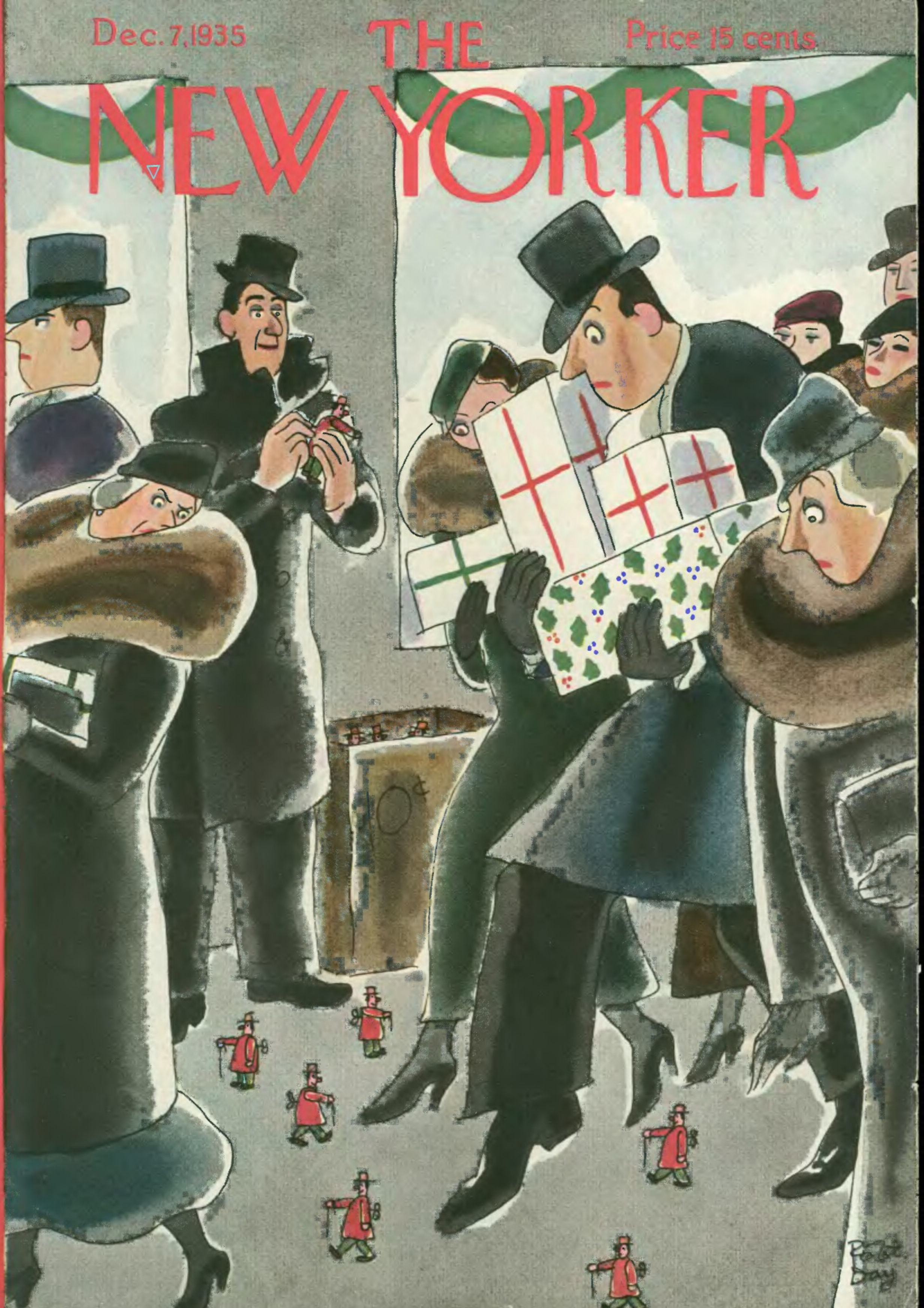
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THE NEW YORKER

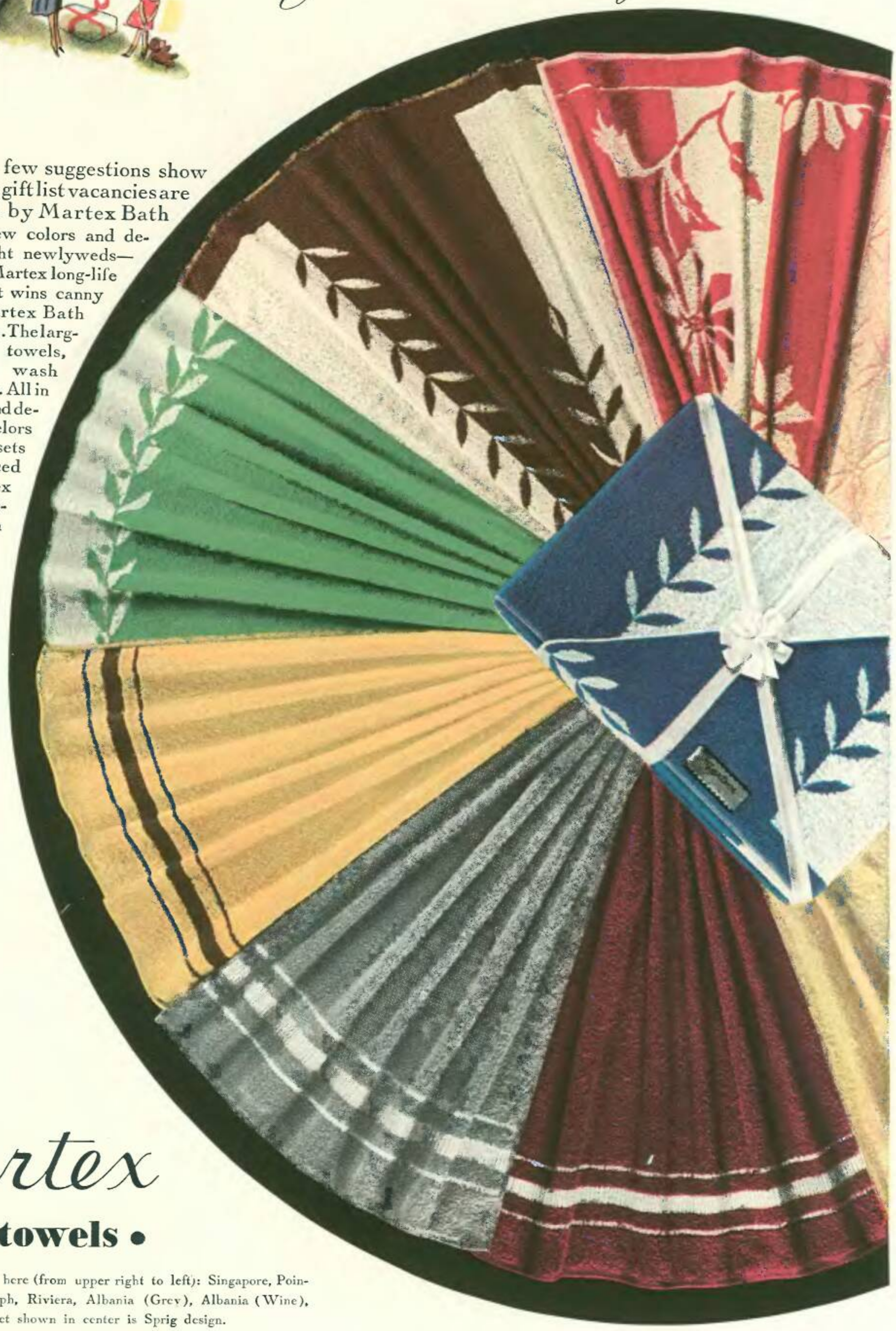
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.]

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

BOY MEETS GIRL—Well, these two fellers out in Hollywood promote a baby star and—oh, go see it and laugh your head off. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

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. PEnnsylvania 6-0773.)

DEAD END—Life at the end of a New York street, where crook and river meet. You have probably seen it anyway. If you haven't, do. (Belasco. 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

EVA LE GALLIENNE REPERTORY—Miss Le Gallienne's new production of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 5 and 6; Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Dec. 9, 11, 12, and 14; Sat. Mat., Dec. 14. "Camille": Sat. and Wed. Mats., Dec. 7 and 11; Tues. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 10 and 13. "A Sunny Morning" and "The Women Have Their Way": Sat. Eve., Dec. 7. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175.)

FIRST LADY—Washington machinations under better conditions, especially Jane Cowl, than you get in Washington. Stanley Ridges and Lily Cahill are also in it. (Music Box, 45, W. CHickering 4-6160. Mat. Thurs.)

LET FREEDOM RING!—In the cotton mills of the South, things aren't going so good. See this, and try and figure out what's to be done about it. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M.)

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16—It is up to the audience to decide whether or not Karen André pushed the Match King off his penthouse. A. H. Woods' rowdy courtroom melodrama, with Doris Nolan, Sarah Padden, and others. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. 8:50 P.M. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

PARNELL—The early movement toward freedom for Ireland, which was unhappily thwarted by a woman. George Curzon, Margaret Rawlings, Effie Shannon, John Emery, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728. 8:30 P.M.)

PERSONAL APPEARANCE—What happens when a Hollywood movie star gets her hooks into a filling-station boy. Genuinely comic lines, read with great effect by Gladys George. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Dec. 14.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—If you like Jane Austen and good acting, you'll like this. Adrianne Allen, Helen Chandler, Lucile Watson, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720. Mat. Thurs.)

REMEMBER THE DAY—Pleasantly reminiscent of the time when you thought Teacher was the Ideal Woman. Frankie Thomas, Francesca Bruning, Russell Hardie, and others. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8225.)

SQUARING THE CIRCLE—A farce out of Soviet Russia which is remarkable chiefly because it kids Soviet Russia. Otherwise, it is a Slavic "Box and Cox," mildly amusing. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-4221. Mat. Thurs.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne doing their best (which is pretty darned good) to make an old dog do new tricks. What is known as "good fun." (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—A little man with a genius for picking winners is taken over by a group of touts and promoted. Good, vulgar laughter. William Lynn, Sam Levene, Shirley Booth, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Yes, it's still running. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890.)

A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE—Roland Young's polite gifts rather wasted on the story of a philandering producer's wrangles with his wife. With Mary Philips. (Golden, 45, W. CHickering 4-0144.)

WHATEVER GOES UP—Ernest Truex as the cigar clerk who wins a sweepstake prize. You know how it comes out, but Mr. Truex is worth watching. (Baltimore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:45 P.M.)

WINTERSET—Burgess Meredith, Margo, and Richard Bennett in Maxwell Anderson's sensitive attempt to write a grim underworld tragedy in terms of poetic prose. Not completely successful, but worth your while for all that. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

WITH MUSIC

AT HOME ABROAD—Beatrice Lillie in a fast and high-spirited revue, with Ethel Waters, Eleanor Powell, Herb Williams, and Paul Haakon. Arthur Schwartz's music is excellent. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

JUBILEE!—Something very nice to see. Cole Porter's music and Moss Hart's book, with Mary Boland, Melville Cooper, June Knight, Derek Williams, Charles Walters, May Boley, and others. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360.)

JUMBO—The biggest of the shows and, into the bargain, something you have to see to be able to carry on a conversation. Jimmy Durante, Paul Whiteman, and lots of others. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. MUrray Hill 2-9400. Performances weekdays, except Tues., at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 3:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

PORGY AND BESS—"Porgy" plus Gershwin, which is an important combination in any country. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114. Mat. Thurs.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

MAY WINE—A play with music by Sigmund Romberg. The cast includes Walter Slezak, Nancy McCord, Walter King, Leo G. Carroll, and others. Opens Thurs., Dec. 5. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M.)

PARADISE LOST—The Group Theatre's production of Clifford Odets' latest play, with Luther Adler, Stella Adler, and Morris Carnovsky. Opens Mon., Dec. 9. (Longacre, 48, W. LAckawanna 4-8686. 8:40 P.M.)

THIS OUR HOUSE—A play by Joel W. Schenker and Allan Fleming, with Ian Maclaren and Edith Atwater. Opens Tues., Dec. 10. (58th Street, 58, E. CIrcle 7-3198. 8:40 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

STICK-IN-THE-MUD—A comedy by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, with Sylvia Field, Thomas Mitchell, Bruce MacFarlane, and others. (48th Street, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:50 P.M.)

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SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—New edition of the informal revue, with Shirley Booth, Vandy Cape, Caperton and Columbus, James Shelton, Felicia Sorel, Nina Tarasova, and the Yale Puppeteers. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

DANCE RECITALS

ANGNA ENTERS—The last of a series of recitals by this gifted artist: Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8:30. (Masque, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-0040.)

YVONNE GEORGI—Second solo appearance of Kreutzberg's former partner: Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229.)

MARTHA GRAHAM—Dancing in Brooklyn, assisted by her group: Wed. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:15. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Vincent Lopez leads the orchestra in the Trianon Room. Ramon and Renita dance. Dress.

BARNEY GALLANT, 161 E. 54 (PLaza 3-2465)—Barney's uptown place, with Arthur Warren's orchestra, and entertainment by the Herberts and Corinna Mura.

BILTMORE SUPPER ROOM, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Howard Lally's orchestra, with dances by Mario and Floria and juggling by Boy Foy.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (RHinelander 4-3034)—Henry King and his orchestra are now playing here. Dances by Dorothy Fox and Charles Walters; songs by Marianne Davis. *

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Irwin Gilbert's orchestra plays in the Salon Azure. There's also Tisdale's Trio and songs by Baroness Monica Henkel.*

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The playboys paradise has Ernie Holst's orchestra and Gustavo Martell's tango band.*

HOUSE OF MORGAN, 49 E. 54 (WIckersham 2-8221)—Helen Morgan's new club, with Lew Bring's orchestra, and entertainment by Vicente Escudero, June Knight, and Georges Metaxa. Miss Morgan, herself, has gone to Hollywood.*

JACK DEMPSEY'S SUPPER ROOM, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666)—After-theatre music by Dave Hermon and his orchestra.

LARUE, 480 Park at 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Harry Rosenthal's and José Rodriguez's orchestras, with dances by Maurice and Cordoba.*

MADISON, Madison at 58 (VOlunteer 5-5000)—Val Olman's orchestra plays in the Baroque Room.*

MON PARIS, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Cobina Wright, and Endor and Farrell sing after the theatre. Gene Fosdick's music.*

NEW MONTMARTRE, B'way at 50 (CIrcle 6-2490)—Beatrice Lillie, Reginald Gardiner, Gomez and Winona, and Jacques Fray's orchestra should have opened here by now. Dress.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Pancho and his orchestra play in the Neptune Grill.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin provides the music in the Persian Room, one of the smartest and most charming places for supper dancing in town. Dances by the DeMarcos. Dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—Ray Noble's orchestra, songs by Ann Greenway, dances by Lydia and Joresco, and Ramon Ramos's tango band are some of the attractions here. Dress. . . . The informal Rainbow Grill features Arthur Ravel's orchestra and dances by Dolores and Candido.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200)—Bernie Cummins and his orchestra, with entertainment by Reed Lawton and others.*

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—The Savoy Room has Medrano and Donna, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra. Dress. . . . Dwight Fiske sings his merry songs and Basil Fomeen leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The King Cole Room features Emil Coleman and his orchestra, Eve Symington, and the comical Hartmans. Dress. . . . Downstairs you will find Russian music and entertainment in the handsome Maisonette Russe.*

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-9096)—Noisy and

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Nat Brandwynne and Nano Rodrigo, with songs by Marjory Logan.*

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where you can listen to Libby Holman sing and watch Rosita and Fontana dance. Marion Chase and Elsa Maxwell will replace them on Mon., Dec. 9. Joe Smith's and Alfredo Brito's orchestras.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The newly decorated and terraced Sert Room has Al Donahue and his orchestra alternating with Xavier Cugat and his tango band. Dances by Georges and Jalna, and magic by Russell Swan. Dress. . . . Freddy Martin's orchestra plays in the informal Empire Room; dances by Manya and Drigo.

WEYLIN, Madison at 54 (PLaza 3-9100)—The Caprice Room presents Louise Breese's orchestra, songs by Diane Denise and Charlie Wright, and dances by Dario and Diane.*

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Barney Winton plays in the Vivian Johnson Room of the Élysée, 60 E. 54.* . . . Dick Wilson plays at the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights. . . . Hal Kemp is at the Pennsylvania Madhattan, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Ron Perry is at the St. Moritz Continental Grill, 50 Central Pk. S. . . . Jack Berger plays in the Orangerie of the Astor, B'way at 44. . . . Enoch Light is at the McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . Johnny Johnson plays in the Commodore Palm Room, Lexington at 42. . . . Isham Jones plays in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Harold Stern is at the Salon Madrid of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . Don Richards is at the Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49. . . . Henry Halstead provides the music at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Ted Fio Rito plays at the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . You'll find Ozzie Nelson at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Eddie Lane is at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Sammy Wilson is at the Edison Green Room, 46, W. of B'way.

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NOTES—Alice Burrage, Arthur Brown, and Jimmie Rogers sing, and Jack Meyers leads the orchestra at the Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51 (ELdorado 5-8814).* . . . You'll find Burt Stevens' music and songs by Rita Bell at Trouville, 112 E. 52 (ELdorado 5-9234). . . . Ken Murray heads the entertainment at the Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8475).

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might drop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Netherland Bar, 5 Ave. at 59; Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Élysée Monkey Bar, 60 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Ethel Levey's Snack Bar, 68 E. 56; Thru the Looking Glass, 38 W. 52; Place Elegante, 33 W. 56; Continental Café, 10 E. 52; Madeleine's, 6 E. 52; Maxim's, 12 E. 54; Chateau Moderne, 42 E. 50; Anna Held's, 1 Ave. at 52; Man About Town Club, 15 W. 51; Club Normandie, 112 Central Pk. S.; and Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

The Beverley, Lexington at 50, has recently opened an attractive Cocktail Room.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has a spectacular show, "Folie Parisienne," and Jack Denny's orchestra. . . . Other rough-and-tumble places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572); and Del Monico's, 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-6108). . . . Louis Armstrong and his band are at Connie's Inn, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), with an elaborate black-and-tan show. . . . Dan Healy's Broadway Room, 231 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-3073), is a good place to wind up the evening.

Small, noisy places, popular with the late Broadway crowd: The Famous Door, 35 W. 52; Jim Healy's, 62 W. 52; and the Onyx, 72 W. 52. . . . The original Tillie of Harlem has a place at 106 W. 52; open all night.

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

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (EDgecombe 4-1030), has Claude Hopkins' band and an excellent show, featuring Nina Mae McKinney, Miller and Mantan, Cora La Redd, and truckin'. . . . The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), also has a good show. . . . There are lots of other places if you feel like exploring on your own hook.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644). . . . Montmartre: Bal Musette Bedou, 301 W. 46 (LOngacre 5-8194). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), with singing by 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); and Dmitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (STuyvesant 9-8836), with dances by Dimitri and Helen Virgil.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.]

MOTION PICTURES

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT—The French film of the Dostoevski novel, imaginative to the point of lunacy. (Cinéma de Paris, 5 Ave. at 12; continuous from noon.)

I DREAM TOO MUCH—Lily Pons, very much at home and welcome on the screen, in an agreeable affair with Jerome Kern songs and general good humor. With Henry Fonda and Osgood Perkins. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Dec. 11; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

LA MATERNELLE—A grave and honest sketch of Montmartre and its children. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—The Warner Brothers—Max Reinhardt Shakespeare, with Cagney and Joe E. Brown the most successful of all concerned. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. daily.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—Fine sea and scurvy scenes, beautiful acting by Charles Laughton, and altogether a sensational film from the famous books. With Clark Gable and Franchot Tone also present. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Thurs., Dec. 5; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE NEW GULLIVER—3,000 puppets, and the liveliest wit the Soviets have yet been good enough to give us. (Cameo, 42, E. of B'way; continuous from 9 A.M.)

RENDEZVOUS—Wartime Washington, the best spy society, William Powell and Rosalind Russell, and all pretty funny. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., Dec. 7-11; continuous from 1 P.M. Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 10 and 11; continuous from noon.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—Claudette Colbert in a bright and farcical version of the old story of the rich man who marries his secretary. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Thurs., Dec. 5; continuous from 1:30 P.M.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Romance and Southern Charm combined by King Vidor to move the hearts of the most hidebound Yankee. With Margaret Sullavan and Walter Connolly. (Paramount, 7 Ave. at 43; through Thurs., Dec. 12; continuous from 11 A.M.)

NOTE—Films suitable for children are shown at the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun. Afts. at 2:15 and 4.

Also recommended, if you run across it: "I Live My Life," amusing and lively story of the taming of a modern shrew, with Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne, and Frank Morgan.

OPENING OF NOTE

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—The Marx Brothers' new comedy. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Fri., Dec. 6; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

ART

AFRICAN—The Louis Carré collection of sculpture from the Kingdom of Benin: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 14.

BEAUX—Dame Cecilia's paintings: American Academy, 633 W. 155. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

BOTKIN—Recent work (Southern subjects) by a painter who has been growing steadily: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 7.

CHIRICO—A stunning show, not to be missed by anyone interested in the first of the Surréalistes, and by no means the least: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DIRK—Water colors of country and city: Dorothy Paris, 56 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 14.

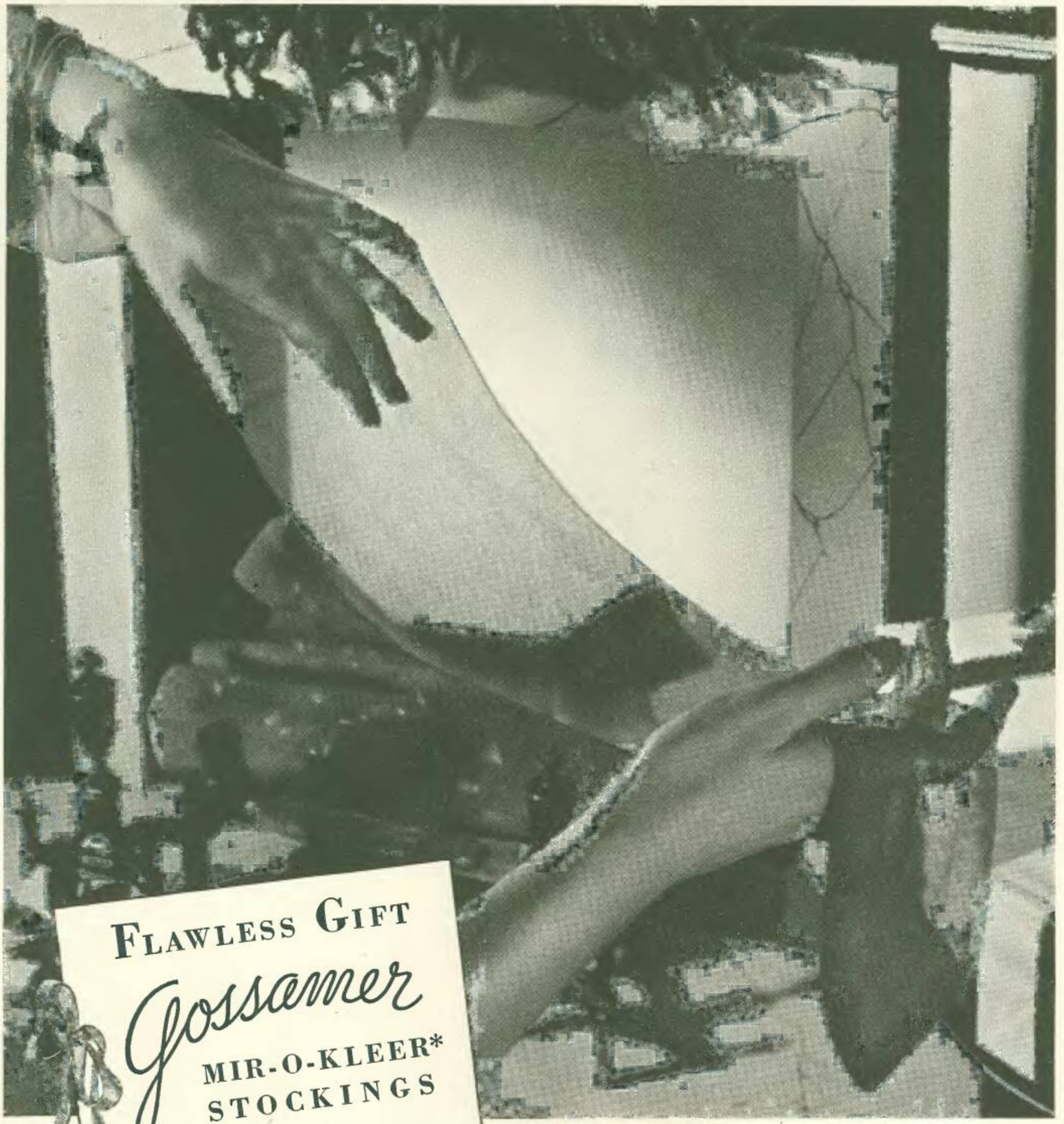
FOLK ART—Opening exhibition selected from this gallery's comprehensive collection: American Folk Art Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. . . . Loan exhibition of folk arts from Nantucket: National Committee on Folk Arts, 673 5 Ave., entrance on 53 St. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

FRENCH—Beautifully presented show in which the high points are portraits in marble and paint: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

GRIGORIEV—Over fifty paintings, covering work of the last fifteen years: Academy of Allied Arts, 349 W. 86. Open weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M., and 7:30 to 9:30 P.M.

HUMOR—Special exhibition of Humor in Art:





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14.]

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

INDIA—Sculptures, paintings, and bronzes: Heeramaneck Galleries, 724 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

LEONID—Landscapes by one of the best of the Neo-Romanticists: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MARIN—Some dazzling water colors and interesting oils by a painter whose best work always leaves one breathless: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

MURAL SKETCHES—What painters would do with walls: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Dec. 9.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Second international exhibition of Leica photographs: Mezzanine Gallery 3, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center; through Thurs., Dec. 5, only. . . . Portrait art-prints by Baron Mario Bucovich: Bucovich, 687 Lexington. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

PRINTS—Annual exhibition by thirty-six leading Americans: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RENOIR—An important selection of Rubens' great successor: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

SHAKER—Exhibition of Shaker handicrafts: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open daily (except Mon.) 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 12.

TENNEY—A newcomer with a lot of life and dash: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 7.

TRIO—Presenting one of the best of the Old Guard, Ernest Lawson; a promising young painter, Jacques Zucker; and an able wood-engraver, C. W. Smith: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 7.

VAN GOGH—Best thing the Museum of Modern Art has put on. A million other New Yorkers appear to have found this out. Better visit early in the day: 11 W. 53. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Mon. and Wed. 7 to 10 P.M. (Admission twenty-five cents; free Sun. until 1 P.M., and Mon.)

WEBER—New work by a distinguished modern: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Landscapes by Aston Knight: John Levy, 1 E. 57; through Dec. 7. . . . Paintings by a selected group of Americans: Milch, 108 W. 57. . . . Memorial exhibition of pastels and etchings by the late Lucille Douglas: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Dec. 14. . . . Water colors by José de Creeft: Passadoit, 22 E. 60; starting Dec. 10. . . . Prints and drawings of China by Thomas Handforth: Kennedy, 785 5 Ave.; through Dec. 7. . . . Paintings of the Middle West by E. G. Jacobsson: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Dec. 7. . . . Color reproductions of van Gogh: F.A.R. Gallery, 21 E. 61; and Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 52. . . . Paintings by Paul Nash and R. O. Dunlop: Carl Fischer, 61 E. 57. . . . Paintings and sculpture by Nura: Arden, 460 Park. . . . Sculpture by Katchamakoff; and water colors by James E. Beckwith and Pauline G. Little: Delphic Studios, 724 5 Ave.; through Dec. 7. . . . Paintings by young Americans: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Dec. 11. . . . Undersea paintings by K. Pritchard: Newton, 11 E. 57. . . . Water colors and prints by Dehn, Kuniyoshi, Eilshemius, and others: Ten Dollar Gallery, 35 E. 8 (open 12 noon to 6 P.M.) . . . Christmas show of water colors, oils, and graphics: The Art Mart, 508 8 Ave., at 35. . . . Paintings by Evelyn Bartlett: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64; through Dec. 10.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

FRITZ KREISLER—Second recital this season, and it's a good idea to have your tickets now: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6.

WALTER PISTON—An able American composer, in a program of his own music: New School, 66 W. 12, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD—Singing songs in several languages: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:15. Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 11.

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Return of one of the most fascinating of pianists: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7.

JOSEPH SZIGETI—Only recital here this season of a distinguished violinist, playing an unusual program: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 7.

MUSIC IN THE CRISIS—A concert-symposium involving performers, critics, and the audience. Probably fun, too: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 7.

ELISABETH RETHBERG—The Metropolitan soprano in *Lieder*: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 8.

HERMAN KATIMS—All Beethoven, by a gifted young pianist: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 8.

MARIO CHAMLEE AND RUTH MILLER—Two former Metropolitan singers entertain with songs: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 8.

HAROLD SAMUEL—Bach, the best Bach, by a specialist: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 9.

OTTO SCHLAAFF AND ROBERT RIOTTE—A two-piano team that will worry the proofreaders but not the audience: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 11.

WINIFRED CECIL—A young soprano who made an excellent début a few years ago: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 14.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Klemperer conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eves., Dec. 5 and 12, at 8:45; Fri. Afts., Dec. 6 and 13, at 2:30; Sat. Eves., Dec. 7 and 14, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 8.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:45.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Lange conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:45.

DON COSSACK CHOIR—Jeroff conducting: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12, at 8:15.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Greenfield conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 14.

ON THE AIR

JOSEPHINE ANTOINE—A chance to hear the Metropolitan's new soprano, as guest soloist on the Atwater Kent program: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:30, WABC.

ELISABETH RETHBERG—Singing on the "To Arms for Peace" program: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5, at 9:30, WABC.

BEAUX-ARTS BALL—Description of the big affair at the Waldorf: Fri. Night, Dec. 6, from 12:30 to 12:45 A.M., WABC.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—Broadcast of the final half-hour: Sat. Eve., Dec. 7, at 10:30, WMCA.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI—Conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in an hour's concert: Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 2, WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Sibelius program in honor of the composer's seventieth birthday, Klemperer conducting. Lotte Lehmann will be soloist: Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 3, WABC.

LAURITZ MELCHIOR—The Wagnerian tenor will sing with the Ford Symphony and Chorus, Kolar conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, at 9, WABC.

RICHARD CROOKS—Soloist with the General Motors Symphony, Rapee conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, at 10, WEAF.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking before the American Farm Bureau Federation in Chicago: Mon. Morn., Dec. 9, at 11, WEAF-WJZ and WOR. His address at the University of Notre Dame: Mon. Aft., Dec. 9, at 4, WEAF.

G. B. STERN—Her subject will be "How One Goes About Writing an Autobiography": Wed. Aft., Dec. 11, at 4, WEAF.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. at 2:30, WJZ; Tues. at 1:45, Wed. at 2:30 and 10:30, WEAF. . . . Radio Guild: Thurs. at 4:30, WJZ. . . . Padraic Colum: Thurs. at 5:15, WEAF. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF. . . . Little Symphony, James conducting: Thurs. at 8:30, WOR. . . . Walter O'Keefe: Thurs. and Tues. at 9, WABC. . . . Paul Whiteman's Music Hall: Thurs. at 10, WEAF. . . . March of Time: nightly (except Sat. and Sun.) at 10:30, WABC. . . . Flying Red Horse Tavern: Fri. at 8, WABC. . . . Broadway Varieties: Fri. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Beauty Box Theatre: Fri. at 9, WJZ. . . . Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC. . . . Louis Armstrong: Fri. and Tues. at 11, WABC. . . . Cincinnati Conservatory of Music: Sat. at 11 A.M., WABC. . . . Abram Chasins: Sat. at 12 noon, WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Sat. at 8:15, WJZ. . . . Nino Martini and Kostelanetz: Sat. at 9, WABC. . . . Wallace Beery: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WJZ. . . . Alexander Woollcott: Sun. at 7, WABC. . . . Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8, WABC. . . . Master Musicians: Sun. at 8, WOR. . . . Leslie Howard: Sun. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Walter Winchell: Sun. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Jack Hylton: Sun. at 10:30, WABC. . . . Ted Hammerstein's Music Hall: Mon. at 8, WEAF. . . . Nelson Eddy: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . Lux Radio Theatre: Mon. at 9, WABC. . . . Grace Moore: Mon. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Cesare Sodero Directs: Mon. at 10:15, WOR. . . . Lois Long: Tues. at 3, WABC. . . . Understanding Opera: Tues. at 6:35, WABC. . . . Lawrence Tibbett: Tues. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Ben Bernie: Tues. at 9, WJZ. . . . Helen Hayes: Tues. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . "Jumbo": Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Waring's Pennsylvanians: Tues. at 9:30, WABC. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's String Sinfonia: Tues. at 9:45, WOR. . . . Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting: Wed. at 3, WJZ. . . . Cavalcade of America: Wed. at 8, WABC. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 8:30, WABC. . . . John Charles Thomas: Wed. at 9, WJZ. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Lily Pons and Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC. . . . Ray Noble: Wed. at 9:30, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Joe Louis vs. Paulino, Fri. Eve., Dec. 13; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur boxing, Mon. and Wed. Eves., Dec. 9 and 11, at 8:30.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games at 8:45 P.M.: Rangers vs. Montreal, Sun. Eve., Dec. 8; Americans vs. Toronto, Tues. Eve., Dec. 10; Rangers vs. Americans, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12. . . . Amateur hockey, Sun. Aft. at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—New York vs. Pittsburgh: Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 2. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L," 8 Ave. subway, or Bus No. 3.) . . . Brooklyn vs. Boston: Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, at 2. (Take B.-M.T.-Brighton subway to Prospect Pk. Sta.)

OTHER EVENTS

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—Last three days of the long grind: Madison Square Garden; through Sat. Eve., Dec. 7.

PUBLIC BALLS—The Beaux-Arts Ball, "Quat'z' Arts Night in India": Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 10. Guests must be in Oriental or circus costumes only. . . . Seventh Regiment's annual Military Ball: Armory, Park at 66, Sat. Eve., Dec. 7. . . . The Tropical Ball, for the benefit of Grosvenor Neighborhood House: Waldorf-Astoria, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12.

LAMBS GAMBOL—The Lambs Club's annual entertainment: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Dec. 7.

GREAT ADVENTURE SERIES—Amelia Earhart will be the attraction this week: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Dec. 7, at 11.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The Terry library: Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:15. . . . The Maclay collection of rare old American glass: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 5-7, at 2:15. . . . French and American nineteenth-century paintings, collected by J. K. Newman: Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, at 8:15. . . . Jewelry from the estate of the late Rudolf Hammel: Tues. and Wed. Afts., Dec. 10 and 11, at 2:15. . . . The Francis Shaw collection of American furniture and decorations: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 12-14, at 2:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

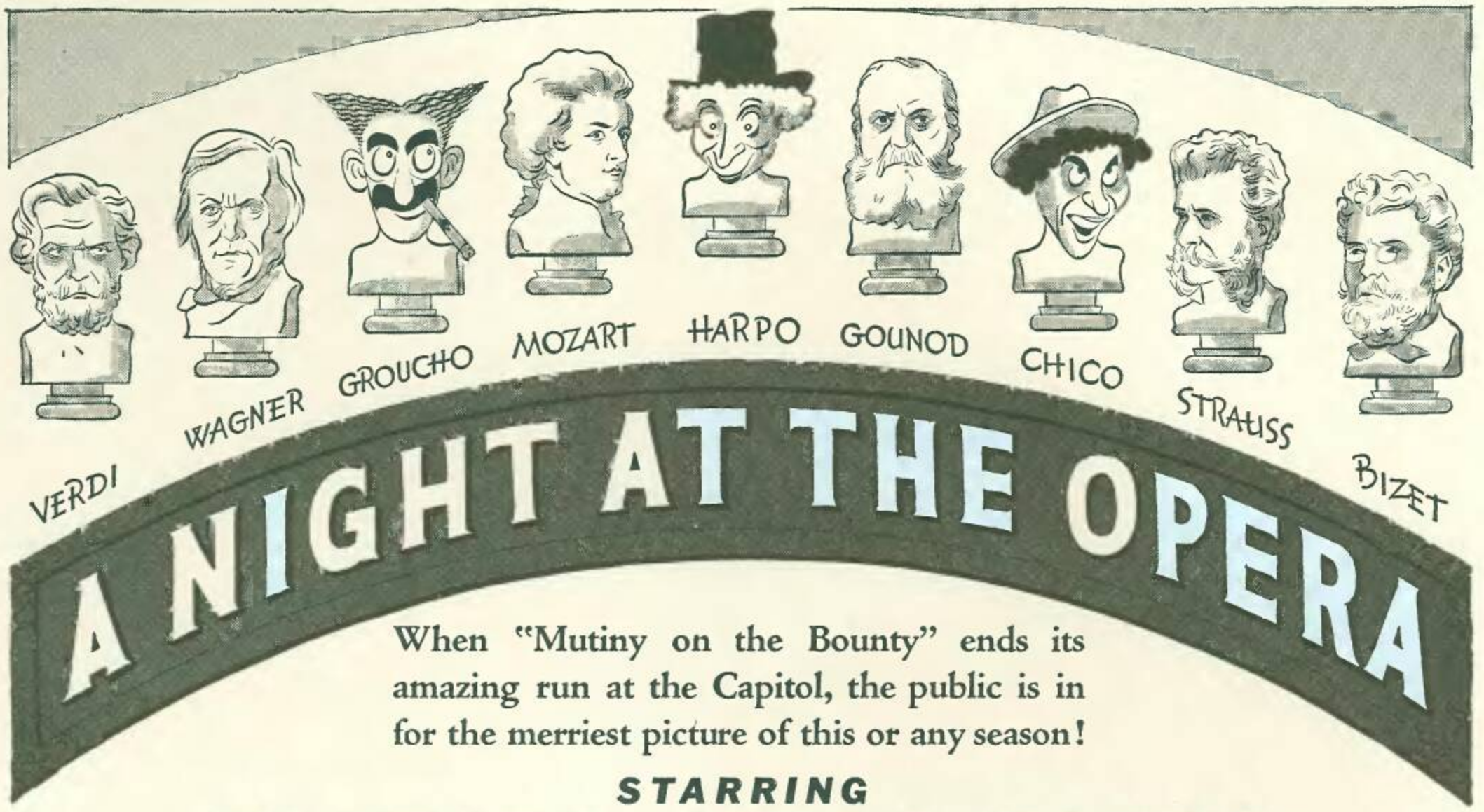
DANCE RECITALS—La Argentina, Town Hall, Dec. 15 and 28 (Afts.). . . . Martha Graham, Humphrey and Weidman, and Tamiris, Carnegie Hall, Dec. 15 (Eve.). . . . Trudi Schoop and her Comic Ballet, Majestic Theatre, Dec. 27-Jan. 5.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera season opens Dec. 16. . . . Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Klemperer conducting, through Dec. 29; Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Jan. 2-19. New York Women's Symphony, Brico conducting, Dec. 17 and Jan. 7. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 9 and 11. (All at Carnegie Hall). . . . Important recitals: Kirsten Flagstad, Town Hall, Dec. 21. Artur Schnabel, Carnegie Hall, Jan. 15, 22, and 29.

RACING—Tropical Park, Florida, Dec. 16-Jan. 15. . . . Hialeah Park, Florida, Jan. 16-Mar. 9. . . . Oriental Park, Havana, Cuba, starting Jan. 1.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Libel," by Edward Wooll, with Colin Clive and Joan Marion: Henry Miller, Dec. 20. . . . Katharine Cornell in "Romeo and Juliet," two-weeks return engagement: Dec. 23. . . . "The Season Changes," by Arthur Richman, staged by Robert Milton: about Dec. 23. . . . "George White's Scandals," with Bert Lahr: New Amsterdam, Dec. 25. . . . "Victoria Regina," by Laurence Housman, with Helen Hayes: Broadhurst, Dec. 26. . . . "Tapestry in Gray," by Martin Flavin, with Elissa Landi: Shubert, about Dec. 27. . . . "O Evening Star," by Zoë Akins, with Jobyna Howland: Empire, Jan. 8. . . . "The Eternal Road," spectacle staged by Max Reinhardt: Manhattan Opera House, Jan. 14.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Dec. 15. . . . Winter Sports Carnival, Madison Square Garden, Dec. 30. . . . Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, Dec. 31. . . . Débutante New Year's Ball, Waldorf-Astoria, Jan. 1. . . . Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 17-26. . . . Olympic Winter Games, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, Feb. 6-16.



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"'A Night at the Opera' is great entertainment with its six delicious flavors - strawberry, raspberry, cherry, Groucho, Chico and Harpo".



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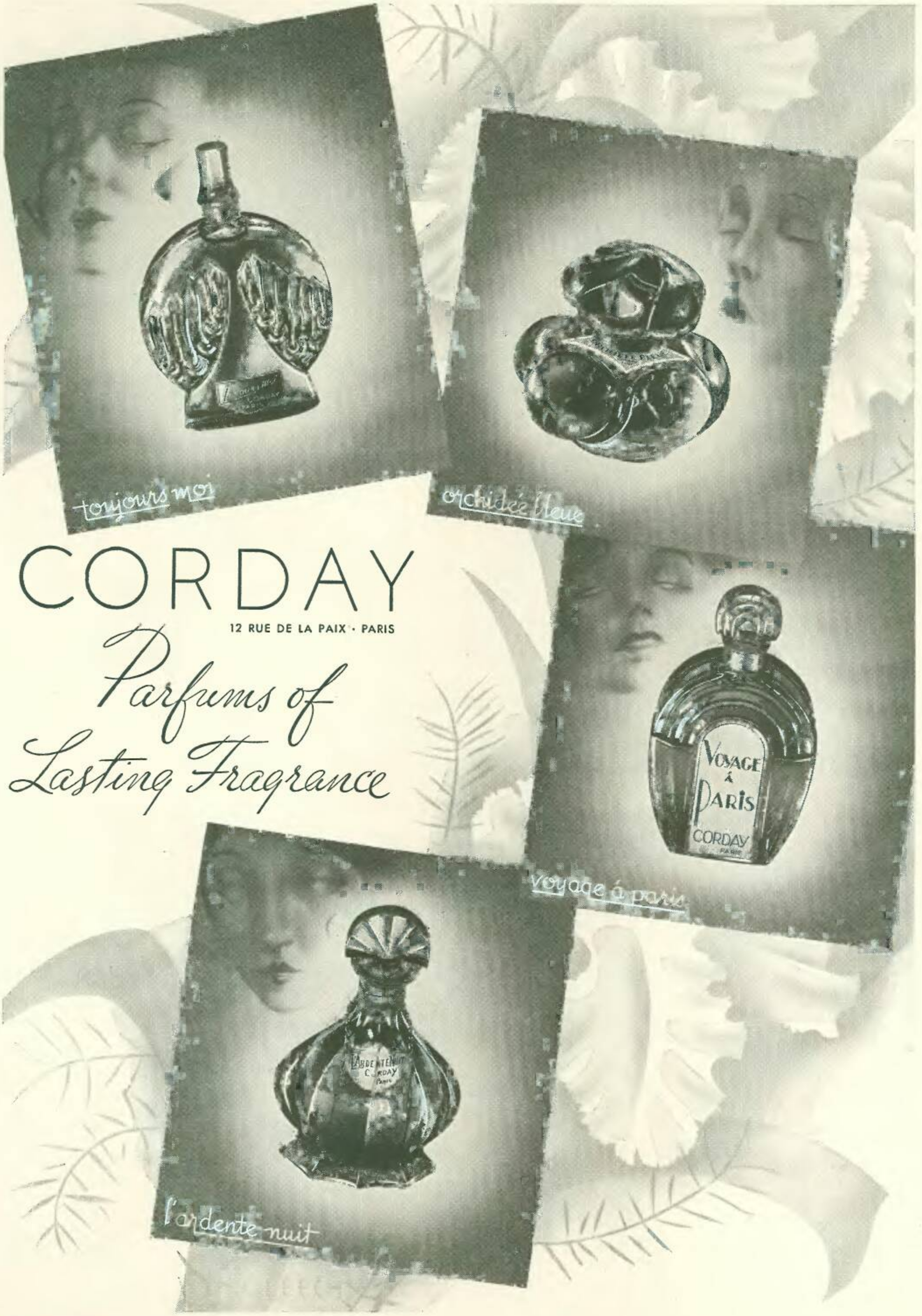
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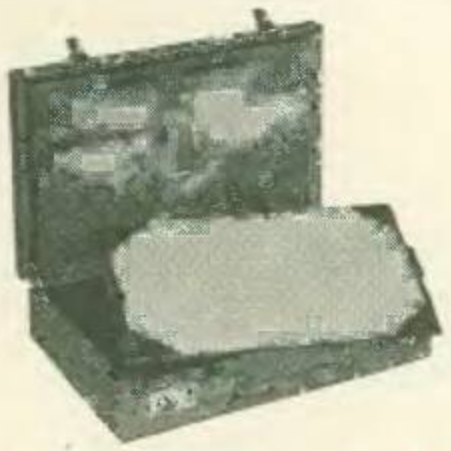


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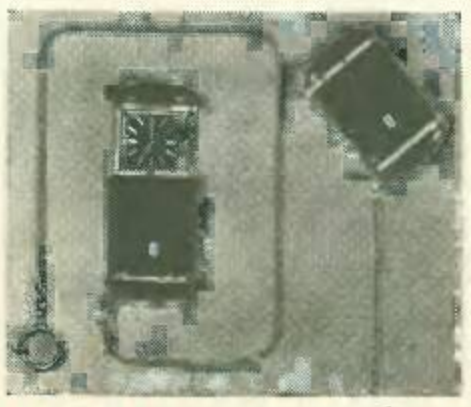
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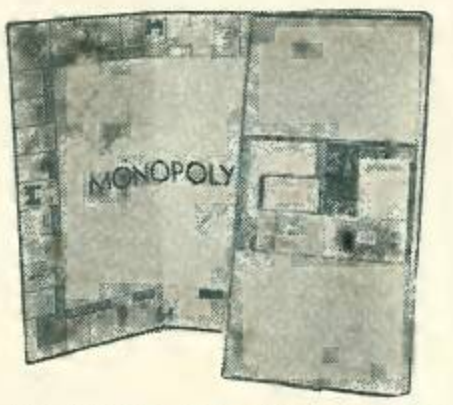
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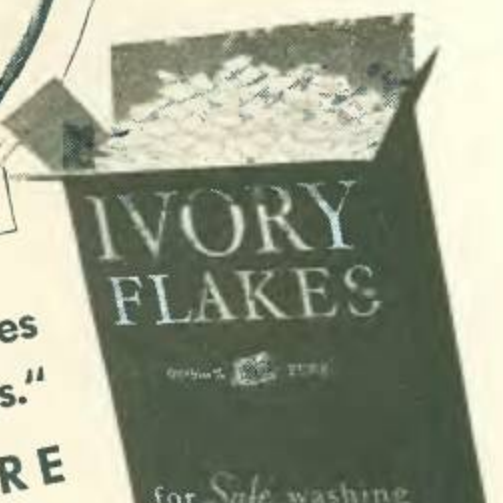
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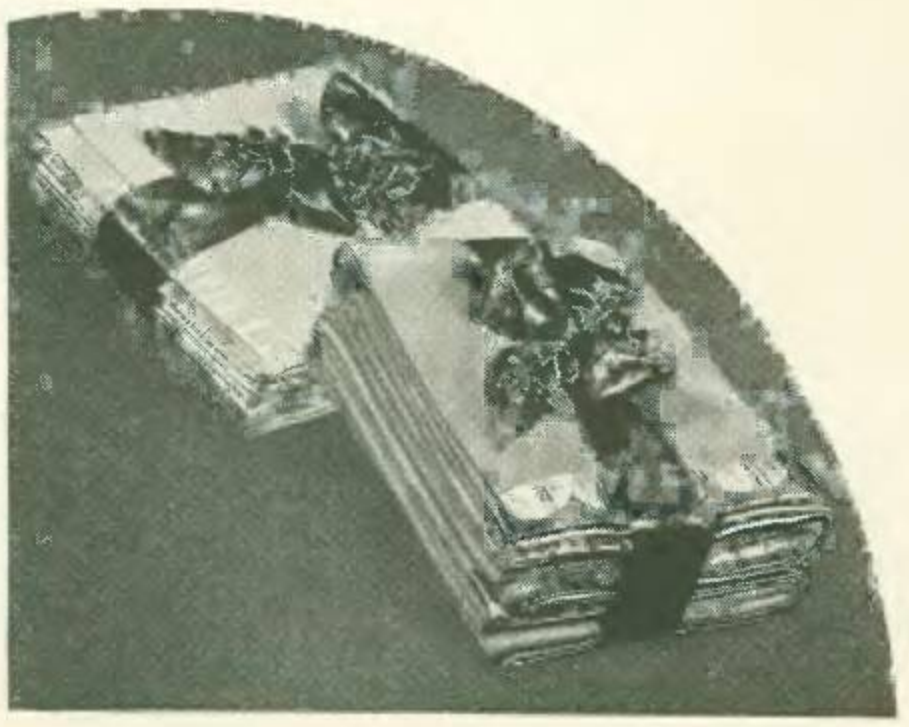


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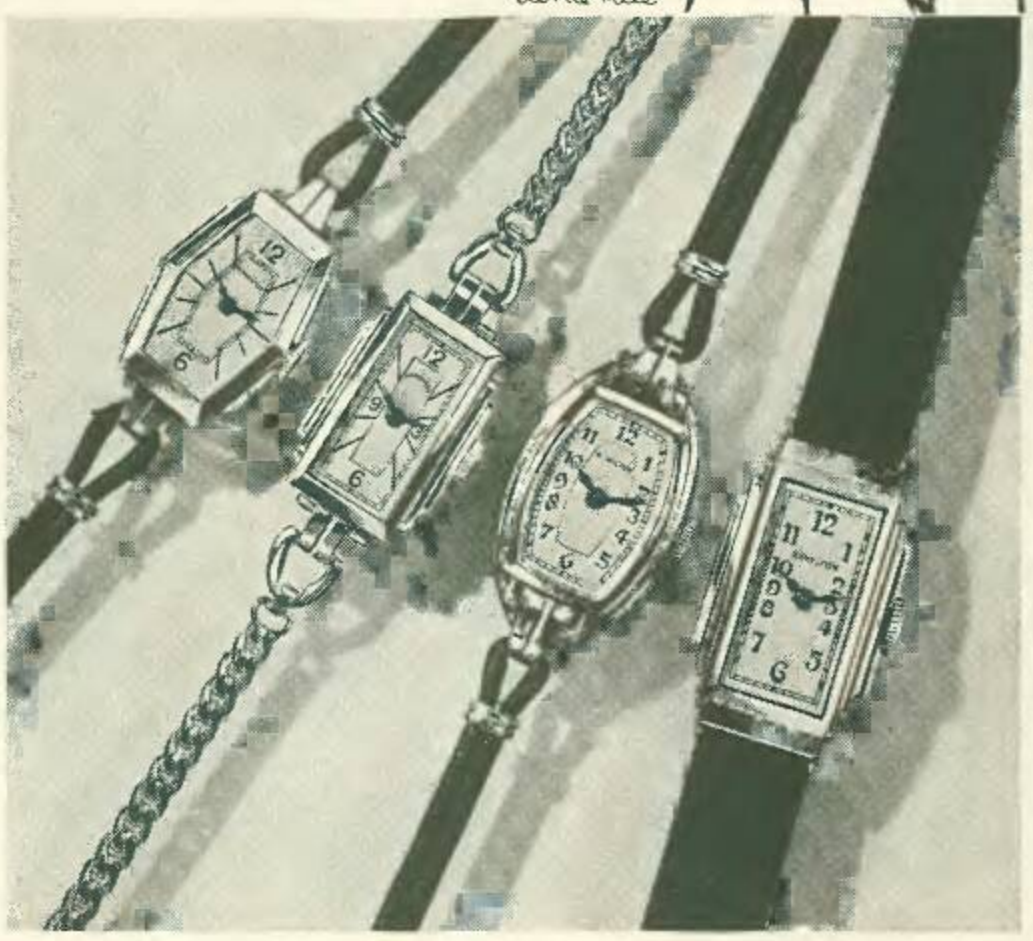
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FREE TO WOMEN. *Emily Post, leading authority on etiquette and social usage, has just completed a new little book entitled, "Time Etiquette." In this book Mrs. Post dispels forever the illusion that it is, or ever was, fashionable to be late. It is a valuable guide to conduct in the social and business life of the modern woman. We shall be glad to mail you a FREE COPY of "Time Etiquette" upon request. Write Hamilton Watch Company, 860 Columbia Ave., Lancaster Pennsylvania.*

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Gifts

FOR MEN



WE DON'T MIND speaking up for all men everywhere. Let us buy our own underclothes and overshoes. Just confine your gifts to such magnificence as few of us ever dream of indulging upon ourselves.

We know of nothing more overwhelming than the gift of a set of Fougere Royale Shaving Luxuries. These Gift Sets are little short of epoch-making in the recipient's life. Fougere Royale introduces a new conception of shaving luxury—a new standard of quality—and a revelation in odeur to men unaware that shaving soap can smell not of pansy but of Fern!





This leather Fougere Royale Traveling Case provides room for his razor and things . . . and contains After Shaving Lotion, Shaving Cream and Talc. Worth *more* than the *$3.95* it costs.



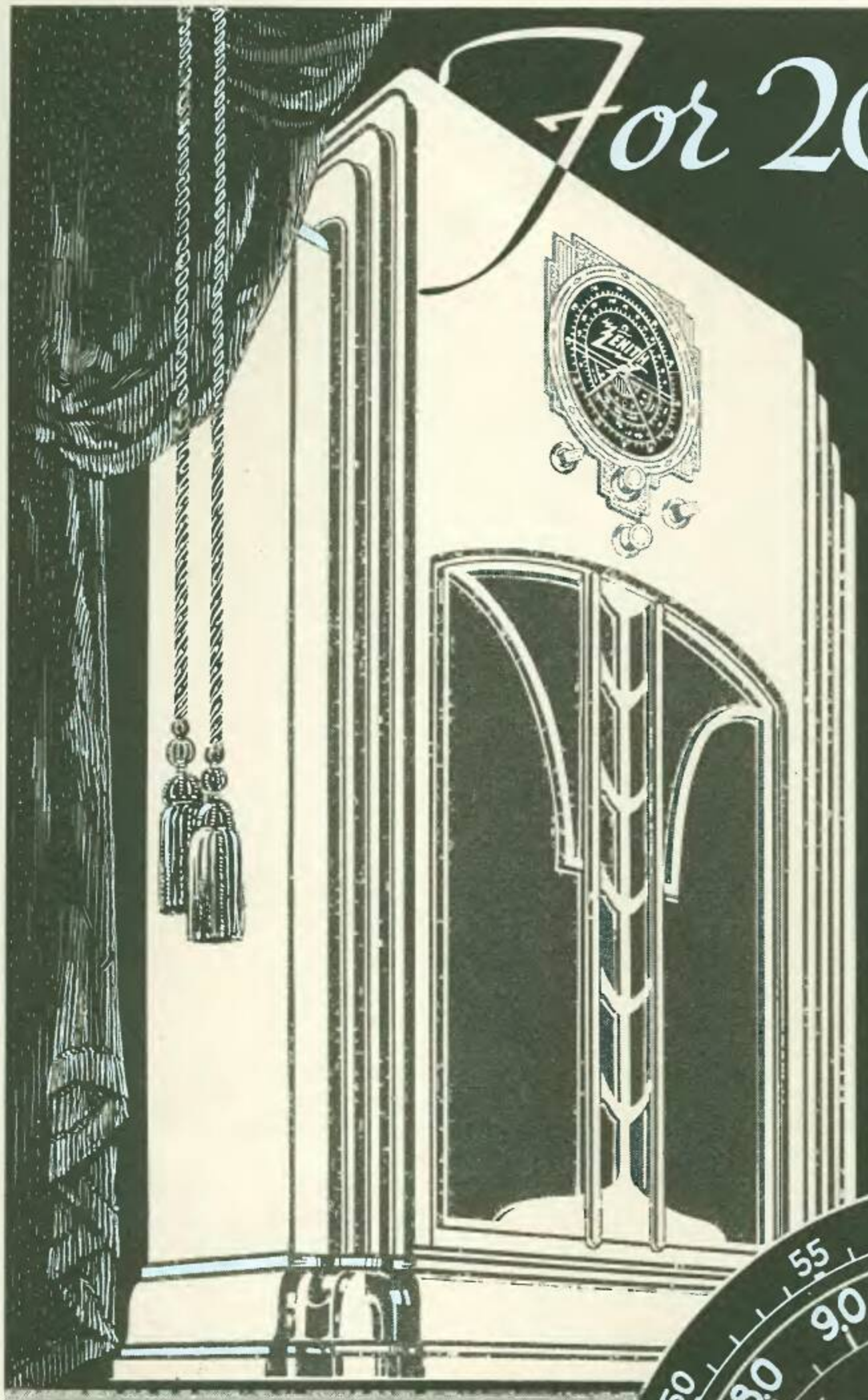
A presentation box containing the famous wooden Fougere Royale Shaving Bowl, After Shaving Talc and After Shaving Lotion. This will spoil him but he's worth it. *The price complete, $2.75.*



The miraculous Fougere Royale Shaving Soap in a handsomely turned-out natural wooden bowl —ideal keeper of the Royal soap. *The outstanding one dollar gift of the year!*

FOUGERE ROYALE

by HOUBIGANT *for men*



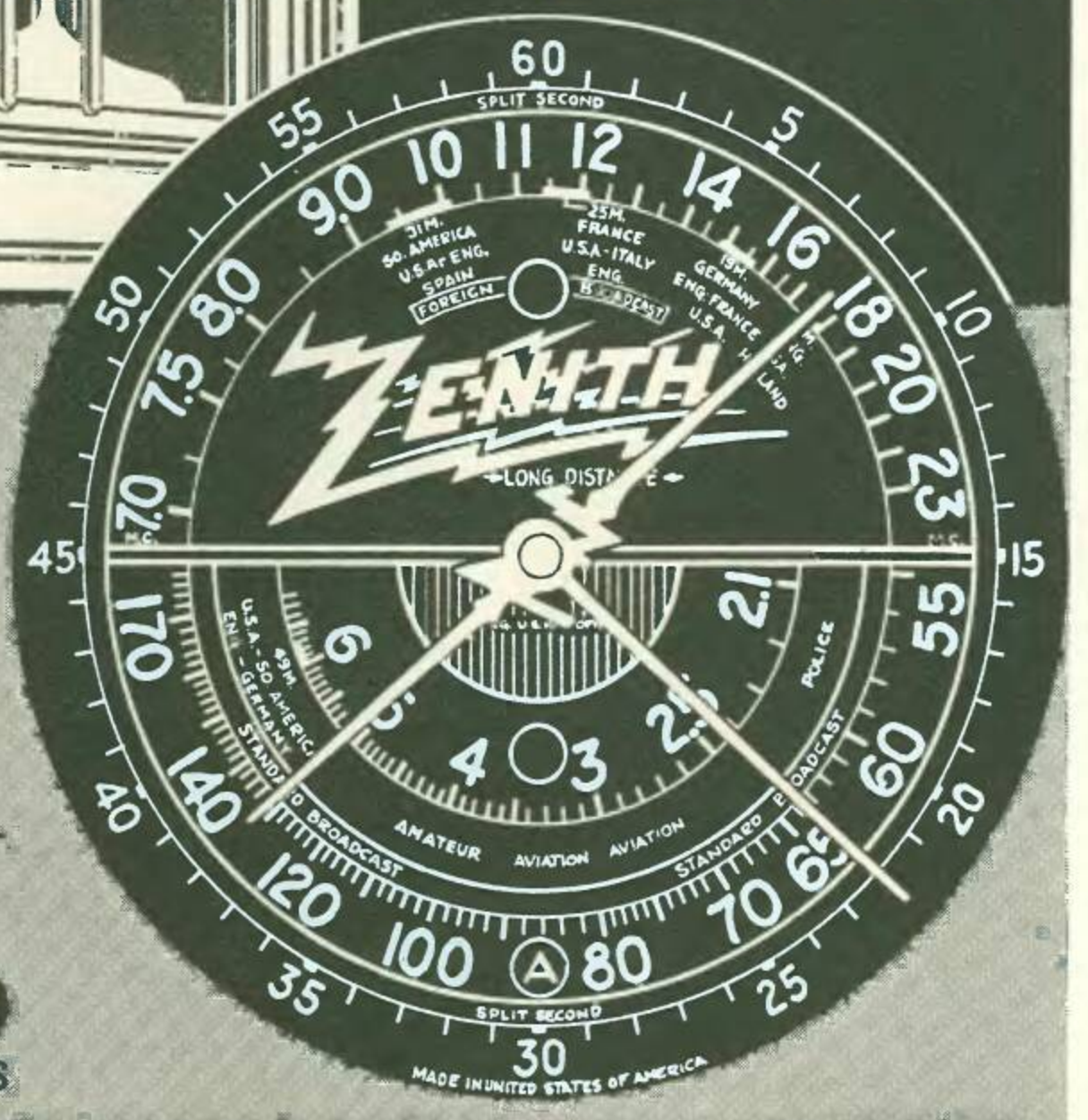
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The Finest Homes in America have been proud of their Zeniths

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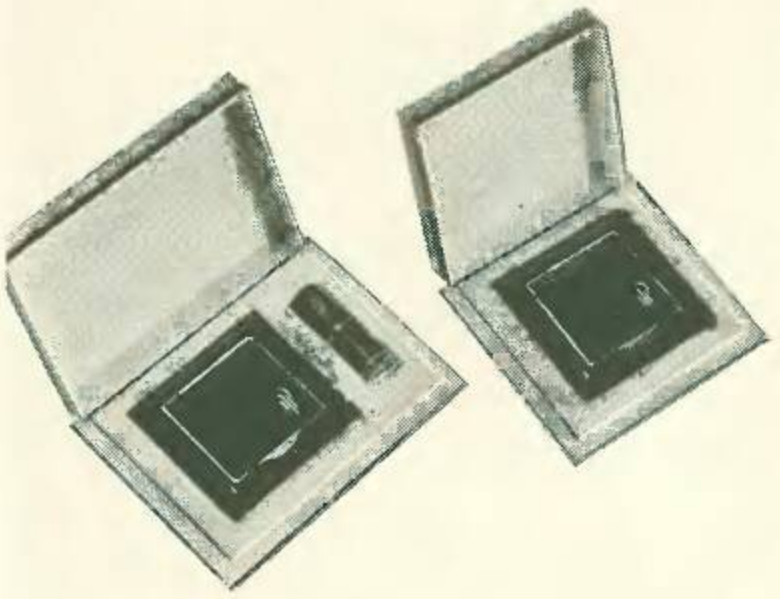
EUROPE • SOUTH AMERICA OR THE ORIENT • EVERY DAY GUARANTEED

Primrose House Suggests

THESE LOVELY GIFTS FROM $1.50 TO $27.00

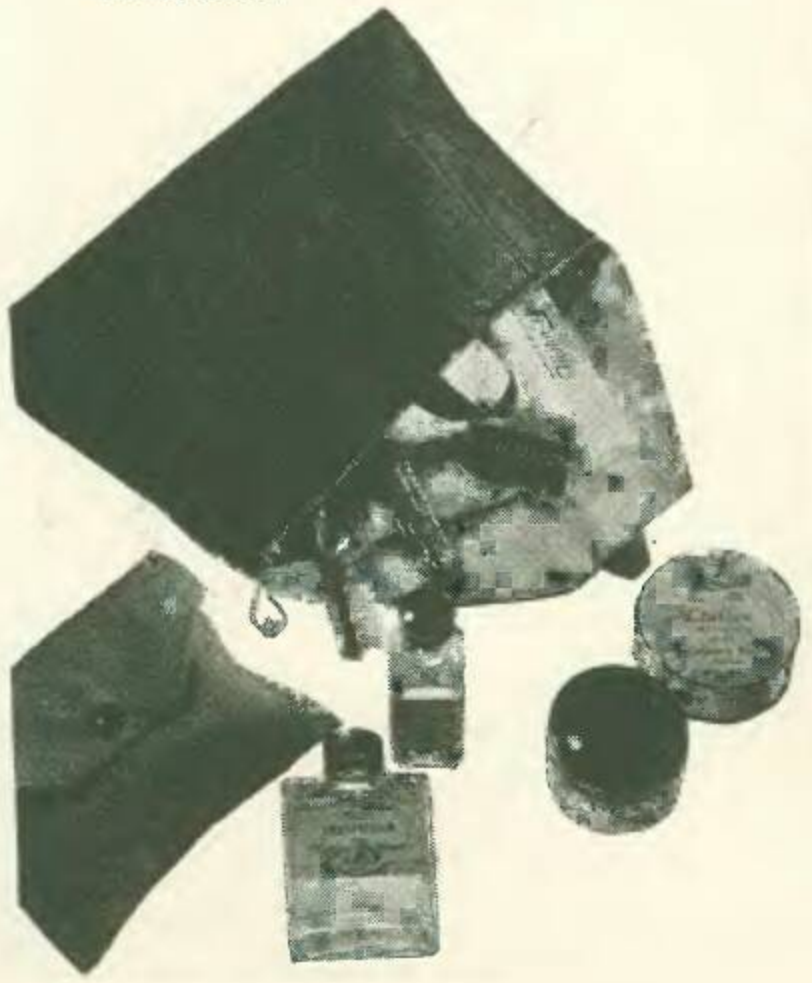


Who would ask for a more dainty remembrance than this charming dusting powder box in copperfoil (above), tied with a peach satin bow, price $1.50 . . . The Daffy Down Dilly Bath Set (at right) contains dusting powder in a special cylindrical box with sifter top and a delightful bath essence with the famous Chiffon perfume, packed in a lovely flowered box; an ideal gift at $2.00.



Here (at the left) a white and gold gift box containing lipstick and loose powder compact. The compact is smart and new in design and unbelievably thin and light in weight. The sets come in either black or cherry red, $3.50 . . . The same loose powder compact may be had in an individual gift box for $2.50.

You will be thanked many times for this smart and convenient motoring bag (below). The perfect gift for week-ending and short trips. In navy blue with a rubberized lining, zipper fastening and slip handle. Completely fitted as shown, $3.75.





TWO ENCHANTING GIFTS. A beauty case (left above) with drop front, in navy fabrikoid. Contains eight famous Primrose House preparations, full-size mirror, tiny drawer for odds and ends, $10.00. A luxurious traveling case (upper right), fitted with eleven Primrose House preparations. Ample space for everything you need in an overnight bag; zipper pocket for toothbrush and paste, rubberized case for soap and wash cloth, large, removable mirror, jewelry compartment. In black calf, $25.00. In pigskin, $27.00.



