Mar. 6, 1937

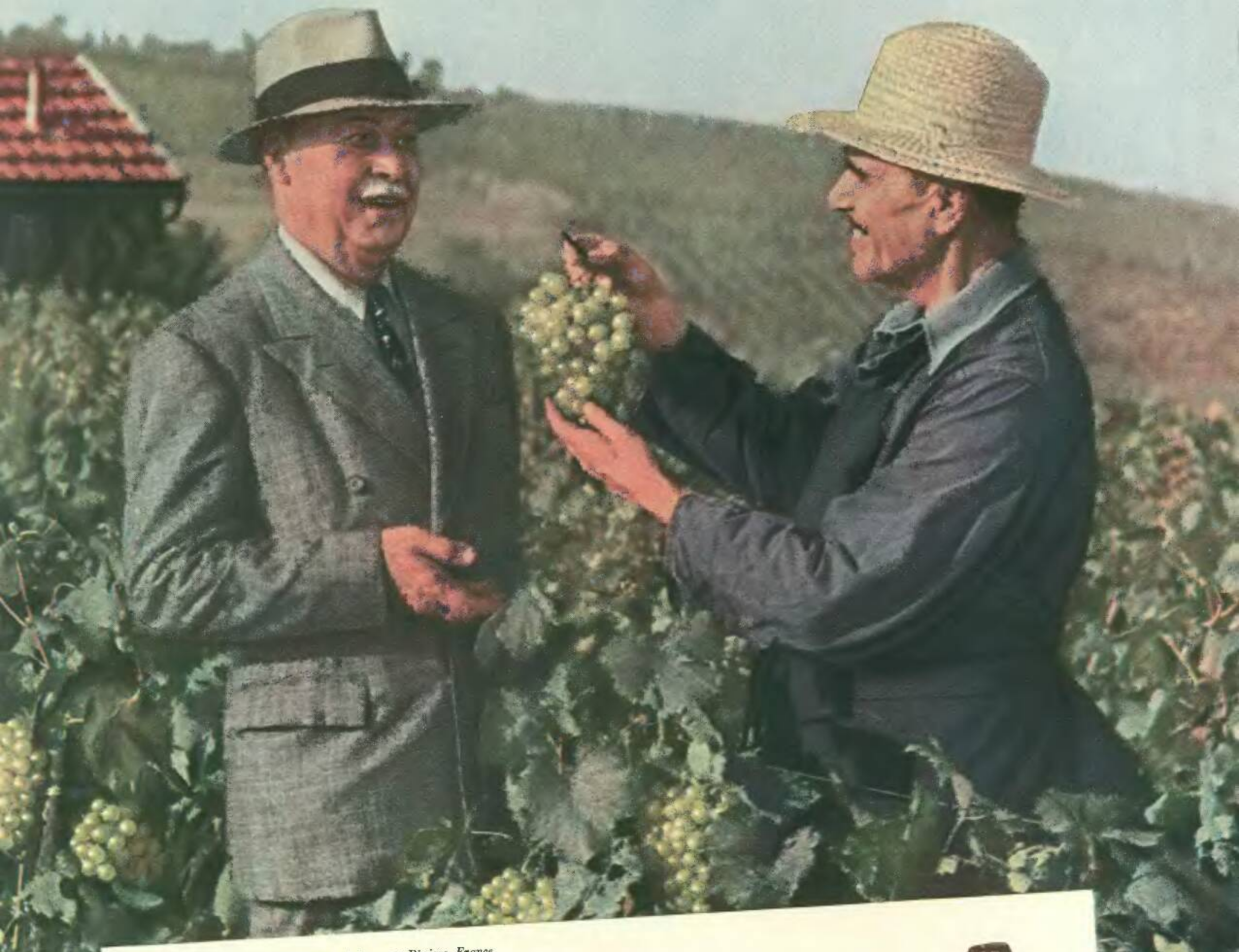
THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



"I never knew *that* about champagne!"

"And I, M'sieur, never knew it about your whiskey!"



Natural color photograph taken at Avize, near Rheims, France

AMERICAN: It's the most interesting thing I've learned in France—that your champagnes and my favorite whiskey, Four Roses, are achieved the same way.

FRENCHMAN: Ah, but, M'sieur, *all* champagnes are not blended. It is to achieve the truly great champagne that one *must* blend various champagnes together!

AMERICAN: Why do you say "must"?

FRENCHMAN: Because, M'sieur, no two champagnes are exactly alike as they flow from the wine presses. Nature endows each with some special virtue. So it is only by blending several fine champagnes together that we get the truly magnificent champagne with *every* virtue.

AMERICAN: Well, that's the very way they make Four Roses. They take several fine straight whiskies —each selected to contribute some outstanding virtue. Then they blend these fine whiskies (and *only* these whiskies!) together so as to produce *one* liquor with *every* whiskey virtue at its best. And that liquor, my friend, is *Four Roses.*

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED • LOUISVILLE AND BALTIMORE



A blend of straight whiskies—94 proof

FOUR ROSES

We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey, regardless of age or price

NELSON



Thank skiers for this
slick fashion—the flannel
dinner suit. Navy with
scarlet cummerbund and
shirt of white cravat silk.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVE. AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 13.]

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

BOY MEETS GIRL—A tale of Hollywood, but much funnier than usual. In fact, just about as funny as you will get. Allyn Josslyn, Joyce Arling, Millard Mitchell, and others. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

BROTHER RAT—A comedy of life at Virginia Military Institute which involves baseball and—well, life at Virginia Military Institute. Frank Albertson, Eddie Albert, Jose Ferrer, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

CANDIDA—Katharine Cornell's revival of the Shaw play, for a few special performances only. Others in the cast are Robert Harris and Mildred Natwick. First two performances: Wed. Mat., Mar. 10, and Sat. Eve., Mar. 13. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541.)

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

THE ETERNAL ROAD—A vast and beautiful pageant, dealing with the saga of the Jewish race as contained in the Old Testament. The combination of Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes has produced a spectacle which is something to marvel at. (Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave. WIsconsin 7-4294. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—Life in a vacation camp for clerks and stenographers, wth a tender little love story and good, satisfactory laughs. One of the better offerings. Katherine Locke, Jules Garfield, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

HIGH TOR—A fantasy-melodrama-tone-poem, all about ghostly goings-on along the Hudson, with plenty of slapstick and Maxwell Anderson verse. Burgess Meredith, Peggy Ashcroft, Charles D. Brown, Harold Moffet, and Thomas W. Ross. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

KING RICHARD II—Maurice Evans' remarkable picture of the other English king who abdicated. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

MARCHING SONG—Automobile strikers who might almost *be* automobile strikers, so well is this Theatre Union propaganda play put on. (Bayes, 44, W. BRyant 9-3648.)

THE MASQUE OF KINGS—Good, old-fashioned royalty, with love and uniforms, and sword-clanking, and the tale of the unhappy couple at Mayerling. Dudley Digges, Henry Hull, Margo, Pauline Frederick, and others. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175. Mat. Thurs.)

STAGE DOOR—What girls in an actresses' club talk about, set down with humor and feeling by George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Margaret Sullavan as head girl. (Music Box, 45, W. CHickering 4-6160. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Mar. 13.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fourth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. LAckawanna 4-6890.)

TONIGHT AT 8:30—Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. You'll hit something good no matter what night you pick. "Hands Across the Sea," "The Astonished Heart," and "Red Peppers": Eves. of Mar. 4, 6, and 12; Aft. of Mar. 10. . . . "We Were Dancing," "Fumed Oak," and "Shadow Play": Eves. of Mar. 5, 8, and 10; Aft. of Mar. 13. . . . "Ways and Means," "Still Life," and "Family Album": Aft. of Mar. 6; Eves. of Mar. 9, 11, and 13. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8225.)

TOVARICH—High-class comedy dealing with exiled Russian nobles working in Paris as house servants. Marta Abba and John Halliday. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720.)

VICTORIA REGINA—Helen Hayes superb in a series of vignettes from the life of Queen Victoria. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

THE WINGLESS VICTORY—Katharine Cornell in one of her best acting moods as a Malay princess who has the misfortune to end up in Salem, Massachusetts, with a sea captain. The play is by Maxwell Anderson. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541. No performances Wed. Mat., Mar. 10, and Sat. Eve., Mar. 13.)

THE WOMEN—Thirty-five women at each other's throats in a highly entertaining fashion, if you don't mind venom. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, Phyllis Povah, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728. Extra Mat. Fri., Mar. 12, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—A mother who once was a free-love advocate finds her daughter following in her footsteps. A charming comedy from all angles. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A mad family which undeniably will be a fixture in New York society. One of the funniest plays of the season. Josephine Hull, Henry Travers, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168.)

WITH MUSIC

FREDERIKA—An operetta with Lehár music, put on with good taste and a feeling for convention. Dennis King, Helen Gleason, and Ernest Truex. (Imperial, 45, W. CHickering 4-0360. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Mar. 7, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

RED, HOT AND BLUE!—If you are a Jimmy Durante fan, here is your dish. Even if you are not, here is Ethel Merman, with Cole Porter music, and Bob Hope. And a beautiful chorus thrown in. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114.)

THE SHOW IS ON—There is no reason you shouldn't find Beatrice Lillie magnificent, Bert Lahr convulsing, Reginald Gardiner tiptop, and the show entertaining. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

WHITE HORSE INN—The successful Continental operetta made big, beautiful, and just a little vulgar for the American trade. The cast includes Kitty Carlisle, William Gaxton, Robert Halliday, and many, many more. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. COlumbus 5-6535.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates.)

STORM OVER PATSY—The Theatre Guild's production of a play by James Bridie, with Roger Livesey, Sara Allgood, Ian McLean, and Claudia Morgan. Opens Mon., Mar. 8. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. 8:30 P.M.)

ARMS FOR VENUS—A comedy by Randolph Carter, with Hortense Alden and others. Opens Tues., Mar. 9. (Golden, 45, W. CHickering 4-0144.)

SUN KISSED—A comedy by Raymond Van Sickle, with Charles Coburn, Francesca Bruning, and Russell Hardie. Opens Wed., Mar. 10. (Little, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-9791. 8:40 P.M.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Sir Cedric Hardwicke in Gilbert Miller's production of Barre Lyndon's melodrama. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. 8:40 P.M.)

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT—Brock Pemberton's production of a comedy by Mary Coyle Chase, with John Alexander, Margaret Perry, Evelyn Varden, and Barbara Robbins. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

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NAUGHTY-NAUGHT—Well, you sit around at tables and drink and laugh at an old-fashioned play about life at Yale in 1900. Then you sing college songs. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15.)

HELEN HOWE—Presenting her program of monologues: Sun. Eve., Mar. 7, at 8:45. (Little, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-9791.)

FRENCH THEATRE—"Christian," a comedy by Yvan Noé: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Mar. 4 and 5, at 8:30; and Sat. Aft., Mar. 6, at 2:30. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—An informal Sunday evening's entertainment, with Vandy Cape, Nina Gordani, Miriam Marmein, and the Yale Puppeteers. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

TATTERMAN MARIONETTES—In a production of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt": Sat. Aft., Mar. 13, at 2:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Power," a fast-moving story, believe it or not, about electric light and power and their misuse. (Ritz, 48, W. MEdallion 3-0912. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.) . . . Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in an excellent production. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . "The Sun and I," a play by Barrie and Leona Stavis. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays at 8:30 P.M.)

DANCE RECITAL—Martha Graham and group, in their last New York recital before starting a transcontinental tour: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W.)

FOR CHILDREN—Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Robin Hood": Sat. Aft., Mar. 6, at 2:15. (Brooklyn Academy of Music.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Dick Gasparre's orchestra and entertainment by Cobina Wright, Edmond Pierce and Dorothy Roland, and others. Dress preferred.

BALI, 161 E. 54 (WIckersham 2-6570)—Jim Moriarty's place, with Roger Steele's orchestra and a new show.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers provide the dance music and entertainment in the Bowman Room.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Hugo de Paul's orchestra plays in the Mirror Room. There's also Tisdale's Trio.

ESSEX CASINO-ON-THE-PARK, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—Nat Brandwynne and his orchestra play in this room that looks out on Central Park.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—The Fantasy Room offers music by Eddie Davis's orchestra and singing by Diana Ward. Dress preferred.

MERRY-GO-ROUND AND MAISONNETTE RUSSE DE PARIS, 49 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-7262)—Tony Sarg has decorated the bar, and, in the main room, there's music by Horacio Zito's and Boris Koretsky's orchestras.

MON PARIS, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music and songs by Marion Pierce and Lawrence White.

MONTPARNASSE, 50 E. 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—Joseph C. Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in this attractive uptown spot. Dress preferred.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-8769)—The perennial East Side favorite offers music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Pancho and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian Room. Dances by Paul Draper and the comical Hartmans. Must dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The bill here includes Alec Templeton, a remarkable pianist, and Sue Hastings' amusing marionette revue. Glen Gray's Casa Loma and Don Azpiazu's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill; songs by Jerry Goff and Jack Kerr.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600)—The Crystal Gardens has Basil Fomeen's excellent dance music and a new group of entertainers. Must dress.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—The Restaurant de la Paix has Jack Sherr's orchestra, singing by Evelyn Case, and magic by Miaco.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Entertainment by Medrano and Donna, and Paul Gerrits. Must dress. . . . The Maisonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music and Hungarian entertainment.

SAPPHIRE ROOM, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)—Guido's attractive place, formerly the Embassy Club, with Barry Winton's orchestra. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Dwight Fiske returns Fri. Eve., Mar. 5.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Sonny Kendis and Gus Martel.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Reginald Gar-

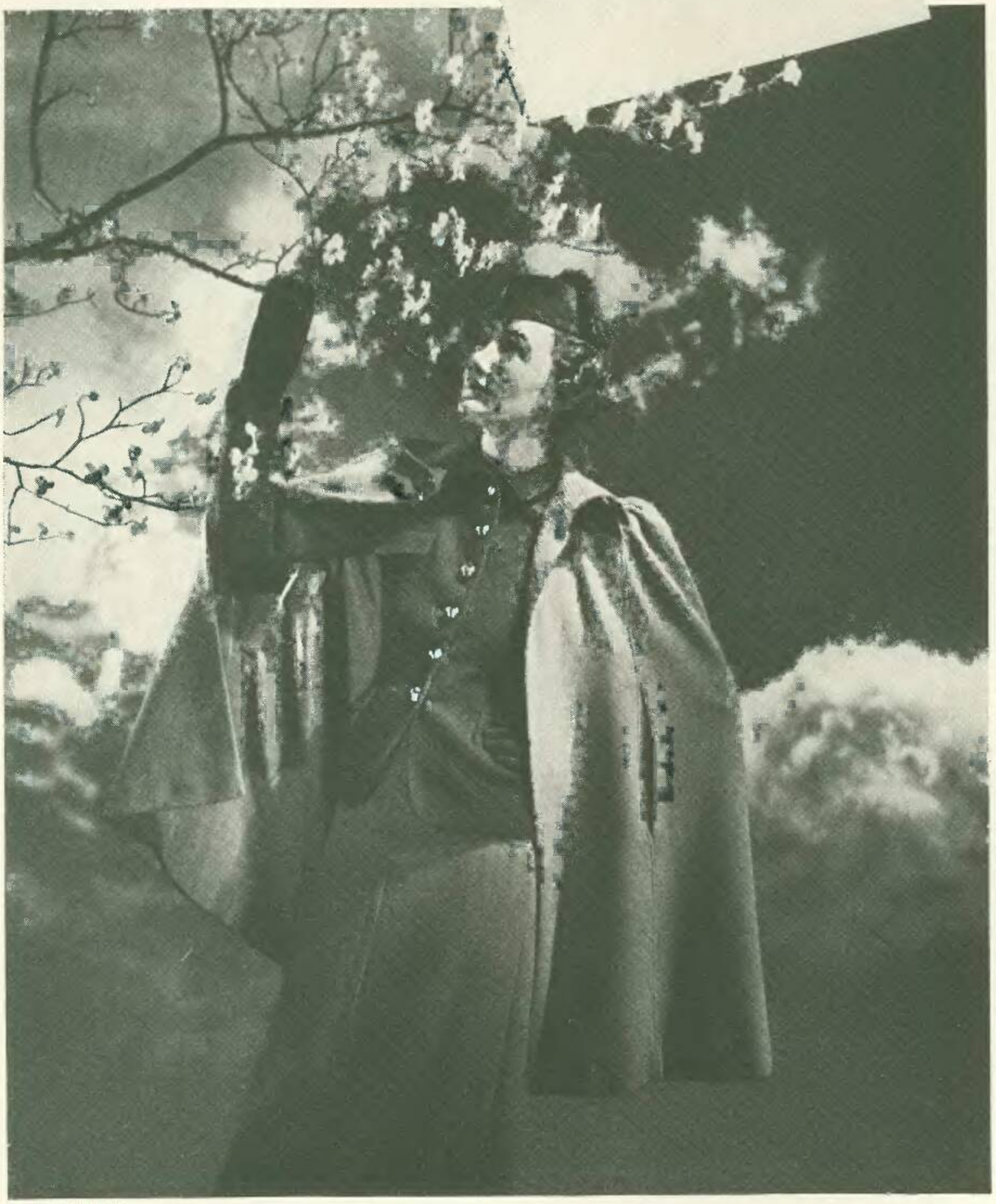
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"La Legionnaire"



Louise Dahl Wolfe

A cavalier cape to give you height and dash. A jacket and skirt, beautifully tailored as a military tunic, to give you the swaggering slim-hipped look of a soldier of fortune. But a feminine suit nonetheless, full of suppressed excitement. Poilu blue overmuted brown. (Paquin's idea.) Also in navy and red, black and beige. Sizes 10-20. 110.00 Fifth Floor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

diner, Illiana, and others entertain; with music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Empire Room has music by Michael Zarin's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras, and dances by Mario and Floria.

ZELLI'S ROYAL BOX, 130 E. 58 (WIckersham 2-9612)—Decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, with Joe Zelli as master of ceremonies, and a show featuring Rachel Carlay. Music by Ellis Thomson's and Danny's orchestras.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Eddie Lane: Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AShland 4-4000).... Vincent Lopez: Astor Grill, B'way at 44 (BRyant 9-2100).... Benny Goodman: Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000).... Guy Lombardo: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200).... Leon Belasco: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000).... Jerry Blaine: Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000).... Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34.... Joseph Zatour: Shelton, Lexington at 49.... Isham Jones: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.... Hal Hope: Montclair Casino, Lexington at 49.... Ozzie Nelson: Lexington, Lexington at 48.... Bobby Hayes: Edison Hotel Green Room, 46, W. of B'way.... Tommy Dorsey: Palm Room of the Commodore, Lexington at 42.... Ray O'Hara: Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31.... Bill McCune: "61" Room of the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

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NOTES—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; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Beverly Bar, Lexington at 50; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Red Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52.

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Elisha Tuttle's and Cookie Williams' orchestras, and a floor show.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has a sumptuous show, "French Casino Folies." Jack Denny's and Vincent Travers' orchestras play for dancing.... Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CHickering 4-2572).... Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra.... Jack White heads the entertainment at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).... Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has a show that's not at all refined, with Margie Hart, Rita Renaud, and others; music by the Town Tattlers and orchestra.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), has an elaborate revue, with music by Cab Calloway.... The Harlem Uproar House, 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), also has a lively black-and-tan show; music by Erskine Hawkins and his 'Bama State Collegians.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 72 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Stuff Smith; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Mike Riley and his 'Round and 'Rounders.... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite. Music by Eddie Roy's orchestra.... Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 3-9417), has a lively show.... The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show.... Pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8.... Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

HARLEM—The Ubangi Club, 7 Ave. at 131 (TIllinghast 5-9366), has a show featuring Gladys Bentley.... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band; go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644).... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (TOmpkins Square 6-9784), and the Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8072).... Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646), with a lively show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 13.]

BELOVED ENEMY—Romantic passion and revolution in Dublin, with Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Sun., Mar. 5-7; continuous from 9 A.M.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 6-8; continuous from 11:30 A.M.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., Mar. 10-12; continuous from 1 P.M.)

CAMILLE—Garbo's handsome study of the classic invalid. Beautifully dressed and beautifully tragic. Gentlemen involved: Robert Taylor, Henry Daniell, and Lionel Barrymore. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Sun., Mar. 5-7; continuous from 8:30 A.M.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., Mar. 13; continuous from 1 P.M.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE)—Something quite lively and bright in the French style. (RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; Fri. through Mon., Mar. 5-8; continuous from 12:30 P.M.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—Alexander Korda's sketch of Elizabethan England, the Armada, and Philip of Spain. A rich and lavish show, with Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; starting Thurs., Mar. 4; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE GOOD EARTH—North China and the farmlands as Pearl Buck saw them. A highly superior and beautiful film, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

LLOYDS OF LONDON—Freddie Bartholomew in a film about the great insurance house, with Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power to add an adult note to the theme. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Mar. 6-9; continuous from 1 P.M.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Wed., Mar. 6-10; continuous from 12:30 P.M.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Mon. and Tues., Mar. 8 and 9; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

LOST HORIZON—A bit too much lama talk, but some fine pictorial moments and healthy Edward Everett Horton giggles. With Ronald Colman and Margo. (Globe, B'way at 46; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MAID OF SALEM—Witchcraft, Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, and occasional excitement. (Paramount, B'way at 43; continuous from 10:30 A.M.)

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES—H. G. Wells' notions about social reform, interpreted by Roland Young in a Korda production. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., Mar. 5; continuous from 10 A.M.)

ON THE AVENUE—Nice interludes by Irving Berlin, but a good deal that lets you down a little. With Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell. (Palace, B'way at 47; Thurs. through Wed., Mar. 4-10; continuous from 9:30 A.M.... RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; and RKO 23rd Street, 143 W. 23; Thurs. through Tues., Mar. 4-9; continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS—Routine drama aside from some few remaining Sean O'Casey Dublin touches. Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster are most in evidence. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Mar. 5; continuous from 12:30 P.M.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 4 and 5; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—The big, lavish, and successful picture, with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, returns to Broadway. (Capitol, B'way at 51; starting Thurs., Mar. 4; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE WOMAN ALONE—A casual little thriller, with lively moments, about anarchists and their schemes. Sylvia Sidney is the most familiar player present. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Mar. 4, last day; continuous from 11 A.M.)

REVIVALS—At the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68—"The Guardsman," Fri. and Sat., Mar. 5 and 6; continuous from noon.... At the Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57—"The Garden of Allah," Sat. through Mon., Mar. 6-8; "Rembrandt," Thurs. through Sat., Mar. 11-13; continuous from noon.... At the World, 155 W. 49—"The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "The Scoundrel," Tues. and Wed., Mar. 9 and 10; continuous from 11 A.M.... At the Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14—"All Quiet on the Western Front," Mon. and Tues., Mar. 8 and 9; continuous from 9 A.M.

NOTES—The new March of Time will be shown at the Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50, starting Thurs., Mar. 4.... The new Silly Symphony, "Mother Pluto," is scheduled to open at the Rivoli, B'way at 49, Sat., Mar. 6.... Films for young people are shown at the Lenox Picture House, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:20 and 4 P.M.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "After the Thin Man," a good mystery, with William Powell and Myrna Loy, though not up to the standard of its predecessor; "Black Legion," brutal doings in Michigan, with Humphrey Bogart; "Spain in Flames," the civil war as reported by Soviet and Spanish government cameramen; "You Only Live Once," an underworld tale of jailbreaks and passion, with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

ART

AMERICAN—Paintings and drawings by the New York realists, 1900-1914. For all New Yorkers, including those who hate art: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Mar. 5.

ARCHITECTURE—An exhibition of modern English architecture. Also, posters by E. McKnight Kauffer: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Mar. 7.

ARONSON—Circus paintings: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

CALDER—Mobiles and Stabiles, or toys and sculptures to you: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GERMAN—Collection assembled by the Carl Schurz Foundation, covering the period from the fifteenth up to the twentieth century: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Mar. 7.... Early German paintings: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

HARTMAN—Murals and oils by a lively modern: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.

KUHN—Twelve recent paintings by a modern at home in circus and carnival: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 6.

NEY—Recent water colors by an adept in the more imaginative kind of Americana: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 6.

O'KEEFFE—Flowers, turkey-feathers, bleached bones, and landscape by a painter of serene energy and unflagging achievement: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Mar. 12.

PIGS—Is Pigs; and what the artists have done about it through the ages: Karl Freund, 50 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Mar. 9.

SPORT—Prints and paintings: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 10:45 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6.

TONNY—Dutch romantic who specializes in the elegant macabre: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

WATERFRONT—Widely drawn and well-selected array of paintings celebrating the beautiful fringe of the city and what happens there; under the sponsorship of An American Group and the Marine Workers Committee: New School, 66 W. 12. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Mar. 6.

WPA—Easel paintings, showing that the murals haven't hogged everything: Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38. Open weekdays noon to 5 P.M.

ZADKINE—Sculpture by an able modern who weaves Baroque themes into post-Cubist forms: Brummer, 53 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Paintings and illustrations by Biala: Passedoit, 4th floor, 22 E. 60;

•



TORCHY AND DOUG PEDEN,

one of the favored teams in the bike race. Torchy (in front) has been racing for years; he's twenty-nine, red-haired, and weighs 230. Doug is making his New York début; he's twenty, brown-haired, and weighs 210. When they are racing, Torchy eats eight lamb chops for dinner, and Doug eats seven.



In the gay nineteen-twenties, **THE** name of Bramley was a by-word with our smartest customers. We predict equal acclaim for these **NEWEST MEMBERS.** Because they possess the disarming simplicity and insouciant charm **OF THE** nationally **FAMOUS BRAMLEY FAMILY.** Because they bestow that breathlessly young look sophisticates prize. Two from our collection **TAKE A BOW** herewith.

ABOVE: A faggoted white pique front buttons on black or navy crêpe. 11 to 17. Sixth Floor. **16.95**

Little felt poke bonnet **6.75**

RIGHT: Poiret twill jacket with naive collar, **10.95**
Checked wool skirt, **7.95**
Sizes 12 to 20. Black, navy or brown. Fifth Floor.

Our Bramley straw sailor **8.75**

MILLINERY — THIRD FLOOR

THIS NEW

Franklin Simon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 13.]

through Mar. 13.... Paintings by Frederic Taubes: Midtown, 605 Madison.... Work by New York artists: Temporary Galleries of the Municipal Art Committee, 62 W. 53 (open daily noon to 6 P.M.); through Mar. 14.... Drawings by Jon Corbino: Associated American Artists, 420 Madison.... French and American provincial paintings: Mrs. C. J. Sullivan, 57 E. 56; through Mar. 13.... Prints by Margaret Paterson and Ernest Watson: Pine Gallery, 444 Madison.... Original drawings by illustrators and cartoonists: Roof Studio, 25 Prospect Pl. (open 1 to 4, and 7 to 10 P.M.); through Mar. 7.... Wolfe Art Club annual exhibition: Squibb Art Galleries, 745 5 Ave.; through Mar. 12.... Chinese paintings: Architectural League, 115 E. 40.... Paintings by Guy MacCoy: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.)... Reproductions of Toulouse-Lautrec: F.A.R. Gallery, 21 E. 61.... Paintings by Thomas Eakins: Kleemann, 38 E. 57.... Paintings by Sol Wilson: Babcock, 38 E. 57; through Mar. 13.... Arthur B. Davies memorial exhibition: Progressive Arts, 428 W. 57.... Paintings by Helen Humphreys Lawrence: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave.; through Mar. 13.... Small pictures by nineteenth and twentieth century French Masters: Valentine, 16 E. 57.... Gouaches by Bernard Lamotte: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64; through Mar. 13.... Indian textiles, from the collection of Her Highness the Maharani of Baroda: Seligmann, 3 E. 51.... Rooms built around paintings by Picasso, Degas, de Chirico, and fifteenth century Italian Primitives: Decorators' Picture Gallery, 554 Madison.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

LOTTE LEHMANN—Great singing of songs: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 7.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—This time the Perole String Quartet appears at these excellent chamber-music concerts: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 7, at 5:30.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—Modern music performed by Povla Frijsh, Irene Jacobi, and the Pro Arte Quartet: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Mar. 7.

BEETHOVEN ASSOCIATION—Lawrence Tibbett and other distinguished artists entertain: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 8.

MYRA HESS—Playing in the Town Hall Endowment Fund Series. Don't miss: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 10.

REINALD WERRENRATH—Reappearance of a famous American baritone: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Mar. 10.

GEORGES ENESCO—The Philharmonic-Symphony's recent guest conductor appears as a violinist, one of his most familiar and enjoyable activities: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 13, and Brooklyn Academy of Music, Tues. Eve., Mar. 9, at 8:15.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Rodzinski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 5, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 6, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Mar. 7; Wed. Eve., Mar. 10, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 12, at 2:30.... Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Mar. 13, at 11.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Rudolf Serkin, piano soloist: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 6, at 2:30.

MUSEUM CONCERTS—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Mar. 6 and 13, at 8. (No admission charge.)

VIENNA SAENGERKNABEN—McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Mar. 6.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 9 at 8:45.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 9.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 11, at 8:45; and Sat. Aft., Mar. 13, at 2:30. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., Mar. 12.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Mozart-Haydn Chamber Orchestra series: Fri. Eve., Mar. 5.... Federal Symphony: Sun. Eve., Mar. 7.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Tristan und Isolde," Thurs. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8; "The Clandestine Marriage" and the ballet, "Serenade," Fri. Eve., Mar. 5, at 8:15; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Mar. 6, at 2; "Aida," Sat. Eve., Mar. 6, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 7; "Madama Butterfly," Mon. Eve., Mar. 8; "Le Coq d'Or" and the ballet, "The Bat," Wed. Eve., Mar. 10; "Manon," Thurs. Eve., Mar. 11, at 8:15; "Die Meistersinger," Fri. Aft., Mar. 12, at 1:30; "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Mar. 12; "Mignon," Sat. Aft., Mar. 13, at 2; "Siegfried," Sat. Eve., Mar. 13, at 7:45.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: N.Y.U. vs. City College, and St. John's vs. St. Francis, Wed. Eve., Mar. 10, at 8:15.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Golden Gloves Finals, Mon. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:45 P.M.: Rangers vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Mar. 7; Americans vs. Rangers, Tues. Eve., Mar. 9; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 11.... Amateur games: Sun. Afts. at 2.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94: Metropolitan Indoor League championship playoff games: Sat. Eves., Mar. 6 and 13, at 8:30.

