexuals, and extortioners. The E. Phillips Oppenheim plot works out against a background of German intrigue just before Hitler took power and is presented by Mr. Isherwood with a casualness that does not quite disguise his very real political insight.

This Arthur Norris is a genuine creation, a kind of degenerate Micawber, who surrounds his villainies with an atmosphere of ambiguous charm. I found his story very amusing, if also quite easy to forget.

NEITHER Mr. Linklater nor Mr. Isherwood taxes the brain. Herr Hermann Broch doesn't either, but he is one of those windy, moralizing Germans (or he would be if he weren't an Austrian) who have all the appearance of profundity with little of the reality. I opened his book, "The Unknown Quantity," with interest, for its hero is a mathematician, and I have always thought the lives of mathematicians should make first-rate fictional material. But Herr Broch's mathematician is the kind who is polysyllabic in his quest for reality and who confuses metaphysics and plain, ordinary spring fever in the most irritating manner you can imagine. When Richard Hieck is talking about his equations or arguing with his fellow-mathematicians, the book is not without interest. But there are only a few of these shop-talk scenes. Most of the time Herr Broch merely parodies profundity.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

LOVE IN WINTER, by Storm Jameson. This is the second volume, apparently, of a series to be called "The Mirror in Darkness," in which Miss Jameson is attempting to do for postwar England what Romains is succeeding in doing for twentieth-century France. Miss Jameson writes well and with intelligence, but there are too many characters, she slips confusingly from one to another, and the love affair—the central theme of the novel—is aimless and pal-



HERE! . . . a brand new taste thrill from the Old World . . . delicious, potent, zestful . . .

"The Danish Snaps"

AALBORG AKVAVIT

Famous in Europe for unique, appetizing, delightful flavor. Served as a straight drink, ice cold, in the Danish manner. Smart, immensely popular, with hors d'oeuvres, buffet suppers, sandwiches, cold cuts. Spring this imported sensation on your friends! (Ask for genuine AALBORG.) For nearest dealer call

STROHMEYER & ARPE CO.
139 FRANKLIN ST., N. Y. SOLE IMPORTERS



FREE!
for Dime Collectors

You have no idea how much fun it is to collect dimes in one of our amusing new Daily Dime Savers. ~ This clever device makes *saving* a GAME —as well as an easy way to pile up money—and you'll be amazed how quickly those little TEN-CENT PIECES turn into DOLLARS. ~ Mail the coupon!

Central Savings Bank Dept. A
New York City

If it's fun to save dimes with your new Daily Dime Saver, please send me one.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

ADD *Thrift* TO *Pleasure* WHEN YOU TRAVEL IN

GERMANY

R.R. FARES REDUCED 60%

WITH this big reduction of railroad fares and "Registered Travel Marks" selling far below normal exchange rates, there is practically no dollar inflation for your vacation in Germany.

In Germany—a great nation reborn—you find many fascinating ways to while away happy, carefree hours.

Thrill to the lively sports in preparation for the stirring Olympic Games; the magnificent Wagner, Mozart, Bach and Handel Music Festivals; the legend-haunted castles on the Rhine; medieval towns, modern cities, the romance of the Black Forest and the glory of the Bavarian Alps. And your energy will be revitalized at healthful spas where cures are combined with brilliant social events.



For information and booklets, write to Dept. S 21.

GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE

665 Fifth Avenue, at 53rd Street, New York, N.Y.

lid. Worth reading for sharp, isolated pictures of the confused state of London political and literary society in the late twenties.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER, by V. S. Pritchett. A Dreiserian story about an ambitious young Englishman who works his way up until he owns the tanning factory and dominates the lives of those around him, only to discover at the end that his own career has lost its meaning. Keen characterization and some good, nervous writing help to redeem the banality of the theme. Mr. Pritchett improves with every book.

SELECTED SHORT STORIES OF TODAY, edited by Dorothy Scarborough. Forty-one stories, not selected according to any particular standard. The book is not only more inclusive but rather less stuffy than the usual anthology. It ranges from Proust and Pirandello to Mrs. Rinehart. There are good selections from the younger people, particularly George Milburn, Tess Slesinger, Erskine Caldwell, Moe Bragin, and Richard Sherman.

GENERAL

PRINCE CHARLIE AND HIS LADIES, by Compton Mackenzie. This is not a biography of the Young Chevalier—that has been done before—but a series of portraits, very careful and lively, of the many women who were captivated by his Stuart charm: friends, agents, a mistress, a wife, a daughter. Mr. Mackenzie steers a pleasant middle course between the Scylla of gossip and the Charybdis of ponderous history.

VERSE

NO THANKS, by E. E. Cummings. Perhaps Mr. Cummings' typography, as it reels, floats, and coils down the page, says more than formerly; it is certainly more disrupted. When legible, the words are good and sour on most subjects, although sweet love, as usual, comes in for some celebration.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

YOUNG JOSEPH, by Thomas Mann, translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. The second volume of this great symbolic trilogy deals with the adolescent Joseph, the coat of many colors, and the betrayal by the brothers. A difficult but rewarding masterpiece.

NOT FOR HEAVEN, by Dorothy McCleary. First-rate character study of a lovable harridan who cares for little except victuals, her vegetable garden, and an old horse. As hearty as a good pot roast, and should prove as popular.

HUNGRY MEN, by Edward Anderson. A short, sharp series of sketches of the lives of American tramps and itinerant workers, connected by a thin thread of story.

NATIONAL VELVET, by Enid Bagnold. Quite improbable, quite delightful story about a fourteen-year-old girl who won the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree. You'll find it charming whether or not you care about horses.