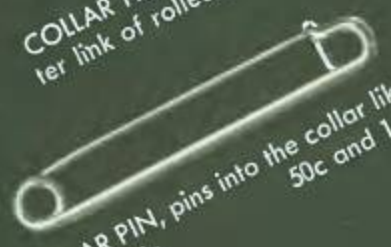
CRYSTAL WEAVE. Dress set in midnight blue, maroon, black or white. Studs and buttons have convenient Bodkin-Clutch. "Goes in like a needle, holds like an anchor." 10.00



FUSECLASP, for new starchless collars, in yellow rolled gold plate. 1.00



COLLAR HOLDER, with flexible center link of rolled gold plate. 1.00



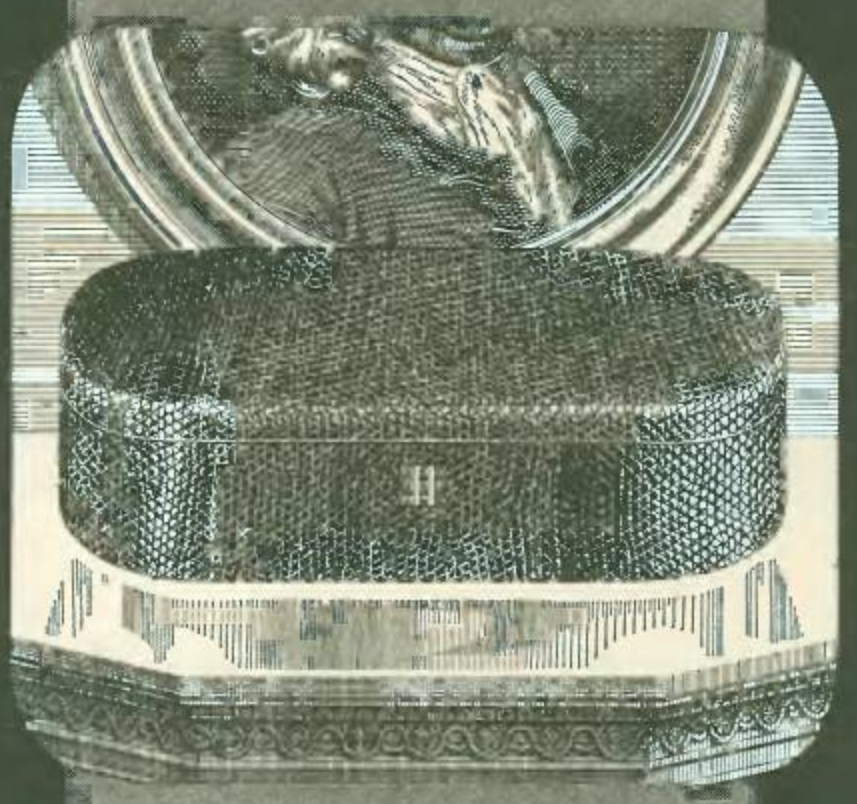
COLLAR PIN, pins into the collar like a safety pin. 50c and 1.00



KEY CHAIN, Heraldic quality, 3.00

WATCH BRACELET of Kremaloy, adjustable to wrist. Heraldic quality. 2.00

Giftworthy JEWELRY FOR MEN by Krementz



A KINGLY GIFT

THE CROWN JEWEL CHEST

A man's complete jewelry wardrobe encased in luxurious lizard leather

Collar Set for Dinner Jacket	Collar Pin and Collar Clasp Set
Dress Set for Tailed Coat	Tie Holder and Free-Action Clasp
Cuff Links for Daytime Wear	2-Collar Button Sets; Key Chain
Cuff Links for Sportswear	Money Clip and Watch Bracelet

Every piece of the finest quality, guaranteed forever.

Complete including engraved name plate and sesamee lock.

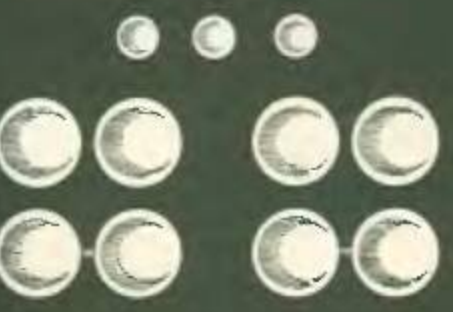
$150

KREMENTZ Quality

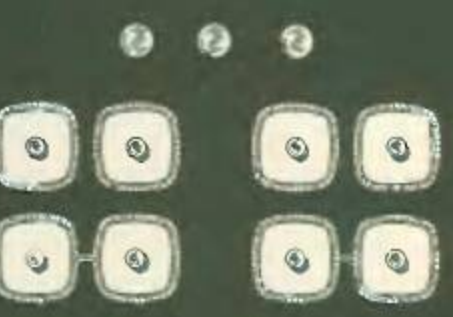
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Makers of the World Famous Krementz Collar Button

Krementz Correct Dress Chart approved by Esquire mailed to you upon request



YELLOW GOLD. Dress set with dull mat surface in rolled gold plate. Studs and buttons have convenient Bodkin-Clutch, "Goes in like a needle, holds like an anchor." 5.00 and 7.50



PEARLS. Dress set with whole pearls on Mother of Pearl. Studs and buttons have convenient Bodkin-Clutch. "Goes in like a needle, holds like an anchor." Embassy quality. 10.00



CUSHION LINKS. Hand Engine turned design on rolled gold plate. Krementz Embassy quality. 5.00



SPORTS LINKS. Horse motif carved on underside of cabachon crystal. Krementz Embassy quality. 3.00



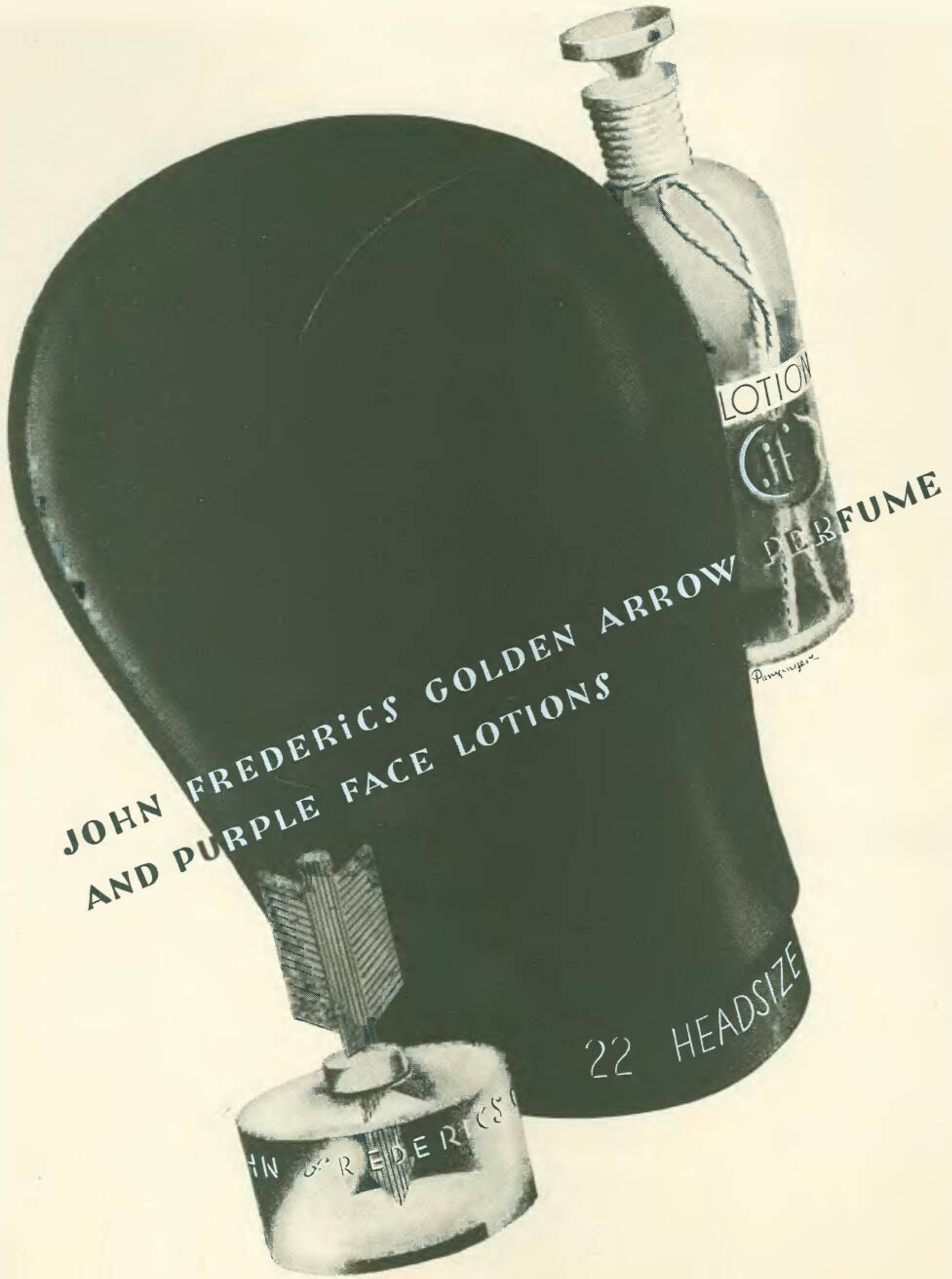
COLLAR BUTTON SET, in rolled gold plate. Embassy quality. Boxed, 75c



DAYTIME SET, collar holder and tie clasp, Krementz Heraldic quality. 2.50



SPORTS SET, collar holder and free-action tie clasp in rolled gold plate. Krementz Embassy quality. 3.50



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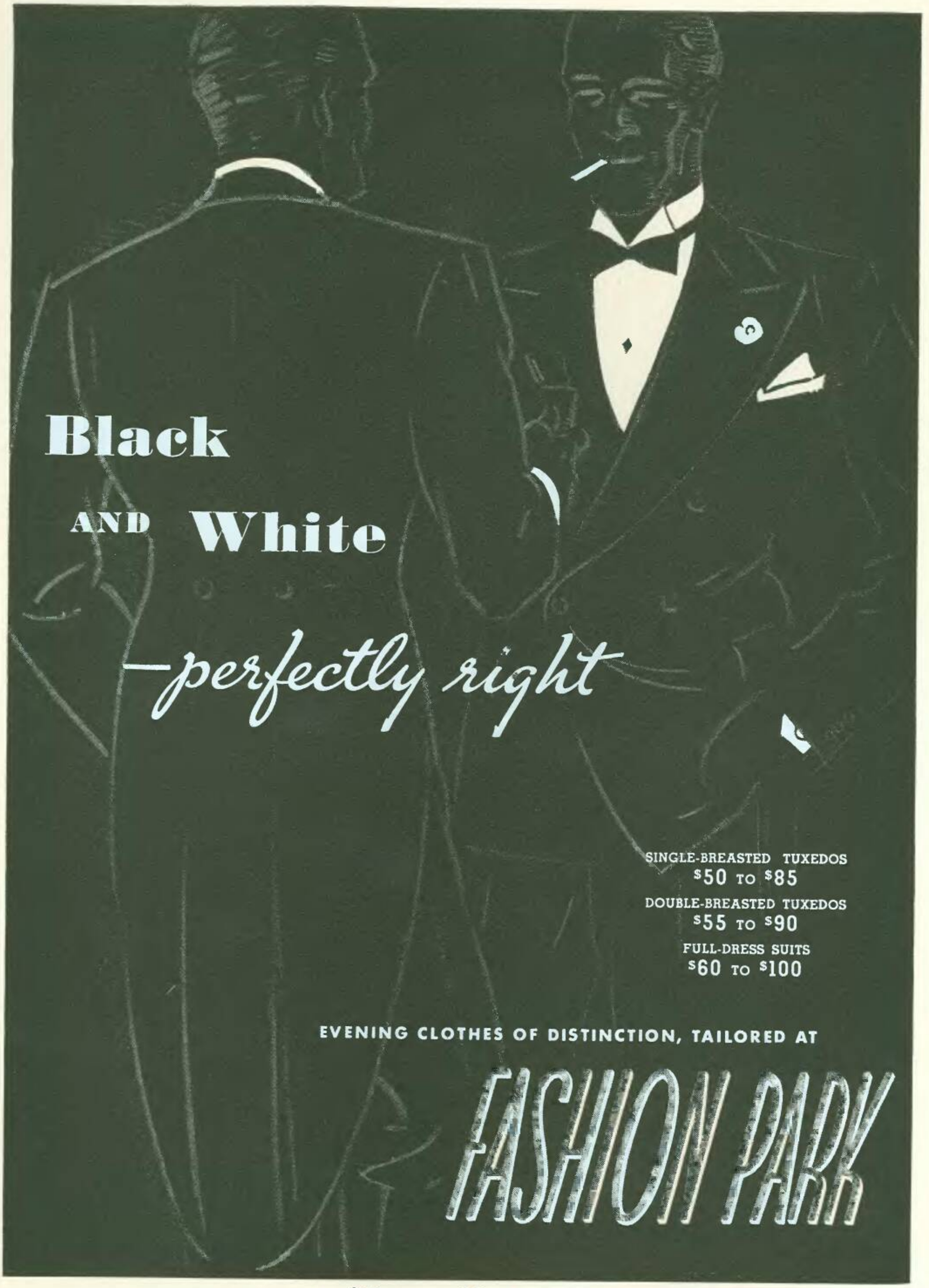
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. . . and the proud result is the World's Safest Motor Car









★ Months ago Pierce-Arrow engineers sensed today's overwhelming cry for a car far safer to ride in, far safer to control. They determined to build such a car, and they began at the very beginning—the drafting board.

★ Brilliant performance and nimbleness this car must have, of course. But beyond all it must possess fortress-like strength, capable of withstanding extraordinary shocks—and so they built and tested a series of frames until they found a new type more rigid, more collision-proof than any previously developed.

★ Superb power and superb brakes, imperative in traffic crises, must be provided, and so the Twelve was stepped up to 185, the Eight to 150 horsepower—and the efficiency of the exclusive Pierce-Arrow automatic full-power braking system was brought to a new peak.

★ Pierce-Arrow always has built the staunchest of all automobile bodies and here the engineers could find no way to fortify further their great strength, but they could, and did, carry their luxury, their roominess, their comfort and their rich beauty to new heights.

★ Then, onto the road went the final product, to undergo every known engineering test to prove its greater and safer highway performance, its indescribable balance and stability, its robot-like response to the controls . . . and the proud result is this new Pierce-Arrow, the world's safest motor car.

NOW ON EXHIBIT IN PRINCIPAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY



PIERCE·ARROW



POST CARD

Having marvelous time

"AT HOME ABROAD"

Scenery grand. Cast swell.
Costumes kept like new with
LUX — You must see it!



Dainty Nina Whitney (above), dancer of dreams, declares: "Stockings must stay flawless. A run could easily ruin the effect of a beautiful ballet. No wonder we stick to Lux!"

Top, above. Sonia and Babushka, otherwise known as Beatrice Lillie and Vera Allen.

Out of Geisha guise, Beatrice Lillie (find her!) says: "Luxing does, I mean ducking in Lux, that is, Lux is a duck to keep runs away!"





Deep-throated Ethel Waters (right) makes the rhythms of Jamaica "live" in one of the hit numbers from this Howard Dietz —Arthur Schwartz show.

Below. Breath-taking Eleanor Powell taps out a tune.





Quip-cracking Beatrice Lillie, fresh from her picture post card triumph, boasts, "Lux is the toast of Vienna, the toast of Paree and it keeps everything washable grand as new around here."



FROM the minute the curtain goes up at the Winter Garden, you're off on an eye-filling, frolicking tour of fun and fantasy!

But no matter how dizzying the pace, stockings and costumes keep their superlative freshness from "Paris" to "Japan" night after night. The producers trust Lux to see to that!

And Lux has plenty to do—caring for chiffons, jerseys, vivid cottons and crisp silks, as well as scores of stockings.

"The girls don't worry about runs because they depend on me to keep their stockings Luxed," says Madeline Ruffolo, wardrobe mistress. "Lux saves the 'springiness' of the threads so they *give* instead of breaking easily. It saves my department a tidy sum in replacements!"

That's the trick of clever girls! No soaps with harmful alkali or cake-soap rubbing for them. Not when they can bank on anything safe in water coming out of Lux like new.

Lux has no harmful alkali . . . saves runs, saves colors, saves fabrics, saves dollars!



"In New York or Hollywood, I insist on Lux," says lovely, toe-tapping Eleanor Powell (above). Her stockings give as many repeats as she gets curtain calls! "Thanks to Lux," she adds.



Broadway Says—

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK—TRUST TO LUX

The Quest is Ended



At the end of the rainbow of Christmas splendor, these gifts by Lenthéric bring the long quest to its perfect fulfillment.

BELOW: Deluxe Inlay Humidor, fitted with After-Shave Lotion, Men's Eau de Cologne, Ivory-toned Shaving Bowl, and Ivory-toned Container of After-Shave Powder . . . $10.00

Genuine Black Leather Travel Kit, fitted with After-Shave Lotion, Lather Shaving Cream, and After-Shave Powder . . . $2.75

ABOVE: Gardenia de Tahiti . . . the new Lenthéric Perfume . . . 1 oz., $7.00; 2 oz., $12.50

A trio of Lenthéric Perfumes in Bohemian Crystal Bubble Bottles . . . 1 oz. each of *Miracle, Asphodèle, Lotus d'Or* . . . $25.00 the set

Tweed . . . a zestful, piquant fragrance . . . $1.25 to $40.00

Gift Set of 1 oz. Perfume and 4 oz. Decanter of Bouquet Lenthéric in *Asphodèle, Miracle, Lotus d'Or* . . . $8.75

Evening Bag in a choice of rich fabrics and colors. Fitted with a streamline vanity, lipstick to match, and petit flacon of *Miracle* Perfume . . . $15.00

Gifts by Lenthéric
PARFUMEUR *Paris*

AT SHOPS OF DISTINCTION ★

JANE ENGEL

Suggests



$35.

RUZZIE GREEN

MADISON AVENUE AT 80TH STREET, NEW YORK

FLEURS DE ROCAILLE



PARFUM DE CARON

PARIS

ROCK GARDEN FLOWERS PERFUME

ARISTOCRATIC DISTINCTION AND REFINEMENT

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE'S been quite a to-do in the stores about a new fireproof mattress, which is guaranteed not to roar into a blaze when a dozy person corks off with a lighted cigarette in his fingers. When we first heard of this, we were inclined to pooh-pooh it as being of no consequence, for we couldn't see how a fireproof mattress



would make much difference unless one's sheets and one's pajamas or nightdress were also asbestos. Not trusting our own judgment, we phoned a friend who is virtually an authority on bed fires, a man who sets his bed afire almost every week (Chesterfields). We have his word that a fireproof mattress *is* a good thing. "It is the stuffing of the mattress that burns," he said coldly when we asked him for a statement. "Sheets, pajamas are negligible. It is the mattress smouldering that finally wakes you up."

THEY say "Mutiny on the Bounty" cost two million dollars to film, and that quite a lot of this money was spent on research to insure complete historical accuracy. Well, for an extra fifteen dollars we would gladly have straightened out one inaccuracy for the producers: we would have told them that when Dudley Digges offered Franchot Tone a drink of liquor with the remark "Here, drink some of this, it will kill the germs," he was about seventy years ahead of his time. The mutiny aboard the Bounty occurred in 1789. Pasteur, according to our encyclopedia, didn't proclaim until 1857 that fermentation was the result of living organisms.

JUST at the moment, motorcar death is much in the news. People are suddenly sitting up and saying, "My, my, isn't it awful?" There is some sort of national safety drive on, to reduce accidents. Manufacturers are talking about safety, not speed. John Roosevelt has taken the veil. There has even been some talk about installing governors on cars to prevent them from going above a certain rate. It's hard for us to believe that anything much will come of this great public awakening. Things that might well be done won't be. One thing that astounds us is that bus companies are allowed to run one-man buses, in which the driver, while driving through city streets, must also collect fares, make



change, issue transfers, answer questions, and open and close a rear door which can be seen only by glancing into a mirror. It is our simple, childlike belief that the driver of a bus full of people should have only one duty—driving. In the pinches he should be hanging tight to the steering wheel, not trying to split a quarter into two dimes and a nickel. His eyes should be on the road, and his mind should, too. The other night we were on a crosstown bus on Fiftieth Street. The pavement was icy. The bus, trying to avoid a cab, skidded, swung half around with its wheels locked, and came to rest ten feet from the brink of Radio City's sunken plaza. It wasn't the driver's fault, it was the company's in requiring him to be fussing around with nickels and dimes when he should have been absorbed in his piloting. The public is complacent about buses. Certainly nobody would ride in a train whose locomotive engineer was supposed to leave his throttle while he walked back through and unlocked the toilets.

NAZI culture reverberates in strange outposts. Hotel men in New Mexico have sent scouts out among the pueblos to buy up all the swastika dies they can lay their hands on, and retire them. Tourists don't want trinkets in the swastika shape, and native silversmiths don't read the papers. They make what their grandfathers made in the way of art objects. It is, on the whole, disturbing to realize that a rather second-rate little Aryan corporal is impinging on the lives and customs of our First Citizens.

AND speaking of Germany, our favorite person of the week is a girl—one of the 613 house guests at Dartmouth's fall houseparty. We read her name in the *Times*, in the Pi Lambda Phi list. She is Miss Nazi Klein.

WANDERING up and down in front of the Union League Club when we passed by were a number of men wearing placards announcing that the Union League was unfair to win-



dow-washers. Now, this is a bit of a crisis, isn't it? Perhaps the new Union League isn't a good example of what we mean, but suppose certain other big clubs around town—Knickerbocker, Metropolitan, University—were to grow unfair toward window-washers, where would they be? The lifeblood

of our exclusive clubs is good visibility, the members clearly discernible to the populace, the populace blindingly clear to the members. Let a veil come between, and club life would die of inanition.

Life at School

A MILD little story we heard at dinner the other night, of no possible interest to anybody but parents, concerns a young lady of thirteen who this fall went away to boarding school for the first time. Her mother was naturally pretty worried as to how she'd make out, and after seeing her child off on the train, went right home and wrote her a long letter, full of all sorts of questions: what was her roommate like, was the food good, did she like her instructors, was she in good health, did she have enough gymnasium uniforms? She ended up by saying, "*Please* write soon." This must have touched the daughter, because a letter came back in a couple of days. "Dear Mother," it said. "Last night a lady came and gave a lecture in French. It was the story of a play, and I am going to tell you *all* about it!" She did, too; told the whole story of "Faust," scene by scene, ending up: "I will write again next Sunday. Love to all."

Into the Bag

WE'D hate to get even a cop in trouble because of something we wrote, so the two cops who are the heroes (or anyway the principal figures) of this story will here remain anonymous. Story is really true, though. It happened one cold, rainy night some weeks ago. It was so unpleasant that the cops, who were on the midnight-to-eight-A.M. tour in one of the radio patrol cars, decided to go into the bag. (Going into the bag is police for sleeping, or completely relaxing, while on duty.) They holed up snugly in the garage of another cop, who lived in their territory, and spent a placid two or three hours there, dozing and listening to the radio by turns. All of a sudden, the number of their car was called, followed by Signal 30—meaning that a crime of violence was being committed. "Burglars working at 23 Blank Street," the radio explained. The cops looked at one another in considerable astonishment; the garage where they were in the bag was at 21 Blank Street, right next door to the scene of operations. First thing they saw when they stepped out into the air was the open door of the garage at No. 23; they went in and nabbed the burglars in what was probably record time. When they went into the house, they found the householder still at the phone, urging Headquarters to hurry. "It sounds like there were a couple more just came in the house!" he shouted. Cops being what they are, these two weren't a bit embarrassed at being congratulated on their speedy work—took it right in their stride. They haven't gone into the bag since, though, and can now be seen every night, cruising around alertly. They have a reputation to keep up.

This little story was told us by a man close to the Department, and we asked him if it would be all right to explain that Signal 30 means a crime of violence. We'd recently been advised by a disgruntled short-wave radio set owner that the New York City police calls weren't interesting because they were in code. Our man said that the use of the code numbers isn't for the sake of secrecy at all—just for brevity. There are only three radio code numbers: 30, 31, and 32. 30 means: "A serious crime has been committed, or is being committed. Proceed to the location given. Take the necessary action." 31 means: "Arrest for a felony." (Implies there's definite evidence that a crime has been committed.) 32 means simply: "Investigate." (Funny business of some sort that requires looking into.) After the numbers are called out, they are supplemented by further information, if Headquarters has any. There is another departmental code of some kind running from 1 to 20. The radio code starts at 30 to avoid conflicts and confusion. Any other questions?

Critic

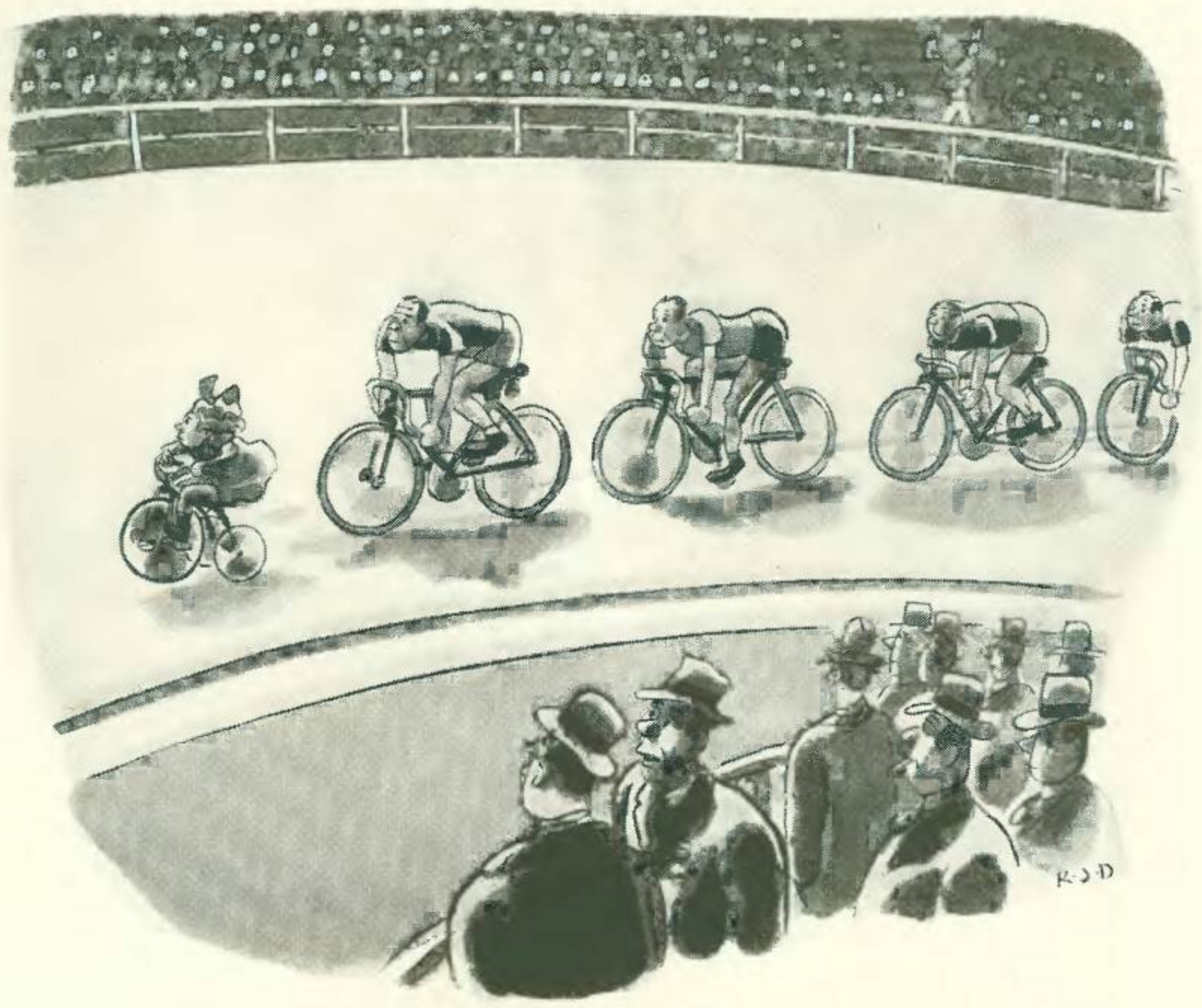
IF you have ever wondered who goes to a hit play after the first year or so of its run, this little tale may clear things up a bit. On the night of November 13th, just as the third-act curtain had risen on Jeeter Lester asleep in front of his shack, a woman in the orchestra arose, gathered her things, and edged her way out into the aisle, muttering. Her escort went after her and seemed to be trying to calm her. "Don't shush *me*," the woman said. "What kind of a play is this, anyway?" She marched to the back of the theatre, then turned and shouted to Mr. Barton, "Get up from there, you! Stop laying all over the stage and *act!*"



"You can't make me go home!"

Mnemonist

OF all the salesmen who work for the General Electric Company, their Mr. Bernard Zufall ought to be your favorite. He's one of the great amateur mnemonists of all time; has half a million facts stored away in his memory. Or had at the last count; he works diligently, using about fifteen minutes of his spare time each eve-



"She's been two laps ahead for three days, and nobody knows who she is yet."

• •

ning, and by the time you read this will probably have packed away a few thousand additional facts gleaned from the *World Almanac* or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Zufall's taste in facts is definitely statistical: births and deaths of famous people, lengths of rivers, dates of battles, and so on. He knows on what day of the week any date from 1752 to 2000 falls (1752 was when the Gregorian calendar started in England), the population of every United States city with more than five thousand inhabitants (naturally, as of the latest census), the distances between various cities, and every important date from 4004 B.C. (year accepted by Mr. Zufall as that of the creation of man) on. He once memorized the Manhattan and Bronx telephone directories, to the extent that he could tell what names any particular page contained, or, given any name, what page it was on. This was his biggest stunt. His ambition is to memorize Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

Mr. Zufall started his garden of memories as a stripling, and has been at it for twenty-seven years. He's forty-one now, a medium-sized man, soft-spoken and bespectacled, with dark hair and a mustache. He has, if anything, lost money on his hobby; his collection of books on mnemonics, the largest in the world, has cost him about fifteen thousand dollars, and he has never taken cash for a public demonstration. However, he admits that his mnemonic powers make him popular with his customers, and that taking a prospect for a stroll down Memory Lane often helps sell a bill of goods. He earned his passage on a Bermuda cruise last winter, entertaining passengers by remembering things. He's a popular entertainer at Rotary Club lunches, and, in fact, at any lunch. For the last twelve years, Mr. Zufall has, in a fashion, memorized each issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Every Tuesday he buys a copy, and after a half-hour's study he knows the conspicuous items on every page: title of story, names of author and illustrator, size of every advertisement, name of product and manufacturer. He tears up the magazine, hands out the pages among the audience, and describes each page as the number is called. People keep writing to the *Post* editors about this, but the *Post* has never written Mr. Zufall.

People write to Mr. Zufall asking how they can improve their memories, and he always answers conscientiously. He says his success is based on stubborn concentration, and the ability to associate things. For example, he never gets port and starboard mixed up, because the *star boarder* is always in *right* with the landlady. He knows lots about the theory and history of mnemonics, as well as its practice, and told us about the first memory-training course, invented by Simonides *circa* 550 B. C. We stopped in at Mr. Zufall's home in Forest Hills the other day and he showed us some of the choice volumes of the three thousand on mnemonics which overflow his little home: an illuminated manuscript in Latin, and a small volume printed in Venice in 1491 which cost him a hundred dollars. Mrs. Zufall came into the room while we were there and we asked her what she thought of her husband's strange powers. "There's such a thing as carrying a hobby too far," she said.

Composition

WE have just heard from a young lady who was in Abercrombie & Fitch's the other day, and stopped to look at a portable typewriter in a pigskin case. It had a piece of paper in it, so that people could try it. Somebody had been trying it. Thus:

mio carissiomo xnv con sie molto xx
why was i born
sNERTZ
julia battersxx

Clip Joint

CONNOISSEURS of eulogistic prose will be pleased to learn that everything written about Will Rogers after his death is going to be clipped and pasted up in a set of albums. We said everything, and meant just that. A big and undaunted clipping bureau named Walter Hyams & Company has undertaken the job, which was ordered by Fred

Stone. We dropped around to 370 Lexington Avenue, the Hyams headquarters, and found everybody there excited. They said that it was the biggest memorial order they had ever received, and would probably take about six months to execute. Some thirty thousand publications will be clipped, both here and abroad (Hyams has international ramifications); when all the duplications have been sorted out, the clippings are expected to fill twenty two-hundred-page volumes, of newspaper-page size. The albums will be bound in leather, and nobody seems to have any idea what the total cost will be—Hyams & Company exclaimed with pride that their clients never ask the price in advance.



The business of pasting up memorial volumes is just a sideline with Hyams & Company. They have a regular clipping service, too, with such distinguished clients as Ernst Hanfstaengl, David Wilentz, Breckinridge Long, Cordell Hull, and lots of others. (Hyams & Company are regular subscribers to *The New Yorker* as well as to twenty-four hundred other magazines, but now that we have mentioned four of their clients, they'll have to send out for three extra copies, so each one can see a clipping.) The work keeps eighty people busy in the New York office, and seventy others in Washington, Havana, Paris, London, and Berlin. The eighty New York employees are deaf-and-dumb girls, supplied by schools all over the country; they are very efficient at this sort of work, we were told. The clipping service is selective, which means that if you're mentioned in an Associated Press dispatch you will receive only one clipping, instead of a bale of them, clipped from A.P. subscribers all over the country. The bound volumes are impressive affairs, meticulously pasted up with the name of the publication printed at the head of each clipping. Hyams once threw out five thousand pages of a collection and pasted up new ones, because somebody noticed at the last minute that the watermark on the page ran horizontally instead of vertically; this would have caused warping, in ten years or so.

The last time Hyams & Company were in the news was when they sued Lindbergh for $7,949.62, for the 227,132 clippings they had sent him from 1927 through 1930. Lindbergh said he'd never ordered so many clippings, that he simply asked, before his flight, that thirty-five dollars' worth be sent to his mother—which would have been eight hundred and seventy-five, at four cents a clip. The case drifted about the courts for a couple of years, and sort of died. Hyams was once embroiled with the elder J. P. Morgan, too. This was back in 1904, when the firm was making up some albums to commemorate the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to Mr. Morgan, and included a supercilious and anticapitalistic cartoon from the old *Evening World*. Morgan was furious and made them take it out, which meant rebinding the whole volume; later, however, he sent for it and kept it on his desk for a month or so, chuckling at it. Most of the Hyams collections are to commemorate solemn events: deaths (Coolidge, Taft, Wilson, King Albert, King Alexander, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jay Cooke, Nicholas Longworth, Mark Hanna) or historical events (the World War and the Byrd, Amundsen-Ellsworth, and Peary expeditions). Lately, however, Joe Louis injected a note of lightheartedness by ordering a bound set of clips about his fights with Carnera, Levinsky, and Baer. At first he wanted a hundred sets of albums, to give away to his friends; Hyams finally persuaded him to accept one original set and ninety-nine photostatic copies.

Heavenly

THE Planetarium presents certain difficulties from a photographer's standpoint. A fellow was telling us about the day the Buck Rogers radio cast was up there, for some publicity monkeyshines. In order to get a good picture, the Columbia Broadcasting cameraman decided that he'd better shoot the people looking up at the heavens and then take an extra time exposure of the heavens themselves, so that everything would come out nice and clear. He did this and it came out fine, except that some bright-eyed person at the studio noticed that among the other celestial bodies, down near the horizon, was a darling little celestial body named Exit.

Sir Gerald

SIR GERALD CAMPBELL, the British Consul General in New York, is about the most prolific speechmaker in the city. It's a poor week when he doesn't deliver four or five speeches. His official position accounts for his presence at a good many affairs—meetings of British or American patriotic societies, and international organizations of various kinds—but he also speaks at lots and lots of banquets where they wouldn't have to have the British Consul if they didn't want him. (We've observed Sir Gerald at banquets, and found he has ice trouble, or Briton's Complaint; he keeps fishing the ice out of his glass, and waiters keep replacing it.) Sir Gerald says that the funny thing is that nobody ever asked him to make a speech before he came to America. And now—well, just to give us an idea of what it was like, he listed his speechmaking program for a typical week. Monday: lunch and committee meeting; dinner and speech at a Yonkers Masonic organization. Tuesday: luncheon speech to the Daughters of the British Empire; in the evening, a dinner party at home (no speech). Wednesday: luncheon of the Pilgrims of the United States; evening, a speech at Major Bowes' supper party at the Capitol. Thursday: committee meeting at 4 P.M.; cocktail party for public officials (with speech by Sir Gerald) at 5 P.M.; evening speech before the International Medical Club. Friday: speech at a luncheon of the Drama Study Club; cocktail party at 5 for public officials; night, speech at a ball given by the Sons & Daughters of St. George. Saturday: speech in the evening at a meeting of the British Great War Veterans. Sunday: speech at a vague sort of dinner for writers and musicians.

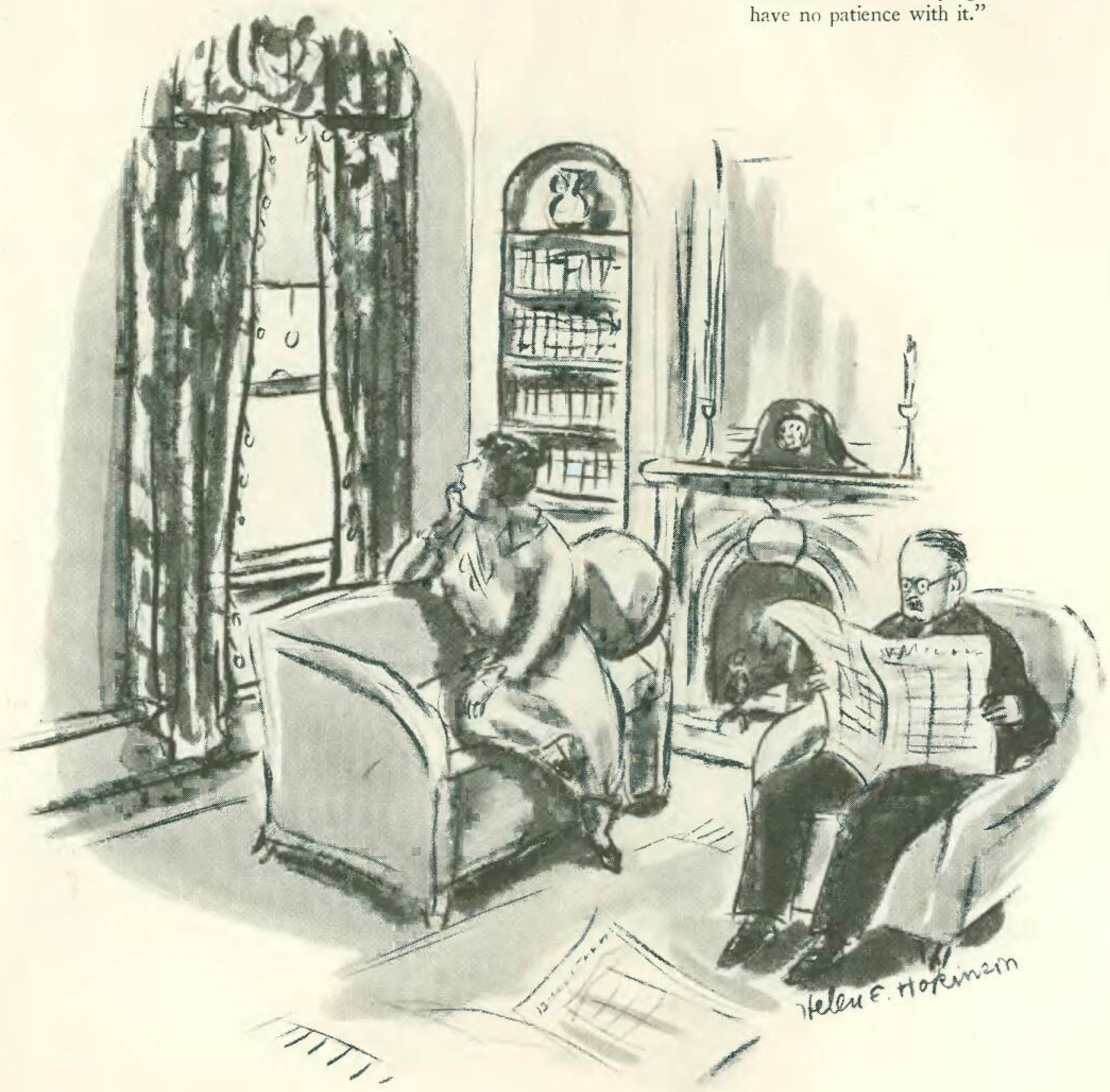
Sir Gerald is now fifty-six, a tall, gray-haired man with gray eyes and mustache. His private conversation is peppered with after-dinner quips. Even aside from speechmaking, he's a pretty busy man; every day he personally handles twenty or thirty people with international problems on their minds. He has been in America sixteen years, over five of which he has spent in his present position. He lives at 903 Park Avenue, with Lady Campbell

and their three daughters. Before he came to New York, he was Consul General in Philadelphia and San Francisco, and before *that* his duties as a vice-consul took him all the hell and gone over the map: Rio de Janeiro, the Belgian Congo, Venice, and Ethiopia. In the Congo, he had malaria twice a year for five years, and was disappointed by a pigmy in the bargain. The first pigmy he ever met, in the wilds of the pigmy country, was wearing a khaki uniform and an officer's cap, and spoke excellent English; turned out that he had been on exhibition in England for two years. In the course of his travels Sir Gerald has learned how to say graceful diplomatic nothings in French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Kiswahili, and Amharic. Makes all his speeches in English, though.

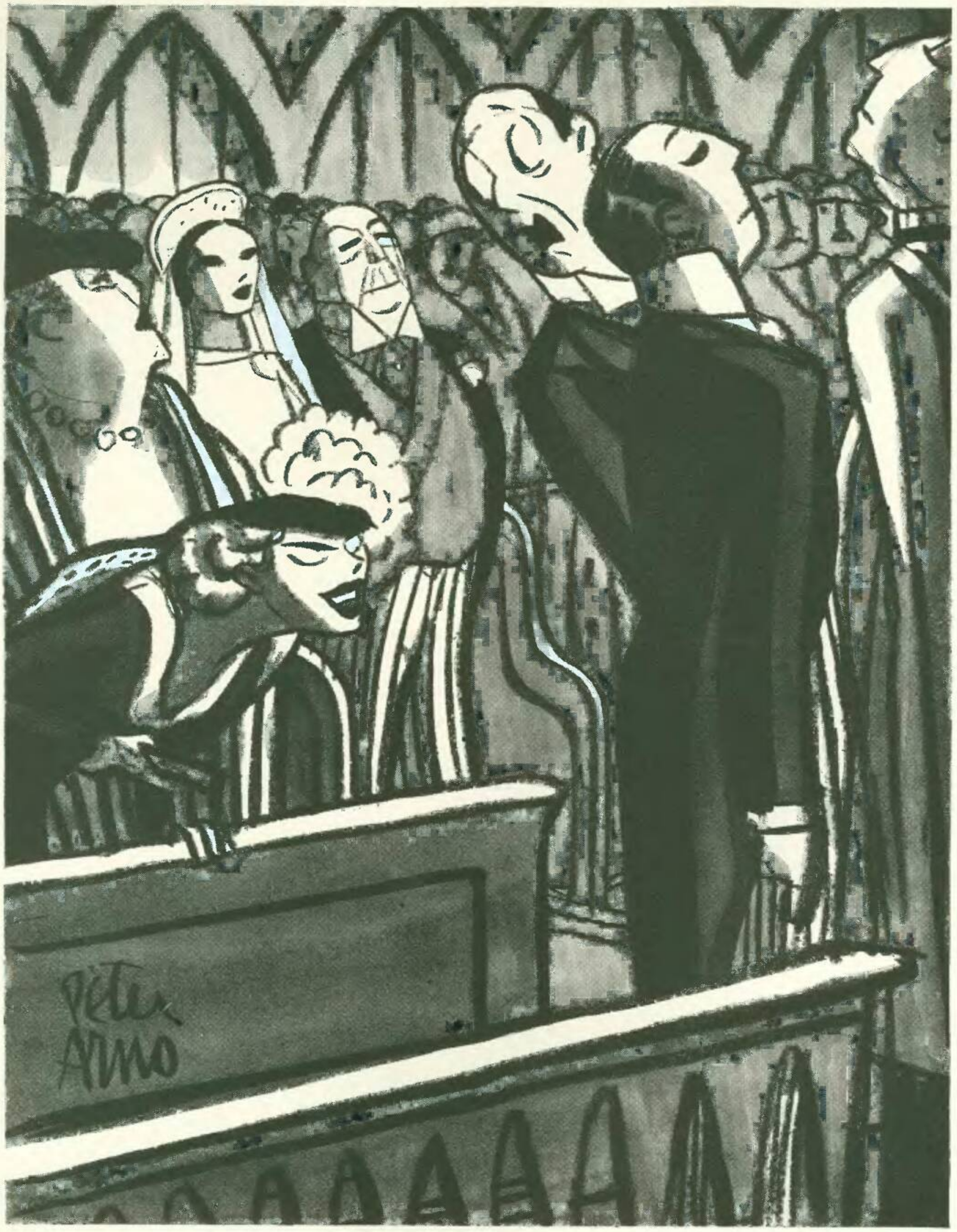
You may remember that last year Representative Britten demanded Sir Gerald's recall, because of a speech he made against American naval expansion. Sir Gerald wasn't recalled, of course. Apropos of such international mistrust, Sir Gerald says that he's sick and tired of hearing speakers refer to the three thousand miles of unfortified border between the United States and Canada. Says he'd like to sneak up there some time and plant a tiny cannon on the border, just to make fools of them. He likes America all right, but manages to get back to England almost every year. Last year, when he was back, he was knighted—the usual reward for being Consul General in New York. The only difference this made in his life, Sir Gerald told us, is that since then his hotel bills have been a little higher.

Impatient

WE went into the lobby of a Broadway movie theatre, looking for a place to stop and tie up our shoelace, and found ourself in the company of two youngish matrons who were peering at a poster of two cinematic lovers in a complicated attitude of passion. "Well, *I* don't like a long embrace," one of them was saying. "In fact, I have no patience with it."



"Albert, how would you like me to give you curtains for Christmas?"



"I hate to talk about money at a time like this, Mr. Baldwin."

THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

THE household was all split into separate parts that August before old Mrs. West, who was the great-grandmother of the little boy, died at last. All day—each yellow, melting day—the household was split into the sick part upstairs, where the old woman tossed and tried pitifully to get out of bed, and cried out for help to people who had been dead for fifty years; and the regular, necessary part downstairs—in the living-rooms and the kitchens, with the servants and the cooking, and Mrs. West's daughter, Mrs. Cambridge; and the little boy's part, which was the garden full of red and blue flowers, and crickets singing, and the murmurous orchard full of long, sweet grass that he would run through, and the burning, pulpy swamp beyond the orchard, and the two toads that lived under the garden water faucet.

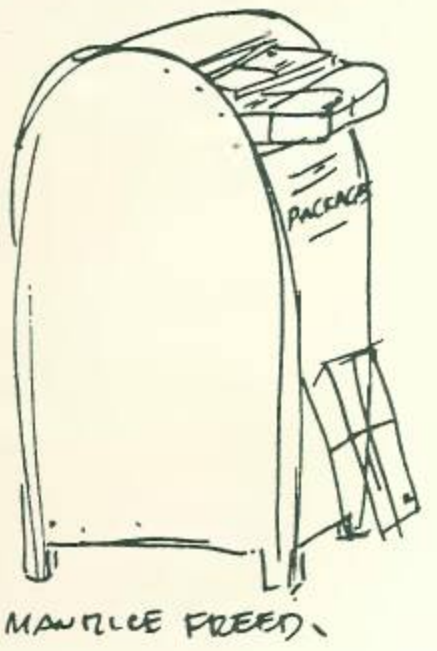
Only at night did they all go to sleep on the same floor, in the big, summery bedrooms that stayed stifling until midnight or later. In those hot, long nights the sick, confused old woman would cry out with her terror—feeble, piteous calls. Ever since her mind had begun to go, this house, where she had lived with her daughter for twenty years, had become something mysteriously frightful to her, and she could not rest for wanting to get out of it. In her perpetual fear, she tried and tried to get out of bed, dragging at the heavy plaster mass that held the hip she had broken months ago.

In the night, her small, old voice kept calling, "Father! Father! Come quick!"—and the boards that had been placed about her bed to keep her from throwing herself out would rattle; then, in the night, there would be the low voice of the night nurse trying to soothe her, droning dimly through the silent house. But the broken voice would keep calling, "Father! Come and take me away, Father! I'm so afraid!"—and then the night nurse would tiptoe across the hall into the bathroom and fix something for her patient to drink, and in a little while there would be quiet when old Mrs. West slept. But the little boy never woke up at all in the nights.

His grandmother would put his mattress on the floor near the windows, when the nights were very hot, and he would sleep hard all night with the tiny August breeze blowing in his damp hair. His grandmother would go to look at him before she went to bed herself, near midnight; he lay in his cotton pajamas on the white sheet, close to the floor, his legs spread out and one of them drawn up, as if he were running, and his arms thrown up above his head, and his hot face turned sideways; he slept intensely. He still looked like a baby when he was asleep, she thought. The August moonlight came in through the windows and lay delicately along the innocent curve of his forehead and his white eyelids. His hair had grown long during the summer, and it curled up from the hot creases in the back of his neck.

He always slept hard through the nights, from seven till seven. His grandmother was afraid of his being frightened by the queer callings in the dark house, but he never woke up. He had his breakfast with the maids off the kitchen table in the morning, and they turned him out into the garden early. His name was Robert Cambridge, and he had never had any mother since he was born; his grandmother took care of him. She buttoned his sun suits and buckled his sandals before he went out to play in the mornings, and she hoped that he would not hear his great-grandmother crying out so terribly all day long. She often felt frightened herself.

All day long Mrs. Cambridge moved about the big, dim house, doing the accounts and seeing the cook and reading to herself, lying on the straw chaise-longue in the hall. The sun came in in stripes through the closed blinds and lay upon the dark floors; the chairs were all in white linen cases; sweat stood on the silver vases, and the flowers in them filled the rooms with heavy sweetness. A bowl of cold water stood beside Mrs. Cambridge, and she would squeeze a cloth out in it and lay it on her hot forehead as she read. "Sister Louise! Where are you? Can't we go home soon? Oh, I'm so frightened!" Upstairs the feeble voice called and called in desperation. Mrs. Cambridge turned a page and changed the cloth on her forehead; her Aunt Louise had died long before she was born.



Mrs. Cambridge would have lunch with Robert off the round, green table under the lilac trees in the garden; he was very red in the face and his hair stuck to his head in curls, and he swung his bare legs back and forth under the table while they ate cool salads and lemon ice. Then he would go and have his nap on the reed sofa in the summer-house, and Mrs. Cambridge would go back into the house; it gave her a headache to sit long in the sun.

Later she would go upstairs to see her mother, but she never stayed very long, because her mother thought she was a stranger, and cried out louder in her fear and homesickness.

The old woman was tiny under the sheet except for the great hump of plaster cast around her left hip and leg. Her face had shrunken and fallen far back to its bony structure, and Mrs. Cambridge looked at her own mother, who had brought her up and taken care of her for so long, and thought, "This is what she really looked like all the time. This is really Mother . . ." She tried to hold the little, gray hand and smooth it, but the old woman snatched it away with the great energy of terror, and tried to shrink back, staring with those birdlike eyes that stood out, stripped of all flesh, the true, underlying eyes of Jane West—of Jane Gardiner, who was born eighty-four years ago.

ONE afternoon the day nurse brought Mrs. Cambridge a scrap of paper, shaking her head and smiling with professional pity.

"She wanted to write last night. She said she had to write a letter, and I saved it to show to you."

Mrs. Cambridge read the poor scrawl of a few desperate words:

> Father dear, *please* come soon Louise and I are so afraid in this strange house we waited so long at the railway station . . .

Then she sighed and folded up the paper. She was devoted to her mother, but she felt helpless about her now. The names and the places that the sick woman cried out about Mrs. Cambridge remembered from the stories her mother used to tell her when she herself was a little girl, going to sleep in long-ago nights. It made her feel strange to hear these things brought back into immediacy so many years after by her mother's delirium, and she felt that there would be something wrong in the little boy's

hearing those cries about long-dead things. She did not want him to be shocked or frightened.

He was out in the swamp that day under the red, August sun, trying to catch grasshoppers, very earnestly and clumsily. Streams of sweat ran down his bare little back; he squatted on his heels, a huge straw hat shading him like an umbrella. A green grasshopper would jerk onto a leaf near him, and he would lift one sunburned, fat hand from the ground, where it was keeping his balance, and make a deliberate grasp for the grasshopper. But it was always too fast for him; lifting his hand from the ground made him lose his balance, and he would sit down squashily on the wet ground. Finally he was disgusted, and climbed to his feet and began wandering up toward the house. The seat of his sun suit was black with damp and earth.

Through the edges of the swamp, alive with crickets at the roots of the long grasses; they tickled his bare shoulders as he plunged through them. Up the slope of the orchard, smelling of apples growing ripe; a small green one fell suddenly from a tree as he passed, hitting the ground with a hard thump. Robert jumped, and looked at it with surprise. Under the long pergola of grapevines, shady over him, with neat bunches of half-formed grapes, apple-green, hanging just out of reach; he had picked all the lower ones to play marbles with. He climbed the rough-stone steps that wound through the rambling garden to the upper grass terrace, and went to see the two toads that lived under the water faucet.

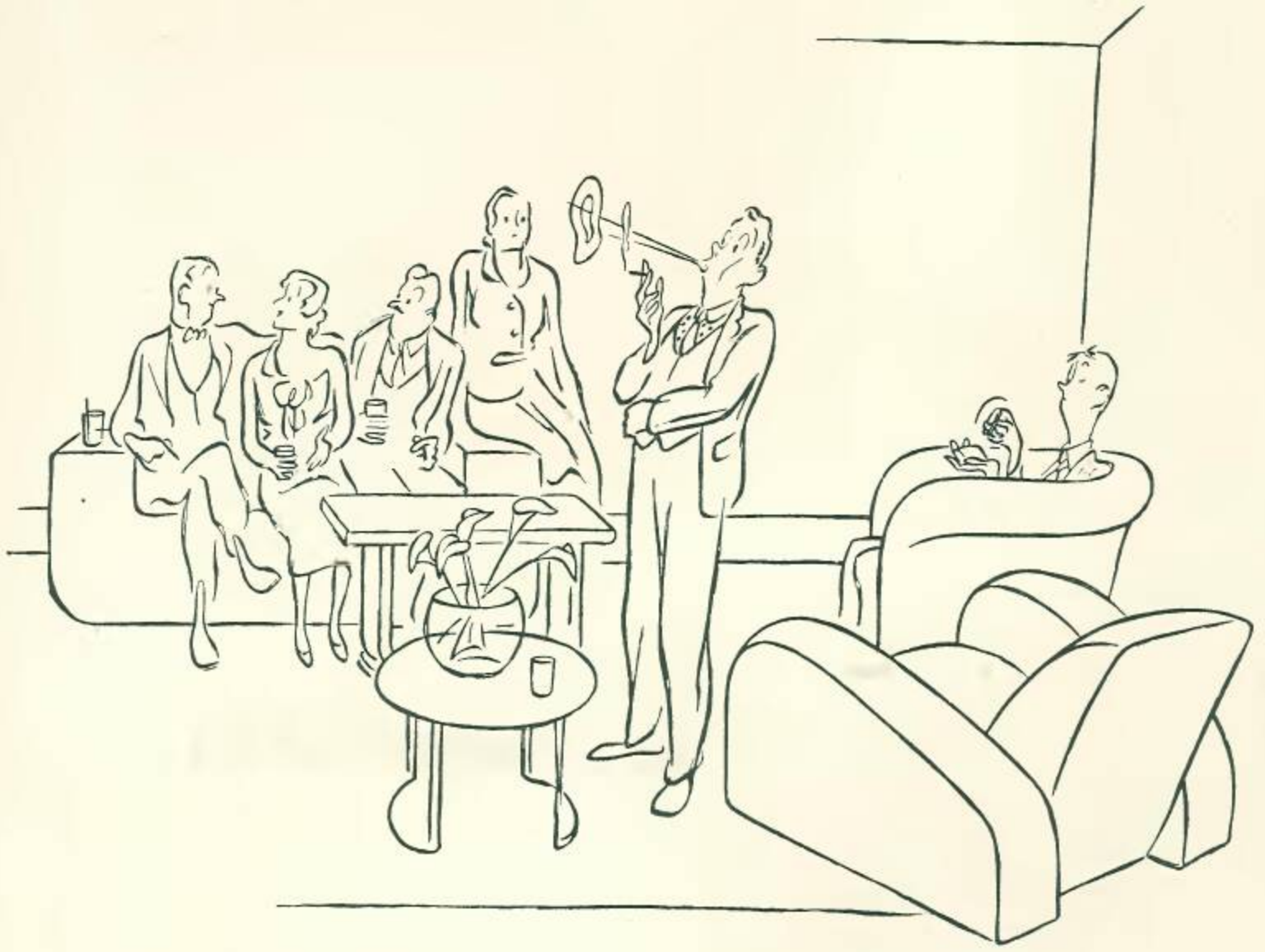
The toads were sitting facing each other, blinking their glittering eyes at intervals and looking very hot and dingy. Robert took hold of the larger one, which was his favorite, and dusted it off with the strap of his sun suit; then he put it down again. The other toad hopped away under the sweating stone foundation of the house.

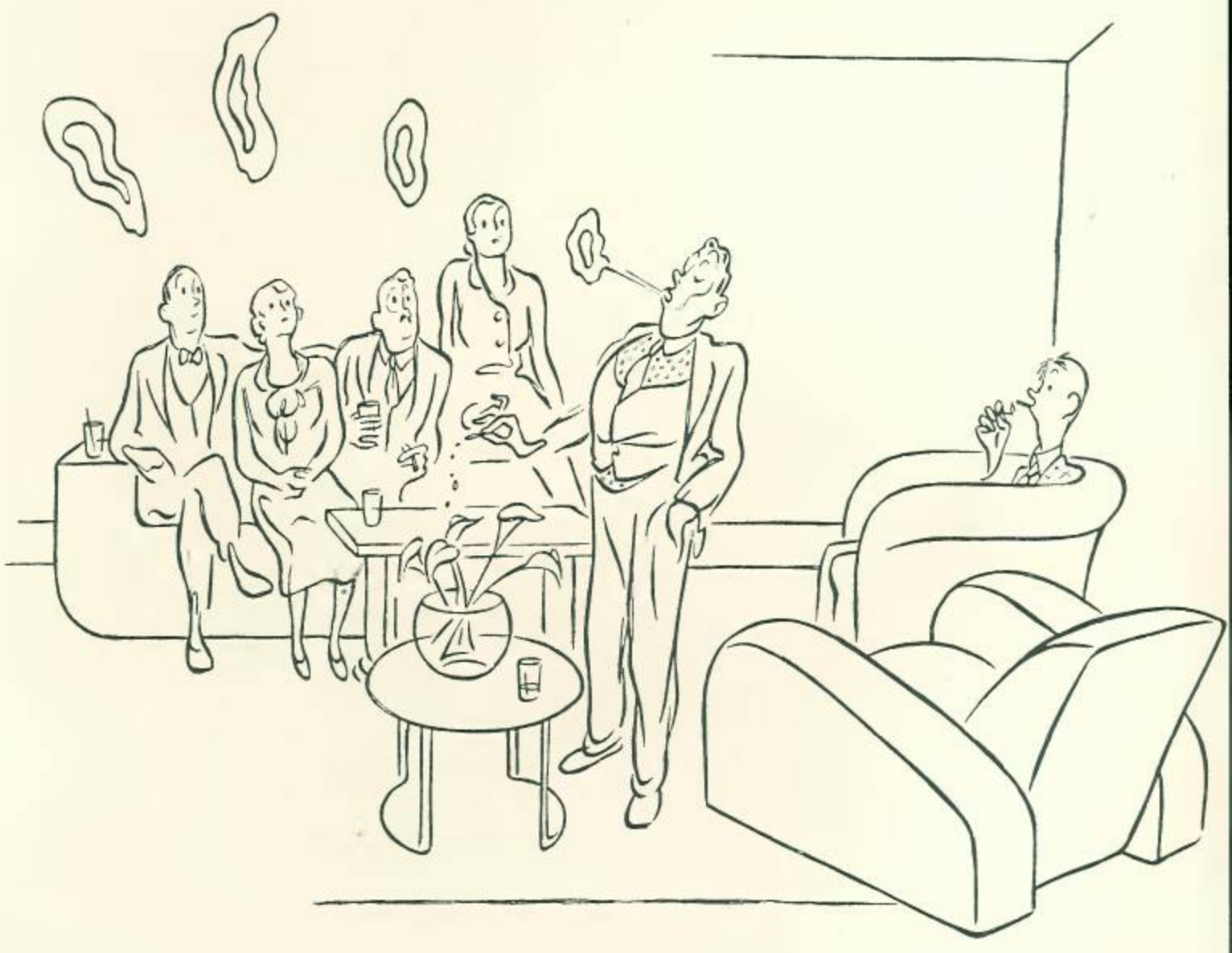
Robert went round the corner of the house to the cellar bulkhead, and climbed up on all fours to the top. The paint had blistered under the sun. Robert tried to slide down, but the points of peeling paint caught his sun suit, and a splinter scratched his buttocks. He tried it again, and then he went and lay on his back in the damp grass under a lilac tree. The grass had not lately been cut, and the blades were soft and tickled his skin; ants walked up the blades and onto Robert. He scratched his ribs and left little, red scratches on his sunburned side.

He looked straight up above him at the mesh of leaves shifting against the hot blue sky. The sweat ran down the sides of his nose, and he wished somebody would come out and fix the circular attachment on the hose that made a tall, curving fountain for him to run through. He thought about the cool trickles of water running down all over him for a little while, and then he climbed to his feet and went to look for his grandmother.

She was asleep on the straw lounge in the hall, with the wet cloth fallen slanting across her eyes. Robert held his face close to hers and breathed on her cheek. But she did not wake up. Her hand had fallen limp to the floor, and now and then it twitched a little.

"Oh, Father! Father! Why don't you come?" a frightened voice called from upstairs. Robert tiptoed across the





hall and began to climb the steps one by one.

He went into the room that the voice was calling from, and there was his great-grandmother lying in her bed, looking very little. There were boards put up like a fence all around the bed. Robert went over to the bed and held his head up straight to look over the edges of the boards. His great-grandmother was crying.

"What's the matter, Great-Granny?" he asked her in his high, clear voice. "Did you get hurt?"

She reached out frantically with her skeleton hand, tiny and trembling, and took hold of his hot, soft one.

"Oh, take care of me!" she cried. "You're a big boy. Where did you come from?"

"I came from down in the swamp," Robert said. "Don't be scared, Great-Granny."

"Oh! Take care of me! Oh, I'm so frightened here all alone!"

"I'll take care of you," Robert said. He breathed softly in his great-grandmother's face and stared at how little her face was.

"Don't go away. You won't let them come at night, will you? You're a boy."

"All right," Robert said, holding the shaking, bony hand.

"I want my father so! I can't find him!" She began to throw her poor body about, tethered to the plaster mass.

"Was he going to come?" Robert stood on tiptoe to look closer at the little face.

"Oh, yes! He was coming to get Louise and me long ago, and I can't find him anywhere."

"Do you want me to go and look for him?"

"Will you? Will you? Oh, you could find him, you're bigger. Oh, Father!"

Robert put her hand down carefully and started out of the room.

His grandmother, coming upstairs, met him at the top. It was very dim and large in the upper hall, and Robert was small and hot and red, with a golden head.

"Robert, have you been in Great-Granny's room? I told you you mustn't, dear. She is very, very ill."

Robert continued toward the stairs intently. He did not stop as he explained to his grandmother.

"She's just awfully scared," he said. "She wants her father. She and Louise have been waiting a long time for her father. I'm going to look for him."

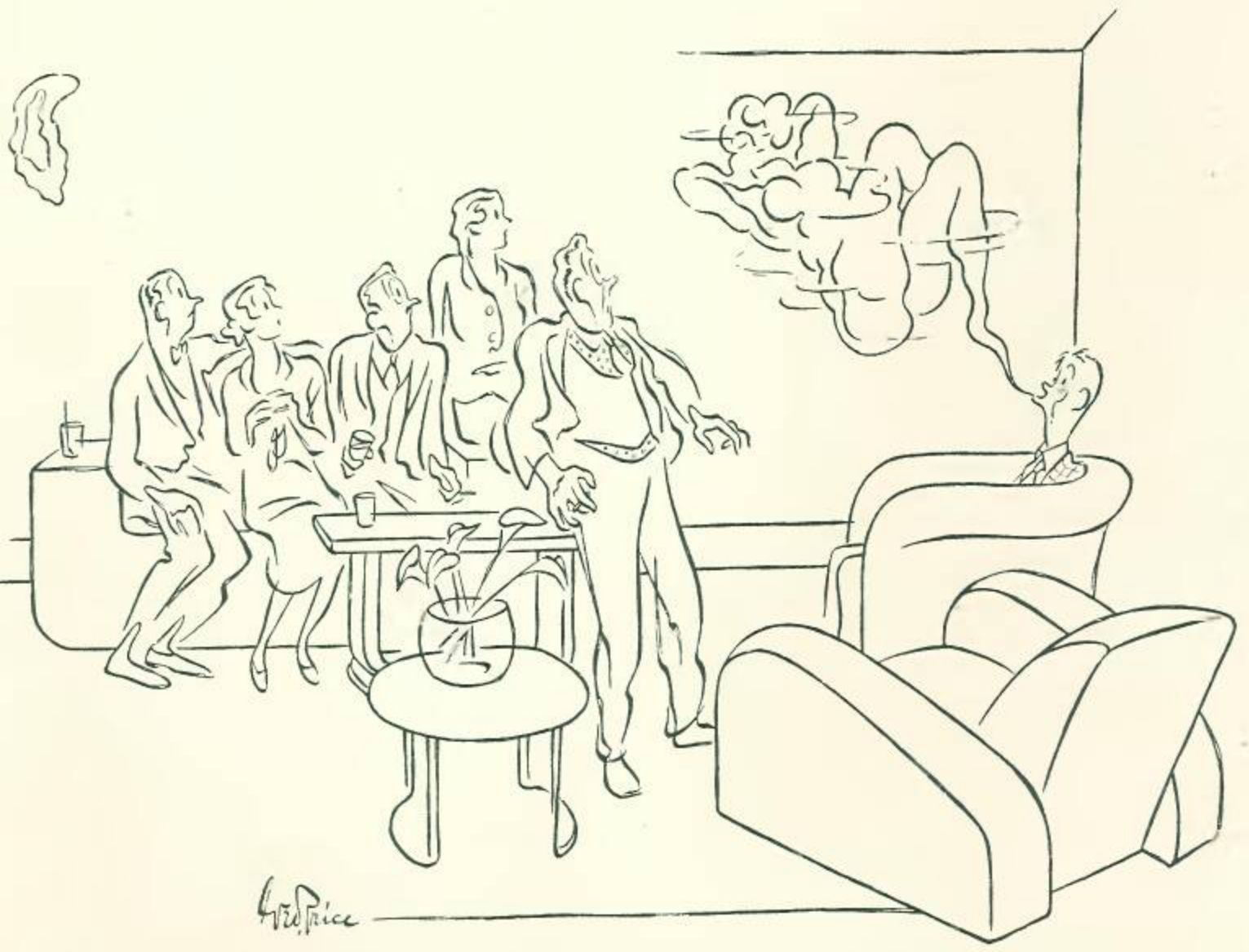
He started downstairs vigorously, one step at a time. From the room at the end of the hall the broken, terrified voice began again, "Oh, Father! I'm all alone! Father, come quick!"