INDOOR TENNIS—At 7th Regt. Armory, Park at 66: National Men's and Women's Indoor Tennis Championships; play continues weekdays through Sat., Mar. 6.

INDOOR TRACK—At Madison Square Garden: Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Championships, Sat. Eve., Mar. 13, at 8.

WRESTLING—At 71st Regt. Armory, Park at 34, Mon. Eve., Mar. 8, at 8:30.

WINTER SPORTS NOTES—For latest information about snow trains and snow conditions phone: New Haven R.R. Ski Bureau, MUrray Hill 2-3600; and New York Central Travel Bureau, MUrray Hill 2-8000.... The Skating Pond in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center is open daily 10 A.M. to noon; 1 to 4 P.M.; 5 to 7:30 P.M.; and 8:30 to 11 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—Last three days: Madison Square Garden; continuing through Sat. Eve., Mar. 6.

A NIGHT IN BAGDAD—A dinner dance for the benefit of the Red Cross Relief Fund: Ambassador Garden, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 4.

PLANETARIUM—The lecture for March at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "Parade of the Seasons." Performances weekdays at 11 A.M., 2, 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, and 9 P.M.; additional Sat. performances at 10 A.M., 1, and 5 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—First editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts; also posters and other World War memorabilia: Thurs. Aft., Mar. 4, at 2.... Paintings by Corot and many others: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 4, at 8:15.... French period furniture, tapestries, rugs, and other furnishings: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 5 and 6, at 2.... French, Italian, and other furniture and decorations, arms and armor, tapestries, rugs, pottery, etc.: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 12 and 13, at 2.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Addressing the Democratic Victory Dinner: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 4, at 10:30, WABC, WJZ, WMCA, and WOR. First of a series of "fireside chats": Tues. Eve., Mar. 9, at 10:30, WEAF-WJZ and WOR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"La Traviata," with Bidu Sayao, Charles Kullman, and others: Sat. Aft., Mar. 6, at 2, WJZ.

RACING—The Widener Challenge Cup, from Hialeah Park: Sat. Aft., Mar. 6, at 3:30, WOR.

MYRA HESS—Piano soloist with the Ford Symphony and Chorus: Sun. Eve., Mar. 7, at 9, WABC.

BOXING—Golden Gloves Finals at Madison Square Garden: Mon. Eve., Mar. 8, at 11:15, WOR.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES (Listing is chronological)—N.B.C. Music Guild: Thurs. at 2, WEAF; Tues. at 2:30, WJZ.... Alexander Woollcott: Thurs. and Tues. at 7:30, WABC.... Rudy Vallée's Varieties: Thurs. at 8, WEAF.... Lanny Ross and Al Goodman: Thurs. at 9, WEAF.... America's Town Meeting: Thurs. at 9:30, WJZ.... Bing Crosby's Music Hall: Thurs. at 10, WEAF.... March of Time: Thurs. at 10:30, WABC.... Music Appreciations Hour, Damrosch conducting: Fri. at 2, WEAF-WJZ.... Cincinnati Symphony: Fri. at 3, WABC.... Hollywood Hotel: Fri. at 9, WABC.... Victor Moore and Helen Broderick: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ.... Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting: Fri. at 10, WABC.... Abram Chasins: Sat. at 12 noon, WEAF.... Ed Wynn: Sat. at 8, WJZ.... Joe Cook: Sat. at 9:30, WEAF.... Roy Harris: Sun. at 2, WQXR.... Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting: Sun. at 3, WABC.... Metropolitan Opera Auditions: Sun. at 3, WEAF.... Jack Benny: Sun. at 7, WEAF.... Phil Baker: Sun. at 7:30, WABC.... Nelson Eddy: Sun. at 8, WABC.... Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8:30, WABC.... Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting: Mon. at 3, WJZ.... Helen Hayes: Mon. at 8, WJZ.... Richard Crooks: Mon. at 8:30, WEAF.... Lux Radio Theatre: Mon. at 9, WABC.... Al Jolson: Tues. at 8:30, WABC.... Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF.... Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Tues. at 10, WOR.... Beatrice Lillie: Wed. at 8, WJZ.... Ethel Barrymore: Wed. at 8:30, WJZ.... Burns and Allen: Wed. at 8:30, WABC.... Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF.... Nino Martini and André Kostelanetz: Wed. at 9, WABC.... Gladys Swarthout: Wed. at 10:30, WEAF. (Times are P.M.)

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who plan ahead.)

ART—Annual National Academy Show, 215 W. 57, Mar. 13-Apr. 12.... Annual Independents Show, Grand Central Palace, Apr. 2-25.... Architectural Show, 215 W. 57, Apr. 15-May 15.

BALLET—The American Ballet, Stravinsky program, Metropolitan Opera House, Apr. 27 and 28.

GOLF—North & South Open Championship, Pinehurst, N. C., Mar. 23-25.

INDOOR POLO—Eastern Championships, Mar. 20-27.... Intercollegiate and Interscholastic Championships, Mar. 29-Apr. 3.... East-West Championship Matches, Squadron A Armory, Apr. 7, 10, and 13.

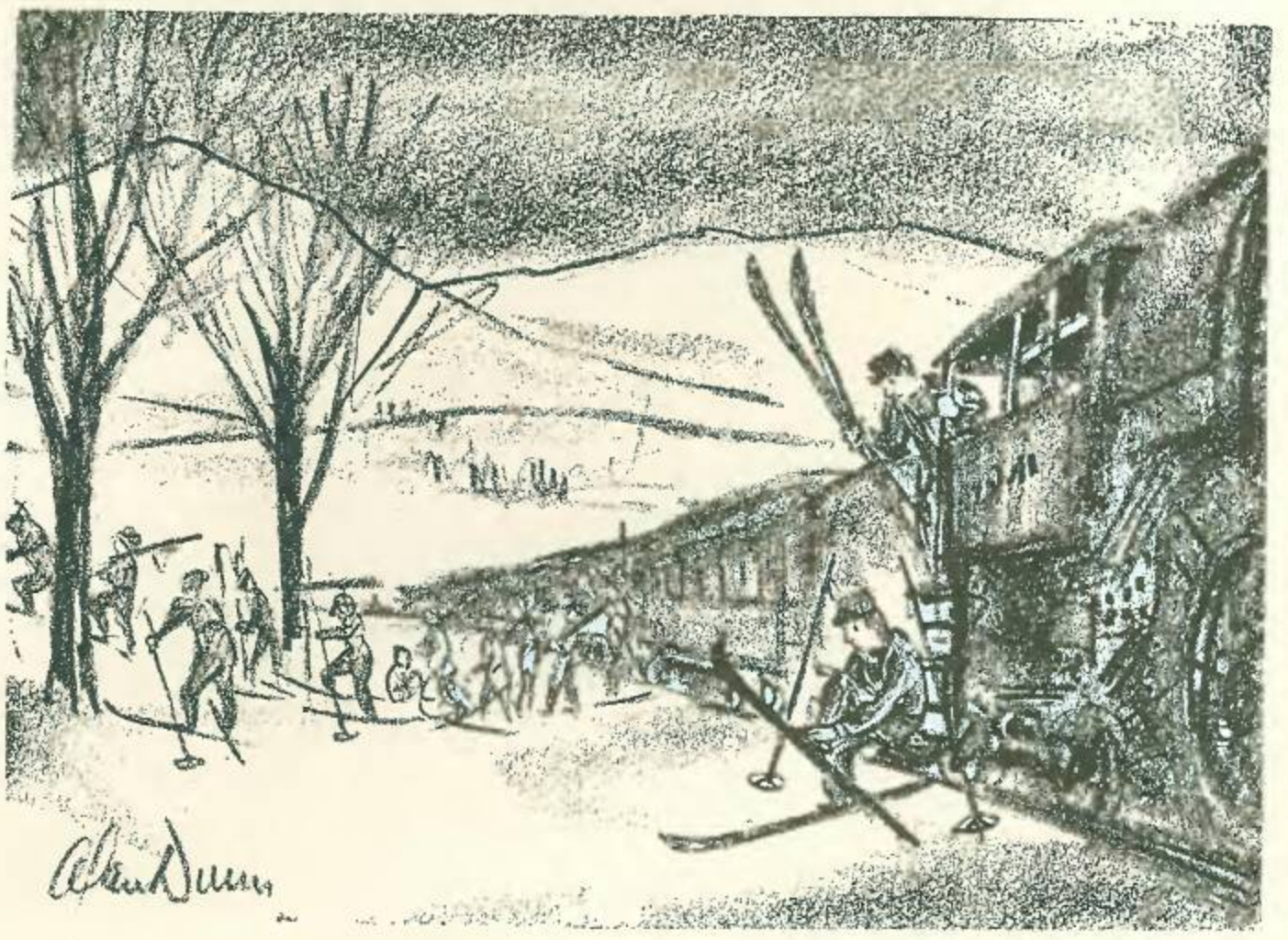
MUSIC—Orchestras: Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, through Apr. 18. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Mar. 23; Stokowski, Apr. 13. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Apr. 1 and 3. (All at Carnegie Hall.)... Metropolitan Opera season continues through Mar. 27.

RACING—Tropical Park, Florida, Mar. 8-Apr. 3.... Grand National, Aintree, Liverpool, Eng., Mar. 19.... Carolina Hunt Cup, Camden, S.C., Mar. 27.... Bowie, Md., Apr. 1-10; Havre de Grace, Md., Apr. 12-27.... Jamaica, L.I., Apr. 15-May 8.

ROWING—Oxford vs. Cambridge, Thames River, Eng., Mar. 24.... Navy vs. Columbia, Annapolis, Md., Apr. 24.... Princeton-Harvard-M.I.T., Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N. J., Apr. 24.

TENNIS—Professional matches, Perry-Tilden, and Vines-Plaa, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 24.

OTHER DATES—Federal income-tax returns for 1936 are due Mar. 15.... Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, Mar. 15-20.... International Skating Carnival, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 27, 29, and 31.... Easter Sunday is Mar. 28.... Circus, Madison Square Garden, Apr. 8-May 1.





MACRAE

Lovely Kay-Spun!

A brand new, grand new Kayser milanese, glove fabric—smooth and kid-like, springy and clingy. Kay-Spun*, a fabric worthy of the subtle styling of Kayser gloves! Made in U.S.A. . . $1.00

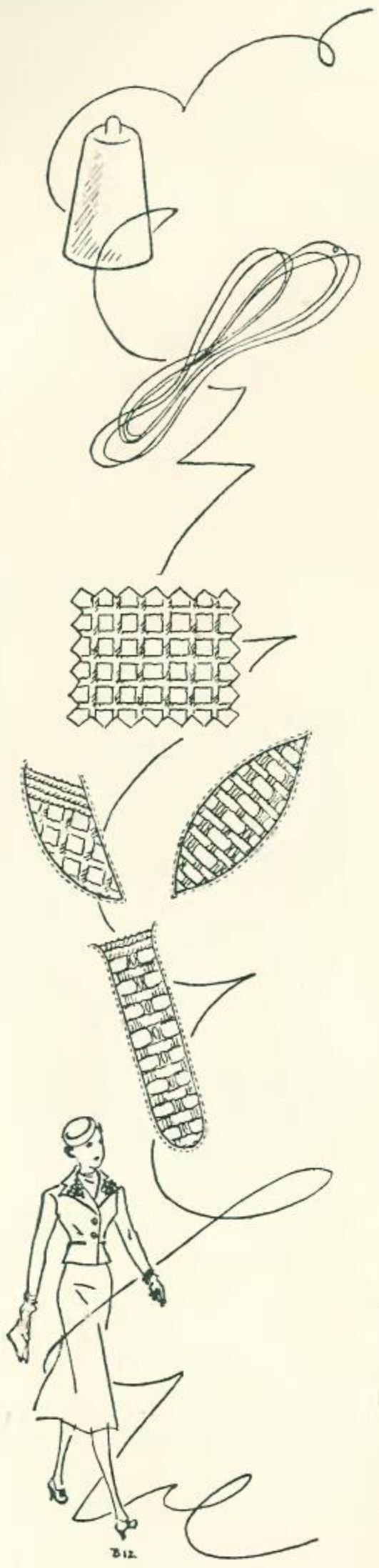
"BE WISER, BUY KAYSER"



Look at the tricky, new glove cuffs—everything from crocheted inserts to leather trimmings.

KAYSER

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*Trade Mark



FIT AND COMFORT BEYOND DREAMS

from "Lastex," the new elastic yarn

Definitely at the head of the style parade—for their second season—these shoes with mesh gores made with "Lastex" yarn. Never has the fashionable foot accepted a new shoe material so enthusiastically. "Lastex," the elastic yarn that revolutionized apparel, is here employed to mould and hold the foot to new beauty, with comfort, with permanence, never before possible. Boyd-Welsh, famed makers of fine footwear for generations, apply this miracle technique to two street shoes for Spring and Summer. The "Patsy," a smart step-in, with front and side panels of gabardine mesh, made with "Lastex." The "Robertie," in kid and suede, following the bootee vogue. It has side panels of mesh, made with "Lastex," combined with rigid front panels in matching mesh. You will find these and other shoes by leading makers, made with "Lastex" yarn, at all leading stores.



PATSY and ROBERTIE
(left) *(right)*

Sponsored by

BOYD-WELSH

Designers & Makers of
PEACOCK FOOTWEAR FOR WOMEN

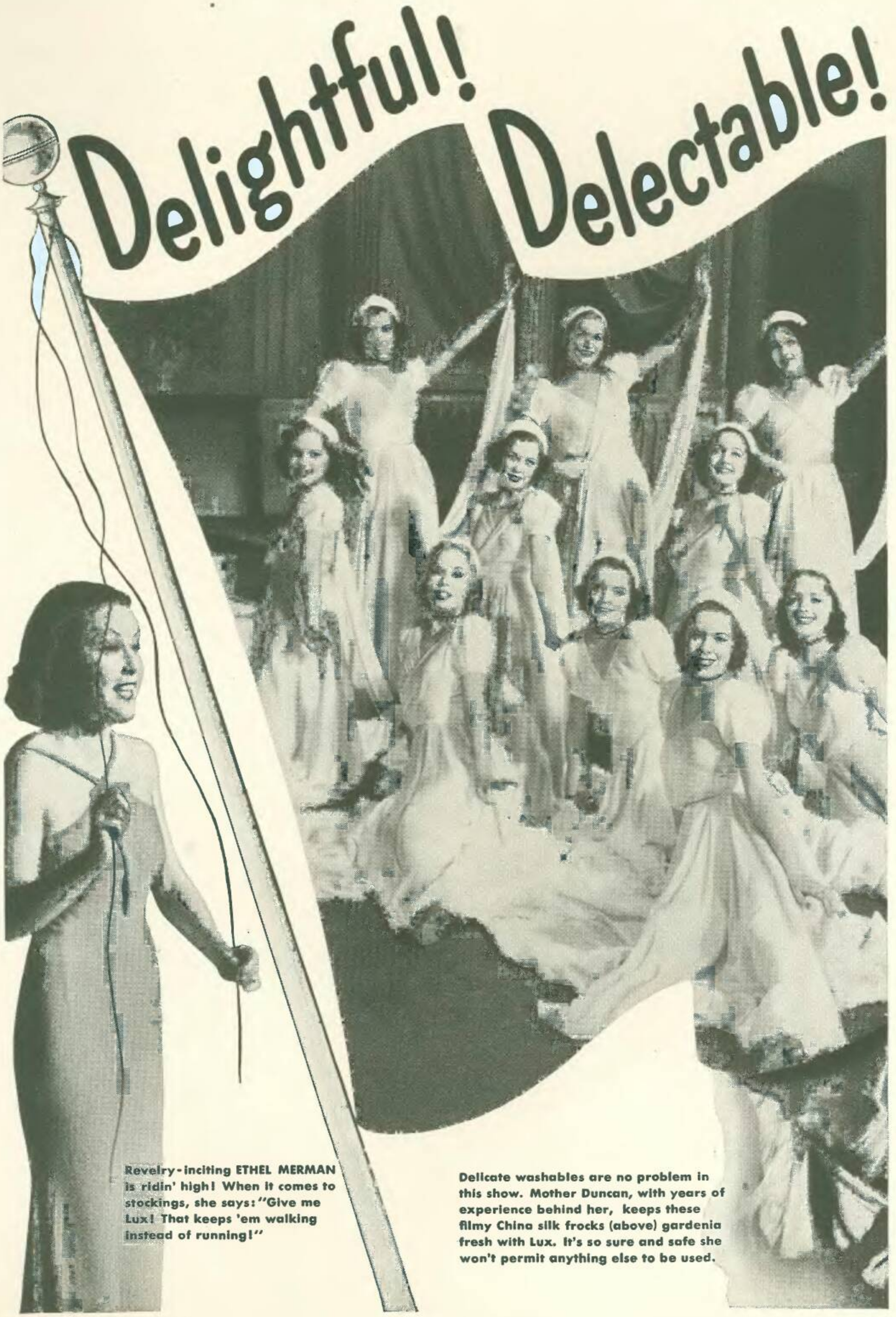
AND MADE WITH *Lastex* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. . . . THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York City



INVITATION TO A BRILLIANT NEW PERFORMANCE . . THE JAY-THORPE CUSTOM SALON,
WITH NEW DECOR AND A NEW SPIRIT, PRESENTS A SPRING COLLECTION THAT
INCLUDES THE BEST OF PARIS AND OUR ORIGINAL DESIGNS . . MADE TO ORDER.

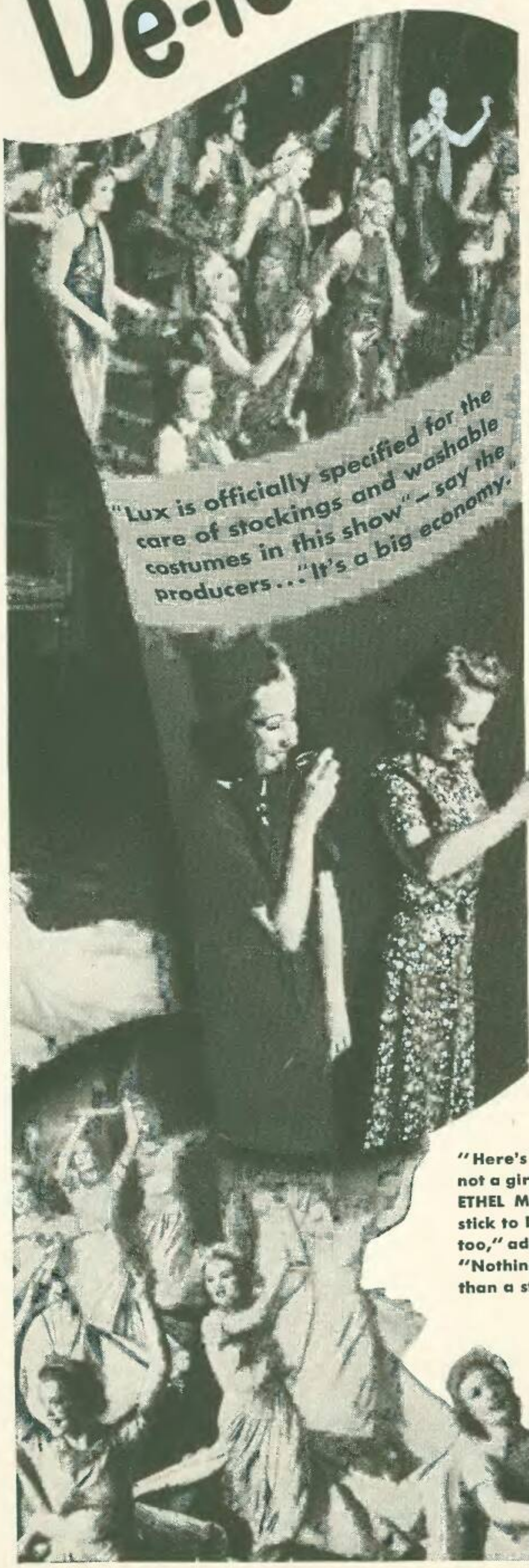
FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET WEST



Revelry-inciting ETHEL MERMAN is ridin' high! When it comes to stockings, she says: "Give me Lux! That keeps 'em walking instead of running!"

Delicate washables are no problem in this show. Mother Duncan, with years of experience behind her, keeps these filmy China silk frocks (above) gardenia fresh with Lux. It's so sure and safe she won't permit anything else to be used.

De-lovely!



And, of course, the washable costumes in "Red, Hot and Blue" get De-LUX care

IT'S DELICIOUS! IT'S DELIRIOUS! Anything goes in this mad Manhattan musical, except in the wardrobe room. There, Lux for stockings and washable costumes is the rule to keep them lovely.

"I haven't used anything else for years," says beloved Mother Duncan, wardrobe mistress. "The girls are pretty sure the stockings I wash won't fail them," she says proudly. "You see, Lux saves the elasticity of the silk. It cuts our stocking bills almost in half.

"This business wasn't so easy before we had Lux. Take those China silk bridesmaids' dresses, for instance. They look so fragile! I don't worry, though. Lux keeps them looking as lovely as new!"

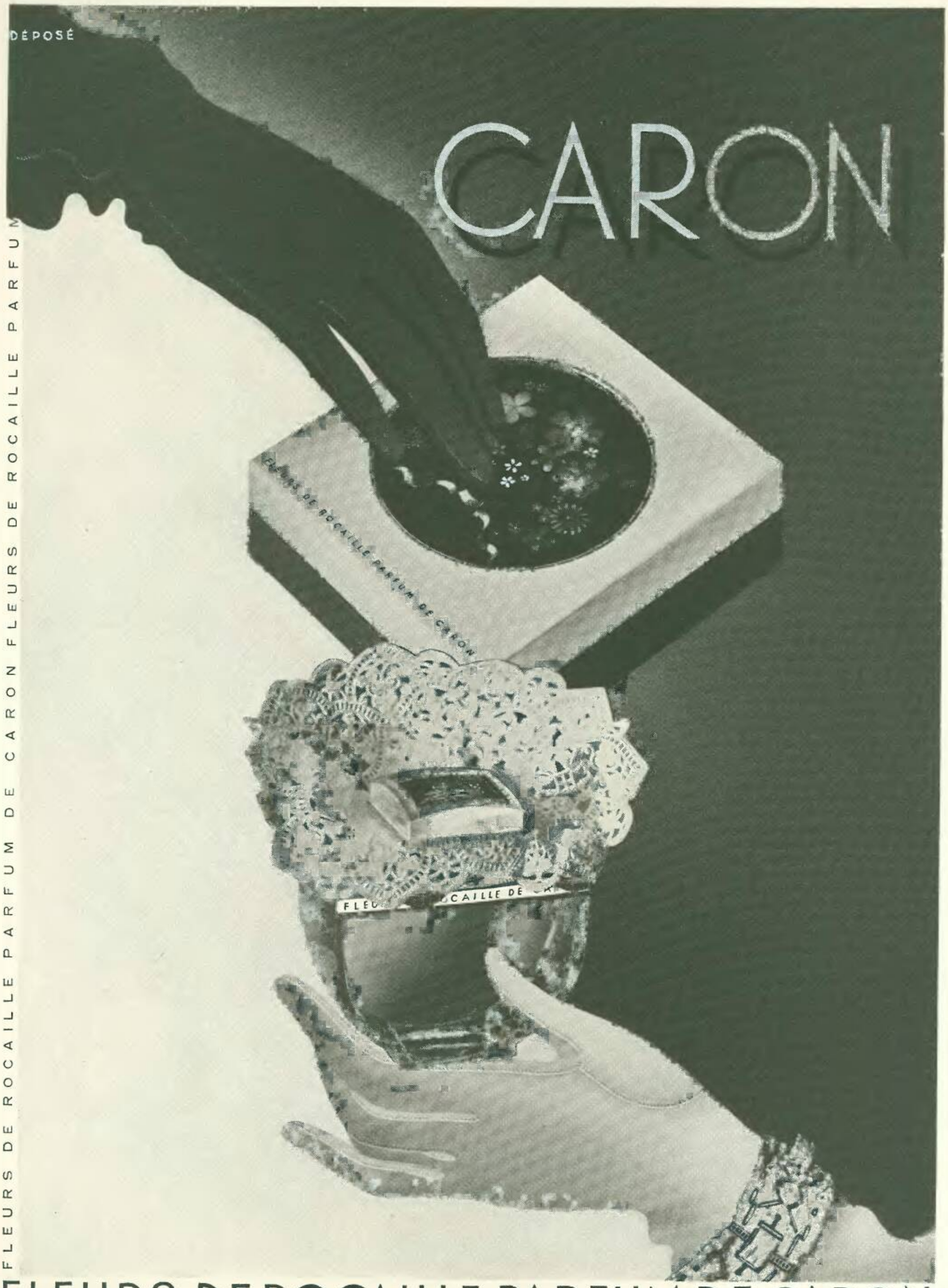
Take Mother Duncan's tip—use Lux for *your* nice things! Lux has no harmful alkali—it eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

"Here's to Lux!" say the stars. "I'm not a girl to trust to luck," declares ETHEL MERMAN (above left). "I stick to Lux." "That goes for me, too," adds POLLY WALTERS (right). "Nothing will queer a girl quicker than a stocking run."

A devastating number! But not on Luxed stockings. True to Broadway tradition, the stockings of show girls and stars are all washed in Lux. They last so much longer!

Broadway says— Don't trust to Luck Trust to Lux





FLEURS DE ROCAILLE PARFUM DE CARON

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

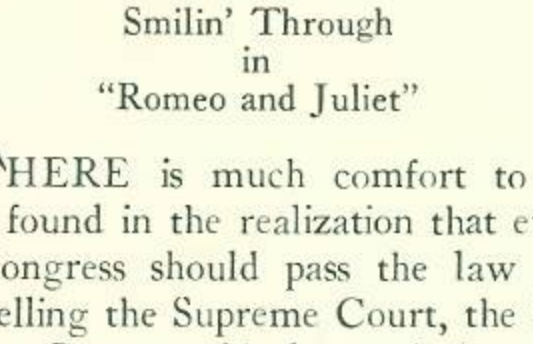
ADVANCE NOTE: Easter cards this year will run to Yale blue, rather than to yellows and lavenders. There is some talk, in fact, of hooking up Yale and Easter in some way which will be permanent.

AVONIAN NOTE: The arrival in the Capitol Theatre of "Romeo and Juliet" was presaged on the screen of that theatre in the following Elizabethan announcement:

The Passionate Lovers of
"Smilin' Through"
come
Smilin' Through
in
"Romeo and Juliet"

THERE is much comfort to be found in the realization that even if Congress should pass the law remodelling the Supreme Court, the Supreme Court could always declare the law unconstitutional. This ought not be hard, either, with all the practice they've had lately.

PROFESSOR PICCARD, traveller in the outer spheres, has announced his intention of making another ascent, this time borne aloft by 2,000 small bal-



loons instead of by one big one. If he carries out his plan, the trip should be of profound interest to logicians—for the Professor this time will invade not only the stratosphere but that equally vaporous region, the Realm of Probability. Usually, you see, the Professor relies, for his descent, on letting some gas out of his bag; but on this occasion he will rely on the fitful bursting of *some* of the little balloons in the rarefied air to which they are exposed. He hopes that only "some" of the little balloons, not all of them, will give way, and feels that probability is on his side.

The calculation of probability has long occupied the night thoughts of gambling men, and the coin-flippers of the world will brood endlessly on the idea of 2,000 little supporting balloons, some of which must hold, some of which must let go. What, they will want to know, are the chances of having 2,000 balloons, all subjected to bursting conditions, explode at comfortable intervals? It is not probable, yet it is conceivable, that 2,000 balloons, rising into an unfavorable zone, might explode as one, just as it is conceivable that a coin, tossed fifty times, might show heads in all fifty flips. And there is still another, larger question which comes up, it seems to us: What effect does rarefied air have on the very law itself? Can anyone state, authoritatively, that there exists any such thing as probability so far from the core of earth? We wish Dr. Abraham Wolf and Dr. William Fleetwood Sheppard, who wrote the fascinating chapters on probability in the Britannica, would write us an equation covering the probable interval of explosion of 2,000 little balloons dangling an inquisitive professor in the already improbable blue.

OWNERS of smart-looking dogs sometimes pick up a little change by renting their pets out to photographers, for use in style photographs. A dog gets the same pay as a person. In fact, the routine seems to be the same in every particular. The owner of a well-groomed female dachshund named Martha, who has a studio connection, received a check for $9.90 last week for Martha's services, and with the check came two enclosures. One was a memo which said: "For rental of dog, $10.00." The other was a pay slip which noted a deduction of ten cents,



"for Federal Old Age Pension." You can imagine how secure Martha feels, with not a worry in the world after she's sixty-five!

THE sign that we like in the Forty-second Street crosstown car (and probably in other crosstown cars, too) is the one which says: "LEARN ABOUT NEW YORK—When waiting to cross at crossings and delayed by a traffic light, look at the interesting places around you during your few seconds wait."

This seems to us a concise and reasonable bit of advice. And it doesn't go into any fancy business. It just says take a look around you once in a while. We ourself always take a gander around us when we are delayed by traffic lights, and this sign reminds us to do it more attentively. There's no question but that it's the crosstown people who know a lot about New York, not the up-and-down people.