A FEW FOOLISH ONES, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. Another novel of Maine farmers and their wives who preserve their Puritan virtues and weaknesses through fifty years of changing social conditions. Those who liked "As the Earth Turns" will probably like this one, too.

HERITAGE, by George F. Hummel. A long, leisurely family chronicle (time, 1846 to 1890) which does for the Peconic Bay section of Long Island what "Mary Peters" did for the Maine coast. If you enjoy local color or live east of Jamaica, it is your book.

AFFAIR, by Emily Hahn. Short, acid, effective story of two bewildered young New Yorkers who find that the depression can beat love any time. Very well done.

THE ONE-EYED MOON, by Marguerite Steen. Preposterously old-fashioned plot, redeemed by fine Spanish atmosphere and the elegant, noble dialogue all Spaniards use in novels by non-Latins. Fair entertainment.

CLAUDIUS THE GOD AND HIS WIFE MESSALINA, by Robert Graves. Continuation of "I, Claudius," and even better than the first volume. It deals with Claudius's political reforms, his friendship with Herod Agrippa, his British campaign, his discovery of Messalina's infidelities, and his decline into near-madness. A curiously fascinating book, full of a subtle humor. Not at all the conventional "historical novel."

THE PUMPKIN COACH, by Louis Paul. Interesting, though occasionally puzzling, first novel about a charming Samoan who looks at American civilization with the fresh eyes of a sensitive primitive.

PYLON, by William Faulkner. Tense misadventures of a grotesque travelling air circus which competes, with tragic results, in a Southern air carnival. Mr. Faulkner is more Faulknerian than ever, and simple, wholesome souls would do well to surrender and run.

GENERAL

ROAD TO WAR: AMERICA, 1914-1917, by Walter Millis. A careful, brilliant narrative of the sequence of events by which America was coerced, manipulated, and driven into the First World War. Not calculated to induce feelings of complacency in any reader over the age of fourteen.

ORDEAL: THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Marie, Queen of Roumania. The second volume of Marie's autobiography deals with the war, which distressed her greatly, and contains a great many handsome photographs of herself in Red Cross uniform, complete with white headdress. You have to love royalty a lot to like this book.

I CHANGE WORLDS, by Anna Louise Strong. The autobiography of a notable American journalist who has spent fourteen dramatic years living and working in Russia. This has the same general appeal as Vincent Sheean's "Personal History."

RESTLESS DAYS, by Lilo Linke. The remarkable autobiography of a German girl (she writes, and writes well, in English) who was eight when the war started. Less a personal narrative than an account of the common fate of her bewildered, idealistic, and finally lost generation.

GERALD: A PORTRAIT, by Daphne du Maurier. A biography, deft, charming, and objective, of Gerald du Maurier, the great actor-manager, the son of the greater George du Maurier, and a fascinatingly flawed personality. A delightful book, written by his daughter without undue filial reverence.

AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS, by Donald Culross Peattie. Reflections, one for each day of the year, of a naturalist whose mind advances beyond the limitations of his field. A mixture of meditations, field notes, and sketches of the great naturalists, the whole set forth in admirable prose. Drawings by Lynd Ward.



When a tire bursts, this can save your lives!

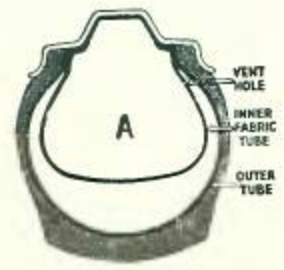
So put LIFE GUARD TUBES in the tires on your family car

You see illustrated here a cross-section of a new kind of inner tube for automobile tires.

It has two air chambers, one inside the other, with a tiny vent between.

The whole purpose of this special tube is to give you *that vital interval of time after a blowout* that you need to bring your speeding car to a safe stop under control.

It does that when a tire bursts by retaining a quantity of air under slow release in the inner chamber, so that the "let-down" effect is somewhat like that of a slow leak.



A *How* LIFE GUARD *tube looks inside the tire when fully inflated*



B *When tire blows out, air escapes immediately from outer tube chamber — but tire rides on air left in two-ply fabric reinforced inner chamber. This reserve air whistles slowly out of vent hole, which enables car to stop safely*

We call this safety tube the "LIFE GUARD," and hundreds of tests—in which 1300 different constructions were developed — show it to be accurately named.

We have spiked, slashed, exploded thousands of tires in these tests, on cars speeding at 50, 60, 70 miles an hour and better.

In not one instance has the LIFE GUARD failed to enable the driver to avoid swerve and swing in that critical instant after a blowout when life or death hangs by a hair.

In *every* instance it has given the driver that precious time he needed to get his swift-moving car under control and slowed down to a safe straight-line stop.

LIFE GUARD tubes are neither cheap to build nor cheap to buy.

Their mission is not to save money but to save life.



Like the famed Goodyear Double Eagle Tire, the new LIFE GUARD tube is built to a specific purpose regardless of cost, and is admittedly better than normal need requires. It is intended for those to whom maximum safety and peace of mind are worth a premium, and who are willing and able to pay for that maximum. Full explanation of either of these super-standard Goodyear products will be gladly given you by any Goodyear Dealer

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR



COURVOISIER

"The Brandy of NAPOLEON"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

To drink Courvoisier is to realize how delightful a French Cognac can be. The reputation of Courvoisier dates back over a century.

Courvoisier stands for quality.



By Special Appointment to Their Majesties:

King George V of England

King Gustav V of Sweden

SPONSORED BY F-C-G IMPORTERS INC.

SOLE AGENTS FOR:

Louis Roederer Champagne
Courvoisier Cognac
Highland Queen Scotch
Wynand Fockink Cordials