Robert twisted his body around as he climbed down the stairs, and called back.

"It's all right. I'm going to look for him."

The voice stopped crying.

—NANCY HALE



GETTING ALONG WITH WOMEN

WHO is this wonder man in *Harpers Magazine*, this prince of good fellows who gets along with women? Did any of you read that article? It was in the October issue. I mean the article called "Getting Along with Women," written by a man who shows right off the bat what women think of him by signing the piece "Anonymous." He gets along so well with women he dassn't even sign his name. Well, *I* dast. My name is White, and I *don't* get along with women, and I think anybody who got along with women the way this man Anonymous tells you to would be a smack. I would rather be at continual odds with women, and am.

One thing that struck me right away about Anonymous's article was that he apparently has no real taste for women anyway, and of course it's easy enough to get along with women if you don't care for them. It simply isn't a problem. Anonymous says some very fine things about women, but they don't ring true. They haven't got what I call "glow." According to Anonymous, women don't even belong to the same race as men. He says that what you've got to have to get along is the ability to "see in every woman something of the woman eternal." Well, that's just what I can't do. I see in every woman the woman temporary, or the woman dishevelled, or the woman terribly attractive, or the woman beloved. The reason I can't see the woman eternal is that I don't think woman is a day more eternal than I am.

Another thing he says about women is that they are the "keepers of the life-tides." I think that is silly, too. I've never seen a woman with a life-tide, and if a woman did have a life-tide, she probably couldn't keep it, because if she's anything like my Gloria, she can't keep anything. I can just see Gloria trying to keep a life-tide when she doesn't even know where she put the key to the front door except she thinks it was in her purse. It is as keeper of the life-tides, according to Old Know-it-all, that woman has a truly great kinship with Nature, far greater than man's. "Once let a man understand this relationship between woman and Nature, and he will bow before her outbursts and condone them." Oh, is that so? Well, sir, I have found out that when a woman has burst out at me, it wasn't because of any kin-

ship with Nature, it was usually because I damn well had it coming to me. Furthermore, if anybody around my house is going to have kinship with Nature, *I'll* handle it. That's understood. I am just as "natural" as any woman, and I'm far naturaller than a lot. I know enough about Nature not to call her Mother, for one thing. I call her Father. Old Father Nature. Good old Pop! I have been out messing around with old Pop Nature when a lot of my fine women friends were safe indoors with their lares, penates, bridge lamps, and old copies of *Harpers*. No, woman isn't the keeper of any tides. Woman is, on the whole, scared to death of tides, particularly the strong tides which characterize the eastern section of the coast of Maine around Mount Desert Island.

But I'll let that go. Let's see how a man should behave to get along with women, according to old Daddy Anonymous, the king of Get Alongers.

"If you really are intent on getting along well with your woman," he says, "anything you do to help things along is justifiable." Now isn't that just fine? For the sake of getting along, anything goes. Anonymous, even if I were intent on getting along with my (as you call her) woman, I could think of a dozen things which I would not consider justifiable. And so could she. In fact, she could probably think of more things than I could, which is another reason we don't get along—she's always got the edge on me, that way. You want to know some of the things I would not consider justifiable? Lying is one. Acting different from the way I feel is two. Giving in by so much as an inch in a matter of principle is three. Offering her a handkerchief is four. And if you want the other eight, you know my name.

"Keep your head," says Anonymous, "and you'll be able to manage her all right." Manage her, eh? That gives you a pretty good idea of what the author of "Getting Along with Women" means by getting along with women. He means managing women. He is talking not about marital harmony or sexual rapport or general amicability, he is talking about managerial prowess. I am not quibbling here, or turning a chance phrase to my advantage: Anonymous mentions "managing" over and over again. In the very first paragraph he introduces a poor, inept male who couldn't get along with women. "The man," he says, "has not managed her." And again: "Most women can be managed with praise." Manage, manage, manage. The picture I got of Anonymous's woman, after reading his article, was of a little girl whom he kept out in the kitchen and fed on Ken-L Ration. Once in a while he gave her a couple of life-tides to play with, and some praise to keep her from screaming and annoying the neighbors, and all the time he kept murmuring to himself what a wonderful creature she was (for him to manage), and seeing in her "something of the woman eternal," a kin of Nature, warmly human, wanting to be possessed and "enwrapped in the strong mantle of maleness." Not just wrapped, mind you, but *en*wrapped. But does he ever go out there and enwrap her? Not that I can make out.

I just don't understand this man. He says men are imaginative, women are realistic. "For confirmation of this truism," he says, "I give you Hans Christian Andersen, the Brothers Grimm, Andrew Lang, Homer, Virgil, and the nameless spinner of Scheherazade's adventures." O.K., Anonymous, two can play at gift-giving. I give you Marie de France, the Sisters Brontë, Beatrix Potter, Selma Lagerlöf, Lady Murasaki, Laura E. Richards, Helen Bannerman, Lily F. Wesselhoeft, and Beatrice Lillie. No, on second thought I think I'll *keep* Beatrice Lillie. You don't deserve her, and I doubt if you could manage her.

This fellow Anonymous not only claims to know all about women, he seems to know all about us men, too. All about me, I don't doubt. Listen to this one: "One chief reason for the failure of a man in love to get along with his woman seems to him of course to be a tendency on her part to ask too much. . . . He grows resentful, they quarrel, and then what? He turns to some other woman for comfort." I do, eh? All right, Smarty, what's the other woman's name? Come on, what's her name? You're pretty sure of yourself, aren't you? I bet you'd be surprised to know what I *do* turn to, when I grow resentful and quarrel. It's not another woman, either. It's a pineapple maraschino nut sundae with a whiskey base. Ha!



He seems to know all about my carnal side, too. He speaks of certain men (and I can only assume he means me) who "think of women primarily as bodies sent for man's gratification. . . . Given a pretty woman and a drink, and they become clumsily chivalrous." Well, Sir Galahad, it might interest you to learn that given a pretty woman and a drink, I do *not* become clumsily chivalrous, I become grace itself. I have friends who keep the finest liquors and the prettiest women always on hand, just so they can give them to me and see how beautifully I carry on. How d'ya like that, Anonymous? And whether I think of a woman as "primarily" or "secondarily" a body sent for man's gratification is quite possibly a point too fine for an old Get Alonger like you to get mixed up with, you old Amicable Relations Establisher, you. Don't start me off about the body of woman, please, or this will grow too esoteric for anything.

After he has explained how to get along with women you love, Anonymous plunges on into new fields: he explains how to get along with women you *don't* love—as though anybody cared. For heaven's sake, who wants to get along with a woman in whom he's not interested? I say chuck her and get one you *do* love, one who fascinates you so completely that getting along with her is practically out of the question. But not Anonymous. No, he says: "The clever man lets the same qualities in him be apparent to all women, whether sweetheart, friend, or business associate —his maleness, his consideration, his understanding. And toward all women alike, if he be wise, he exhibits a genuine appreciation, just as in their various relationships he displays a sense of humor." Anonymous apparently got his idea about the necessity of having a sense of humor from a friend of his named Charley Calder, whom he quotes. Charley says that a man "has got to be diplomatic, and he's got to have a sense of humor." I think Charley Calder is just as odd a character, in his own way, as Anonymous. Diplomacy and a sense of humor, to my mind, are mutually exclusive qualities. They do not coexist. Sense of humor is just another name for sense of directness; diplomacy means sense of indirectness, or mild chicanery. I don't see how a man can have both, or, if he had them, how he could use 'em against a woman.

But enough of this tedious theme! I will leave Anonymous to his amicability, his sense of humor, his little hypocrisies and artifices. It's five o'clock. Twilight is settling down on the city, and with it comes the infinitely alluring prospect of going forth to meet a pretty woman, and of not making the slightest effort to get along with her, and of succeeding.

—E. B. W.



THE RENASCENCE OF RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM

The Parent Who Resorted to Corporal Punishment at a Progressive School

THE LAST BOAT

THE ferry left at midnight—to be exact, at 12:01. Less than a dozen people had boarded it. They scattered about the boat in their separate ways, each to himself, each ignoring the others, each simply enduring the ride and the time it consumed. It was a pause in their life of events over which they had no control and they accepted it.

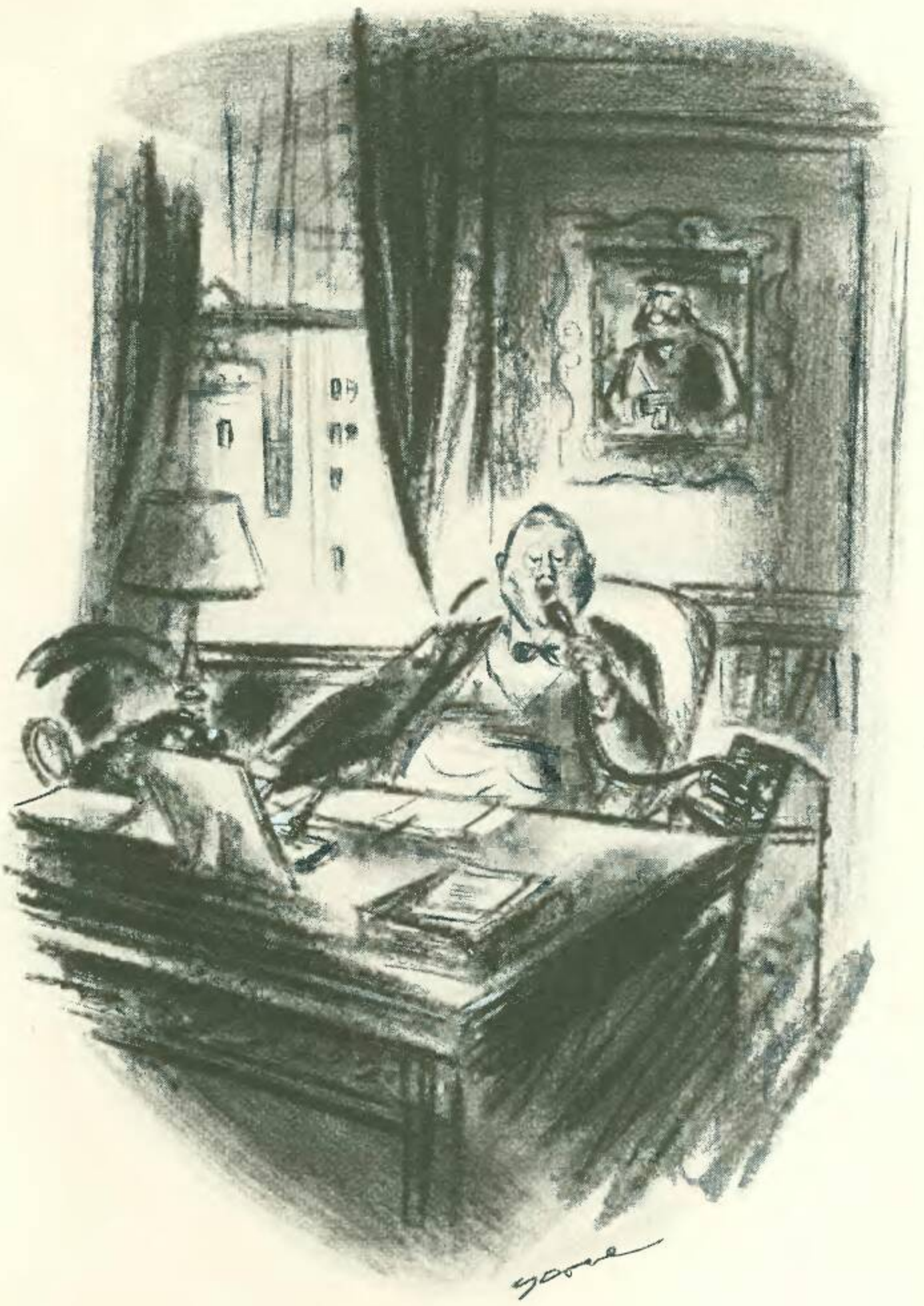
The kid behind the candy counter in the waiting-room was sleepy. He was a lanky, yellow-haired youth of nineteen or twenty. This was his last trip that night and he was glad of it. Before the boat was out of the slip, he began to close up. He counted his change and locked the cash register.

Then the tough guy came into the waiting-room. Just a glance at him told that he was tough, and a second glance told that he knew it. He wore a pair of black pants, and a gray sweater, and a gray cap that was set on a slight inclination toward the right ear and just a bit too far back on his head. He was not very tall, but heavy-set and round-shouldered, and his arms were too long for his body. He had a chewed cigar stub in the corner of his mouth, but the cigar was long since out.

The tough guy paused beside the candy counter just inside the door of the waiting-room and looked around. He was looking for something, he didn't know what. To his right was a large machine on legs, with a kind of glass showcase containing a miniature baseball diamond. There were little players in position on the field, which was made of tin painted green to look like grass. The machine bore the written invitation "Play Ball." The field was lit from within, and each of the nine lead players faced a lead batter. They all stood at attention waiting for a nickel to be dropped in a slot. With the advent of a nickel they came to life, and from beside the pitcher came a little white ball which sped down a runway toward the batter. Then the sport-lover who had invested the nickel had the privilege of manipulating a small lever on the outside of the case, which made the batter swing his bat at the approaching ball. If he happened to hit it, the ball would rebound onto the field and fall into one of the various holes or traps that were designated "home run" or "strike out" or "base on balls" or "fly out" or "out at first" or "two-base hit" or any number of various things that might happen in a baseball game. Then the little lead pitcher received another ball from the interior of the machine, and it was sent toward the next batter. The addict who conceived this mechanism had even thought of naming the players, and there was a little sign that changed automatically with each batter and read "Lou Gehrig" or "Babe Ruth" or "Jimmy Foxx" or "Al Simmons" and so on.

THE tough guy inspected the machine and decided to play ball. He jammed his hand into a trouser pocket and hauled out some change. He dropped a nickel into the slot and the baseball machine began to work. A little white ball appeared in the pitcher's box and then came rolling down toward the batter. The tough guy manipulated the lever and made the batter take a hearty swing. The little bat hit the ball and it scooted across the playing field, hit one of the outfielders, and fell into a slot marked "fly out." A second little white ball appeared from the subterranean mechanism and the sign indicating the batter changed from "Al Simmons" to "Jimmy Foxx." The tough guy concentrated himself on the contest and his face assumed a look of defiance.

Of course a sporting event of this kind was bound to attract an audience even though there was but a handful of passengers on the ferryboat. The first spectator was a middle-aged man of slender build who wore a rumpled brown suit, a dirty white shirt, and a frayed tie, and who picked his teeth and



"P. S. Burn this letter."

needed a haircut. He walked up beside the tough guy and appointed himself to the office of official adviser.

"That's pretty good," he said. "You got men on second and third. Let's see you bring 'em in. Come on there, Gehrig, clear the bases."

The tough guy ignored this interest and went ahead with the game. He expected an audience, but he didn't have to acknowledge it.

A deckhand in a blue uniform, who had nothing to do until the boat reached the slip, and found the night air too cold, came into the waiting-room and moved over to watch the ball game.

The kid at the candy counter came out from behind his place of business and began collecting motion-picture magazines and small envelopes of salted peanuts that decorated the top of his counter. He tossed the envelopes of peanuts behind the counter and stacked the gaudy motion-picture magazines in a pile beside the cash register. He didn't look at the ball game.

Another man came into the waiting-room and, following the line of least resistance, found himself between the deckhand and the official adviser watching the athletic skill of the tough guy. This last man was dressed no better than the rest of the company, but he stood out in the group because he was short and fat. Like many little men, he had an important and superior mien. When the official adviser commented, he said nothing, but he smiled the smile of a man who knows he is above the common herd. Physically, perhaps, he was small, but mentally he considered himself a giant.



"He took the veil, too, so to speak, by joining the Foreign Legion."

• •

THEN, with Babe Ruth at bat, something went wrong with the inner workings of the machine. The player was supposed to have the pleasure of batting at twenty little white balls for the investment of his nickel. The tough guy had hit eight of these, but the ninth one failed to appear in the pitcher's box. The tough guy frowned.

"It's stuck," said the official adviser. "It's got stuck; give it a bang."

The tough guy gave the machine a vigorous kick. The jolt shook the little lead men, and a little white ball appeared in the pitcher's box. The tough guy was about to make the batter, Mr. Ruth, swing at this ninth ball when his attention was attracted by a cardboard sign that slid down from the top of the machine. This sign was handmade, and written in blue pencil on white cardboard. It had been stuck on the outside of the glass up at the top, and nobody had noticed it until the tough guy's kick had loosened it and made it slide down the face of the glass. The sign was direct and to the point. It read, "Out of order."

This unexpected turn of events momentarily held the attention of the tough guy and the official adviser and the deckhand and the little giant. This was a nice state of affairs. They all wondered what the tough guy was going to do. He looked at the sign, chewed on his cigar stub, and proceeded to go right ahead with the game. He gave the oncoming white ball a swat, and Mr. Ruth, true to his tradition, hit a home run.

"Atta boy!" said the official adviser. "Right smack into the right-field bleachers. I was in the bleachers at the Yankee Stadium when Ruth hit a ball just like that!"

The deckhand watched with interest and the little giant smiled. The kid at the candy counter looked up.

The tough guy prepared to hit the tenth ball. His audience was of one accord. Nobody had known the game was out of order. The tough guy was within his rights to play it through. Besides, wasn't it working all right anyway? Swat went the next ball. Another home run! This tough guy was good.

By the time the tough guy had hit the fifteenth ball, he was way ahead of the game. Each safe hit was worth a given number of points. He had rolled up a good score. He consulted a paper chart, pasted on one lower corner of the glass, which gave the amount of profit for high scores. The official adviser helped him by reading the score aloud.

"Four thousand points so far. The machine owes you ten cents—that is, if you can hold it."

The deckhand nodded and the little giant smiled, but the tough guy said nothing. He had two courses open be-

fore him. He could strike at the remaining five balls and perhaps increase his score and win fifteen cents, or at the most twenty. But if he tried that, he was in danger of not hitting safely and losing the ten cents that he had already won.

"Let 'em go by, let 'em go by," said the official adviser. "You got a dime out of it now. Don't lose it."

The group gathered closer, intent upon what the tough guy was going to do. He manipulated the lever and pulled back the bat as the sixteenth ball rolled from the pitcher to the catcher and disappeared in a small hole. No change in the score, for the ball had not been struck at. The tough guy did the same thing with the seventeenth ball, and with the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth. So the game ended with the tough guy holding his four thousand points and winner of one glorious dime for an initial investment of five cents. He was pleased and the audience was pleased. It had been an exciting and successful game.

The tough guy moved over to the candy counter to claim his winnings.

"Your machine owes me a dime," he said to the kid, who was behind the counter putting boxes of popcorn and crackerjack on a shelf. The tough guy's voice was husky and unpleasant. His audience moved over to the counter with him. The game was over and they wanted to see the victor get the spoils. The candy-counter kid merely glanced at the tough guy and went on putting away popcorn and crackerjack.

"Hey," said the tough guy. "Gimme a dime."

"He had four thousand points—ten cents," said the official adviser.

The kid looked at the tough guy.

"The machine's out of order," he said. "Can't you read?"

"What the hell do I care?" said the tough guy. "I got a dime comin' to me."

The candy-counter kid was not to be high-pressured.

"The machine's out of order. You had no business to play it." Then he turned his back on the group and reached over some shelves for a pair of wire screens that fitted around the counter when it was not attended.

"Look here, I won a dime and I'm gonna have it," said the tough guy.

"Sure," said the official adviser, "you got it coming to you."

The tough guy was sore and he wanted everybody to know it.



"It means that in that complex machine of yours a tonsil has gone haywire."

• •

"That's a hell of a mess," he said to the group in general. "You all saw me win that dime, didn't you?"

"Sure," said the official adviser.

The little giant laughed. "You won it, but the point is will you *get* it?" he said.

"I sure as hell will!" declared the tough guy.

They were talking among themselves, and the kid behind the counter paid no more attention to them.

"It's a gyp, a downright gyp," said the official adviser.

"I want that dime," said the tough guy.

"Granted that you want it, but the point is can you get it?" said the little giant.

"I sure as hell can!" declared the tough guy.

The kid began to whistle. He came out from behind the counter and set up the wire screens that protected the merchandise. The screens had to be set just so and then locked into place. The tough guy stood beside him and thrust his head forward.

"Are you gonna gimme that dime?" he demanded.

The kid went on locking the screens.

"Don't you let him get away with it," said the official adviser.

"But if the thing is out of order,

the boy can't help it," said the little giant.

"No crooked machine makes a sucker out of me," said the tough guy. "I want that dime and I want it now."

"Sure you do," said the official adviser. "If it was me, I'd get it."

"I'll sure as hell get it!" said the tough guy. "Why don't they put a sign on them machines if they're busted?"

"There *was* a sign on it," said the little giant.

"It was hid where nobody could see it. It's a racket," said the official adviser.

"It ain't a racket on me," said the tough guy. "Are you gonna gimme that dime?"

The candy-counter kid had his screens in place. He turned and walked over to the baseball game. Then he stuck the out-of-order sign on the glass beside the slot where the nickels were dropped, so that it couldn't be overlooked. He didn't say a word.

"All these damned machines ought to be dumped in the river," said the official adviser. "They're all crooked."

"Well, the ferry company don't make no profit out of them," said the deckhand.

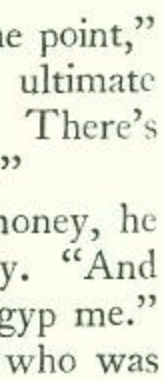
"Who does, then?" asked the official adviser.

"I don't know," said the deckhand. "Never inquired."

"That's just it. There's the point," said the little giant. "The ultimate capitalist is never to be found. There's always somebody beyond him."

"When a man wins his money, he wants it," said the tough guy. "And that fresh mugg is tryin' to gyp me." Then he turned to the boy, who was snapping off the lights behind the counter, and he spoke way back in his throat. "For the last time, are you gonna gimme that dime?"

The kid looked at him for a few seconds before he answered. He was bored stiff with all this.



"Nuts to you," he said.

The tough guy glared at him. "Do you want me to bust that damned thing and take all the nickels out?"

"Report him!" said the official adviser. "Report him to the company!"

"Sure," said the little giant knowingly. "Take his name and address. Get his birthstone and his favorite color. The point is get *something*."

The tough guy continued to glare at the candy-counter kid.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"What's it to you?" asked the kid.

"I'll have you fired," said the tough guy.

The kid said nothing.

"I got evidence. I got witnesses," said the tough guy. "What's *your* name?" he demanded of the official adviser.

"Appel," said the official adviser. "Bert Appel, A-p-p-e-l—just one 'l.' A lot of people spell it with two, but there's only one."

"And what's your name?" demand-

BANKERS ARE JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE, EXCEPT RICHER

This is a song to celebrate banks,
Because they are full of money and you go into
them and all you hear is clinks and clanks,
Or maybe a sound like the wind in the trees
on the hills,
Which is the rustling of the thousand-dollar bills.
Most bankers dwell in marble halls,
Which they get to dwell in because they encourage
deposits and discourage withdralls
And particularly because they all observe one rule which woe betide
the banker who fails to heed it,
Which is you must never lend any money to
anybody unless they don't need it.
I know you, you cautious, conservative banks!
If people are worried about their rent, it is
your duty to deny them the loan of one
nickel, yes, even one copper engraving of
the patriotic son of the late Nancy Hanks;
Yes, if they request fifty dollars to pay for a
baby, you must look at them like Tarzan
looking at an uppity ape in the jungle,
And tell them what do they think a bank is,
anyhow, they had better go get the money
from their wife's aunt or ungle.
But suppose people come in and they have a
million and they want another million to
pile on top of it,
Why, you brim with the milk of human kindness
and you urge them to accept every drop of it,
And you lend them the million, so then they
have two million and this gives them the
idea that they would be better off with four,
So they already have two million as security, so
you have no hesitation about lending them two more,
And all the vice-presidents nod their heads
in rhythm,
And the only question asked is do the borrowers
want the money sent or do they want to
take it withm.
But please do not think that I am not fond of banks,
Because I think they deserve our appreciation
and thanks,
Because they perform a valuable public service in
eliminating the jackasses who go around
saying that health and happiness are everything
and money isn't essential,
Because as soon as they have to borrow some
unimportant money to maintain their health and happiness,
they starve to death, so they can't go around any more
sneering at good old money, which is nothing short
of providential.

—Ogden Nash

• •

ed the tough guy of the little giant.

"Stephen Wilson. Stephen R. Wilson."

"Lemme get that down," said the tough guy.

"Anybody got a pencil?" asked the official adviser.

"Not me," said the deckhand.

"I ain't got any. Who's got a pencil?" asked the tough guy.

"What a pity that I should be without pen or pencil," said little giant Wilson. He laughed. "But hold on a minute—perhaps the young man who runs the counter has a pencil."

"It'll cost you five cents," said the candy-counter kid.

This was very discouraging to all parties and served completely to infuriate the tough guy.

"Listen to me," he began. "I'm gonna bust that machine and take every damned nickel out of it! I'm sure as hell gonna! Then I'm gonna report you and have you fired!"

THE deckhand caught a glimpse of some lights through a cabin window. He glanced out and was surprised to see the dock less than a hundred yards away. He hurried out of the waiting-room and down to the forward deck. The tough guy was telling of all the terrible things he was going to do. Mr. Appel was commending him and Mr. Wilson was insisting that he do them.

With a bump and a few grinding noises, the ferryboat was in the slip. Cables made it fast and the few passengers who had gathered at its shore end walked off onto the pier. A couple of automobiles drove off after them when the deckhand beckoned for them to come on. The tough guy and Mr. Appel and Mr. Wilson walked off, all talking more or less at once. Striding rapidly by them and paying no attention to them walked the kid from the candy counter. Outside the ferry building he jumped on a streetcar and rode away.



The tough guy crossed the street and walked uptown. The official Mr. Appel headed downtown. The superior Mr. Wilson hailed a taxi and drove off. Naturally, with this geographic separation, it was impossible for the discussion to go any further.

—EDWIN CORLE

SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN

I WAS, of course, pleased when my lawyers told me that they had arranged a settlement of the little matter between Angela Giovanni and me. It was a little matter, originating in what our side contended had never been an automobile accident, which had gone on for some four years, and during all that time it had been a disquieting pain in my mind, always there to take the zest out of things. It was not important, it did not keep me awake of nights, but whenever I felt particularly gay and confident it was apt to come to the surface. "There is always Miss Giovanni," my mind would report, and the fine edge would go off things a little. Miss Giovanni was a cloud and, if I may trust those who saw her—I never did, from first to last—a good bit bigger than a man's hand. She was a cloud and a hazy menace and also a little like an aching tooth.

And so I was pleased when the lawyers said we could settle things for a couple of hundred dollars—more pleased than I had ever expected to be at anything which would cost me a couple of hundred dollars. I expected that it would be a relief. But I did not dream that it would be so much more; that it would amount to a spiritual experience—that it would, in short, be something which had never happened to me before. The greetings of Miss Giovanni to all to whom her presents—"presents" seems an odd way to put it, considering everything—shall come or may concern lie before me now, and I am released.

I am released and, unexpectedly, exalted. I have read "these presents" over, and the majestic, if slightly tautological, prose rumbles in my ears. It is clear that Miss Giovanni and I are quits, and quits magnificently. I am "forever discharged" by Miss Giovanni from "any cause or thing whatsoever from the beginning of the world to the day of these presents." From the beginning of the world, from that moment of inconceivable remoteness when this planet whirled out of nothingness in a torment of light and sound, and evidently already bearing Miss Giovanni, down to this rather pretty day of clear skies and gentle southwest winds, Miss Giovanni and I are quits. From the beginning of the world—

The effect of this remission does, of course, transcend Miss Giovanni. I am, in view of everything, naturally thankful that all things which might concern her and me are cleared up. It is pleasant to think that whatever controversies or variances we may have had when Miss Giovanni was a tadpole and I was a fish are now brushed aside. (This is not to be taken, however, as implying that Miss Giovanni was ever a tadpole.) If, as a unicellular stirring millions of years ago, I stepped on the toes of Miss Giovanni, she can do nothing about it now. If, when we both swung in trees, I pulled the tail of Miss Giovanni as was, it constitutes a trespass for which she can have no recourse. (But this is not to be interpreted as implying that, since the date of these presents at any rate, Miss Giovanni or any of her heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns are, or ever were, tailed primates.) If Miss Giovanni was, before her communication of recent date, at any time a Nubian slave, and I made any promises or incurred any damages, those offences are all washed up. All this is fine, but not the real cause of my exaltation.

Miss Giovanni is merely a symbol. (I trust this is not actionable.) She is a symbol of a slate washed clean, as I had never dreamed any slate of mine could be washed. She is a symbol of something utterly, finally, irretrievably finished; something without aftermath. She is the symbol of something which I had not dreamed ever happened to any human in this world.

Never, I had always thought, is anything quite finished. Never, from any act or deed or encounter, from anyone ever met or spoken to—so I had imagined—do we win remission. The past, I had thought, is always with us, if as no more than a string of memory around the finger. Only one's own death, I had supposed, can ever wipe the slate clean. The deaths of others never can; what we did to them returns to haunt us. Our trespasses and variances tag behind us through life, I had told myself, drearily, clinging to our coattails. We are not ever finished with anything—any person or place or thing we have done, any day or hour we have lived. And it goes, I had heard on very good authority, even be-



"He says he's the Dred Scott Decision."

yond that, since we cannot be fully freed even from the sins of our fathers. (This had never bothered me much, and I have suspected that my fathers were not much as sinners. But there it always was, an ugly possibility.)

BUT now I see that I was wrong in that pessimism. One can, for a mere two hundred dollars or so, wipe clean at least one corner of the slate, wipe it so clean that not since the beginning of the world has there ever been anything on it. I will never again believe that old assertion that one cannot wipe out the past. Miss Giovanni can do it, with a stroke of the pen.

Well, perhaps not with one stroke. Miss Giovanni had to make two. Miss Giovanni, owing to some defect in her education before the date of these presents, cannot write her name. She merely made her cross. She drew two lines, one rather shorter than the other, and obliterated a past which stretched back mistily to the day the world began. I did not know things like that could happen.

—Richard Lockridge

OF ALL THINGS

STRAW votes indicate that the Southern states are against the New Deal but will vote for Roosevelt anyway. They say he's on the right team but running toward the wrong goal.

•

The President gave us warning a long time ago that some toes would be stepped on. It begins to look as if the sore-toe vote would run into important figures.

•

Taxes have grown up like Topsy, the President says. The gal's last name, in case you have forgotten, is Turvy.

•

This is idle curiosity and none of our business whatever, but we cannot help wondering whether Bill Shakespeare of Notre Dame is any good in English Lit.

•

Mr. Eccles sees no reason to put a stop to the stock-market boom, because it is mostly cash-and-carry business. After its unfortunate experience with pigs, the government has decided not to shoot the bulls.

•

The State Department explains that our embargo on war supplies has no connection with the League's sanctions. It just thinks it's bad policy to pour oil on the troubled fires.

•

The League of Nations knows all about the war in Africa, but it has never heard what is going on in China. That is one of those embarrassing things your best friend won't tell you.

•

We hear that there were a few showoffs who had pork chops for their Thanksgiving dinners. The great mass of the people, however, were satisfied with plain turkey.

•

Admirers of Landon call him the Kansas Coolidge. It is not believed, however, that the Governor will carry out the Calvinian policy of not choosing to run.

—Howard Brubaker

THE THEATRE

FROM GAY TO GRAVE

THAT unaccountable noise heard over Broadway last week was laughter, the result of an intensive three-day barrage from the batteries of the funnymen. It began on Monday with Ernest Truex in "Whatever Goes Up," rose to a high intensity on Tuesday with Jane Cowl in "First Lady" (many of us thought it was all over then, and relaxed), and came through Wednesday with a final crashing offensive in "Boy Meets Girl." Not a sour-puss among the reviewers was left standing.

It may have been that we were weakened by "First Lady," but "Boy Meets Girl" seemed tougher to resist. We boys in blue tried hard to keep a straight face, but Bella and Samuel Spewack's tale of Hollywood and Hollywood termites was impossible to take standing up. I thought at first that my inordinate delight was due to the fact that I have a soft spot for Hollywood (that same old spot), but I noticed that several of my more parochial colleagues were throwing themselves about with almost equal ardor. It is just a funny show, that's all.

I wouldn't know exactly just what "Boy Meets Girl" is about. It deals with a team of writers bearing some resemblance to the learned authors of the "Jumbo" libretto, Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur (played with easy grace by Messrs. Allyn Joslyn and Jerome Cowan), although this parallel has received the formal denial customary in such cases. At any rate, they raise hell with the industry.

There is a baby star, born out of wedlock to a commissary waitress, expertly portrayed by Miss Joyce Arling, who comes fresh from the disrupted home of poor Irwin in "Three Men on a Horse." (By the time Miss Arling gets through with this rôle, she will think that people don't do anything out front but scream with laughter.) There are many other helpful people, who cannot be mentioned here by name, and George Abbott has seen to it that they do everything just right. In fact, there isn't much about "Boy Meets Girl" that *isn't* right, unless you are so cross at Roosevelt that you are trying to finish out 1935 without being caught laughing once.



"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE"

Colin Keith-Johnston struggling to make his better nature evident to Adrianne Allen.

THE laughter at "First Lady," while almost as continuous as at "Boy Meets Girl," springs from a different source. Katharine Dayton and George S. Kaufman have written a highly amusing and nicely satirical comedy about the ladies behind the various thrones in Washington, and Jane Cowl finds in it something especially suited to her beautifully sleek form of acid-throwing. But when you laugh, as you are sure to, the temblor begins in your head and works downward to your diaphragm. I do not take this to be a fault, but state it merely to indicate the difference between "First Lady" and "Boy Meets Girl."

The cracks in "First Lady" are smartly chiselled out of meteorite stock, each one fitting into the one that precedes it, with unerring accuracy. The main trouble with it all is that while it gives Miss Cowl a marvellous chance to shine, it gives her no chance to soften up, and Miss Cowl softening up is a lovely sight. She *says* that it is her husband for whom she is fighting so hard, but there is always a feeling that her real aim is to keep her rival from slipping anything over on her. As her rival is played by Miss Lily Cahill in her most bitchy manner, one can see Miss Cowl's point, but it doesn't make for warmth. It does, however, make for a lot of legitimate laughs.

The men in "First Lady," being nothing but senators, Supreme Court justices, and Presidential timber, do not figure so prominently in the carnage, but Stanley Ridges, as the Secretary of State who will be our next President, by God, if Miss Cowl has anything to say about it; Oswald Yorke, as the Supreme Court justice who *won't* be; and the others of what is sneeringly known as the

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PARFUMEUR PARIS



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There's plenty to keep you busy - - Games for young and old alike, Horse and Dog Racing, Golf, Yachting, "Big Game" Fishing, Polo, Park Sports, Tennis, - - almost any sport you can name, to while away gay carefree hours.

* For detailed information in making vacation plans, write to
CITY OF MIAMI BEACH
or to Charles Chase, Sr.,
Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce

Miami BEACH
FLORIDA

"official family," all allow themselves to be properly manhandled by the ladies.

Donald Oenslager's settings are superb, and Sam Harris has done everything else to make "First Lady" the high-class hit that it is.

"WHATEVER GOES UP" is one of those comedies to which the critics should not be invited. As it stands, a lot of people are going to laugh at it, especially as Mr. Truex turns in one of the most expert comedy performances of his career. (Mr. Truex, although a veteran of the theatre who has always pleased audiences sufficiently to allow himself to coast for a while, instead seems to grow a bit, in everything but stature, with each new performance.)

For people who go to the theatre as a business, "Whatever Goes Up" might be unsatisfactory because it obviously could have been so much better. Where Milton Lazarus has written a merely good line, we Monday-morning quarterbacks can see where it should have been a wow. The lack of wows in the last half is all the more apparent because it starts off, with the winning of a sweepstakes prize by the little cigar clerk and the subsequent newsreel and neighborhood confusion, like a surefire riot.

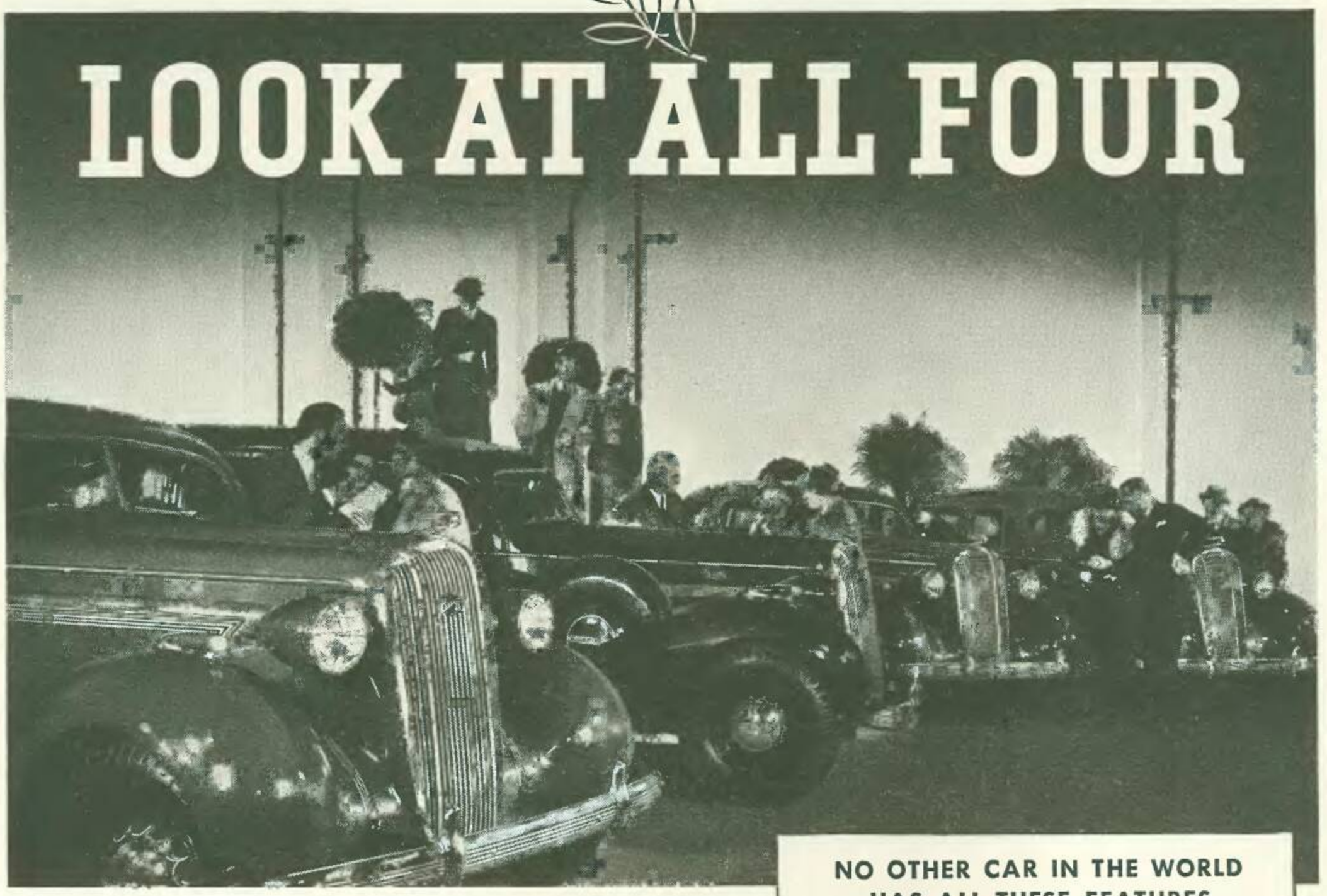
But "Whatever Goes Up" does not ask for criticism. It asks for laughs, and so long as it gets them, it is nobody's business to say that they should have been bigger. (They should have been, however.)

HAVING been one of the original rooters for Wilbur Daniel Steele's short story "How Beautiful with Shoes," even before Mr. O'Brien bestowed his accolade on it several years ago, I went in a reverent and expectant spirit to the play which he and Anthony Brown have fashioned from it. And although I had to call on my reserve reverence at times to keep in the proper mood, I succeeded well enough to defy the Philistine majority and come out in its favor. With all its faults, it is a play of much sad beauty and dramatic power.

The story of the mad schoolteacher who escapes from an asylum and, aside from strangling several people, asks for nothing more antisocial than to recite excerpts from "The Song of Solomon" to a dim-witted but beautiful backwoods girl on her wedding eve is a dangerous story to try and put on the stage. Aside from one scene, which involves technical difficulties which only the movies could cope with, and one scene in which the saturation point in Biblical quota-

1936 SUGGESTION

LOOK AT ALL FOUR



WE make bold to paraphrase, for a moment, the popular phrase of another motor car manufacturer.

But "the four" in this case are all new Buicks, and we promise you this stellar quartet offers everything you have wanted or hoped for in a car.

All four have the brilliant, agile, thrifty power of the silent, oil-cushioned, valve-in-head straight-eight engine.

All four have the integrity of manufacture which is part and parcel of Buick character, wrought in the very metals from which these cars are built.

All four have the eye-striking, year-ahead style which transforms streamlining into dreamlining.

And all four have the incomparable roll call of Buick engineering advantages which include the sealed chassis, torque-tube drive, built-in knee-action, front-end ride stabilizer, and tiptoe hydraulic brakes.

The only differences in these four cars are in size, capacity and equipment, and in the four you will find embraced such a range of choice that anyone can afford to own a Buick — and no one need seek beyond a Buick to find the very utmost in spacious comfort, luxury or breath-taking performance.

No matter what *your* requirements, therefore, take this 1936 suggestion: "LOOK AT ALL FOUR!"

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight Engine...Anolite Pistons...Sealed Chassis...Luxurious "Turret Top" Body by Fisher with Fisher No Draft Ventilation...Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes...Knee-Action Comfort and Safety . . . Torque-Tube Drive . . . Automatic Starting, Spark and Heat Control...Built-in Luggage Compartments... Front-End Ride Stabilizer.

BUICK'S THE BUY FOR CHRISTMAS

$765 *to $1945 are the list prices at Flint, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment. Convenient new*

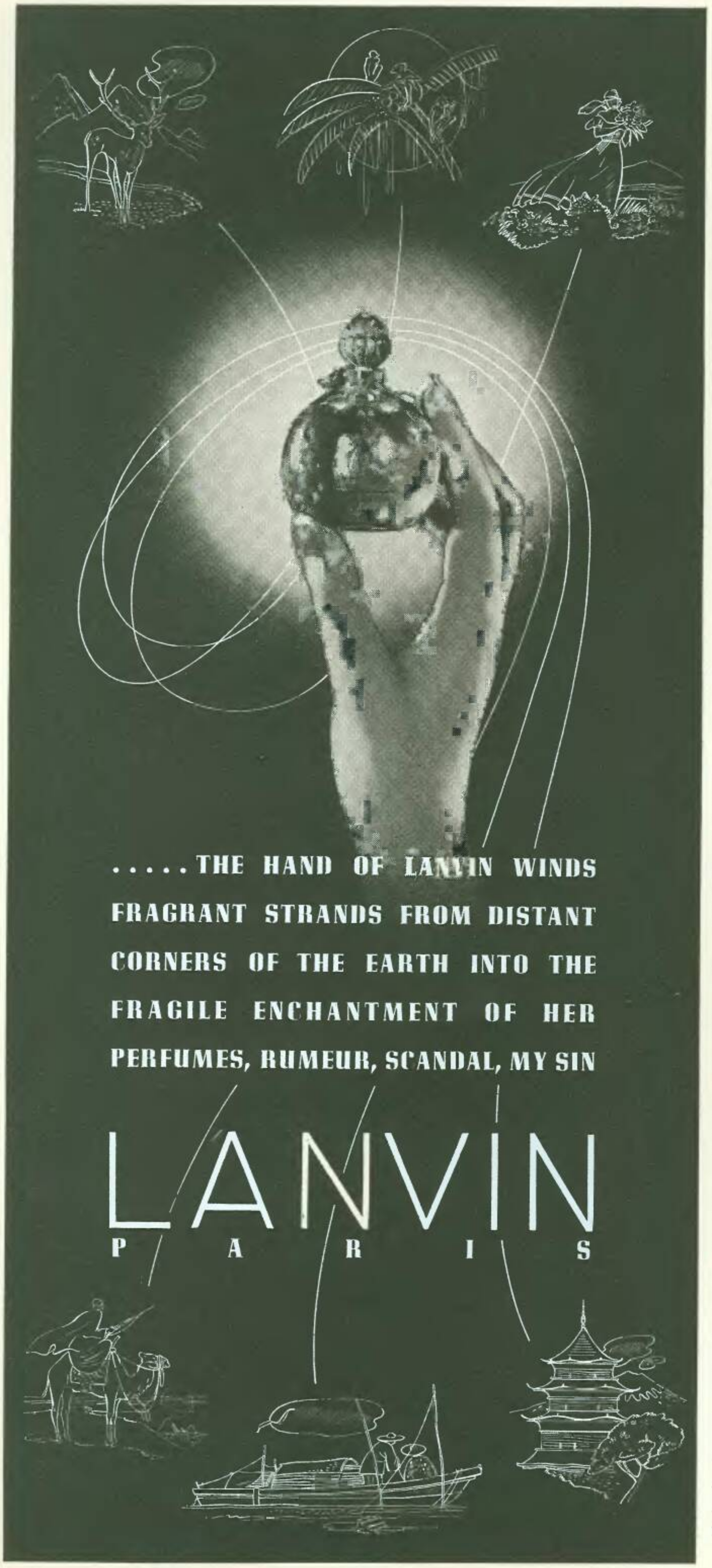
GMAC 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

★ ★ ★ ★

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick 8

FIRST OF THE GENERAL MOTORS CARS



tion was early reached, I thought that Messrs. Steele and Brown did a very fine job. The only element of the story which was missed was the feeling of pursuit across the moonlit hills and fields. All the essentials of the two main characters were there, and they are not to be sneered at.

Young Mr. Myron McCormick did the difficult job of acting insane and sympathetic at the same time with the skill which we have already learned to expect from him, and an absolute newcomer to the commercial theatre, Miss Marie Brown, was almost unbelievably good as the girl who knew nothing except that a strange refinement had come into her life which she could neither explain nor do without. Her last scene, where she sits on her wedding couch and wonders dully if it is only "loonies" who speak and act "like that," marked her as a young lady to be watched in the future.

It is easy not to like "How Beautiful with Shoes," but I think that those few of us who did like it are the fortunate ones.

THE Group Theatre, with "Men in White" and "Awake and Sing!" on its belt, had quite an assignment to follow up with "Weep for the Virgins," and although Nellise Child's play has points to recommend it, we cannot say that it adds to what the football-writers call "an unbroken string of victories." It is more in the nature of a breathing spell, and rather heavy breathing at that.

Somewhere in the story of a broken-down burlesque queen who finds herself stuck for life in the fish-cannery district of San Diego with three daughters to promote (Mr. John Anderson suggests that it is "Pride and Prejudice" in modern dress), there is good material for the theatre, and in much of her dialogue Miss Child has captured it. But the unrelieved disaster that piles up on the three hapless virgins (as of the opening scene only) becomes, like the tragedy in "Abide with Me," too much of a bad thing. Possibly if there had been only two virgins it would have been better.

Mr. Bromberg is there, but not in as happy a rôle as he is accustomed to, and Ruth Nelson, Phoebe Brand, and Paula Miller do the right thing by the virgins, which is more than most of the menfolk do. As the mother, Evelyn Varden makes the most of a very good part, and Alexander Kirkland makes the most of a part that seemed to belong in some other play up the street.

—Robert Benchley

STARTING BUSINESSES FROM THE CRADLE

IT IS one thing to develop new winning sales ideas for an advertiser whose success is already established. It is a much more difficult one to start from scratch and advertise an infant industry into a robust and profitable maturity.

Yet Lord & Thomas have a unique record in this field, where the mortality rate is high.

Many of today's successful advertisers have had Lord & Thomas from the start. Many infant products christened by us are household words today.

Some such clients have been with us 10, 20, 30 years. They won for the sole reason that *right* advertising has delivered intrenched leadership and rich rewards year after year. It is the only kind of advertising that Lord & Thomas recognize—Salesmanship-in-Print gauged by *net profits*.

It is this principle which guides us in our work for new advertisers who came with us last year and this year—advertisers who, we believe, will be leaders 10, 20 and 30 years from today.





What this means in Experience

PIONEERING in new fields over 63 years has brought rich rewards not only to our advertisers, but invaluable experience to Lord & Thomas.

We have learned what *fails* as well as what *succeeds*. While we are the last to claim infallibility, we have cashed in and capitalized our failures—they are not repeated.

In copy-testing, in radio showmanship, and in many other sound practices which are accepted today as fundamentals in advertising, Lord & Thomas were the pioneers who developed them to their greatest effectiveness.

There are many well-known businesses in whose inception we were privileged to play a leading part. Their problems, as with most new industries, embraced not only Salesmanship-in-Print, but merchandising, distribution, markets and dealers.

It is a source of pride to us that these diverse businesses—now grown to a robust and outstanding maturity—still entrust their advertising to Lord & Thomas.

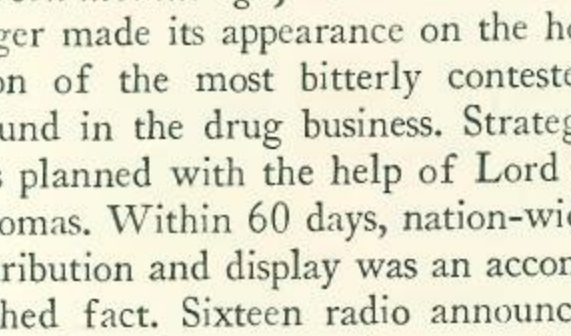
We are equally proud that among our new clients today, several are starting fresh from the cradle. Businesses which bid fair to repeat the success of the others.

Here are a few Examples

—*Seven months ago,* a brand new challenger made its appearance on the horizon of the most bitterly contested ground in the drug business. Strategy was planned with the help of Lord & Thomas. Within 60 days, nation-wide distribution and display was an accomplished fact. Sixteen radio announcements brought requests for more than 2,000,000 samples. Sales volume today exceeds $40,000 a month, and is on the rise at a geometric rate!

* * *

—*Twenty-eight years ago,* Lord & Thomas assisted a group of western



fruit growers in forming a Cooperative. An original venture of $3000 in Iowa—a test campaign—marked their entrance into advertising. Today, this client has seen the per capita consumption of oranges increased from *32 to 72 a year.*

* * *

—*Twenty years ago,* Lord & Thomas were asked to advise on the launching of a new dentifrice. Our counsel was sought not only along the line of advertising, but in regard to fundamental strategy of manufacture, merchandising and distribution. Aggressive Salesmanship-in-Print lifted it to the top of the sales field—a world position which it has steadily maintained despite increasingly stiff competition.

* * *

—*Twelve years ago, a client's adroit mind* discovered merchandising possibilities in one of his by-products. Today, it has created a whole new industry, with hundreds of imitators, but



true Salesmanship-in-Print continues to maintain its dominance.

A Product Need Not be New

THESE are the stories of a few of the many advertisers who continue to reap the rewards of Salesmanship-in-Print, as practiced by Lord & Thomas.

Nor does a product have to be *new*—like these mentioned—to yield new advertising ideas. Men with *feel* for ideas that *sell* often dig great advertising success out of seemingly barren or worked-over ground. Some of our greatest successes are made with products in which others fail to find the winning *Reason-Why*.

These are the rewards of 63 years of experience in applying the basic principles of Salesmanship-in-Print, and $500,000,000 invested for clients in advertising. And of this sum, $180,000,000 was placed *during the past five years of depression.*

LORD & THOMAS · *advertising*

There are Lord & Thomas offices in New York; Chicago; Los Angeles; San Francisco; Toronto; Paris; London

(Advertisement)



"I *am giving you the most perfect thing of its kind that I could buy.*" **A Christmas present of Wamsutta expresses this for you without your saying a word or adding a line to the lovely silver and gold Wamsutta gift-card.**

Gift-wrapped pairs of smooth, long-wearing *Supercale* pillow cases with a double row of hemstitching cost only $2.50 or thereabouts. Exquisite hemstitched *Supercale* sheets range in price from around $7.60 a pair to $100 for an embroidered white or colored trousseau set.

In this range you will find exactly the right gifts for everyone who appreciates beautiful things . . . and who will be thinking as she unwraps them, *"There is only one Wamsutta."*

WAMSUTTA MILLS · NEW BEDFORD · MASS.

Since 1846 — The Finest of Cottons

WAMSUTTA *Supercale* SHEETS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MISS MAMIE HARRIS

Miss Brown, editorial director of the big moving-picture company, frowned at Mrs. Harvey Harris's card. It was her busy day. But then it was always her busy day. It would be as inconvenient, and as futile, she was convinced, to see Mrs. Harvey Harris next week or next month as now. The card had a battered look.

"I'll see her," Miss Brown said.

She had a vision of Mrs. Harvey Harris—small, thin, probably underfed, shabby. A person for whom she could do nothing, because the creature could do nothing for herself. But Mrs. Harvey Harris breezed into the office like a ship under full sail. Her thin silk gown and the dingy chiffon at her neck billowed as she breasted invisible waves. She kept a straight course to the editor's desk, dropped into a chair beside it, and fixed Miss Brown with a compelling eye.

"This," she announced, "is my daughter, Miss Mamie Harris."

Miss Brown had thought there was something in the visitor's wake, but she had not been quite sure what. It was a girl, very young, not more than seventeen, and quite extraordinarily pretty. She had been trying to merge into the room's background of files and typewriter desks. Now, discovered, she groped for a chair, pulled it to a point a little behind her mother, and sat down. Miss Brown said, "How do you do," and the girl repeated the words in a voice that was almost inaudible.

"I've brought her here to get her started in pictures," Mrs. Harvey Harris continued.

Miss Brown nodded. "She ought to photograph well," she agreed. "Have you had any tests?"

"She photographs grand," Mrs. Harris assured her. Miss Brown looked again at the girl. There seemed to be no more temperament in the child than in a small, newly hatched yellow chicken.

"I'm afraid, in any case, they've sent you to the wrong office," Miss Brown explained gently. "I have nothing to do with casting, you know. My job is to find good plays."

"They told me to come here," Mrs. Harris said.

"Who did?"

"Somebody out there. They said the casting director was on location. They told me to see you."

Miss Brown was annoyed. She was convinced that her time was as

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH STREET



Forbath & Rejane

CHRISTMAS TABLEAU

No pantomine of the London Christmas season can present a more radiant Cinderella. Her gown is an Exclusive, starched and pleated chantilly. Her bodice is buttoned with tiny jewels. Her wrap is a magnificent new Exclusive made of upholstery brocatelle in mellowed ivory, like old damask. (The weaver can turn out only one hundred yards a week and we've taken the entire output.) Both the gown and the wrap are discoveries of our famous Debutante Shop and price of each is 39.75. The gown in sizes 12 to 16—black, white, blue, rose, topaz. DEBUTANTE SHOP, EIGHTH FLOOR

IF IT'S TO BE A JEWEL . . .



IT SHOULD BE FROM MARCUS, for here the chic contemporary setting is skillfully used as a foil for stones of authentic beauty. Three generations of experience and an interest in the current scene explain why Marcus jewels are favored by the cosmopolitan woman. Suggestions: a disarming clip-brooch of round and fancy diamonds, $1100; the very smart gold clips are set with diamonds, $87.50 each; an unusual bracelet of black jade and moonstones, $475; a diamond bracelet, chic as the season, $2500; an extremely wearable gold pin, $38; a handsome emerald, square and flawless, mounted as a ring, $10,500.

The store, of course, is a treasure house of other suggestions. Infinite in variety, they also display an encouraging versatility in price . . . from $5 to the thousands. And don't forget your Christmas cards.

MARCUS & COMPANY

JEWELERS AND STATIONERS • FIFTH AVENUE AT 53rd STREET • Wickersham 2-7100

important as that of Nick Wheeler, the casting director. Once in a while Wheeler sent her someone he really wanted her to look over. Several times a day he sent her someone he wanted to get rid of. It was a habit of his she was trying to break.

"Have you registered?" she asked.

"We register every time we come," Mrs. Harvey Harris explained. "We been here a dozen times. I brought Mamie in the first time last year. They told me she wasn't educated. So I sent her to school. Now she's educated, but it don't seem to make any difference."

"Where was she educated?" Miss Brown asked faintly.

"At our high school in Rockford."

"Did she graduate?"

"No. But she stayed there all last year. It would of took three more years to graduate. There's reasons why we couldn't wait all that time."

MISS BROWN sighed. The woman's eyes were panicky, and both mother and daughter looked starved. She glanced at the girl's face again. There was expression on it now; utter despair had settled like a mask over the pretty features. Miss Brown smiled at her, but the girl did not see the smile.

"Do you want to be in pictures?" Miss Brown asked her.

The girl did not reply. Her mother spoke sharply. "Mamie, answer the lady when she speaks to you."

Mamie started, then gulped nervously. "Yeah," she said.

"Why don't you say 'yes' to the lady, Mamie? How's she goin' to know you're educated if you say 'yeah'?"

"Yes," said Mamie.

Miss Brown began to grow desperate.

"She can act real good," Mrs. Harris said.

"Oh, then she has had some experience?"

"No, she ain't acted on the stage yet," Mrs. Harris admitted. "But I make her act at home, and she's grand. If I say to her, 'Mamie, your lover has just fell dead at your feet,' she comes up to it grand. The screech she let out the first time I said that was somethin' awful. Would you like to hear her do it now?"

Miss Brown shook her head quickly. She was thinking hard. The two unfortunates before her were unquestionably starving. She had a weakness, she was afraid, for unfortunates.

"She's really very pretty," Miss Brown murmured, looking at the girl thoughtfully. The little thing might

QUESTIONNAIRE FOR GENTLEMEN

Question No. 1
HAVE YOU A LITTLE WOMAN?

Question No. 2
HOW MANY DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS?

Question No. 3
WHAT STEPS HAVE YOU TAKEN TO FIND OUT WHAT SHE WANTS AND GET IT? WE THOUGHT SO. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU KNOW? IF SHE TOLD YOU, WHY DID YOU BELIEVE HER?

The trouble with men is that they are all alike. Last minute boys. All of them.

They all wait till the last minute, with hot flushes and a choking sensation welling to the rims of their collars; shortness of breath is frequently noted. When the relentless tick of their watches becomes a Gong of Doom, and only then, they break gasping out of their cages, snap up an armload of gloves, stockings, handkerchiefs, perfumes, and other agreeable classics, dump them at the trim ankles of their Little Woman or Women, and wonder why she doesn't throw an emotional Jumbo.

★

Well, men, get this straight. The trouble with you is that you didn't aim



The clock is only **7.94,** *including works*

at the target. The trouble with you is that you didn't realize that every gal has a peculiarly tender spot in her heart for a peculiarly penetrating gift. Like the nutty and altogether superb modern clock shown on this page, for instance. Like the exquisite spiral glass tray and glass vase in the other picture. What man would ever dare pick out a spiral glass tray and a glass vase? *Ans.:* Only the man who took the trouble to get something different for the Little Woman.

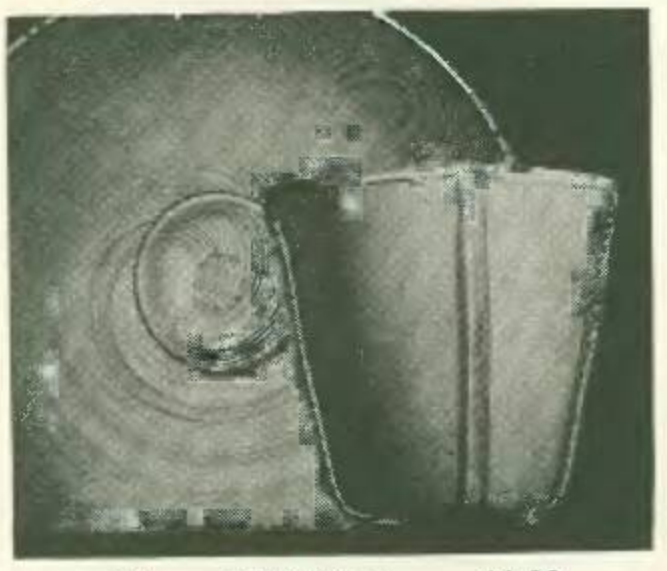
★

And oddly enough, that's just where Macy's comes in. For we have a new and engaging service for Thoughtful Gentlemen. This service is conducted by Keen Women in Macy's Decorating Shop, who will take you by the arm, question you with complete understanding, dart with you to precisely the right *un*usual gifts, at precisely what you wanted to pay, and who will so personalize the manner of your giving that



Seventeen pieces in all . . . and only **11.99**

you may expect in return nothing less than a suitcase full of dinner invitations, invitations to Palm Beach, loans of town cars, and proposals to marriage. (If the Little Woman happens to be already your wife, the above responses will prove even more welcome.)



The tray is **19.99;** *the vase,* **11.99**

Picture *your* Little Woman as she unwraps a modern coffee set in gray china with little scarlet bows upon it. Picture *your* Little Woman as she unveils from its tissue yonder cockeyed earthenware rooster—yonder cockeyed French white rooster with scarlet comb, bill, Dun-



The Gallic alarm-clock is a mere **9.97**

drearies and tail feathers. Picture *your* Little Woman finding herself the proud possessor of a swell new, *old* Chippendale chair—the one she didn't dare ask you for; picture her rallying to the impact of a zoo Staffordshire, a juicy bit of ancient English silverware, a lamp of unique character. Go ahead and picture her.

★

Well, gents, that's the sort of thing Macy's Decorating Shop is up to, and the sooner you come in and ask for a Great Deal of Prompt and Intelligent Service from one of the staff, the sooner you put your principal Christmas problem over with finesse. And if you don't think finesse is everything, just recall how quickly your commonplace last-minute extravagances were forgotten. *Finesse sticks to the ribs.*

Gentlemen, this is an *individual* service. Are you an individual, or are you not?

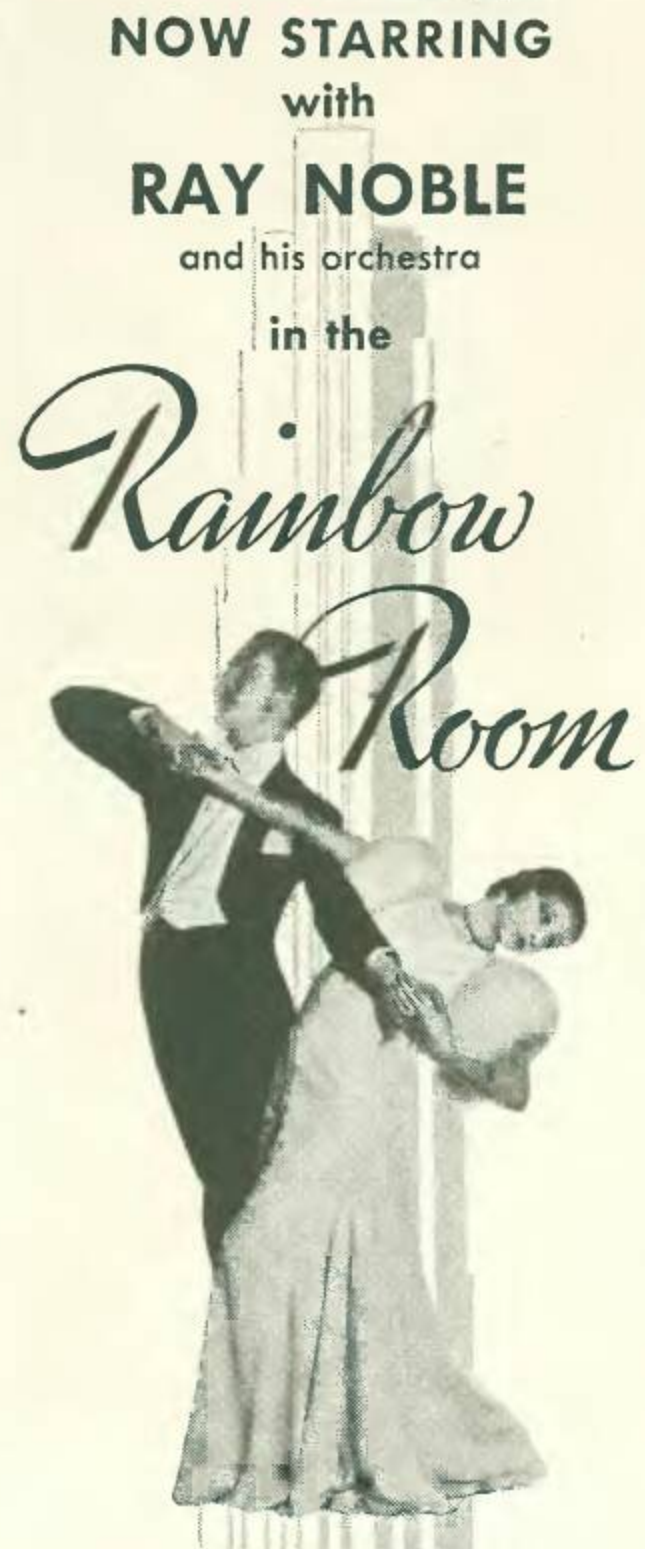
The Decorating Shop is on the 9th floor at Macy's, and is not crowded, and it has ashtrays.

★

THE
DECORATING SHOP
AT
MACY'S
34TH STREET & B'WAY, N.Y.C.



NOW STARRING
with
RAY NOBLE
and his orchestra
in the
Rainbow Room



LYDIA AND JORESCO
dancing that is gay in spirit . . .
lyrical in movement
appearing at
DINNER AND SUPPER
with
ANN GREENWAY
songs smartly styled, subtly different
FORMAL
Use Rockefeller Center Parking Space
Entrance 48th & 49th Sts.

6:30 until 3 A. M. nightly—except Sundays
Dinner Entertainment 8:30
Supper Entertainment 12:15
RESERVATIONS—CIRCLE 6-1400
ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF

be able to carry the rôle of a lady's maid, in a fetching uniform and with a simple line or two.

"Pick up an imaginary telephone and take a message," she suggested. Mamie jumped.

"What message?"

"Any message. Listen, and then say, 'Yes, Madam. I will tell Mrs. Brooke when she comes in.'"

Mamie thrust out a rigid arm and clutched a handful of air as if it were the hair of somebody about to drown. "Yeah," she gulped. "I mean, hullo. I mean, I'll tell Miss Brooke when she comes in."