IT was while taking a look around us at Madison and Fifty-sixth the other evening, awaiting the midnight,



or "witching hour," bus, that we discovered, pinned to the tan curtain in-



"For God's sake, give me a ticket, but don't look like that!"

side the glass door of Madeline Bijur's shop, a cute little invitation. It just said: "Meet me Plaza Hotel Oak Room." No signature. We went home to bed, not being the romantic fool we once were.

Hookup

IT seems that David Stern, the publisher of the Philadelphia *Record*, our own *Post*, and several other papers, is an enthusiastic chess player. This winter has been rather trying for him, because he moved into New York from Haddonfield, New Jersey, which meant parting from his favorite opponent, a Haddonfield lawyer named Louis LeDuc. The two had a reunion last Saturday, when Mr. LeDuc came up here to dine with the Sterns and see "King Richard II." Just for old times' sake, he and Mr. Stern set up the chessboard before dinner, and started a game; they weren't able to finish it, however, even after the theatre, because Mr. LeDuc had promised his wife to drive right home. When Mr. Stern got up Sunday morning, there was the chessboard with the unfinished game on it. The more he studied the setup, the more certain he became that he could have beaten Mr. LeDuc. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, he called him up—as nobody else was ever called up before, probably. Mr. Stern, you see, has a direct telephone wire to his paper here, the *Post*; the *Post* has a wire to the Stern paper in Philadelphia, the *Record*; the *Record* has a wire to the Camden *Courier*, another Stern paper; and the *Courier* maintains private wires to a number of New Jersey news centres, among them Haddonfield. So it was just a matter of getting all the private wires hooked up, then making a local call to the LeDuc house in Haddonfield. Mr. LeDuc set up his board with the unfinished game, as described over the telephone by Mr. Stern; then, for the next five hours, they played it out, each one calling up the other as he decided on his move. There were twenty-six calls. Mr. Stern lost.

Higher Finances

YOU have undoubtedly heard how Toscanini was enticed out of retirement by the National Broadcasting Company, which agreed to pay him $40,000, tax-clear, and all expenses, for ten concerts. That's $4,000 a concert and, according to our best information, about twice as much per concert as he received from the Philharmonic. This tax business is expensive and complicated. If you're an employer and you pay someone (Toscanini, say) $100,000 net per year, you don't just pay the taxes on a $100,000 income but on $100,000 plus the taxes on that amount, and this makes the outlay considerably larger. The income runs further up into the "higher brackets," where the going is heavy. The Philharmonic probably was out $2,500 on each Toscanini concert, a large fraction of the difference between that and what Toscanini actually received going to the maintenance of a group of Congressmen in Washington.

We did a little investigating this week of the accounts of the Philharmonic and learned that it expects to end its present season with a deficit of $143,000, a regrettable state of affairs, but not an unusual one. Even though the thirty-week season has been whittled down to twenty-four weeks, the annual deficiency has been around $150,000 during the past five years. It is always made up by members of the Board of Directors, headed by Marshall Field; by the Ladies' Auxiliary Board, headed by Mrs. Vincent Astor; and by wealthy outside music-lovers who are anonymous, and want to stay that way. Mr. Arthur Judson, the Philharmonic's manager, told us that this year's budget called for $527,000: hall rental, $84,000; administrative and office expenses, $43,000; composers' royalties, extra musicians, overtime rehearsals, and soloists' fees, $84,000; and $316,000 for the musicians, of which $60,000 goes to the various conductors. Ticket sales and subscriptions will bring in $324,000. The $500,000 trust fund left by Joseph Pulitzer is, in these times, good for just about $20,000. Thirty thousand is received for the broadcasting privileges, and the royalties from phonograph-record sales bring in another ten thousand. Any way you add all this up, it comes to minus $143,000.

The symphony situation is pretty much in a state of flux, what with Toscanini broadcasting and Stokowski appearing in the movies. Mr. Judson says that the Philharmonic's next move will be to make a public appeal for a whole lot of money. "We're an educational asset that belongs to the cultural life of the people, like a museum, a college, or a park," he says. "The Metropolitan Museum doesn't pay for

itself with its admissions. Why should we?" The only alternative to this public appeal would be to ask for government support, which Mr. Judson says would be futile. "Anyhow," he said, "I wouldn't want Jim Farley to be picking our first trumpeter or concertmaster."

Bad News

TWO bright-eyed young ladies out for a lunch-hour stroll stopped in front of a movie theatre to look at some pictures of Joan Crawford. "They say she and Franchot are splitting up," one of them said. "Oh, that's *terrible!*" the other gasped. "When did you hear?" "I seen it in Skolsky last Friday," her friend said sombrely, "but I didn't want to ruin your weekend."

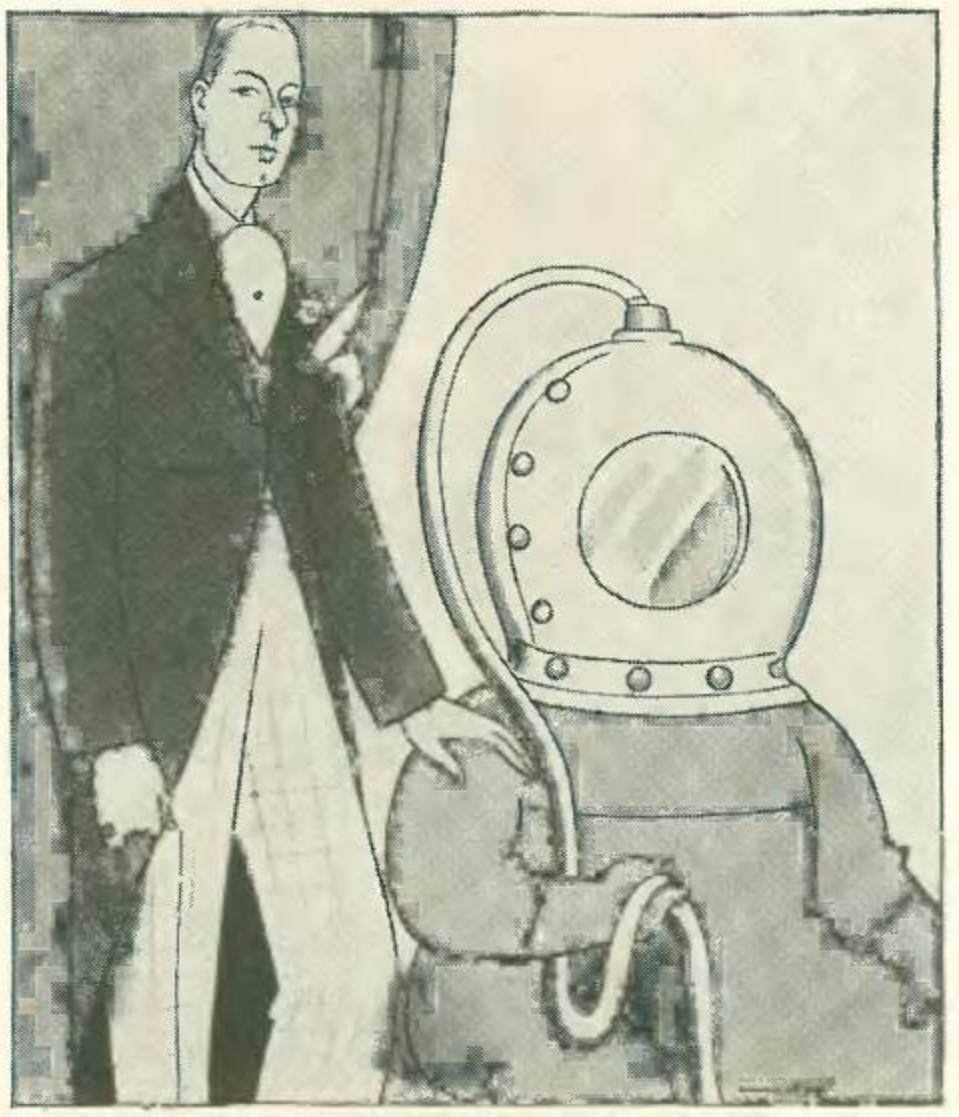
Garden Doctor

IF you drop in at the Garden this Friday for the final sprints of the six-day bike race, you'll probably notice, sitting on a chair near the Forty-ninth Street side of the infield, a tall, rangy, bald, elderly gentleman, a first-aid kit at his side. That would be Dr. Henry O. Clauss, official house physician of Madison Square Garden. He officiates at all the Garden events—rodeo, boxing, basketball, hockey, mass meetings, horse shows, dog shows, circuses, and whatnot—but the two bike-racing weeks are his busiest. He's on regular duty every day, from two to five-thirty in the afternoon, and from nine to three-thirty the following morning. These are, roughly, the hours when attendance is heaviest, and the competition consequently keener, with more accidents resulting than during the slack hours of morning, when the boys ease up a bit, riding no-handies, eating ham sandwiches, and reading tabloids. During the sprints, spills are quite likely to occur. You get splinters when you fall off a bicycle, and you get friction burns from skidding. Dr. Clauss pulls out the splinters, puts Unguentine on the burns, and sends you on your way. Quite often bike riders get boils; Dr. Clauss, however, can't do much for a man with boils, except extend his sympathy.

Dr. Clauss has been the Garden's house physician for twelve years. He was trained at Bellevue, back in '95, and from then until 1925 he was just another New York physician. At that time he was engaged by the Americans hockey team, and, since the home games were held at the Garden, he got acquainted, and was finally invited to move in. He has a permanent office there. In addition to his Garden work, he is on the staff of Polyclinic (which is right across the street), and conducts a private practice at 305 West Forty-fifth Street. His offices hours are 11 to 1 and 6 to 7:30, which leaves him free to be present at all the afternoon and evening doings in the Garden. For a performance of two hours or less, he's paid a fee of $10; if he's present longer than that, it's $15. The circus carries its own doctor, so Dr. Clauss treats only specta-

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OUR OWN SELECTION OF THE WORLD'S BEST-DRESSED MEN



The Messrs. Beebe—Lucius and Will



Hermann Göring, Reichsminister



Mr. Sam Rosoff



Lord Lonsdale

tors. Acute asthma is one of the commonest ailments of circus audiences—brought on, probably, by fur particles from the animals; the treatment is an injection of adrenalin. Always, when there's an accident to a performer or an athlete, there are faintings among the spectators—men, incidentally, faint oftener than women.

Dr. Clauss's biggest single job was the historic night in '34 when Communists tried to break up a Socialist rally: thirty people had to be patched up, including a Communist and a Socialist who started boxing right in Dr. Clauss's office, and had to be treated all over again for facial contusions. Hockey keeps him busy, too. The Doctor told us, as a bit of esoterica, that more players are hurt by the flying puck than by skates or sticks, and that it's a good idea to stitch up a wounded hockey player as soon as possible. The shock of the wound, and the cold, act as a local anesthetic. One of Dr. Clauss's steadiest clients in the hockey world is Ching Johnson. Among bike riders, the retired Iron Man, Reggie McNamara, used to keep him busiest. Once Reggie fell and somehow got his arm through a wheel; the Doctor had to work on him with mechanic's pliers. "Usually, you couldn't even get at him," the Doctor sighed. "He'd be up and away, even if he had a splinter through his calf."



Signs Again

OUR roving correspondents keep telling us about signs they have seen here and there. On Seventh Avenue, it seems, there is a beauty parlor briskly named Athletic Hairdressing Salon. And over in Jersey City there are some rather special dry-cleaners who go by the name of Ecstatic Dry Cleaners.

Skiing Speeds

IN a story on skiing a while ago, we said that skiers sometimes go 45 miles an hour. Since then we have been in for a good deal of abuse. Young outdoorsmen and authors of skiing books have written in, acquaintances have heckled us, and Ed Thorgersen, of Fox Movietone News, bellowed at us from a newsreel last week that the skiers we were watching were going 110 miles an hour. We were fully conscious of our duty as a scientific journal, but we didn't know what to do about the business until we learned that Sigmund Ruud was in town, staying at the Commodore. Mr. Ruud is one of the Ruud brothers of Norway who, between them, hold many of the skiing titles of the world. Mr. Ruud turned out to be just the man we wanted to see. He told us that in March, 1934, he and some other champions participated in an experiment made by Richard Straumann, one of the two engineers who pass on ski courses for the Fédération Internationale de Ski. At Langenbruck, Herr Straumann stretched threads all along the jumping course and Mr. Ruud and his confreres went down, breaking the threads.

Right after the takeoff, Mr. Ruud told us, Herr Straumann calculated he was going 92 kilometres an hour, or 57 M.P.H. (From now on, our figures will be in M.P.H.—Mr. Ruud's calculations.) He landed at 60 M.P.H., the maximum for the course. Mr. Ruud doesn't think anyone has ever taken off for a jump at better than 65 M.P.H.; doesn't think it can be done. In championship downhill racing, on the steepest parts of the most precipitous courses, Mr. Ruud thinks 63 M.P.H. the top speed possible. He makes only one exception to this, an event called the kilometre lancé, which is so rattlebrained that lots of skiers don't consider it at all. This is held every year at St. Moritz. The course is iced and has a 37-degree slope. The contestants wear wide, 10-foot skis (ordinary skis are 6½ to 7½ feet long), weighted with lead. They also wear helmets, goggles, and an inflated sack on their back to streamline them. They descend crouching, holding to handles on their skis just in front of their feet. Herr Straumann times the contestants in this event, and a couple of years ago he credited Leo Gasperl, a tall, slender Austrian who specializes in downhill and slalom, with a speed of 84.69 M.P.H. for a small fraction of the course. Mr. Ruud thinks this is the fastest time that man, beast, or werewolf has ever made on skis. He says a lot more may be known about skiing speeds soon because Western Union, on this side of the Atlantic, has worked out an electric timer, which they had at this year's Dartmouth Winter Carnival. It showed average speeds there of only about 30 M.P.H.

Short Cheer

MORE about "The Eternal Road": Many of the scenes in the synagogue are played to the accompaniment of shouts from a crowd outside. This effect is gained, quite simply, with a phonograph record. The record was ordered from a sound-effect studio, and nobody in "The Eternal Road" knows just where it was made. Backstage opinion, however, inclines to the belief that it was recorded at the Polo Grounds. That seems to be the only way to account for the shrill Bronx voice that sometimes rises above the general uproar, just after the scene in which Moses has smashed the tablets: "Geez, he hit a homer!"

Bawled Out

THOMAS WOLFE, the novelist, has just taken an apartment at 865 First Avenue, in the rather nice neighborhood near Fiftieth Street. Going down in the elevator the other morning, he was joined by a lady with a big police dog. The dog took an immediate liking to Mr. Wolfe, and began jumping up on him and kissing him. Mr. Wolfe, who is only moderately fond of dogs, pushed this one away, whereat the lady spoke up sharply. "Wolfe!" she said. "You great, obnoxious beast!" Being a gentleman, Mr. Wolfe made no reply, but he was terribly hurt. He spent the rest of the day wandering along the waterfront in the rain, bumping into warehouses and brooding, like a character in one of his own novels. However, the matter was cleared up when he returned home that evening. The elevator man explained that the police dog is named Wolf, which, when you say it fast, sounds pretty much like "Wolfe." The lady, Mrs. Sabine Baring-Gould, was bawling out the dog and not the novelist, whom, as a matter of fact, she rather admires.

Personal

ONE of the coastwise steamship lines having just lowered its passenger rates, the New York office decided to circularize its patrons with the news. The circular letters were printed, then sent to an agency to have the names and salutations typed in. After all the names that were followed by an

office address, the steamship-line folk put the word "personal," meaning, of course, that they wanted the envelopes marked that way. That wasn't what they got, though. They got a lot of letters beginning "Dear Joe," "Dear Irving," and the like. Some of them were mailed out before this state of affairs was discovered; we thought, in case you got one, that you might like to know the explanation.

Gloomy

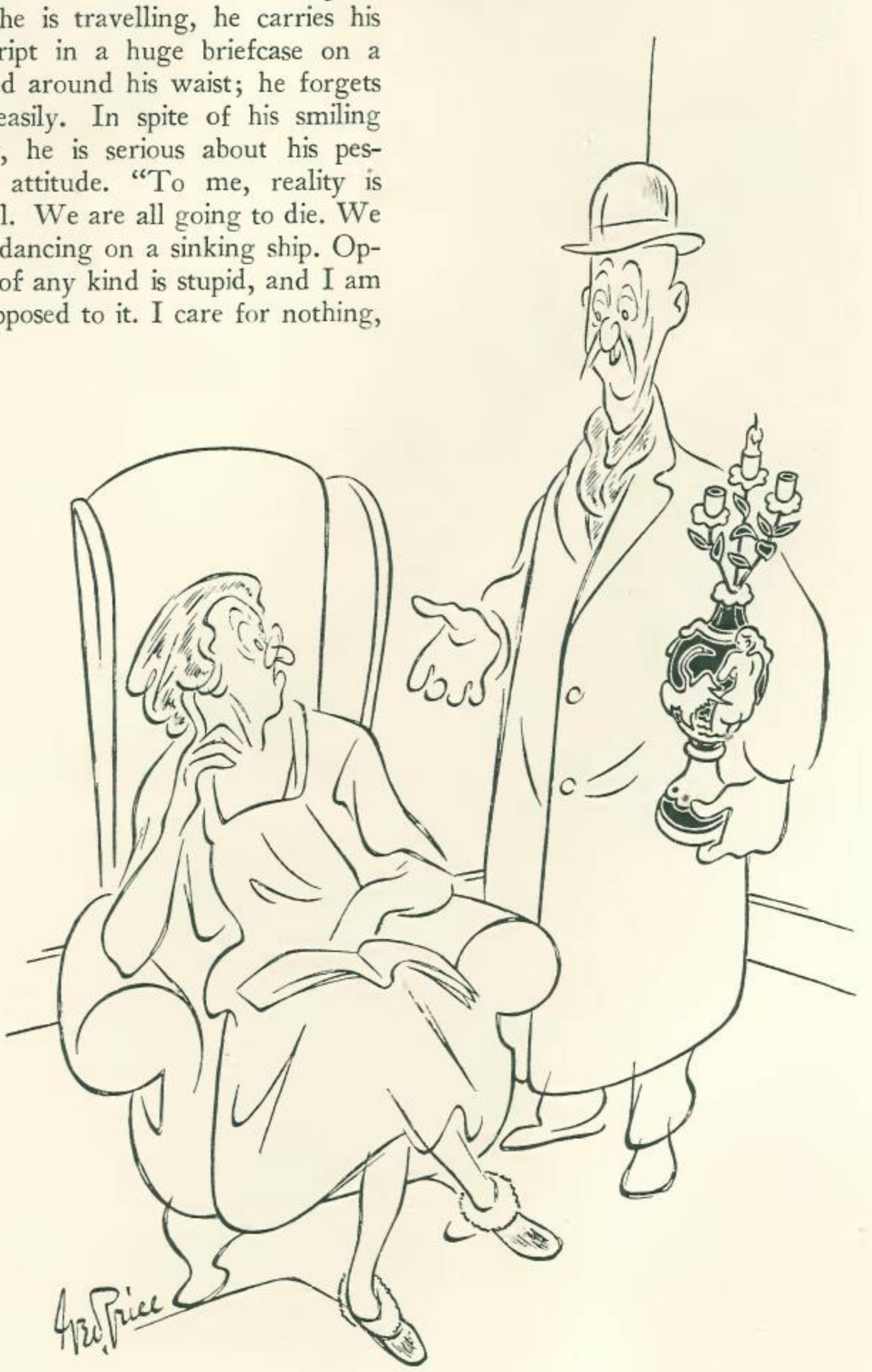
ONE of the oddest souls in the world of letters has left New York, after a ten-day visit—Dr. Louis-Ferdinand Destouches, who is now back in France, working by day as a municipal physician in the Parisian suburb of Clichy, and by night writing novels of such unrelieved gloominess that they scare even the author. "I never read my books after they are done," he says. "I hate them. I don't even like to have them referred to. Writing is a spiritual tumor." The Doctor, we couldn't help thinking, would make a fine guest of honor at a literary tea. You have probably heard of him, if at all, under his nom de plume, Louis-Ferdinand Céline. His first book, "Voyage au Bout de la Nuit," published here three years ago as "Journey to the End of the Night," stirred up quite a fuss, after having practically caused riots in France. A sequel, in the same gloomy vein, is to be published here in early September: "Mort à Crédit," or "Death on the Installment Plan." And after that the Doctor plans to go on and on and on, in an endless series of hopeless novels, as long as his strength will let him.

We paid the Doctor a call while he was staying at the Barbizon-Plaza. Anybody less gloomy in appearance would be hard to find. He's a well-built man in his early forties, with a massive head, black hair, and a definitely cheerful expression. He speaks pretty good, if gloomy, English, and was quite willing to tell about how he came to write the way he does. He was a sergeant of cavalry in the World War, and sustained a small but serious shrapnel wound in back of his left ear. From that moment to this, he has never been free from a loud roaring inside his head, along with periodic headaches. "A consecutive, all-the-time buzzling, even right now, even this instant" is his description. An operation failed to help this, and he was, he says, on the verge of suicide when he read somewhere that Beethoven had had a similar complaint, but had trained himself to ignore it. That was the turning point. "If Beethoven could live with the buzzling, why not me?" Without any preliminary training, he took up the study of medicine, and by 1925 was a qualified physician. He studied sleeping sickness in Africa, for the Paris Rockefeller Foundation; then he took time out to come to America and work for a few months as a machinist in one of Ford's automobile plants; and finally, in 1929, he landed his present job, which pays him $80 a month, and involves the treatment of thirty charity patients a day. His writing has been a useful financial backlog; brought him in something like $25,000.

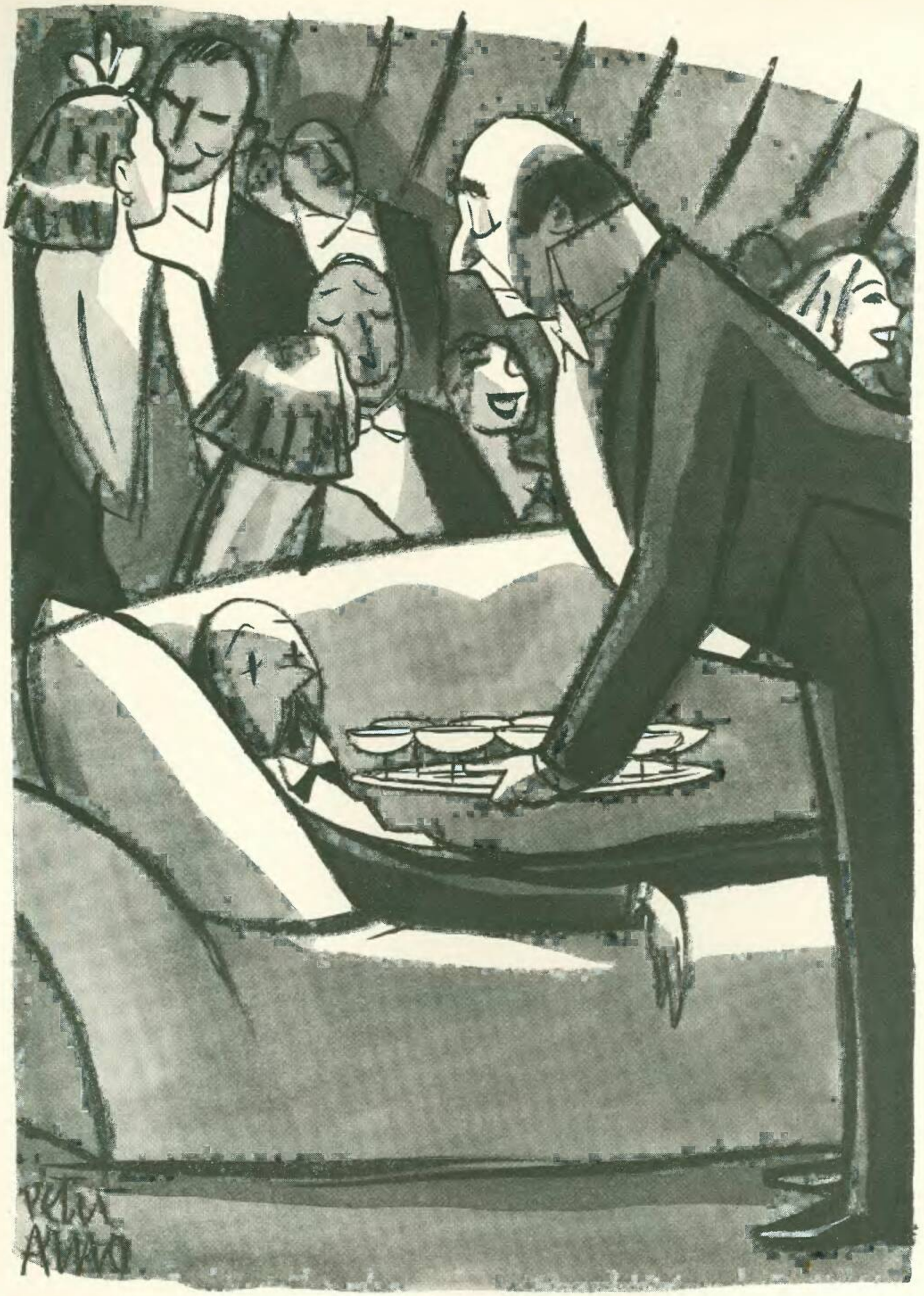
He does his writing in snatches, whenever he is otherwise unoccupied. When he is travelling, he carries his manuscript in a huge briefcase on a cord tied around his waist; he forgets things easily. In spite of his smiling manner, he is serious about his pessimistic attitude. "To me, reality is frightful. We are all going to die. We are all dancing on a sinking ship. Optimism of any kind is stupid, and I am flatly opposed to it. I care for nothing, but absolutely nothing—except animals, grass, and dancing women." Beaming, he then confessed that every afternoon and evening of his stay in New York was passed in the studio of George Balanchine, choreographer of the Met ballets; he just sat and watched the girls dance. He has even written a ballet—a cheerful ballet—called "The Birth of a Fairy Queen." He hopes to see it produced in Paris next winter.

Rendezvous

PACING the deck of the Queen Mary, a friend of ours overheard one brisk Englishwoman remarking to another, in a very knowing way, "I hear that the place to eat when one is in the States is at the chemist's."



"I didn't really want it, dear,
but a strange man handed it to me, and ran."



"No, thanks, I've been drinking brandy."

THAT SUMMER

THE year after I graduated from school I came out. Nothing happened to me in that summer in between. But somehow I remember it so vividly, so strangely, so much more than the winter that went before or the winter that came after. I changed, that summer, from being seventeen to being eighteen. I suppose I changed more than that, but I don't know how. I just remember that summer and the way I felt.

Vicky, the girl who lived across the street from me, graduated from a boarding school about two days before I graduated from day school. She came home from Pittsfield, and I saw her the afternoon of my own graduation. I had known her all my life, and I knew she must be feeling still exalted and released from her own day of graduation. I was acting hard and unemotional and tough about my own school, to cover up the way I had felt that morning. We all sat in front of the other classes in white dresses, and I remembered about the way I had felt watching older girls graduate other years—curious and removed. Now it was all different, immediate. I wasn't ever going to study in the library, looking out of the windows and wishing I had a car, or labor over pronouncing the Middle English of Chaucer in the bright sunshine of the classrooms, not ever again. I hadn't thought anything about it, and now it was over forever, and it was overwhelming. The school auditorium was full of strong morning light, and the parents sat in the gallery; a lot of different speakers were talking to us, and everything they said made me want to cry. The teachers all sat stiffly in a semicircle on the platform and looked impersonal. It was heartbreaking, because they had bothered me so for years and now they were sitting there not caring at all that we were going away, having plenty of other younger girls to teach. Suddenly I liked all the girls I had never liked, and I saw why the girls who were supposed to be good influences were good influences, although I had always hated them. On that last day, the world seemed to be bounded by school. All the ideas I had had of being free and having a good time exploded, and I didn't see what I was going to do, all alone. The rest of my life looked so big and uncharted, and anything I did wrong was going to be my fault instead of some teacher's for teaching me wrong.

All of us stood up and sang "Oh, Lamp of Knowledge," which was the school song. We had all made fun of it and made up our own words to it for years, but now, when it was the very last day, the words meant what they were supposed to mean. It sounded beautiful and grand.

So afterward, when I got home with all my flowers and took off my white dress and went over to see Vicky, I felt foolish and let down. I couldn't say what I felt—that my school was splendid and I could never forget about it—because all the music and the speaking and the solemn marching by twos was over. There wasn't anything to do but say how glad I was to be through with going to school and what an awful school it was anyway, because the only thing that sounded real was saying I hated it as much as I really loved it.

Vicky did the same thing. She told me how the headmistress of her boarding school had made her go without desserts for a month for dancing in her stocking feet. And I told her about our chemistry teacher, who had white spots all over her face from acid, and the history teacher, whose hair grew too low on her neck, so that when she shaved it off, it grew out again and made whiskers in the back. We both said how we hated school and what a marvellous time we were going to have next winter, and how many boys we knew already. We sat out in the old swing behind her house smoking cigarettes, because her family was away. We didn't know whether we would be allowed to smoke yet or not. It was not any fun. We neither of us laughed very much at the stories, and I felt as if I did not know her very well, although I had known her all my life. She was the oldest friend I ever had, and we knew everything about each other until we were fourteen, but then we went to different schools. Even the girls that I hadn't liked in school I felt now knew something about me that Vicky could never know.

VICKY was tall and as dark as an Indian, and she had suddenly got very pretty. Her family was great friends with mine, and they had talks together and decided we ought to have one more summer of being simple children before we came out, so they didn't take us away to any summer place that summer. We stayed there at home and played with the same people we had played with all our lives—Jennie O'Sullivan and the Butler boys.