"Listen first," Miss Brown directed. "Then say, 'Yes, Madam. I will tell—'"

Mamie tried again. The thing went better. Mamie's voice, Miss Brown was relieved to discover, was not really bad.

"There's a nice little maid's part in a play Mr. Wheeler is casting now," Miss Brown told the girl. "He might consider you. I'll see if he's back."

Mrs. Harvey Harris leaned forward abruptly.

"I dunno's I want her to start with such a little part," she said slowly. But her eyes were eager. Mamie's face now looked almost alive. Miss Brown ignored the interruption.

"Have you and your mother had your luncheon yet?" she asked the girl.

"No. Well, I mean—no."

"Well, suppose you lunch here in our cafeteria as my guests," Miss Brown suggested smilingly. "I had my lunch at one, but I'll go with you and order yours, and while you're having it I'll look up Mr. Wheeler. I think I can arrange for you to see him when he gets back."

"Seems such a little part," murmured Mrs. Harris.

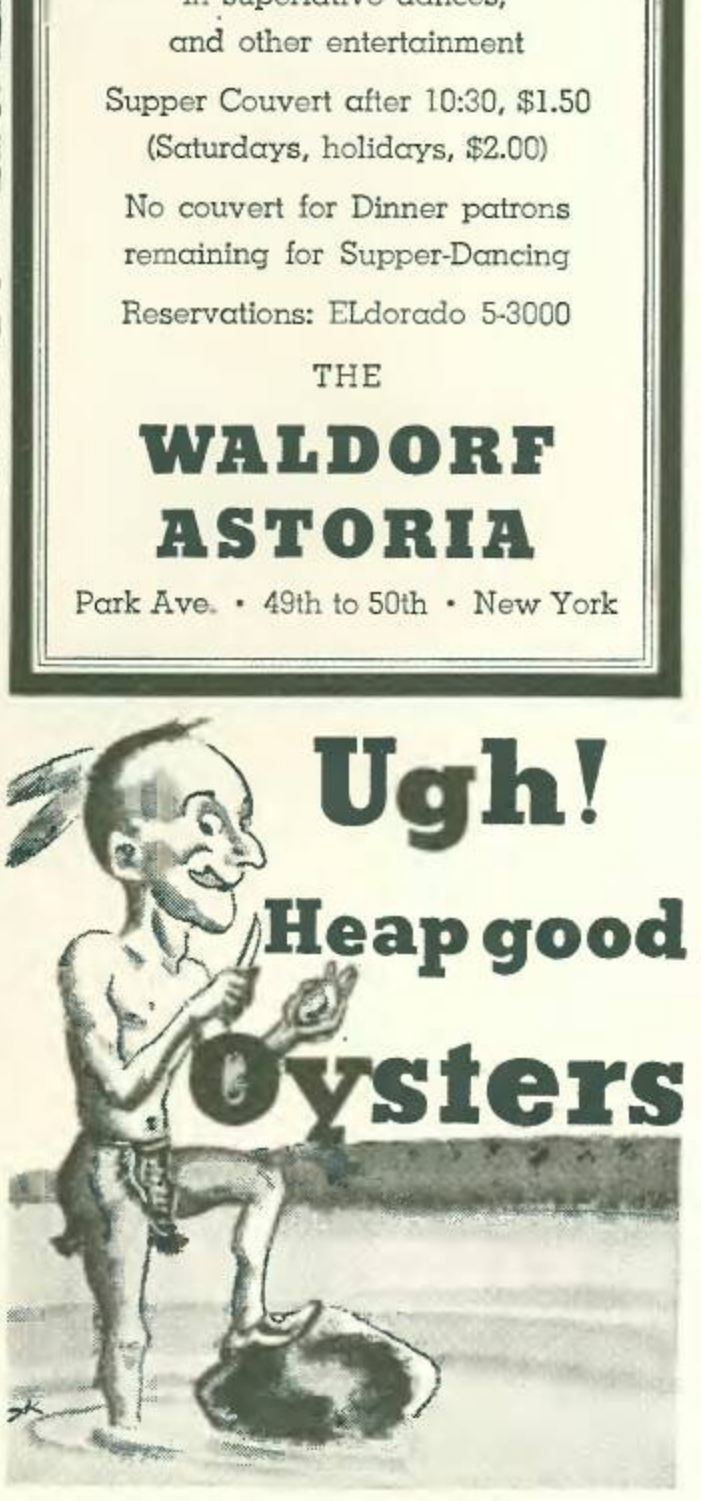
"It's a fine part," said Miss Brown. "Come along to the cafeteria and I'll tell you why. You see," she explained as they went along the hall, "it's a big moment in the play. There's a murdered woman in that room, behind a screen. The murderer is still in the room, too. He has only time to get behind a window curtain when the telephone rings and the maid comes in. She goes straight to the telephone, of course, and answers it. Then she flashes on the lights and moves about the room a minute. She passes very close to the screen, and moves toward the window as if to pull the curtain."

Mrs. Harris gasped.

"Then she utters an awful screech!" she cried ecstatically.

"She does nothing of the sort," Miss

THE
SERT ROOM
FORMAL
DINNER-DANCING
SUPPER-DANCING
AL DONAHUE
and his Orchestra
alternate with
XAVIER CUGAT
and his Tango Band
☆
The superb GEORGES and JALNA
in superlative dances;
and other entertainment
Supper Couvert after 10:30, $1.50
(Saturdays, holidays, $2.00)
No couvert for Dinner patrons
remaining for Supper-Dancing
Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000
THE
WALDORF ASTORIA
Park Ave. • 49th to 50th • New York



The early American Indian settled on the upper part of Long Island so he could live on Robbins Island Oysters, those delicious big salty flavored oysters from pure, cold Long Island waters. Today many a big Chief and his favorite Squaw are going to the better class oyster bars, cafes, hotels and restaurants in New York and insisting on Robbins Island Oysters. We will be pleased to send you a booklet on Robbins Island Oysters and tell you where you can be served with them.

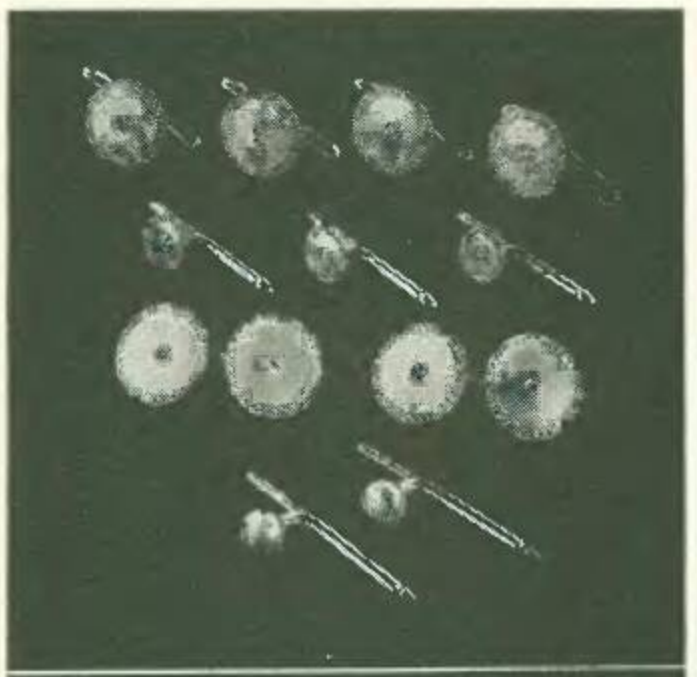
Robbins Island
OYSTERS
NEW SUFFOLK LONG ISLAND
STANDARD OYSTER COMPANY
New Suffolk, Long Island, New York
Sole Producers of ROBBINS ISLAND OYSTERS



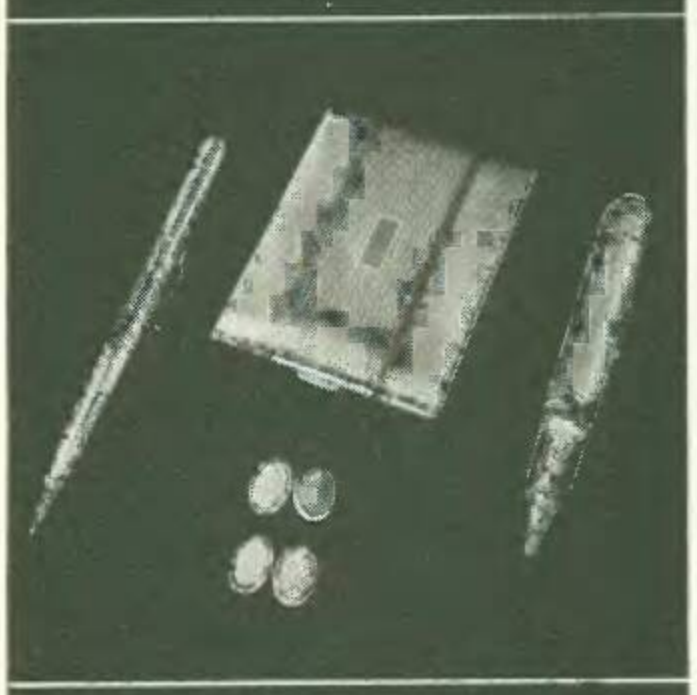
HOLIDAY MAKING

FOR HIM

Gold pocket watch. $65. Gold chain. $25. Gold knife. $15.

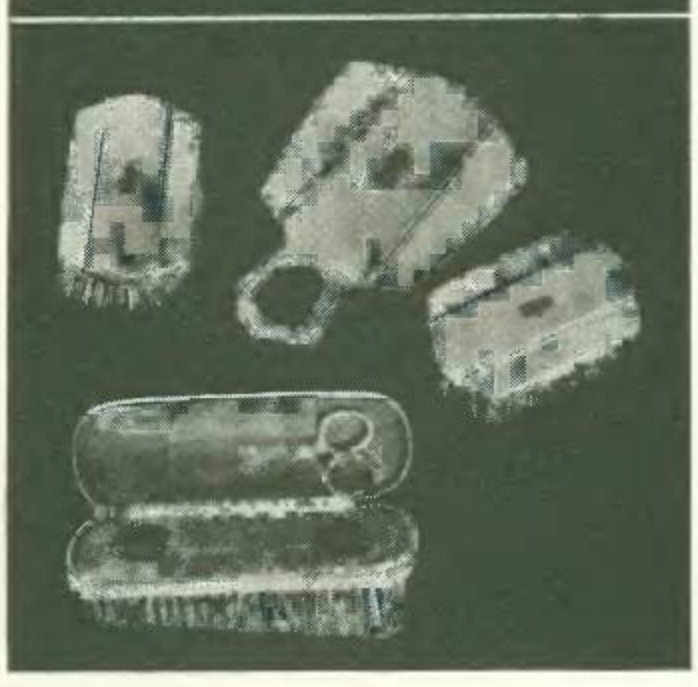


Dress set with exclusive border design. $160. Pearl studs. $625 the pair. Others from $155.



Gold strap watch. $85. Gold bill clip with St. Christopher medal. $45. Ostrich leather bill fold with gold corners. $18. Gold fountain pen. $45.

Gold cuff links. $36. Sterling cigarette case. $16. Sterling "Flash-o-light" pencil. $9. Gold pencil with leads in three colors. $70.



The new "dumb-bell" cocktail shaker. Sterling, $60. Plate, $6.00. Plated stand, $2. Crystal cocktail glass, with diamond cutting, $42 a dozen.

Sterling mirror. $29. Military brushes. $25 the pair. Clothes brush with zipper compartment containing scissors, nail file and comb. $6.

BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM

1810 • OUR 125th CHRISTMAS • 1935

Jewelers • Silversmiths • Stationers

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK • 586 CENTRAL AVENUE, EAST ORANGE, N. J.



Smokers' accessories in leather. Tobacco jar, $15; lighter, $7; ash tray, $7.

China plate with polo scene. $48 a dozen. Crystal decanter. $12. Whiskey glasses. $18 a dozen.



DENNISON'S
for smart
GIFT WRAPPINGS



Papers, ribbons, labels, seals, and tie-ons . . . luxurious, amusing, glamorous or gay. In a profusion you'll find nowhere else in town, at prices right in line with the Christmas spirit.

In addition, an expert will bedeck and wrap your packages for a nominal charge.

Dennison's
WHERE THE FUN BEGINS

37th STREET ■ 411 FIFTH AVENUE

Brown assured her. "She decides not to draw the curtain and she goes out of the room. But it's quite thrilling, for of course the audience expects her to go to the curtain and discover the murderer."

"She ought to discover it. That part oughta be changed," Mrs. Harris proclaimed, but not with great conviction. They entered the cafeteria in silence.

As her guests settled down with their loaded trays in front of them, Miss Brown glanced again at Mamie. The girl's loveliness now was undeniable; it was simply effulgent. I can persuade Wheeler, Miss Brown decided confidently, and she strode off to find him. —ELIZABETH JORDAN

•

STORIES OF TODAY

BOO!

Miss Frances F. Campion,
Member of the New York
Anti-Vivisection Society,
Bitterly condemned
Rat-poisoning campaigns

And urged folks instead
To "frighten them away."

APOLOGIA

As a defence
Against a charge of shooting
A friend in an argument,

Johnny Stewart,
Of Wilson, North Carolina,
Explained to the court
That he "only meant
To shoot him easy."

HEROIC MEASURE

Annoyed and angered
When the railroad refused
To put in a siding for them,

Residents of Mounds, Oklahoma,
Jacked up their houses
And moved the whole town
To another location.

ETIQUETTE IN CATHAY

The new Chinese
Criminal Code
Forbids a husband
To take a concubine

Unless he first
Obtains permission
From his wife.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



NEW Remarkable
Zeiss Ikon
Cameras

A GIFT that means new and exciting adventures in photography! With their automatic range-finder focusing, fast Zeiss lenses and ingenious mechanical features, the new Zeiss Ikon Cameras take pictures impossible with conventional types. . . . Candid photos of people, fast-action sport pictures, shots at night, scenic pictures in adverse light, etc. Many models at leading dealers. *Write for literature.*

New Featherweight Zeiss Binoculars are 32% to 40% lighter. Easier to hold. more convenient in every way. Tested for 10 years under all conditions.

At leading dealers

CARL ZEISS INC.
Dept. TC
485 Fifth Ave., New York
728 So. Hill St.
Los Angeles

NEW Featherweight BINOCULARS
ZEISS

CRITICS ARE RAVING

About The

NEWEST LONGCHAMPS

MADISON AVENUE at 59th STREET
(Entrances on Both Madison and 59th)

OPEN ALL NIGHT

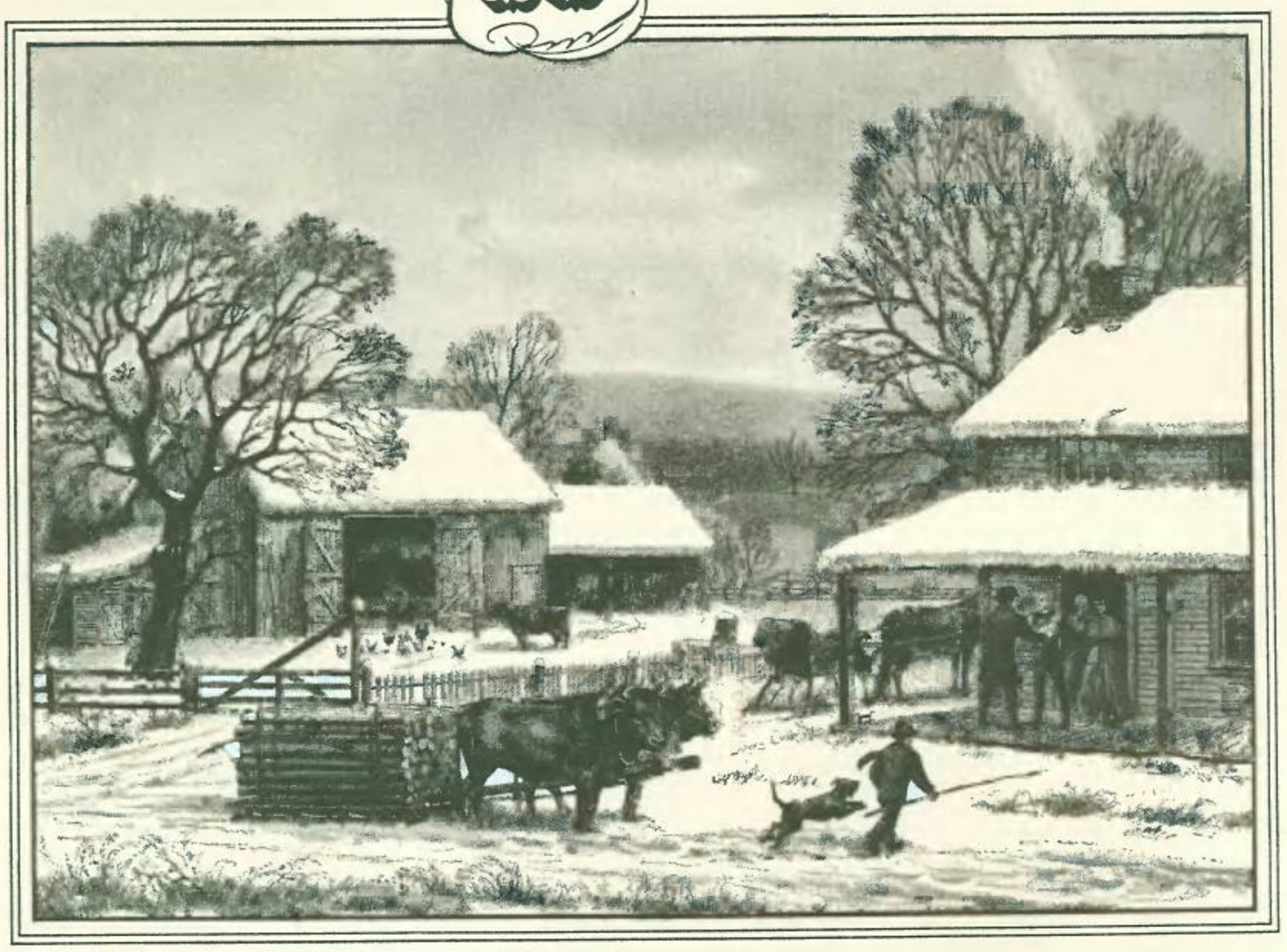
SMASH HIT OF THE SEASON IN THE WORLD OF DINING AND DRINKING

FEATURING:
Indian Restaurant • Oval
Terraced Bar • Pullman
Diner • Chafing Dish
Buffet for After-Theatre

Double-Size, Double-"Kick"
COCKTAILS From 25¢

ONE OF NINE RESTAURANTS
Longchamps

BACK HOME AGAIN



FOR DINNER TONIGHT IN INDIANA

without leaving New York

When dinner time comes do you long for a home down by the banks of the Wabash? Where you once sat down nightly to a dinner prepared by "the best cook in the world?" Where the peas were as green as grass after a spring shower, where the mashed potatoes were really mashed, where the roast beef relied on mother's unerring instinct to coax out every last sparkle of flavor from its own natural juices?

Stop longing. You can go back home tonight . . . and any night . . . just by turning your steps to the nearest Schrafft's for dinner. For Schrafft's serve what mother used to serve. Prepared her way, cooked her way, served her way. Good American food of the highest order. So if the throb of this great city makes you yearn for the good things back home . . .

DINE TONIGHT AT **SCHRAFFT'S**

WHERE AMERICA COMES HOME TO DINNER

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS



HERE we go into the home stretch, still kidding ourselves that there is something newer to find for Christmas gifts than handkerchiefs, stockings, a good book, or a pipe. During the past weeks, we have dealt firmly with questions of:

November 2. . . . Christmas cards, playing cards, stationery, and handkerchiefs.
November 9. . . . Custom luggage, special orders for men, and special orders for the house.
November 16. . . . For the house.
November 23. . . . Lingerie, and games, guns, and gadgets.
November 30. . . . Gifts for the young, food from back home, books for younger children.

This week, we discuss:

The big, bewildering stores, below
Jewelry, page 84
Wrappings and trimmings, page 93
Records, page 113
Books for boys and girls, page 143

THE BIG, BEWILDERING STORES

THE title of this is always misleading; what we try to cover is the general accessories at the big shops, which are likely to be bewildering. Everyone knows that no woman ever has enough stockings, and that good stockings can be found at every price. To the joy of man, black-heeled stockings that suggest Paris are chic again; Bergdorf Goodman have honeys around $1.65. Gloves, another staple gift (most women would rather have several pairs of simple slipon gloves in suède than the most deluxe evening pair), have two new phases. There is a mania for bright-colored gloves—sulphur yellow, poison cerises, odd rusty browns and reds, olive green, sapphire blue, and the like—to wear with black dresses; and for city as well as country, crocheted wool gloves in gay colors are very smart. Fob watches have swept the shops, and come in all kinds of versions, from the masculine-sized affair surrounded by wood or pigskin to delicate numbers in rhinestone, surrounded by prystal. Jay-Thorpe are particularly good for watches set in prystal in clips, fobs, and everything; for around $29.50. Expensive and lovely antique-brocade evening bags are always an impressive gift. Among the modern, glistening lamés, the sensation this year looks like a squarish envelope bag fastened together with a clip; opened, it is a satin-sided box that eliminates groping; about $25 at places like Bonwit Teller. Suède day bags with simple metal frames and trick ways of opening are surefire gifts and can come at any price; Elizabeth Arden's black suède affair with a gold-metal frame is lined with black satin and has her compact and lipstick, a space for a cigarette pack, a match pack, comb, etc.; a knockout at $29.50. Alligator handbags are everywhere as the daytime equivalent of the antique-brocade evening bag. They are expensive, eternally chic, and last for years. And have you heard that no woman ever has enough handkerchiefs? Some gifts, though banal, are forever welcome.

ALTMAN: Sensational "diamond" jewelry—huge half-circle clip, liberal with baguettes, three inches long and two deep, for "V" of an evening dress; $15. Glittering pins that break up neatly to become two clips for the dress and two for the ears; $18.50. Hair ornaments: Alice in Wonderland combs of rhinestones; $3.95. Hair clips in the form of bowknots or fans; $1.95. Other jewelry items: Enamel-and-rhinestone alligators, crabs, frogs, lobsters, beetles, and things usually considered horrid; $1.95 and $2.95. Clips and pins of gold metal with green or black enamel, in the guise of flying fish, salmon, and so forth; $1.95 to $3.95. Gold-sword scarf pin, with chain to hold scarf in place; $1. Cigarette case of black composition or wood, with gold bands and edges of green, red, or black composition; really cute; $1. Round loose-powder compacts, with gold-filigree metal edges, made of mother-of-pearl in pastel shades; $1.

Stockings: If you buy three pairs of the very-fine-indeed $1.35 service sheer hose, they will be packed in a little Top Hat box. Other stockings are



"Well, this is what the costume company sent."

The Jaeckel Furs



This Natural Mink cape is $575. The Muff, $125. Other Mink capes from $275.



New short coat of Russian Ermine, $475.
Or choose a little Ermine cape, $285.

A Leopard Cat coat is $250

Seal Dyed Muskrat, $265
Muff, $45

It's the Gift she would choose for herself!

Even if it is only a tiny muff or an inexpensive sports coat, it is a gift that carries with it all the glamour and authority that goes with the Jaeckel name. Just in case you have grown used to the idea that we are concerned only with rare and precious furs, we illustrate a few typical Jaeckel fashions from the Little Shop where you will find Jaeckel sports coats as low as $150. If on the other hand you wish to lay the most magnificent furs in the world at some fair lady's feet, let us suggest our short Russian Sable coat, or a Russian Ermine wrap to her heels—a magnificent Labrador mink or one of our very, very unusual Silver Fox capes. We have prepared for Christmas by making up a number of our loveliest models for immediate wearing.

Mr. Richard Jaeckel will show a new fur collection in Los Angeles, Cal., at the Hotel Ambassador, December 9th, 10th & 11th.



Jaeckel **546 FIFTH AVENUE, AT 45th ST., NEW YORK**



You can look
so young in
Persian Lamb

if it's cut to ripple
from your shoulders and
flare about your face.
Lord & Taylor's very youth-
ful collection is based
on silky light weight
skins, inky black and
tightly curled.
Third Floor.
395.00

Lord & Taylor

Fifth Avenue

similarly honored, too. Handkerchiefs: All kinds, naturally, the most ingratiating being of fine pastel linens with hand-drawn edges; $1. Printed-sateen handkerchief-scarves, wonderful; $1.95. Gloves: Lots of white kid affairs trimmed with gold kid for evening; around $4.95 to $7.95. Sports gloves of calf with thong lacing; $5.50. Evening bags: Tiny lamé evening bag, containing compact and lipstick under outside flap and space for money, latchkey, and handkerchief inside; $5, and a honey. Satin bag with latticework of rhinestones over it, simulated pearl rings and drawstring above; $28.50. Grand knitted cap-and-scarf sets: Austrian striped turtlenecks with "V" bibs. With striped cap to match; $4.95. Five-sided big beret; $7.95 with scarf. Hat with striped bands around top and edges, to accompany gloves with fuzzy, turned-back cuffs and scarf; $7.95.

BENDEL: Exceptional vanities: Lapis, jade, or coral composition decorates square or round cases in conventional or giddy motifs; $16.50 to $22. Round enamel vanities with imitation diamond business or a large imitation pearl in the centre; $10. Crystal bottles for the dressing table, all shapes, made of hand-cut crystal; $15. Tiny crystal bottles with stoppers, for perfume; $2.50.

Simple scarves come in grand colors, and you are supposed to buy two to twist together and make a four-point tie; $6.50 each. Ostrich fans; $25 and $30. And Bendel claims to be one of the few places that can supply rat-tail shell combs; $1.25.

Antelope gloves with dressmaker touches; $9.50 and $12.50. Suède slipons with hand stitching and a wide flare; $9.50. Stowaway day bag of velvet or calf leather. Eighteen inches long, and opens out in a squarish way to reveal all the contents, eliminating fumbling; $40. Tailored robes of washable striped chenille, in heavenly colors. Warm, practical, and still eminently smart; $25. Just one feature of a superb department for dressing gowns and hostess affairs.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: The timepieces are always superb here. Travelling clocks with square, modern faces and suède cases; $10, and exclusive. Wooden watches: one is contained in a cylinder that dangles from a wooden link bracelet; $85. Also in fob and wristwatch versions. All kinds of fob watches, in leather and wood, the newest being a disc of metal with a watch face set in well below the centre; $38. A brown wood-composition case has a top that slides forward and a watch that comes up; for handbag or travelling; $15. Evening case of shell that is practically unbreakable; shaped like a super-deep fifty-cigarette tin, and partitioned off for cigarettes, comb, cosmetics, change, etc.; has a tailored suède case; $300, and a knockout. Collapsible vanity box with limp sides, in silver or gold kid, velvet, suède, or satin; $25 and $30. Royal sceptre of gold or silver metal, with ball top that contains powder, rouge, and place for change, a handle that breaks to show a comb, cigarettes, etc.; new and amusing, and unfit for temperamental women, being potentially a good weapon; $25.



Handbags: Suède skirt bag with buttons at sides; $25. Flat round bags with a frame of beads completely encircling them; $35 to $55. With a circle of real shell around black suède; $175. Stockings: Bergdorf Goodman are famous for their $1.65 stockings, sheer, with a black heel to bring out the *Vie Parisienne* in man's memory. Handkerchiefs: Definite return to handkerchiefs with edges of real lace, and enchanting they look, too. Largish size; $7 to $15. Swiss linen daytime handkerchiefs, with simple block initial of point turque at corner; $2. Also with point-turque circles forming a block initial. Dressmaker suède bags with gloves to match; shades like saffron and bordeaux; bags around $28. Vab products: All kinds of cases for handkerchiefs, nightgowns, lingerie, and so on, in various fabrics. Set of three cases, for travelling, in bright polka-dot fabric; $3.50. Rubber-lined laundry bags in charming fabrics; $6 to $10. Printed crêpe-de-Chine blanket-covers; $16.

Wooden trays for drinks, with chromium handles inset at the sides; modern and nice; $6, $7, and $8. White leather-covered bridge table with four comfortable, though collapsible, chairs, also covered in white leather; $40 a set. Nest of tables, one large and two small, and couldn't be more charming; $25.

Lingerie department: Bunny-lined velvet jackets and robes; $65 and $150. And don't forget that, for around $45, Bergdorf has a phenomenal collection of hostess gowns that might well be worn out as dinner dresses.

Luxury note: Mink-tail carriage robes are $550, and there is a below-knee-length silver-fox cape that weighs less than the two-skin scarf of old. It is $3,000. Start your hinting early.

BEST: The "Best for bags" slogan is backed up this year by such wonders as muff bags of antelope lined with leopard cloth; $12.50. Large bags of calf, simply tailored; $16.50. Calf with stitching that makes vertical ribs; a zipper fastener at the top; $7.50. Grand suèdes; around $12.50, notably one with a latch fastening. Lots of imported brocade evening bags, velvet-lined; $18.50. And a large selection of alligator triumphs; around $25 and $29.50.

Gloves: Being practical is chic these days. Crocheted string gloves with wool lining; $2.95. Driving gloves of

MARK CROSS
ESTABLISHED 1845
TRADE MARK
ENGLAND

LOOK AT ALL THREE*



404 FIFTH AVENUE · 655 FIFTH AVENUE · 175 BROADWAY

YOU'LL FIND THE MOST GLORIOUS

Christmas Gifts

AT ANY MARK CROSS STORE

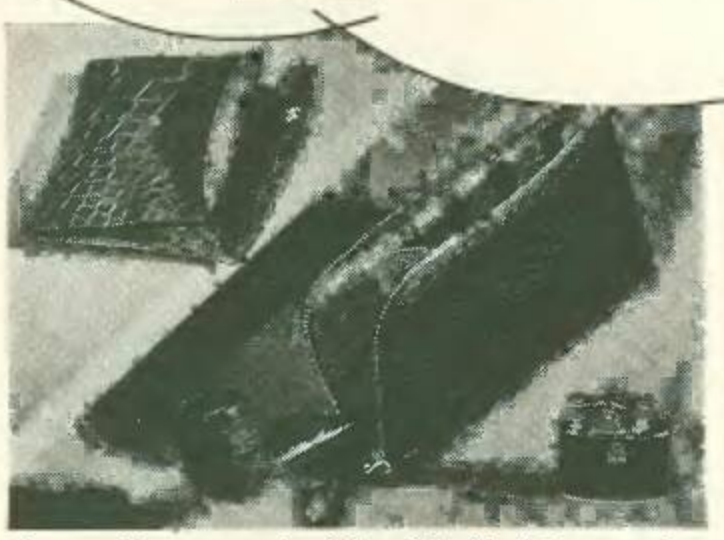


Charming English wicker sewing basket, 10½" x 8", completely fitted and satin-lined. Tan, green, red or blue pin morocco cover, $12.50. Fitted sewing box. Brown, blue, green or tan crushed levant, $6. Fitted "roll-up" manicure, in morocco, $3.75.

18" bag in our new Sun Tan hide (or black grained hide) with neat zipper closure, $13.50. (20", $14.50). Chromium-fitted toilet case in Sun Tan, or black or brown grained hide, $25; pigskin, $29.50. Crocodile, $34.50.



Will she be "Off to Florida!" after Christmas? Give this 20-inch suitcase in Scotch-grained hide, with every conceivable enamel and chromium fitting — even a leather-covered clock! Blue, green, black or brown, $59.50.



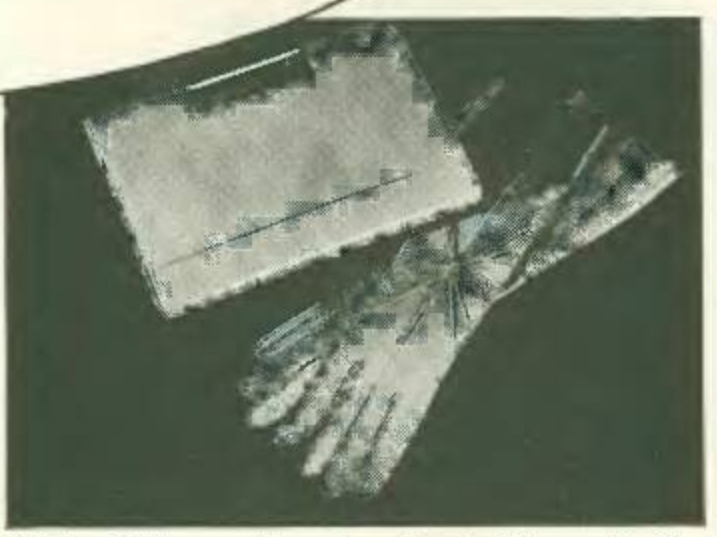
Our smoking accessories (selected by Englishmen — who smoke!) include this oilskin-lined zipper pouch with suede lined pipe pocket. Pigskin or pin seal, $7.50. Golden crocodile, $12. Briar pipes, made for us in England, $4. Golden crocodile, one-day-supply pouch, $7.50. Pigskin, $4. Leather-covered lighters for both men or women, $4.



"The Versatile Vanity" in assorted French brocades, black velvet, antelope, or dull black satin, can go to any formal affair. Matching fittings — purse, cigarette case, compact, comb, French mirror, $17.50. Wide-flare formal glove in hand-sewn French doeskin, 8 button length, brown, black, white, chamois, or beige, $10.



For a Mrs. Samuel Pepys (or a Miss Pepys) this lock-and-key diary, vealskin or pin morocco in colours, $8.50. 8-day clock in vealskin case (various colours) $15. Loose-leaf address book in vealskin (many colours) $6.50.



We found this exquisite roll-top bag in Vienna. Handle pulls *up* for carrying; pushes *in* to make an under-arm bag. In brown or black morocco, or natural pigskin with smart self (or contrasting) leather lining, $35. Slip-on pigskin glove with spider embroidery, hand-sewn. White or natural, $8.50.



This gem of a billfold has two bill pockets, four 14-K. gold corners, window pocket. Tan pigskin, black or brown seal, $9.50; tan ostrich, $11; black lizard, $16.50. Case for 20 cigarettes, brown or black seal, or tan pigskin, $7; tan ostrich, $8.50; black lizard, $13.50. Gold mounted key cases in matching leathers, from $5.75.

***and we hope you'll look, too, Mr. Chrysler!**



MARK CROSS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND · FIFTH AVENUE AT 37TH · BROADWAY AT CORTLANDT

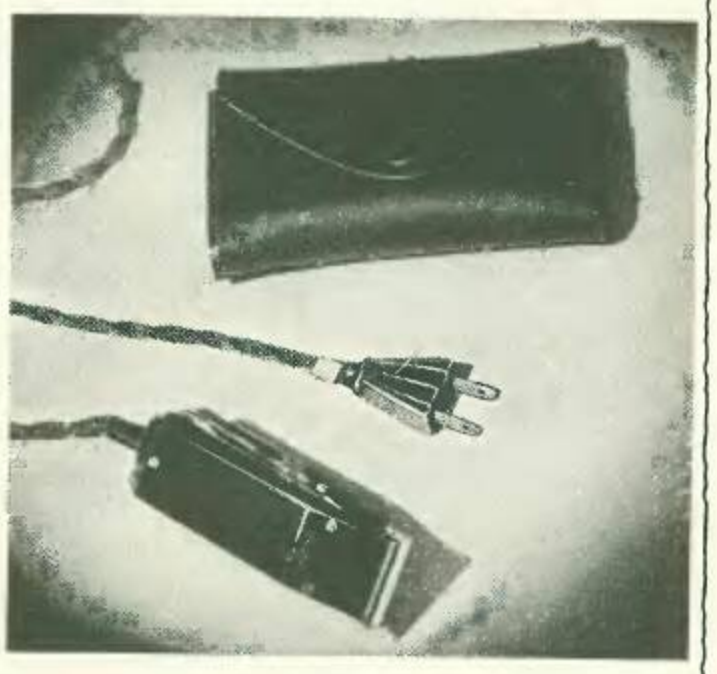
Shave Time and Trouble!



CLIPSHAVE will clip minutes off your shaving time, save you the annoyance of running short of soap, lotions and fresh razor blades—and turn in a barber-smooth job, in the bargain.

For Clipshave literally *clips* off a beard. You don't need soap, you don't need lotions. You simply plug Clipshave into an electric light socket, run it quickly over your face, and you're beardless as a billiard ball. What's more—your face feels great. For Clipshave can't cut, nick, or scratch. And it massages as it clips.

Operates on both A.C. and D.C. current—and makes a mighty acceptable Christmas gift. **$10**



Spalding

NEW YORK
518 Fifth Avenue, at 43rd Street
105 Nassau Street
28 New Street, corner Exchange Place

PHILADELPHIA
113 South 16th Street

capeskin, with a separate wool lining that comes out with no fuss, so it can be washed; $2.65. Pigskin gloves, lined with cashmere jersey; $5. And pigskin mittens with a separate wool lining. Lanz of Salzburg supplies white woollen gloves with a red heart on the back of the hand; $2.50. Kislav gloves, plain and really washable; $5. Poison-pink, red, and yellow suède gloves that give a zip to black dresses; $2.95.

Leather jackets, suède with a wool lining, for school kids; $5.95. Sports shirts: Silk-and-wool fabric with fox heads printed upon it makes long-tailed shirts to be worn open at the neck or buttoned across under the collar; tabs may button on either one of the two buttons at the wrists, to make the sleeves tight or not, as you wish; $19.95. Liberty scarves in grand colors; $3.95. Tailored satin pajamas, with buttons, pockets, lapels, and sash, for lounging; $19.95. Long-sleeved nightgowns in crêpe or satin, very simple; $5.95 and $7.95. Bed jackets of velvet, or of satin lined with albatross, liberally trimmed with fluffy marabou; $12.95. Golf pin: A simple bar that you can pin anywhere has a leather strip, holding six tees and a pencil, dangling from it; $2.

BLOOMINGDALE: For winter-sports addicts: Dark-green wool ski suit with red-orange coloring in buttons, collar, knit cuffs, and pompon on the cap; incredible at $10.95. Ski caps: Mephistopheles knit caps going into a choker around the neck; $1.95. Swell Molyneux copy, with a ribbed roll around edge and top; $2.95. Windshield to protect the eyes from flying ice; $1. Tyrolian hats, with curled-up, stiff brims and pointed crowns, decorated with bright cord; $3.95; for grownups or children. Shirt-sweater of rabbit's hair, the open-at-the-throat classic with short sleeves; $7.95. Marvellous assortment of wool gloves: Viennese hand-crocheted string, lined with wool, of the Tyrol type; $3.95. Or hand-crocheted wool with multicolored polka dots. Just to give you an idea.

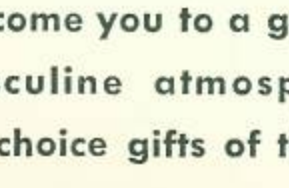
First-prom evening wraps: Full-length velvet with a deep hood collar, or Lyons velvet with a pagoda collar; about $16.95. Handbags: They like the flat-bottom evening bag with a drawstring top here. A gold-metal case containing a compact and lipstick makes the flat bottom of a lamé affair; $10. Great assortment of lamé bags, with enamel cigarette case, comb, lipstick, compact, and perfume bottle; from $2.95 to $25. Schiaparelli's round bag with a single handle in lamé; $4.95. In gold or silver kid; $10. A round, fat muff bag of suède with a band around the middle; $4.95. Sensational watch bag, tailored; $2. This is a terrific and wonderful gift for servitors; other watch bags range from $5 to $15.

Imported Swiss modern clocks; $16.75 to $39.50. Jewelry: Imitation crystal cigarette case to hold seven cigarettes, with a gold-plated band wrapped casually about it like stickum tape; $1.95, and a honey. Imitation-tortoise-shell case, for sixteen cigarettes, with gold plate around the sides; $3.95. Engine-turned gilt box with space for four-

Bonwit Teller

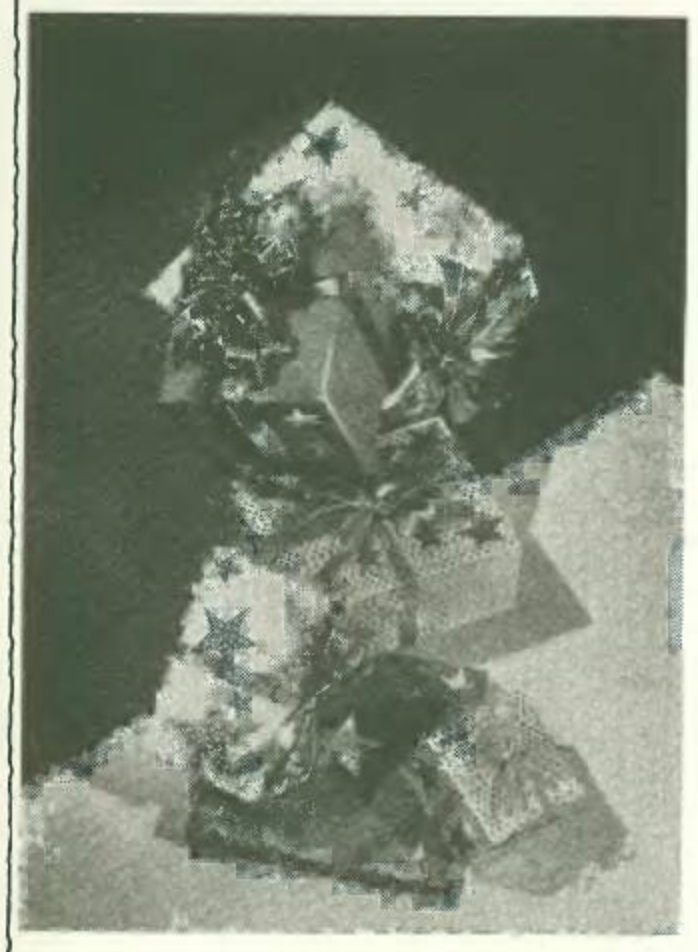
MEMBERSHIP CARD

Wise Men's Club



Shopping for feminine gifts can be a tribulation or a triumph. We've fixed everything for you so you can shop in splendid isolation, assisted by charming young ladies who know what's what when it comes to feminine gift shopping. Just come to the Fourth Floor and you'll find the Wise Men's Club ready to welcome you to a good smoky masculine atmosphere and the choice gifts of the season.

Prices: What you will. 5.00 to 500.00



Bright burning intense blue—Bonwit blue—with starry silver. Bonwit Teller gifts go out packed and tied as only a smart woman knows how to do these things.

Bonwit Teller

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH STREET



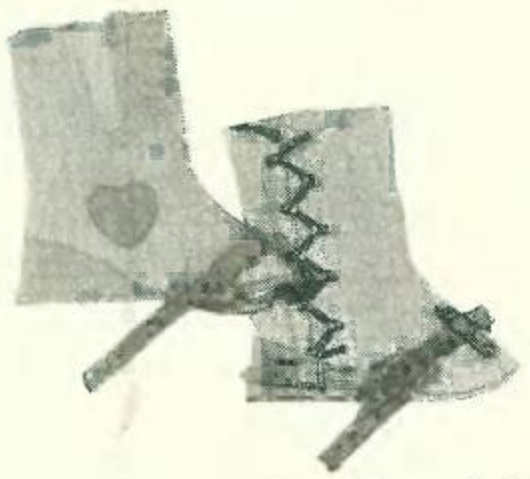
FROM NORWAY, sturdy handknit mittens in red, white, and blue scheme **3.95**



FROM THE TYROL. leather braces with edelweiss motif **2.95**



FROM AUSTRIA, heavy natural wool stockings with elastic tops **5.00**



FROM AUSTRIA, waterproofed linen crash gaiters to wear with plus fours **5.00**



FROM NORWAY, stout handmade leather slippers to wear indoors **8.95**

SKI HEIL!



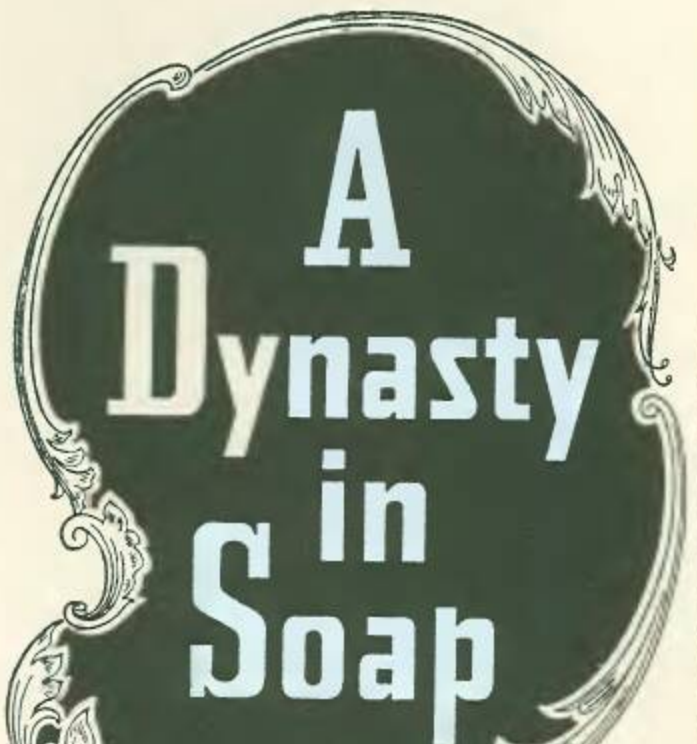
We've been selling correct Winter Sports clothes to ladies who "know their stuff," and to novices who needed guidance, for a great many years. We believe that fitness to purpose should be the primary consideration, and all our Winter Sports clothes reflect that point of view. We observe what the experts wear at every famous resort, we buy where they buy, our clothes are comfortable, workmanlike, smart, and distinctive.

The gabardine suit pictured is 59.95. Cap 5.95

BEST & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE

A Dynasty in Soap



Six generations have gone by, and six generations of Gibbs have built up and improved the art and business of making a fine soap since Alexander Gibbs founded the House of Gibbs in 1712. Once, only a choosy few of the notables of Queen Anne's court used it. Today, lovely ladies in every civilized country use Gibbs Cold Cream Soap.

D. & W. GIBBS
COLD CREAM
SOAP
EST. 1712

25¢ AND 40¢ THE TABLET

teen cigarettes behind mirror; rouge, powder, lipstick paste, and tiny comb on the other side; $12.75. Cigarette cases are particularly good here. Mother-of-pearl comb case opens out flat to show mirror interior; $3.95. Marcasite initials, on pins, fobs, and so forth; $3.95 to $9.75, and made up, if there are no more than three, while you wait. Butterfly hair ornaments abound—if you care.

Gloves: Short little suèdes in fifteen shades, including all those sulphur yellows and bright reds and greens and poison pinks; $3.95. French doeskin, in new, rich browns; $4.50. Pigskin Touchdown gloves, cork color, with rope band that buttons at wrist; $4.95. Scarves: Good range of gay imported wool scarves; $1.95 and $2.95.

Bonwit Teller: The great-outdoors movement in the shops around town takes the following form here: Sleeveless suède jackets, buttoning down the shoulders and down the ribs; $10. Chanel square wool scarf (to be monogrammed) and narrow knitted belt to match; $3. Pillbox hat with fur ear-tabs in high colors, and a Quaker collar to match; $10. Austrian set of speckled suède (which is very handsome) includes handbags with odd handles, gloves (the cuffs are speckled suède), compacts, comb-covers, and *such* an umbrella, with the handle and strap covered with the suède; the umbrella cover is also suède; $42 a set. Finnish knitted mittens, giddy and of the thumb variety; $2.95. Austrian affairs, notably some with solid-colored fingers and bright polka dots elsewhere; $4.50. Sweater, modified turtleneck, made of thin wool with bouclé over it; gives a mixed-tweed look; $14.95. Sweater for women: double-breasted, six-button, collarless, and made of Shetland; $15.95.

Handkerchiefs: Beauvais embroidery on fine linen squares, in field-flower patterns; $2.50 and $3. Colored linen, corded at sides, with hand-rolled edge.



IF SHE HAS A BOOK GIVE HER A *Six-way pillow!*



This is no mere novelty gadget, to be tossed out after Christmas. A Six-Way* Pillow gives unbelievable comfort for reading or lazy hours . . . supports you without slipping or slumping, in a way no ordinary pillow can do.
Turn it all sorts of ways . . . you get 6 different positions. Drawstring adjusts it hard or soft. Neatly tailored. Hand-filled with finest Kapok, lighter than down. Smartly styled fabrics for any background.

At leading stores everywhere. Or write:
BARCALO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BUFFALO
BURTON-DIXIE CORP., CHICAGO & BROOKLYN
EMMERICH PILLOWS, INC., CHICAGO • SCHADT & MATHEWSON, INC., DETROIT • SEALY MATTRESS CO., HOUSTON • SIMON MATTRESS MFG. CO., SAN FRANCISCO • TY-TON MFG. CO., LOS ANGELES.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. U. S. Pat. No. 1890858

"YARD-O-LED"
England's Smartest Pencil
$5.00



Carries 36 inches of lead, mechanically perfect, "YARD-O-LED" in 18 kt. rolled gold or sterling silver makes a distinguished present.

"YARDOLETTE"
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THIS IS "LADIES FIRST" MONTH AT SPALDING'S

Gentlemen—back, please! You've had the floor all year.

And now we've invited the ladies to step in to look over the things you'd like for Christmas. *You* know we have what you'd like—equipment and apparel for your favorite outdoor and indoor sports. Yes, and the games you like, and the clothing and accessories.

Ladies—here on this page you'll see a random-picked squad from our battalions of gift ideas—there are hundreds more in Spalding Stores. One visit—and it's all over except the exuberant masculine cheers you'll hear on Christmas morning.



POLITICS—In this game patterned after a tooth-and-nail national election, two to six players are Presidential candidates—victory going to the cagiest. Complete, *$2.00.*

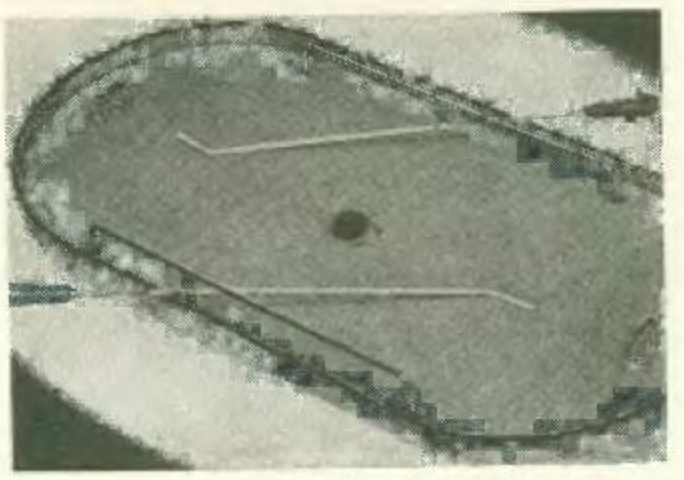


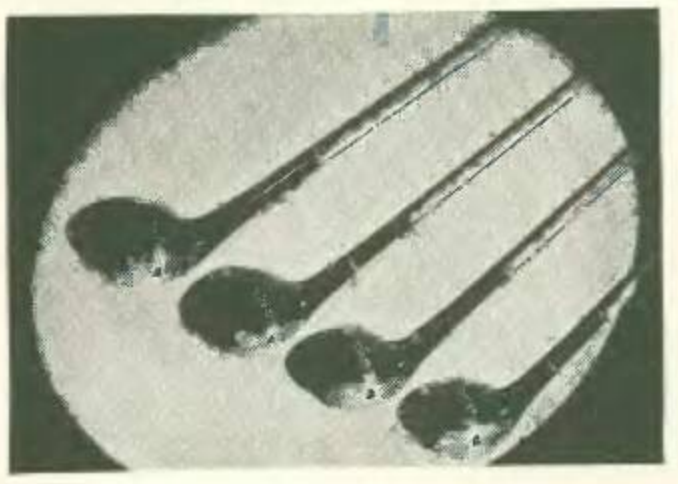
TABLE HOCKEY—Two players equipped with "sticks" fight the puck all over a wood rink, providing plenty of excitement for selves and spectators. Plenty of fun the year 'round. *$7.50.*



4-STAR DRINK MAKER—Cocktail shaker, ice crusher and fruit juice extractor with no-leak top and dripless pouring spout—all in one. No fuss...no muss. Complete, *$5.*



SODA KING—New re-chargeable syphon *with a safety-valve.* Also handy button discharger and chrome-plated over-all jacket. Complete with 6 super-charged cartridges, *$5.*



BOBBY JONES GOLF CLUBS—The most famous clubs in golf—designed by Bobby himself. Matched Irons, *$30* to *$50* per set of 6; Matched Woods, Set of 3—*$36;* Set of 4—*$48.*



GAME SET—Includes Roulette Wheel... Hazard...Bird Cage...Dice...and Poker Dice...all with mats, all full size, all handsomely finished. Also 300 chips. An exclusive Spalding "real man's" game kit. *$50.*



JIGGER WHACK—A chrome-plated ice crusher mallet with a scoop in the head for transference of the ice. Complete with canvas bag to crush the ice in. Excellent for folks who entertain a lot. *$1.50.*



SKATE-SHOE COMBINATIONS—Over the ice they go! One way to give pleasure these cold wintry days is to present a pair of Spalding Blue Streak Skates. The combination illustrated comes in all sizes. Pair, *$4.45.*

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

NEW YORK

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Gentlemen's imported case with sterling silver fittings $150 . . others from $27.50. English writing case $12.50. . Kem indestructible playing cards, 2 packs $6 . . Mary Dunhill's Gardenia Perfume $5 . . Bridge set in leather box $15. others from $10 . . Sterling silver and gold vanity $50 . . others from $25. Matching lipstick $30 . . others from $15 . . English jewel box $10 . . 14-k gold bracelet with coral $35 . . Ladies gold filled watch $42.50 . . Oxford dictionaries $12.50 to $25 . . Imported Amboyna wood compact $25 . . others from $9.50. Pin seal watch bag $32.50 . . others in suede or calf from $7.50 . . Brocade evening bags $10 . . others from $5 . . Petit point bags $25 to $195.

Dunhill's • 5th Avenue & 50th Street, New York

in odd, dusty colors; $1. White linen with single initial in the elaborate Swiss style; $1.25 and $1.50. Wonderful Paisley chiffons; $2. Chiffon handkerchiefs with Beauvais embroidery; $2, and impressive. Also Austrian chiffons with floral designs in gay colors. The whole collection is exceptional.

Lingerie: A marabou bed jacket, soft, with curly edges, cut high in back to give the minimum of bulk; in fact, it is practically all sleeves; $25. Lacy Shetlands, lined with chiffon and having a touch of marabou here and there; from $25 for a jacket to $59.75 for a long gown. Quilted velvet bellboy jacket; $16.50.

White marabou cape, in wide bands to simulate white fox, lined with black velvet; $39.50, and your débutante daughter will thank you. Frivolous evening note: Bright-green chenille dots on black net make a ruffly cape and the froufs on the shell sticks of the fan that accompanies it. Antique-brocade evening bags: Simple mountings, and dull, lovely brocades. Lots of them are one-of-a-kind. Grand assortment at $39.75; after that, they go up and up. Jewelry: Rhinestone gulls with a red eye; largest four inches long. You are supposed to wear three of them in varying sizes; $5.95, $3.95, and $3. Exceptional clip watch, set in chromium across circle of rhinestones; $32.50. Black enamel and silver wristwatch on simple white or black leather strap; red or blue enamel watch with gold trim and natural pigskin band; round, simple type; $32.50. Groups of imitation pearls make grape-cluster earrings; $39.75.

Mules: It's hard to find anything new in mules, but look! Low heel, back strap, and monk front, in pastels and black with contrasting lining; $7.50. Chinese damask mules with white bunny all around, save for slight opening at back of heel; you can slide into them and still no back strap is necessary to keep them from flapping; $5.75. Nightgowns: Chiffon, huge Pierrot sleeves, bow at throat, and tailored collar; absolutely sheer; $29.50. Lots of high-color satin nightgowns, one entirely pleated. Satin tailored gowns, very high-waisted, in odd turquoises, pink, yellow, etc.; $3.95. Washable brocaded chiffon gowns, too.

Pursuedes: They're cigarette cases and nice, square powder compacts to match your suède gloves; they couldn't be smarter; $3.95 and $3. The gloves are around $6. A set would be nice, but Bonwit doesn't insist on it.

HATTIE CARNEGIE, 42 East 49th Street: Always the newest imported accessories of the de-luxe-couturier type.

Crêpe or chiffon envelope chemises, printed with stars, zigzags, Paisley designs, or strange flowers; $15. Imported, short marabou bed jackets in pastel or bright colors; $25. Blouses: Silk jersey affairs with mannish collars and long sleeves; $10. Wool jersey, all colors, in various styles, from Carnegie's own workrooms; $18.50. In lamé, with high cowl neck and short sleeves; $45. Or pink-and-silver lamé in little squares, with upstanding collar ending in long bow tie; $25. French hand-knit

BEFORE YOU REPEAT ON THE CAR YOU OWN...

—match Packard 120 against the field!



THERE never was a year in which the automobile buyer was offered so much for his money. Yet Packard—a company that for 35 years has been known for conservative statement, this year issues this sincere invitation... *Match Packard 120 against the field.*

Against the low-price field

If you doubt the wisdom of spending a little more for the Packard 120's more agile performance, immeasurably better ride, greater comfort and longer life—both style and mechanical—*let the car itself dispel those doubts forever.*



Against the medium-price field

If you think that all cars in the Packard 120's own price class are about equal, inspect the new Packard 120 and *see what a difference 35 years of fine-car manufacturing experience makes.*



This—only in Packard

In Packard, and Packard alone, you get the distinguished lines that stay smart for years. Because Packard expects its owners to keep their cars at least 5 years, *Packard makes no obsoleting yearly style changes*. That is why Packard is the *one* 1936 car you can recognize.

See the new Packard 120 and learn how easy it is to buy. *If your old car is of average value, it should cover the down payment.* And Packard's Payment-out-of-Income Plan is one of the most liberal in the industry.



Against the higher-price field

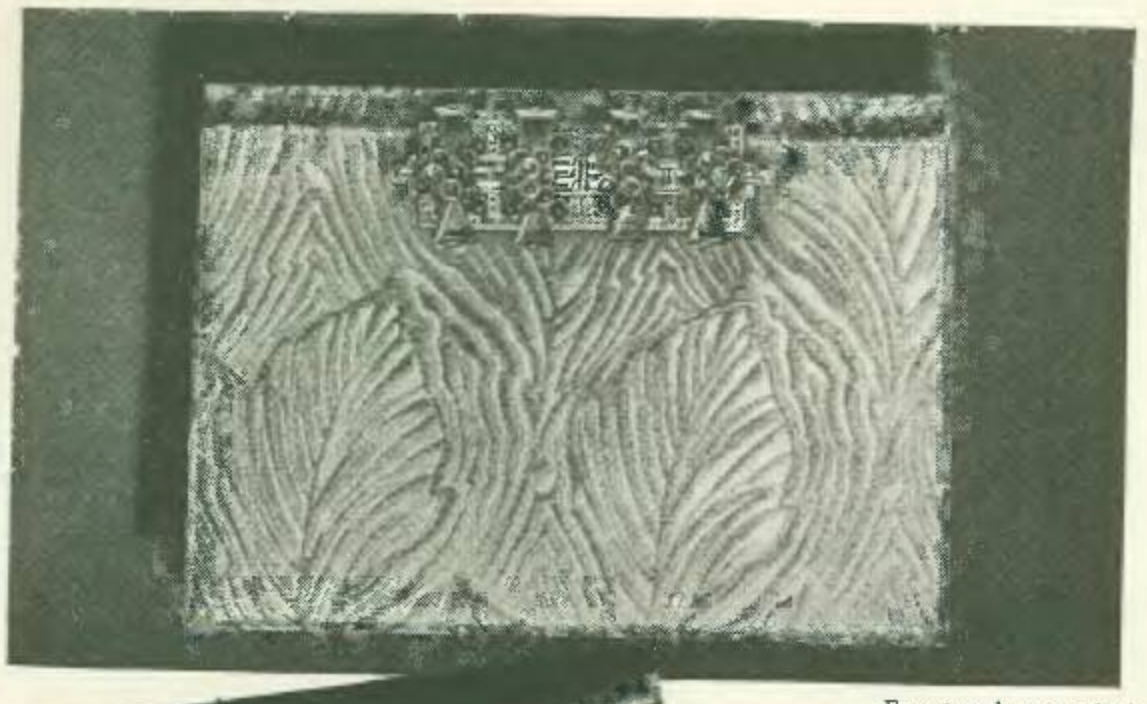
If you think you need pay several hundred dollars more than the price of a Packard 120 to get truly-fine car safety and luxury, *spend half an hour in the new Packard 120.*



$990 to $1115

At the factory.
Standard accessory group extra.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Evening bag exclusive with Brand - Chatillon. Choice of metal brocade, various colors. Clasp of simulated precious stones. Fitted with comb, mirror, purse, sections for cigarettes, powder, lipstick . . . $20



Small, sturdy and simple is this woman's sports watch. Welted strap in gray, black, white or pigskin. 14 k. yellow gold case, 14 - jewel movement . . . $75

Sportsman's watch . . . stainless steel, radium dial; waterproof, shockproof, self-winding, excellent timepiece, $35

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Brand - Chatillon presents an exceptional collection of articles for selection as Christmas gifts. In addition to rare gems and silver of exquisite design and workmanship, there are simple but charming gifts such as are shown here.



Lighter - pencil — a most practical combination. Magazine holds leads and eraser. Propel - repel action. Plain finish, 14 k. gold . . $50. Sterling . . $12

Mail inquiries are given prompt and careful response.

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IN BROOKLYN • WILLIAM WISE & SON

ribbed sweaters with short sleeves and double-breasted bone buttons; all colors; $18.50. Rabbit's-hair sweaters with low turtleneck and short sleeves; $7.50. Ascot scarves in matelassé, velvet and lamés; $10. Sheer wool French squares in marvellous blocked color combinations, to wear with fur coats, Palm Beach dresses, anything; $5.

Deep, fitted brocade evening bags that fold over to a pointed flap; $10. The Sequin Situation: Pliable evening pouches, lined with black satin and fitted; $35. Sequin muffs; $55. In gold or silver kid, these are $25.

Costume jewelry: Great crystal emerald-cut rings, about twenty-carat size, with baguettes either side of shank; $95. Smaller ones from $50. Wise Monkey bracelets in French gilt (you should buy four); $10. Bracelet having Love, Faith, and Gentleness represented by lovebirds, faithful dog, and gentle lamb; $10. Rhinestone clips in the form of arch-backed cats or huge turtles; $10 and $15.

DE PINNA: Gloves: Good English suède slipon gloves, longish, in Dubonnet, sulphur, green, rust, and brown. Handsewn, with one seam all the way up the back of the hand; $5.50. Short, colored ones; $4.50. If you are the Juliet-cap type, they have hand-crocheted gold or silver tinsel ones ($5.50), with five-button gloves ($8.50) and an evening sandal to match ($20). 54-gauge hosiery, two-thread, lovely and sheer, and supposed to wear well; two to a gift box; $3.25. Angora socks in all colors to match sweaters; $1. Austrian tam, scarf, and gauntlet-mitten sets, plain or fancy; $7.50 a set. Imported Indian printed handkerchiefs, hand-woven silks in lovely colors; seventy-five cents to $1.25. Swiss handkerchiefs, some with shadow-stripe borders; from fifty cents up. Peter Pan black spangled blouse with peplum and short sleeves, to wear after five P.M.; $35.

Evening bags made of obis, antique Japanese ceremonial robes. No duplicates. They are finished with a semiprecious jewel clasp; from $20. Inexpensive real alligator bags—an unexcelled collection at the price; from $7.50 (for a fair-sized pouch) to $13.50, and, naturally, on up. Costume jewelry: Solid-crystal ball watch with band of colored enamel, works do *not* show through, for a change; $35. Bracelets with six semiprecious elephants strung on knotted cord; $5.50. Choker to match; $20. All-crystal wristwatch in modern design on black cord; $35.

FORTNUM & MASON: Very British and very de-luxe sports things.

Riding department: Huge silk-twill squares with tracery reproductions of a Tom Thumb engraving made in 1830; $10. Stocks of silk, silk-and-wool, and all-wool (which, incidentally, also make swell scarves for women who never go near horses); $3 to $4.50. Pure-cashmere turtleneck sweaters in a large range of colors; $17.50. Flat bat riding crop, very special; $10. Gold safety-pin stock pin, three and a half inches long; $25.

Buffed hogskin gauntlet gloves, the

Picture Diaries
will begin at Christmas

PICTURES—they're the modern way to keep a record . . . the modern diary. On this page are notable diary makers that will go into action this Christmas.

Christmas will bring both the gift and a wealth of reasons for using it . . . Movies or "stills"—which will you have? They're equally practical, equally sure in results with such equipment as that shown here. You can make movies indoors, for instance. Or snapshots indoors. Expect these Kodaks to do great things . . . See the cameras on this page at your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



CINÉ-KODAK "K"—No other 16 mm. movie camera has enjoyed the popularity of the "K." Whether used for black-and-white or Kodachrome, full-color movies, it's simple for the beginner, yet versatile for the expert. Price, with *f*.1.9 lens, $112.50; including case, $125. Extra equipment for the "K" includes four telephoto lenses, for close-ups of distant action; the wide-angle lens, for breadth of view in close quarters; and filters for cloud effects and scenics.

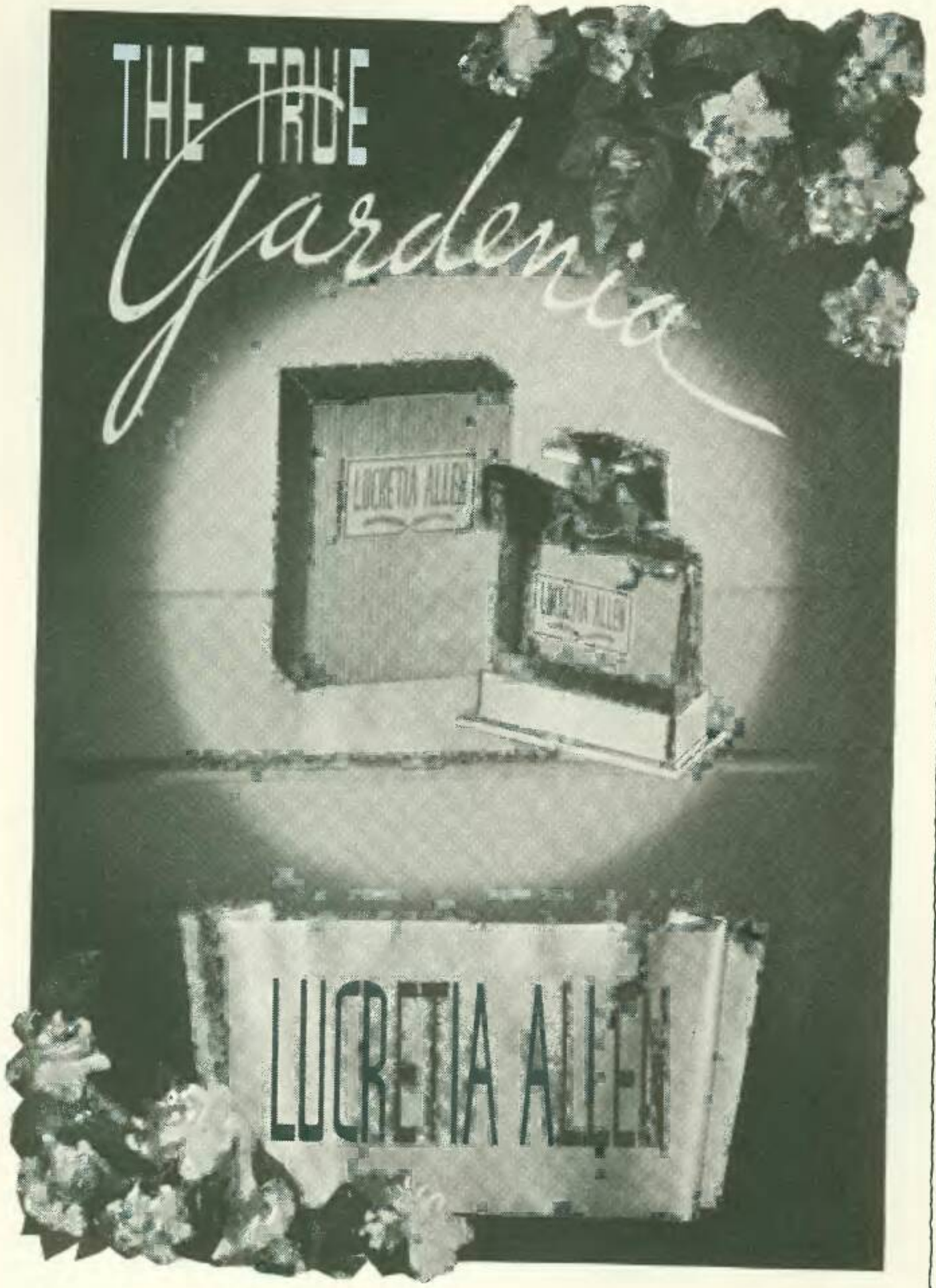
KODAK RETINA—Incorporates every worth-while miniature camera development, yet costs about half as much as other cameras of similar range. 36 exposures without reloading. Film spacer—no overlapping pictures. Precision lens (*f*.3.5). Compur-Rapid shutter splits seconds to 1/500. Price, $57.50.



CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT—A movie camera of remarkable economy—in first cost, and more important, in operating cost. A 25-foot roll of "Eight" film runs as long on the screen as 100 feet of any other home movie film. 20 to 30 movie scenes—each as long as the average scene in the news reels—on a film roll costing $2.25, *finished, ready to show.* Price, $34.50.

KODAK SIX-16 (*f*.4.5)—The most advanced Kodak of its type. Ready for action at the touch of a button. Has both eye-level and reflecting finders. Compur shutter measures seconds from 1 to 1/250. Smallest roll-film camera for its picture size, 2½ x 4¼ inches. Price, $40.

Give a Kodak





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Nonchalantly carries lotions and creams—tops up. Has room also for nightie and slippers. Washable lining.

Pin grain leather in blue, green, black, brown, red. **17.50**
Pigskin, lined with red **20.00**
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Makers of Fine Luggage . . . 10 East 34th Street, New York
Prices slightly higher west of Denver

ultimate, really; in white, fawn, black, navy, and odd beiges; $15. Shirts of checked wool; $15.

White gabardine windbreakers and short jackets, windproof and waterproof and light as a feather; for sudden-shower golf in Bermuda, among other things; $22.50. Good suède jackets, tailored and either buttoning down the front or having a zipper fastener smack up to the roll collar; $50 and $55. Children's cashmere sweaters, either plain or striped; $5.50 and $6.50. Sweaters here always are perfection. Shetlands run from $15 up. There are lots of plain cashmeres with socks to match.

Bathrobe of knit Shetland in grand patterns, for that English-country-house feeling; $22.50. Ski suit, white wool bellhop jacket (double across the chest) and black gabardine pants; around $85.

FRANKLIN SIMON: Long hand-quilted crêpe robe in pastel shades; $22.75. Hand-quilted velvet bed jacket, surplice effect, silk-lined, in blue or tea rose; $18.95.

Imported cigarette case of Russian wood, has round glass insert on cover, under which are five tiny dice on a billiard-cloth background; shake and have some fun; $25. Russian wood combination cigarette case and loose-powder compact with swan's-down puff; $35. Imported watch in small, square leather case, the latter about an inch and a half square; $25. Initialled cigarette-holder of black composition with bright initial near base; $1.95. Gold bill clip with small seventeen-jewel watch; $65, and very nice indeed. Plain gold bill clip with space for monogram; $15. Fine silver link bracelet with padlock clasp and tiny charms spelling "I love U;" $7.50. In gold without padlock; $15. Amusing small gold pin, horse in paddock; $25. Tiny round gold watch on leather strap, stirrup-and-saddle effect; $21.50.

Pair of French clocked stockings packed in a miniature of a bar, with holly trim; $3.95. They also come in a miniature top hat, with holly spray, at same price.

Nice doeskin slipons in such colors as brown, green, wine, sulphur yellow, black, and white, guaranteed washable; $4.75.

JAY-THORPE: Handbags: Particularly good collection of authentic antique brocades in lovely, dull colors without giddiness; $55 to $150. Exclusive

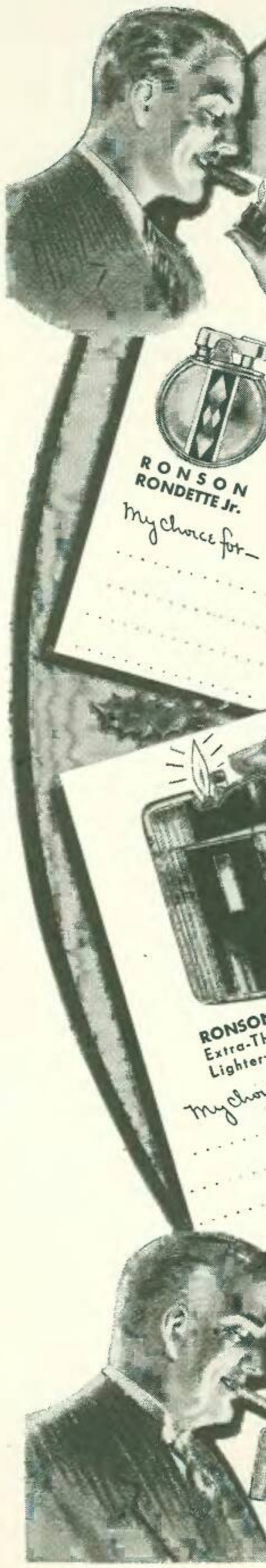


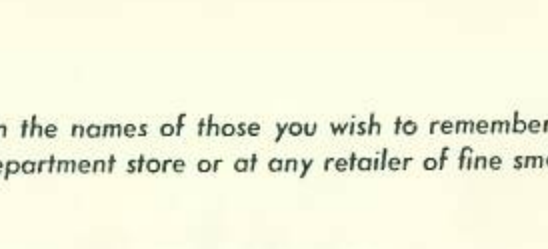
IMPORTANT! *As a reminder, fill in the names of those you wish to remember,—then make an early selection at your jeweler, department store or at any retailer of fine smoker's articles*

There's a RONSON Gift

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Two of a wide variety of Pocket Models

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Combination of Lighter—Cigarette Case—Vanity
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It lites!
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RONSON *TOUCH-TIP*
Mysterious Table and Desk Lighter—*Touch Tip—and it's lit!*
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Styled Evening
Clothes are the most
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GUZZLERS *and* MODERATES

■ **GUZZLERS**—drink to excess and lose all taste and sense of proportion. Good, bad and indifferent in taste and quality seem all the same.

■ **MODERATES**—drink within reason, retaining an appreciation for pure, well-blended quality liquors.

■

BENSON & HEDGES—quality wines and liquors promote moderation

4 EAST 39TH STREET · NEW YORK CITY

P. S. THE CHEAPEST WINES AND LIQUORS IN TOWN
(IF YOU CONSIDER GOOD HEALTH AND TASTE)

Cachet bag, in velvet, antelope, or tucked crêpe de Chine; the flap outside conceals a Drumstick lipstick, a compact, and space for cigarettes; $10 to $23.50. Old-fashioned opera bag, with mirror forming the cover; in velvet, $10; in gold kid, $15. Prim gold or silver kid bag with slim chain; for the young people; $5. Brocade bags with cigarette case and compact to match; $25.

French umbrellas with covered hook handles; some in waxed silk and some in rubberized crêpe; $21.75. The Rubberella, an umbrella which has rubber tips for your shoesies concealed in the handle; $5.75. Watches: All kinds of round and square watches with the works showing through in back, and rims of leather, prystal, or crystal; $29.50. Crystal clip watches may go as high as $95.

Gloves: Suède back and kid palm; $5. Real doeskin with no stitching whatsoever on back, and dressmaker detail on cuff; $9.50. White suède gloves for evening, with gold-kid whipping above the wrists; also in black suède with patent leather; $4.50.

Stockings: Jay-Thorpe do a particularly good job with hosiery. Their pride now is evening stockings at $1.95, with no reinforcements at all. Very fragile. They also state that there is a great demand, from tweedy customers, for English rib stockings for sports; $2.95. Printed chiffon handkerchiefs from England with a swan's-down puff planted firmly in the centre; $2.50 to $15. English squares of a silk that resembles fine cashmere; unusual colors and patterns; $5. Bed jacket of caracal cloth, with puffed sleeves and little stand-up collar; $35. Round-necked blouse with buttons down the shoulders; $19.75.

Oblong glass vases, designed for windowsills, with slight ripple in the glass to relieve their simplicity; $5 to $10.

Wine or navy chiffon underwear, trimmed in lace to match; $18.75 to $35.

Jewelry: The rhinestone collection is particularly noteworthy for the lavish use of marquise stones, which give the rhinestones an authentic look. And, for fun, Jay-Thorpe have revived the dowager dog collar. Strings and strings of imitation pearls, held together by a rhinestone ornament in the centre-front; for old people, and very young ones who are amused by picture frocks.

LORD & TAYLOR: The handbags here are always exceptional. Good alligator handbags—simple, smart, and last forever; $28.50 a representative price. Antique-brocade bags, another year-after-year type; $15 and up. Fat velvet pouches for evening; they open up box-like; $10. Brocade evening bags; from $4.95 up. Imported Saffian Morocco bags; $35.

Mules ($3.95), consisting mainly of two crossed straps of bunny, to accompany a little bunny jacket. Dollar stockings, three to a box; a grand gift, and the box is pretty—red, with a bright-green cover.

Cigarette cases: Notable collection of silver- and red-gold-plate combina-



THESE GENTLEMEN ARE OUR BEST ADVERTISEMENT

GILBEY'S sudden rise to leadership within a very few months isn't due to the advertising that *we* have done . . . but to the whole-hearted advertising that the people who have tasted it, and fallen in love with it, have done for us. Because we give you such superb quality at an exceptionally low price, folks just naturally find out about it and tell their friends. Everywhere you go shopkeepers will tell you Gilbey's is going ahead. Doesn't it prove that more and more people every day are finding out about . . .

GILBEY'S *the quality gin at a popular price*

GILBEY'S *the gin that has a finer taste*

CHRISTMAS NOTE
It's a gift to give
GILBEY'S

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

PENN-MARYLAND CORPORATION . . . ***A Division of National Distillers . . .*** **Executive Offices: New York City**

THIS WEEK'S FINDS . . . AT SLOANE'S



New Lamps With a Past

Lovely old Chinese design on white china; yellow crêpe shade, $12.50. Desk lamp that harks back to Colonial days, $6.50. Decorative old map on parchment shade; metal urn base, $12.50 complete. *Ground Floor.*

W & J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE · AT 47TH · NEW YORK

The Little Shop of T. Azeez

Individuality in Jewels
Five sixty-one Fifth Avenue
in Forty-sixth Street
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Ladies can choose . . .

Judgment of liquor is not a "male monopoly." More and more ladies do select liquor with unerring good taste and judgment . . . by following the Carstairs Connoisseur.



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At better bars and restaurants

CARSTAIRS BROS. DISTILLING CO., PHILA.

AS OLD AS THE NATION!

tions; $12.50. Others with jewelled curlicues in metals, both striped and plain. Leather cases, the inside pulling up to show the cigarettes in the English fashion; $7.50.

Scarves, wide English ones, checked and otherwise patterned, and soft as possible; $10.95. Woollies in general: Edelweiss things—gloves, belt, and stitched, tailored bags; $1.95 to $10. They really match. Wool gloves in plain, brilliant colors, with small, straight split cuffs; $2.95. Embroidered Viennese set—mittens, cap, socks, and scarf; $11.95. Chiffon handkerchiefs for evening, more than a yard square, with three-color blocks tapering toward the centre; $4.95.

Medallion clip, carved prystal with silver edge; $15. Antique-silver bracelet, very wide, to match; $4.50. For débutantes: Back-of-the-head hair ornament of silvered leaves ($2.95), and fan of silver leaves to match. Huge pin of rhinestones, with ear clips and dress clips forming it; $15.

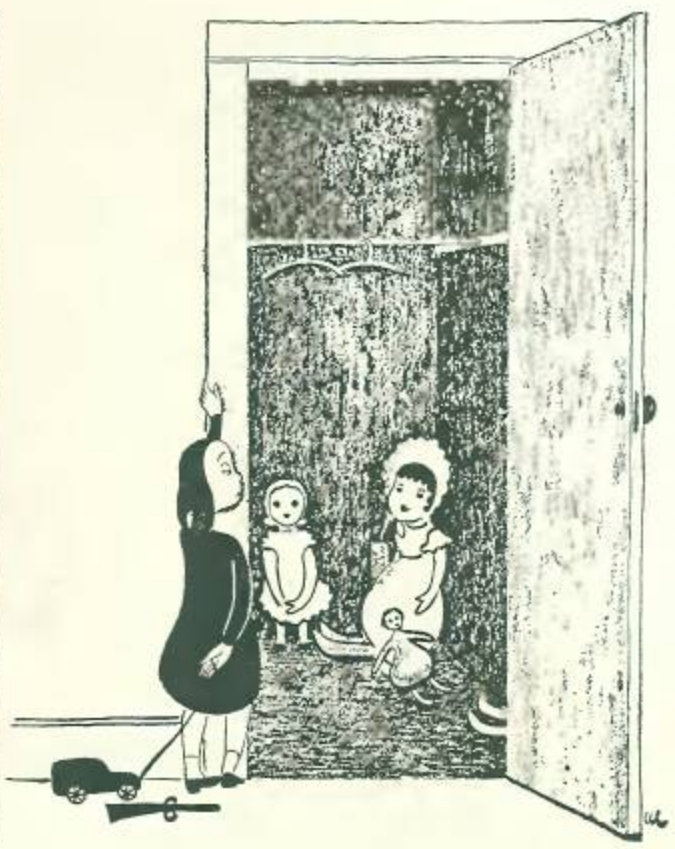
MACY: The Accessory Shop, on the balcony off the first floor, is, as usual, phenomenal.

Cigarette cases, in enamelled-metal imitations of wood, long and narrow, with lighter arrangement at one end; $5.59. Pigskin box for powder; imported; $7.98. Comb in case to match; $4.64. Cigarette cases in gold metal or chromium; engine-turning and all; $9.39 to $10.98.

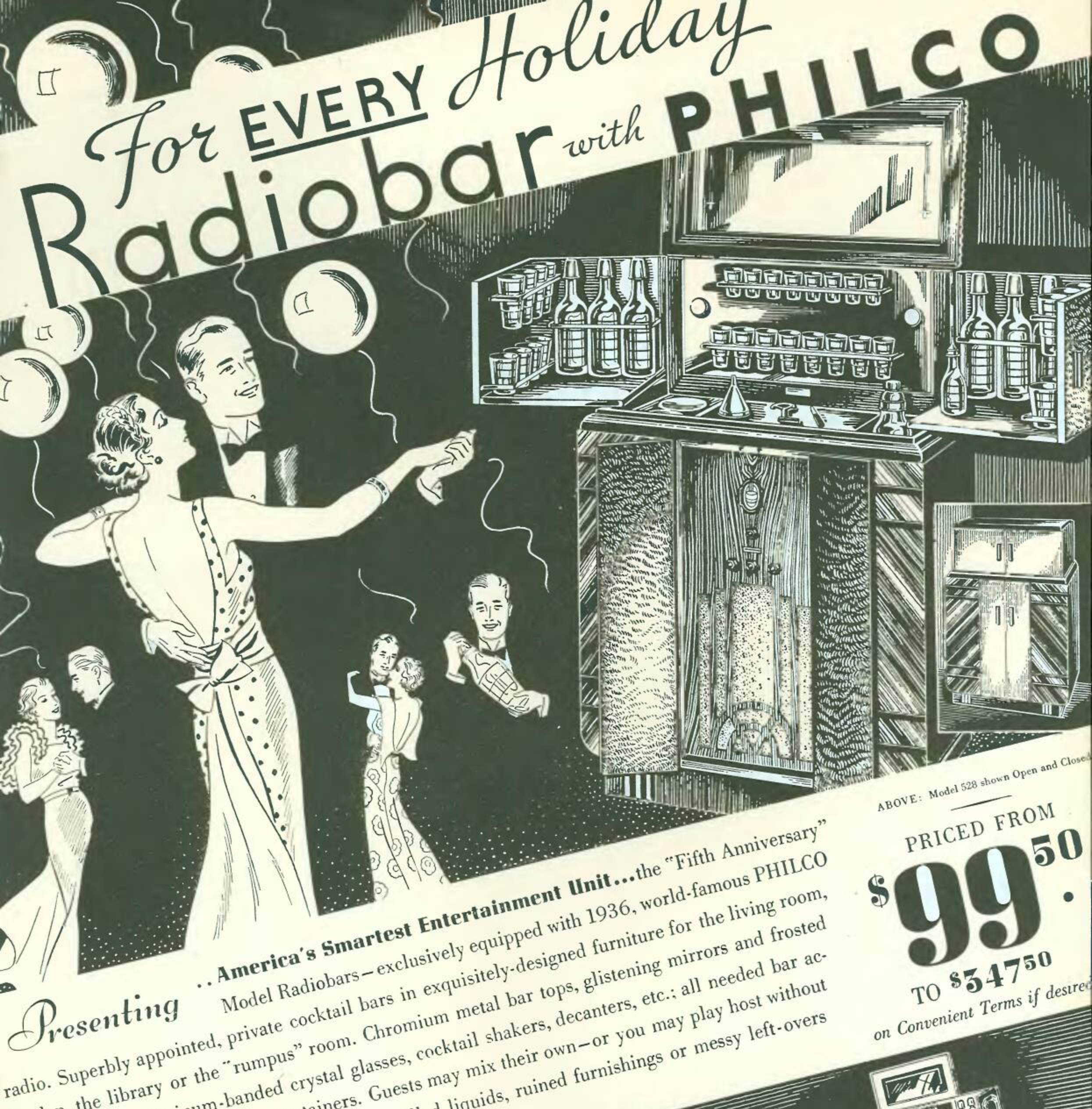
Suède vest with split band collar—one color in front, contrasting color in back; $8.94. Hand-crocheted hats, three models; $4.98. Scarves: English foulards, wide and straight, $5.98; great squares of fine damask, $10.98; square Paisley, $3.69; French striped or dotted taffeta, $6.98. Pure-satin scarves; $2.77 apiece, and you should buy two and twist them together.

Schiaparelli's cylinder dangling on chain; opens lengthwise into three sections to show mirror and place for cigarettes behind it; the centre, containing compact, rouge, etc., is removable; other portion takes care of change and handkerchief. Copy, $14.98 to $24.98.

Maggy Rouff's girdle or necklace of four twisted bead strands—gold-metal, silver-metal, copper, and gunmetal



For EVERY Holiday Radiobar with PHILCO



ABOVE: Model 528 shown Open and Closed

PRICED FROM
$99.50
TO $347.50
on Convenient Terms if desired

Presenting **..America's Smartest Entertainment Unit...** the "Fifth Anniversary" Model Radiobars—exclusively equipped with 1936, world-famous PHILCO radio. Superbly appointed, private cocktail bars in exquisitely-designed furniture for the living room, the den, the library or the "rumpus" room. Chromium metal bar tops, glistening mirrors and frosted lights; exclusive, platinum-banded crystal glasses, cocktail shakers, decanters, etc.; all needed bar accessories, including ice & refuse containers. Guests may mix their own—or you may play host without resorting to the kitchen. No muss or fuss; no spilled liquids, ruined furnishings or messy left-overs —for Radiobar-with-PHILCO is all things in one!

See and hear the many new models, with PHILCO radio combinations, at your nearest PHILCO dealer, department or furniture store. LIBERAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE ON YOUR OLD RADIO, with easy terms on the balance. For complete catalogue write Radiobar Company of America, 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles or 60 Warren St., New York City. Radiobar is fully covered by patents.

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Perhaps you shouldn't give it as a gift. Perhaps it's just a dash too devastating, an iota too irresistible. But if you have a penchant for pleasing, give Zibeline.

Zibeline perfume . 25.00 to 2.25
Zibeline eau de toilette, 6.50, 3.50
Zibeline eau de cologne, 5.00 to 1.50

Perfume Shop • Main Floor

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH STREET

beads strung on elastic; copy, $5.59. Rhinestone rooster; $4.94. Three glittering dogs dangling on chains from bar pin; $4.64. Ladybugs, in green enamel and rhinestones; $1.83. Crazy hair ornaments built on the Alice in Wonderland comb principle, with ostrich plumes, or swirls of paradise-type feathers, or lacquered tiara effects; $1.83 to $4.64. Antique Persian-brocade bags with simple gold-metal fastenings, no frames; $29.50. Large assortment of lamé evening bags, copies of imports; $6.98.

Hand-stitched gloves, with one seam smack down the back, in all kinds of colors, including dark gold; $6.44. Most have suède bags to match. Copies of Molyneux long gloves with no stitching on back of hand; in chartreuse, pink, olive-green, colors like that; $5.98.

French handmade blouses; $13.98. Belgian; $9.98. Chiffon evening handkerchiefs, with lower-case single initial applied at the corner; $2.34. Dark-colored linen handkerchiefs from France, with a single bright initial in the corner; sixty-nine cents.

These are only a few items in an exceptionally well-styled collection.

McCreery: Comb, brush, and mirror set for dressing table, in a non-poisonous white cloisonné and gold plate.

Jewelry: Amusing old-fashioned jewelry to make people believe you had a grandmother. Imitation amethyst and gold filigree with an imitation pearl here and there makes great disc pins, square neck clips, bracelets, and earrings; $5 to $7.50.

Lingerie: Lovely lace-trimmed handmade slips; $7.95 and $9.95. Satin nightgown, square neck, sheer georgette inset trimmed with satin appliqué in point turque; $5.95 to $6.95. Alençon, lavish, appears in sets ($12.95 for a slip is a typical price). Lots of domestic lingerie; around $3 and $4. Brilliant polka-dot satin pajamas; tops have turnover collars and pearl buttons, the pants are wide, everything is tailored; $3.95, which is incredible.

Handbags: Don't forget Elizabeth Arden's last year's fitted evening bag in lamés and other fabrics; $14 now. Evening bags of dull-gold crushable kid with rhinestone clasp; $7.50. The





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MARTELL

COGNAC *Brandy*

Christmas 1715

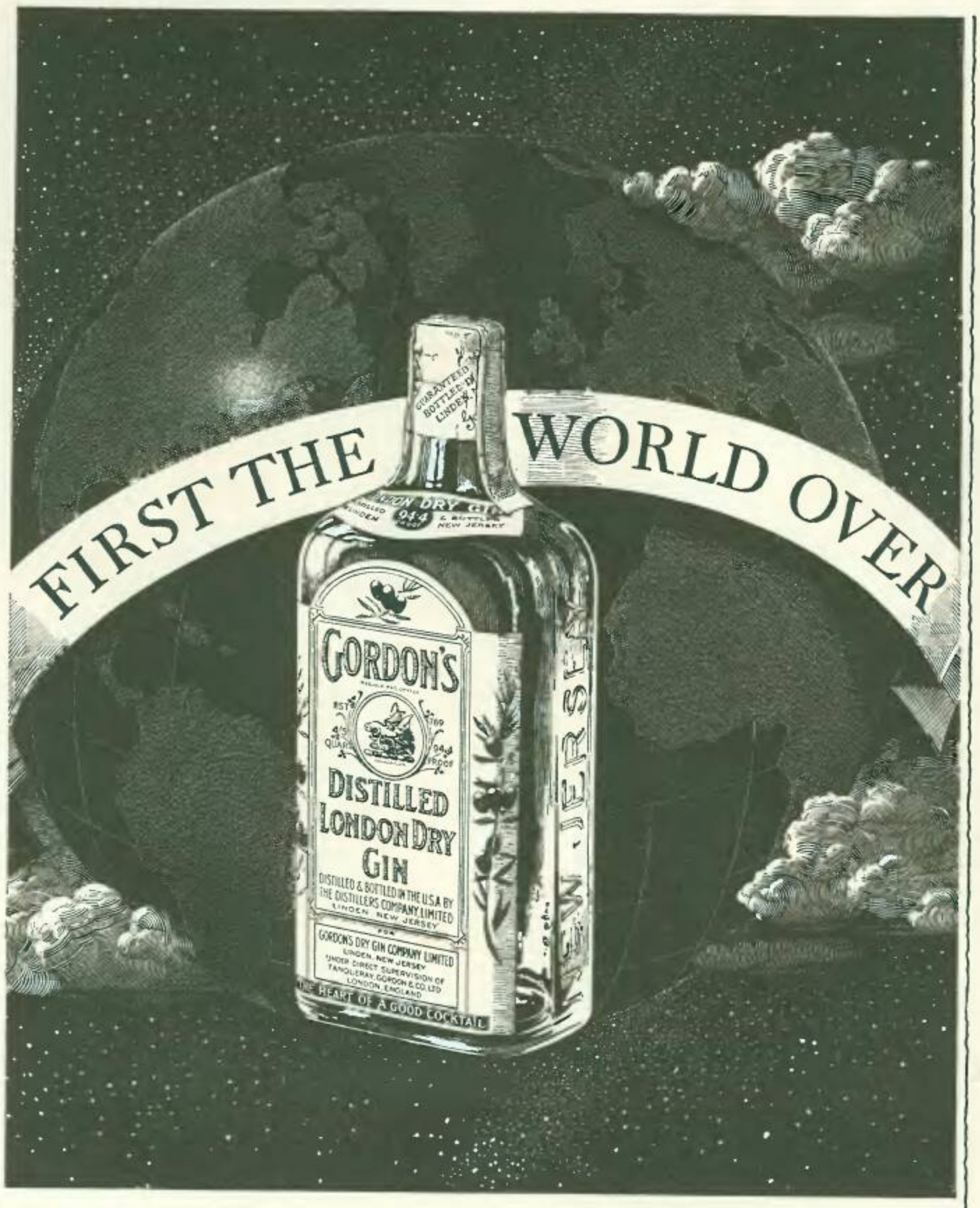
Christmas 1935

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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

Permit R-514

suède collection contains a peach of a Vionnet copy, with a slanting frame; $10. The alligator assemblage includes one, at $39.75, that is practically an overnight bag, with a lock and key and knee-buckling closing.

Square vanities of brocade (exclusive); $1.

Peck & Peck: Shetland scarves with wide crossbars; yellow with green, or red with blue-and-white mixtures; $3.95. Large wool squares in Scotch plaids; $1.95. Foulard squares in unusually lovely colorings; $1.95. String Ascots in yellow, red, brown, or white; $3. Wool-lined gloves to match; $3.

Sweaters: Scotch Marl sweaters, in peach, green, maize, or violet, each mixed with beige; $13.75. Cardigan; $16.75. Ribbed pullover, highish neck in lots of colors, including natural; $16.75. Cardigan; $19.75. Angora with Peter Pan collar fastening at neck with small pearl buttons; $7.50.

Stockings: Their famous Bread and Butter (three for $3 or $1.15 a pair), new shades being mink brown and Ethiopian; Princess, which are sheer (three for $4 or $1.25 a pair).

Brown suède unlined jacket, hip-length, round collarless neck, bone buttons, self belt; also in green or wine: $12.75. In waist-length, lined; $10.75. Marvellous lumberjack jackets in gay plaids; notched collar, leather buttons, double-breasted, and belted; $10.

Gloves: Doeskin slipons, black, white, chamois, or brown; $5. Pigskin; $4. Tyrolian gloves, bright suède with kid palms; $5. Knitted sports gloves, blue-and-yellow, black-and-white, or red-and-black. Fair Isle patterns, but made in Finland; $3.95. Brown or black Austrian knits with lighter hand stitching; $3.95.

Good belts: Among them, some star-studded with gold or silver metal; $3.

Sports jewelry: Tyrolian wooden-figure pins; skier, accordion-player, etc.; seventy-five cents. Dice strung on leather bracelets; $1. Leather bracelets with imitation crystals showing horses in various poses, set in wood; $1. Foreign coins set in pins or bracelets: $1 each.

We liked their Three-in-One, a series of three fitted envelope bags. Outer one of dark leather, inside of which is smaller one of suède, which in turn holds a still smaller brocaded evening bag; $7.95 complete.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Always noted for handbags, Saks this year breaks out with a collection of bags that are lined with handsome green snake; $10.50 to $25. Also, among the day bags, there are some shaped much like a small, oval wastebasket, made of patent leather combined with suède; $18.50 to $50.

Cigarette-lighter, an oblong box with a curved place on top for the thumb to press; $5 to $10, according to finish. Tailored bracelet of enamel, like a buckled belt. Press strategic buttons, and it flies apart to show watch face; $50, and handsome as a bracelet as well. Sports watches, with pigskin straps and copper faces; several styles, including the barrel type; around $85. Square hunk of crystal to hang on a cord around the neck has watch face; the



CAKE PLATE WITH GENUINE EBONY HANDLE—*A Glorious New Gift—Extremely Smart*—Genuine Ebony handle on sculptured chrome brackets. "Heavy-mirror" chromium tray. Diameter 11½ inches. Priced at **$3.00.**



WATER PITCHER—*Something New and Different for the Particular Person*—Loveliest gift of the season. Full 2-quart capacity. Ebony composition handle. "Heavy-mirror" chromium finish. Priced at **$7.50.**



ICE BUCKET—*A Gift to Please Big Brother or Dad*—"Heavy-mirror" chromium. 6½ inches diameter—4 inches deep. Polished Ebony composition handles. Smartly designed. Priced at **$5.00.**



BAR SET—*One Thousand and Ten Uses for This Smart Set*—A gadget for almost every need! **$2.00.**



SMALL COCKTAIL SET—*A Gift Somebody's Hoping You'll Discover*—Shaker with strainer cover—Ebony composition top. Six cocktail cups. 11½-inch tray. "Heavy-mirror" chromium finish. Set priced at **$7.50.**



CANDLESTICKS—*Candlelight Brings Christmas Magic to the Clever Hostess*—"Heavy-mirror" chromium with Ebony composition ball. 4 inches high. Priced at **$3.50** for the pair.

Have You Seen

THESE 6 SMART NEW CHROMIUM GIFTS

THESE LATEST CREATIONS BY BRUCE-HUNT NOW ON DISPLAY IN LEADING GIFT, SILVERWARE, HOUSEWARE, AND JEWELRY DEPARTMENTS

Each Piece Illustrated on this Page an Authentic C. R. Theo. Hess Design Executed in "Heavy-Mirror" Chromium by Bruce-Hunt.

SEE SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER BELOW

CHROMIUM!—A new answer to an old question—"What to give for Christmas?"

Latest creations of Bruce-Hunt! Each smart new gift illustrated is an original and authentic design of the distinguished designer, C. R.Theo. Hess.

Each comes in the new and exquisitely beautiful, "heavy-mirror" chromium finish—good for years. And in a design so chaste, so simple, it harmonizes with almost any pattern one may have in sterling or plate.

The pieces pictured here are representative of the complete line of Bruce-Hunt creations now on display in leading gift, silverware, and jewelry departments. If you want to give the newest, smartest thing—by all means give Bruce-Hunt Ware.

Incidentally, do not confuse Bruce-Hunt pieces with ordinary chrome-plated merchandise. Bruce-Hunt Ware is heavily plated; compares in quality of workmanship with fine silver plate. And is priced in accordance.

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No polishing is ever necessary—Bruce-Hunt Chromium cannot tarnish. It washes like china—simply use soap and warm water. And if merely soiled, a warm damp cloth instantly restores its original beautiful luster.

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Special Offer



This coupon worth 50c on the purchase of $1.50 Serving Tray illustrated here (offer good only until January 1, 1936).

NOTICE TO DEALERS—This coupon when properly redeemed will be credited to your account in the amount of 50c. It must be signed by party purchasing tray. Limit—one such purchase to any one customer BRUCE-HUNT, INC., 1949 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Give this coupon to your dealer in lieu of payment of 50c on purchase of the Bruce-Hunt 11½-inch Serving Tray shown here.

This certifies I have purchased 1 *Bruce-Hunt 11½-inch Serving Tray using this coupon in lieu of* 50c.

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Address _____ *City* _____

Dealer's Name _____ *Address* _____

This coupon is valid for redemption only when sent to Bruce-Hunt, Inc., through the United States Mail. This brings the coupon redemption under the authority of the Federal Government.

NY-12

BLANAT INC.



There's liquid loveliness in this evening gown of gleaming satin with its sleek, moulded lines and trailing draperies. In white, black, royal, flame, and gold . . . $39.95

BLANAT INC.

783 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.
Bet. 66th and 67th Sts.

works show through the back; $38.50. Great hunk Chanel rings with imitation emeralds, rubies, and the like set in, very costumy; $50 and $65. Cigarette cases, with space for a lipstick considerately left; $12.75. Lots of gold plate of a coppery tone combined with silver to make evening cigarette cases, compacts, and so on. Delicate Chinese silver charms, handmade and supposedly lucky: $2.

Schiaparelli scarf, a square with an enormous rooster crowing upon it; $5.

Evening headgear: Loads of Juliet caps; all kinds. The newest version has a mesh back and a stiff. baby-bonnet frame of braided metal or satin; $12.50 and $15. Conventional crocheted Juliet caps; around $3.50. In gold or silver metal thread; $6.50. Little rhinestones and pearls are likely to crop up and change prices around, but these prices are representative.

Sapphire-blue gloves, and belts to match, for wear with black dresses, are a safe gift. The Ensemble Centre on the first floor should be your consultant on all matters of this sort.

Angora socks for the South have a range of colors here tempting beyond belief; $3.50.

Cigarette cases with jewelled charms on them—horses, dogs, and the like in rhinestones. They come in gold or silver nontarnishable finish; $7.50 to $12.75.

And how about skiing lessons (ten for $20)? There's a slide and everything right on the premises.

SAKS-THIRTY-FOURTH STREET: If you want to do your shopping in comfort, phone or write Mrs. John H. Iselin, Jr., or Mrs. George E. Parkinson, who are in charge of the Rendez Vous Shop on the fifth floor. They will select merchandise for you in the price range you indicate.

Among the things we saw: Red doeskin mules, sparingly trimmed with gold kid; high heels, and rather Italian in feeling; $6.50. Pale-pink taffeta bed cape with hood; lined with blue crêpe and interlined; outlined with braided silk rope; also in reverse coloring; $10.98. Tailored flannel bed jacket with turn-over collar and long, loose sleeves, outlined with three rows of narrow braid; fastens with two small frogs; tea-rose or blue; $5.98. Lacy knit long robe with hood attached, long sleeves; tea-rose or blue; $7.98. Without hood; $6.98.

Viyella flannel shirt, high turn-over



A NEW IDEA IN GIFTS!

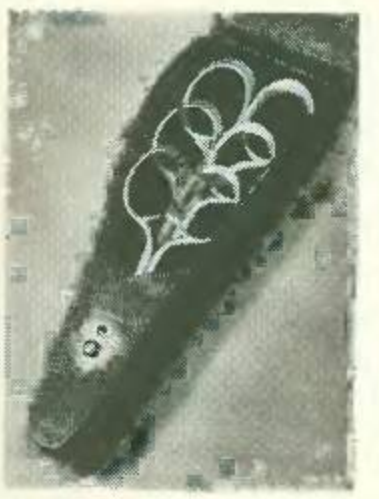


Here is a gift far from the ordinary!—a handsome J. A. HENCKELS TWIN BRAND Pocket Knife, with the owner's signature engraved on the handle. Truly different and distinctly personal! Knife illustrated $6.25, including engraving. Others from $4.00 to $32.50, in practically any combination of blades. Unengraved knives, $1.50 up.

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CARVING SETS

in great variety, and of the superb quality that has made J. A. Henckels Twin Brand famous since 1731.

Set illustrated, 3 scissors, in graduated sizes; genuine leather case (red, navy, green)
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you to inspect the REAL *gardens that will be private property of the proud tenants who rent three of the apartments in* YORK ROW. *Other apartments have roof terraces. Some have balconies. All have Venetian blinds. Convenient location.*
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Music. Dancing without additional cost.

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Since 1796

for old-world hospitality during the Holidays

TO SERVE Harvey's Sherries and Ports during the holidays—or to give them as gifts for Christmas or the New Year — has been traditional for more than a century of time.

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Arresting and of a new, subtle simplicity. Obtainable at our shop; also Jay-Thorpe, N.Y., Marshall Field, Chicago, I. Magnin, Calif., and other select shops.

$7.50 and **$14**



UNUSUAL LAMP

Sheds grand light and is most distinctive. Chromium frame surrounding a crystal ball. Parchment shade. 15" high **$9.75**

Write for booklet of gift ideas

Elsie de Wolfe DECORATORS Inc.

677 Fifth Avenue, New York

collar, matching pearl buttons; in yellow, Casaba, and sage green; $5.98.

Tweed knit sweaters with various necks; in brown, navy, or green with varicolored flecks; $7.95.

STERN: Sweater department: Angora sweaters, very thin; they look handmade; lovely in cherry; other colors, too; $4.95. Cashmere drop-stitch sweaters, round neck, in gray, natural, red, green, blue, etc.; $5.95. Cardigan to match; $7.95. Pull-on sleeveless jacket with round neck, suède front, knitted back in cherry, green, brown, or natural; $5.95. Lots of Angora gauntlets; mittens or with fingers; $1.95. Thick socks to match; $1.95. Fur-lined kid gauntlets; $6.95.

Black Cellophane dress-cover piped in red, to keep metal dresses from tarnishing; sixty-six inches long; seventy-five cents. Tiny colored-metal oil lamp with metal shade; sixty-five cents. New Haven square clock with blue glass or crystal frame; $3.98. Picture frame to match; $5.

Twenty-seven-inch chiffon handkerchief with hand-appliquéd six-inch initial, in lots of colors and white; $1.95. Colored chiffon handkerchiefs with gold or silver embroidered hearts scattered through; $1.

Mules: The good old standby; woolly scuffs, pink, red, blue, or orchid combined with white; $2.95. Square-toed satin ones with high, squarish heel, lapin lining and trimming; $5.95. Hostess sandals with high heels, satin, trimmed with gold or silver; $2.95. Could be called into service for evening wear.

WANAMAKER: The leather department here is justly famous. Kitbag handbags for travellers; like baby overnight bags, locks at sides; suède linings; made of French morocco; $15 and $18.50. In English morocco, also suède-lined; $10. You won't believe the prices when you see them. Boxlike bags of hazel pigskin with dull-finish linings, for last-minute travelling gadgets; slide fasteners on three sides, double handles; $18.50 to $25. Vast handbags of hazel pig, lots of compartments, a padlock to protect the zipper-fastened compartment, drill-lined; $22.50 and $25. Crocodile travelling handbags, in kitbag or other designs, suède-lined; $35 up. Grand assortment of box-calf passport bags and simple black calf handbags, tailored, with suède linings; $12.50 and $15 are representative prices.

Jewel boxes of pin seal, English écrasé calf, or morocco with artful velvet cushions and linings; $5 to $45. Manicure roll; $5.

Exquisite evening bags, imported from France; fine pearl beading on velvet or lamé; jewelled frames; around $80. Good assortment of evening bags; from $15 to $100.

Novelty jewelry: Mother-of-pearl sets; round compact, $8.95; comb case opening to show mirror lining, $5; lipstick, $3.50. Convincing rhinestone bracelets, $10; two-clip pins, $7.95; clip, $5.95. Rhinestone clips hand-set in rhodium-plated metal, which does not tarnish; $5.95 apiece. Pin to match, $12.95. Marcasite arrow; $2. Tailored cuffs, of gold metal or pearl beads; $2. Suède compacts with petit-point circles; $5.-

The De Marcos



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Eddy Duchin

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

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The Persian Room at the Plaza



Where is KARACHI?

● What's Lima noted for? Where are the biggest pearls? Play *Cargoes* and discover the world!

Thrilling adventures! Strange lands! Valuable shipments—that's *Cargoes!* Each player is master of a great ship; sails from world ports; visits little known countries; delivers and picks up valuable cargoes; encounters fog, storm, engine trouble; races for home. All in miniature ocean liners on a most beautifully colored map of the world.

Exciting. Beautiful. Educational. An utterly different game. $1.50 at stores or direct.

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. . . WHY NOT YOURS?

IT'S marvelous mail. No bills. No memos. No ads for laundry service. Nothing but bundles of solid good cheer.

I admit I only work once a year. But if you'll fill out the coupon below (there's *somebody* you know who wants The New Yorker) I'll see that Farley's men carry on, and deliver promptly each week one crisp, cheering copy.

Also, to each person you remember I'll send an attractive Christmas card bearing your name as donor.

(Special rates on two or more Christmas gift subscriptions, one of which may be your own, will be effective until December 24, 1935. Subscriptions placed at these special rates must be gifts of and paid for by one person)

If you're just a little bit starved for Christmas ideas, pick up your pen, please, and concentrate on the blank below. It's by way of being a godsend.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

One Subscription	$ 5.00	Three Subscriptions	12.00
Two Subscriptions	8.00	Additional Subscriptions, *Each*	3.00

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Enclosed find $_____ for which please enter the following names to receive The New Yorker, *each for one year, under your special Christmas subscription terms—*

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(Canada, 50¢ additional a year for each subscription, Foreign, $1.00 additional.) 12-7



George was poor
But he was honest
Victim OF
A rich Aunt's whim.

REMEMBER the Christmas good old George got the present from his rich Aunt Millicent? It was the very finest grade of silk, but the coloring was, well, a little unusual. Blobs of red, some yellow, touches of purple and green. George tried it as a table runner, and draped over the piano. Not so good. But it was marvelously effective for scaring the cat. Finally, desperately, George wrote to Aunt Millicent, thanking her for the beautiful wall hanging. She replied promptly, "Anyone who hasn't sense enough to appreciate a hand-colored muffler . . . I'd better change my will today."

A brutal tale, but it points a moral—"Beware the higher flights of fancy when buying gifts for men." Go to a man's store—go to John Ward's. Every Christmas for 40 years we've helped harassed ladies select men's gifts. Handsome, correct gifts, inexpensive, too. Choose hosiery, slippers, ski boots. Choose evening oxfords or pumps. Choose stout walking shoes if HE hates to wear rubbers. Or buy a John Ward Merchandise Gift Bond and let him make his own selections. Either way, your great good sense is sure to be admired.

Men's Hosiery ..... 50¢—*6 pairs for* $2.70
Men's Slippers $2.50, $3.00, $4.00
Evening Pumps or Oxfords $5.50
Winter Oxfords—"*Stout Fellahs*" $5.50
New Ski Boot—"*St. Moritz*" $8.00

Illustrated Gift Folder Gladly Sent on Request

John Ward Men's Shoes
555 FIFTH AVENUE near 46th Street

95. Heavy carved-gold grandmother bracelet; $2.

Schiaparelli's glass belts ($12, in the Coin de Paris) and other couturier gadgets.

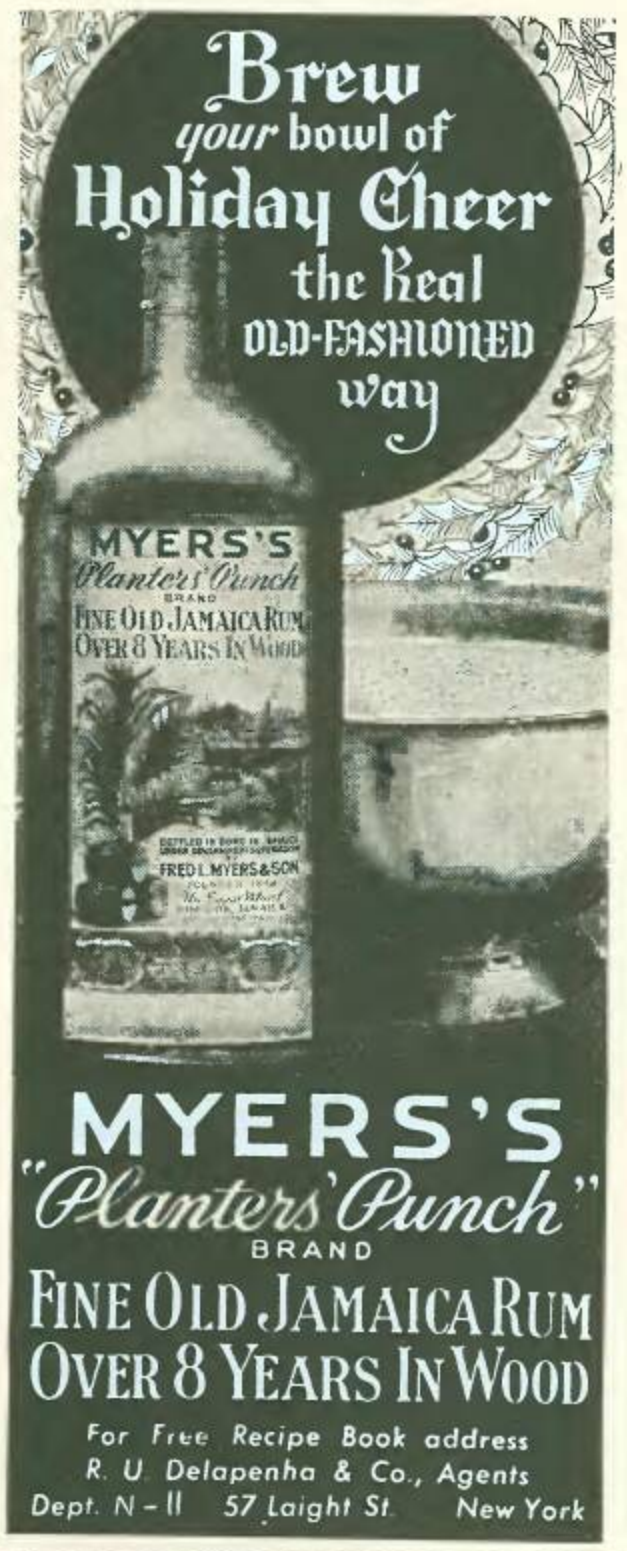
JEWELRY

NEXT to a blank check, signed by someone magnificently solvent, we can't think of anything more substantial in the way of Christmas cheer than a gem, or something made from precious metal. Since the price of gold has risen, there has been a complete upset in the jewelry market; gold is in fashion again, and is being used with the most expensive stones. Because they are at their best against a background of gold, rubies are in style, and because rubies have become popular, there is also a yen for other colored stones, such as topaz, aquamarine, and tourmaline. It's a sort of vicious circle, and we rather like it.

We have pestered the town's jewellers almost to death trying to dig up some solid information on the subject. We have found out, for one thing, that there is no hard-and-fast division between the prices for precious and those for semiprecious stones—that you can get an all-diamond wedding ring for as little as $65, and that some star sapphires, popularly known as semiprecious jewels, cost as much as $8,000 (maybe more—we just don't listen after the talk gets up into prices as high as that).

Consequently, the jewellers who seem to know what they are talking about are designing with an eye to quality. If they are making pins that require a green-and-white color scheme, they aren't stopped by the fact that you can't afford both diamonds and emeralds; they will pick emeralds and white lacquer. Some of the best-looking watches we've seen around town are of red gold combined with stainless steel; there is no attempt to make them appear to be of platinum. Remember that white gold may look nice, but unless it is very good quality, it may get to looking like nickel after a while.

There is considerable color in all the shops. We advise you to choose carefully among the jewellers, and then put upon the shop you select the responsibility of getting you stones of reliable color. Maybe you realize that most carnelian, and some of the chrysoprase around town, are artificially colored; in any event, we think you should know when your stones are artificially colored and when they are not. (Encouraging note: One jeweller reports that craftsmen probably know less today about artificial coloring than they







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THEY'VE captured New York ... these luscious drinks of deep Dubonnet red that taste as good as they look. Dubonnet, you know, is the favorite drink of Paris. It is not only delicious served straight, but is also the finest base for cocktails. Any drink made with Dubonnet cheers and refreshes ... gives you the lift you seek ... yet sits lightly! Let your guests enjoy the lift that never lets them down ... They'll thank you!

Simple to Make

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⅔ Dubonnet
⅓ Rye Whiskey
Dash Angostura Bitters

•

Dubonnet Cocktail
½ Dry Gin
½ Dubonnet
Add slice lemon

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ABI-49

If you prefer it straight, serve chilled but not iced



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Designed by expert skiers, who constantly study style trends at the world's ski centers. Materials chosen to provide maximum protection with minimum weight. Attractively priced. Ask for Slalom Ski Wear by name.

Write for illustrated folder P, showing ski suits and separate garments for men and women

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We maintain a complete kennel department throughout the year with dogs, supplies, accessories.

Send for Dog Book

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

did in years past, so the customer's chances of detecting bad color work are better right now than they have been for a long time.)

Fashion highlights: The two most successful fashions for the moment are the jewelled little-finger ring (looks like five bands put together, and a lot of diamonds for your money; prices begin around $515) and the bracelet charm. Each shop has dozens of varieties of these charms, in all-gold or set with stones, beginning at $2.50, and they will make up, specially, anything your little heart desires, from a tiny reproduction of your marriage licence to a pan of enamel-and-gold ham and eggs. Most women's watches have round faces this year; you can actually figure out the time on them.

Some of the items listed below are available at more than one shop. If we didn't stop somewhere, we might go on for pages and pages, and even then not tell you about all the fine things we've seen. As it is, we suggest that you look at these:

BLACK, STARR & FROST-GORHAM, 594 Fifth Avenue (48th): Several good versions of the diamond bowknot pin, an old favorite done in new ways; $125. Small purse watches, no bigger than a lipstick, with enamel decoration; $65. Gold clips, set with diamonds; $125 each. Link bracelets, in two colors of gold, made like a chain; $90. Old-fashioned links in a heavy gold bracelet; very good with black dinner clothes; $90.

BRAND-CHATILLON, 773 Fifth Avenue (59th): Yard-O-Led, a sterling-silver pencil, containing thirty-six inches of leads; $5. A silver pencil with a tip of some magnifying composition that is unbreakable; good for people who use telephone books a lot; $6. Cases for shopping-address labels, in gilded silver, $12.50; extra pack of one dozen printed labels; $1. Good-looking brocade evening bags, with decorative clasps like little bunches of crystal grapes; $20. A





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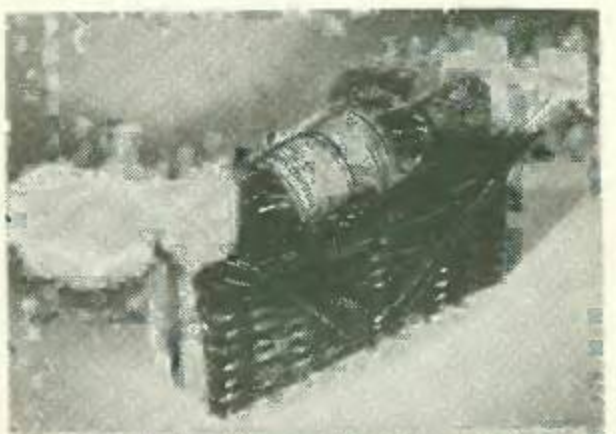
No. 11...(Illustrated above). Large bottle of Cuban rum, imported white and red Burgundy, Chateau d Yquem, imported Madeira wine, imported Scotch and imported 25-year Cognac; also large bottle each of imported Sherry and Cherry Whiskey. $25

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No. 10...Large bottle of the world-famous Yellow Chartreuse in a special wicker cradle of its own $7.24



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No. 14...Quart of Rye and Irish whiskeys; large bottles of imported Sherry, Port, Sauterne and French cordial . $13.99



No. 15... Large bottle of 50-yr. Cognac, 10-yr. Scotch, imported Port and imported Sherry . . . $17.50



No. 19...Bottle of French Cognac, Sauterne, Red Burgundy, Scotch, Gin, It. Vermouth, qt. Rye Whiskey and pt. Apple Brandy. $16.95

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And the ships themselves are as distinctive as the service. All staterooms are outside, amidships, even at minimum . . . dining rooms are air-conditioned . . . and outdoor swimming pools are built into smart verandah decks.

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18-DAY CRUISES to Haiti; Jamaica, B.W.I.; Colombia, South America; Panama Canal Zone . . . $190 up. Also 11-day all-expense cruises to Haiti, $135 up; Haiti and Jamaica, $170 up. Orchestras, talking pictures, celebrated cuisine. Direct docking at regular ports. Sailings from New York every Thursday.

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contraption known as Your Personal Adding Machine, small enough to put into your purse or pocket, in chromium; $12. Roll-top cigarette case, in silver with black enamel sides; $25.

CARTIER, 653 Fifth Avenue (52nd): They are going in for what they call "illusion" jewelry here. Bracelets of topazes and diamonds, for example, are arranged in steps, so that from one direction they appear to be all diamonds, and from another all topazes. Jewelled brooch with *pavé*-cut crystal covering one row of diamonds; the reflection makes the row of diamonds look like three. Crystal ball with watch inside; the crystal magnifies the figures on the watch face. Tiny gold flashlight, less than three inches long. Look over the Cartier budget counter, where gifts are arranged in price groups ($1 to $35).

CHARLTON & COMPANY, 656 Fifth Avenue (52nd): They make a specialty here of using clips in combinations with other jewelry. They will put your own clips on a bracelet of lacquer, a single clip on a bracelet of platinum mesh, or will set any watch (even an old-fashioned one if it's small enough) into an elaborate diamond-and-black-lacquer bracelet. They have smoked crystal combined with rubies and diamonds for bracelets and rings; rings set with diamond, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, and topaz, the first letters of which spell "Dearest" ($60 to $250); a man's stainless-steel-and-gold watch with a seventeen-jewel movement ($36); and asymmetrical brooches that break up into two clips.

EDMOND E. FRISCH, 576 Fifth Avenue (47th): Lots of rubies on everything—in two squares, at the sides of a tiny watch, and in five solid rows, all together, for a little-finger ring. Black-faced gold watch in a bracelet that's an original version of that thick, black elephant's-hair jewelry—four strands, making a wide band, with gold gadgets; $285. Eight-day travelling clock, in folding leather case small enough to fit into your hand; $35. Stopwatch in tiny leather case—fine for amateur photographers to time light exposures with when making enlargements; $55. Bottle-opener and corkscrew in silver handle like the head of a golf club; $10. Big desk pencil; blue lead in one end, red in the other; $10.

E. M. GATTLE & COMPANY, 703 Fifth Avenue (55th): Vanity cases, solid-gold, with compartment for loose powder, and attached lipstick; the seven large carved rubies that decorate the clasp are set in a design to match a clip brooch. Several new versions of clip earrings, mostly in rubies and diamonds. Chain bracelets with little dangling flags, in colored enamel, spelling out "I



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NIGHTLY INCLUDING SUNDAYS

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DINNER...from $1 no cover.

SUPPER cover...50c except Saturday nights and holiday eves, then $1. Luncheon from 75c—with the Barker Trio.

Hotel LINCOLN

44th to 45th STS. at 8th AVE

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Gifts that Gladden the Heart and Make a Joy of Christmas Giving



The Famous Gift Package Solves the Christmas Problem

(5.00 to 150.00)

A generous value in smart gifts for men and women, personally selected by Mr. Lewis or made up to order, and wrapped in the inimitable NAT LEWIS manner.



For Him

NAT LEWIS' distinguished furnishings are appreciated by well dressed men:—Sketched, *Original Cossack Lounge Suit*, Lustre flannel, navy, black, or maroon, contrasting piping, 32.50; NAT LEWIS' *Exclusive Cravats* are famous for variety in smart patterns: — *Imported Silk Moire Cravats*, top sketch, 1.50; *Viennese Silk Cravats*, made expressly for NAT LEWIS, 2.50; *Fine French Silk Moire*, jacquard designs or satin stripes, 5.00; *Gloves*, imported mocha, hand-stitched back and welt, 4.50; *Muffler*, pure silk crepe, doubled, white or black and white fringe, hand-done monogram, 6.00; *Kerchiefs*, hand-spun finish French linen, hand-done, two-tone monogram, (B) 1.50; (G) 2.00.

For Her

NAT LEWIS' *Original Purses* are foremost among smart gifts: —Sketched, *The Muffin*, new "little" *Evening Purse*, fine brocade, 10.00; *New Envelope Purse* in suede, with baguette crystal clip, 15.00; *Matching Clip*, 5.00; NAT LEWIS' *Original Pyjamas and Negligees* are superb gifts: — Sketched, *Pyjama*, transparent velvet with satin trousers, 12.75; NAT LEWIS is famous for lovely *Hand-Made Underthings* and exquisite *Hosiery*; Sketched, *Satin Panties*, lace trimmed, 6.95; *Red-Toe Evening Hose*, 51 gauge, ingrain, 1.95; *Gloves*, new suede back with kid palms, 5.95; *Cuff Bracelet*, onyx enamel, studded with fine rhinestones, 19.50.

Christmas Booklet with Full List of NAT LEWIS' Exclusive Gifts, Mailed on Request.

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love you" or "Sweetheart" in the International Code; $18 to $30. You can order these bracelets with flags signalling practically anything you like ($2 a flag; small additional charge for a special order). Tulip-wood cigarette cases ($9) to use as background upon which to rivet little bracelet charms ($1 rivetting charge for each charm).

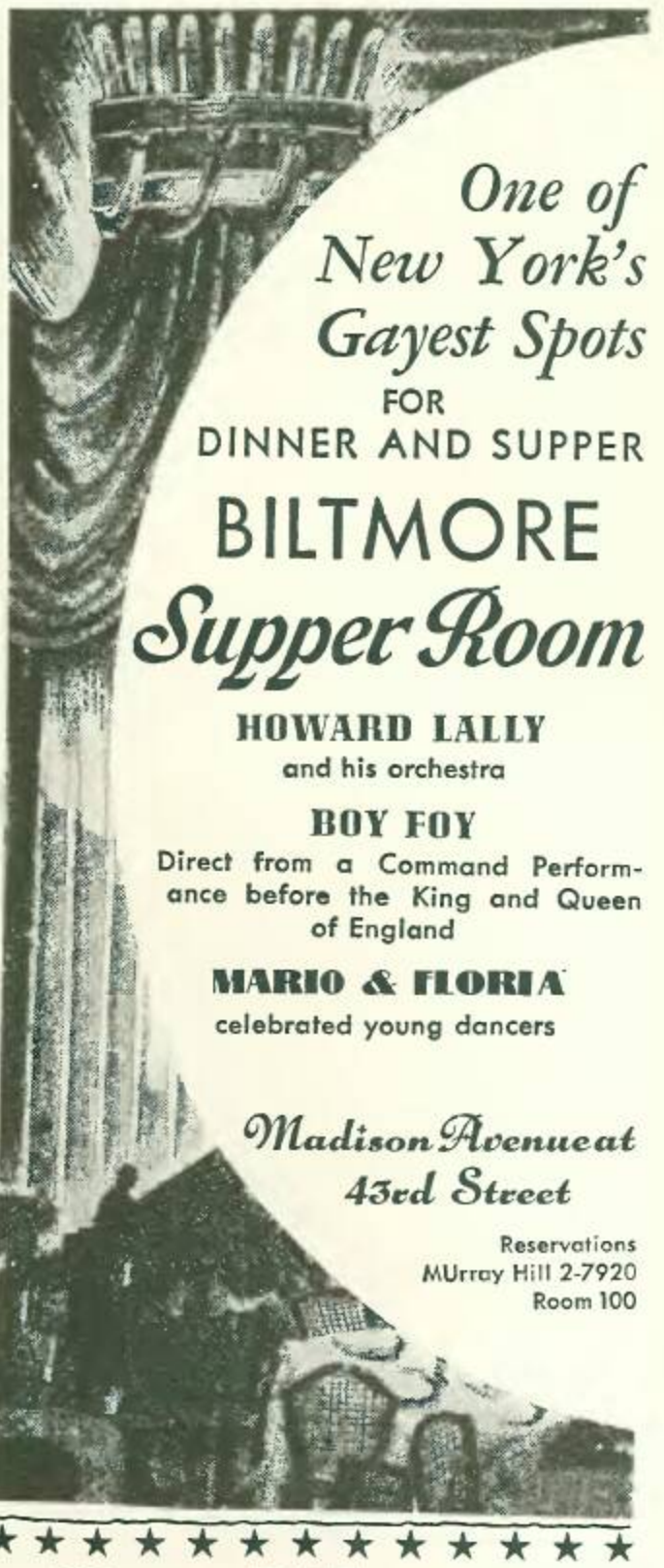
Roy W. Johnston, Waldorf-Astoria: New French watch, for woman's purse, with strap handle of braided Abyssinian giraffe's hair; the watch itself is about an inch across, but is set in a two-inch disc of crystal or stainless steel; $55. Silver-and-lacquer pencil with concealed revolving watch; the dial rolls into view when you press the tip; $75. Pencil-shaped lighter with similar watch arrangement; $55. Enamel lipstick with revolving watch; $55. Gold money clip, with attached black-dial watch; $60. "Nudist" clock, white marble and black onyx bands, with dial hands but no numbers; $25.

Theodore A. Kohn, 608 Fifth Avenue (49th): Lots of good combinations of color, with diamonds used with practically everything—topaz, green tourmaline, jade, enamel. A good collection of Uruguayan amethyst, which has an unusual dark tone. Single-clip brooches, beginning at $34. An especially good one, in modern design, done in rubies, diamonds, and enamel on gold; $285. Jade bracelets; $265 and up. Individual pieces of carved and pierced jade, in very rare natural bright green, to be set in brooches or bracelets; $150 each. All Kohn jewelry is specially designed; there's only one piece of a kind.

The Little Shop of T. Azeez, 561 Fifth Avenue (entrance on 46th St.): Crystal ship brooch, with waves edged with diamonds and flag set with rubies; $450. Lapis-lazuli necklace, with two-inch clasp to be worn at centre-front; $60. Double coral necklace, in the same manner; $125. Bee brooch, like old-fashioned pins, set with rose diamonds and colored semiprecious stones; $250. Crab; $150. Initial pins, specially designed in any form you ask—dog, horse. or a zodiac sign (two weeks required). Little-finger ring, like a man's, of solid platinum, with baguette diamonds incrusted in a plaid design at sides, and place for a tiny photograph under the mirror diamond setting.

Marcus & Company, 671 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Single-clip brooches of gold. with diamonds set in platinum; $97.50. Matching set of cigarette case and powder-sifter vanity, solid gold; $400. Similar set, gold and silver; $130. Single gold circle with tiny hook, to be used as belt buckle; $22. Magnifying crystal, about lipstick size, with gold ring at one end—can be put on watch chain or purse cord; $17. Jewelled clasps for necklaces; $50 and up. A big collection of star-sapphire rings; $150 and up. Glass-and-chromium clock, fifteen-jewel eight-day movement; $35. Fine platinum chain, the first step in assembling a pearl necklace for a child; $30. Individual real pearls begin at $5.

Ross-Pennell, 677 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Watch-bracelet of fine braided-leather cord with tiny round fourteen-carat gold watch; $75. Similar watch, in ring of

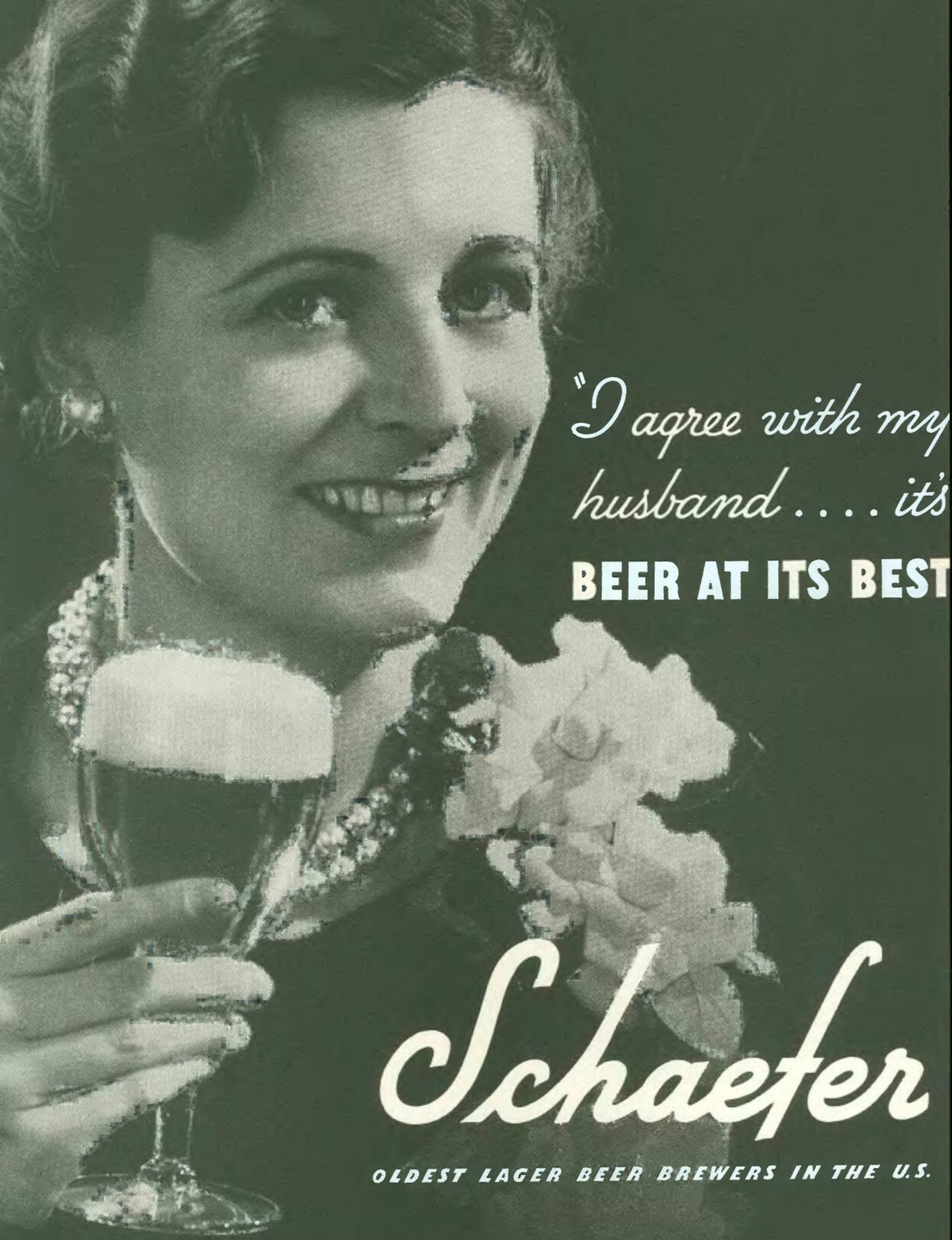


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MACY'S

presents

"MR." and "MRS."