Jennie's mother did Vicky's family's cleaning once a week to help out the servants. Jennie had gone to the high school in the town, and we hadn't seen her much for years. She lived in an old, little house at the end of our orchard, and when we were children we had found out that the O'Sullivans didn't have any bathroom, only a privy, and we used to tease Jennie about it then. Now we wanted her to like us, and she didn't seem to very much. All the early part of the summer, when we saw her, we would yell at her "Hello," and she would bow like an old lady and march on down the street. We knew she thought we thought we were better than she was, because we had gone to private schools and were going to come out next winter, but we didn't. She made us feel unhappy and apologetic. We wished she would understand it wasn't our fault, that it just was the way it happened. We wished it could be the way it used to be, when we all played together after supper in the early dark and there wasn't any kind of difference between us.

The Butler boys came home from school, and pretty soon everything was all right. Leo had been to military school and Bob had been to a regular school, and next year they were going to college. I don't know why it made so much difference, but once they were home Jennie would play with us, and stopped acting as if she had never seen us before in her life.

We used to play prisoner's base in the evenings after supper, just as we had played it for years and years in the summer. We used to play it at Vicky's place, because it had the most room. When it got darker, we would start playing sardines-in-a-box.

The summers inland there were hot and soft, and in the evenings it wouldn't be much cooler, but a little breeze would begin to blow, and people looked strange and like shadows running in the games in the late dusk. The green trees looked much greener and much brighter, in a queer, lurid way, and our voices sounded queer calling out in the games. The best places to hide when we played sardines-in-a-box were underneath the bulkhead of Vicky's cellar steps or in a hole where some stones had fallen away in the vegetable cellar.

Jennie had to work at the library in the daytimes while we were playing tennis and swimming in the country-

club pool, but she used to come over to Vicky's after supper. She was much smaller than Vicky and I were, and she was soft and had mouse-colored hair. She smelled musty, the way her house smelled. Jennie was always sort of formal with us, even after she began playing again in the evenings, but it was all right when she was with the boys. She didn't seem to feel so uneasy with them. Vicky and I didn't know what we could do about it. We didn't like having her distrust us. It was kind of sad, after we had known her since we were children, but there wasn't anything we could ever do about it.

Vicky said that Jennie was in love with Leo Butler. She always found where he was hiding in sardines-in-a-box, and went and hid there with him in the dark before other people found them. Jennie used to start games where she would have to pretend to faint, and then she would faint in Leo's direction and he would have to hold her up. But Leo was in love with Vicky. We used to call it in love. He was very light-haired and good-looking, and his brother called him Galahad.

I never liked Bob Butler as well as Leo when I was a child, but Bob kissed me one night that summer when we were hiding in the same place on Vicky's cellar steps in the dark. I didn't like it very much, but it was funny to me how different I felt about Bob afterward because he had kissed me. I liked him better than Leo, and I always sat next to him when we went driving after the games in the evenings.

There were three girls and two boys, so three had to go in one car and two in the other when we went driving. Leo had a Ford, and Vicky's family gave her a Chrysler roadster that summer. Vicky liked to drive herself, so she would get in when somebody suggested going driving, and Leo would get in beside her. Then Vicky would call to Jennie to get in, because she thought Jennie was in love with Leo. Bob used to take Leo's car and I would go with him.

We used to like to drive just to drive. We would drive for hours, very fast, with the tops of the cars down, and the white glare from the headlights would go bobbing up and down over the country roads and cut white triangles into the dark tangle of branches. We used to end up somewhere that we had decided on for a hot dog, and that was the only definite thing we went for.

VICKY said it was too bad that Jennie was in love with Leo, because he was going to West Point next year and he wouldn't ever see Jennie any more, probably. It made me feel sorry sometimes to think about it. I could see that Leo was in love with Vicky, but that didn't matter at all, because Leo would meet a lot of other girls, and Vicky was going to come out next winter and have a wonderful time because she was so pretty.

But Jennie wasn't going to come out or anything like that. She was through high school and she was going to keep on working at the library. All the rest of us were going to do things; this summer was just one little short stopping place. But Jennie wasn't going to do anything ever.

Vicky and I never felt that anything we were doing that summer really counted. We were just waiting for next summer. Somehow we always felt a lot older than the Butler boys, although they were really older than we. But they had years of college ahead of them and we were going to come out, and that was different. We even knew when the dates of our coming-out parties were going to be.

Vicky sometimes asked me if I thought she was awful to let Leo Butler kiss her. She said it didn't really count, because she had known him all her life and he only thought he was in love with her. He would forget about her when he got to West Point, and as far as she was concerned, this summer was a funny kind of in-between time. I said I didn't think she was awful. I felt the same way. I used to let Bob Butler kiss me too. Next winter I wouldn't let boys kiss me, because that would be different, important. But

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LIMERICKS LONG AFTER LEAR



A lady of Little Neck Bay
Enjoys a good breakfast of hay;
    On a luncheon of oats
    She delightedly gloats,
With a gloat that resembles a neigh.

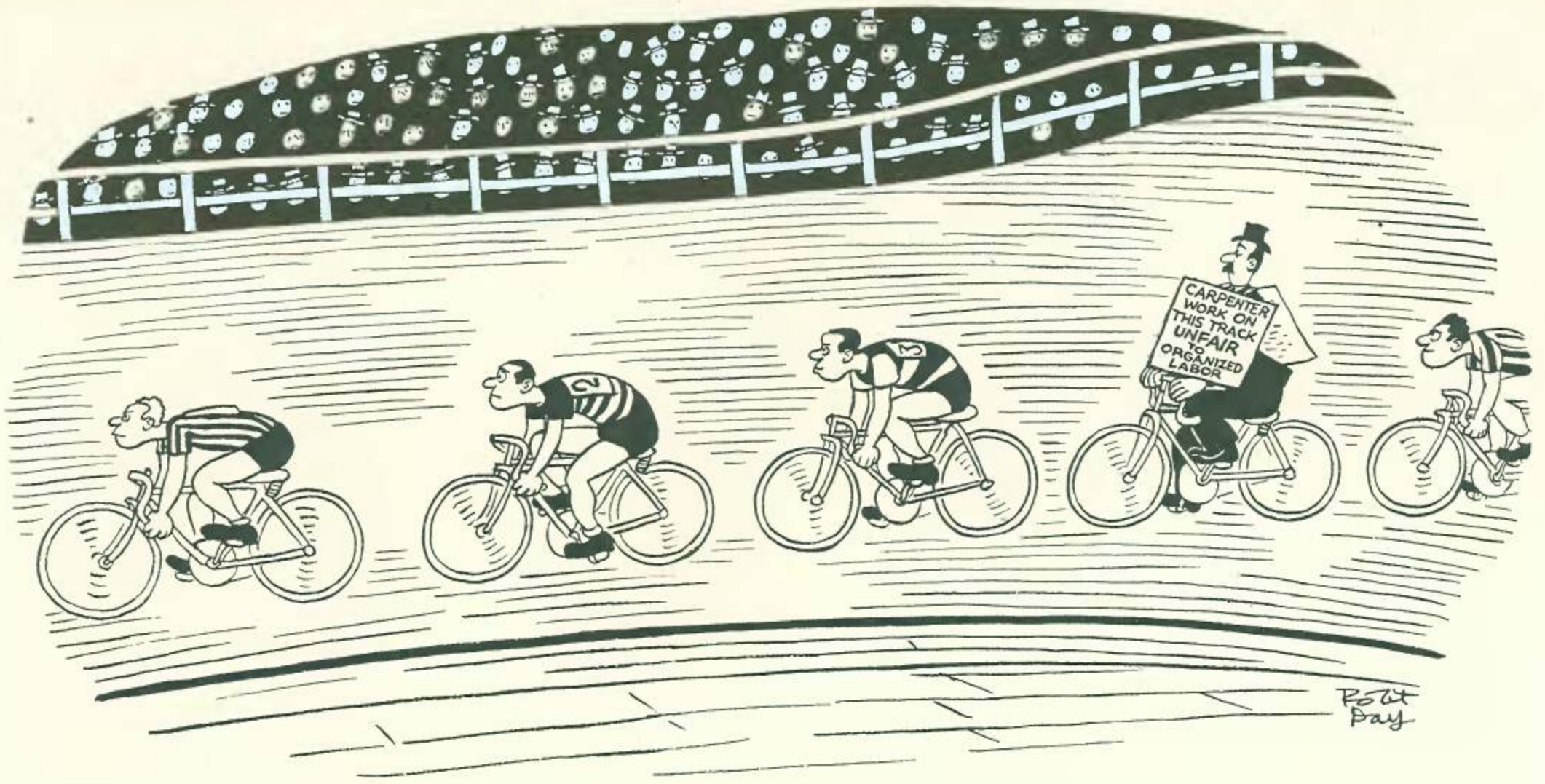


An angelic young fellow of Kings
Has grown rudimentary wings;
    And the poor A.A.U.
    Doesn't know what to do
With his pole vaults and high jumps and things.



A Communist hailing from Darien,
Although a convinced proletarian,
    Became quite impassioned
    When he got an Old-Fashioned
In Moscow without any cherry in.

—MORRIS BISHOP



this summer was a sort of dream, and sometimes I felt sad because I probably wouldn't see the Butler boys any more much after this, and we'd never play prisoner's base again.

The Butler boys went away to college near the end of September, and then Vicky and I were alone again, because Jennie wouldn't talk to us any more. She began nodding in that funny old-fashioned way again when we waved at her from Vicky's car. Vicky said once that she felt bad about Jennie, because she knew Jennie had seen Leo kiss her on the night before he went away, but there wasn't anything she could do about it. We were so busy, and so much was going to happen. The summer was over now, and it all seemed like a dream; there was nothing very real about it for us.

Vicky had her party first and then I had mine. We had lots of clothes, more than we had ever had before in our lives, and silk underclothes and lots of stockings. You don't know how strange and exciting that feels. There were parties nearly every night. Our families let us dance till five in the morning, and we could do all sorts of things we had never been allowed to do before. It was the strangest, queerest sort of feeling.

Everything was new and strange. The loud, wild sound of orchestras playing in big ballrooms, and the queer taste of champagne, and the responsibility of making dinner conversation. Vicky and I found out that the best thing was to think up four topics while we were getting dressed, so as to be sure not to run out of things to talk about. There were lunches, and we had dates to go to the theatre and tea-dancing in the afternoons. After dinner the parties would take as long as possible before going on to the dance, and then finally we would go, and take a long time in the dressing room. We used to try to feel scared to go in, because it was more exciting that way. It never stopped being exciting, going onto the floor and then the cutting-in beginning.

There was a lot of snow that winter, and we used to be driven home by different boys along the white rutted roads late at night. Vicky and I used to go everywhere together, and we used to arrange to get taken home together. When we got home, we would go into her house or mine with the different boys and eat the sandwiches and things that had been put out.

That was almost the strangest, the most lovely part, driving home at night through the snowdrifts after dancing all evening long. Our feet used to hurt, and we liked that, and the chains on the car wheels would clack hard on the hard frozen ruts, and the boys we were with would sing, perhaps, and we would all laugh and talk a lot. The moon used to shine on the cold white snow in those early mornings.

It was new, and strange, and like nothing we had ever known. We never remembered the summer before, because that was a kind of meaningless tag end to our childhood and now we were beginning to be grown-up people. But I did think about it once, and it was the queerest feeling; one night, not late, near midnight, when we were driving home from a dinner dance and we passed the Butlers' house, deep in the snow with all the lights out, and across the orchard the O'Sullivans' house was dark too. Everybody was asleep except us. But I did have the queerest feeling that Jennie wasn't asleep. I thought of her lying awake in that little house, and wondered what she was thinking of, and whether she heard us drive by. —NANCY HALE

LEARNING TO READ

This will not be remembered—
The laughter-causing letters,
The tall ones and the short ones,
The standers and the sitters;

The way they rush together,
Ill-sortedly, and say,
With silver in their voices,
Red gold of yesterday;

A sudden row refusing;
Deception down the page;
The slant ones, the curled ones,
Complacent as we rage;

Despair—and then the breaking
Of angles into sound;
While ignorance flies wounded,
And fancy falls to ground.

—MARK VAN DOREN

THE INFANT INDUSTRY

UP until the late delivery yesterday afternoon I had always been an admirer of Postmaster General Jim Farley. I suppose I was just a romantic little fool, but I pictured him behind a wicket somewhere in Washington helpfully retying the string on my parcels, chuckling appreciatively over my change-of-address cards, and burning an occasional obscene bookseller. It became something of a crush (all on my side, of course), and for a time I even wore a locket containing some of his former hair. I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but my cheeks burn when I think of the things I did. For instance, that rumor about him tasting every single stamp before it was sold, to make sure it wasn't poisoned. I spread that. I took to using "Farley" as a superlative; if I said "Jeekers! Isn't that sunset too Farley for *words?*" you knew right away I meant it was a peacherino. Man, I was simply "batsy" about that Farley! He just couldn't do a wrong thing.

So you can imagine how I felt when the postman rang my bell yesterday with that package from the Chalmers Publishing Company. I don't care how crowded the United States mails are; it shouldn't take twenty-four years for a copy of "Technique of the Photoplay," by Epes Winthrop Sargent (copyright 1913), to reach *me*, of all people. The janitor warned me when I took this apartment on Fifty-sixth Street that the reception was bad, but I was too full of Farley to listen.

Not that Mr. Sargent's little book wasn't worth waiting for, mind you. His manual contains 182 pages of sprightly information for what used to be called a "photoplaywright" in 1913 but is now referred to variously as "scenario-writer," "scenarist," or just plain "overpaid slob." As one reads it after a quarter of a century, "Technique of the Photoplay" leaves one heavy with nostalgia. The names of Vitagraph, Lubin, Kalem, Essanay, Reliance, and Imp recall serials like "The Iron Claw" and the satisfaction of inserting nickels in those chocolate-vending machines on the backs of the seats just to hear the ensuing crash. It is so long since I was sprayed with orange essence by an usher that I had begun to believe I read it somewhere in Proust. Mr. Sargent throws everything into sharp focus again, but here and there his otherwise seaworthy craft springs a leak or two.

To begin with, in Chapter IV, "Tools of the Trade," the author tells us, "A manuscript written on butcher's wrapping paper in red ink may be a literary gem, but as a rule it's unlikely that the script will repay reading and so it will be passed over." Speaking from some slight experience, I must break with Mr. Sargent right there. The only scripts of mine which ever got themselves produced were on butcher's wrapping paper in red ink. "Mutiny on the Bounty," a picture I had nothing to do with and which was successful for that reason, was written on butcher's wrapping paper in red ink. "The Informer," I am told, was written in a butcher shop, and unless Mr. Dudley Nichols tattooed it on a leg of veal, he must have used the only other materials at hand—butcher's wrapping paper and the inevitable red ink. I have tried writing motion-picture scripts on every other form of paper known, including paper towels, but without success. In an effort to bewitch my producers, I even tried Kleenex at one point. Kleenex makes a rather bulky script and sheds slightly during reading, but is very useful for actresses when they are trying to get up in a part, especially if you send along a jar of cold cream.

"THE UNMASKED QUESTION" is the title of Chapter XXVIII, and in it Mr. Sargent poses a number of questions likely to perplex the tyro at this trade, such as "Do they have to wait until it rains to make pictures in the rain?" and "What does it mean when I receive a script without even a rejection slip?" Mr. Sargent manages to answer these very well without any help from me, but he flounders badly when he gets to the financial end. To the query "Should I mark a price on my script?" he replies carelessly, flicking an infinitesimal speck of ash from his waistcoat, "If you wish to. Most authors find it more profitable to leave the price to the editor." I must say I don't see why Mr. Sargent has to go so damn *fin-de-siècle* all of a sudden; we're not in the Domino Room of the Café Royal, my friend. A man asks you a simple question, and you languidly sniff the sunflower in your buttonhole and dismiss him with a phony epigram. Well, Mr. Art-for-Art's-Sake, *I* always mark a price on my scripts; I mark "a million dollars" in good big letters on the wrapper, and sometimes I even say "a million *million* dollars." I don't say I always get it, but they know they're dealing with a high-grade man. Ho, ho—you don't catch *my* scripts coming back without even a rejection slip!



"Suppose," runs another question, "that my script calls for some article that I possess and the studio is not likely to have. Should it be sent with the script?" Mr. Sargent becomes quite snappish: "Simply state that you have such an article and would be pleased to loan it on request. Do not send it until you are positively asked for it." It's Mr. Sargent's affair if he wants to make up nice mild questions and then answer them in a rage, but he's courting schizophrenia. Personally, I think that if you wrote a story about sextuplets and you happened to have sextuplets around the house, you'd be a fine fool not to send them along with the script. On the other hand, if your story was about a pair of blucher shoes or a Nesselrode pudding, it wouldn't be necessary. I mean the *story* wouldn't be necessary; just make a neat bundle of the shoes, mark it "a million *million* dollars," and send it off to Hollywood parcel post. And don't be too surprised when you see them turn up on the feet of a certain Postmaster General whose last name rhymes with "barley." (No need to mention names.)

—S. J. PERELMAN

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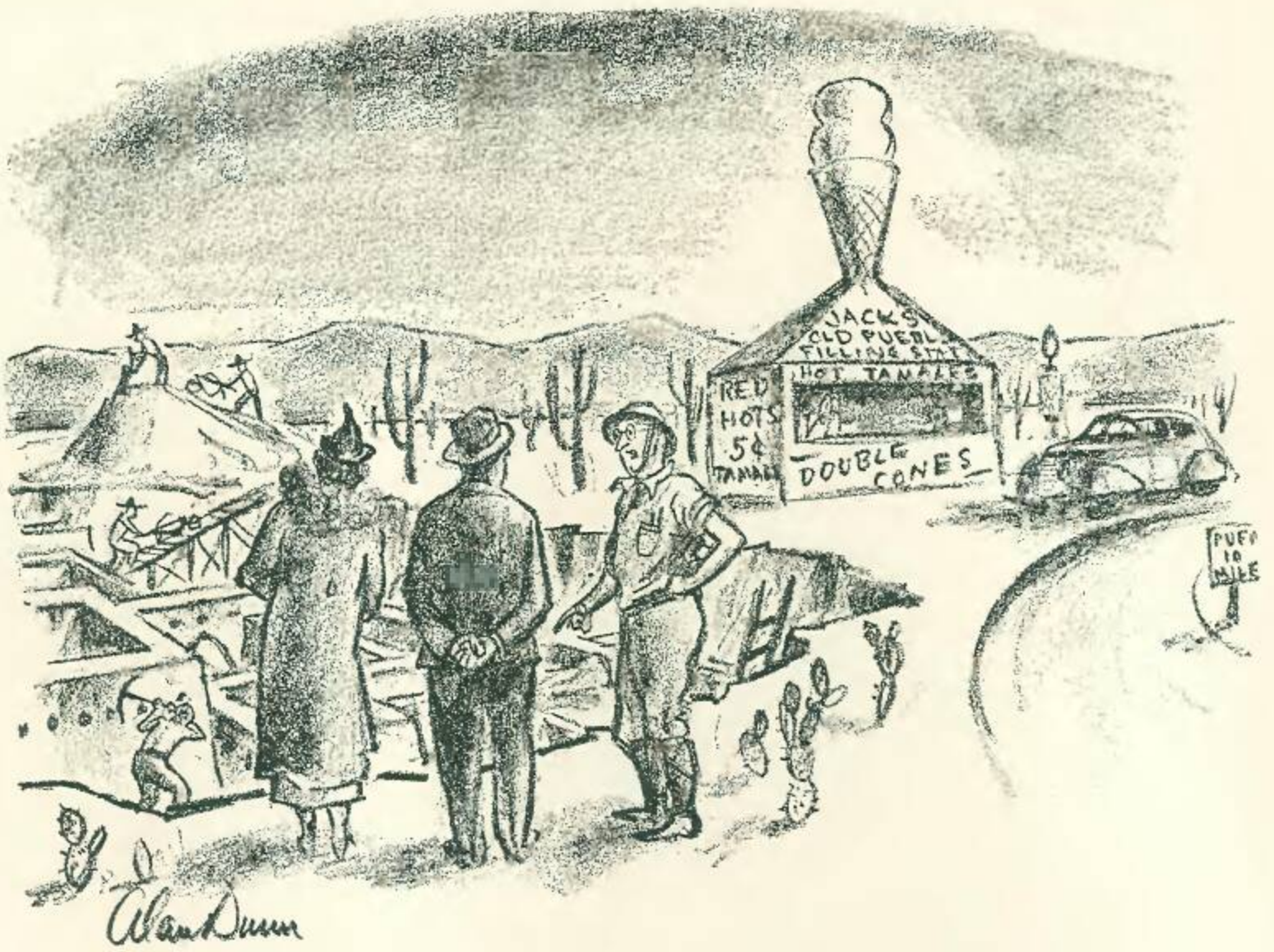
In the rush, through sheer necessity, she had to leave all her clothes, all the money she had in Spanish banks, her furniture and other little nicknacks.—*Lloyd Pantages in the Evening Journal.*

Seems as though she might have grabbed one little nicknack.

NOT TO REASON WHY

I SHOULD like Doctor Heiser to know how much I am indebted to him. Because of him and his book, it's possible now for me to get that leper story off my chest. For almost twenty years, I've been trying to tell that story, but not until "An American Doctor's Odyssey" hit the best-seller lists could I find anyone willing to listen.

Until Dr. Heiser's book made leprosy a matter of more or less general conversation, I was in a predicament. Where, in most conversations, is there an opening for a neat anecdote about a leper? Once or twice, in the middle of a dead lull, when somebody simply had to say something, I did venture my meek little inquiry, "Have I ever told you about my leper?," saying it as offhand as I could manage to. One of three things invariably happened. Somebody with a louder voice than mine would begin to tell about *his* leper, but it always turned out that he meant the *moral* kind, and everybody knew plenty of *those*, and so the conversation would promptly become a very animated dirt-dishing, and I would be left sitting there, wondering how I ever came to start all that. Or, if the company's mood was different, they'd shudder and turn away, as though they were hearing a ghostly voice calling out, "Unclean, unclean." Or they'd mutter, "Oh, yes, Gauguin," "Oh, yes, Father Damien," as if they knew all about what I was going to say, which was short-sighted of them, for, after all, how many people do you know who were ever on speaking terms with a genuine leper? Probably nobody but me.



"And under the Aztec there's the Toltec, which makes three levels of civilization—if you count the hot-dog stand as one."

I WAS working on the Wilkes-Barre *Times-Leader* at the moment. I was seventeen years old. At seventeen, you think you know everything.

One afternoon around half past three, when I was wondering how soon I could break away from the office and get back to the house, where Chapter 6 of Myrtle Reed's "Lavender and Old Lace" was waiting, Mac, the city editor, said, "Kid, get on your hat and take a run up to see Joe Norman."

I looked vague. "Who's Joe Norman?" I said. "And where?"

"Joe Norman's the leper," Mac said, with an inflection which indicated exactly how abysmal my ignorance was. "His place is up on Blackman Street."

"All right," I answered. "You needn't get sore. I don't know where *everybody* in this town lives."

Mac saw then that I wasn't kidding. After all, he knew when he hired me that I had been playing around with a Y.W.C.A. and pretty refined high-school crowd, and he couldn't expect me to know too much about people way out on Blackman Street. *This* side of the railroad tracks was my territory. "Get this straight, kid," he explained. "I want a *good* story on Joe Norman. Here's the setup. He's been up in that house on Blackman Street, under guard, for nearly two years. Some doctors in Philadelphia shipped him back here, and said he was a leper. And he's been on the town and the county ever since. It's cost the taxpayers God knows how many thousands of dollars, and it's going to cost them God knows how many thousands more to keep that lad and his family to the end of their days. Doctors, groceries, guards—they cost a fortune. Now, kid, there are some people around that don't think he really is a leper. A phony diagnosis, if you get what I mean. Go up and get the low-down, and don't forget the figures on how much it costs."

If you're thinking of the brave tradition of the newspaper profession and the Light Brigade, forget it. With blithe indifference, I took my hat out of my locker and picked up my handbag. It's the absolute truth that I hadn't the vaguest idea what a leper was. Write that down against the sort of education that had been disseminated by diverse high schools in Plainfield and Washington, New Jersey, and Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Mac had said something about guards, but there weren't any in sight when I reached the little gray house on Blackman Street. The sidewalk bordering the yard on which the house stood was roped off, but it was a cinch to slip under that barrier. The gate was unlatched. I went up on the porch and knocked on the door. A pretty, youngish woman opened it, seemed a little surprised, but let me in. Then Joe came in from the back yard, and I introduced myself, and we shook hands, and the three of us sat around the kitchen table and talked. Joe's appearance was colorful but not unpleasant. He was a handsome Syrian, nearly six feet tall, adequately broad, with beady black eyes and a short, scimitar mustache. There were three small lumps alongside his nose—his leper lumps, Mrs. Joe called them. She invited me to touch them and I did. They felt like peas under cloth. I wrote that in my story. It made a nice bit of color.

Joe was mad, and I didn't blame him. Somebody was going to be exterminated, said he, for the dirty trick that had been played on him. Could

I possibly smuggle him down to Mexico? In those pre-Dwight Morrow days, Mexico was consistently at odds with us, and Joe figured that if he could get across the border, he would have a chance to pop off some Americans. He was so full of rancor that he could think of nothing but the revenges he would like to take on those responsible for his predicament.

Joe and Mrs. Joe told me the whole story—from their point of view, of course—and it was plenty. Joe had been working in a tannery, clipping hides, and he had acquired a rash on his face and hands. He went to local doctors. They didn't help him much. One day they suggested that he go down to a big skin clinic in Philadelphia and have the doctors there look him over. He left on the morning train, a free and more or less happy man. He came back before nightfall in a closed limousine, under medical guard. Between sunup and sundown, the reasonable course of his life had been altered. He was locked up in the little house. Doctors came and injected drugs under his skin, and the grocery man put baskets of food on his doorstep. Sure, he felt fine. He had always felt well except for the stupid lumps on his skin. But what kind of a life did you call this for a healthy man —locked up all day and night within four narrow walls, never getting a chance to fulfill the normal ambitions of a man, never seeing a living soul?

Never seeing anyone? Well, practically never. Of course, there were his wife and children. Three kids, one a babe in arms born after he was quarantined. They all stayed with him in the house. The officials had tried to separate him from Mrs. Joe and the kids at first, but Mrs. Joe sneaked back in, and wouldn't leave. It wasn't easy for the youngsters. For instance, they couldn't go to school as long as they lived in a pesthouse. And they saw nothing of their neighbors except to exchange the time of day over the back fence. Once in a while, when the guard was in a lenient mood and was short a man for a game in the back room of the corner saloon which he frequented, he invited Joe to take a hand, and let him slip over there surreptitiously. But was that life, was that liberty or the pursuit of happiness?

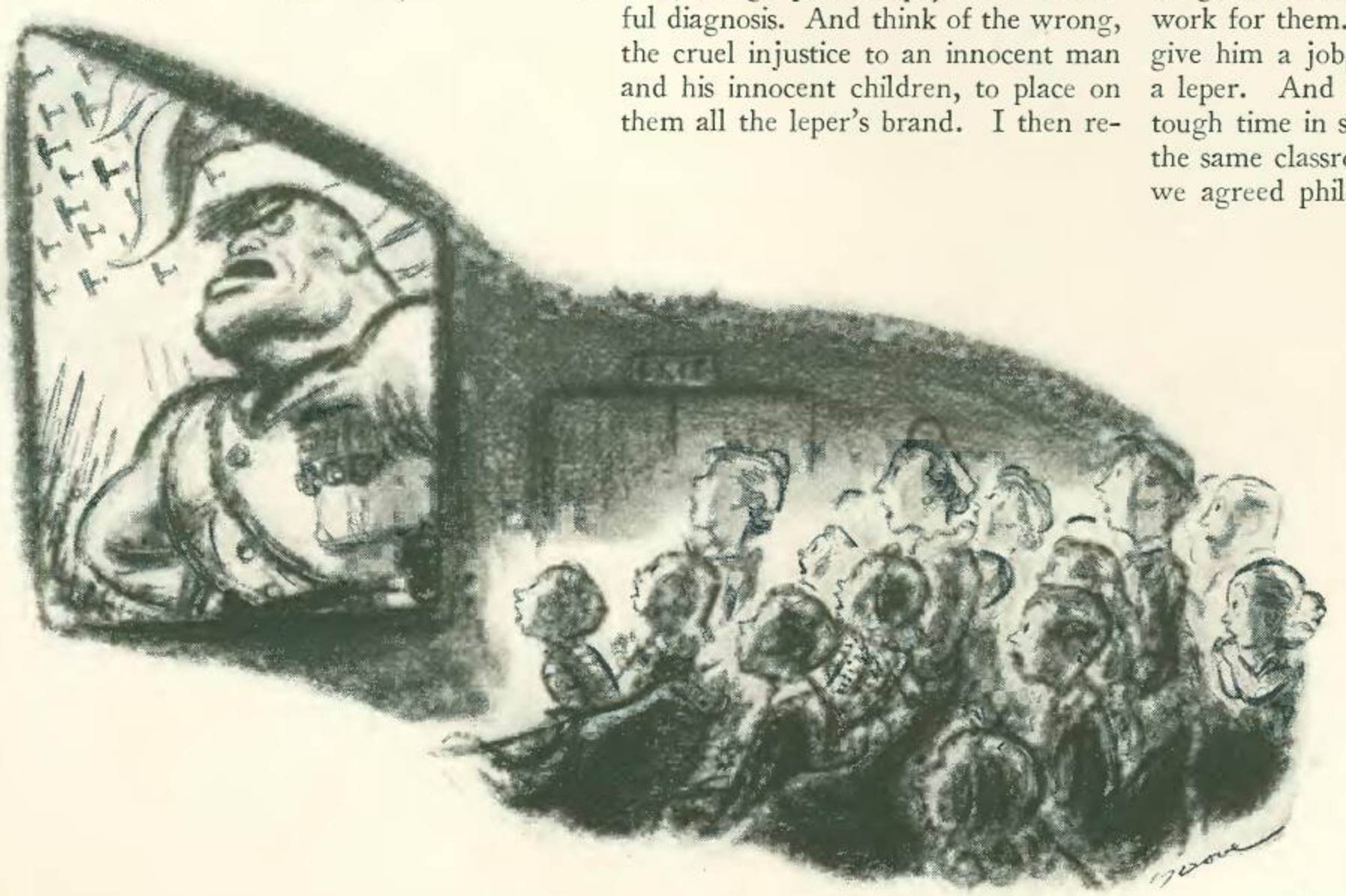
I WROTE a very good story about Joe Norman. It was filled with pathos and drama and statistics. "More pathetic than the Man Without a Country," said I, was this man doomed to life imprisonment for no sound reason. Besides, take notice, my fellow-citizens, that in twenty-one months you have spent $3,243.72 on guards to watch this man, $1,050 on doctors, $694.44 for groceries, $83.14 for milk, $137.36 for clothing, $39.25 for coal. If he lives to be sixty, which there's every likelihood he will, since you're taking such good care of him, he will have cost you $75,000 at the least. It is, said I, with the bland assurance of seventeen, a high price to pay for a doubtful diagnosis. And think of the wrong, the cruel injustice to an innocent man and his innocent children, to place on them all the leper's brand. I then wrote the story and sold it to the Sunday edition of the respectable and reliable Philadelphia *North American*.