Matching Pajamas
for Men and Women

Call them what you will, pajamas or pyjamas, these new twins are the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Beautifully tailored, of pure, washable silk, they come in wine, yellow, or blue, at 9.39 the pair. Any wife who buys them for her husband's Christmas without exacting a promise for some of her own to match or contrast, is carrying self-abnegation too far.

Lingerie Little Shop—*Second Floor*
Accessory Shop—*35th St. Balcony*

MACY'S

diamonds, on black silk cord; $200. Miniature clasp (quarter-inch across) set with diamonds, for charm bracelet, with attached key; $35. Small gold folding case, with room for six photographs—fits in watch pocket; $150. Gold money clip with St. Christopher medal; $43. St. Christopher medal for dog collars; $3. Combination house key and locket that will hold a photograph; $28.

PIERRE RUEDIN, 665 Fifth Avenue (52nd): Mostly individual designs, made to order. Many types of clips, planned to fit in with current fashions—some have roll tops, so that the clip hinges are concealed. Windmill clip with revolving wings, so that they can be set at different positions; $550. Double wedding ring, gold inside, diamonds and platinum outside; $200. Diamond-platinum outside put on your wife's wedding ring; $120. Good color combinations in bracelets.

TIFFANY & COMPANY, 401 Fifth Avenue (37th): Crystal bow pins, with diamond knots; $240. Little-finger ring, sports type, very wide, with row of large canary diamonds, banked on either side by white diamonds; $515. Gold watch rings; $105. Two matching watches on wrist strap, for sentimental people; you can see both New York and, say, Spokane time at once; $220. Umbrella with silver top on handle; $28. With pigskin over crook handle; $12. What used to be known as beauty pins; $6 a pair, and up. Flat jewel cases of soft leather with firm clasps; roll up small enough to carry in purse; come in two sizes ($20 and $24). Handbag of black antelope, with revolving watch and red lacquer knobs on clasp; $120. Brocade cigarette box, big enough to hold a full pack, yet small enough to go in an evening bag; $6. Comb with lacquer decoration and gold monogram square, in brocade case; $9.25.

EDWIN H. TOMPKINS, INC., 44 East 57th Street: Unusual watch bracelets; one has a square ruby for a crystal, and another has its dial hanging below the strap. Lacquer folding clock (like a folding watch) for travelling; $40. Sports



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World's Greatest
Spanish Dancers

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and his Orchestra
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Christmas Trees
OF HAND WROUGHT TIN
• Large size 19" high $10.00
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Exclusive With
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The GRIPSHOLM
ELEGANT SWEDISH RESTAURANT
DINNER $1.25
324 EAST 57TH STREET

watch-bracelet of leather, wood, and stainless steel; $55. Several types of wide band rings, red gold, with ruby and diamond decorations. Matching pieces of white gold—links, tie clips, money clips, key chains, etc., with heads of dogs or horses in lapis or carnelian attached; $40 to $85.

TRABERT & HOEFFER, INC., 407 Park Avenue (55th): Lots of combination jewelry here. Necklaces come apart to make clips, brooches, bracelets, even shoulder-straps; one asymmetrical bracelet can be used as a pendant clip. Love rings, wide bands of carved rubies set between two rows of diamonds; $185 and up. Inch-wide gold watch, miniature of an alarm clock; $75. Women's cufflinks, horseshoe shape, diamonds and rubies; $425. Carryalls, gold and silver cases that double for evening bags; $750 and up. Some very handsome pieces of jewelry that include stones which are only one of a kind—one 200-carat emerald, one 25-carat diamond, microscopically perfect.

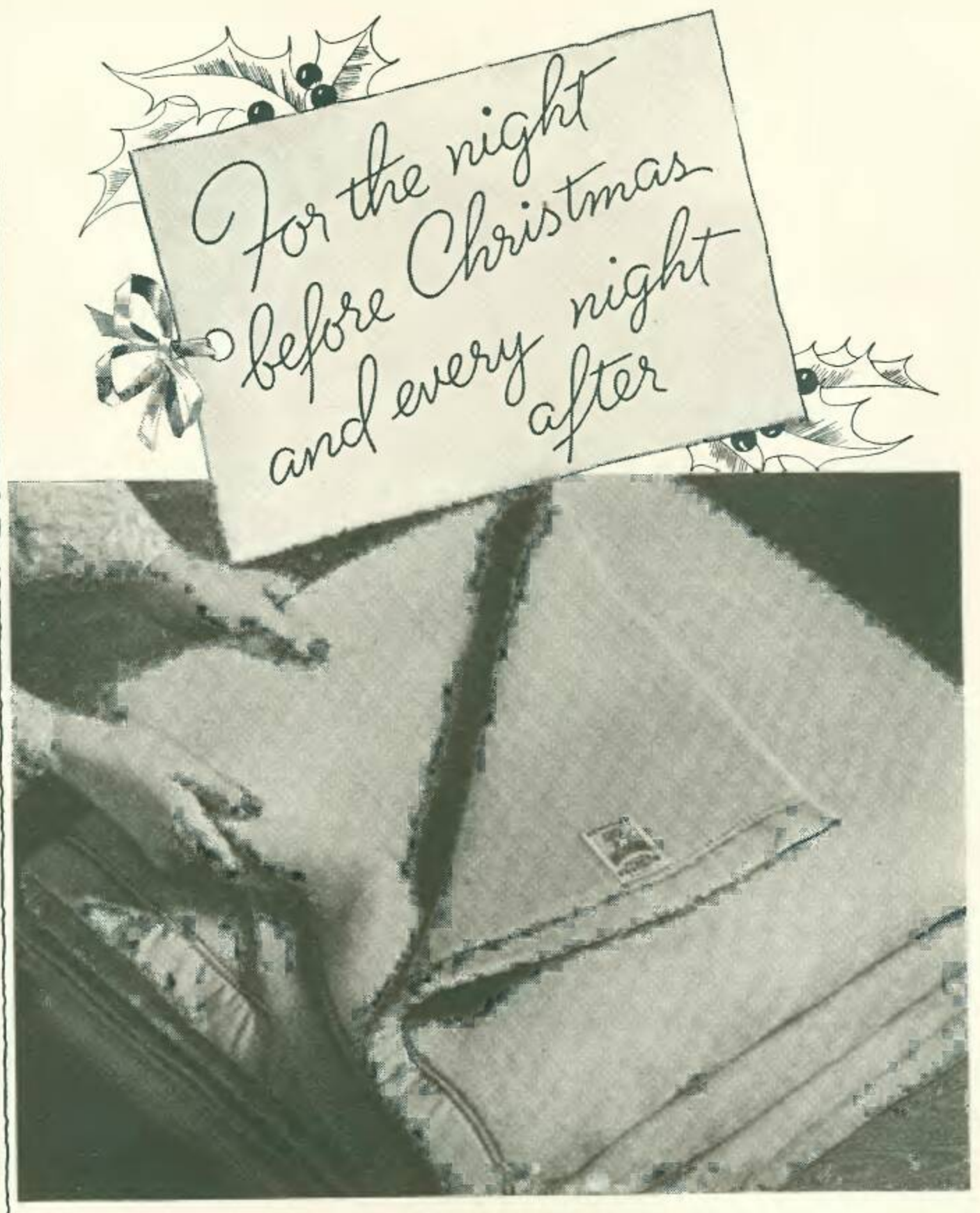
OLGA TRITT, 589 Madison Avenue (57th): Good-looking earring clips, star sapphires and diamonds; $500 a pair. Old-fashioned link bracelet of massive gold; $75. Little antique vinaigrettes, for aspirin or saccharin; $7.50 and up. Large crystal clip, set with diamonds and rubies; $145. Wide guard ring, platinum with aquamarine settings; $125. Touchwood cufflinks—wood with incrusted silver stripes; $15. Some stunning bracelets, solid jade and solid platinum, set with large diamonds.

UDALL & BALLOU, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th): Gold saccharin-dispenser, pencil thickness and about an inch long; $33. Keys with identifying decorations—house and trees, skyscraper office building, and such; $12 and up. Money clip with house key attached—fine for an evening bag; $54. Rabbit's foot, with gold end and loop to be attached to chain; $5.50. Religious medal; $5.50. Gold cross; $15. French ladybug pins, a revived fashion; $65 and up (some have diamond eyes). White-gold attachment to turn a pair of clips into a bracelet; $150. This shop has several versions of the wide, jewelled little-finger ring, with five rows of jewels; also matching bracelets, pins, and clips.

RAYMOND YARD, INC., 607 Fifth Avenue (49th): Diamond-studded lingerie clasps (like long, narrow clips) that don't need to be restricted to shoulder-straps; they'd even do on an ermine wrap; $500. Miniature gold box, less than a half-inch across, for aspirin; $8. Green- and red-gold lighter; $175. Sets of matching collar pins and tie-holders, platinum with sapphires—for a woman who likes nice riding clothes; $400.

WRAPPINGS AND TRIMMINGS

IF you don't give a holiday party this year so as to have an excuse to use some of the Christmas trimmings and decorations now to be found in the stores, it can only be because you are a person of iron will, with sales resistance far superior to ours. We were pretty tired of the whole business when we



give a **Kenwood Famous Blanket**

Gloriously big, soft, fluffy, warm, and seven and one-half feet long. Made of pure, new wool, the choice of the world's wool markets, with a thick, glossy nap, long enough to sink your fingers in. Woven for a lifetime of wear; bound with luxurious satin ribbon. In Peach, Oriental Blue, Gold, Green, Tan, Copper, Rose, Orchid, Maize, Pink, White, Light Blue. 72x90 . . . **$12.50**

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Gimbel Brothers
McGibbon & Co.
Bloomingdale's

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Companion piece to Kenwood's Famous Blanket, and a wonderful extra cover. Soft, warm wool in a wide basket weave with the rugged texture men approve. In Light Blue, Peach, Orchid, Rose, Green, Gold, Tan, Copper, Oriental Blue. 60 x 72. . . . . **$7.95**

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BED JACKETS



Soft as an infant's. Tearose, blue or white Shetland wool. 10.95



Mists of Maribou on rose, powder blue, white washable velvet. 19.75



Regal retirement in puffed velvet. White, tearose, aqua. 16.50

NEGLIGEES AND BED JACKETS—3RD FLOOR

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH STREET

started out to gather in this list, but what we saw put the old Christmas spirit right back in our blood.

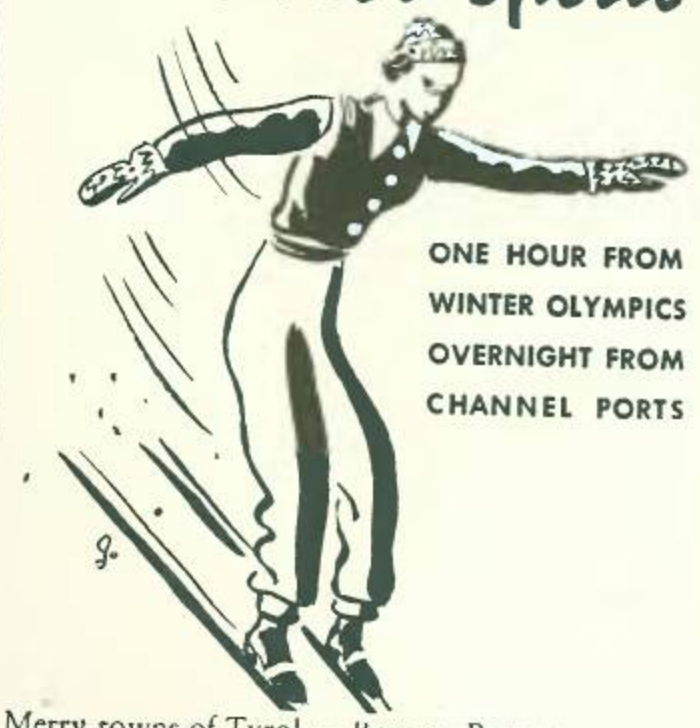
For instance, at the Decorative Plant Company, 230 Fifth Avenue (27th), you can duplicate the glittering effects you see in shop windows all over town. They have wreaths of colored metal foil, tied up with big foil bows, for $3 and up; garlands of white holly and Christmas bells, done with a frosted effect, for draping fireplaces and entrance halls; sparkling white visca trees (good for table centres), fitted with colored light bulbs ($2.50 to $10); enormous eighteen-point foil stars (from $2 to $3 in silver, red, or green) that fold flat for storage until next year; and great stocks of holly and mistletoe sprays, natural-colored and white.

Pitt Petri, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd) or Waldorf-Astoria Shop, has a conventionalized tree in wood, shaped like a tall cone, with crystal knobs stuck on to catch the light from Christmas candles. It's expensive ($19), but it should last a lifetime and become a cherished family heirloom. Candlesticks to match this; $5. Thin aluminum-foil cutouts for decorating tables are nice, too: angels, $2; comets with long tails, seventy-five cents. Plaster figurines; saints and angels with wan little faces and the most beautiful colored robes; $1.50 each. Blown-glass fir trees; $4.-50 and $6.

Dennison has a department in the new store at 411 Fifth Avenue (37th) which advises you, free, about trimming your house for Christmas parties. Among its best props are papers which look like cloth, for draping walls and windows, and cardboard cutouts for making your own decorations. White, gold, and silver stars, and snow crystals; three, four, five, and six cents each. Also colored letters to make signs and mottoes. The Dennison Party Bazaar department makes the most complicated table centres without turning a hair, and will carry out your own ideas and make invaluable suggestions.

For tree trimmings, we don't know why you should go further than the nearest Woolworth, or the resplendent new Kress store at 444 Fifth Avenue (39th). Kress has a fine ten-cent idea in candlesticks—little candle cups set in metal-foil poinsettias in red, green, blue, and silver; they would be lovely on a Christmas table, and a couple of dollars' worth would trim up your whole place something fine. Woolworth is incomparable for colored balls and tree trimmings, which get broken so fast in any case that it isn't worth

For Winter Sports



ONE HOUR FROM WINTER OLYMPICS
OVERNIGHT FROM CHANNEL PORTS

Merry towns of Tyrol — Reutte, Berwang, Ehrwald, Innsbruck, St. Anton, Kitzbühel, all within easy commuting distance from the Winter Olympic Games (ten fast trains daily), 60% railway reductions; no visa fee for American Olympic visitors, Vienna's winter carnival and Opera Ball, Semmering's bright parade, Federation Internationale de Ski events at Innsbruck — Feb. 21-24.

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KING COLE LOBBY
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TALK of the Town!

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The Roger Smith — 40 East 41st Street
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your while to invest fortunes in them.

Good wrappings for gifts are to be had in every department store, bookshop, and stationer's in town; if you like Santa Claus, Scottie dogs, and stars on wrapping papers, you can find plenty without going out of your way. Us, we are choosy in these matters, and prefer plain papers with something special in the way of tie-up ribbons and extra decorations stuck on top. At Dennison, of course, they have an enormous selection of tissues and heavier papers in any color you can name (they are selling a lot of brown, in case you care about Trends), as well as heavy metal-foil papers at around $3 for twelve-yard rolls. We were crazy about their imitation wood and cork papers: the woods are birch, mahogany, and oak, and you tie them up with brown grosgrain and pull a spray of real holly through the bow, to make a superspecial package for a man's man. In ribbons, they are featuring—of *all* things in a paper shop—velvet, which does up packages in such style that the things inside are in danger of becoming anticlimactic. These people are continuing their famous wrapping service, too; you take in your gifts and they do the packaging, for fifteen cents a package up. Delivery charges are extra, but you can drive down and pick up the whole lot yourself.

Gerard, 48 East 48th Street, has cutout decorations in aluminum foil which would make the plainest package exciting. There are angels with curly hair at $1.25, little foil fir trees for $4, flat aluminum stars ($3.50 for a set of eight), and nice leaves of the same stuff, forty-five cents a dozen; you can use them in sprays or make little wreaths. The angels and trees are really extra gifts which people can keep after the package is unwrapped.

If you must have patterned papers, try the Japan Paper Company, 109 East 31st Street, for tea-box papers, in copies of old Chinese designs; fifteen



Exciting Nighties



$5.95

And so to Bed

In this Satin Sleeper . . . Puffed sleeves, princess lines, and rows of tiny stitching. Ciel, Dusty Pink, Wine with Dusty stitching, White with Navy stitching, Navy with White stitching. Sizes 14 to 17. Short Sleeves $5.95 Long Sleeves $8.95

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Madison Ave., at 53rd St.
Also 82nd and Broadway

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SIMPLICITY



Distinquishes this Youthful Coiffure

Wearable to a degree, this arrangement is popular because it is so easily handled and kept in place.

Charles OF THE RITZ

believes that many women prefer a practical coiffure which is nevertheless versatile enough to appear at its best whether for day or evening wear.

A HAIR CUT IS $1.00
A FINGER WAVE IS 1.50

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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

cents a sheet, and really lovely to look at. They also have lots of that thin paper ribbon which ties in such beautiful butterfly bows once you have caught the trick, which isn't hard. It is cheap and effective—twenty-five to eighty yards in a bolt, all for fifteen cents.

Lord & Taylor have more of these paper-tissue ribbons, such as electric blue or red or dull silver, all edged with shiny silver bands; around thirty-five cents a roll, and a very good selection. . . . At Altman, there are lots of Glassips (Cellophane drinking straws), for making bristling rosettes and things on top of packages. Also, little bells, gold and silver, to string on the ribbon used for tying. . . . The Beacon Book Shop, 46 East 46th Street, has *such* nice colored envelopes with Christmas mottoes, for giving money; a hole under the flap shows the bill's denomination and ends suspense. . . . The Christmas-wrappings division of Wanamaker's Paper Shop has good boxed ensembles for busy, lazy, or unimaginative folk; our choice was a box containing plain red paper, silver-tissue ribbon, silver-bell decorations to paste on, and seals and enclosure cards in red and silver; fifty cents. (They have a wrapping service, too.) . . . Macy can show you snow men, snow women, and Santas made of Cellophane, to tie on packages; new and nice. . . . And here's our own pet idea, passed on to you with a Merry Christmas: buy packages of lace-paper doilies in different shapes and sizes (Woolworth has them in white and colors, Dennison offers beautiful silver and gold ones), and lay them flat on top of colored tissue or Cellophane packages; then tie up with a smashing bow of paper-tissue rib-



Kathleen Sue
118 East 60th St. · New York



Chantilly lace is used in this alluring dinner and dance dress. Sizes 12 to 20. Price 49.50



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Discover Giovanni's
145 East 55th St.
Service *con amore*
LUNCHEON
DINNER



bon. An Effect, for around five cents a package.

FOOTNOTE

IF you think you are in a flutter over Christmas, you ought to see us. A couple of weeks ago we were in such a state we left one of our favorite stores clean out of a list of gifts for the house. Our findings at Georg Jensen, super-silversmith, 667 Fifth Avenue (52nd), are therefore offered here and now, with honest apologies to Jensen and to you-all. We saw there, and loved:

A collection of cherry-wood bowls, platters, and cheese boards; items, a nut bowl ($6), with silver nutcracker ($14); a big salad bowl, polished to a lovely sheen ($8.75), a flat, round cheese board ($5). Orrefors glass collection; item, a lemon dish with silver fork ($5.50). Silver-handled, black-horn hors-d'œuvre serving tools, four to a set, $19.50; or, with big glass platter, $25. Caviar knife, black horn with silver, $4.75; for adding a fine touch to your gift of fresh caviar. Lovely collections of Royal Copenhagen porcelain and oxidized bronze by Sorensen, too. And an enormous selection of individual silver serving pieces in the Jensen manner: sugar tongs, ladles, sauce dips, fruit knives, and the world's most appealing pickle fork ($6.50). Only the other day a customer bought one of these forks and stuck it in her hat.

•

I will tell the readers of a dumb stunt I once pulled, and hope someone will remember it and profit by my mistake.

Sometime ago, when it was cold and raining, I put out our milk cans to catch some rain water. The next day it got real cold and the water froze in them. We just left it for two days, as it was still freezing. When we looked at them cans, the bottom was bursted out of both of the cans. This taught me to never leave water in cans when it is freezing.

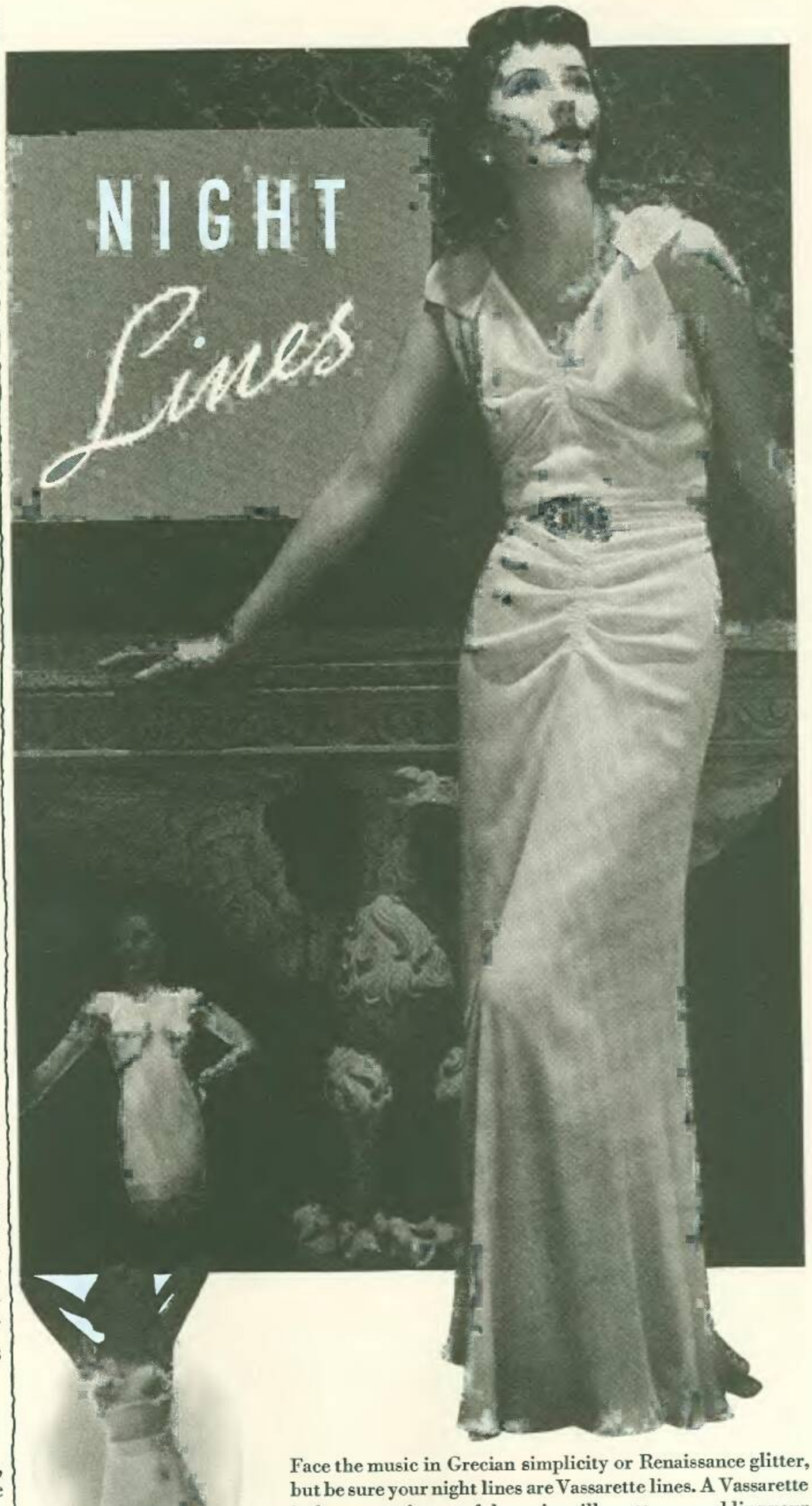
—*Letter in Diversified Farming.*

Not everyone picks things up as quickly as that.

•

It is understood the Stone Chimney, reputed to be the alleged place where Postmaster Tony Martinez is alleged to be rumored to have been defaced in a fight with some alleged person, indicated by decorations on his visage, as alleged, alleges that the argument and battle occurred after the S. C. had closed for the night and most of the employes had left the premises. Exactly where the hostilities occurred if not at the Stone Chimney is not clear.—*Santa Fe New Mexican.*

Probably occurred in the shadow of a doubt.



• TOP: *Vassarette All-in-One with Open-front bandeau top. $15.*

• BOTTOM: *Vassarette Pantie-Girdle controls hips and thighs. $7.50. Vassarette Bandeau, $2.*

Face the music in Grecian simplicity or Renaissance glitter, but be sure your night lines are Vassarette lines. A Vassarette is the secret of a graceful evening silhouette ... moulding your figure superbly and *so* comfortably. Vassarette Foundations, of specially processed Lastex are for slimsters, plumps and in-betweens. Insist on a fitting in the style best for you. Write for the name of the dealer nearest you. Vassar Company, 180 Madison Avenue, New York; 2569 Diversey Avenue, Chicago.

Underneath it all . . . A

VASSARETTE

The New

TRIANON ROOM

featuring

VINCENT LOPEZ

with his

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RAMON & RENITA

The noted Dance Stars
of the stage and screen

DINNER AND SUPPER NIGHTLY
EXCEPT SUNDAYS

DINNER $3 or a la carte
SUPPER a la carte

No couvert for dinner guests remaining after 10:30 except Saturdays, then $1 . . . Couvert for guests arriving after 10:30, week-days $1, Saturday nights and holiday eves $2.

Tea Dancing on Saturdays

LUNCHEON $1.50
or a la carte

Music by Shandor
and his orchestra

COCKTAIL HOUR
from 4 to 6:30

HOTEL
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CALL BOX

I HAD come up to London on Saturday and now it was Sunday afternoon, and I wanted to get back to the country for dinner. A train left St. Pancras at five-thirty, and I arrived there fifteen minutes ahead of time. After I had bought my ticket, the porter took my luggage to the scales and I dashed to the telegraph office. It is no fun to reach a lonely country station at night with your house ten miles off, and not be met. The telegraph office was closed, so I hailed a porter.

"They're always closed on a Sunday evening, sir," he said.

"Oh."

He went into details about the closing hours and opening hours.

"Where's a telephone booth?" I interrupted.

"Telephone booth?"

"Yes. Isn't there any place I can telephone from?"

"Oh, a call box."

"All right, a call box. Where is one?"

"There," he said, pointing, and I ran off.

Closing the box's door with one hand and clutching a pocketful of coins with the other, I confronted a curious-looking slot machine covered with all sorts of buttons and levers. I looked for directions about how to use it. The entire back wall was covered with print and diagrams. They seemed quite incomprehensible, and I had only a few minutes more.

Through the glass side of the call box my eyes fell on a quiet-looking little middle-aged man sitting on a rest bench with a shabby portmanteau at his feet. I rushed out and asked him if he knew how to work an English telephone.

"Because I don't," I said. "I'm an American and the telegraph office is closed and my train leaves in about ten minutes and I've got to telephone to the country so they'll meet me. Can you please get the number for me?"

He smiled and came along, and I gave him the number and a lot of coins and he went into the box and I watched him through the glass side. I watched him drop in some coins, heard them fall, saw him turn the dial, saw his lips move, watched him listen, then press one of the buttons. The coins came back. He then seemed to start all over again. I could hear his voice, but I couldn't make out what he was saying. I could hear the coins go in, then come back. He began to frown. His voice got loud-

THE
IDEAL GIFT

A Box of Henri's delicious

CHOCOLATES *and* BONBONS

Packed in the French manner in boxes of one, two, three and five pounds, these confections are the most appropriate Christmas thought. The pound $1.75

•

HENRI

"A Bit of Paris in New York"

40 WEST 46th STREET
NEW YORK

Under-fashioning
The Evening Gown



JOY-BRA
(PATENTED) by Madame Poix

Strapless and backless, still perfect support for the modish, high and divided bust line—*a joy to debutantes*. Also carried in waist length for high top girdles.

{*At* Discriminating *Shops*}

Illustrated Folder on Request

Studios of G. M. POIX, Inc.
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er. He was pressing buttons furiously now. Finally I saw him looking up at the directions. I began to read them too, sidewise, through the glass partition: about pressing button A, about pressing button B. Then, when I thought he must just about have the number, he said, "Hello! Are you there?"—loud enough for me to hear—and pressed a button and all the coins came back. He turned and opened the door.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," he said, "but I'm having no luck. I'm afraid I don't know just how to work this thing."

"Thank you just the same," I said, and quickly changed places with him.

By now I knew how to get Central, and did. It was a man's voice.

"Hello," I said. "I want Long Distance, please."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Is this Central?"

"Is this what?"

"I want to get a number."

"Well, this is Exchange. What number do you wish?"

"Husbands Bosworth two-two-0-0."

"The exchange, please?"

"Husbands Bosworth."

"I don't know it. Where is it?"

"Down in Leicestershire, near Market Harborough."

"Oh. You want Trunks."

"Trunks? What do you mean?"

"That exchange is outside of London."

"I know it."

"Then you want Trunks."

"All right, please give me Trunks, then."

"Just hold on a moment, please."

"I haven't much time."

Pause.

Presently I heard another man's voice.

"Hello," I said. "Is this Long Distance?"

"Is this what?"

"I mean is this Central, Operator, Exchange—I mean Trunks?"

"Yes. This is Trunks."

"Thank God. Well, what I want is Husbands Bosworth two-two-0-0."

"What number?"

I repeated it.

"Where is that?"

"Leicestershire, near Market Harborough."

"And what's the exchange again?"

"Husbands Bosworth."

"Will you spell it, please?"

I did. He finally got it.

"And the number?"

"Two-two-0-0."

"Husbands Bosworth double two

BLOOMINGDALE PRODUCES SOME

New ideas ° ° °

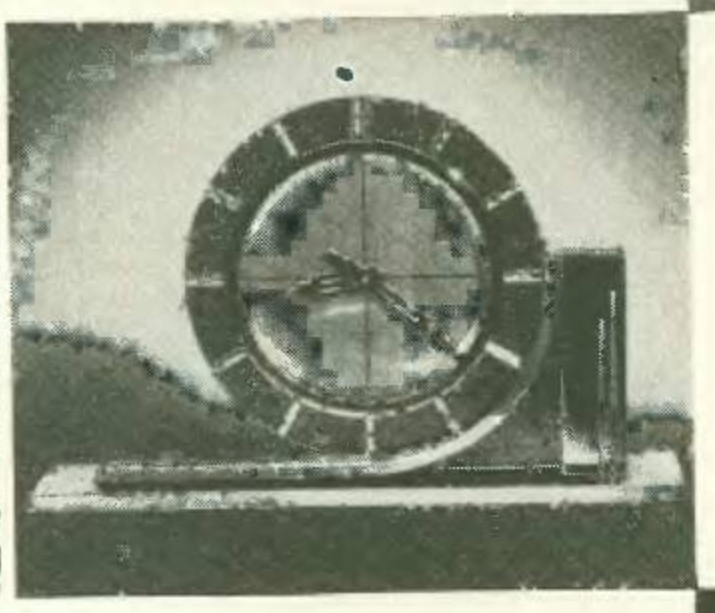
on the "SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING WHAT'LL I GIVE HER" situation



Looks like a museum piece this cigarette box entirely done in the most exquisite petitpoint Austria can do. **59.95** and worth it.

Of course the idea of a glass boudoir set isn't exactly novel. But this stunning imported streamline affair in cut crystal is refreshing, you'll admit. 3 pieces **16.75**





Of course it's a clock . . . but WHAT a clock! Restrained chromium with a dial of sapphire blue. 8-day Swiss movement and all for **27.50**

We've had marcasite monogram pins for years. You waited ten days to have them made up. But this new one has snap-in initials, put in in a jiffy. Anything to save you time. This pin with 3 initials, **5.95**
A new version of the duo-pin which serves as brooch, belt-buckle or separate clips. Particularly handsome rhinestones, **18.75**



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Enjoy the best GOLF in the South on the picturesque St. Augustine Links, with excellent GRASS greens.

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In an environment inviting rest and relaxation . . . featuring golf, tennis, archery, boating and surf bathing.

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The finest resort hotel in the world . . . in the center of America's winter gayety . . . sports and social diversions.

Casa Marina at Key West



The haven for real fishermen . . . in the mildest and most equable climate . . . private bathing beach . . . golf.

double nought. Thank you. Now, just a moment, please."

Presently Trunks came back. "Will you deposit tenpence, please?"

"I haven't the exact change."

"Deposit a shilling, and press button B."

I did, and twopence came out.

"Hello," I said. "Hello!" I had lost all connection. I put the twopence back, turned the dial, got Exchange again, then Trunks.

"Hello," I said, "I lost you by pressing button B."

"What number do you want?"

I HAD to go through all that again—only this time I abbreviated matters by using the double-two-double-nought trick. It worked.

"Will you deposit tenpence, please?"

"I haven't tenpence. Will a shilling do all right?"

"You will be losing twopence."

"O.K. No more button B for me. There's the shilling."

I dropped it in. There was a musical clank. Then came a lot of buzzing and a long period of no response. I kept saying "Hello," but nobody would say "Hello" back.

Finally Trunks came on again. "Hello," he said, "are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here still."

"Very good, sir. All right, you're through."

Then a distant voice said, "Allo?" It was the butler in the country. I recognized his accent.

"Payne," I said, jubilant. "I'm in London. I'm taking the five-thirty right now, for Market Harborough. Will you have—"

"Allo! Allo!" His voice was very faint.

"Hello!" I bellowed. "Can't you hear me?"

"Allo! Allo! Allo!" Far, far off.

It became apparent that he could not hear me, though I could him. I raised my voice. The little man with the portmanteau got up and went away. The telephone began to buzz in my ear. Then Trunks cut in and said, "You must press button A, sir."

I did. At least I thought I did. My hand was trembling. Beads of sweat were on my brow. Anyway, I pressed something. I forget what. Maybe it was button C or D. I don't remember. But whatever it was, it didn't work. Either I had done something wrong or else Payne had got tired of saying "Allo" and had hung up. It didn't matter by then. The time was up.

—TAYLOR SCOTT HARDIN

KEEP SLIM



Thomas' Protein Bread is not only the most delicious bread you have ever tasted but it helps you keep a lovely figure because it contains:

- 41% less starch
- 44% less calories
- helps prevent constipation
- Money back guaranteed if not delighted

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THOMAS' Protein BREAD

"OCCASION" WINES
*for the holidays ahead**

CLOS de TART • 1926

"Clos de Tart, of a very fine vintage, is, for sheer delicacy, breed and finesse, perhaps the very finest Burgundy there is."—P. MORTON SHAND

$39.75 the case

WINES OF THE FAMOUS
ROMANÉE CONTI
VINEYARDS

1904...the bottle,	$30.	1915...the bottle,	$22.
1906... " "	30.	1919... " "	20.
1912... " "	22.	1921... " "	18.

1929...the bottle, $14.

Other Imported Wines from $12 a case up.

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Fine Wines
374 Park Ave. (Racquet Club Bldg.)

WARD and ROME
Tin Waste Baskets
$10 to $35
Old Tôle Lamps
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HOCKEY

Pay Yer Penny—Peewee Integrity



THE American-Rangers game showed that the Americans still lacked scoring power, or that the Rangers still worked miracles in a pinch, whichever you like. We like both. There were times when, with Rangers in the penalty box, it might have seemed that nothing on earth could keep the Americans from scoring—but if you thought so, you little knew your teams. The Americans sent five men up the ice, and put on spot plays and power plays, and shot fast and frantically, but Bill Cook and Ching and the rest rushed around and Dave Kerr tumbled about and so the Americans didn't score.

Nor did the fact that they beat Boston in last Saturday's game belie their weakness in the brass-tack matter of getting goals. Instead, the game showed how they could win only one game in seven, up to then, yet look so good. Again and again their forward lines got through the Boston defence in brilliant fashion, but once inside they timed passes wrong, fumbled them, and shot too soon or too late. Still, they did win.

That game was sometimes exciting; the Rangers-Boston match was so nearly perfect hockey that it bored the crowd; and the Rangers-Chicago game was the most interesting of the season. Here you had the Rangers pitted against not only a powerful team but one with the Rangers' own style of play. Clem Loughlin, who learned the open game along with Lester Patrick in the West, spent last season breaking the Hawks of Tommie Gorman's tight-reined Eastern habits, and now he's got them convinced that attack is the best defence. They seemed the fastest team here so far. Mush March and Morenz looked especially good—when you could see them through the mist rising from the ice—and, with all due respect, the Rangers were lucky to win. Incidentally, Ching Johnson, as you may have noticed, has been playing a grand game—Frank Boucher says it's his best in three years—and Kerr has improved greatly.

OUT in Winnipeg, one man trains, coaches, and manages eight complete teams. He is the good priest of St. Boniface Parish, and his teams belong to the Peewee National Hockey League, a replica in miniature of the big one. The players, seven and eight years old, are organized in teams named Maple Leafs, Bruins, Canadiens, etc.; call themselves Conacher, Shore, Joliat, etc.; and wear small copies of their heroes' uniforms. They play regulation rules on regulation rinks and draw match, or even season, penalties if they don't keep up in their school studies. Bill Cook says they play really splendid hockey. Somebody once tried to promote a tour of the big League for them, the idea being to take only two squads but eight sets of uniforms, so that they could dress a "home" team wherever they played. The boys wouldn't have it: it wouldn't be fair to the public. (Besides, how would *you* like to be called Red Horner when you're really Ching Johnson?)

FRANK BOUCHER will never again get the Lady Byng Trophy for clean play and sportsmanship. When it was awarded to him last spring for the seventh time in eight years, Lady Byng wrote from England that he was to keep the original and that she would put up a new one, whereupon Frank resigned from further competition. Pauline hopes he won't get rough now.

Tip to local first ladies: Frank says Lady Byng was such a hockey enthusiast when Lord Byng was Governor General that she used to have whole teams to dinner at Rideau Hall. . . . Pauline is alarmed about Roy Worters—thinks he's slipping, because he missed a chew the other night when four or five Rangers were tossing the puck at him like printers sorting pi. So long as he doesn't lower his eyebrows, though, there's hope. . . . The race for the Pauline Trophy For Not Blowing the Whistle is on. Standing of referees: none, with her. . . . Jack Filman's cat following hasn't tracked him to his new lair at the Sportsmen's Club, but Johnny Andres points out that Jack hasn't carried any fish there yet. . . . The Garden has tried big bands and little bands, and now sometimes it's an organ. Next week: Al Frazin at the nickel-in-the-slot piano. —K. B.

•

He threw away his arm, feeling vaguely uncomfortable.—*From "A Sign for Cain," by Grace Lumpkin.*

He sounds petulant to us.



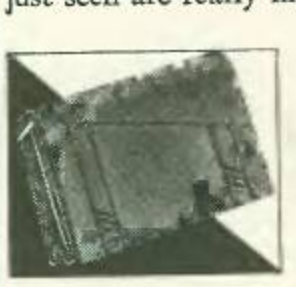
Rolfs

"BEST SELLERS"

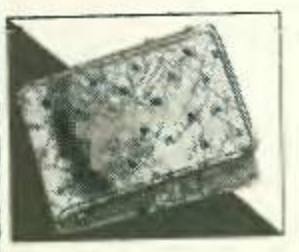
by Colette

Publishers tell me there are no standards for determining which books will be "best sellers," but department store buyers say . . . both Rolfs La Garde bags and Rolfs men's goods are always "best sellers."

The Christmas bag and billfold selections I've just seen are really marvelous.



I'm simply wild about this handbag, Rolfs La Garde. It's exquisitely tailored of fine calfskin and discreetly trimmed with diagonal pleats. You'll discover a secret pocket, a passport case, and tucked under the front flap, a four-hook key case, a card case and a billfold. An expanding Talon slide fastened pocket will take care of necessary papers. It's a grand gift for $18.



There's absolutely no need to wail "it's so difficult to buy a gift for a man!" Trot to any good shop and take a long look at the Rolfs billfolds. Sleek and thin, they challenge criticism. Here's one for $7.50 of fine, natural, select quality ostrich. Inside are pockets for masculine necessities. A billfold that will not wear out or lose its slim elegance. Other smart 'folds from $1 to $10.



And why not delight him with a matching key case? Rolfs have distinctive ones in all leathers with the patented feature that makes it easy for him to slip a key out of the case by a simple movement. Keys are held straight so they can't become tangled or bulky. These cases make appreciated gifts, alone or as a companion to a billfold. Price $2.50. Others 50c to $5.00.

ROLFS LEATHER GOODS MAY BE PURCHASED ONLY AT LEADING STORES AND SMART SHOPS

Rolfs

330 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

La Garde Handbags for Women $5 to $30
Billfolds, Cases for Men $1 to $15

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Efficiently managed
Sailing on noble ships

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in the express liner "Columbus"

Sailing February 11, 1936

The first cruise from New York completely around South America since 1930. On the famous North German Lloyd liner "Columbus," the largest ship ever to make a Round South America Cruise.

Through the Panama Canal; down the West Coast of South America; through the Straits of Magellan, and up the East Coast. With visits to the southern continent's great ports and historic cities.

All in 45 days. February 11 to March 27
$495 up — one class only

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in the "Stella Polaris"

Sailing January 21, 1936

To the most interesting of the South Sea Islands, and New Guinea. Through the Dutch East Indies to India and Ceylon. Then by way of Madagascar, South Africa and Liberia to Havre and Southampton. Visiting, among other places:

Marquesas	Fiji Islands	Durban
Tahiti	Bali, Java	Cape Town
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January 21 to May 9 — 109 days
Limited to 125 members
$1035 up — with shore excursions

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in the "Britannic"

Four escape-from-winter cruises in the Cunard-White Star liner "Britannic."

January 31 to February 19	$210 up
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For particulars of any of these cruises and reservations see any office of

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New York: 670 Fifth Ave. (at 53rd St.)
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OR YOUR LOCAL AGENT

THE RACE TRACK

A Long Shot and Luck —Chemical Courses



AS you bright-eyed form-chart readers must have noticed, during the closing days at Bowie last week Genie Palatine, a filly from the half-mile tracks, won at 230–1, the longest odds of the season. Almost nobody had heard of her before she skipped nimbly around the turns, beating Hi-Well by a length. There were forty-two tickets sold on Genie Palatine in the pari-mutuel, and Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bowman, trainer and owner of the horse, had half a dozen. Mrs. Bowman also backed her filly and Palamede, winner of the first race, in the Daily Double, which paid $1,916.90. Woman's intuition, I expect.

Luck also can be too bad for words. Louis Haymaker claimed Wedge Lad, a runner in the same race, for $1,500, and while on the way to the start the animal bolted, crashed into the fence, broke a leg, and was destroyed. As you know, under the Rules of Racing a claim once lodged is irrevocable, and at the risk of the claimant, so in addition to the $1,500, Haymaker had to pay for the removal of poor Wedge Lad.

Horses spilled riders all over the place in the first three races. Curiously, the jockey who was booked to ride Genie Palatine was hurt when his mount fell in the first race, and another boy, Phillips, was engaged. To the consternation of the Bowmans, Phillips was unseated in the second race. He was merely shaken up, though, and came home happily in the third with Genie.

WELL, Thursday won the Bryan and O'Hara Memorial Handicap, the last sweepstakes of the season, after a race reminiscent of the Riggs at Pimlico. Only One, of course, was second, and Firethorn was third. Tweedledee was a lackadaisical sixth. Thursday is a hard horse to ride. He must be allowed to go his own gait in the early part of a race, and then he must be brought up on the rails in the last three furlongs. Not every jockey can, or will, ride him to orders, though Selby Burch, who developed Thursday, gives them carefully. Gilbert followed instructions to the letter, with happy results.

I daresay that because he's won the



Col. Glenmore offers you

17-YEAR-OLD KENTUCKY TAVERN

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The Only 17-year-old whiskey on the market, *bottled in bond* at the original distillery, by the original distiller, under supervision of The United States Government—

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Incorporated
Louisville • Owensboro
Largest Distillery in Kentucky



The Spirit of Old Kentucky



See advertisement above

HAS AN ALSECO ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEAL ON EVERY BOTTLE *for your protection*

ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Endurance Handicap, Sonny Whitney's Bright Plumage will move up on the list of three-year-old possibilities. I thought he had an easy time. The real endurance handicap was that of the crowd, for the weather was pretty awful. If you weren't there, you were lucky.

THERE has been so much bad weather this autumn that racecourse managements have taken up muddy tracks as their special problem. One of my roving observers reports, a bit breathlessly, that Bay Meadows, at San Francisco, has gone chemical. The soil of the track was analyzed; then, with the addition of certain minerals, it was oxidized. I don't know the chemical formula of the reaction, but I'm told that when it rains twenty-five per cent of the moisture is absorbed immediately, and the track dries out in a few hours.

This doesn't seem quite fair of the Portland Cement Company, which did the job. Nobody will be able to write about tracks fetlock deep in mud, and trainers will lose their best alibi.

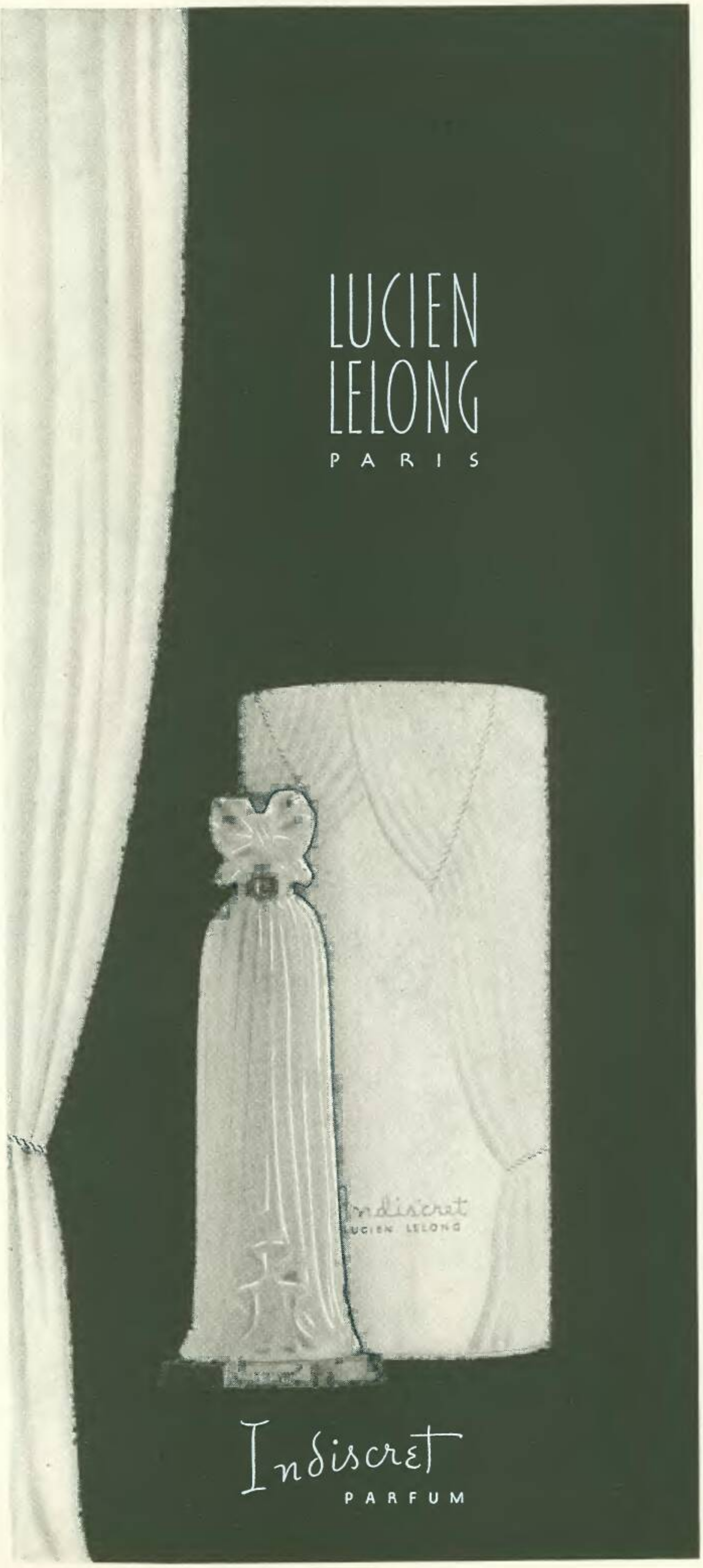
As you may have heard, Laurel is toying with the idea of buying a machine that will iron out muddy tracks. Someone tried to sell a heating system —rows of steam pipes, planted just below the surface of the course. Obviously, if live steam were run through those pipes long enough, it would dry the track no matter how muddy it might be. Still, it would be a bit confusing to read at the top of a form chart: "Weather raining; track hot." Someone else proposed to build a contraption like those super-blowtorches used to melt asphalt on the streets. However, several would be needed, for there's a lot of square-yardage on a mile track.

HEIGH-HO! No more racing for us until Tropical Park, so the Honourable George is off to Parlay Alley—West Forty-seventh Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues—for a modest flutter at Charles Town. . . . And Bill, my favorite clocker, tells me that he gave a tip on a 10–1 shot the other day, and the man he gave it to was so annoyed because the horse won only by a neck that he wouldn't take another. —AUDAX MINOR

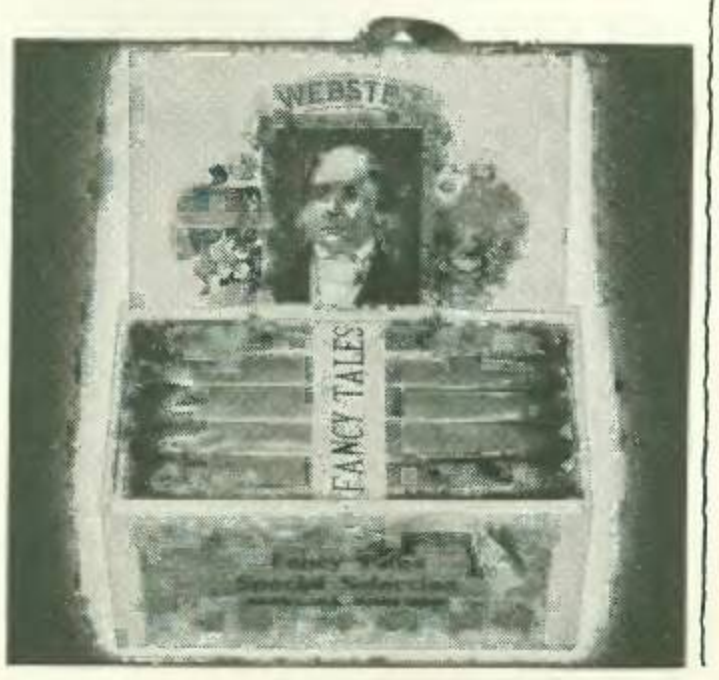
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DEBUTANTES IN PROVIDENCE
THE MISSES MARSHALL AND STONE TO BE PREVENTED NOVEMBER 22
—Headlines in the Herald Tribune.

Well, they say an ounce of it is worth a lot.







MOTORS

New Cars Revisited

POPPING around salesrooms and service stations on my Pogo stick last week, I caught up with some of the cars I liked at the Automobile Show but wasn't able to go over thoroughly.

Hudson, I discovered, is unusually proud of a double braking system (if the hydraulic brakes fail, and they almost never do, a reserve set of Bendix mechanical brakes goes into action); a ventilator under the rear seat, which lets in filtered air while you're driving; and "Radial Safety Control" (two forged-steel arms extending from the frame, and fastened to the front axle just outside the springs), which improves riding qualities as well as steering.



All the 1936 Hudsons are smartly finished inside and out. Also, the speedometer is set well up in the middle of the curved instrument board, where you really can see it, and there is a package compartment at the right of the facia panel big enough to hold a bowler hat. I rode in a Super Eight four-door sedan, which had a 127-inch wheelbase (there's also a smaller eight, and a six-cylinder model), and was surprised to find that it cost only around $1,100, including extras, in New York.

I was delighted with the Terraplanes, which you hardly can tell from Hudsons. The only difference is that they are a bit smaller. They are fast, take the roughest roads in their stride, and are amazingly easy to handle. The custom sedan I drove is around $900, wire wheels and all, in New York.

AFTER a short test run in a supercharged Graham, my impression was that the car was comfortable and very fast: good over rough roads, and handy at all times. The supercharger, which is nothing more than a supereffi-cient carburetor, blowing the mixture of gas and air into the cylinders under pressure, increases the six-cylinder engine's brake horsepower from 85 to 112. Obviously, more gas is used, but the motor has tremendous acceleration. All the supercharged Grahams are finished in opalescent colors and upholstered in Melton cloth, which makes an excellent interior.

Graham has three models this year: the supercharged one (the four-door sedan is around $1,100 in New York); the Cavalier, which isn't equipped with a supercharger, and costs about $100 less; and the Crusader, which sells for around $800.

ACCEPTING Studebaker's smoothness and power as a matter of course, I was interested in a mechanical feature of the new Presidents and Dictators which is called (until salesmen can think of a better name, and I'm not going to help them out) a hill holder. It is a device in the transmission that automatically acts as a brake—it's all a matter of gears and clutches—whenever the car starts to roll backward down a hill. However, it doesn't operate when you use reverse gear. Also, the interiors of all the President models have been designed by Miss Helen Dryden. I liked the upholstery, a neutral-tone tweed, devoid of tuftings and other dust-collectors; the ash-receivers set flush in the walls; and the dials in black and white on the instrument board, which are ever so much easier to read than fanlike speedometers and such.

"SUNSHINE roofs," which slide back over the driver, are popular abroad but practically unknown here. However, Derham, who has been turning out custom bodies for years, and is up to all the tricks, has installed a sunshine roof on a new Packard 120 touring sedan. You can slide the roof back while you're driving and close it in a jiffy; I'm told it won't leak or rattle. It will cost you $250 to have a sunshine roof put on one of these touring sedans, bringing the price of the car to around $1,500, delivered at your door in New York.

AT the opening of Cadillac's salesroom at Broadway and 57th Street the other afternoon, I looked over the V-12's and V-16's, and again inspected the Series Sixty, newest, smallest, and fastest of the V-8's. Later, I tried out one of the V-8's. Frankly, I've never driven a Cadillac with more flexibility. It will do 80 M.P.H. without the slightest fuss, or creep along smoothly, in top gear, at 4 M.P.H. The engine is surprisingly small and compact; you'd never think it was up to such performance. A technician who was lurking beside a fender well said all this was due largely to the power-

INTIMATE INTERVIEWS NO. 22



I JUMP AT THE CHANCE

"To visit the Traymore, madame?" "To visit the Traymore, my ubiquitous friend. The mild climate (the Gulf Stream, you know). The food—a jealously preserved art. The guests—I'm always sure of meeting the right people. What a felicitous combination they have at the Traymore!"

Rates from
$5 European $8 American

The TRAYMORE Atlantic City

BENNETT E. TOUSLEY, *General Manager*

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Get "Him" this smart, new Mirror Clock for the car

THE MANSFIELD "TRIP-TIMER"



Stylish, dependable, useful, with NON-GLARE MIRROR FOR SAFE DRIVING and indicator spaces on the glass itself, which may be written upon to show starting time and daily mileage.

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$3.50 postpaid. Guaranteed for a year.

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STAMPS

AIR MAILS

400 Fine Unused Air Mail Stamps mounted in a special loose-leaf air mail album, special Christmas price $40.

Emil Bruechig, 522 5th Avenue, New York

weight ratio, which is about thirty-two pounds of car weight to each unit of horsepower developed. I believed him. However, you could believe almost anything about this car, which I'm told has performed better in tests on General Motors' proving grounds than all the other Cadillacs except the V-16's.

IF you're looking for Christmas gifts to give your car, I don't know a better shop than Nil Melior, in the Waldorf-Astoria. Among the new things I ran across was a Winfield carburetor ($30), which will revive an asthmatic engine; and a set of skid chains ($15), which I'm told will hold on the slipperiest road. They strap on in sections and are easier to put on in the snow than those which come all in one piece.

Here you can get Marchal headlights in several sizes and types. Also a flexible wire steering-wheel ($35), a vertical grade-meter ($12.50), a horizontal grade-meter ($7.50), a gear-shift lever with a St. Christopher medal on the top ($6.50), and all sorts of radiator-cap ornaments at various prices. —SPEED

•

"Untamed Africa," a motion picture filmed by Mrs. Hubbard and her husband several years ago, was the theme of her talk. Depicting a fight between a lion and a hyena, a raid by lions on a cattle kraal, methods used to trap buffalo and leopards, grass fires and native dances, the film showed views of the young wife's experiences during a year's stay in Portuguese East Africa.—*Providence Journal.*

Well, marriage can't be *all* roses.

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS DEPARTMENT

QUESTION—On looking at a prospective house yesterday for rental, we discovered several snails adhering to the living room walls and even on a full length mirror. What is the condition that prevails? Is it objectionable? Mrs. A. T. W., Newark, N. J.—*The Sun.*

The condition that prevails, Mrs. W., is called "snails," and is a result of the house having been lived in, probably for a considerable period of time, by people who *didn't care.* There are people who are that way. They will see a snail on the wall, and will let matters run on. It is particularly bad when mirrors get infested, because a mirror has the quality of making a snail look like two snails, and things seem worse than they really are, although from what you say they are bad enough. You ask, Is it objectionable? Dear lady, it is unthinkable.

Entrance, Hotel Del Monte



Del Monte

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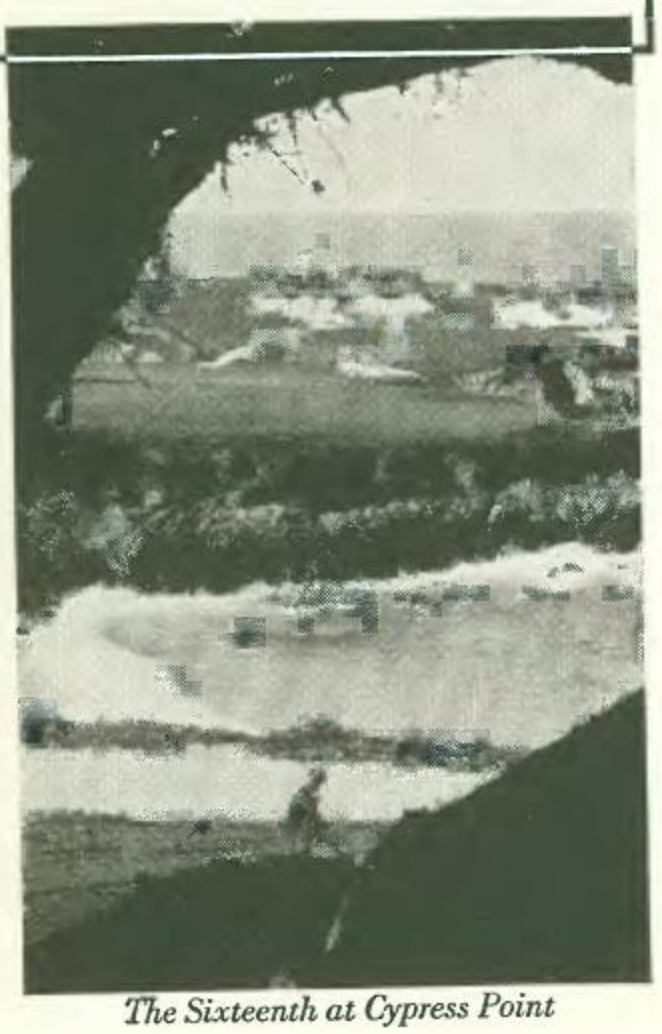
A great domain of 20,000 acres on the Monterey Peninsula, the most beautiful meeting of land and water in existence.

The greatest golfing center in America, it also has the best of facilities for every other sport.

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The Sixteenth at Cypress Point

A REPORTER AT LARGE

LILIES OF THE FIELD

THIS is to report that work on the Queens Boulevard improvement project is going forward steadily, though with speed which could be called no more than modest. I am in a favorable position to present this information to you, since I went out to the Boulevard one day last week, joined the workmen at their task, and gave such aid as I could to the worthy undertaking. My participation was, I might say, a trifle unorthodox. For neither the directing head (whoever he might be), the superintendent of my particular section, nor, indeed, the foreman of the gang which I joined was ever really aware of my presence.

The thing came about in this way: On frequent occasions, of late, I have driven along the Boulevard, watching the men there at their labors. As you may know, this is an enterprise of the Works Progress Administration—which is to say that the men came from the relief rolls. Watching them became a fascinating business—so fascinating that at last the urge to have a nearer look became irresistible. And so one day I got into a very old suit of clothes and an old pair of shoes and went to a hardware store to buy a shovel. The order of these events should really be reversed, because I got the shovel the day before so that I could paint the handle red (WPA tools have bright-red or blue handles) and give it the night to dry. Anyway, with my old clothes and shoes and my red-handled shovel, I drove along Queens Boulevard that morning, and parked my car, and discreetly got out of it into the street.

The traffic on the two old roadways, separated by the broad centre reach which is to be the new roadway, was rather heavy. But I threaded my way through it without seeming to hurry too much, and after a few moments found myself standing on the cement curbing, with workmen all around me. There were ranks of them as far as the eye could reach, both to left and right—huddles and bunches of them, and a good many stragglers who went about in a fashion that seemed quite aimless.

It was from the stragglers that I took my cue. I caught the handle of my shovel in my right hand, I let my head and shoulders droop forward, and with the iron of the shovel dragging along the ground, I made my way with the greatest deliberation toward the end of the block.

Some score of yards before I got there, I picked out the group which I would join. I picked that group because it was working, a thing which distinguished it quite sharply from the other groups in the block. It seemed easier to join a gang of busy men than to fall in with a company of eight or ten fellows occupied only with talk, and tobacco, and an occasional scuff with a shovel against the surface of the earth.

You see, what they were doing along there was clearing the ground down to some predetermined level—smoothing down the rubble soil to receive the concrete which would come later. The main job in progress, then, was to shovel the dirt into piles, and to shovel the piles into truck bodies for removal.

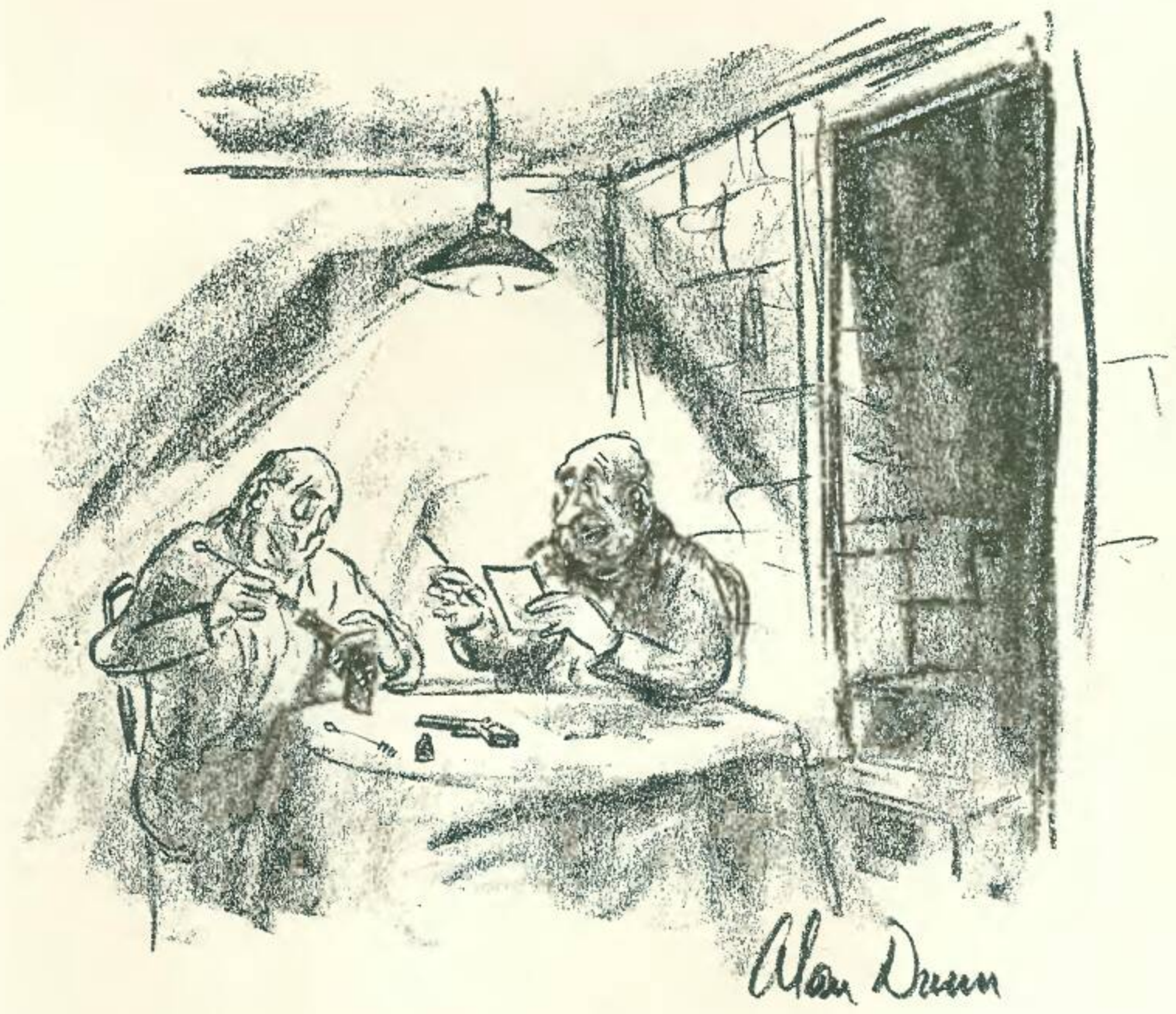
THE gang I had selected was loading a truck. After five minutes of crafty idling, I became one of the gang—its tenth member, in fact, without counting the foreman. I had picked a time, naturally, when he was not looking. This was not difficult, because he was engaged in a deep conversation with the truck-driver and the foreman of another gang, and did not bother to turn toward his men oftener than once in four or five minutes.

My shovel took its rhythm and its degree of load from the gang's example. The rhythm was slow enough to be called languid. The degree of load was the minimum. The shovel dipped into the pile and was lifted toward the truck body seven or eight times a minute, and it never contained more than a pound or two of dirt. It was a five-ton truck, about half filled when I began working. We had her loaded up about thirty-five minutes later.