Within a few weeks, an utterly astounding thing happened. Joe Norman was officially declared to be "no leper," and he was set free. Of course, it's more than likely that I was being just a stooge for a group of parsimonious politicians who wanted some publicity to bolster up their side of a controversy with the state medical authorities. Nobody told me that. And I didn't have sense enough to guess it. Probably, even if I had surmised it, I would have written exactly the same sort of story, so convinced was I that Joe was no leper, and that the wrong against him was great. Are you amazed that the word of a child and the will of a few local officials prevailed over medical opinion? Let nothing surprise you about Wilkes-Barre. The name of a town does not become a vaudeville gag without something to merit it.

SHORTLY after Joe Norman was set free, I came down to New York to study on Morningside Heights. At Christmas time, I went home to Wilkes-Barre and visited the boys in the office. "You were lucky you cleared out when you did," they told me. "Joe Norman's been around looking for you. With a gun. He says he'll kill you on sight if he ever sees you. He says what'd you mean by spoiling his soft snap? He used to get his clothes and his groceries free, and now he's got to work for them. And he says nobody'll give him a job, because he used to be a leper. And his kids. They have a tough time in school. Nobody'll sit in the same classroom with them." That, we agreed philosophically, was all the gratitude you ever got for helping people.

A few months after, I heard that Joe had bought a horse and wagon and was collecting junk, which, while the World War was on, was a pretty good business. After that I lost track of him and he didn't appear in the news again until two years later, when he died of leprosy. We were all very much surprised. Apparently, there was no doubt whatever of the diagnosis this time.

—ZELDA POPKIN



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE HONEST SANDWICH MAN

ON February 5th, 1935, all the afternoon newspapers published on their front pages a story which gave spiritual comfort to millions of persons. It shared attention with reports of the Hauptmann trial, then in its closing days. Press associations and radio commentators picked up the news and with the deepest satisfaction broadcast it throughout the world. The story recorded the successful conclusion of one of mankind's most anxious searches, the one which, twenty-five hundred years before, Diogenes had given up in despair. Now all sorts of men and women were happy in the possession, vicariously at least, of the virtue of the man the newspapers called, with that aptitude they have for explicit identification, the Honest Sandwich Man.

Here are the facts about the Honest Sandwich Man, as reported by the newspapers. The stories were intended to be unforgettable. A small, nondescript Lithuanian, a former farm laborer, named Frank Greges, sixty-six years old, a resident in a Bowery lodging house, who was making a dollar a day by carrying on his shoulders a sign advertising passport photographs (three for thirty-five cents) had gone to work as usual that morning, his feet wrapped with rags and stuffed into leaky galoshes. Snow lay in the streets and he walked through it in these leaky galoshes, carrying his sign. He was passing the Stock Exchange Building on Broad Street, opposite the Sub-Treasury, when he felt his foot strike something. It was a wallet, which, the newspapers said, contained securities worth $42,000. Greges, a poor man all his life, whose days and nights were troubled with visions of helpless old age, stared at the wallet's contents for a moment as if wavering with great indecision and then, resolutely, walked up to Patrolman John J. Grace of the Old Slip Station, who was nearby, and handed the wallet to him. He did not accompany the officer to the police station to receive written proof of his find so he might claim it later if the owner did not appear. The newspapers implied that so thorough was his honesty that he could not, even for so great a potential reward, conscientiously go to the station, for that would have deprived his employer of a few minutes' time away from his dollar-a-day job. They also implied that the securities were equivalent to currency. In about an hour, while the Honest Sandwich Man was still trudging through the snow with his sign, the wallet, which had been dropped by a careless messenger, was returned to its owners, Belden & Company, brokers.

Immediately, Frank Greges, the Honest Sandwich Man, became the personification of integrity. The newspapers published interviews, somewhat at variance with each other, in which the Honest Sandwich Man told of his find. Feature writers wrote feelingly about him and, with an odd disregard of the old proverb, resentfully about those who, it seemed, believed virtue was sufficient reward for a man so utterly honest. They commented pointedly on the failure of the beneficiaries of the Honest Sandwich Man's honesty to reward him and added, bitterly, that they had not even thanked him. Belden & Company, business people with insurance coverage against the loss of securities, were bewildered by this crusade for the tangible reward of virtue and suggested to the indignant reporters that if the Honest Sandwich Man deserved a reward at all, the insurers, the National Surety Company, should do the rewarding. The National Surety Company replied that the securities were unendorsed, unnegotiable, and therefore valueless, but in the excitement of crusading some of the newspapers ignored this reasonable defence.

On the afternoon of February 6th, the Honest Sandwich Man was rewarded. The National Surety Company gave him $75 and promised him $20 a week for ten weeks. Belden & Company gave him a job as a messenger at $70 a month. A broker named Robert H. Mainzer gave him $25. Mr. Mainzer also gave the newspapers an interview in which he said that "by rewarding an honest finder these happenings [presumably the losing of securities] will decrease rapidly." Newsreel photographers had the Honest Sandwich Man reënact the finding of the wallet, and made up a pot of $5 for him. Altogether, the Honest Sandwich Man received that day $105 cash. That night he was the hero of the Bowery. He moved instantly from a flophouse called the Savoy, where he had paid twenty cents a night for a bed in a dormitory, to another flophouse, called the Columbus, at 7 Bowery, where for thirty cents a night he got a



private room with running water and a mirror. "It will look better for my firm," the newspapers quoted him as saying, "for me to live in a place like this."

The following day, Frank Greges, now the Honest Ex-Sandwich Man, reported for work at Belden & Company, still looking like a plain sandwich man. Mr. Belden himself took him to a barbershop. A woman newspaper reporter and Boake Carter, a radio commentator, escorted him to a clothing store. They bought for him, with his own money, a complete new outfit, which included an Oxford-gray overcoat, a gray double-breasted suit, a gray hat, a white handkerchief with a blue border, two blue neckties with yellow dots, and a pair of tan shoes. The total came to $74.74. Greges was proud of every item of his new apparel, particularly of the shoes, which cost $8.85. Then, back at Belden & Company, he permitted photographers to take pictures of him while, for the moment, he scanned the tape at a ticker and sat at an executive's desk reading the *Wall Street Journal*. The photographs were pleasing, for they implied that the Honest Ex-Sandwich Man was keeping a virtuous eye on Wall Street. That night Greges got permission from Mr. Belden to change his clothes morning and evening at the office; he was afraid, it seemed, to wear his finery, especially those $8.85 shoes, in the Bowery. On the following Sunday, he was invited to be a guest of honor at Major Bowes' Family Hour on the radio, and so he kept on his new clothes for that occasion. Speaking into a microphone in a low, frightened voice, he said, "I think God showed

me that wallet. I'm going to church now. I'm not going to let this go to my head."

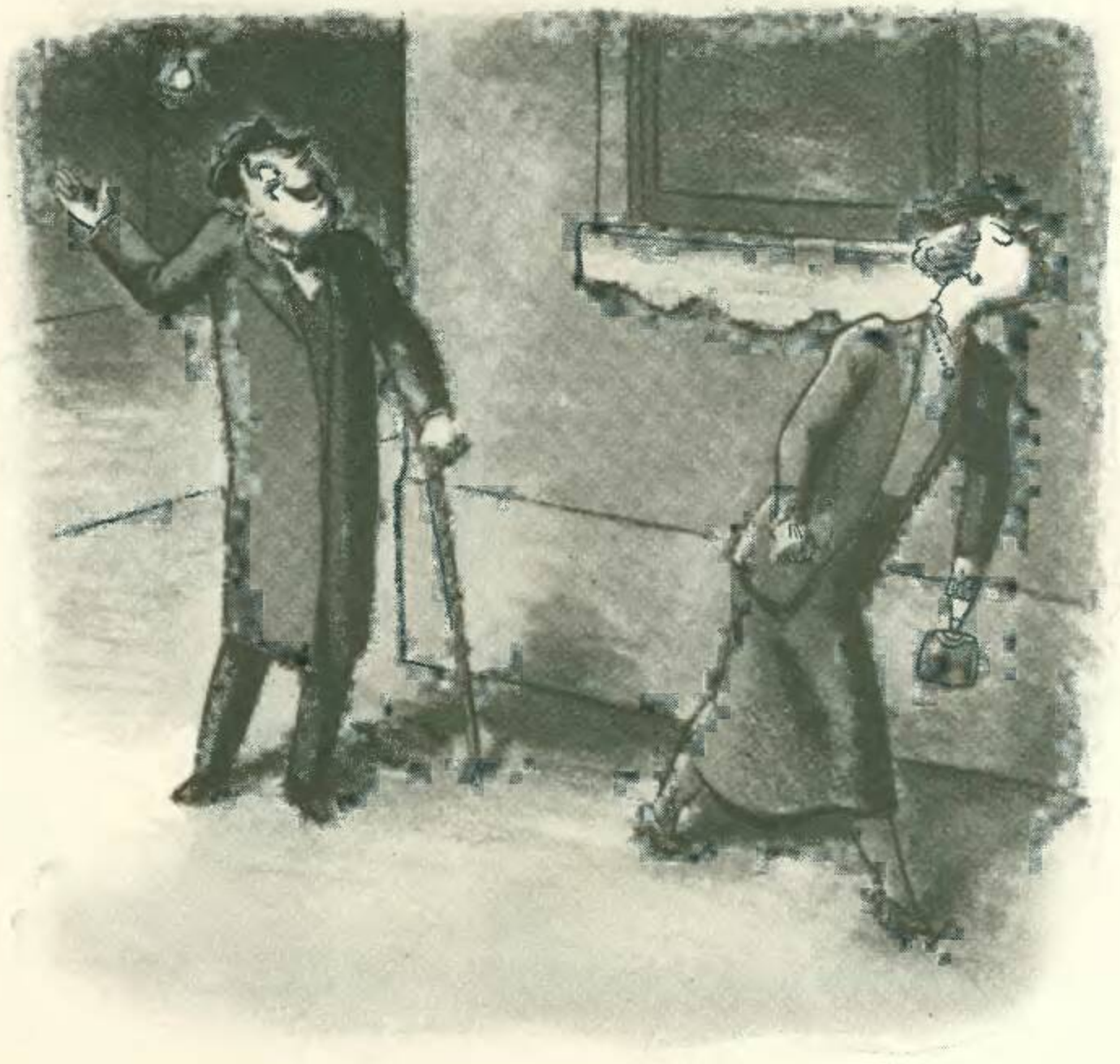
THESE are the facts as reported by the newspapers on the finding of the wallet by Frank Greges. What really happened was that on February 4th, a clear, snowless day, Joseph Rachor, a New York Stock Exchange guard, saw Greges pick up the wallet from the sidewalk, stuff it quickly into his coat pocket, and walk away as if nothing had happened. Rachor told William Rohrs, his superior, and they reported the incident to Patrolman Grace, who was on duty across the street. Grace overtook Greges and asked him if he had found anything. The sandwich man, muttering, handed the wallet to the policeman. Grace carried the wallet to the Old Slip Station and returned with a receipt. A newspaper reporter, on duty at Police Headquarters the next day, February 5th, which was a snowy day, saw a routine police report on the finding of the wallet. He sensed a human-interest story and went to see Greges. As this newspaper reporter later confidentially told his friends, he found the old man grumbling about his bad luck in having to give up the wallet. Neither he nor Greges knew the securities were without value, and the reporter, disappointed on discovering that the honesty of the sandwich man had been unpremeditated, was about to walk away. Then, feeling some pity for the shabby fellow, who he thought was simple-minded, and still hoping for a story, he asked Greges if he didn't think he should receive a reward for finding something so valuable.

"Sure," replied Greges, brightening. "How much could I get?"

Moved by an impulse to help the old man and by a sudden yearning for creative work, the reporter telephoned his office, omitting some details which might have discouraged the rewrite man to whom he told the story. Competitive newspapers sent their reporters to see Greges. All the reporters apparently assumed as truthful all the facts published in their rival's report. The old man, hopefully excited and somewhat befuddled, answered as best he could the questions put to him. The variousness of the interviews indicated that, if he made the responses at all, he gave the reporters what they wanted. Everybody ignored Patrolman Grace, who was as surprised as Belden & Company and the National Surety Company by the insistence of the reporters' demands that the Honest Sandwich Man be rewarded. Even the Governors of the Stock Exchange were surprised, and some of them, anxious in those days for a decent press, suggested to Belden & Company that the prestige of stockbrokerage might be imperilled if the old man were not rewarded. The brokerage house, joined by the surety company, which had also felt an imperilment of prestige, sprang with a great show of cheerfulness to reward Greges, although it protested, privately, that the old man would have had to commit first-degree forgery fifteen or twenty times to have profited by his find.

Everything went smoothly for the ex-sandwich man for a couple of weeks. He got fan mail from every part of the country, some of the writers sending cash or small checks. He bought more clothes; drank quite a lot of cheap sherry, for which he had always had a fondness; and was the centre every evening of an admiring group in the lobby of the Columbus.

Then it became obvious that something was wrong with the old man. On the night of February 22nd the night clerk of the flophouse, happening upstairs, saw Greges go to his own door, knock, and invite himself to come in. Later in the evening Greges rushed from his room and collided in the hall with one James Kelly, sixty-seven years old. Words passed between them. Kelly was heard to say, "Aw, you're nuts!," whereupon Greges was seen to push him. Kelly fell down a flight of stairs, fracturing his skull. All this would have passed unnoticed as indicating nothing more than alcoholism save that about 2 the next morning Greges did a strange thing. He was walking restlessly in the Columbus lobby when a man named Michael Gryzawacz, thirty-five years old, entered from the street. Greges advanced on him menacingly. "I am God!" he shouted fearsomely, throwing out his arms in a wild gesture. "I can kill anybody who looks at me. I kill three men today. Yesterday I kill ten men. Look at me and you die!" The man, shrinking with terror, was unable to take his eyes off Greges, who really was looking awful. Then the man fell to the floor, stone-dead. An autopsy revealed he had had several diseases which had so affected his heart that he might have died from any sudden shock. By this time Greges was in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital for observa-



Moral Indignation

tion and treatment. He was kept there until March 23rd, when he was discharged—"recovered," the hospital report put it, "for all practical purposes."

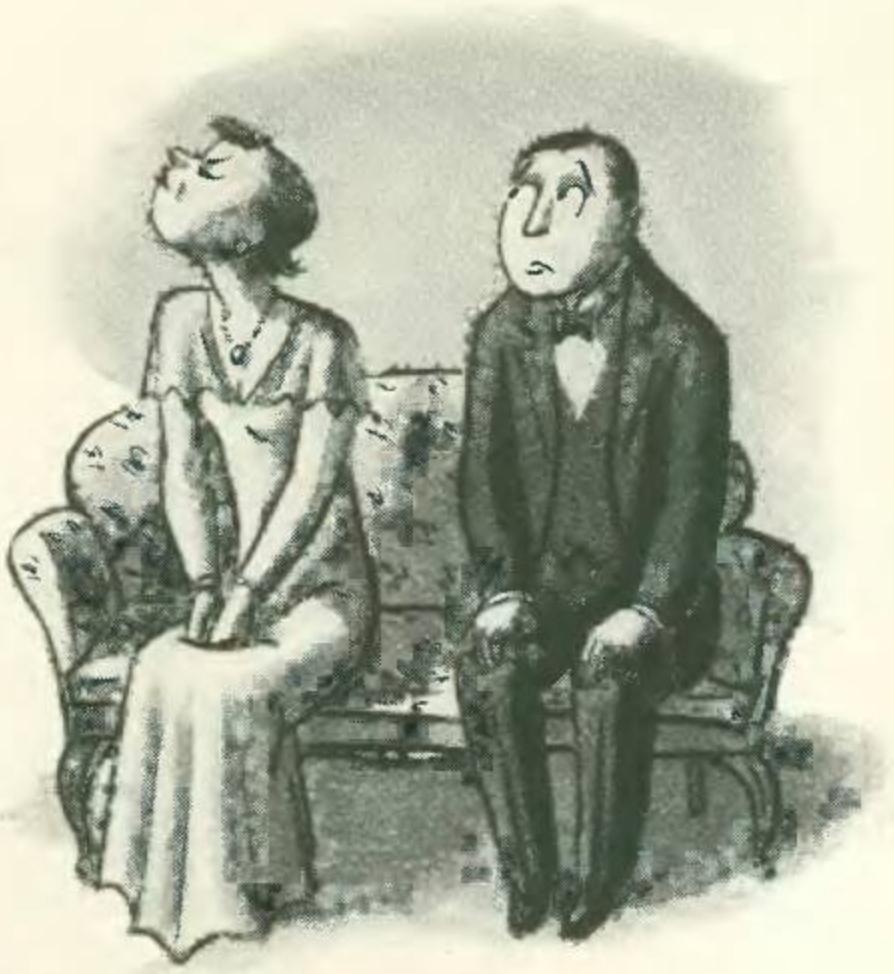
Greges went to live with a Lithuanian friend, Sam Wallen, a lodging-house keeper, at 11 State Street. He rested for two weeks. He did not go to work regularly thereafter, however, and he was discharged by Belden & Company early in May. He ran out of money sometime in the summer, but he was able then, for people still remembered him, to get jobs. One of the jobs was in a Fulton Street restau-

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Boiling Anger





Huff

SPLEEN

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Dyspepsia



Controlled Hatred



Mounting Bitterness

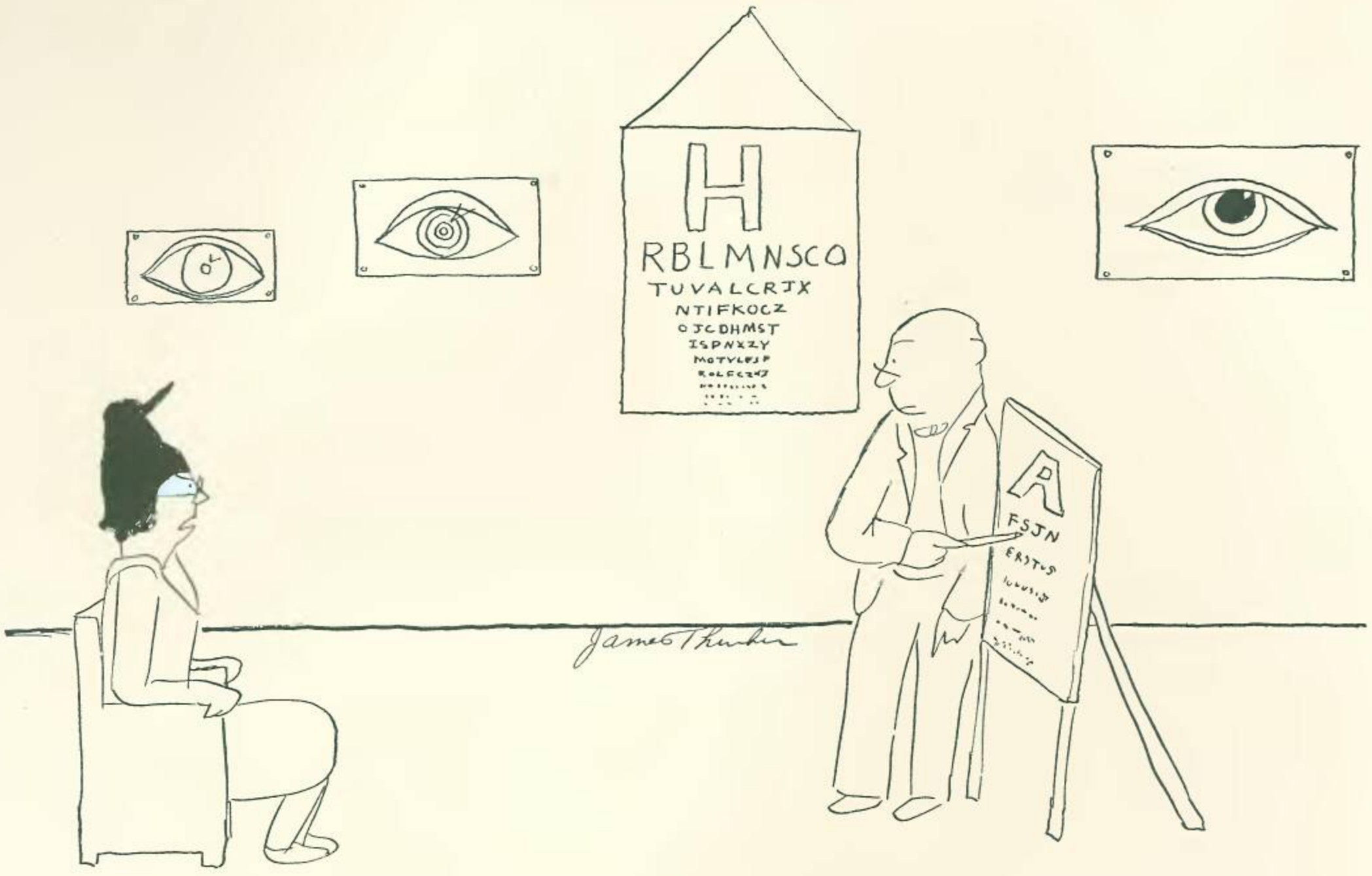
rant at $10 a week and meals. The restaurateur sent for press photographers, who took pictures of the old man, in a chef's uniform, slicing a ham in the front window—"Sandwich Man in the Restaurant Business" was the caption in one newspaper—but Greges quit a few days later, angry because immediately after the photographers left, he had been sent into the kitchen to peel potatoes. Next he resumed carrying signs. He quit that because his feet hurt; he had, it seemed, given up wearing the rags in galoshes and was going about in his $8.85 shoes. Later on he got another restaurant job, in Brooklyn, and quit it because his boss accused him of showing up drunk. Then he disappeared into the obscurity from which he came.



"And just as Dr. Ewing pronounced them man and wife, the old family lace began to crack up."

FRANK GREGES is living now in a flophouse run by John Wallen, a son of his friend Sam, in a railroad flat at 70 Greenwich Street. When I called on him the other day, he was playing cards with another man in the establishment's dingy assembly room, where several other men were lounging. He was neatly dressed in the gray suit, gray hat, and the $8.85 tan shoes which Boake Carter and the woman newspaper reporter chose for him. He is a little man, hardly over five feet, with small brown eyes, coarse black hair shot through with gray, weathered skin, and a flat, ruddy nose. He seemed much older than his sixty-eight years; his face twitched as he talked, his hands were unsteady, and his eyes had a glass-like quality peculiar to extremely old persons. He was cordial, seemed to like having a visitor, and invited me to his room, the only private room in the place, lighter and cleaner than the assembly room. He spoke English fairly well, and his manner was easygoing until I asked him if he was working. He looked puzzled for a moment, as if he didn't know what I meant, and then all at once he seemed embarrassed. He looked to one side, shook his head, and said he wasn't going to work any more. "I'm on relief," he explained.

Frank (you find yourself calling him that when you meet him) has not worked since he quit that job in the Brooklyn restaurant. He did not seem to recall the Brooklyn experience distinctly. He lived for nearly a year on the charity of the Wallens. Then, on June 19th of last year, he got on relief. He did not remember very clearly all the details of how he got on relief, and he seemed pleased when I asked if he had any papers which might answer the question. He got some letters from a bureau drawer and handed them to me, seemingly relieved that he would not be asked any more to try to recall things which were difficult to recollect. The letters showed that one John Quinn, proprietor of an employ-



"Certainly I can make it out! It's three sea horses and an 'h.'"

• •

ment agency at 67 Greenwich Street, helped Frank get on relief by writing letters for him and aiding him on affidavits. Mr. Quinn, Frank said, is an old friend; he did not charge anything for this service. Frank gets $12.40 every two weeks from the Home Relief Bureau. Now, also with Mr. Quinn's help, he is seeking a pension under the state's Old Age Security Act. There is a hitch in this because he has been unable so far to prove he is a citizen, although he established his age (sixty-eight last May 24th) with a baptismal certificate from the rector of the church of Seduva, District of Panevezys, Lithuania. It seems his friend Mr. Quinn believes he should seek an old-age pension, which will give him approximately the same sum he receives on relief. The pension, Mr. Quinn has told him, would be paid as long as he lives. But Frank is not worrying about this. "If I get pension, O.K.," he says. "If not, O.K. I get along on relief O.K."

It was difficult to talk to Frank about the past. The puzzled look would return to his face and his talk would become rambling, sometimes going off into discussions of things he said he had read about religion and astronomy, particularly astronomy. Once, during an excursion into astronomy, he gave a startlingly lucid summary of the planetesimal hypothesis. Then, in a final effort to learn what he thinks now of the things that happened to him when he was the Honest Sandwich Man, I asked him whether he was glad or sorry that he found that wallet. The puzzled look came to his face again. He didn't seem to know what I was talking about. I got the impression he felt he should remember and was ashamed he did not. I pressed him a little, but he was evasive, and then, as if he felt it was the easiest way to end the conversation, he said he guessed he was glad. He came downstairs to the door with me. "The next time you come," he said, "please bring me a book on the stars." —CLARKE SHERMAN

• •

FOREIGN SLICKERS

Some Recent Instances of Extraordinary Chicanery in Lands Across the Sea

LOCALES	SLICKERS	SLICKNESS
Bucharest	Ion Glicherie	He sold space in heaven to peasants for sixteen lei (about fifteen cents) per square yard.
Peiping	Bandits	They stole the lids from coffins bought by thrifty Chinese and stored for later use, and held them for ransom at a price less than the cost of a new lid.
Belgrade	Milivoi Boskovic	While Director of the Yugoslav State Mint, he borrowed the official dies to mint coins in his own home to the amount of 800,000 dinars ($20,000).
Dublin	Smugglers	They operated on the vocal chords of pigs, so that the animals could be silently spirited across the Ulster-Free State border.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

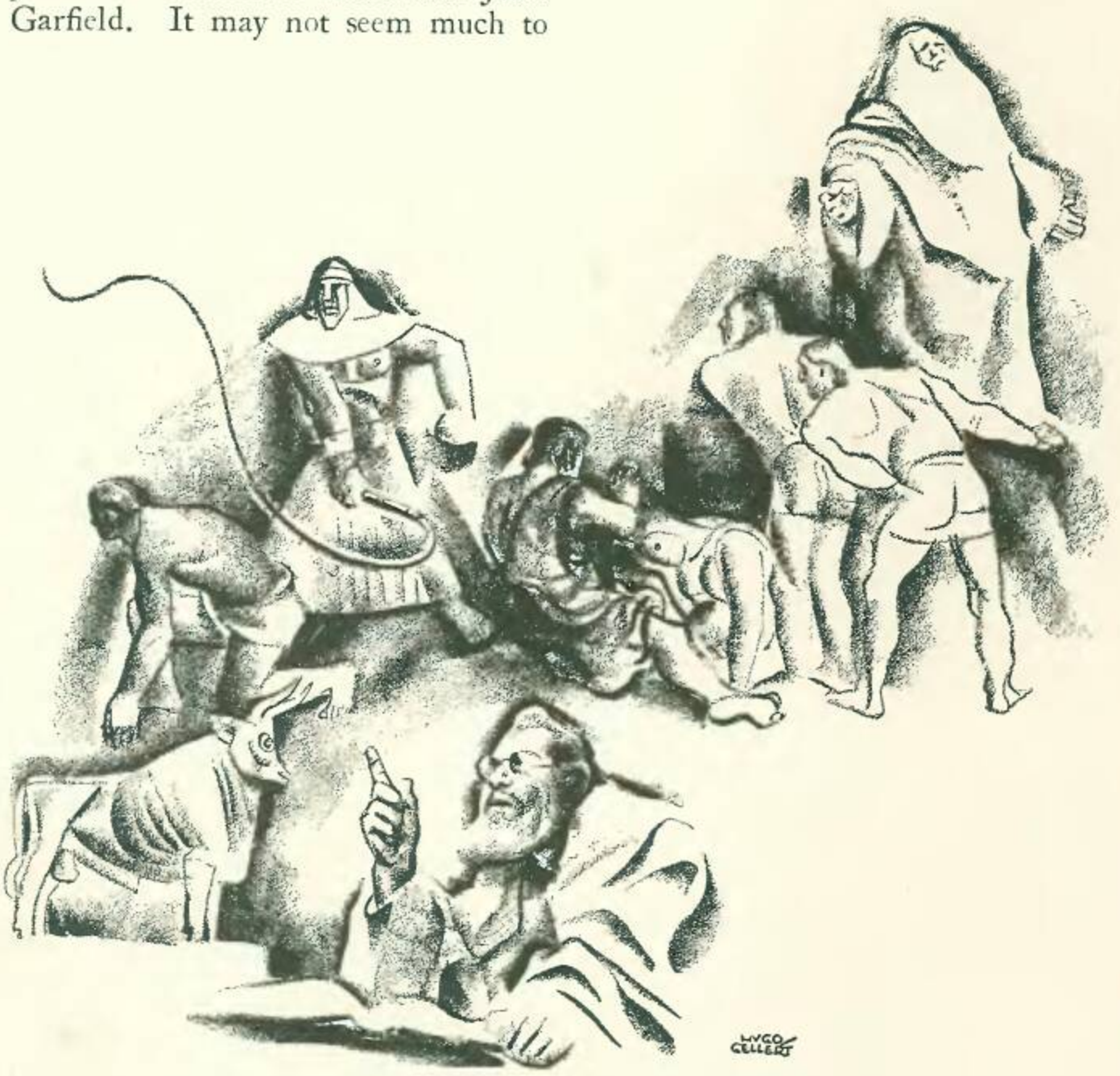


GOOD WORK, EVERYBODY!