When that job was done, all of us moved a little way off and stood leaning on our shovels, lighting fresh cigarettes. The foreman was still talking to the truck-driver, who was plainly in no hurry to be gone, and so, idly, we fell to talking among ourselves.

In the gang were two lean Negroes, two young lads who did not seem very healthy, and a Southerner with a seamed face and huge hands. The rest were those vague, dark, stumpy men, with strong foreign accents, who might have been Italians or Greeks or sons of the mysterious Balkans.

The Negroes watched a street-cleaner, a white wing, making his way with his cart and broom along the gutter beside the traffic stream. He was intent on his work, sweeping and shovelling



"... and—oh yes, the paymaster for the Bijou Manufacturing Corporation. He's one of my 'musts.'"

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☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and six-passenger Coupe $1345.

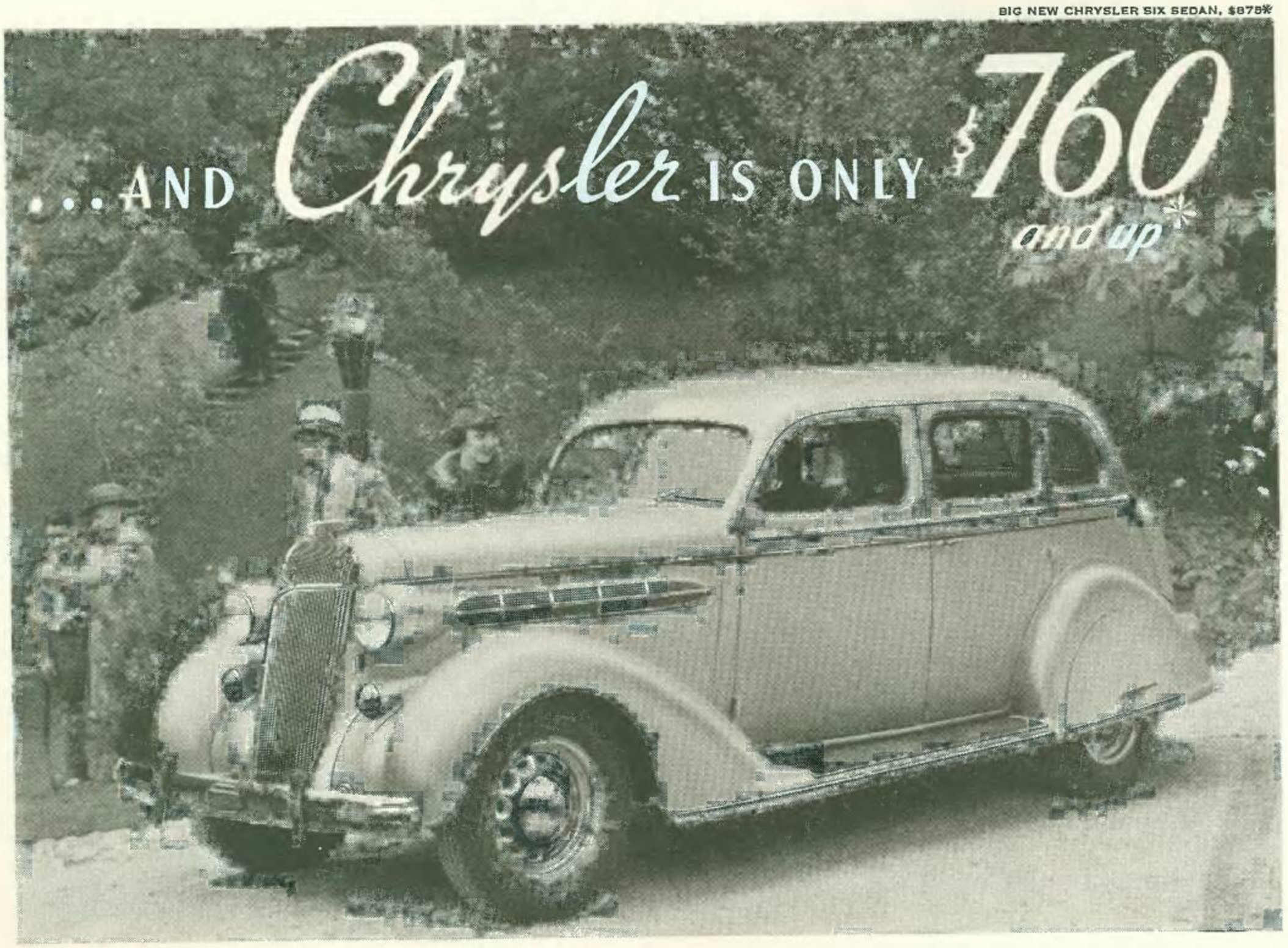
☆ CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and six-passenger Coupe $1475.

*All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra. Ask about the new Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit 6% Time Payment plan.

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We will gladly send you our 1936 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12208 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

BIG NEW CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN, $875*

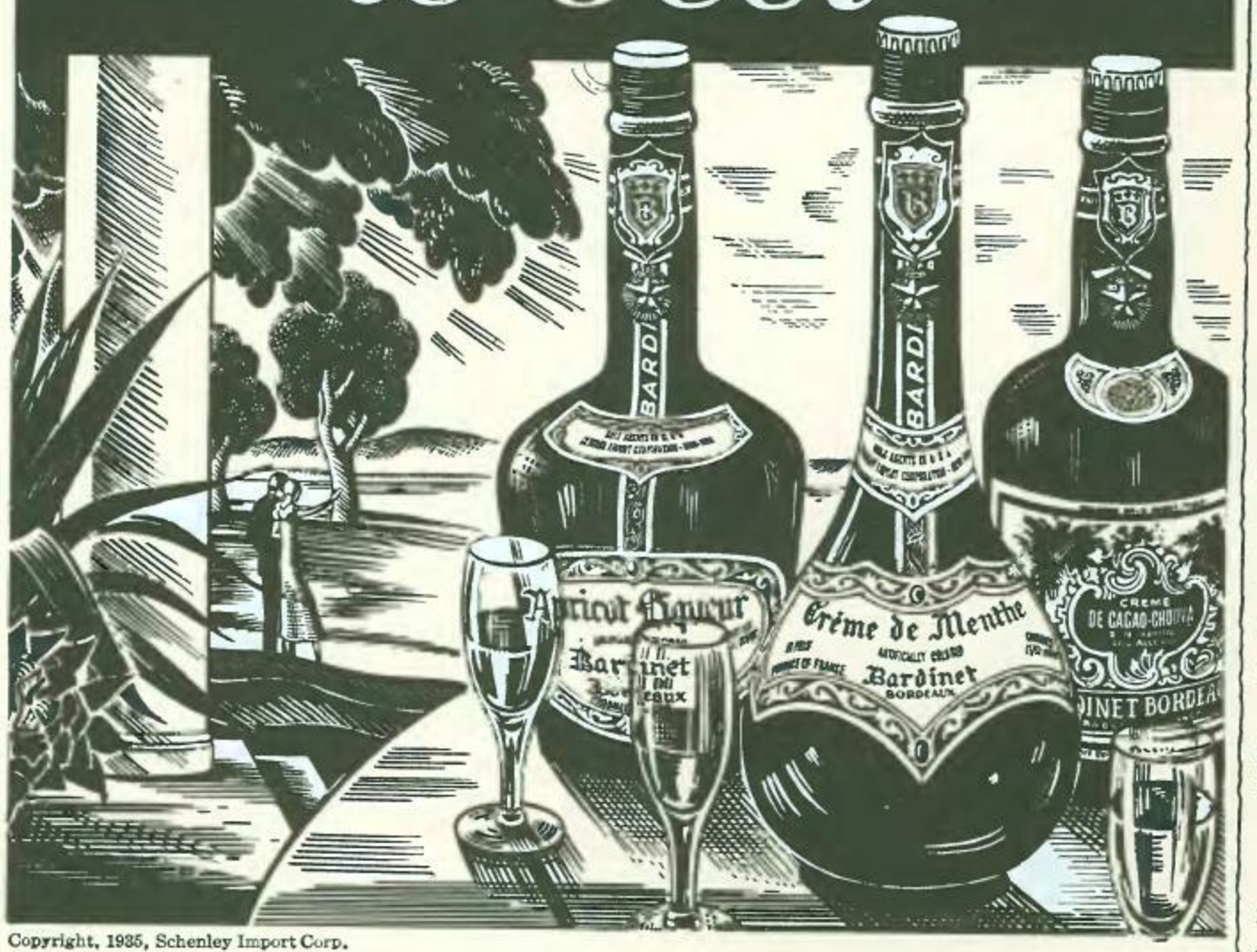


When you're told to bring home a fine French liqueur

remember . . .



Bardinet is best



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Creme de Cacao • *Creme de Menthe* • *Apricot Liqueur*

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A Schenley IMPORT

at a steady pace. This struck the two Negroes as a very funny sight.

"Sweep it up, boy," one called to him, laughing richly.

"Dat's what you call ambition," said the other. He slapped his thigh and laughed again, and then shouted more loudly, "Hey, Wings, bring yo' shovel over here. It won't wear out so quick."

They called wheeze after wheeze in the direction of the street-cleaner. None of them was very funny, but the Negroes, and one of the white boys, seemed to get huge enjoyment out of mocking the poor fool who clung to his job and, furthermore, actually worked at it.

Several of the men sat down and I sat down too, near them. They paid no attention to me. It was apparent that they were not a permanently organized gang, working together day after day. Most of them seemed to have encountered each other for the first time that morning.

One of the Greeks—or Italians—was complaining of a cold in the head. "What do they do?" he demanded. "They put a shovel in your hands and give you a few pennies and say, 'Hey, you ——, go on out and die.'" He snorted. "Doctors! I went to that clinic to get medicine. Wait two hours, and all they do is squirt something up your nose. No medicine. When I'm sick, I want medicine. To hell."

A red light held up traffic, and a car with several people in it stopped just opposite us. The people looked at us for a moment, and said something to each other, and began to laugh. All along the block we were working on, men were leaning on their shovels or sitting on the dirt. Out of the three hundred in our immediate vicinity, only one was actually working his shovel.

The Southerner laughed back at the people in the car. "We ain't such fools," he called to them.

All of our gang laughed at that.

In this block of ours, there were six men who stood with little red flags in their hands. They were to warn us of the approach of the occasional streetcar which came rumbling along the tracks beside the new construction. They stood lugubriously in their overcoats—smok-



ing cigars, moving rarely to stamp their feet or wave their little flags.

I volunteered my first observation. "How do you get one of those soft jobs?" I asked. The Greek with the cold grunted a string of blasphemies. "They got favorites," he said. "All those bums got favorites."

One of the boys said, "See that big guy with the flag? Well, it's the damndest thing you ever heard of; his broad comes every afternoon and sits over there on that tool box and just watches him. Can you beat that one? Watches him! What the hell can he do to cross her when he's on this job? He just looks at her and she looks at him."

Another boy said, "Maybe it's love."

"Oh, Mamie!" the first said, in a high falsetto.

ABOUT ten minutes had passed, and now the driver got up behind the wheel of his truck and moved off. I was a trifle nervous as the foreman walked slowly toward us, fearing that he might detect my imposture. But he hardly glanced at our faces at all.

He said, "Somebody get that wheelbarrow over there."

The wheelbarrow was about twenty yards away. None of us moved. The foreman waited a little while, and then said, more sharply, "Get the wheelbarrow, I told you. You, Rastus. Shake a leg."

One of the Negroes slowly drew himself erect. He took his shovel in his hands, deliberately, and heaved it through the air, a dozen yards off. "O.K., boss," he said. "At yo' service." He wandered over to the wheelbarrow, rolled it slowly toward us, dropped it, lit a cigarette, and drifted off to recover his shovel. The foreman said, "It's a pleasure to run a gang of bums like you. A gen-u-ine pleasure."

He prevailed upon two of the Greeks and the Southerner to begin loading the wheelbarrow with a pile of rocks which had been separated from the soil. The rest of us drifted, as if accidentally, several yards away from the scene, and stood watching.

I said to one of the boys, "I'm new at this racket. What's the foreman? One of the boys?"

"Well, Corporal," said the boy, "I'll tell you. He ain't one of the boys. He's what you call a high-salaried executive. He ain't got around to relief—*yet.*"

I said, "What do you do when you're working?"

"You name it, and I'll do it," he answered. "I've been deckhand, count-

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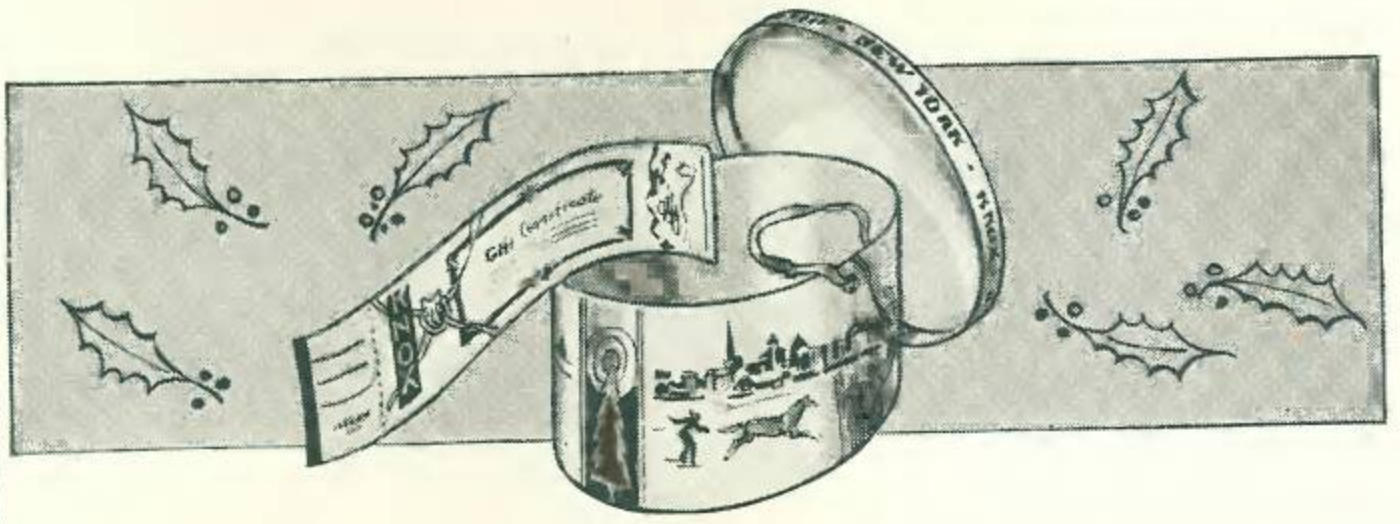
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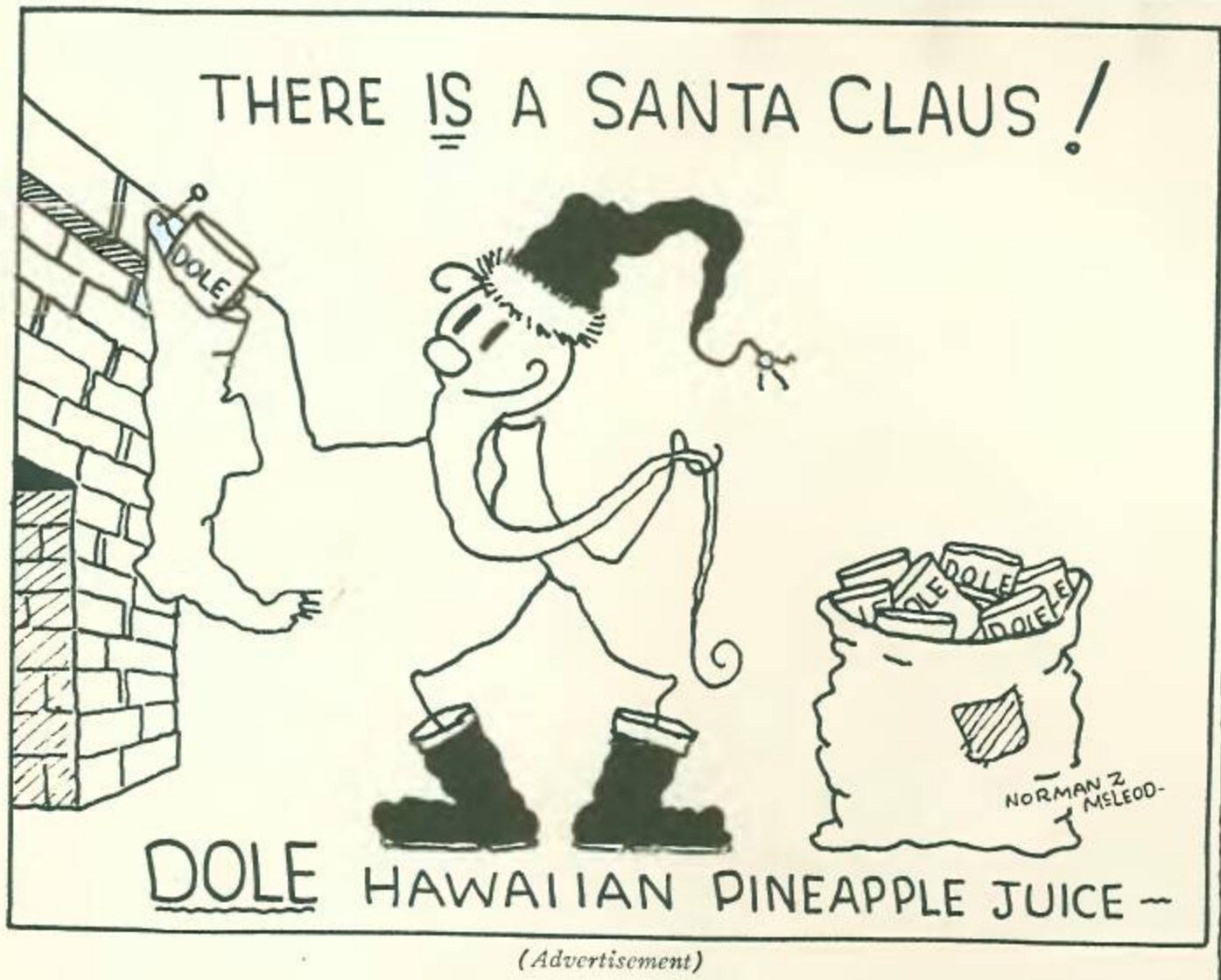
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er man in a quick lunch, and night hand in a bakery. I've been plain bum, too, and I'm going to be plain bum again before long. This stuff gets me goofy."

Some distance away, we heard an argument. A man with a pick was flinging his free arm and yelling at his foreman. While we watched, the man lifted the pick high over his head, slammed it down to the ground, and stalked away to find himself a seat on the curbing and sit furiously with his chin on his doubled fists. The foreman did not seem upset; he made somebody pick up the tool and carry it to a pile of shovels and such near the end of the block. An hour later, the aggrieved one was still sitting at the curb, but after lunch, I noticed, he was swinging his pick again.

DURING the rest of the morning, something more than an hour, my labors consisted of helping to load four wheelbarrows with dirt—a job I could have done single-handed in five minutes—and rolling one of the wheelbarrows down to the pile at the end of the block to await the arrival of another truck.

The foreman addressed me only once—and that was when he ordered me to take the wheelbarrow. "You look like a husky guy," he said. "See if you can wheel that load down without having a hemorrhage."

During the lunch hour, we sat around and munched food. Some of the men had brought sandwiches in paper. The rest bought hamburgers or frankfurters, milk or orange-colored drinks, from the little push-stands scattered all about. The talk fell into two simple categories—amiable wisecracking and irritated beefing. The amiable ones wheezed chiefly at their own expense, mocking their own cunning at avoiding work and bemoaning in elaborate terms, over and over again, the thought that prosperity might return and force them into regular, hard-working jobs again. The ill-natured ones complained about everything under the sun, but chiefly about the meagre pay they received and the cruelty of an unsympathetic world.

The men's wages are $60.50 a month. They are on duty in four shifts, each shift working three weeks of the month and laying off the fourth week. They put in eight hours a day (8 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., with a half an hour for lunch), five days a week, making a total of a hundred and twenty hours a month. Two thousand men are assigned to the project.

After lunch, I avoided work alto-

gether. This required a little doing, because my companions noticed with unfriendly eyes that I was not taking my share, small as that share would have been. But I was determined to see whether I could go through the whole afternoon shift without hitting a tap, and finally I had to wander away from the gang altogether. The foreman, I fancied, was beginning to notice, too, though he never said anything.

So, then, for more than two hours I wandered alone up and down the length of the construction. I went from block to block, passed group after group, and never a soul spoke to me. The trick was to move slowly, and yet with an expression of fixed purpose on my face, as if I were obeying with only the natural laziness some obscure order.

Quitting time came at last. I had to lose my proudly painted shovel, for it would never have done to be seen walking off the job with public property—or what purported to be public property.

Heaven only knows how much, or how little, was actually accomplished by all those men that day. I drove along, on my way home, and everything looked much as it had when I arrived for work that morning. As for myself, I was sunk in weariness. I don't believe anything ever tired me so much as that day of deliberate, painstaking loafing. —MORRIS MARKEY

•

COAL COUNTRY

These mountainsides of slag, these coal-black hills,
hem in the helpless villages whose streets
parallel the silver railroad tracks.
Along the barren ridges, no green meets
the sky with leaves, there is no width of grass
climbing above the sick and dingy shacks.
On these dark slopes the pacing seasons pass
colorless beneath the filtered light;
and through black dust the starless heaven fills
the shadowy towns with prehistoric night. —FRANCES FROST

•

The couple, friends since school days, were married in Enterprise, Ala., where Chapman owns a farm. They will honeymoon in Havana. Chapman was discovered by his first wife in June.—*Altoona (Pa.) Mirror.*

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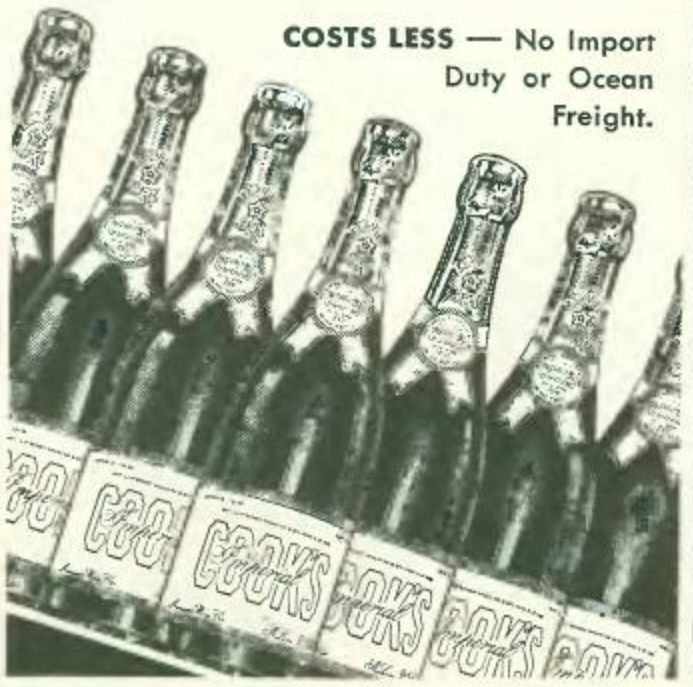
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Lulu's Back in Town

LAST spring, Mr. Koussevitzky brought to Carnegie Hall a few samples of Alban Berg's opera, "Lulu," and last week, Mr. Klemperer renewed the city's acquaintance with this music. "Lulu" has a libretto based on Wedekind's tragedies, "Erdgeist" and "Büchse der Pandora," which are kiss-and-kill plays. Mr. Klemperer confined his offering to an intermezzo which accompanies a silent film in the opera, a set of variations which make up an entr'acte, and a finale in which only seventeen words were sung; and from three segments, one can't make detailed guesses about an elaborate opera. Berg drives in his orchestral points massively, and the whole piece probably is Grim Earnest, with lots of Meaning. If this conjecture is wrong, I'll be delighted.



The seventeen words, all allotted to a character somewhat unfortunately named the Countess Geschwitz, were sung by Miss Agnes Davis, who looked charming and at ease, and who tackled her ungrateful seventeen words cheerfully and musically.

EDITH LORAND and her Hungarian Orchestra have been entertaining out of town, and they stopped in at Carnegie Hall for one of the season's most peculiar evenings. Miss Lorand is an attractive fiddler who plays with immense snap, rhythm, and facility. She also leads a group of fifteen gentlemen, keeping the band in order while she sets the pace with her violin.

When it comes to Hungarian dances, Viennese waltzes, and other music in which it feels comfortable, Miss Lorand's organization is a pleasure to hear. It didn't, however, come to these matters until it had struggled with a Haydn symphony and other classical compositions, and in these works nobody seemed to be having much fun. There are several orchestral outfits which can give this company aces, spades, and the Central Park Casino in the performance of chamber-orchestra material, but in exciting *Zigeunerei*, Miss Lorand's troupe is so good that it needn't tempt fate or its listeners with anything else. Miss Lorand, however, probably can play anything at all on the violin, especially if she doesn't have to conduct an orchestra while she's doing it.

THANKS to the Beethoven Association, there has been an opportunity to observe on the stage the American Society of Ancient Instruments, a quintet hitherto known about town only by their excellent phonograph records. The Society is an exclusive one, for it includes only Ben Stad, the founder; Flora Stad, his wife; Maurice Stad, their son; Joseph Smit, Mrs. Stad's brother; and Jo Brodo. The ancient instruments on which they play are a quartet of violes—the quinton, the viole d'amour, the viole de gambe, and the basse de viole, corresponding roughly to the violin, the viola, the 'cello, and the double bass. Mrs. Stad plays the harpsichord.

In the Town Hall, the Society played eighteenth-century music by composers whom one reads about but doesn't hear often. It was charming music, and the Society performed it with the same fascinating tone and musicianship that are apparent on its records. There's nothing too, too precious about the music or its presentation. If the Society, which has its headquarters in Philadelphia, comes to town again, spend an evening with it.

CHAMBER MUSIC, in a more familiar fashion, arrived with the Musical Art Quartet, which began its Town Hall series with the Franck D-major quartet and the Mozart quartet in G-minor, William Hymanson helping out as the extra viola for the Mozart. The Musical Art Quartet has been with us for nine years, and it has become one of our valuable institutions. The Messrs. Jacobsen, Bernard, and Kievman, and Mme. Roemaet-Rosanoff, play unanimously and tunefully, for all of them are accomplished artists, but they have the additional virtue of approaching their music in the manner in which the mother in a comedy of a decade ago demanded that her daughter be approached by suitors—"passionate but respectful."

The Musical Art Quartet serves chamber music well by bothering with none of the conventional attitudes. In fact, it has no attitudes at all. The Quartet simply plays, and plays simply.



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HOW much intelligence and showmanship may mean in a recital was demonstrated by Marion Kerby, who came to the Town Hall last week with a program of American folk music. Miss Kerby isn't a *Liedersinger* but an actress. The question of voice never entered into the proceedings, for Miss Kerby's voice did whatever was necessary for sharp and entertaining expositions of her material; and young singers could have learned much about presentation from Miss Kerby.

The same young singers could have discovered a good deal about the art of singing *Lieder* at the concert of Florence Page Kimball. Miss Kimball hasn't a big voice, and she made few attempts to knock down her audience with vocal force. She sang her songs with a genuine appreciation of their texts, with adroit coloring, and with the rare thing that some experts call "line." Miss Kimball had distinguished collaboration from Celius Dougherty, as unobtrusive and poetic an accompanist as you'll hear in our concert halls.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS



YOU can be pretty impressive with radio-phonograph combinations this season. There is a new line of Capeharts, all equipped with radio-phonoers and other accessories which practically put on an act, the prices ranging from $595 to $1,345. The new R.C.A. Victor D-22, a twenty-two-tube combination selling at $600, not only receives broadcasts and plays records but also has devices for making records of your own specialties and for recording radio programs which you'd care to preserve. It also changes records. All of these deluxe machines have facilities for foreign reception, picking up police calls, and listening to amateur stations. They are built for alternating current, but they can be adapted for direct current, which many of us have, by the installation of a converter. A good notion is to get a converter, and have it wrapped in asbestos and placed in a closet at some place remote from the machine.

If you're not planning such a large



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1726—Ho-yo-to-ho (from Die Walküre)
Allerseelen (All Souls' Day, R. Strauss)
$1.50 Sung by Kirsten Flagstad, with orchestra directed by Hans Lange

8859—Isoldes Liebestod (Tristan und Isolde). Sung by Kirsten Flagstad, with
$2 orchestra directed by Hans Lange

8697—Toccata and Fugue, in D Minor (J.S. Bach). Played by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra
$2

11822—Rhapsody in Blue, and "Strike Up
11823—the Band" (Gershwin)
$3 By the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting

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investment in a radio-phonograph gift, there are other combinations on the market for from about $50 up. A portable combination, which operates on either direct or alternating current, and contains a record-changer, is an especially interesting item. You can buy one for about $125, the price varying with the sort of case. All of the larger phonograph and radio shops have combinations on sale, and some of them will make them up to order for you. There are several practical phonograph turntables and pickups which can be combined with radio sets and placed in any sort of cabinet. One of the most spectacular of the new cabinets opens up to reveal a bar equipped with everything except the liquor. You can supply that too, of course, if you want to leave nothing undone. Also, there is a ten-tube AC-DC combination now. Inquire at the Liberty Music Shops about this machine.

Although it may not be orthodox good manners to give second-hand machines as presents, there are some first-rate combinations traded in on purchases of new sets. It may be worth your while to ask your dealer about them.

THE most imposing record gift is the Victor Library, which consists of ninety-four handsomely bound volumes of discs, including forty-seven symphonies, seven complete operas, and every other sort of music. There are four hundred and sixty records in all ($950).

For those who wish unusual music, ranging from the twelfth century through the seventeenth, there is L'Anthologie Sonore, a set of twenty discs, in two albums. This is the perfect gift for the musical *Feinschmecker*. It is issued locally by the Gramophone Shop.

A few single albums are suggested as gift material. There are selected because they're either recent or comparatively unknown:

DELIUS ALBUM: Conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. (*Delius Society; imported*)

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO: Excerpts, directed by Fritz Busch. (*Mozart Opera Society; imported*)

SCHEHERAZADE: The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. (*Victor Musical Masterpieces Album M-269*)

FALSTAFF: Verdi's opera, complete, by Italian artists. (*Columbia; imported*)

THE MUSIC OF JOHANN STRAUSS: Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. (*Victor Musical Masterpieces Album M-262*)

"PASTORAL" SYMPHONY: Beethoven's sixth, conducted by Paul Paray. (*Columbia Masterworks Set 201*)

—R. A. S.

PRAYER LINE

THE oil lamps flickered in the breeze that entered the tent, and there was a sharp swish and slap of the palmetto fronds that people were using against the attacks of mosquitoes and sand flies. Some of the people on the rough benches jerked their heads back and forth spasmodically, crying "Praise the Lord!," "Thank God!," and "Oh, Jesus!" The preacher, who had worked them up to this pitch, was a stocky man, with a gleam in his eye and a gold tooth in the front of his mouth that flashed when he ranted. He was from Georgia and had come to Florida with his daughter of twelve, who assisted him. Now he bellowed, "I'm proud to holt the prayer line right on! Folks wishin' to go through the prayer line get up he'! If you got the Devil in you, get up he' an' we'll have him takened out!"

A few people rose and went forward. A young man sitting on the rear bench looked anxiously, inquiringly, at the girl at his side. She gave no indication of noticing his look. The preacher thumped the rickety stand behind which he stood and yelled, "Without they be new somebodies the Devil won't much go out! Don't go hypocritin' along! Come on up an' put out the Devil! Don't be the prop'try of the Devil! Don't let him git you down! Come on, come on an' make the Devil lose some sleep! Le's have new somebodies!"

More people went forward, until there was quite a crowd of them. The young man on the rear bench leaned toward the girl and said, "Go on up, Etta."

"I ain't never goed through hit, Luke," she replied. Her voice was soft and hesitant. "Some way I ain't purely fixin' to try hit."

"You goin' to holt off'n everythin' till yore old growed?" Luke asked.

"Best not to jump in ary ol' pond," Etta said.

"You possumin'," he accused.

"Not rightly. Hit jest don't pleasure me."

Luke snorted. He was older than Etta. He was twenty and sturdy, with clear blue eyes and a determined air. Etta was fourteen, a pretty girl whose







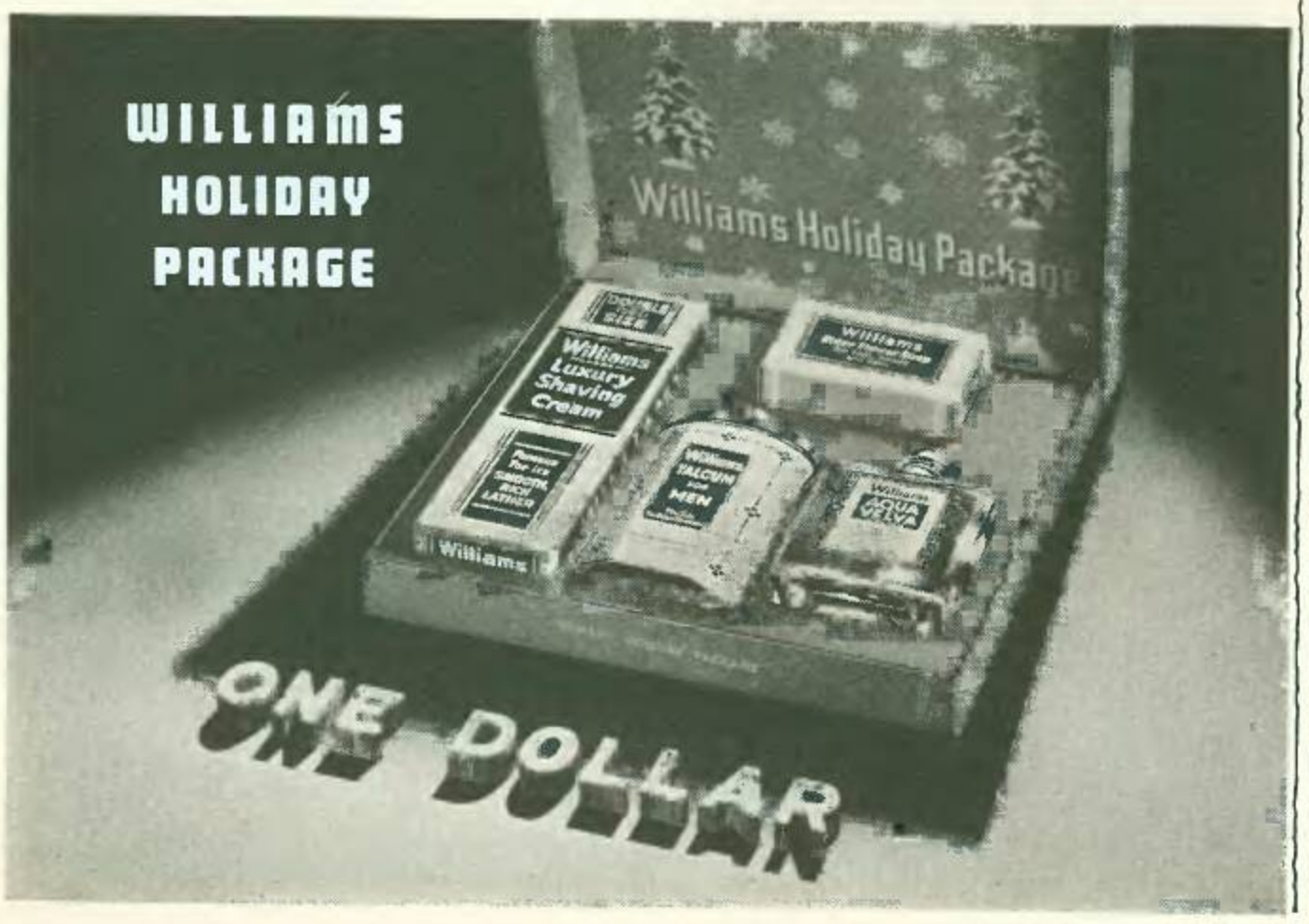
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body had caught up with Luke's, but whose mind was shyly back with her real age. She might be made for Luke and he for her, but she had given him the answer to this when he had told her months before, "I come claimin' you, Etta."

"I don't keer to be claimed," she had answered, "not yet awhiles."

He had pressed her, but she had withdrawn from him. He had tried to kiss her and make her accept him, but she would allow none of his advances. She clung to a reluctance to give up her girlhood and nothing he could do would rouse her from it.

She hadn't thought anything about it when Luke asked her to go to the Holy Rollers' meeting with him. She had never been to a Roller meeting before, but she knew what they were. They were religion. They were God. She had flushed tonight when, during the testimonies, she had found herself caught up in the fervor and had herself testified, finding nothing less simple to say than, solemnly, "I thank the Lord for healin' the blister on my foot. I got hit burned an' this blister come an' I ast the Lord to carry it away an' he carried it away. Praise the Lord."

The flush had remained on her face after this, tinging it with a warm, sweet color. This rose as Luke urged her now to go through the prayer line. "Look-a-here," he said, "you ain't bein' biggety with God?"

"I'd take shame to do sich as that," Etta answered.

"Yore a new somebody. Didn't you heer the preacher callin' for new somebodies?" Luke demanded.

"I heered him."

"Then you got no call to study on it more," said Luke. He rose, grasped her by the hand, and pulled her to her feet.

She tried to break away, but he held her resolutely. She bit her under lip and said, "I ain't obliged to go."

"What you mindin'? I ain't astin' you to do it cold-out. I'm aimin' to git clare clean myself. Us'll both go."

GUIDED by him, she went a little stubbornly forward. She took her hand away from his and they waited their turns. The prayer line had already begun. To the accompaniment of wild shouts and loud exhortations, the penitents stood one at a time on one end of a length of old carpet that had been laid down. Each, when he went to it, had his eyes closed, body stiff, and arms raised straight in the air. The preacher leaned on his stand, his head partially

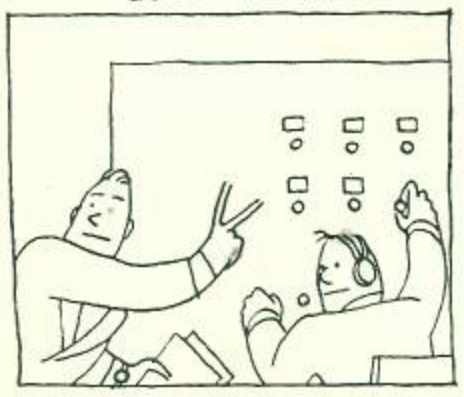
turned, as if spying on his daughter, a slim weed of a girl in whose small hands was placed the conducting of the prayer line. Her own eyes half closed, her thin arms stretched out sideways waving spread fingers, a fervent, ecstatic expression on her little pale face, she approached the penitents from the back. Uttering an inaudible, murmuring conjuration, she placed her fingertips at the sides of the face of a plump woman in a pink dress. After a moment of hard breathing the woman fell backward, landing with a thud as the girl stepped out of the way. "Praise God!," "Oh, Jesus!," and "A-men!" went up from all sides. The woman, dazed and jerking, the Devil drawn from her, was assisted to her feet and led to a bench.

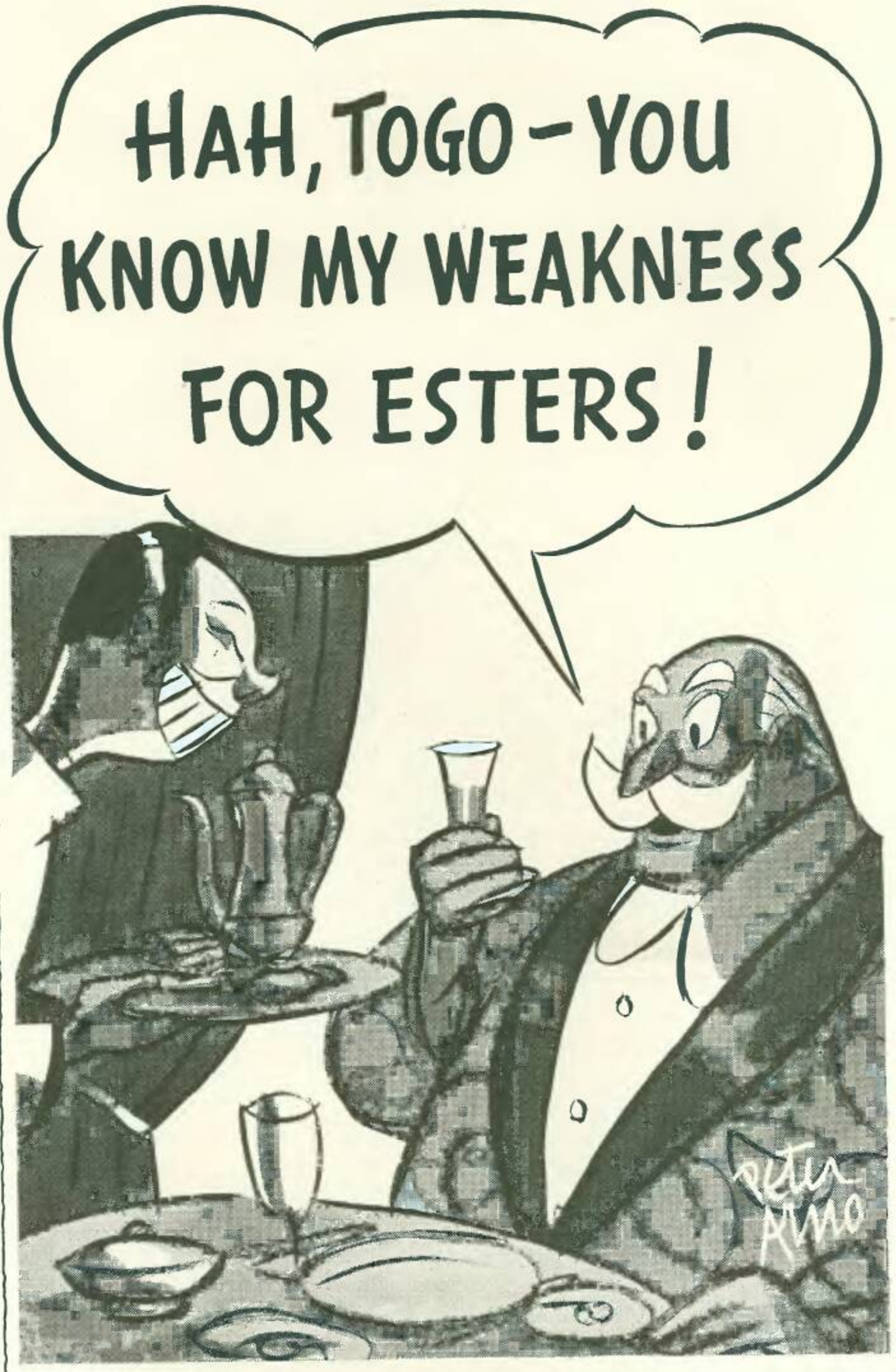
The penitents obviously felt something when they stood there, the girl's hands at their faces, her fingers subtly moving forward when they didn't at once respond, not pulling, but passing to them a feeling of compulsion to act out the rite. Etta was impressed as she stood watching it. Her heart beat fast when a man became hysterical and began to screech madly. All about her heads were jerking, and involuntarily her own began to snap back and forth at intervals. She felt confused and excited.

Luke watched her from the corners of his eyes. When it came his turn to go through the prayer line, he set an example for her by boldly stepping forward. He started falling almost as soon as the preacher's daughter accomplished the laying on of her hands, and when he got up he passed his big fist across his forehead as if he had been struck. Then he smiled sober encouragement at Etta.

Etta went slowly and hesitantly to stand on the piece of carpet. She put her arms straight above her head, a movement that raised her dress a little and stretched it tightly about her

QUIET PLEASE





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GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

full, shapely body. She held herself stiffly and closed her eyes. Instantly the cries about her became louder. She felt thin fingers on her cheeks. She heard an impassioned murmuring in her ears. "Shu, shu, shu," went the preacher's daughter.

Etta felt dizzy, then fought it. She struggled to open her eyes, but found she couldn't. Something prevented her. She swayed backward, but still fought it. The Devil must be strong in her. The fingers moved further across her cheeks, inviting, suggesting, commanding. Still she stood erect.

Then the cries became louder than ever. The preacher added his, a resounding exorcism. "Yah-bah-hah-bah-hah-bah-hah!" he yelled, over and over again. Etta could make out his strident voice, but the others were mixed up in a great, dinning incantation for her to give way and fall into the arms of the Lord. She could hear feet stamping and tense bodies jumping about, twisting and turning. A blackness entered her mind and she didn't know what was happening to her. She swayed violently, then suddenly fell backward, stiff as a board, but feeling no bruise as she hit the ground. She lay there gasping and twitching and uttering little animal cries.

She continued to utter them, and to twitch, her head jerking rapidly, as she was brought to her feet. She felt a great exaltation, an abandon that was like a release. She cried out words she didn't understand or know she was saying as Luke led her away, out of the tent, and into the darkness. Luke didn't say anything as he put both arms about her, supporting and embracing her. His touch was tender but firm. She didn't draw away from it. Vibrating from head to foot, she cried, "Praise God! Oh, Jesus! Oh, Luke!" and clung to him frantically and happily.

—THEODORE PRATT

•

Miss LeGallienne said that many persons had hailed the $4,000,000 W.P.A. theatrical program, saying that it would produce the greatest renaissance the American or any other theatre has ever seen.

"Franklin," she said, "I am terrified."

—*The Herald Tribune.*

Eva, darling, so are we.

•

EXPERT elephant trainer wants job breaking elephants to drive in harness or play games. Address A. Y., colored, 80 Mayson Avenue.—*Adv. in the Atlanta Constitution.*

Well, all right, if they're quiet games.

FOOTBALL

The Favorites Win

YALE, it seems to us, always requires a deal of beating. There wasn't much doubt about what was going to happen in Yale Bowl last Saturday, and that probably kept many people away. Certainly it wasn't the weather that kept them away, for there hasn't been any good football weather this fall. But there was enough dash and skill in the Yale team to maintain for a long time an illusion that perhaps, after all, Princeton wasn't going to win. Actually, Princeton worked a great deal harder against Yale than it did against Dartmouth, in spite of those thirty-eight points. When you stop to think, it's difficult to believe that Princeton could be beaten by anyone after it had reached its peak this season. Behind the best Princeton line of many years, those backs could operate with perfect confidence; and since the team could throw on the field a backfield of four real ball-carriers—plus MacMillan and Jones for end-around plays, and Ritter for what can only be called a tackle-around play—Yale was faced with the unpleasant task of guessing which one of six or seven men would be carrying the ball in the next scrimmage. After Princeton had overcome its twenty-minute mass attack of jitters, Yale had to give up guessing and start hoping the breaks would come. Yale, by the way, hasn't had many lucky breaks this year. Twice, in this game, LeVan stole Roscoe's passes out of Kelley's hands, and another of Roscoe's tosses hit Wright, an ineligible, instead of Kelley, who was standing beside him. (Kelley, of course, had had his lucky day against Harvard.) Princeton scored its first touchdown a few minutes after that last play, on that astounding lateral to White. Roscoe's two brilliant runbacks both went to seed—the first because the half ended one play later; the second because Kaufman, who never looked better on defence, ran him out of bounds a few yards from the Princeton goal. Then Kaufman's interception of another of Roscoe's passes took away one of Yale's best opportunities to make the game closer.



The Yale touchdown, coming in the midst of a great many Princeton touchdowns, was made on one of those perfect, unstoppable plays, but even so, it probably wouldn't have happened if Toll hadn't just been taken out of the Princeton line. Toll had been rushing Roscoe on all his passes. The pass to Kelley, just as he stepped out of the end zone laterally, came on the first play after the substitution had been made.

The year's most improved player is Ken Sandbach. For a long time we have been dubious about him, but ever since Princeton beat Navy we've come to realize that he made the difference between a good and a great team. We're not thinking so much of his field goal against Yale, or his miraculous sequences of successful tries, or his accurate passing, but of his ability to be a shifty ball-carrier as well as a rather bright quarterback. LeVan was brilliant once more, even though he had some trouble finding his footing in the mud; and Spofford showed again his old ability to break huge holes in any secondary defence.

You'll never see a better Princeton team, or a more sprightly Yale team, and—since the best part of both squads will graduate in June—we're sorry that Yale Bowl wasn't full.

WE'RE sorry, too, we couldn't see Whitey Grove's last game for Army. He probably enjoyed it, because for a fortnight he'd been rather conspicuous as the man who cost Army a victory over Notre Dame because of a foul he didn't even commit. The Navy ends being what they were, Army had little enough trouble with the attack until it had run up four touchdowns. Grove made the first when he took the ball from Meyer on a reverse, ran head down for the sideline, and ran along it for eighty yards without being touched. A moment later, he caught Pratt off guard, got behind him in time to take Meyer's pass, and ran some twenty yards for another score. Army, feeling rather uppity by this time, tried a variant of the Statue of Liberty play. Meyer went through the motions of kicking from punt formation, but held the ball behind his back; Grove, who knew where it was all the time, took the ball and was thirty yards beyond

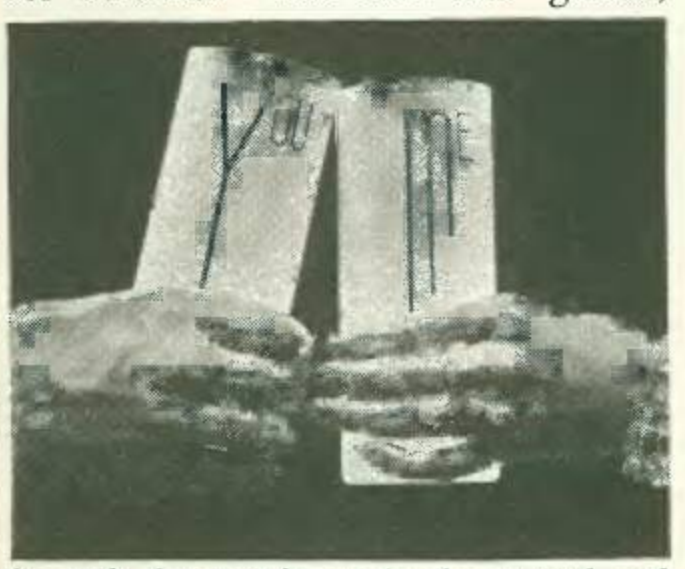
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"Mr. Young achieves his triumphant portrait with wit . . . brilliant comedy."—Anderson, Journal
ROLAND YOUNG in
"A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE"
with MARY PHILIPS
GOLDEN Thea., W. 45 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

the scrimmage line before a Navy patrol picked him up. It wasn't long before another tremendous pass went to True—Grove was just playing decoy this time—and True started for the Navy goal. Thomas, who had replaced Pratt at safety, caught up with True at the three-yard line and took a firm hold on his breeches, but both men were travelling so fast that players and ball flew over the goal in a lump. After that, our scouts, feeling rather dizzy, tore up their charts and sat back to enjoy the game. Navy and Army made a touchdown apiece later on, but the game was really already over.

WE did get down to Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day. Pennsylvania, we think, never has recovered the form it showed against Princeton, although it was good enough to beat spectacularly the very worst Cornell team we've ever seen, and it showed once more that it has plenty of fine material waiting for someone to coördinate it. Elverson seemed to be running back Batten's good punts for nice gains every few minutes; and our old favorites, Murray and Warwick, were as fast on the offence as they've ever been. Then, too, Penn's bullet passes worked perfectly against Cornell, and there were several smart individual plays—Elverson's lateral to Stofko after one kickoff, Stofko's tackle of Batten which let Elverson score a touchdown in complete solitude, and Murray's quick kicks. But Penn has a curious habit of suddenly disintegrating for a moment or two; two or three men miss their assignments simultaneously, or the passer is left all by himself, or nobody gets down to cover a punt. Last year we said those Penn sophomores would be good juniors; next year, we hope, those laggard juniors will be good seniors.

By the way, add Dartmouth to the list of teams that never quite got over playing Princeton this year.

YALE NEWS: Miles broke his leg—or did he?—in the Harvard game, and broke it twice in the Princeton game. Like Albie Booth, he goes off the field on a stretcher and comes up smiling. . . . The most commendable kicking of the day was done by Crowell, the referee. He punted five of those tiresome lunch-wagon exhibitionists out of danger when they tried to raid the Yale goalposts. . . . Two Japanese spies, with field glasses and movie cameras, sat in Section 17; no one had the heart to tell them the Army-Navy game was in Philadelphia.—J. W. L.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pons Extract



MADAME PONS, Lily Pons, has gone into the movies; and I think that everybody who sees and hears her is going to have a good time out of it. That I find even a few minor complaints to make of "I Dream Too Much," as the lady's vehicle is called, may merely indicate that I am sour at heart, with a talent for nothing more than being disagreeable. I must mumble a few such dour complaints, but first I'll acclaim the really consequential features of the picture, all of which are very satisfactory. There's the Pons coloratura, and that the talking machinery handles as well as can be expected. The little Pons figure, too, and the little Pons ways, I might add, are winsome and pretty matters for camera use. Then Mr. Kern, Jerome Kern, has given the prima donna a folio of new songs, all of which will be household tunes in a month or so, as they should be. Under the circumstances, I didn't even object for a moment to the Bell Song from "Lakmé," which is worked into the film just to remind us, I suppose, that the lady knows her way about the Metropolitan Opera House, and can do the great thing in a jiffy if necessary. Along with these agreeable aspects of the music, and Madame Pons herself, are likable performances by such persons as Henry Fonda, the boy of the story; Osgood Perkins, as the villain; Eric Blore; and a trained seal. In general, too, the story is bright and lively, though now we are coming to those complaints I have managed to find cause for.

I frankly think these complaints are on the fidgety and carping side. I write them perhaps with an eye on the future, for I feel sure there is a long future ahead for opera people in the pictures. I may list them, too, somewhat in the way of gallantry toward Mistress Pons. This lady does so well that I feel she deserves the best, and I think that this film just misses being one of the great charmers. The trouble is that old one which always seems to turn up in musical movies, and, heaven knows, in musical shows, too. It's plot trouble. Too much plot. Too much situation. Too much of a problem. There is less of that



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THE ATLANTIS
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kind of thing here than usual, but there's enough to take off the fine edge of things. In the midst of its lively farce and nonsense, and in the midst of its neat enough romance, we must two or three times suddenly become very serious. We are forced to reflect upon the problem of a woman more successful than her husband. We are forced to think about ladies with their careers and of the married lives they lead, just when we are trying to have a good time. It's depressing. I hope the movie people will give us Lily Pons in the future without adding a dose of social research.

The story itself, to be sure, is generally lively, though somewhat formula. At least, all the movies, or almost all the movies, with Met stars in them have been built up about the careers of professional singers. We have the history of early, unnoticed warblings, the struggle for recognition, the big night at last when someone like Gatti falls out of his box at La Scala in rapture. In due time, the moving-picture people will get used to the grand-opera grandees in their midst, I suppose, and will cast them in parts which don't sound like biography. I think it will be an advantage. Certainly it will be a change. I'd like to see Pons in a movie about a girl who sings but doesn't make a career of it, and whose voice isn't constantly reminding other folk in the cast that it's grand-opera material. That might be a pleasant innovation.

THERE is another, and the last, Will Rogers film to be seen about. "In Old Kentucky" is a rather minor affair, and Mr. Rogers relinquished many of the high spots to Bill Robinson. The story of the thing is concerned with feuds and horses, of course. The heroine rides her own horse in the big race at last, as her jockey has proved recalcitrant—a feat which, I have been led to believe, is the aspiration of all the ingénues of the region.

If you have acquaintances in Palestine or plan to live there yourself, you will probably have seen "The Land of Promise" before this. Without some such direct personal concern, the film won't have great interest. It would indicate that the life there is highly successful for all present, and that the time there is largely divided between hard labor and concerts.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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[*Headline in the Herald Tribune*]

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NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAY-O'REILLY

One of the sprightliest moments on Broadway: Beatrice Lillie in the Dietz-Schwartz revue, *At Home Abroad,* sings, at the top of her utterly eighteen-carat voice, that ditty of the boulevards in spring, the theme of which is L'amour le Merrier.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

RENT-COLLECTOR

DURING the winter of 1921 I was turned over to Mr. Pincus by my father to collect rents in eleven East Side tenements. Mr. Pincus had been collecting rents for years on a commission basis, and there had been some talk in my family of making me into a real-estate agent. The effort lasted a month.

Pincus had a glittering row of gold teeth, and he smiled frequently. The little hair he had left on the sides of his head was grizzled and stiff. Over the top of his pate were a few plastered sprays of dark hair, on which one could not help riveting unnecessary attention. Mr. Pincus had great difficulty with the letters "ch" and "sh," and his English in general was thick and calculated. He never spoke of a sum of fifty dollars or more except in fractions. He would not say, for instance, that a store rented for one hundred and twenty-five dollars; he would always say "a hundred and a quarter;" he even went so far as to discuss "three-quarters of a hundred," and he loved with intense lechery "a hundred and a half."

On my first day as a rent-collector, Mr. Pincus and I started together on a tour of the East Side with the scattered estate of my father as our objective. Real estate, my father had told me, was a fine thing, and he was proud, he had said, to be a New York property-owner. He had once lived in an East Side tenement himself after his arrival in America as a small boy, and he had bought his eleven tenements by mortgaging one to buy another until the panic of 1907 had put an end to that particular form of pyramiding. Between that year of panic and 1921, Father had paid for his speculative sins, and both he and the banks had worried through restless years while immigration fell off and people moved in hordes from the East Side to the Bronx. Meanwhile, the rents, such as they were, had to be collected, for my father was sure that tenements would flourish again, and so, apparently, were the banks. In the end the banks took over the property entirely, but that was after my month of association with Mr. Pincus. I imagine the banks still worry about that property a good deal.

The tenements rambled irregularly from Avenue B west to Orchard Street and east to Mangin Street, and Mr. Pincus never believed in spending a nickel for a public conveyance if he could possibly arrive at his destination on foot. Also, he never ate lunch, no matter how much walking we had been doing. He used to say to me dolefully, "Young people nowadays, they go into a restaurant, and they eat a dollar!" It was not that he was stingy, but he had a stern sense of the things worth spending money on from his point of view. Mr. Pincus had arrived in New York from Russia himself in the eighteen-eighties, with nothing but the address of a cousin, and via plumbing, petty contracting, rent-collecting, and ownership of tenements of his own, he had managed to bring up a reputable family, and had acquired the habit of saving to the proportions of a neurosis. It was lucky for him that he died before the Big Depression turned most savings to water.

MR. PINCUS was always shrewd, but he had his lighter moments. As we arrived in that dismal street under the Williamsburg Bridge where one of the worst of my father's houses looked out on a vista of coal yards and automobile dumps, Mr. Pincus looked at me, grinned, and remarked, "Mrs. Vanderbilt has gone over to Sutton Place; maybe Mrs. Astor will come some time to Mangin Street."

Meanwhile the poorest members of the Jewish and Italian proletariat were occupying Mangin Street, and their young descendants used it for their playground. The houses, red-brick, old, decrepit, with fire escapes used as cold-storage pantries, conservatories, and babies' solaria, obeyed the minimum regulations of the Tenement House Department but violated all modern ideas of light, air, and beauty. Three rooms with wash tubs and a coal stove in the kitchen cost eleven dollars a month. In one of the flats an old grandfather, lying in bed with a rabbinical skullcap on his head, shared his quarters with three young boys and girls,



"Now, Herbert, don't make a scene."

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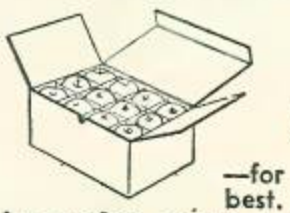
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HILL-E-HERE ORCHARD
Niverville, N. Y.

who clung to their mother's skirts and stared at me as if I had come from Mars.

Mr. Pincus had a way with tenants. In the first place, he spoke Yiddish better than he spoke English, and that was a great help. It was only when we had to take up matters with the Italian families that Mr. Pincus had to call on one of the children of school age to interpret for us. The problems we had to discuss with tenants consisted largely of arrears of rent, and repairs and painting of their poor flats. Mr. Pincus always bargained for another dollar or two of rent a month if he agreed to paint. I had made a gentlemen's agreement with my father before starting out through his inferno. Under no circumstances, I had stipulated, must any tenant be dispossessed for nonpayment of rent while I was collecting the rents. My father had agreed smilingly, for he himself had never been able to tell a tenant personally that he had to get out. He had always left that to Mr. Pincus. As the property owed the banks so much anyway, I argued, there was no point in permitting Mr. Pincus to dispossess anyone except tenants who had had gun fights with each other, or who presented other sociological problems. Not many had gun fights, but I remember that we once had to discuss the question of new windows in one of the Italian apartments after one such affray.

In the matter of painting and repairs, Mr. Pincus had acquired great talents. He was ever conscious of his obligation to prevent the expenses of property from becoming so overwhelmingly greater than its receipts that bankruptcy was inevitable. Whenever the tenants asked for new equipment or for painting, there were terrific scenes. Mr. Pincus, when aroused, was the most formidable creature I have ever seen in action. The Yiddish language has superb guttural advantages over any other in vituperation. I regretted that I could not understand the volley of epithets and arguments which came out of Pincus as he stood on the sidewalk in front of a tenant and fought bitterly with a huge woman who demanded a new toilet seat. I do remember, however, that Pincus started in genially enough in English. "*Mamma leben*," he said to the Amazon, "why don't you reduce? With anyone as heavy as you I could be putting in a new one every week!" The tenant took his remark with good-humored tolerance, but she stuck to her point, and as her insistence grew bolder, Pincus's

ire increased. Finally, they were roaring in Yiddish at each other at the top of their lungs, so that they were heard all up and down Orchard Street, while I stood abashed, and fascinated because so much emotional fervor could be put into such a simple matter. Later, I learned from Pincus that he had wished her in Yiddish, among other things, that potatoes should grow on her head.

Mr. Pincus could cure a diseased window by touching it. A tenant would look at him, snarl, point to a window which refused to go up or down, and assure both of us that it had been that way for weeks. Pincus would go up to it, and, with a magic touch, demonstrate that the window worked perfectly. And it did, at least as long as he was in the building.

Never did Mr. Pincus hesitate to give the tenants advice on any matter, whether it was his business or not. I still remember the terrible tongue-lashing which he gave a janitor whose children's faces were so dirty that they almost turned my stomach. He assured her that the next time he came, he wanted to see those children washed. The poor woman was not very competent, and as she had to sweep the stairs and tend the garbage, she had neglected her own household, but since as janitor she received her rooms and a few dollars a month, she couldn't afford to be disobedient.

Pincus also gave the tenants financial, educational, and geographical advice free of charge. I remember that one of our better janitors was wrapping her old father in a muffler one snowy winter day, preparatory to sending him down to *Vorwärts* to put an advertisement in the paper. The old man, with his fine white beard and tired eyes, stood patiently while his daughter explained to him which streetcars to take. Pincus couldn't stand it. "If he takes the other car, he can get a transfer and save a nickel," he blurted out, beside himself in the interests of economy. The janitor looked at him witheringly. "He can spend two nickels," she said. "For my part," Pincus shouted with a grin, "he should take a taxicab!" The thought of that patient rabbinical figure in a taxi made us all burst out laughing, except the father.

When tenants were behind in their rent, Pincus went over their entire financial lives with them in detail, and we usually got the rent in the end. Very rarely did a tenant move out without paying the rent, and whenever one did, Pincus was apoplectic but impotent. I never quite understood why the tenants

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Genuine leather in red, blue, or brown, with exquisite contrasting silk lining and exclusive patented purse-type frame. Contains Crystalite Manicure Stick, Zephyr Nail File, Smoothie, Buffer, Scissors, Manicure Beauty Bath Tablets, Hand Beauty Lotion, Nail Polish Cream Stick, Cuticle Beauty Cream, and Nail White Cream.

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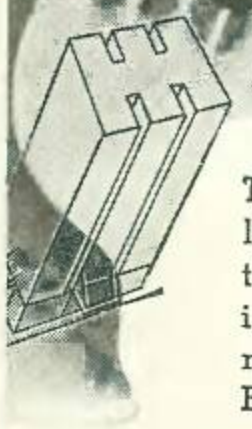
did not hate us. I believed firmly in the authenticity of the class struggle, and I expected them not only to despise me as a representative of an exploiting class but to hold me up on the street corner and take back the dirty one-, two-, and five-dollar bills which had reposed in their wives' stockings or in worn canvas bags behind stoves or under mattresses in their apartments. The money smelled atrociously, and I hoped secretly that they would take it away from me some time by main force and put it to use for luxuries. They must be afraid of the police, I thought.

But I found to my surprise that the tenants seemed to look up to the landlord, and to me as his son and representative. In any intramural disputes with a recalcitrant or anarchistic tenant, they always took the side of the landlord. The only way I could figure it out ideologically was to conclude that they all entertained the pathetic hope that they would be landlords themselves some day, or at least respected the riches of a lord, even if he was a landlord. None of us was ever robbed.

ASIDE from the natural interest in repairs and painting of rooms which is the inherent interest of tenants in every walk of life, our proletarian tenants were only really riled when their class distinctions or morality were endangered. During my month of association with Mr. Pincus, a prostitute moved into one of our houses. The other tenants admitted that she minded her own business and made no noise, but they threatened to move out in a body unless she was dispossessed. It was our sad task to tell the young woman that she must move. Even Mr. Pincus was a little worried for a moment by this problem in sociology. He marched up the stairs, however, with me at his heels, and by the time we had got to the girl's rooms on the top floor Pincus had become thoroughly aggressive. I don't know what he had been thinking of on the stairway, but probably of Mrs. Pincus, who was fat and complacently motherly, and of his children—the boys, one of whom was graduating from law school in the spring and the other of whom was studying medicine; and the girls, who were being carefully appraised as possible marriageable commodities.

The girl came to the door and received us with a welcoming smile. She was neither particularly beautiful, particularly bawdy, nor particularly timid. Pincus had been about to launch forth in a tirade of Yiddish, both insulting and

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slanderous, I could see by the expression of his mouth, but he was stopped by her genial and commonplace attitude, and by the fact that she spoke English exclusively. Pincus could tell a Yiddish-speaking tenant from an English-speaking tenant without talking a word. He told her as quietly as was possible with him, but with perspiration beginning to break out on his high, bare forehead, that she must move.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because—" Pincus began aggressively.

But I did not let him launch out into moral judgments. He, I felt, who was without tenements should first cast the stone. "Because," I said to the girl as gently as possible, "all of the other tenants insist that they will move at once, and I am sure that you don't want to live in such an atmosphere."