A PLAY about a Jewish vacation camp, written by Arthur Kober and put on by Marc Connelly, sounds as if it ought to be a riot from beginning to end, but Messrs. Kober and Connelly had other plans for "Having Wonderful Time." Instead of a Milt Gross cartoon, Mr. Kober has written a tender and dear play (sorry about that "dear," Mr. Kober) which relies only occasionally on its dialect for its effects. The laughs are there, all right, but they are warmed by their proximity to the heart.

The story of "Having Wonderful Time" is practically nothing, but it is pretty darned important to the boy and the girl concerned, and that is what Mr. Kober makes you feel. In this, he is aided by the really honest performances of a couple of young people named Katherine Locke and Jules Garfield. It may not seem much to you to say that this fellow meets this girl at a two-weeks-vacation camp and that they fall in love but have a misunderstanding. To them, however, and to the audience, it is pretty serious business.

The details of camp life among these "hillbillies from the Bronx" furnish enough of those laughs you were looking for, and Philip Van Zandt, as the hard-working director of social activities (more active than social); Janet Fox, as the girl friend; and Sheldon Leonard, the lethargic snake-in-the-grass, together with the rest of a large and peripatetic cast, make these young stenographers and clerks seem very brave and fine on their holiday and it is a pleasure to have "made their acquaintanceship," as the formal language of Camp Kare-Free has it. I am glad that Messrs. Kober and Connelly avoided the temptation to make just a Mefoofsky comedy out of "Having Wonderful Time," for they now really have something there.



"THE ETERNAL ROAD"

There is no way of identifying all these people, but they make up into quite an effect. At the Manhattan Opera House.

IT is gratifying to announce a proletarian play, outside the Group Theatre, which is as well acted and as well staged as a play run by the capitalists. "Marching Song," put on by the Theatre Union, is excellent, both in production and acting, and gives a new angle to Revolt.

Not only has John Howard Lawson written one of his most convincing and stirring plays, dealing with life among the strikers in an automobile-manufacturing town (the play, by the way, was written last year, before automobile strikes became all the rage), but through some alchemy, the Theatre Union has been able to draw a great many efficient actors out of nowhere, so that the usual handicap of plays with a Purpose—the amateur spirit—has been eliminated, with the result that the Purpose comes through clearly and with considerable force.

In the dilapidated vastness of an abandoned factory, effectively designed by Howard Bay, Anthony Brown, the director, moves his groups of derelicts, strikers, finks, and womenfolk with extraordinary skill, and manages to create an air of genuine excitement. Mr. Lawson has written some carefully fashioned speeches, which only occasionally get beauty-bound, and, on the whole, keeps his situations pretty well in hand, considering how many of them he is juggling. It is difficult to distribute honors among the cast, for it is a large one and almost without exception good, so good that I am hereby eating several words I said a few weeks back about actors not being real people on the stage and therefore unsuited as protagonists for real causes. Maybe I meant high-priced actors.

THE WPA comes through again with two more well-conceived productions to confound the scoffers, if not to alarm the commercial theatre. "The Sun and I" is not the satirical gem that its authors thought it was, but it is mounted by Tom Adrian Cracraft and directed by Edward Goodman with considerable skill, and even if you do not thrill to the parallel between Joseph and his brethren with present-day characters, it is still a good job of work.

"Power," the other WPA offering,



Don't think "Air-Spun"* is just a new face powder. It is actually *a new cosmetic* — it is so amazingly different from any powder you have ever used!

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Coty goes far beyond merely grinding and sifting powder! Now, the powder is placed in sealed chambers . . . torrents of air are released . . . which swirl the powder at incredible speed! Each tiny particle is softened . . . each tiny surface buffed . . . thousands upon thousands of times.

A texture of "impossible" smoothness results. Powder becomes so soft and luscious that even the driest skin looks less powdered! So warmly tinted . . . that even sallow skin looks younger!

And as a final luxury: Coty gives you "Air-Spun" in 14 flattering shades . . . L'Aimant, Emeraude, "Paris" and other precious Coty odeurs. The oversize box costs $1.00.

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A NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER

Notice to New York Theatregoers

Because of the exceptional importance of Frank Capra's long-awaited production of the famous best-seller, "Lost Horizon", Columbia Pictures have necessarily made unusual arrangements for its presentation. Following a brilliant premiere it is

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TWICE DAILY ONLY

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Matinees (except Sat.) . . 50c, 77c, $1.00

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We suggest that you mail or 'phone* your reservations now for

FRANK CAPRA'S

production of James Hilton's world-famous novel, starring

RONALD COLMAN

LOST HORIZON

With EDWARD EVERETT HORTON — H. B. WARNER — JANE WYATT — JOHN HOWARD — MARGO — ISABEL JEWELL — SAM JAFFE — THOMAS MITCHELL.

SCREEN PLAY BY ROBERT RISKIN

A Columbia Picture

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needs no excuses from anyone. When you hear that it is a story of the rise and debauchery of electric light and power, you think that Reginald Gardiner may be in it imitating a dynamo, but, so help me, it is a fast-moving show, frankly aimed at the backsides of public utilities, and makes several palpable hits. It is one of the Living Newspaper series, and is both alive and news.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

CHARMED CIRCLE

Only 1,000 women may possess this fragrance—Maison Jeurelle, Limited Edition Perfumes.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

All ye early flowery breezes,
  Wafted here by ambergrises,
Hints of springtime nymphs and satyrs,
  Haunting Saks's elevators;
Muguets, Chanel No. 5's,
  Scenting sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Yardley's rose from English garden,
  Blue Grass and Elizabeth Arden;
Now into your perfumed wood
  Creeps a secret sisterhood;
Here at Saks or Lord & Taylor,
  By her aura each can trail her
Sister in this fellowship,
  Give her hand a knowing grip,
Like a Briton who espies
  Friends in Old Etonian ties.

—HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

[*From the Boston Review*]

Far be it from me to hint that Bill Cunningham, Neal O'Hara, Austin Lake and other stars in the Boston constellation of Bright Minds are not entitled to their glory and to their financial rewards for doing what they are amply able to do, but I can't help hoping that, on a new and more hospitable plane of post-mundane activity, Edmund Noble is at least receiving the equivalent of a minimum wage for those who actually possess intellectual powers and who will not have to subsist humbly on a smaller remuneration than is paid nowadays in this section of the so-called civilized world to females of prominence or notoriety who sign articles as "columnists" that are written for them by others, the latter being paid more for their work as proxies than Edmund Noble ever received while he toiled diligently for that minor fraction of the population which, in those days, is interested in subjects of such depths, breadth and thickness that they contain no appeal for those of us find our demand for entertainment and enlightment almost if not quite met by radio programs and advice to the lovelorn and to various other mental derelicts for whom certain pages of the daily papers are carefully and almost, but not quite, religiously set apart.

EATERS DIGEST

57 YEARS "57"

Fifty-seven years on the spot (First Avenue at 56th)—that's Billy's. Where dowagers in ermine coats, doormen in uniform and taxi drivers jostle each other to procure Billy's famous thick steak sandwiches—served strictly à la Heinz! Bottles of Heinz tomato ketchup, chili, Worcestershire and beefsteak sauce make the centerpiece on every checkered table. Fads come and fads go, (right now, it's stylish to appear on skates after a roller-spin on Sutton Place). But gas lights still flare in chandeliers (which movie magnates covet). The old base-burner sends a cozy glow into the back room and everything remains as it's always been. Except that Billy finds it tougher year by year to keep on hand a stock of Heinz enticing beefsteak sauce. Young moderns like this sauce so well, they pocket the bottles. A saddening commentary—to see how good taste does outrun good morals!

CURSORY RHYMES

Hi diddle diddle, the cook had a riddle—
"What shall we eat at noon?"
It made us all laugh as we solved her plight
With a bowl of Heinz soup and a spoon!

—by a Colonel's Lady, F. A.
Washington, D. C.

$5 REWARD If you have any smart, original recipes or interesting facts about the 57 Varieties, send them to me. You'll get a check for five dollars and a beautiful certificate with your name on it if your contribution is used. Mail to Demi Tasse, c/o The House of Heinz, Dept. N, Pittsburgh, Pa.

YEA, MAESTRO!

A batching man-about-Manhattan, F. J. B., is accustomed to present Heinz masterly spaghetti with a thrilling obligato of plump, sautéed-in-butter mushrooms.

STIRRING NEWS

Shades of the Gay Nineties. Sherbets appear once more as palate-clearers after the roast. To make an elegant tomato sherbet one need only season Heinz vine-fresh tomato juice with grated celery and onion juice, a pinch of salt, a dash of sugar. Freeze just partially in the ice tray. Give a stir now and then and serve in sherbet or in punch glasses.

SUCH SHELLFISHNESS

It isn't always a shellfish that finds itself in a shell. Not any more. A lowly (7 oz.) tin of tuna may become cynosure of the buffet table when B. N. E. of Rantoul, Ill., does it! First let the tuna seethe in 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Then blend in a tin of Heinz cooked macaroni and cheese. Add a chopped pimiento and ½ teaspoonful Heinz Worcestershire sauce. Place in four sea shells or individual casseroles. Top with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Now that's simplicity itself—and wholly admirable.

—Demi Tasse

Tune in *Heinz Magazine of the Air.* Full half hour —Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, 11 E. S. T.; 10 C. S. T.; 9 M. T.; 12 Noon Pacific Time —Columbia Network.



Remember what a pretty pickle it was to get into?

SPRING FEEDERS

"FALSE SPRING" they call it in the country—these wind-blown days when the sky is so high, the puddles so wide and the spirit subject to pre-vernal jitters. Now winter-jaded appetites cry out for something crisp and green and savory.

There's nothing quite so fine for wan spring feeders as Heinz jade slices—old-fashioned fresh cucumber pickle.

Heinz cooks may well have borrowed their pickle "rule" from a dear old lady out on a farm. Fact is—they did. Not a jot or tittle has been changed in the recipe since those long-gone days when grandmother made sliced pickle—just like Heinz. Handfuls of celery seeds in the kettle and sweet-smelling spices all tied up in a cheesecloth bag.

When spring brings out the pickle-snitcher in you, send to the corner grocer for a fat-cheeked jar of Heinz fresh cucumber pickle.

A bowlful adds chic to the cocktail tray—doubles for a green salad and makes a pleasant (also toothsome) garnish for meat and fish.



Land sakes, I've made them this way for years!

HEINZ FRESH CUCUMBER PICKLE

57



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OF ALL THINGS

HITLER is fixing to manufacture a cheap car, and he will use his official position to break down consumer resistance. A salesman could make a pretty convincing talk if accompanied by a cop.

•

Satisfied workers in a leather shop in Michigan are staying on the premises nights to prevent a sit-down strike. The best defence against the C.I.O. is the S.R.O.

•

The Post Office Department instructs its 100,000 clerks to stop growling at the customers. Society is beginning to recognize that stamp buyers are not criminals at heart, but only the victims of circumstance.

•

The people of Boston are being cordially invited to choose ex-Governor Michael Curley for mayor again. Some say that Bostonians will do almost anything for the love of Mike.

•

The *Herald Tribune* has increased the size of its type. Henceforth it will deplore Roosevelt in elegant 7-point Ionic.

•

The inhabitants of Nantucket threaten to secede from Massachusetts and join New York because their electric rates are too high. Of all the reasons for becoming citizens of the Empire State, they have chosen the worst.

•

Among those violently opposed to the President's Supreme Court plan are the D.A.R. The embattled ladies declare that no man can ever be trusted to do a job of packing.

•

In the café racket trial, a union head was discovered who made bank deposits of $10,000 a year on a salary of $75 a week. America needs men who can balance budgets like that.

•

The radio studios have reached a new low level in the supply of humor. Comedians are now living precariously by taking in each other's joshing.

•

We are sorry to hear that the $1,200 overcoat of a G.O.P. leader was stolen from his car at Trenton. A Republican who still has a $1,200 coat deserves better treatment. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



MAYBE the movie pioneers didn't find their "locations" as neatly labeled as we've indicated, but it's true they can find every type of the world's scenery within a few hours of Hollywood. These places you've seen on the screen mean to you a vacation playground of endless contrast and fascination.

You can "pump in" a giant swordfish . . . sun-laze on broad sand beaches, surfboard, swim, sail, ride, find new thrills in golf, tennis, every sport...inspect ancient Missions, and Los Angeles County's unfamiliar industries . . . share evening fun with celebrities from everywhere in Hollywood . . . ride through orange groves to cities like Pasadena, Pomona, Glendale, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica . . . climb to mile-high lakes . . . see flying fish and submarine gardens at a storied pleasure isle . . . find new and stimulating adventure every day you're here.

Southern California, even from New York, is just overnight by plane, 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or bus, two weeks by steamer via Panama. Costs here are 15% to 32% under the average of 20 leading U. S. resorts.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; for tourists, attractions are unlimited.

FREE: ***Automatic Trip Planner*** —This 80-page Official Guide Book plans your trip for you from start to finish: what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules, plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc. . . facts not available elsewhere. Coupon brings it FREE by return mail; also, new California Picture Map.

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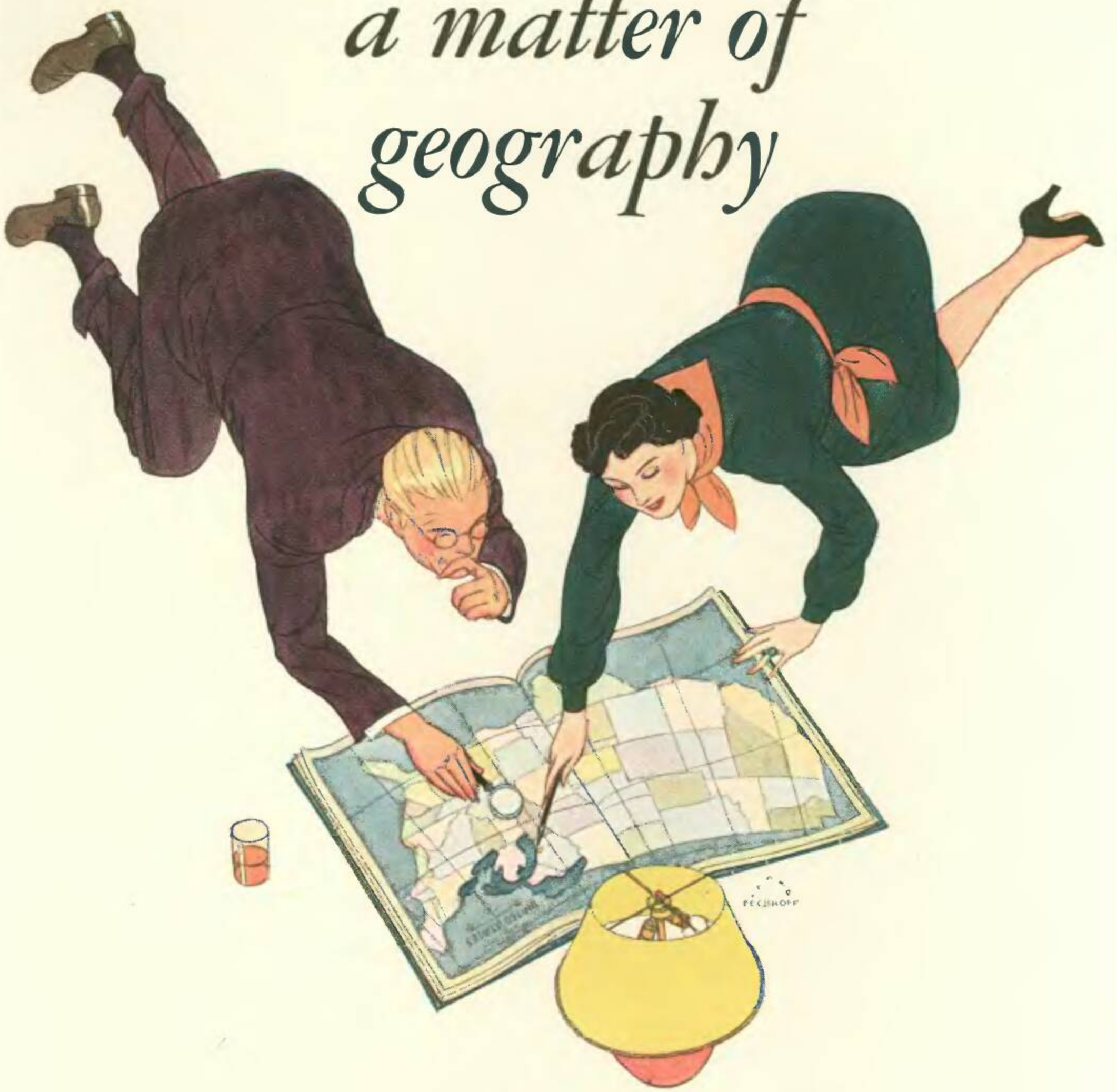
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Unlike most other mixers, White Rock is a *mineral* spring water. It comes from only one place on earth . . . deep mineral springs at Waukesha, Wisc. Its keen tang points up the flavor of all long tall drinks.

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ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE RABBIT OF WALES

IT is no longer a social function to serve a Welsh rabbit. The great revival of the chafing dish in the eighteen-nineties caused every Gibson girl to invite her friends, of a Sunday evening, to "come around and have a rabbit." Welsh rabbits exist nowadays simply as food, and are eaten by those who like hearty nourishment. They appear on the bills of fare of most restaurants and of many tearooms.

Curiously, the word is seldom printed in its correct form, but is almost always given as "rarebit." In the Daffodylle Tea Shoppes and Olde Englysshe Eateries, this is invariably true. The rule seems to be: the prissier the place, the more certain it is to spell the word as if it were a "rare bit." The unconscious notion is that there is something deplorably undignified and frisky about "rabbit," or else that "rarebit" is full of genteel whimsy.

Dictionary-makers, cooks, and printers have struggled with the word, and with the dish itself, for at least two hundred years. The present discussion is not about cooking the rabbit but about the Nice-Nellyism which persists in calling it a "rarebit." This and the even worse hyphenated form (the "rare-bit"), are niminy-piminy phrases, worthy of people who speak of their legs as limbs and pronounce the name for sailors' songs with a French twist, calling them "*chantés*" instead of the preferred Anglicization, which is as if the word were spelled "shanties."

Of ten cookbooks which I have consulted, five mention this compound of melted cheese. Four of them speak of it as "rare-bit." Only one decides for "rabbit." Remonstrating, once, with the proprietress of a restaurant where the menu announced "Welsh rare-bit," my protest caused her to hurry to her desk and get a small book, which she called "The dictionary." She displayed its spelling, "rare-bit" (a common blunder in dictionaries), and remarked that on her bill of fare the word was going to remain "rare-bit" forever.

At first thought, one might imagine that "rarebit" was a silly American refinement of an honest British word, or that, if it came from England, it must have arisen in the Age of Antimacassars, and that either Prince Albert or Mrs. Felicia Hemans had something to do with it.

That is a common mistake. Our great-grandfathers were not as finicking as we think. Garbling the Welsh rabbit into rarebit did not begin in the days of prunes and prisms. It arose in the robust England of the eighteenth century, and the person apparently responsible for its first appearance in print was a lexicographer of the super-virile school, who slipped up badly. Let's pursue this dish down through the years, as the dictionaries have discussed it.

Neither of the first great lexicographers, Nathan Bailey and Dr. Samuel Johnson, seems to have thought it necessary to say anything about Welsh rabbits. Nor did the pioneer American, Noah Webster, in his first edition in 1828.

At least as early as 1851, however, the editors of Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language had decided to mention Welsh rabbit, and it was lured into this minikin utterance:

> Welsh-rabbit [properly Welsh rarebit]. Cheese melted into a mass, and usually spread over slices of toasted bread.

This was good enough for Webster's editors for over thirty years, down through various editions as late as 1888. In 1890, they showed signs of losing courage. In that year, they entered the phrase under "rabbit," adding:

> The name is probably a corruption of Welsh rare bit, but perhaps merely a humorous designation.

It had at last penetrated the skulls of these scholars that from the beginning there had lurked in the phrase "Welsh rabbit" a tiny and harmless gleam of humor. By 1910, Webster's Dictionary had made a complete surrender. Its hand was undoubtedly forced by the Century Dictionary. Webster's not only expanded the recipe for the dish, omitting the horrid suggestion that the cheese is to be made into a "mass," but added (and this shows that a light was breaking) that it is "usually mixed with ale or beer." They spelled it "Welsh rabbit," with the further remark that it was "sometimes erroneously called Welsh rarebit."

It occurred to me in the course of my search that there was some connection between the spelling "rarebit" and the omission of the fact that beer



This new length swagger is "better half" of one of our most successful Spring suits, useful also as a separate topcoat. Sizes 12 to 20 in beige, navy, cherry, or Sandringham soft woolen.

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FIFTH AVENUE



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Madison at 55, N. Y. also White Plains

or ale properly accompanies the dish. The pedantry of the schoolma'am is often associated with a sour teetotalism. Most of the old-fashioned "home cookbooks" try to persuade you to melt the cheese with milk or ginger ale. As to what you are to drink with it, they are silent. It was, I think, Don Marquis, who, during prohibition, sadly pointed out that a Welsh rabbit with ginger ale is not a Welsh rabbit at all, but a Nebraska guinea pig.

Joseph Worcester's Dictionary said in 1860 that the correct form was "rarebit," and in 1893 was still sticking to the heresy. The Standard Dictionary, probably acting under the influence of the Century Dictionary, saw the light as early as 1895 and gave the word as "rabbit."

It was in 1889 that the Century Dictionary first put a cannon cracker under this nonsense and blew it to blazes. Said this excellent work:

> Owing to an absurd notion that "rabbit" in this phrase is a corruption of "rarebit" (as if "a rare bit") the word is often so written.

It then quotes a clarifying paragraph from *Macmillan's Magazine:*

> Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish or product or peculiarity of a particular district. For examples . . . an Essex lion is a calf; a Fieldlane duck is a baked sheep's head; Glasgow magistrates or Norfolk capons are red herrings; Irish apricots or Munster plums are potatoes; Gravesend sweetmeats are shrimps.

To this list, of course, might be added the similar preparation of cheese sometimes called a Scotch woodcock. American equivalents are a Cape Cod turkey, meaning a codfish, and Albany beef, a phrase used long ago for sturgeon.

WHO foisted this ladylike phrase upon the world and deluded the editors of so many dictionaries and the printers of so many bills of fare? It was fat old Captain Francis Grose, the English antiquarian, who died in 1791. Grose by name and gross by nature, he was jolly and corpulent, and was known as a sort of Falstaff among scholars. He was liked by Robert Burns, who wrote two or three humorous poems about him. His name means little to us today, but we often hear two lines from one of these poems:

> A chiel's amang you taking notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it.

An eighteenth-century way of say-

It's new to swing your handbag





By their handles you'll carry them – these new bags for your more feminine suit, softer tailored coat. Designed by Bienen-Davis. High-fashion calf. Black, brown, navy, rust, deep red. Monocraft initials.

Top to bottom:

Tailored top-handle. Trim and flat. 10.00
Initials newly elaborate. 35c each.

Metal handle, pleasantly curved. 12.50
More feminine initials. 2.50 a set.

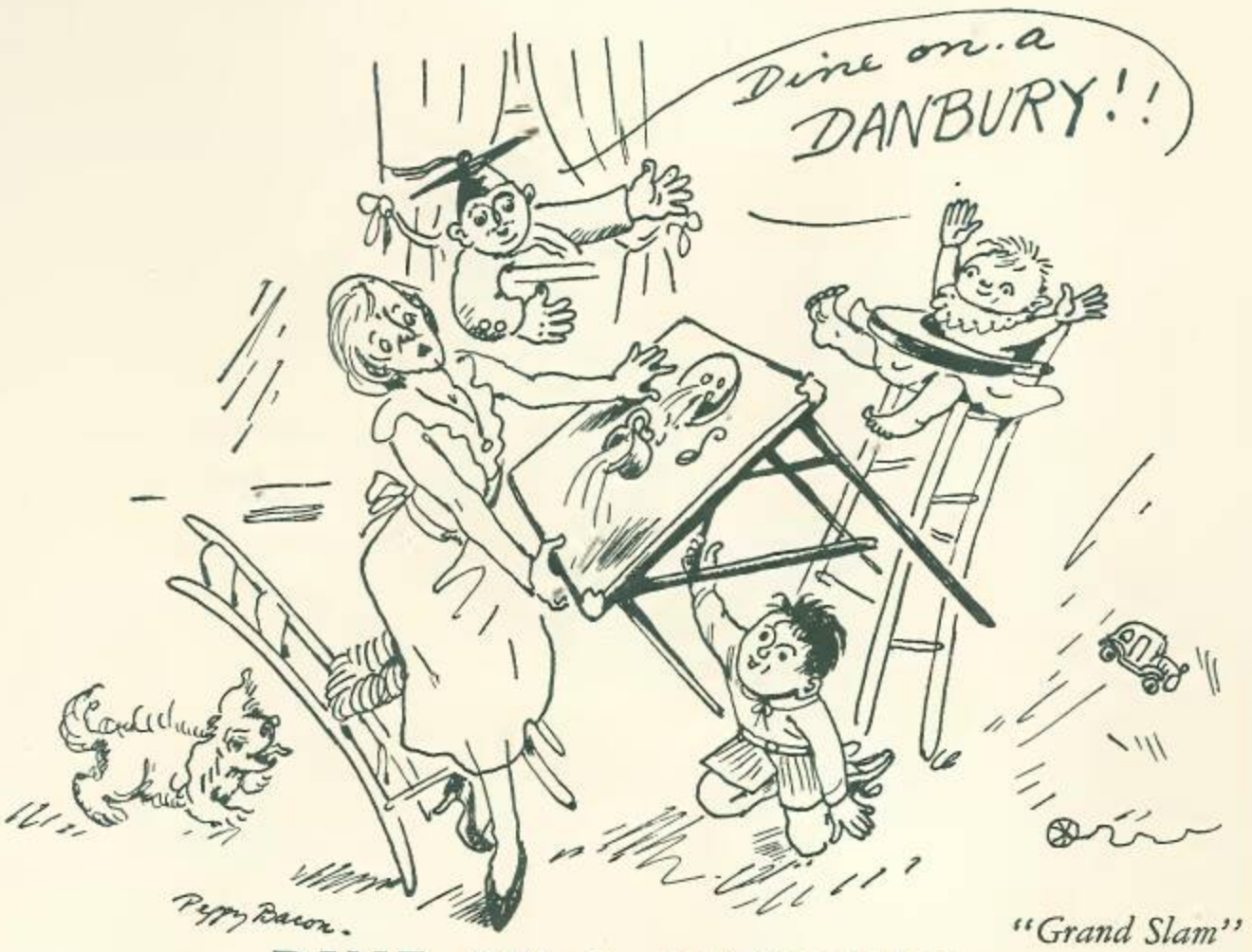
Double top-handle. A bag with an interesting, fresh shape to it. 12.50

Panier handle, over your wrist. 10.00
New place for initials. 50c each.

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Lord & Taylor

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DINE ON A DANBURY

A topsy-turvy household is enough to warp any personality and why take chances with your children's complexes? Dine on a DANBURY. Its uses are manifold; as a console, or in three short operations (viz—lift the leaves, turn the top and extend) it becomes the finest and most sturdy dining table made! Seats the family or guests up to ***twelve.*** ★ For SALE at Leading Furniture and Department Stores or through your Decorator.



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And any one, even the most inexperienced man or woman, —can learn *in 5 hours* to rhumba, tango or fox-trot. It's such fun—and grand exercise! Take a trial lesson today.



ARTHUR MURRAY

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ing, "Look out! Walter Winchell's here!"

In his Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, Captain Grose, in 1785, printed the phrase "Welch rare bit." This was probably its first appearance in print. Contrary to his reputation for humor, he failed to see the joke in "rabbit" and thought, apparently, as so many people have thought since, that "rare bit" was the right thing. This started the whole trouble.

The Classical Dictionary of Captain Grose was republished as "Lexicon Balatronicum, a Dictionary of Buckish Slang," etc., and often turns up in booksellers' catalogues. It did not rid itself of its stupid error. For, as Mr. Alfred H. Holt remarked, only last year, in his book, "Phrase Origins," "Rarebit was a well-meaning attempt to spoil one of those little jokes that help to take the sting out of life."

As the New English Dictionary (the great Oxford Dictionary) rolled its coils slowly out of the press, it was fair to expect a full discussion of the controversy as soon as the word was reached. It came, in 1928, in satisfactory form. The Oxford gives a recipe (with ale, of course) for Welsh rabbit which makes any reference to a cookbook superfluous. And it quotes those doubtful authorities who have used the spelling "rarebit."