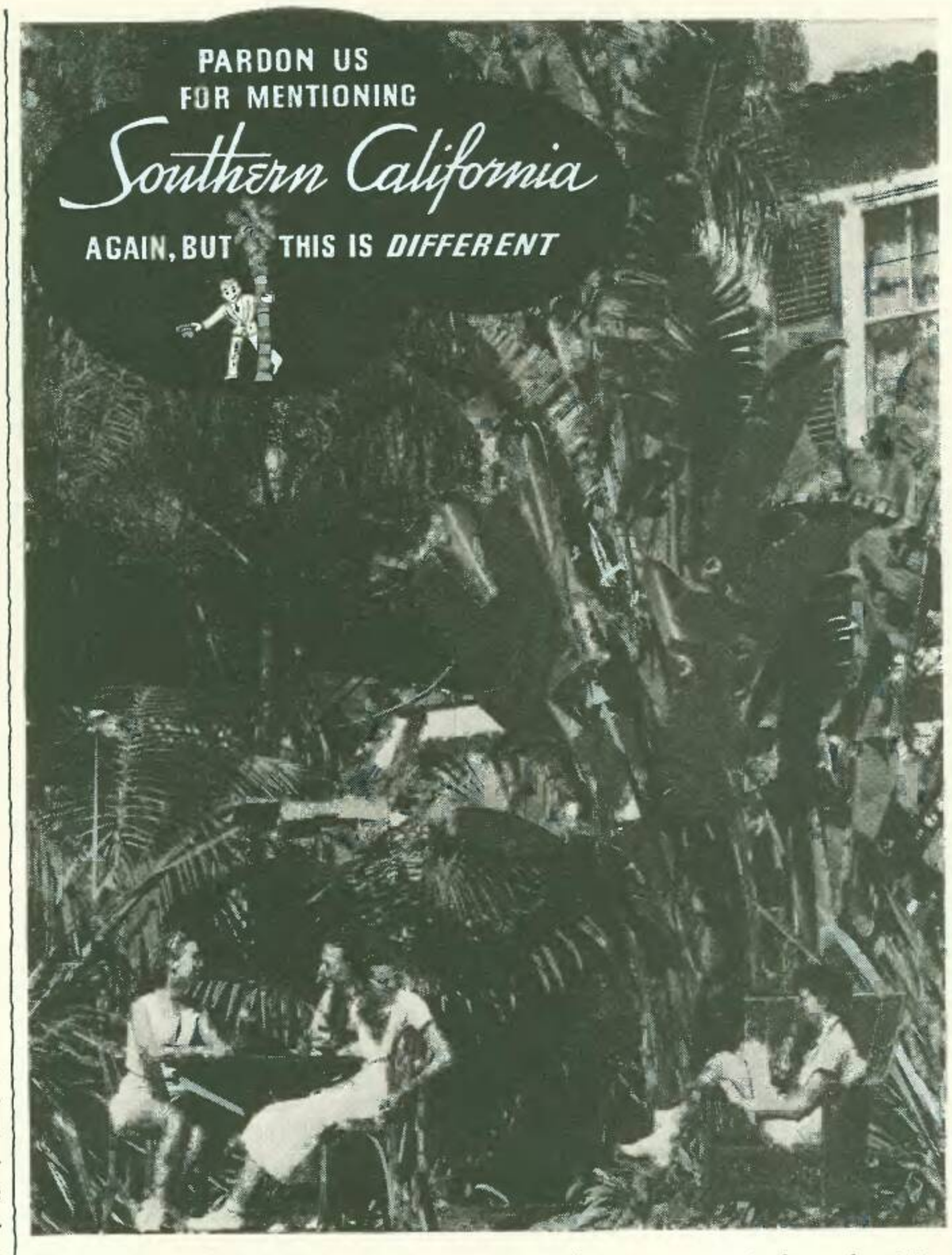
She looked at me bitterly, and she was right, for what could I know, or care, about her atmosphere? Then she shrugged her shoulders and said to Pincus irritably, "Can I have time to find another place?"

"Of course," I said before Mr. Pincus could recover from the audacity of my first interruption of his oratorical plans. And I started down the stairs, so that he could do nothing but follow.

An even worse crisis occurred soon afterward when a Negro moved into one of the tenements. My father had leased the house to another entrepreneur, but as he was still the owner he had to take charge of grave social problems. One Sunday morning our telephone rang, and the lessee assured my father that he was faced with ruin. "Dere's niggers in the house" was his excited bulletin.

The janitor, in his eager efforts to rent flats, had apparently made a social error. My father and I went over to see about the matter at once. On the side-





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walk and in the halls the Jewish tenants screamed their complaints at my father in combinations of Yiddish, German, and English as we made our way through the throng to do our dirty work. We called on the Negro tenant, whose flat, in contrast to those of her neighbors, was spotlessly clean; she had a little boy whose sad, lovely eyes and fine, straight, delicate nose gave him a beauty which excelled any I had seen in the neighborhood. Tears, brought on by powerless indignation, came into my eyes as my father told the quiet colored woman that it was too bad, but she would have to move.

The next day I made special efforts to find another job, and within a week I had one helping to curry the publicity for one of the current motion-picture stars. When I went to turn over the rent-collector's account book to Mr. Pincus, he looked at me shrewdly and said, "How much are you getting there a week? Half a hundred?" He had, without any experience in that field, guessed the exact sum of my salary.

—M. R. WERNER

• • •

AH, THERE, PENELOPE,

OR,

THE HOMECOMING OF OLIVER AMES

Oliver Ames has gone away,
To a fairly distant shore,
And Oliver thinks that he will stay
A couple of weeks or more.
Farewell, my love, I shall miss you sorely,
And probably weep tomorrow.
But I won't deny that your absence I
Regard with a tempered sorrow.
And I must allow that I watch your going
With grief that is less than overflowing.
For once in a while, there isn't a doubt of it,
A house is nice with a gentleman out of it.

Yes, the house shall be mine,
And the shower my own.
I'll read as I dine,
I'll hang on the phone.
I'll tipple on Mocha,
I'll smoke to my hurt,
I'll have tapioca
For every dessert.
For singular bliss shall my moments be plotted,
With clothes on their hangers and guest towels unspotted.
The people who bore you I'll have in to call.
I won't put the top on the toothpaste at all.
I'll sit by the fire
And say "Pooh" to fresh air.
At my whim and desire
Shall the radio blare.
And Sundays, ah, Sundays, sans fear and sans trembling,
I'll scatter the papers beyond reassembling.
For once in a while a lady likes
(There isn't the slightest doubt of it)
A quiet house, a spinsterish house,
With a gentleman well out of it.

Oliver Ames has been away
A couple of weeks, or nearly,
But Oliver's coming home today,
His telegram told me clearly.
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
From strange hotels, the rover,
And there's nothing to do but confess it's true
That my own vacation's over.
The whirlwind hour approaches when
The top must stay on the tube again,
And the shelf make way for an alien comb,
For Oliver Ames is coming home.

It's pleasant to say,
It's nice to be humming,
Today is the day
That Oliver's coming,
In glory and power,
To claim for his own
The house and the shower,
The cook and the phone.
How perfectly splendid again to deplore
The smudge on the towel and the track on the floor;
To fold up the *Times* with decorum and haste,
To twiddle the dials to a masculine taste;
A lover, a giver,
To vacate his chair;
In silence to shiver
That he may have air!
And how sweet to look on with a spurious gloom
While his pipe scatters ashes all over the room.
Oh, Oliver's coming home today,
And I sing like an earnest linnet,
For a lady's house is a pleasanter house
When her favorite gentleman's in it.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

EXPATRIATE

WHEN the boat tied up in the Canal Zone, I finished my dinner and went ashore alone. I had no desire to visit the Hindu shops and buy silk pajamas and imitation Nuit de Noël; I thought I would stroll about a while and drink a glass or two of beer and go back to the ship —that would be sightseeing enough.

I do not remember the name of the bar I went into. It was on a bright, noisy street, off the wide thoroughfare that separates the Panamanian city of Colon from the American town of Cristobal, and on it were many bars, ten, twenty, to a block, and many fruit stores—a thing I cannot understand—and the brilliance of the street was broken at short intervals by the dark mouths of alleys stretching away darkly, lecherously.

In this saloon of mine, they sold beer for a dime and whiskey for a quarter; there was entertainment, and one could have a girl to dance and drink with. The place was crowded with sailors and merchant-marine men; the air was heavy with smoke and laughter, and far off in a corner six Negroes played popular songs of several years back.

I stood at the bar drinking my beer, watching the entertainers. Three women in black evening gowns came out to the middle of the floor and sang in harmony—a song called "Mona." They were old, but I could not guess how old. They smiled determinedly as they sang, their arms about each other's shoulders, swaying with exaggerated rhythm. It seemed to me that I had seen them somewhere before.

At the end of the first chorus they dropped their arms and lifted their skirts daintily and danced, still smiling as they stared at their feet. Then they came together again to sing the last eight bars and bowed with strange demureness before the wild, enthusiastic applause.

Some busboys ran out and unrolled a wooden floor of closely edged slats which entirely covered the slick dance floor. The colored orchestra began to play "The Skaters" and a middle-aged couple dressed in white tights skated on, circling the floor with heavy grace. I knew at once that I had seen them before—years ago at several vaudeville theatres in New York, and once at the Princess in San Francisco. Over these many years their routine had not changed, and only their expressions hinted at the passage of time: makeup could not hide the sullen, defeated look that

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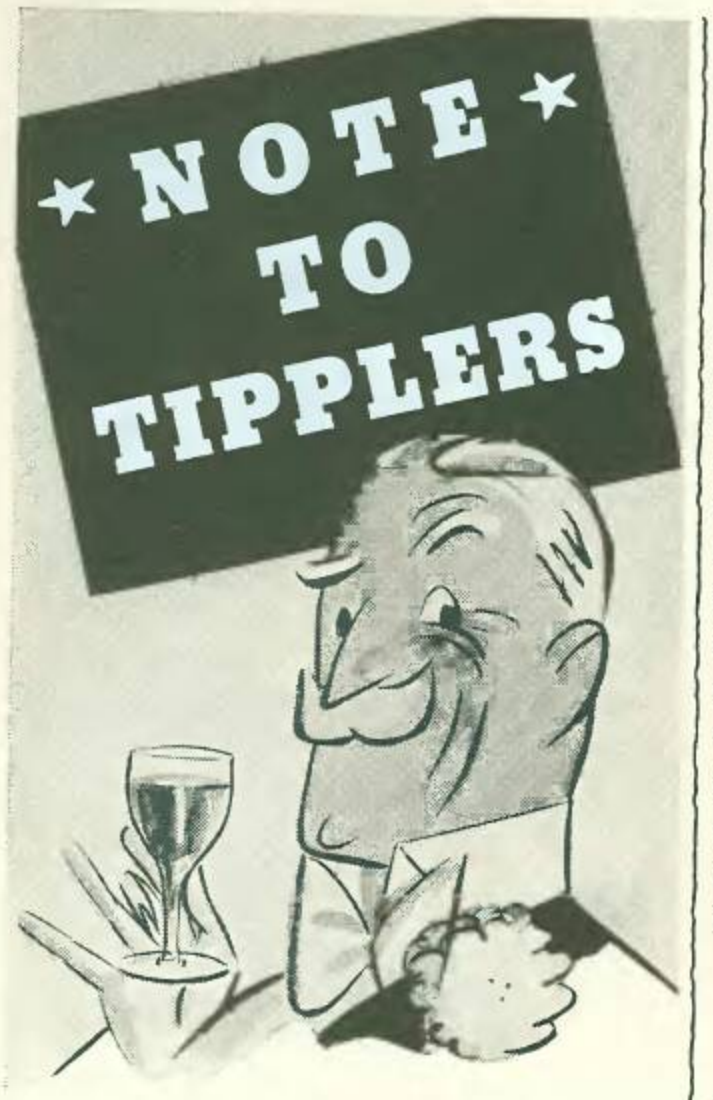


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LOOK FOR THE RED SEAL

edged their eyes. And as they wheeled about the floor they, too, smiled insistently.

I PICKED up my glass and walked around the outer edge of the tables until I came to where the musicians sat, and I stopped there, leaning against the piano. The little, wizened Negro at the piano, seated high on an old-fashioned stool, grinned a welcome and reached up to the music rack for a small glass of whiskey. He gulped it down and added the glass to a long row of others and shook his head happily, the while beating out chords with his left hand. The act ended with the usual violent whirl and busboys ran out to roll up the auxiliary floor. The pianist looked up at me and grinned again.

"Have a drink?" I said.

"Sure! Sure!"

I handed my glass to a passing waiter and ordered.

"You from the States?" the pianist asked. His left hand had gone back to the keys. I nodded.

"New York?"

"Yes—just going back."

His little face wrinkled with joy. "No place like New York!" He played a few bars of "East Side, West Side" and laughed. "Yes, sir! New York!"

"Let's go, Bunny," called one of the musicians.

"All right," he said. "All right. Pick up on 'San.'"

No music was to be seen anywhere about them; Bunny played a few introductory bars to set the key and they swung into the tune. He looked up at me and saw that I was watching his hands. As the orchestra approached the first break, he yelled, "I got it!" The two trumpets stopped hard on the takeoff note and he went to work, his fingers flying, his head bobbing up and down excitedly. It was really beautiful work. The others took it up again and he flashed a proud smile at me.

"How's that, Mister?" I smiled and nodded approval. He took the breaks twice more, each time looking up to mark my reaction. At the end he reached quickly for the drink the waiter had brought.

"Ever hear music like that in New York?" he challenged. I shook my head and made the expected reply. He laughed and dropped his hands back to the keyboard and began working out chords, just chords, but the strangest, most exciting changes I have ever heard.

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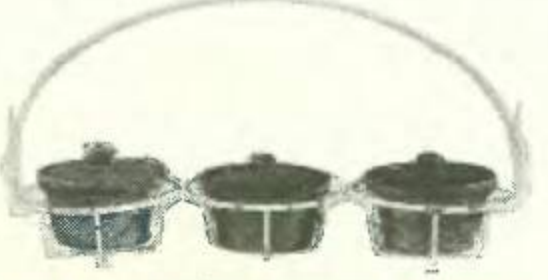
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New York, Mister," he said proudly. "Nobody can do it!"

"Well," I said, amused, "Duke Ellington is good, too."

He nodded grudgingly. "Yeah, he's good," he conceded. "The Duke's good, but"—defiantly—"I got stuff he never heard of!" He played the opening bars of a darkly moving theme and broke off sharply. "That kind of stuff! I'm going back to New York pretty soon—get some boys together who can play my way. These punks"—he nodded back at the others and shrugged his shoulders—"that's all they are. I'll get some boys who can play, and then—Mister, I'll have New York right there!" He held out a trembling, sweaty palm. His eyes were bright with visions.

"How long have you been in Panama?" I asked.

"Ten years, Mister, and ten years is plenty! I'm heading back to New York as soon as I get a little money together. New York and the big time! That's where I belong!" He straightened up and began to improvise softly. "I know music," he said simply. "I've got a lot to show." He punched the A key at the banjo-player's request and built a series of chords on it, then looked up at me and nodded seriously. "I've got a lot to show, Mister. You stick around a while and watch. 'Limehouse'!" he called to the others, and began beating out time.

I decided I was tired. "I'm sorry, I have to go now," I said. "But I guess I'll be seeing you."

He grinned back at me. "Sure you'll be seeing me! Sure! You watch for me, Mister! You watch for me at the Palace!" He laughed aloud. "No small time for me! I'm going to move in the Palace and stay there!"

I refrained from telling him what the Palace is today; I merely laughed with him. As I made my way down the bright, brawling street, I could hear "Limehouse Blues" being played as it should always be played: in deep, sad, stomp time. —S. A. TANENBAUM

•

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[*From "Paint Manufacture," a British trade journal*]

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THE SKY LINE

The New Housing

ALL the talk that has gone on during the last few years about "low-cost housing" and "low-rent housing" and "redeeming the blighted areas"—incidentally, they are three quite different matters—has probably left you with a headache. Those of us who have been doing the talking share your headache, too, for housing is in the same state as Mark Twain's weather: everybody complains about it, but nobody ever does anything.



Let us, before looking at a handful of examples of the new housing, get at least one fact clear. No dodge of architecture or mass production can solve the problem of providing decent quarters that rent for ten dollars a room per month for people whose wages only give them a claim to four dollars' worth. Most of the headaches are caused by bumping against that solid wall. The new housing doesn't solve that problem. What it does do is to give us a hint of what the city might look like if the economic groups that *can* afford to be housed decently were to refuse to go on living in the elegant pigsties, rabbit hutches, dungeons, and penal colonies that form our domestic environment from Henry Street to Park Avenue.

I shall begin with the best examples of the new publicly financed housing, and grade down to the worst. By far the most imposing and successful piece of domestic building is Hillside Homes in the Bronx, the great pile of red brick, capping a hill, that springs out of the low-lying land that faces you as you come down the Boston Post Road from New Rochelle. This is a seventeen-acre site; it has two and a half acres of playground. Most of the houses are four stories high, but at the topmost block they rise to six- and seven-story elevator apartments. There are 1,416 living units, or 4,948 rooms, built for about $1,000 a room.

Casually looking at the plans and the airplane photographs, I felt that the site was overcrowded, and I confess that my judgment was wrong. The existing street system, which unnecessarily cuts through the tract and wastes a lot of the taxpayers' money, was not changed till the houses were all built; for it takes endless political machinery to wipe out a street. So the architect, Mr. Clarence S. Stein, was forced to fit the buildings into the obsolete and obstructive street pattern. Otherwise all the old block and lot units and building lines have been broken down. In general, the apartment units form irregular double quadrangles, bound together by a building through which a wide passageway gives a vista toward the level just above.

Every element in the buildings has been sincerely handled, and the details, such as the circular handrailing at the doors, the finishing off of the stair and elevator towers on all four sides, and the type of steel-framed casement windows, are admirable. The brick used is the same orange-red brick from the kilns at Cornwall that was used in the Central Park Zoo. The vertical accents at the entrances are simple, well conceived, functional; from first to last, there is not a wasted touch, and the design of the connecting units, with their broad windows, has a very positive aesthetic quality. In the planning of the site, the difference of grade was utilized to permit the fuller occupation of the ground-floor level by apartments, giving them direct access to small private terraces, a feature which adds life and animation to the landscaping of the court.

In a few places, the architect seems to me to have missed an opportunity. One of them is the failure to use more positive colors for the doors, and perhaps even for the window frames; color could have been used to differentiate one block unit from another, with no loss of unity in the design. The other was in not taking advantage of the fine view over the surrounding country and over the interior gardens by using cantilevered windows at the corners. This has become a stale and laughable "modern" cliché of ordinary commercial apartment building, because the commercial builder does not bother to provide anything worth seeing from the windows. At Hillside, there is landscape, there is view, there is sunlight—and there are plenty of corner apartments. So what would ordinarily be a dull affectation of fashion would here have been a serviceable adaptation.

When Hillside was a-building, the children in the neighboring public school made a survey of the site in pictures and told about it in stories. One little girl wrote a prose poem about it, worthy to be put alongside Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard." Here it is: "This

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is the Hillside. We played in the grass. We sat on the rocks. We picked wild flowers. It is all gone." With the usual commercial development, this would have been a final epitaph; but in the present case she spoke too soon. The grass and the flowers are back; so is playing. There is an auditorium, a children's nursery, a whole series of wading pools, shops and studios.

The closest approach to Hillside is another PWA project, the Cord Meyer development at Boulevard Gardens, Woodside. The tract itself is a very large one, and the interior courts of the main unit are extremely generous. Unfortunately, after allowing too much space here, the planner found himself with a wedge of land to the east, facing railroad tracks and a dreary mixture of dumps and wretched houses; here he crowded the land with units whose long side faces the noise and the barren vista. Obviously, the apartments should have run parallel to the main avenue and at right angles to the railroad tracks. While the unit of building, a long unit with two short horizontal bars, seems economical, the architecture itself lacks positive conviction and gives no positive pleasure. Could the architect himself really have enjoyed the few half-hearted bastard Georgian touches, in the name of ornament, and the row of shutters—yes, shutters—at the fourth story, also presumably in the name of ornament?

Both these projects, in the use of open spaces and green, are miles ahead of the ordinary commercial development. The secret of their success is that the unit is not the single apartment house, but a whole group of houses combined in what the English call a housing estate. Hence the flexibility in site planning, limited only by the rigid street system; hence the open space. Hillside reaches a fairly high density: two hundred and fifty people per acre. This would be about the top limit for decent housing anywhere. Technically, neither development is overcrowded; but I am not convinced that on reasonably priced land saving in cost per unit justifies using six-story units instead of mainly three-story units. At three stories, both projects would have been in better scale, more livable, and human.

THE last project is the so-called First Houses, built by the municipality as a project in slum clearance. The site is on Third Street between Avenue A and First Avenue, originally occupied by some old-law slums owned

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by Mr. Vincent Astor. Various innocent or deluded persons have during the last few years been advocating the salvaging of old-law tenements by removing one house in every two, thus leaving two exposed sides wherein windows could be punched. A very brilliant notion, apart from the fact that the wooden floors of these ancient structures, built in the seventies and eighties, are infested by rats, bedbugs, and roaches. Also, the cost of renovation is so great that one might as well tear down these lousy quarters and make a fresh start.

That is just what the New York City Housing Authority found it had to do: tear the buildings down. All that was utilized were a few foundations. Unfortunately, in making plans for the new houses, the architects kept to the limitations of the original scheme, and except for the three-story apartment group on Avenue A the result is downright terrible. Since this reconstruction consists only of an L-shaped tract occupying roughly half the block, the external environment remains exactly what it was before: bleak, filthy, ugly.

This is, in fact, an overwhelming demonstration of precisely how not to house the lower-paid workers, and, above all, how not to rebuild the blighted areas of New York. Unfortunately, it has been accompanied by the usual amount of bright, mendacious publicity. An account in the *Times* even said that "their sunny rooms will look out upon landscaped courts which will help to inspire in them [the tenants] a new outlook on life." If that happens, all one can say is that the tenants will have to be singularly susceptible to inspiration; and three-quarters of them will have to have X-ray eyes, too. By hook or crook, the Housing Authority has got down the rents on these apartments to $6.05 per room per month. That comes nearer to low-rent housing than anything the jerry-builder has been able to offer; hence it is bound to be touted as a "solution" of the housing problem. But from the standpoint of the standards of health, decency, and comfort accepted by every civilized country today, these new apartments bear the same relation to good housing that the dreadful model-tenement designs of 1879 did in their time. These new tenements would be expensive at half the price. This is "slum replacement" with a vengeance —it simply replaces an old slum with a new slum. Congratulations, Mr. Post!

—Lewis Mumford



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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, NOV. 27

ACCORDING to Parisians, something has been wrong with their theatre lately. Maybe it's been the bad plays, the bad acting, and the bad audiences. Two of these evils have been rectified in a remarkable new piece about Queen Elizabeth, entitled "Élizabeth, la Femme sans Homme," just opened at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier and attracting capacity crowds nightly. The play is by an unknown newcomer to the stage, André Josset, rumored to be a doctor. Certainly his drama's dialogue is a form of dissection, and its viewpoint is that of a modern medical man called in belated consultation on the strange virgin queen, whom he thinks wasn't virginal. On this delicate presumption, André Josset has constructed his tragedy, built up by the agony of Elizabeth loving Essex, losing Essex, beheading Essex, and consummated in a conversation providing one of the most terrible and touching dialogues ever heard on the modern stage. In this tragic talk, the old, unwigged queen, gray-haired, raddled, forces Mary Howard to describe her once passionate delights with the man Her Majesty had decapitated, and, in turn, forces herself to describe how, as a little royal waif, she was violated and so, ever after, was an enemy of love. In this scene of female frenzy, fear, and confession lies the brilliance of this remarkable, nonhistorical historical play. The acting is dull, but so great has been the praise for the piece itself that Mme. Dermoz, an inefficient Elizabeth, has been included in the Vieux-Colombier boom and hailed as a new Bernhardt. A little more Tudor excitement, and she'll be likened to a female Burbage.



"FIFTY SCENES IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR" is the way critics have described the new Folies-Bergère spectacle, "La Folie d'Amour." Critics might also have called it fifty thousand pink ostrich plumes, one red staircase, and a lot of lovely white nudes in search of a *vedette*, for this lovely, expensive revue is a wonderful wagon with no star to hitch itself to. As a result, the show appeals only to the retina, not to the affections or to the mind, since it also lacks satire. For the spectator who is all eyes, the spectacle is another demonstration of the Folies' standards. The dressed girls are uniformly exceptionally pretty and blonde taptdancers; the nudes are full-fleshed French Republic goddesses such as hadn't been seen since the studio days of Ingres. It isn't a question of where such lovely, ripe young figures come from today; the wonderment is where the thin, lovely ones of yesterday have gone to. The Folies' style in silhouettes has abruptly changed; diets have gone out, circumference has come in.

The theme of this year's show is Manon Lescaut in old and modern France, Germany, England, and New York, where she has a chance to sing "Lullaby of Broadway" in French. There is also a Venetian Orgy, based (at least in the first poses) on a painting by Veronese. To our mind, the hit of the show is the well-known French Negro theatrical figure Benglia, who sometimes acts, sometimes dances, and this time does both. The intensity of his concentration upon the pallid material offered, and the perfection of his muscular proportions, put some of the white principals and lots of chorus boys in the shade.

THE official representatives of twenty-seven nations, the President of the French Republic, ministers, and a multitudinous movie-loving public have just celebrated at the Sorbonne the fortieth birthday of the motion picture and acclaimed its seventy-one-year-old inventor, Louis Jean Lumière. He is now a white-haired, smooth-faced gentleman who refers to his 1895 reel as "a little mill wheel." Before his cinematographic studies, he invented primitive color photography, new sorts of photographic plates, a "rolling screen" which made the onlooker think he was the centre of the universe, and a heating apparatus which didn't need fire and was used by aviators during the war. At present he is at work on three-dimensional photography. His father was a sign-painter. An elder brother, Auguste Marie Louis Nicolas Lumière, also made brilliant scientific contributions to general photography. Both brothers, with mustaches, looked alike. Today, Louis Jean, the junior genius, clean-shaven, looks like the late Thomas Edison. When young, he considered taking up one of three careers—engineering, sculpture, or music. Fortunately, serious study made his head ache. So the world got the modern movie instead of more bridges, statues, or songs, of which it had plen-



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ty. Because he was poor, Lumière's first movies were "shorts" of his employees leaving his factory at noon. After the films were run forward, for the spectators' astonishment they were then run backward, to show what miracles movies were. It is still done.

THE most enthusiastic reception for a concert so far has been that accorded the Salle Gaveau recital of the American Negress, Marian Anderson. Toscanini calls her an artist; she was rated a triumph as a singer of Brahms in the summer season at Salzburg; her Paris performance called out an audience that filled not only the hall but the stage. Miss Anderson's figure, especially in black sequins, is superb; she still sings too much with her eyebrows; her forte is still her magnificent contralto; her German diction, Negro spirituals, and Swedish pronunciation are excellent; her good Schubert was less appreciated here than her badly chosen English encores—"Will-o'-the-Wisp" and the like. It is hoped that at her approaching New York concert, both she and the city get a worthier program. Miss Anderson is from Philadelphia; was educated at the Girls' High there; and was given her foreign musical training, at first in Sweden, through the support of the Philadelphia Colored Baptist Church and the enthusiasm of the widow of the late Bishop Coppin, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. For two years, she has had the most remarked musical career of any American now singing in Europe.

LAVAL is the only man in France behind the enforcement of sanctions against Italy; every other Frenchman is eating spaghetti and drinking Chianti in Italian restaurants to show where his heart and stomach are. The Right journals say the sanctions are barbaric, and the Left press says nothing, as a sign of civilized agreement. . . . The Croix de Feu clubs threaten to take things into their own hands if the Communist groups don't stop beating the Fascists up, and the Communists threaten to beat everybody up if the Fascists take one more thing (it looks like a gun) in their hands. There seem to be too many helping hands here and not enough heads. —GENÊT

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Whether the addition of justices will solve the problem is a mute question. —*The Downtowner.*

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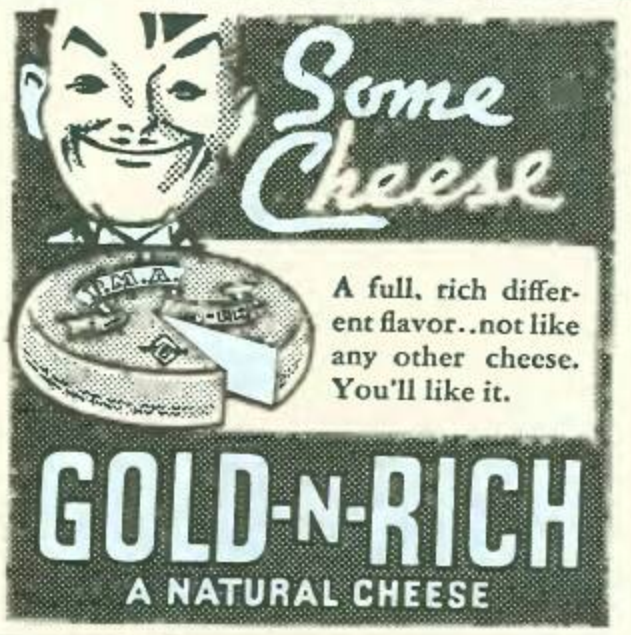
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"THE WOOLLCOTT READER" (1,010 pages) tucks between nice, warm, brown covers a selection of novels, stories, essays, playlets, and odd pieces for which the Voice of Innocence (to distinguish him from one of his leading radio competitors) has an enduring affection. These are gracefully linked by an inspirational Foreword and characteristic Afterwords. Dr. Woollcott says candidly that he is not here attempting to assemble the best that has been thought and said in the world, but merely to save from oblivion some minor gems, and to persuade others to share his pleasure in them. Even to announce so simple a standard of selection is brave; to stick to it, braver. The classic anthology may be dull, but it is more or less unassailable. This one is an open invitation to the brickbats of those lost souls whose literary taste is at variance with Dr. Woollcott's.

And that, really, is about all one can say, except to remark that in general the selections do not err in the direction of the shaggily vigorous and that the softer side of Dr. Woollcott's nature here dominates the astringent. If he have tears, the reader of "The Woollcott Reader" must prepare to shed them now, for while there is nothing in it (except "The Whistlers' Room") truly disturbing, there is much that will impel you to sit down on the bed and have a real good cry.

Dr. Woollcott leads off with "Margaret Ogilvy." Those who fancy fancy will like this and those who don't won't. Then follow "The Dolly Dialogues," which the coarse taste of the multitude seemed to have condemned permanently to the ten-cent second-hand counters, but about which we are now compelled to state that while there is Woollcott there is Hope. Next comes Thornton Wilder's one-acter, "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." Dr. Woollcott admires this greatly and, in sooth, only the minor circumstance that it was not rewritten by the late Ring Lardner prevents it from being a magnificent little drama. The next item, Ian Maclaren's "A Doctor of the Old School," Dr. Woollcott (who may not be a master of understatement, but is assuredly no slave to it) believes "the most moving and uplifting tale ever told in the English language." "That Danish beneficence," Carl Ewald's "My Little Boy," is followed by the, to me, far more acceptable "Mary White," a simple, heartfelt tribute to his daughter by William Allen White. Then we get Sylvia Townsend Warner's cute "Mr. Fortune's Maggot;" Marcel Schwob's "The Children's Crusade," very carefully translated by the editor himself; one of Saki's best and most malicious stories; a selection from Charles Macomb Flandrau's delightful "Viva Mexico!;" Homer W. Smith's "Kamongo," so fine when lungfish are in question and so dismaying on Life and Purpose and whatnot; "The Bar Sinister," which will be liked by many, but which for your correspondent is handicapped by being both a dog story and the work of Richard Harding Davis; Paul Alverdes' genuinely beautiful and pathetic "The Whistlers' Room," for the discovery of which all of us owe Dr. Woollcott a debt of gratitude; Lytton Strachey's "Cardinal Manning," which, brilliant as it is, is no more brilliant than Rebecca West's essay on Strachey, helpfully included; a piece by Clarence Day describing Mr. Coolidge's death and funeral, which may have the effect of sending you, with a light sigh of relief, back to "Life with Father;" and "A Handful of Dust," a strained, unsuccessful affair by Evelyn Waugh, who is given top billing by Dr. Woollcott as "the nearest thing to a genius among the young writers who have arisen in post-war England." On the whole, the items are precious to Dr.



"But can Shirley Temple buy happiness?"

THE NEW YORKER CALLS ATTENTION TO SOME RECENT BOOKS BY ITS OWN CONTRIBUTORS

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books was first published in this magazine.*)

The Seventh New Yorker Album
(Random House, $2.50)
After a lapse of a year, the Album reappears with drawings selected from the issues of the past two years of the magazine. Forewords by Lewis Mumford and Wolcott Gibbs.

The New Yorker Book of Verse
(Harcourt, Brace, $2.50)
More than three hundred poems, grave, gay, and incomprehensible, which have appeared in The New Yorker over a ten-year period, the work of a hundred poets.

The Middle-Aged Man On The Flying Trapeze, by James Thurber *(Harper, $2.00)*
Thirty-six stories and essays, most of them humorous, interspersed with new drawings by the master.

Manhattan Reporter, by Morris Markey *(Dodge, $2.50)*
Forty first-hand accounts of metropolitan people, places and events, taken from the Reporter at Large department.

Life With Father, by Clarence Day *(Knopf, $2.00)*
Thirty stories about a forthright and lovable family despot, as his son remembers him.

Thunder Over the Bronx, by Arthur Kober *(Simon and Schuster, $2.00)*
Pa, Ma, and Bella Gross — their triumphs and disasters. Introduction by Dorothy Parker; illustrations by Hoff.

Bay Window Ballads, by David McCord *(Scribner's, $2.50)*
A cheerful collection of verse, illustrated by John Lavalle.

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Woollcott; and about half of them, as above noted, seem equally precious, in a different sense, to your correspondent.

Your investment in Dr. Woollcott, the publishers inform us, may be arranged at various rates. Dr. Woollcott in plain brown cloth stands you a mere $3. For $5 you get a thin paper Woollcott (or, rather, a thin-paper Woollcott) in leather. But $7.50 brings you Woollcott—highly limited and thoroughly signed—in parchment. Not to be outdone, or even done, your correspondent offers for sale an exclusive edition of one copy, bound in pink vellum and signed by Mr. Chips. No price has been set on this edition, but bids are invited. They must be properly sealed. Anything a little sticky will do. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

A DAUGHTER OF THE NOHFU, by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto. A tale of a Japanese village, of a farmer's daughter, and the contrast between the old customs and the new. Madame Sugimoto writes prettily and the local color is interesting, but little hint is given of the real problems now besetting the enslaved Japanese peasantry. The book impresses one as a water-color Japanese version of Mrs. Buck's more vigorous Chinese novels. (340 pages, $2.50.)

GENERAL

DISCOVERY, by Richard Evelyn Byrd, with an introduction by Secretary Claude A. Swanson. After Secretary Swanson has vouched for Admiral Byrd as a brave man and fine fellow, we are given a full and interesting account, complete with log quotations and loads of facts and figures, of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition. As a record of heroic endurance under difficult conditions, this ranks high in interest; but we will have to wait for the expedition's findings to be checked and interpreted before the scientific value of the journey becomes clear. Also, if, as the Admiral admits, he has "no better than a layman's general knowledge of meteorology," it is difficult to understand why he should have borne (alone, too, for "two men by themselves could not achieve temperamental harmony") his seven-month vigil at the Bolling Ad-



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vance Station. However, these matters will never be understood by us timid stay-at-homes; and there is no question about the narrative and human interest of the Admiral's story, told modestly and without flourishes and with considerable sense of style. (Maps, illustrations, 405 pages, $3.75.)

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD, by Gordon Enders and Edward Anthony. Mr. Enders is an adventurer, an airplane salesman, the only foreign member of the Tibetan National Assembly, and confidential adviser to the Panchan Lama, the supreme spiritual head of Tibet. His story is an agglomeration rather than a book: part adventure-autobiography, part Central Asian politics, part a history of the current Tibetan Lamas (there are, or were, three of them), part—these sections are really strange and interesting—a first-hand description of Lama practices and culture. Mr. Enders now has a job working for the Lama, flying out gold and treasure from the monasteries to the outside world. The money thus obtained is to be used for the modernizing of Tibet. (65 unusual photographs, 435 pages, $3.50.)

SAMUEL PEPYS: THE YEARS OF PERIL, by Arthur Bryant. This second volume of what will be a three-volume definitive life covers the period between the close of the first published Diary in 1669 and the start of the third in 1683. Hence it deals with a phase of Pepys' active life—his Admiralty and political career—with which the average reader of the classic Diary may be unfamiliar. Mr. Bryant's finely balanced and scholarly work is based largely on material till now unknown or at least unutilized. (Illustrated, 466 pages, $3.50.)

ARCHY DOES HIS PART, by Don Marquis. More lower-case communications from Mr. Marquis's humanity-despising cockroach, who has been everywhere and should know. There are also a few reports from the reprehensible Mehitabel the Cat, from a cockroach named Henry (who hits the capital letters with a gusto denied Archy), and from Pete the Pup, a splendid new character. George Herriman continues to illustrate as only George Herriman can. (269 pages, $2.)

ARNOLD BENNETT: A PORTRAIT DONE AT HOME, by Dorothy Cheston Bennett. If you haven't had



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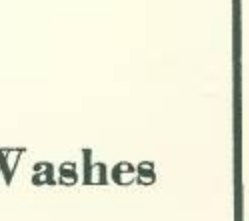
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enough recently about Arnold Bennett, here is a domestic portrait, together with 170 letters from A. B. to the author. The letters are sincerely affectionate, and so is her book. (350 pages, $3.)

SHAKESPEARE'S IMAGERY AND WHAT IT TELLS US, by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. An interesting attempt to trace down Shakespeare's predilections, by means of an elaborate tabulation of the images of the plays. With many charts in color. (408 pages, $4.50.)

VERSE

CAT-CALLS, by Peggy Bacon. Verses less light than might appear at first glance, seasoned with delicate sensibility and mature malice. Drawings, by the author, to match. (87 pages, $2.50.)

BRIEFLY NOTED

THE COLLECTORS, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Nine more or less fictional stories about art-collecting. The volume has been out of print and is now reissued with the addition of some new material. (262 pages, $1.50.)

AUTUMN, by Robert Nathan. A reissue of a short, fantastic tale, first published in 1921. (198 pages, $2.)

THE MOOR'S GOLD, by Ben Aronin. The story of a converted Jew in the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella in the year 1492. (271 pages, $2.)

SLAVES AND IVORY IN ABYSSINIA, by Major Henry Darley. A record of seven years of adventure and exploration among the Ethiopian slave raiders. (Illustrated, 219 pages, $2.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, the dramatization by Helen Jerome of Jane Austen's novel. (193 pages, $1.75.)

ALBERT OF BELGIUM: DEFENDER OF RIGHT, by Émile Cammaerts. Full, rather official, admiring biography of the late King of the Belgians. (Photographs, maps, 477 pages, $3.50.)

BIOGRAPHY OF PERCIVAL LOWELL, by A. Lawrence Lowell. Family memoir of the famous amateur astronomer who calculated the existence of what, after his death, was discovered to be a new planet—Pluto. (Illustrated, 212 pages, $3.)

THE BROWNING BOX, edited, with an introduction, by H. W. Donner. Hitherto unpublished letters by Wordsworth, Mary Shelley, Browning, and others, throwing light on the life and work of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, the curious, unforgettable author of "Death's Jest-Book." (190 pages, $5.)

MY FRIEND, JULIA LATHROP, by Jane Addams. Julia Lathrop was a Hull House leader and the administrator of the Children's Bureau. This is a brief biographical tribute, completed shortly before Jane Addams' death. (228 pages, $2.)

OLD BILL LOOKS AT EUROPE, by Bruce Bairnsfather. Old Bill considers the sit-

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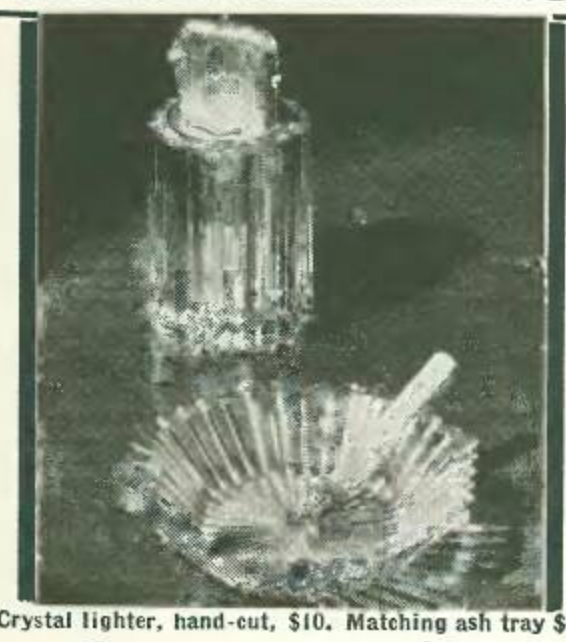
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uation and makes little of it, and Mr. Bairnsfather draws some new pictures. (148 pages, $2.50.)

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LAST week we discussed picture books and stories for very young children. This week we have listed books for older children, covering a wide age range. It would be impossible in our limited space even to note the worthy books of information for young people from six to sixteen. In studying only one season's children's books nowadays, it becomes apparent that almost any factual need within reason can be met. If your child has a passion for snakes, economics, marionette theatres, exploration, stamp-collecting, or carpentry—to name but a few subjects the new generation seems to have a passion for—an adequate book of information on his or her interest of the moment can be supplied by any children's book department worth its name. We have, too, almost completely neglected the ubiquitous animal book, factual or fictional. A conscientious reviewer of the children's books of 1935 has memories of the life cycle of the beaver, the gull, the ringtail, the Himalayan bear, the dinosaur, the Siamese cat—we're not even trying to recall them all—that will harry his dreams all winter. We shall do our best to forget them and refer you once more to the bookstores. We have made few selections in fiction for older children, going on the premise that anyone in his teens has the whole field of literature to choose from.

JAUFRY THE KNIGHT AND THE FAIR BRUNISSENDE, revised from the original Provençal by Vernon Ives, decorations by John Atherton. Written by an unknown troubadour three centuries before Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" and now for the first time adequately translated into English prose, this tale of chivalry and romance will be liked by children who have graduated from Howard Pyle's "King Arthur" and haven't yet discovered Jessie Weston's "Sir Gawain" and the others of that series. The format and typography are distinguished, and a good example of what the new publishing house for children's books, Holiday House, has set out to do in giving young people "literature fittingly presented." ($2.)

THE LITTLE MERMAID, by Hans Christian Andersen, translated by M. R. James, illustrated by Pamela Bianco. Another example of Holiday House's beautiful bookmaking. They have chosen to put in their tiny, exquisite volume one of Andersen's most macabre stories, and parents accustomed to think of Andersen as food for the Children's Hour should be warned to save this fairy love story for their adolescents who are old enough to appreciate its poetry and strong enough to withstand its horrors and griefs. ($1.25.)

THE LEGEND OF SAINT COLUMBA, by Padraic Colum, illustrated by E. Mackinstry. Saint Columba lived in and was banished from Ireland in the sixth century. The kings, the battles, the simple country happenings, the

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faerie princes, the miracles, and the holy men that all have a part in the legend of the Saint are here described. A taste for Irish folklore is a rather special thing, but for young people who have it Mr. Colum has written another book in his own poetic prose. ($2.25.)

DOBRY, by Monica Shannon, illustrated by Atanas Katchamakoff. The childhood of a Bulgarian peasant boy who grew up to be an artist instead of a farmer. The book won the 1935 Newbery Medal as "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children," and Bulgaria now becomes another land the young American must incorporate into his world. It should not be difficult, because the book is really well written, and the excellent pictures by a Bulgarian artist help recreate the foreign background. ($2.)

MARY POPPINS COMES BACK, by P. L. Travers, illustrated by Mary Shepard. That redoubtable and popular nursemaid, Mary Poppins, reappears in a second book. To our taste, she and her little charges are at their best when they are fixed firmly on the ground, snapping tartly at each other in the very human and cluttery nursery of the Banks family, but there are children, and grownups, too, who adore the high fantasy Mary brings in her wake. This time she blows in on the tail of a kite and makes her exit on a merry-go-round that whirls her into oblivion until, we suppose, Miss Travers chooses to write a third book for the Poppins saga. ($1.50.)

THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Robert Lawson. A story of the Virginia Tidewater under Governor Spotswood, and of a proudly born boy and his half-sister, who was the daughter of an Indian princess. The children join the Governor's expedition to claim the Shenandoah Valley and the territory beyond the western mountains for the English Crown. A well-written and interesting narrative. ($2.)

HONK: THE MOOSE, by Phil Stong, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. A moose, in the winter following the drought, wanders into a livery stable of a Minnesota village looking for food, and becomes the problem child of the village and the friend of two small boys. Mr. Stong writes straightforward stories of present-day America which children like. We have seen a moose in a barn stall and so believe in Honk. Kurt Wiese's pictures in brilliant crayon and black-and-white are excellent. ($2.)

MR. TIDY PAWS, by Frances Clarke Sayers, illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Realists will object to the fairy elements of this tale of a small American boy who joined a travelling circus with his cat. The cat, Mr. Tidy Paws, is a changeling who danced and performed acrobatics to earn money for his young master, but Christopher, the boy, and his grandmother are real enough to carry conviction, and the cat is only a trifle more mysterious than the cats we all know. ($1.50.)

JAMAICA JOHNNY, text and pictures by Berta and Elmer Hader. A slightly moralistic tale of a small black Jamaican who becomes a hero three times over, and gets ambition and schooling. The pictures in color and black-and-white are good. ($2.)

THE CHINESE TWINS, text and pictures by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Almost a million "Twin" books have been sold in the last fifteen years. Mrs. Perkins' twenty-sixth in the series, which tells the story of a pair of modern Chinese ten-year-olds, is up to the standard of the other twenty-five. ($1.75.) But for stories of present-day China, it would be hard to improve on Elizabeth Foreman Lewis's "Young Fu" and "Ho-Ming," published in 1932 and 1934.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE ALPHABET AND HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON. Although this is an alphabet book, it is not for younger children. Each letter and picture represents a city of which the text gives a brief history and description. The book is just another device by which Mr. van Loon indulges in his favorite pastime of teaching geography and history at the same moment. The reader skips about the globe from Athens and Borobudur (in Java, in case you didn't know) to Xanadu, Yedo, and Zermatt, and the gay pictures and wise and humorous text make it all a great deal of fun. Van Loon at his best. ($1.)

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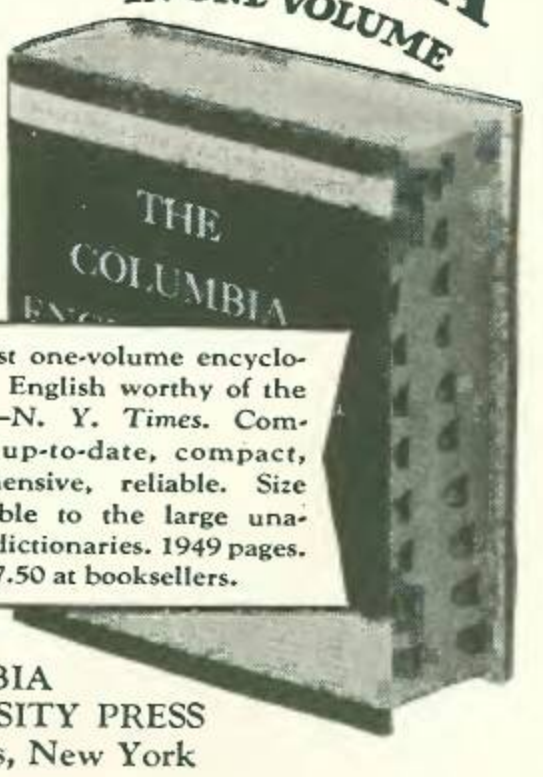
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BOY ON HORSEBACK, by Lincoln Steffens, illustrated by Sanford Tousey. It was an excellent scheme to reprint for children the first quarter of Lincoln Steffens' classic autobiography. This true story of a boy's life in California in the eighteen-seventies is more exciting than any fictional rendering of the period could be, and young people are more likely to read it in their own book than if directed to a segment of the biography itself. ($2.)

CHILDREN OF THE HANDCRAFTS, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, illustrated by Grace Paull. A wholly delightful book of history for children from eight to twelve or thirteen years old. The stories of seventeen real children who learned to work with their hands, and in most cases became famous in their individual crafts, include those of Lora Standish, who made the first sampler; Paul Revere, the silversmith; Duncan Phyfe, the joiner; Betsy Metcalf, who made the first straw hat in the New World; Thoreau, the pencil-maker; and Simeon Ide, the printer. Based on genealogical and town records, early letters and diaries, the book is well-written original historical material. Grace Paull's drawings have as much charm and authenticity as the text. ($2.)

THE SEA FOR SAM, by W. Maxwell Reed and Wilfrid S. Bronson. W. Maxwell Reed's nephew, for whom he wrote "The Earth for Sam" and "The Stars for Sam," is growing up while his uncle's volumes keep pace, and this newest book may, at moments, stump even a fifteen-year-old. Its infantile title is misleading. The origin of the oceans, the rise and fall of continents, the theory of tides, undersea life, the chances of extracting gold and silver from sea water are all here discussed, together with many other aspects of oceanography. Wilfrid Bronson's chapters on the various biological groups of sea creatures, from protozoa to crustaceans, molluscs, and fish, are among the best, and his illustrations are helpful. The chapter on the discovery of the oceans, being history and not always accurate history, might better have been dropped from an otherwise excellent book for beginning scientists. ($3.)

MEN AND MOUNTAINS, by M. Ilin, translated by Beatrice Kinkead. By the author of "New Russia's Primer," who in this year's volume celebrates man's victory over nature, and tells how Russian scientists are changing the courses of rivers, turning deserts into green fields, and extracting power from sun and wind. Mr. Ilin has the gift of simple, expositional writing. ($2.50.)

THE BOOK OF PREHISTORIC ANIMALS, by Raymond L. Ditmars, illustrated by Helene Carter. There seems to be a period in the life of the modern schoolchild when he is more familiar with the mastodon, the Brontosaurus, and the sabre-toothed tiger than with the chipmunk or the Bantam hen. At that moment this book will delight him (and his school). Helene Carter's vivid maps and pictures in color help to clarify the text, and the book does much to sort out the prehistoric animals into their proper prehistoric eras and continents. ($2.)

BEHIND THE SHOW WINDOW, by Jeanette Eaton ($2.50); HEELS, WHEELS AND WIRE, by Frances Rogers and Alice Beard





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($1.75); A First Electrical Book for Boys, by Alfred Morgan ($2.50); Talking Wires, by Clara Lambert ($2); The Glass Book and The Steel Book, by William Clayton Pryor and Helen Sloman Pryor (each $1). These are all books of information, supplemented by photographs and linecuts from which the young inquiring mind may learn—in the order named—one, how the food he eats and the clothes he wears are grown, assembled, processed, and marketed; two, the history of communication; three, the history and uses of electricity; and four, five, and six, all he needs to know about the telephone, glass, and steel industries. The last two books are fairly elementary and intended for younger children than the others.

Exploring Today, by Lincoln Ellsworth. A well-known explorer discusses his profession for the benefit of the younger generation and explains the various types of exploration today, from the Poles to the South Seas, the stratosphere to the bottom of the sea. ($1.75.)

Alone Across the Top of the World: The Story of David Irwin's Arctic Journey as Told to Jack O'Brien. David Irwin was twenty-two years old when he started alone on his 3,600-mile journey from the Canning River in Alaska, east across the polar rim of Canada to Churchill on Hudson Bay. For a time he joined Andy Bahr and helped him with his reindeer herd on their great trek to the Mackenzie River. The story will fascinate boys, but the book is badly written, and the material of Irwin's amazing adventures and hardships deserves a more scientific and factual treatment. The one map given is inadequate. ($2.)

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

Silas Crockett, by Mary Ellen Chase. Four generations of a stalwart Maine-coast maritime family, drawn with affection and a rather charming sentimentality. Pretty much in the manner of "Mary Peters," and just as good.

From Death to Morning, by Thomas Wolfe. Fourteen short pieces, hardly calculated to display Mr. Wolfe's scope and power. But you'd better read them if you're following his career.

The Asiatics, by Frederic Prokosch. A brilliant and poetic first novel, whose pages do a great deal to open up the soul of a continent and which will introduce you to a host of queer people and a fine new writer.

Your Life Lies Before You, by Harry Hansen. A tender love story by the noted literary critic, with a beautifully rendered background of a Mississippi River town in the early nineteen-hundreds.

Seeds of Tomorrow, by Mikhail Sholokhov, translated from the Russian by Stephen Garry. The struggle to collectivize a Cossack farming community, very vigorously portrayed by the author of "And Quiet Flows the Don."

It Can't Happen Here, by Sinclair Lewis. A picture of what is apt to happen to you and you and you if and when a Fascist dictatorship is established in this country. Mr. Lewis's most important, passionate, and moving book. Required reading.

Butterfield 8, by John O'Hara. A glamour girl of the speakeasy era is the tragic heroine of a smart, slick, inordinately clever, and rather pointless novel by a born writer who has still to find material commensurate with his gifts. As entertainment, tops.

GENERAL

Sawdust Caesar, by George Seldes. Mr. Seldes, who does not like Il Duce and is not afraid to say so, performs in this detailed biography an energetic job of removing the Blackshirt whitewash.

With Napoleon in Russia, from the memoirs of General de Caulaincourt. Intimate, day-by-day glimpses of the Man of Destiny, set down by his aide and confidant during the Russian campaign and during Napoleon's incognito flight from Smorgoni to Paris. Never before published. If you're a Napoleon fan, you'll have to have it.

Outposts of Science, by Bernard Jaffe. A

long, carefully written, handsomely produced book, explaining what has been done and is being done (by great American researchers) in each of thirteen fields of scientific inquiry. The material is almost all first-hand and the whole job a superior one.

I WRITE AS I PLEASE, by Walter Duranty. An entertaining compound—and not merely entertaining—of behind-the-headlines stuff, Soviet history, and autobiography.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS, by Franklin P. Adams. A handsome two-volume abridgment of Mr. Adams' famous diary, offering an incomparable record of the town's doings from 1911 through 1934. Rates high as social history and as easy reading.

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA, by Ernest Hemingway. Big-game hunting yarns, with flourishes by Mr. Hemingway. Excellent sporting literature.

IF IT DIE, by André Gide, translated from the French by Dorothy Bussy. An unexpurgated version of Gide's autobiography, first published in France in 1920. The section dealing with Gide's sexual orientations is very interesting, the rest a bit dull.

OLD JULES, by Mari Sandoz. The story, very full-blooded and detailed, of a Nebraska pioneer, set down by his clear-eyed daughter. The *Atlantic* $5,000 prize book for 1935.

MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE, by Stanley Walker. An uproarious scissors-and-paste job by the author of "The Night Club Era," assembling, in a spirit of good and reasonably clean fun, some of the flagrancies of the twenties and thirties. Illustrated.

SALAMINA, by Rockwell Kent. An account, very personal, often very interesting, of several winters spent by Mr. Kent among the Greenlanders of Igdlorssuit, whither he fled to get away from it all. Lots of Kentian drawings.

THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF VERSE, a fragrant and varied garland, woven from poesy culled from these very pages. There are one hundred poets and three hundred poems, and the collection covers the first ten years of *The New Yorker's* existence.

NEW MYSTERIES

13 STEPS, by Whitman Chambers. A murder among newspaper people, reported so accurately and concisely that it makes a really first-rate mystery novel. Unless you're a die-hard about mysteries, and cling to the old school, this ought to convert you to the fast-and-furious kind.

MURDER ON THE TROPIC, by Todd Downing. Hugh Rennert. the Treasury agent, solves a case on a Mexican hacienda. Expertly done, with the horror applied in the right places, but sometimes a little obviously.

THE WASHINGTON LEGATION MURDERS, by Van Wyck Mason. A specialist in international intrigue does another one about Captain North, the man who saves our nation from catastrophe in each new volume. This series is about the best of the current spy-adventure output.

•

Twenty-five members of the Hartford County Funeral Directors' Association held their monthly meeting last evening at the Hotel Windsor. A turkey dinner was served. The speaker was John Ashmead, whose subject was "The Psychology of Humor." J. Merwin was in charge of arrangements.—*Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times.*

Always *somebody* trying to explain humor!

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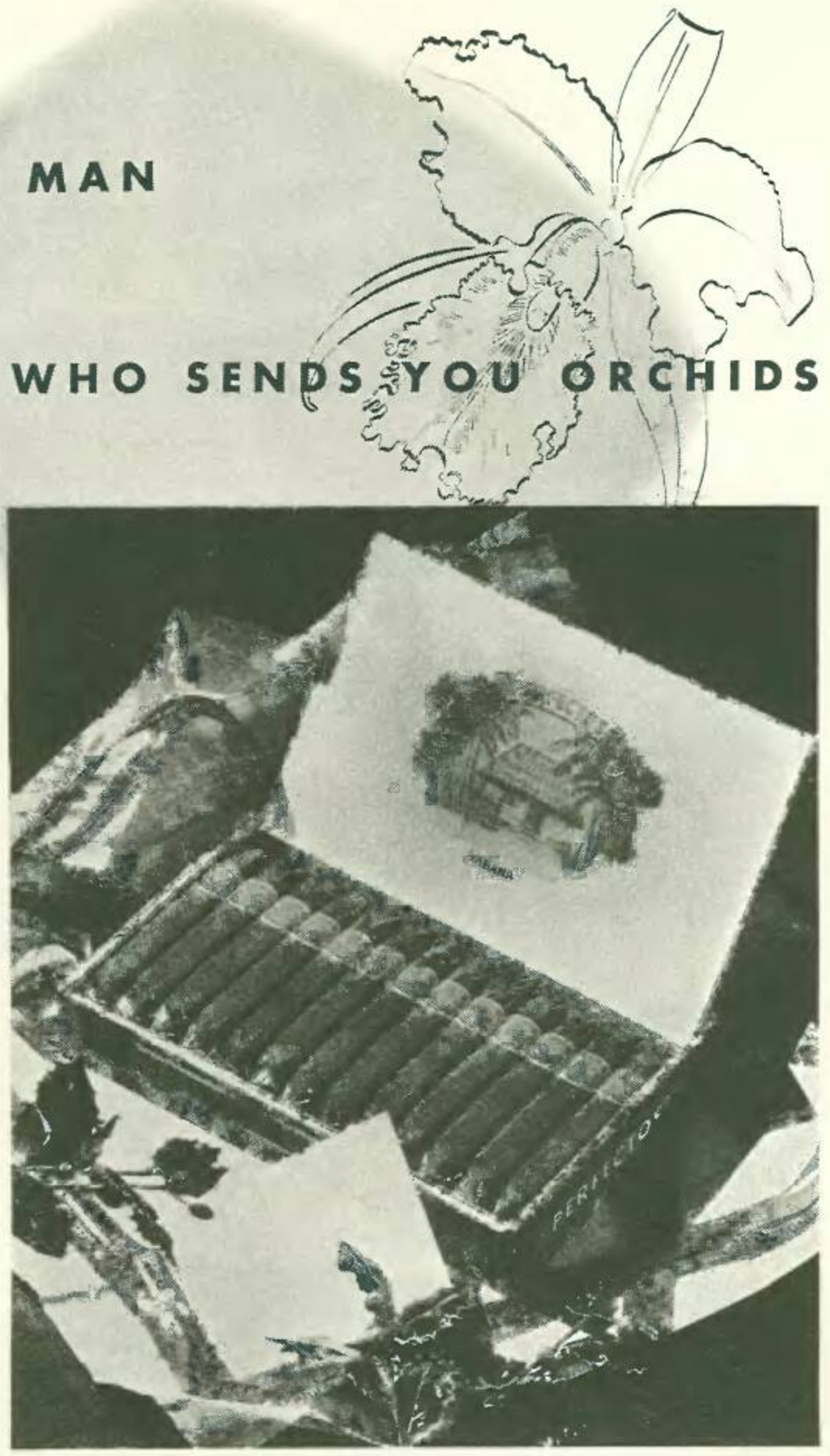
Set the cups into the freezing compartment of your refrigerator and freeze for three years.

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Well, we'll think about it.

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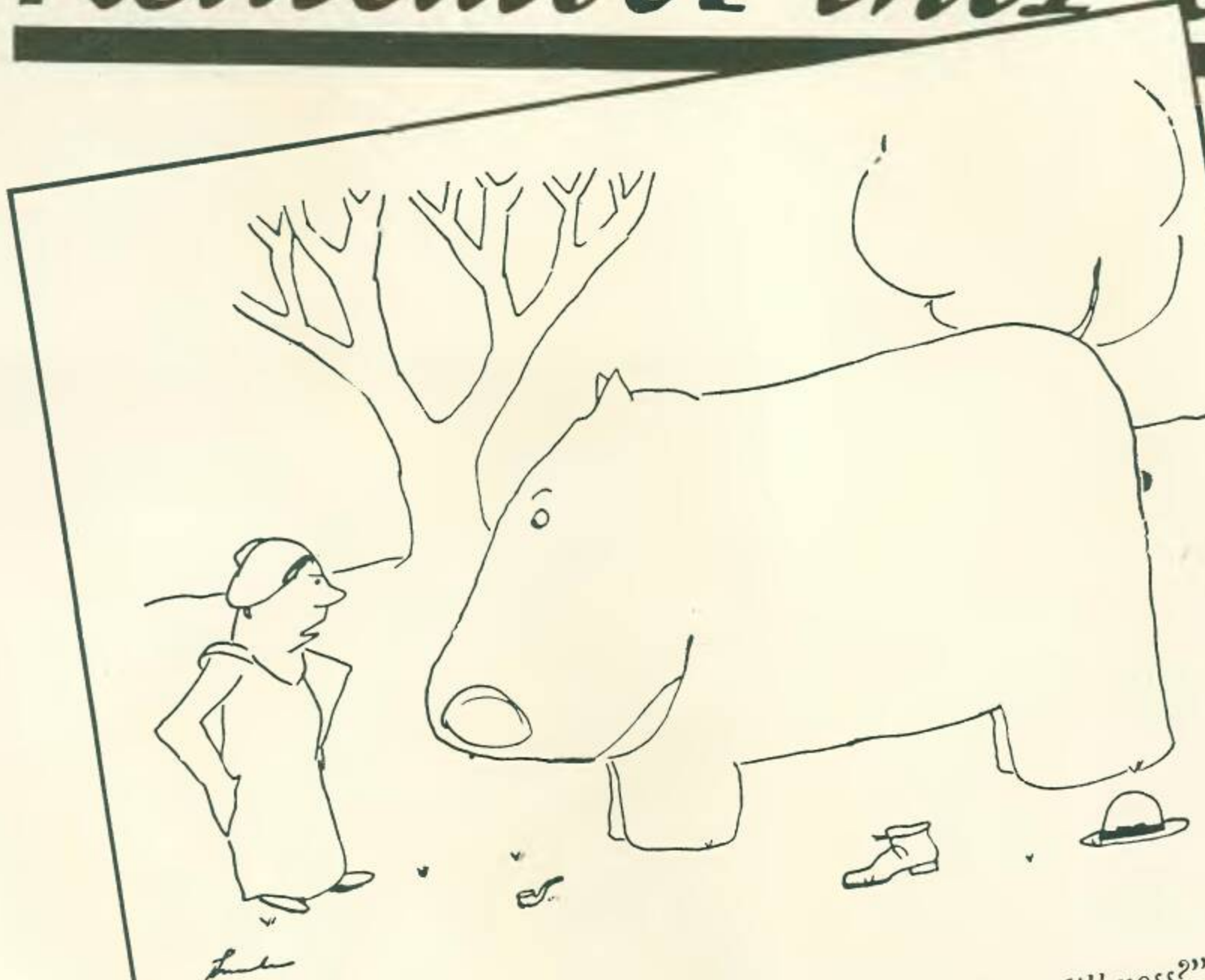
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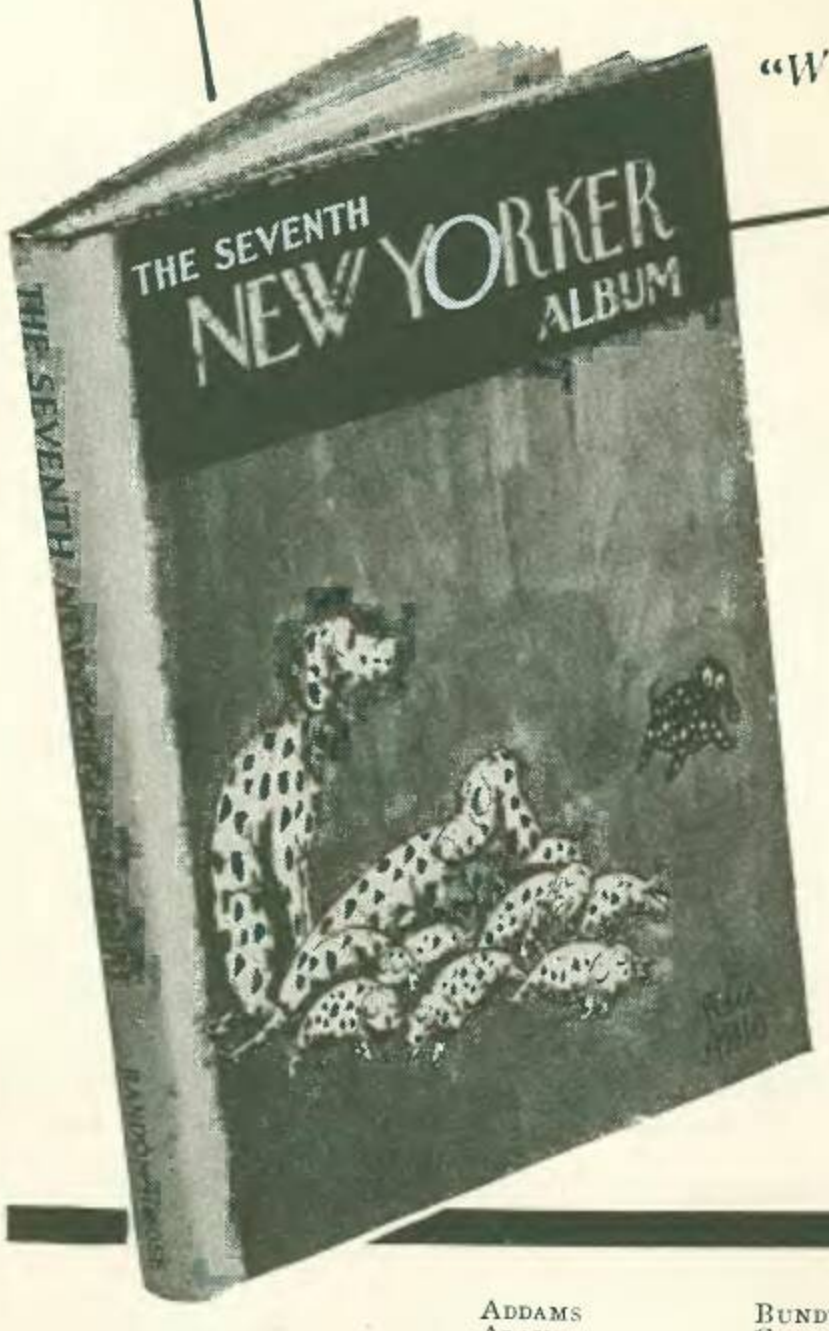
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