These heretics are Grose, in 1785; followed by one Albert Smith, 1845; the *Morning Star*, 1865; and, I am sorry to say, Mr. H. G. Wells, in his "Kipps," in 1905.

The eminent persons who stood firm for "rabbit" include John Byrom, the poet and inventor of a system of shorthand, who, as early as 1725 (before Grose was born), twice recorded in his diary that he had eaten a Welsh rabbit. There is also Mrs. Glasse's cookbook in 1747, Mme. d'Arblay in 1771, Scott in 1825, Thackeray's "Newcomes" in 1854, and F. E. Trollope in 1876.

The spelling "rarebit," says the Oxford, with crushing finality, is "an etymologizing alteration."

After that, with an obeisance to Arthur Guiterman, who has lent me the title of one of his poems to use at the head of this article, there needs nothing be done for the creature except to adopt Guiterman's advice:

> And drink his repose in the soundest of ales:
> "Waes hael! to the rantipole Rabbit of Wales!"

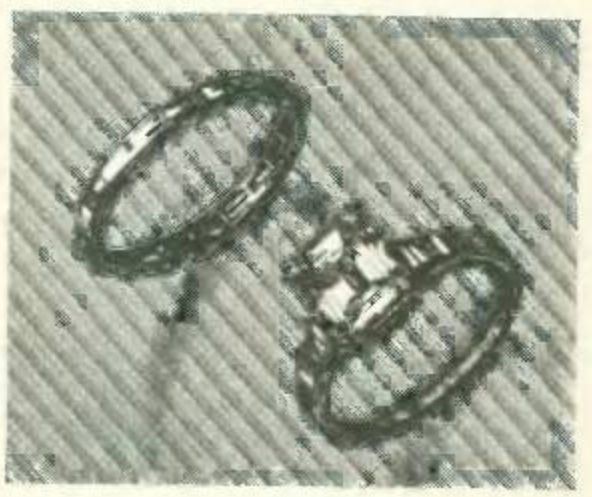
—EDMUND PEARSON

GROSGRAIN: *or, Back to Pre-war Elegance*



A dressier Easter dawns. With old-fashioned formality in black grosgrain with cyclamen pink chiffon; and 16-button beige gloves and flower toques. You will be the perfect lady, thanks to Paris. And thanks to the Little Shop, your husband will be the perfect gentleman over the low cash prices. Only 58.75 for the afternoon suit, and 49.95 for the fitted reefer with pearl buttons. Scores of other Little Shop fashions are equally elegant, and just as surprisingly thrifty. Come to the Third Floor—at 34th Street and Broadway, New York City.

MACY'S



Prelude . . . to a smart Spring wedding. Circlet of baguette diamonds set in platinum $190. Emerald-cut solitaire diamond set in platinum with 6 baguettes $2,100.

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Frank's Pastime Parlor. Diddy-Wa-Ditty Shoppee. Pork from Pigs That Made Perfect Hogs of Themselves. Chalet Suzanne Ahead, Magic Setting. Hurry Back for We Knead the Dough. Lunch Is 1,000 Feet. Trucker's Rest, Free Coffee. Kerb Service. Lunch Is 500 Feet. Total Abstinence, Not Moderation, Saves Tragedy on the Highway. Lunch Is Right Here.

Relief Hotel. Garage—Tell It to Sweeney. Big Fat Sassy Hamburgers. Chalet Suzanne, Romantic Setting. Air-Conditioned Tourist Home. Dixie Cafe—We Dare You to Leave Hungry. We Cater to the Caucasian Race Only. Beer with a Good Head on a Fine Body. ½ Mile to Andy's Dandy Apples. Drive Slow, Fare Well; Drive Fast, Farewell.

T'Willdo Camp. Servistation. Mule-hide Roofing—Not a Kick in a Million Feet. I'm Just Ahead—Wee Cottages. Modern Antiques, Old Furniture Made to Order. This is Where You Were Coming To. Bumper to Bumper Service. Tourists as Welcome as the Flowers in May. 19 Miles More Is Only 19 Smiles When You Reach Silver Camp. Truckers—Sleep Free While We Serve Your Truck.

Ham and Cottages. 2 Miles to Greasing of Quality. Jack Don't Fool, He Feeds. Indian River Restaurant, Come as You Are. Luke Sells It Cheap. If You Drink, Don't Drive; If You Drive, Don't Drink. Trail in with Your Trailer.

Ducks Like It Here and You'll Take to It, Too. Oleander Hotel, a Symphony of Food and Comfort. 100% Orange Juice for 100% Americans. Nobody Welcome Except You. Eat with Kentucky Fred. Hotel Hooker, Truckman's Paradise. A Chance Taker Is an Accident Maker. Try Me. Housecar Park, Tin Canners Come In. If Your Wife Can't Cook Keep Her for a Pet and Eat Here.

—THEODORE PRATT

•

Eva covered her eyes with a little animal whimper.—*From "The Door Between" in Cosmopolitan.*

We'll stick to dark glasses.

America's favorite sheets
FOR FIVE GENERATIONS



YOUR great-great-grandmother preferred "Wamsuttas" for the same good reasons that you do. They were the best sheets she could buy, known everywhere as "The Finest of Cottons" just as Wamsutta *Supercale* is now.

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OF HAWICK

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English women have always prized good cashmere sweaters like good tweeds and paired them with great satisfaction. For over a century Pringle's of Hawick have been producing superior cashmeres – notable for their softness of texture and color. We import them in great variety for American country wear. EIGHTH FLOOR

SKIDDAW, *above.* Natural, yellow, blue, cherry and white. **12.95**

P. S. London cable from our representative confirms earlier report of cashmere scarcity and an inevitable price increase. We have, fortunately, a large supply—the last we can get at present prices.

THE SKY LINE

Penguins and Architects



IF you don't hurry to the Museum of Modern Art before the show of Modern Architecture in England closes, it will prove either that you don't want to understand the English or that you don't like penguins. The new penguin pool in the Regent's Park Zoo is shown in motion pictures as well as excellent stills; you can see the tilted oval ramps and the long flights of steps, with the big penguins walking gravely like so many Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the little penguins taking the steps at a jump, like altar boys playing behind the Archbishops' backs. This spectacle beats even the bears, and the bears used to be the big treat at Regent's Park.

What has this got to do with modern architecture? A great deal. For if modern architecture can design a functional penguin pool that succeeds in making the penguin look even solemn-sillier than Nature made him, it can do anything. And when the English, who conjured up the very idea of the home, can take a good, clean modern design without wincing, the days of the fancy-dress client and the copybook architect have come to an end; all the suburban subdividers between Jamaica and Montauk Point won't be able to prevent our building in the true vernacular of our own day. As Edward McKnight Kauffer says in the introduction to his poster exhibition, which is also on view at the Museum, "English clients, once they are convinced, are prepared to go full steam ahead." That applies to architecture as well as to rearmament.

UP to about 1930, the English had participated in the most recent wave of modern design even less than we Americans had. Their idea of a fine, bold design was the monumental Bush House in Aldwych—a derivative American product. But the joke of the matter is that if any nation experimented with modern architecture, first and last, it was the English. One might say, indeed, that they invented it again and again, and then went to sleep, only to have elegant dreams and childish nightmares, Italian dreams with Inigo

Persian Room at the Plaza



THE HARTMANS

At Dinner and Supper and at Saturday and Sunday Cocktail Dansants



PAUL DRAPER

At Dinner and Supper and on Sundays at Dinner



PANCHO

and his Orchestra

at Dinner and Supper and at Dinner Sunday and Sunday Cocktail Dansant

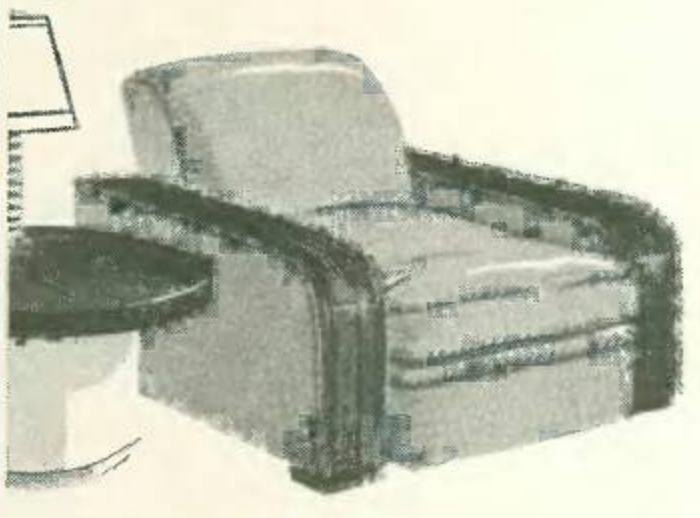
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and his Plaza Cocktail Orchestra

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Any style of furniture which gives as much comfort as Modern deserves the plaudits and praise of the public! When it also pleases the eye, and the purse, it sounds suspiciously like a Modernage chair. In these hectic days, we welcome chair-sitters and chair-testers!

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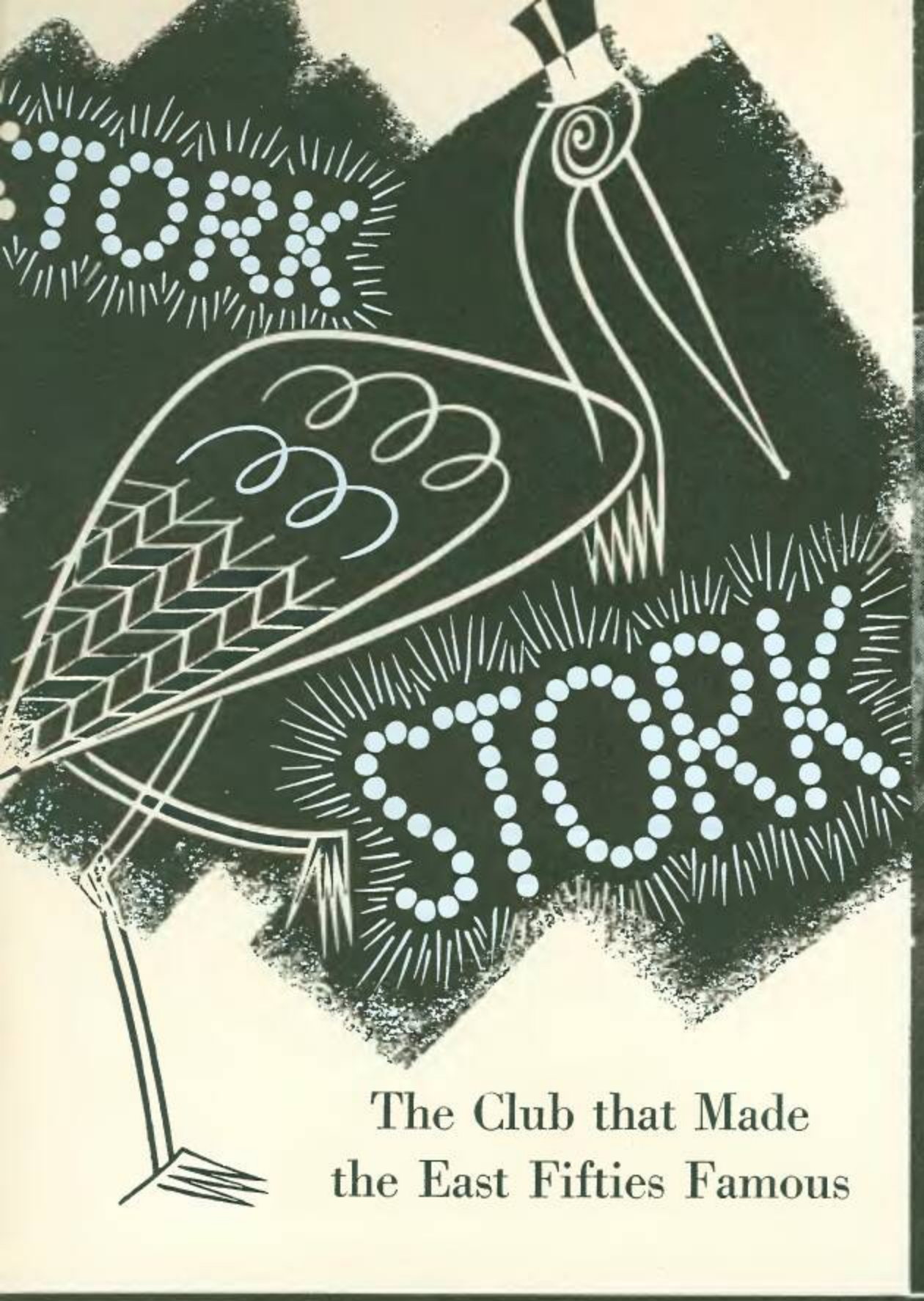
Open Mon., Wed. till 8, Sat. 6

Jones, Greek dreams with Thomson, cataleptic Gothic trances with Pugin. Mr. Henry-Russell Hitchcock, Jr., alludes to some of the earlier English modernisms in his admirable introduction to the catalogue, but I would carry the first examples further back than he does. The great country houses that were built in late-Tudor days made a huge swath with the chief prefabricated material of the day, glass. Conventional architects, who think that the cult of the big window is modern, should take a look at Bramhall Hall: a continuous band of windows covers the whole façade.

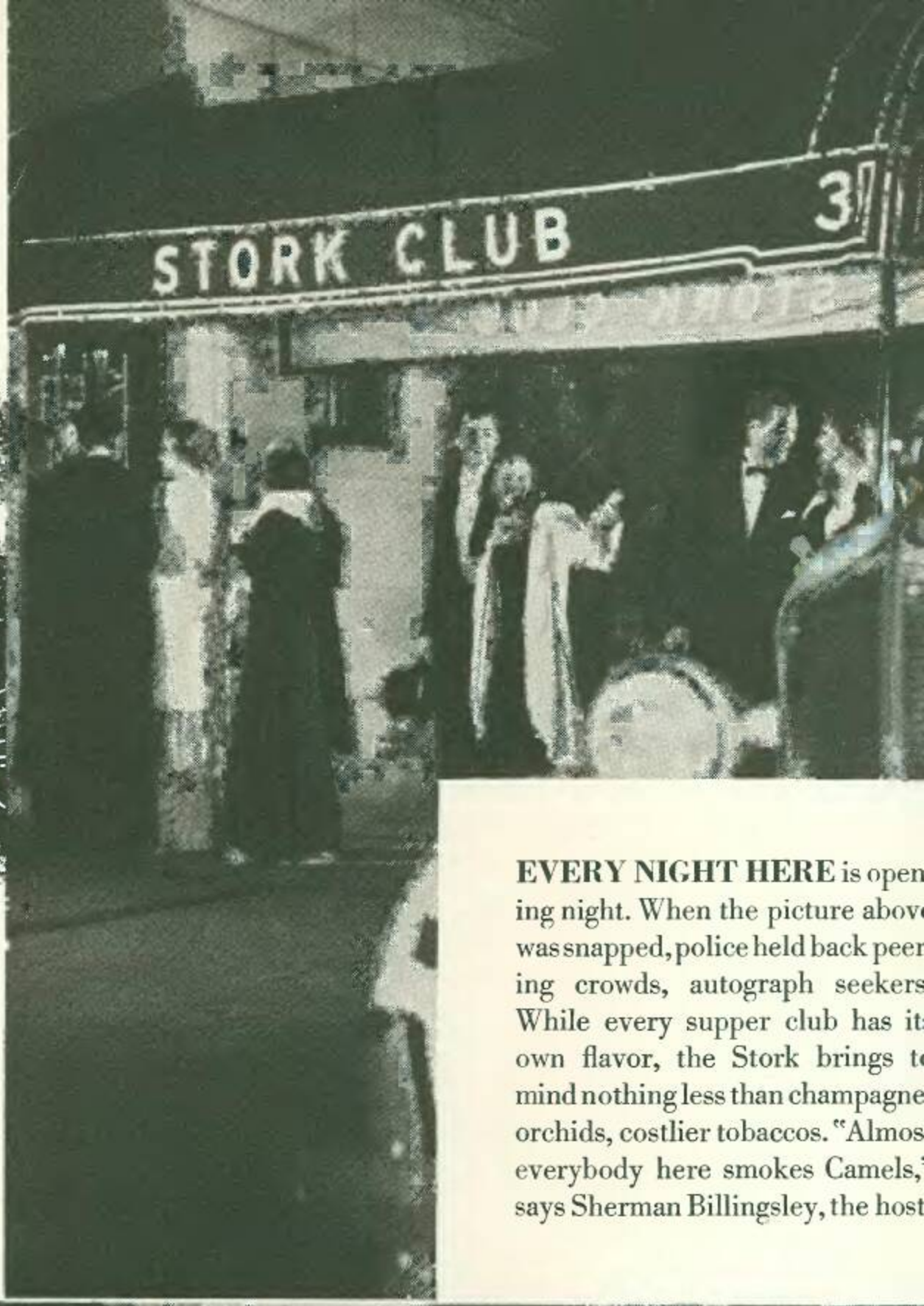
There were two other periods of remarkable vitality in English domestic design: one between 1790 and 1830, and the other between 1890 and 1910. During the first period, houses were built all over England that were on a level, in the straightforward use of functional units, with those Adolf Loos began to build in Austria around 1900. The windows corresponded in size and placing to their actual usefulness in the interior, and no attempt was made, beyond an occasional fanlight, to introduce a single tag of Renaissance decoration. The English have a way of doing these important things in a fit of absence of mind, and then they let other countries take up the idea and develop it. This is what happened to the second outburst of modern design. It produced half a dozen architects of great importance—Voysey, Baillie Scott, Mackintosh, Parker, and Unwin—but the work of these men failed to start a general movement. English gentlemanliness, English good taste, that heavy lump of intellectual impermeability which is summed up in the words Eton and Empire, got the better of English vitality and originality. I have questioned some of the architectural survivors of this movement as to why this early "free architecture" did not develop further in England. My question bewildered them. It had never occurred to them that the failure of modern architecture to take root in the country that had fostered it could present an intellectual problem.

NOW modern architecture is on a fourth round in England. For this particular awakening, three influences are mainly responsible: the building boom of the thirties, the fertilizing influence of Russian and German émigrés, and the superior general culture of the more enterprising British businessman. Please note that the first hearty acceptance of modern design





The Club that Made the East Fifties Famous



EVERY NIGHT HERE is open
ing night. When the picture abov
was snapped, police held back peer
ing crowds, autograph seekers
While every supper club has its
own flavor, the Stork brings t
mind nothing less than champagne
orchids, costlier tobaccos. "Almos
everybody here smokes Camels,"
says Sherman Billingsley, the host



A TYPICAL TWOSOME *(left)* lost in intimate chat as they ease late-hour tension by smoking Camels. Candid shots of the Great-at-Play bring the Club so much publicity that sight-seeing busses point it out. One question always asked is why it's named the Stork Club. Nobody remembers why. No use wondering about it.

SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY, *(above, left)*
owner, formerly of Enid, Okla. He started
out with a shy smile and little money. He's
still shy, but now his home address is Park
Avenue. "Camels," he says, "are certainly
the popular cigarette at the Stork Club."
(above, right) **Chef Gustave** thinks nothing
of having choice stone crabs flown up from
Florida waters. Just so he can serve them
that same day. They're very good.





FROM 7:15 ON, the Club is music-bound. When Gus Martel *(above)* wants to give his rhumba band a rest, Sonny Kendis and his boys saunter into position — and the fun goes on without a moment's loss of rhythm. There's the Havana mood for those who rhumba, and sweet music for those who don't. Something for everybody.

A STORK'S EYE-VIEW. *(right)* Painted on the ceiling, the stork presides over white ties, Parisian gowns, fragrant smoke of Camels. As part of the service, Mr. Billingsley hands out orchids. Another touch of genius is his New Year's Day party. It's by invitation only. Caviar and jeroboam of champagne for every table. In gratitude, his guests return and pay 75 cents even for a glass of milk.

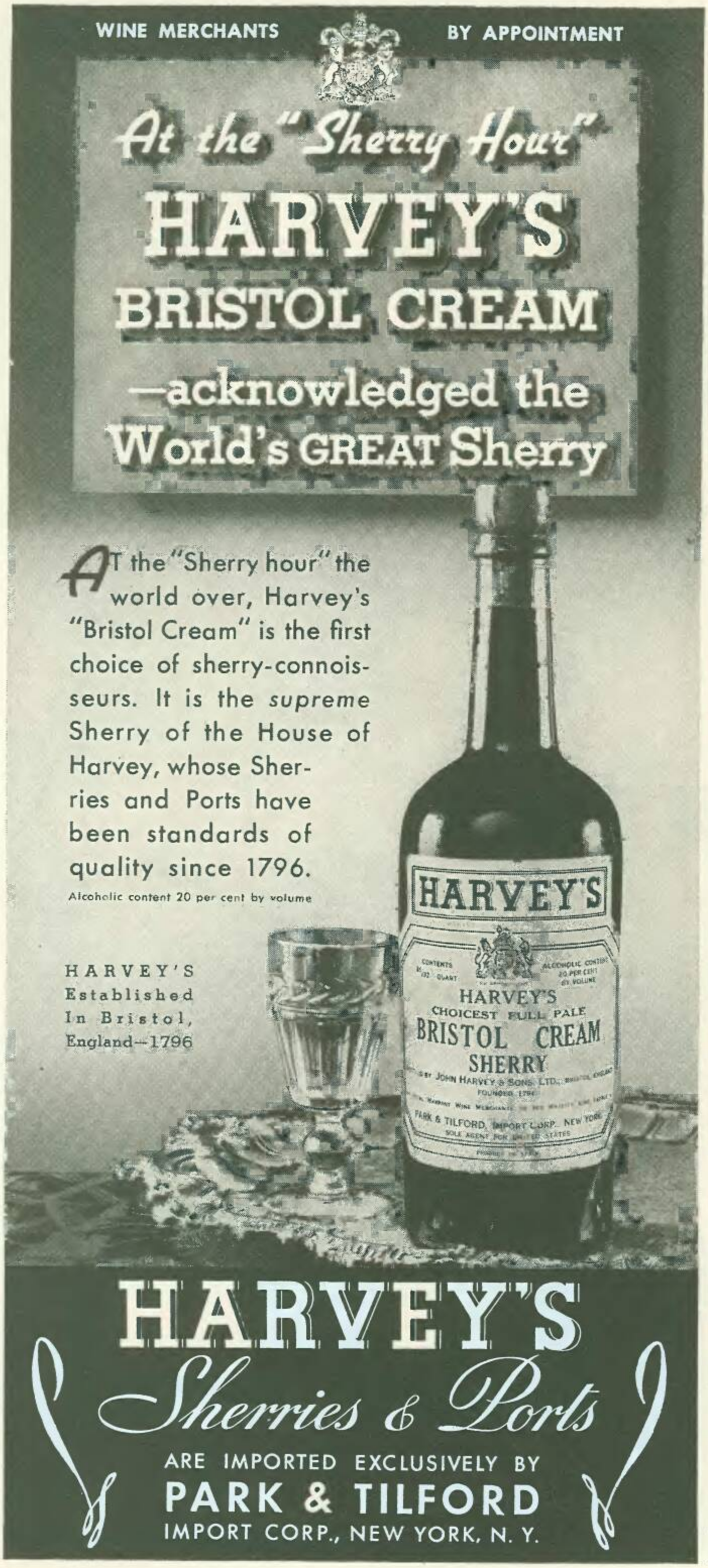
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SMOKING CAMELS is good fun too. When you're tired, Camels give your energy a "lift." When you're tense, Camels ease the strain — *never* get on your nerves. And smoking Camels helps digestion. Speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Increases alkalinity. So, above all, smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

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came from the same corporation that had used the handsome landscape posters of Edward Kauffer—the London Underground. My only criticism of the excellent exhibition Miss Fantl put together for the Museum is that the photographs of London Underground stations were not given the position of prominence and the large format that they actually deserve. In point of design they are much more fresh, and much more of a positive regional adaptation to a universal tradition, than some of the dwelling houses that are in the present show. The Wood Green Station and the Southgate Station of the Piccadilly line are admirable solutions of quite different problems: each is free from the vice of stereotyped thinking and from that narrow painter's formalism which has dogged so much of the Continental experiments in modern design.

There are some healthy tendencies in this English work, and they should perhaps be emphasized. One of them is the unabashed use of traditional materials like stone, wooden clapboards, and brick, instead of clinging to the cumbrous forms of concrete. Even under the best conditions, concrete is an unlovely material, more valuable for its moral qualities, its solidity, its durability, its usefulness as an alternative to steel columns and girders, than for its aesthetic charm. Concrete has so many legitimate uses in the modern world that it need not be wasted on small houses. Another good point is the fact that some of the best designs have broken away from the dogma of the rectangle, that limiting bequest of Cubist painting. The circular bay and the spiral staircase of Mendelsohn & Chermayeff's design for the De La Warr Pavilion at Bexhill-on-Sea are as sound as they are gracious; so, too, are the bays in Burnet, Tait & Lorne's Royal Masonic Hospital at Ravenscourt Park, and Tecton's design for the elephant house at the Whipsnade Zoo. The notion that a machine age, based on the use of the wheel and the dynamo and the propeller, should deprive itself of the use of curves in its free designs is a curious superstition that has nothing to do with the real form of machines, and even less to do with architecture. In fact, one of the admirable features of our vast range of modern materials and constructional methods is that they afford a structural freedom here which more than compensates for our chaste ornamental restraint. The cult of the streamline—otherwise as foolish for stationary objects as the dogma of the cube—has at

DROPS FROM THE BUCKET



How's your thirst for entertaining and competent reporting? Good? Good. Then perhaps these sample paragraphs from an average issue of The Sun will whet your taste for more.

* * *

THE MEETING after thirteen years of Bill and Joe Hardin was just about as odd. Bill, from Albany, N. Y., was in a Marianna, Fla., lunch room when a man from Tampa fell into conversation.

"I've a brother in Albany," said the Tampa man.

"Of course you have," said Bill. "He's me." And darned if Joe didn't and if Bill wasn't.

NEWS ITEM

IT APPEARS that a great legislative reform has been under way in Michigan almost without notice beyond the borders of that State. A kind of gentlemen's agreement requires that the Senator who introduces the one-hundredth bill in that body shall give a dinner to his colleagues. This year, after the ninety-ninth had been presented, there was a pause. One Senator suggested that the penalty be waived on the ground that no Senator is prosperous enough nowadays to pay for thirty-two dinners all at once. To the everlasting credit of his associates it should be said that his proposal was promptly tabled.

Can it be that here, at last, a practical way has been found for damming the flood that swamps all our legislatures? Maybe not, but at least a great idea is sprouting. It will not be enough, of course, to penalize hundredth bills only. Nobody can say when a Senator may receive an inheritance or draw a prize in a lottery. There should be a progression of penalties. For the hundred-and-first bill there should be a dinner with cocktails and liqueurs; for the hundred-and-second a dinner with cocktails, liqueurs and corsages of orchids for the wives of Senators; and so on until there is distribution of testimonial watches and diamond bracelets.

AN EDITORIAL

TOMBSTONE of today has not only its full share of modern comforts but enough of the early-day attractions to justify a visit from tourists passing through. All of the old haunts such as Schieffelin Hall, O K Corral, where the gun fight occurred, the famous Crystal Palace Bar, the picture gallery of fat theatrical favorites, adorned with scant raiment, for that period (but greatly overdressed for our present-day demands) ; operated by W. L. Lombardi, son of the founder, the Bird Cage Theater, still standing, remains a hallowed spot. As far back as the 80's this little more than a mere shack was filled almost to the bursting point by a mixed audience willing to pay $5 a seat; $20 for a box stall; $1 for a shot of red eye and $20 for a bottle of champagne in the green room, which brooked no loitering beyond the time required to swig the quart.

"BOB DAVIS REVEALS"

IN THE UNCERTAIN LIGHT the pair found a man struggling in the water. He would rise to the surface, let out a lusty scream and then immediately disappear. This, they decided, was very, very droll, and then when the hapless one started down on what was most assuredly his last dive, they caught him by the jacket and hauled him, unconsciously, over the side.

Here, then, was a pretty kettle of fish. They didn't want to take their guest with them on the tanker, and it hardly seemed in the Christian spirit to toss him back. Casting about for a way out they decided to raise the cry of man overboard alongside one of the passenger ships, turn their charge over to the officer on watch and hurry off.

ROBERT WILDER IN
"On The Sun Deck"

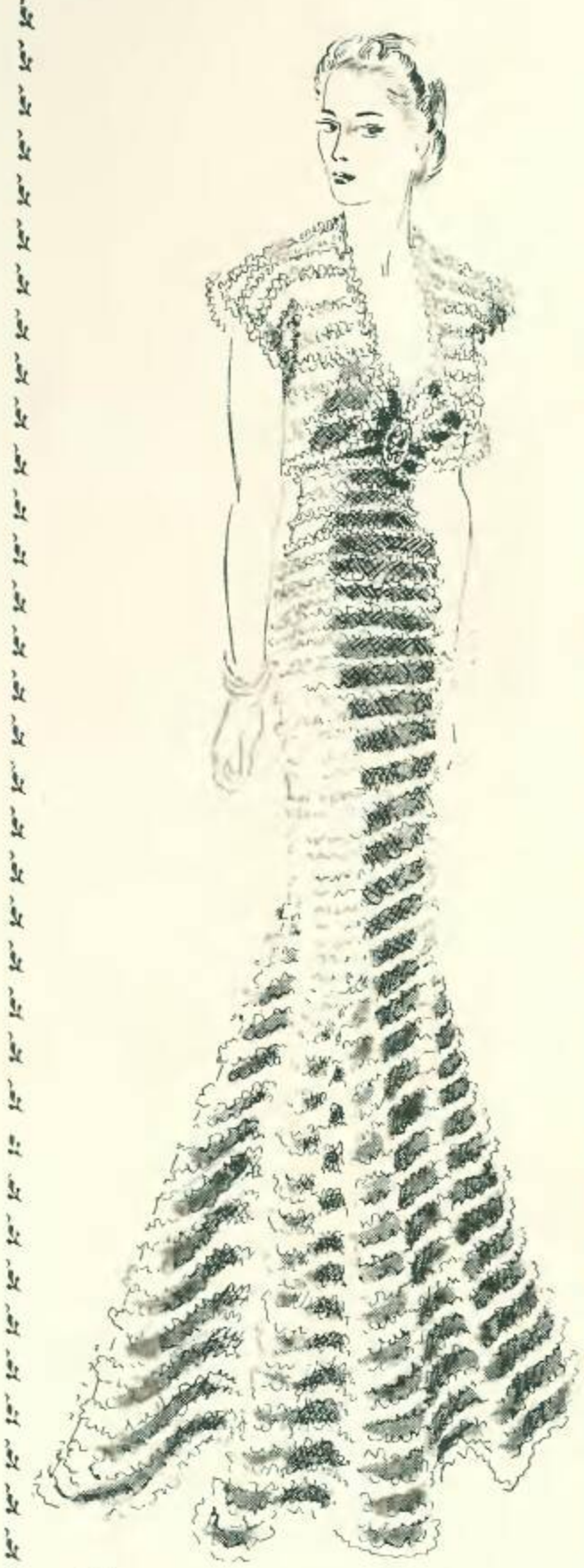
WHIMSY WAS RAMPANT YESTERDAY, with the judges, Gloria Vanderbilt, Hal Phyfe, photographer, and Kenneth Murchison, architect, giving first prize to "Gone With the Wind, but Will Return in an Hour." Elizabeth Churchill, the artist, said that the painting was "not art because there's nothing there." She received two bottles of champagne and said: "Surrealism? Never again," before drinking the champagne.

NEWS ITEM

IN THE SOUTHERN REPUBLIC even the money changers get their cut. Because of Government interference in the coffee market in Sao Paulo the traders refused to take any more lickings. They went on a strike and refused to quote, buy or sell any more coffee. As a result the Government has seen a great light and instructed its agency, the Coffee Institute, to reimburse the traders for their losses.

CARLTON A. SHIVELY
in His Financial Column

The Sun
NEW YORK



SPRING SONG..

Gallant rows of shirred ruching, culminating at the hem, make brilliant finish to a marquisette bolero, á la Paris. Huge jewel for trimming. Glamor in gray, toast, black, or aquatone (sizes 10 to 20—fourth floor) . . 49.95

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MILGRIM

SIX WEST FIFTYSEVENTH, NEW YORK
CLEVELAND • DETROIT • MIAMI BEACH
WHITE PLAINS • EAST ORANGE

least accustomed the eye once more to curved surfaces.

The only example of flexible architecture in the present exhibition is the Gorilla House in the Regent's Park Zoo, which has a circular sliding wall that is capable of turning the open-air cage into spacious indoor quarters. Now that the aesthetic side of modern architecture has won over even the British, it is time that more thought was spent on creating adjustable interior arrangements. It is not nearly so important that exterior walls should be transportable as that interior walls should be adjustable to new conditions in living, and new needs. The open type of plan, as used by Frank Lloyd Wright and Van der Rohe, only partly fulfills this requirement. We should have a method of construction that will permit the interior units to be remodelled at will from year to year, even from month to month, if necessary. Until this is invented, modern architecture will not yet have stepped into long pants.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

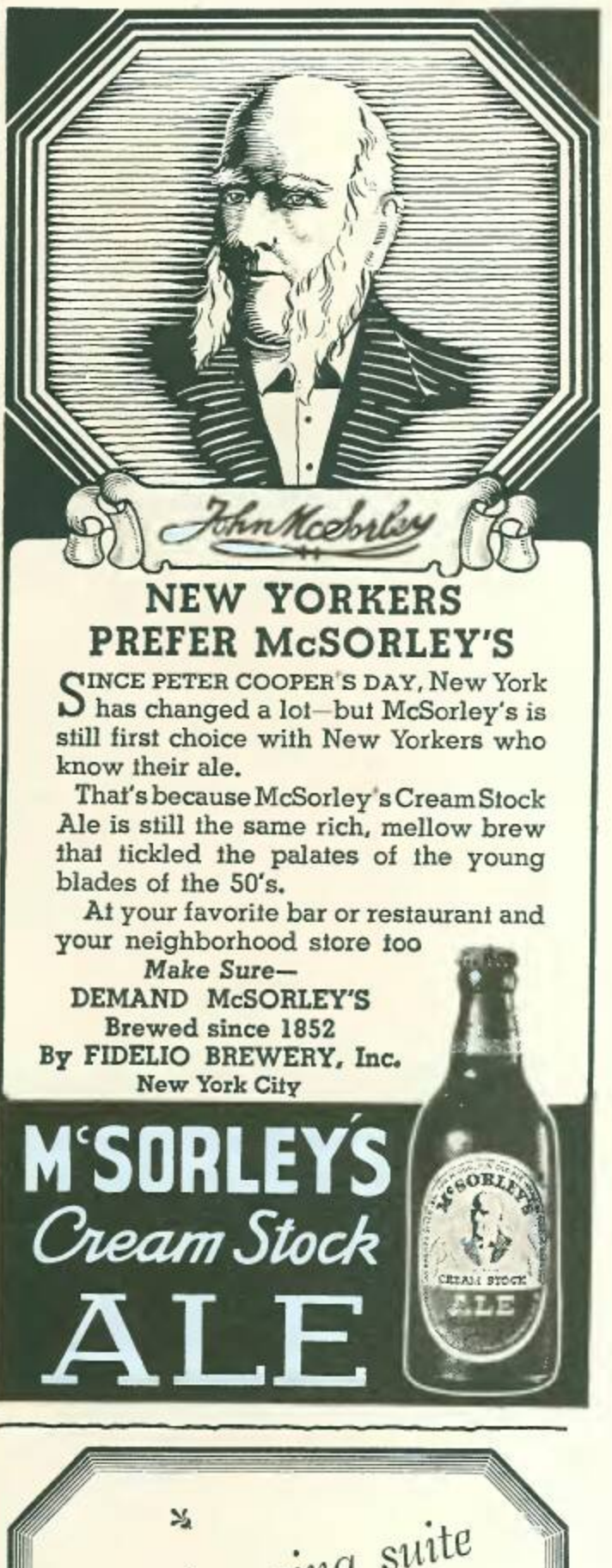
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SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

[*From Contest Magazine*]

Household Magazine's "Breakfast Food" naming contest resulted in the following winning names:

Bumble Crisp
Cromograne
N-Vities
Cerelure
Brunchies
Red D Crisps
Startaday
Tastigrain
Permacrisp
Queen B Malted Wheat
Cremalt Crispies
Honey Lunch
Eatum Crispies
Pal-at-Tables
Barley Duke
Golden Cluster Flakes
Nutri Lushies
Marigold Breakfast Food
Elf Wheaties
Crisp-eats
Brawnergy
Nuchi (Nutritious New Chew)
Breakfast Glory
Dawn Vigor
Temptasty Flakes
Richoo (Rich Chew)
Wheatonic
Budget Flakes
Big Kernel
Nuggets Krunch
Cream of the Sheaf
Luxury Flakes
Honi-Lushus
Grainectar
Breakfast Nuggetts
Rosy Dawn Wheat Flakes
Nutrinu
Crisp-O-Gold
Grane Flakes



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SINCE PETER COOPER'S DAY, New York has changed a lot—but McSorley's is still first choice with New Yorkers who know their ale.

That's because McSorley's Cream Stock Ale is still the same rich, mellow brew that tickled the palates of the young blades of the 50's.

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By FIDELIO BREWERY, Inc.
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for you..in the city
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IN NEW YORK
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AT THE NEWEST
Sazarac
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and the ever-popular Sazarac at 112 Greenwich St. in the financial-district for Luncheon and Dinner.

CONTRIBUTION TO SCIENCE

IT pleased Dr. Brinkerhoff to see a middle-aged man contemplating the exhibits in the Biology Museum on a Saturday morning. This was something of an event, for the Museum really wasn't much of anything—a tiny, inadequate collection housed in a modest room in the Science Building—and it was seldom visited, even by the students. After installing a recently acquired specimen in one of the glass cases, since this was the errand which had brought him to the Museum, Dr. Brinkerhoff went over to the stranger and asked him whether he was enjoying the Biology Department's small hoard of curiosa. The stranger said that it was very enjoyable. He seemed to be guiding himself about by means of a copy of the College Directory, which he was holding much as a tourist holds a Baedeker.

"I'm trying to kill a little time," he said, "before I meet my son for lunch at his club. He's on a geology trip this morning. Maybe you know him—Howard Dillon? He's a sophomore."

"No, I'm afraid I don't," said the Professor. Then he beamed approvingly. "And so you decided to honor the Museum with a visit. What an excellent idea. Have you a professional interest in biology, Mr. Dillon?"

Mr. Dillon said apologetically that he didn't know much about the subject, and that he wasn't a college man himself. "I studied it a little in school," he went on, "only we called it botany." Dr. Brinkerhoff explained with enthusiasm that biology, which treated of life and all living organisms, embraced botany, which was merely the science of plant life. This led him to inquire whether Mr. Dillon had ever had occasion, in the botany course, to observe the behavior of living organisms under a microscope. Mr. Dillon replied that he hadn't.

"Perhaps you would like to do so," suggested Dr. Brinkerhoff hospitably. "The unicellular forms of animal life can be just as entertaining as the exhibitions one sees in the average zoo. Personally, I find them much more remarkable. My office is nearby, if you'd care to look at a slide or two."

Mr. Dillon appeared to be grateful for the proposed diversion, and admitted that he would like to see how a microscope was operated, if it wouldn't take too much of the Professor's time.

"Oh, no," Dr. Brinkerhoff assured him. "This is Saturday, and I'm de-



Olga Rosen's
LesPompons
(Copy)

Here again—

THE MERRY MADCAPS
from Paris



Anny Blatt's
Les Pommes
(Copy)

Temperamental and absurd knitcap oddities with frolicsome details, the very spirit of youth and Paris in the spring. Wear them at a precarious angle with your town and country clothes. They're the height of chic. In beige, grey, navy, wine, green, brown, black. Exclusively and inexpensively—
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Wanda Kofler's
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Bloomingdale NEW YORK

Neither pirates nor fire could halt this business



Gibbs Soap, introduced to the world by Alexander Gibbs in 1712, flourished until the Napoleonic wars when piracy seriously interfered with the firm's export trade.

Since that unfortunate period, save for 1889 when our works were completely destroyed by fire, our business has grown steadily.

D&W GIBBS
COLD CREAM
SOAP

EST. 1712

25¢ AND 40¢ THE TABLET

voting the whole day to clearing up all sorts of odds and ends. By the way, my name is Brinkerhoff."

His new acquaintance said "Walter S. Dillon" in a businesslike tone, and they shook hands. Dr. Brinkerhoff led Mr. Dillon out of the Museum and down the corridor to a small office, which was a chaos of battered oak furniture, files, biological supplies, apparatus, and loose papers. The air was heavy with a strange conglomeration of odors, and Mr. Dillon sniffed it respectfully.

"I won't be a minute," said Dr. Brinkerhoff. He disappeared into an adjoining laboratory, and returned with several slides. "We'll take the amoebae first," he said, as he adjusted the lens. Mr. Dillon, however, was allowing his attention to wander. He noticed a series of wire cages lined up against one of the walls.

"Say," he remarked with interest, "you've got some white mice over there."

Dr. Brinkerhoff nodded, and drew Mr. Dillon's attention back to the microscope, which was now ready. The visitor obediently peered through it. Paramecia constituted the next attraction on the program, and while Dr. Brinkerhoff was adjusting a new slide, Mr. Dillon glanced furtively at the white mice, which evidently attracted him. He allowed himself to be introduced to the paramecia, and listened politely to the explanatory remarks with which Dr. Brinkerhoff accompanied the peep show. But as soon as this was over, Mr. Dillon gave vent to his curiosity about the white mice.

"What do you do with them?" he asked, going over and kneeling beside the cages.

"I use them in connection with a number of heredity problems I've been working on," said Dr. Brinkerhoff. "Recently I've been inbreeding various strains, and looking for inherited characteristics."

"The fellows certainly are cute!" said Mr. Dillon. "Are they pretty tame?"

The Professor said that some were,



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and some weren't. He explained that the intelligence of the mice varied as a result of the breeding. "Perhaps you'd be interested in seeing them run a maze," he continued, and, after examining a little chart, pointed to two cages. "Both of these mice have run the maze an equal number of times, but owing to their varying degrees of intelligence, one mouse finds it difficult and the other finds it comparatively easy."

While Mr. Dillon explained that he had kept white mice himself in his youth, Dr. Brinkerhoff brought down from a shelf a little maze constructed of old cigar boxes, and gently placed a mouse in the centre. It sped about in a businesslike manner until it came to the exit. The Professor scooped up his intelligent protégé, and replaced it in its cage. Then he put the second mouse in the centre of the maze. It ran up and down the twisting lanes, frequently retracing its steps, and never seemed to make much progress.

"Dr. Lawton, one of my colleagues, has nicknamed her Miss Jukes," observed Dr. Brinkerhoff. "She's probably as feeble-minded as a mouse can be." He lifted the unfortunate Miss Jukes out of the maze, and returned her to the cage. "I believe Lawton's name for the other one is—er—Wise Guy."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Mr. Dillon admiringly. "You wouldn't believe it if you hadn't seen 'em do it, would you?" He waggled a finger at Wise Guy, and made clucking noises, with snatches of affectionate conversation thrown in. "Hi-ya?" he inquired tenderly. "Hi-ya, boy?"

It was at this point that a great idea occurred to Dr. Brinkerhoff.

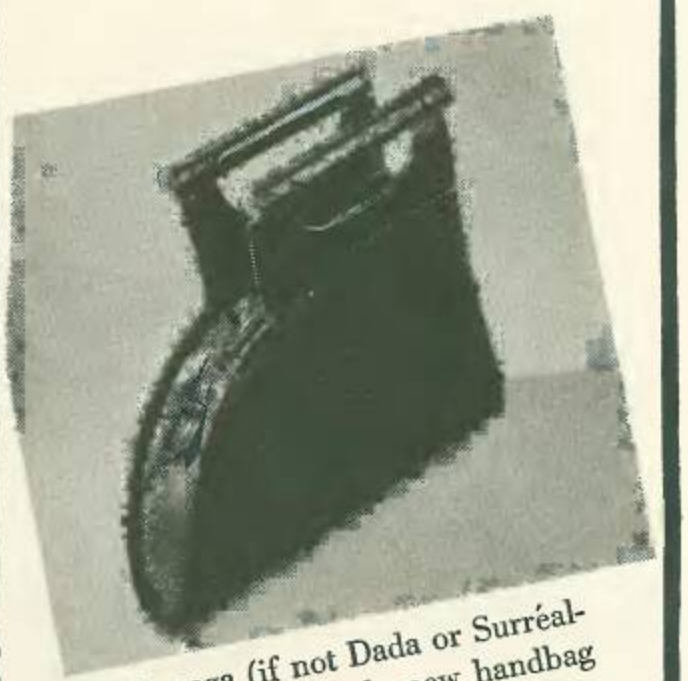
"In my annual report to the President," he said, since the moment clearly was propitious, "I have always stressed the need for a live-animal house in which the Biology Department could keep the mice, rabbits, frogs, and so on which we use in connection with the laboratory work. Unfortunately, the President has never found it possible to include a live-animal house in the budget." At this point Dr. Brinkerhoff employed what he hoped was guile. "Tell me, Mr. Dillon, don't—er—don't you think we should have an animal house?"

"Absolutely!" said Mr. Dillon with conviction. "I certainly do. If the President would let you have one, where would you put it?"

Dr. Brinkerhoff led him to a window. "Right down there, where you

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Rainbow Room

see the students' bicycle rack," said the Professor. "What I've had in mind is a fairly small building, something like a florist's greenhouse, with plenty of glass to admit the sunlight. Several years ago Mr. Brett, one of our instructors in draughting, visited the live-animal house at the Rockefeller Institute, and designed a simple little affair for me, but one which incorporated a number of the Institute's ideas. I still have the blueprints somewhere in the office."

He rummaged in the drawers of his desk, and found Mr. Brett's plans. Mr. Dillon pulled two chairs up to the desk and sat down in one of them, apparently with the intention of going over the blueprints in a methodical manner. Inasmuch as Dr. Brinkerhoff had never attempted a stratagem of this sort before, he could scarcely believe it was really succeeding. Flushed with the excitement of guilt, he sat down beside Mr. Dillon and they discussed the glamorous project of building a home for live animals.

"Brett tried to keep the total cost under three thousand," said Dr. Brinkerhoff, "but he also drew a plan which included a section to accommodate reptiles." Here the Professor unrolled a second blueprint. "This one also provides for a short passageway leading from the animal house to the Science Building. We already have a door on the south side of the Science Building, near the bicycle rack. You may remember it."

Mr. Dillon nodded.

"With the reptile section *and* the passageway," said Dr. Brinkerhoff, treading Elysian fields, "Brett estimated that the cost would be thirty-five hundred, or thereabouts."

"Reptiles?" inquired Mr. Dillon. "That means alligators, doesn't it?"

Dr. Brinkerhoff explained that snakes were what he had been thinking of, and Mr. Dillon's eyes brightened. For half an hour or more they sat there comfortably, plotting a number of details. Although Mr. Dillon had not exactly committed himself to financing the undertaking, he had let it be known that he favored the more ambitious blueprint, and that he considered thirty-five hundred dollars a perfectly reasonable sum. Twice he said, "Well, I guess we'll have to do something about it," and it was clear from his tone of voice that "we," in translation, meant "I." When he remarked, in the course of conversation, that he was an officer of a manufacturing company of which even Dr. Brinkerhoff had heard, the

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last traces of doubt vanished from the Professor's mind. His great triumph, of course, would lie in the fact that President Galbraith had had nothing whatever to do with securing the forthcoming boon. There would be none of the usual self-congratulatory tone in the President's voice when he announced the gift publicly. Instead, he would have to say, "Owing to the progressive effort and foresight of the Chairman of our Department of Biology," or something like that. Dr. Brinkerhoff glowed with complacence as he thought of the President's being obliged to give the credit for such a coup to a mere professor.

"What do you keep in those bottles?" Mr. Dillon asked, after glancing thoughtfully for several minutes at a row of jars on a shelf over the Professor's desk. "I can't figure them out."

"Embryos," said Dr. Brinkerhoff, looking up at the jars, but thinking more particularly of how he would break the news to the President—quite casually, as if getting an animal house was an easy matter, if you knew how to go about it. "They represent the different stages of pre-natal growth. I brought them up from the stockroom yesterday to illustrate a lecture."

"Embryos," repeated Mr. Dillon thoughtfully. He seemed to be searching his memory in an attempt to find the meaning of the word. For a moment or two he studied the contents of the jars, and then, as it slowly dawned upon him what embryos were, he turned an unusual shade of gray. "You don't mean *babies*?" he exclaimed in a shocked voice. "Those aren't real *babies* up there?"

Dr. Brinkerhoff admitted that they were, and reached for one of the jars, since his guest seemed interested in the collection.

"Don't bother to take them down. I can see all right from here," said Mr. Dillon hastily. Then he gave the Professor a look of dark suspicion. "Where did you get them?"

Perhaps Mr. Dillon's conception of the scientific life had been influenced by Hollywood, where sinister persons like Lionel Barrymore are forever performing gruesome experiments in subterranean, cobwebbed laboratories. Anyway, it was evident that he didn't like the idea of babies in jars.

"Oh, I got them from a firm that sells biological supplies," said the Professor. "They gave us a very generous discount on a set of five."

"I don't think young people ought

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to study things like that," said Mr. Dillon abruptly. After giving the Professor a scowl of disapproval, he stood up and consulted his watch. Then he made an effort to be courteous. "Well, it was nice of you to take so much time and show me around. I think I ought to go now. It's nearly twelve o'clock."

He walked to the door, escorted by Dr. Brinkerhoff, who asked him anxiously whether he wouldn't like to take the blueprints along with him and examine them at his leisure. "I really hope we can do something about it—*soon*," said Dr. Brinkerhoff, remembering that this was the correct idiom.

"Yes," said Mr. Dillon politely. "I hope you can."

He shook hands with the Professor, and went away.

—James Reid Parker

• •

THE SONG OF BUSINESS

"... some of the cunningest American literature is to be found in advertisements.... These advertisements are *almost* prose-poems.... Business is discovering the individual, dynamic meaning of words, and poetry is losing it."
—*D. H. Lawrence.*

[The following dynamic prose-poems were taken practically verbatim from advertisements which appeared in *The New Yorker* of November 14th, 1936. They were used to hymn the wares of the following companies: I, Italian Tourist Information Office; II, Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham; III, Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*; IV, Yardley; V, Pierce-Arrow; VI, Bergdorf Goodman; VII, Steinway; VIII, Coty; IX, Saks-Fifth Avenue.]

I

Beautifully flowered Ligurian Riviera,
Sunkist Sicily,
Taormina and Palermo . . .
Colorful Naples . . .
Rome and Florence . . .
Sestriere, Mendola, Cortina, Claviere.

II

Dramatic, radiant
Star sapphire surrounded with
diamonds;
Favorite among the colored stones
So much in vogue.

III

The tempo of home life
Speeds up the wheels
in the nation's factories.

IV

Hailing a new reign
Now comes a procession
Of great days and gay nights
In London.

And in its honor
A festive new perfume,
Already floating on every wave of
excitement
And every breeze.

V

No one can say
That the thrill of the highway is dead,
That pride of ownership
Is gone.

VI

King and Commoners,
The fantastic and the marvelous,
Carnival at the Ritz . . .
And frosty fox skins glowing somberly
against the ermine.

VII

Some strange, compelling power
Binds children and parents
Together.

The young mother sings her child to
sleep;
The boy begins, at the piano, his
venture into
realms of gold.

And friends,
Light-hearted, gay,
Repeat the songs of youth.

Music brings to every home a rich
measure of joy;
It is the inspiration of the new generation,

The tranquil refuge
Of those whose fuller years
Have come.

VIII

Winy and heady
As a champagne cocktail . . .
Provocative and delirious
As a masked dancer.

IX

Bright flash of scarlet
when dancing . . .
Gleaming golden heel . . .
Subtle revelation
of dainty toes,
Lovely in silver and gold.

—Richard W. Armour

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Old Schenley Brand Extra Quality Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are **3** years and 4 months or more old. 30% straight whiskies, 70% grain neutral spirits. 15% straight whiskey **3** years and 4 months old. 10% straight whiskey **5** years old. 5% straight whiskey **8** years old. *(90 proof.)* **Old Schenley Brand Quality Supreme** Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are **8** years or more old. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains, 40% straight whiskey **8** years old. . . . . *(90 proof.)*

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STAGE
THE MAGAZINE OF AFTER-DARK ENTERTAINMENT

GILBERT MILLER Productions

LAST WEEK!
RUTH GORDON
in William Wycherley's
The Country Wife
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43 St.
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

TOVARICH
with
MARTA ABBA and JOHN HALLIDAY
PLYMOUTH Theatre, West 45th St.
Evs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

HELEN HAYES
in
Victoria Regina
BROADHURST Theatre, W. 44 St.
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

Guthrie McClintic presents
KATHARINE CORNELL
presents The
WINGLESS VICTORY
by Maxwell Anderson
Empire Theater

John Gielgud—Judith Anderson
HAMLET
LAST WEEK
Katharine Byron—Lillian Gish
ST. JAMES Theatre, West 44th St. of B'way
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
HIGH TOR
Burgess Meredith
Peggy Ashcroft
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. W. of 8 Ave.
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Opening of
Nick Bates' New
MERRY-GO-ROUND
Dancing, 22nd
Luncheon, Cocktails
Dinner and Supper
Decorated by TONY SARG
Vincent Lopez's Orchestra and Koretzky's Ensemble
Entertainment Inline
Original Maisonnette Revue
Madison Avenue and 54th St.
(49 East 54) Ela. 5-7262

SAM H. HARRIS' PRODUCTIONS
Smart, slick and slick . . . A lively and entertaining show.—Brooks Atkinson, Times
"STAGE DOOR"
by George S. Kaufman & Edna Ferber with
MARGARET SULLAVAN
MUSIC BOX 45 St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"SEASON'S BEST COMEDY"
—The New Yorker
"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU"
by MOSS HART & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
BOOTH Thea. 45 St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
(By arrangement with Stanley Harwood)
BUT FOR THE GRACE of GOD
by Leopold Atlas
GUILD THEA.
52nd St. W. of B'way
Evs. 8:40. Mat. Thurs. & Sat. 2:45

LAST WEEK
OF THE
PULITZER
PRIZE PLAY
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood with
ALFRED LUNT & LYNN FONTANNE
SHUBERT Thea., 44 St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTIONS
1ST YEAR SMASH HIT
"★ ★ ★ Riotously Funny."—Mantle, News
BROTHER RAT
BILTMORE Thea. W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2ND YEAR SMASH HIT
BOY MEETS GIRL
by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK
COHAN Thea. W. 43 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURES

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ON THE STAGE | BORRAH MINEVITCH & HARMONICA RASCALS
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in M-G-M's "CAMILLE"
CAPITOL B'WAY & 51st St.

NORMAN BEL GEDDES presents
DEAD END
by SIDNEY KINGSLEY
"DESERVES THE WHOLE TOWN'S IMMEDIATE AND RAPT ATTENTION."—Gabriel, American
BELASCO THEATRE 44th St. E. of B'way — Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"You MUST see it."—Brooks Atkinson, The New York Times
MESSRS. SHUBERT present
BEATRICE LILLIE & BERT LAHR
in VINCENTE MINNELLI'S NEW MUSICAL
THE SHOW IS ON
BENNETT MITZI HAYES
GARDINER-MAYFAIR-HAAKON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Evs. 8:50 Sharp
MATINEES THURSDAY and SATURDAY, $1 to $2.50

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William Kitty
GAXTON • CARLISLE
in ERIK CHARELL'S
WHITE HORSE INN
International Musical Comedy Success
Center Thea., 45th St. & 8 Av. Evs. 8:30—$3.85 to $1. Mats. Wed. 35c to $2.20. Sat. 55c to $2.75.

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Tues., Thurs., Fri. Evs. 8:30—Sat. Mat. 2:30
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$2.50 to $1.00 Call Circle 7-7000, Ext. 328

"One of the most fascinating plays of the season."—Lockridge, Sun
JESS GORDON presents
THE WOMEN
A New Comedy by CLARE BOOTHE
CAST OF 40 — ALL WOMEN
Ethel Barrymore Th., W. 47 St. Ch. 4-2728
Evs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

BOB HOPE
"RED HOT and BLUE!"
STAR-STUDDED MUSICAL COMEDY HIT!
ALVIN W. 52 St. Evs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT 9
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BARBIZON-PLAZA (58th St.-6th Av.) THEATRE
Box Off. CI. 7-7000, ext. 125. Seats $1 to $2

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LAWRENCE GILLARD in NOEL COWARD'S
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THREE PLAYS BY NOEL COWARD
Decor by C. E. Caldwell
For schedule see Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Sun.
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. W. of B'way
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

MOTION PICTURES

LEADS IN NEW YORK
LEXINGTON 54 St. & Lex. Av.
ZIEGFELD 54 St. & 6 Av.
72 St. 83 St. & B'WAY
Bing CROSBY
in "PENNIES FROM HEAVEN"
—plus—
Jas. LAUGHTON
"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"

CONCERT

JOINT RECITAL
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STRAVINSKY
Pianist
DUSHKIN
VIOLINIST
TOWN HALL Wed. JAN. 27 at 8:30
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35c

THE RACE TRACK

Luck—Money-Spinners—Maeriel for the Cup

IF there's anyone in racing who doesn't envy the luck of Townsend Martin and Willie du Pont, I can't imagine who he is. Martin bought Court Scandal from Jock Whitney at Miami last weekend, and won the Flamingo Stakes with him a few hours later. At Los Angeles, du Pont won the Santa Anita Derby, worth $45,425, with Fairy Hill, and the Santa Anita Handicap, worth $90,700, with Rosemont.



Winning $136,125 in a week is a new high for any stable. In fact, only five stables won more than that all last season. Of course all the money doesn't go into the du Pont china-dog bank on the mantelpiece at Fair Hill. It is customary to give ten per cent of the purse to the jockey, and as much to the trainer, which is pretty fine for Peters, who rode Fairy Hill; Richards, who rode Rosemont; and R. E. Handlen, who saddled both horses. Also, largess, the amount depending on the generosity of the delighted owner, usually is distributed among the stablehands, track help, and such. Ed Bradley once said that he gave most of the purse away after winning a Kentucky Derby.

Townsend Martin, I'm told, gave $7,500 for Court Scandal, with a contingency of twenty-five per cent of the $20,900 that made up the Flamingo Stakes purse. Not a bad bargain. Also, if he bet on his horse, and I believe that he did moderately, he received $93.70 for every two-dollar bill put into the totalizator. I daresay Court Scandal was sold because he wasn't considered top-class by his trainer, but as a matter of fact, most of the horses in the big stables are for sale if you're willing to pay what their owners and trainers think they're worth.

Martin, who came into racing last season, evidently has an eye for a horse. One of the colts he picked up at Saratoga last August was Bigey, who has won all of his three starts at Hialeah.

COURT SCANDAL, who is gray, three years old, and well named, being by Royal Minstrel out of The Colonel's Lady, ran well in the Flamingo Stakes. Never far behind Rudie and Eli Yale, he came up fast in the stretch, and pegged back No Sir, who had made a spectacular run after a poor beginning. I haven't lost faith in Tattered. As for Maedic, who let me down badly, I fancy he runs best on a muddy track.

I THOUGHT the broadcasting of the Santa Anita Handicap was better than usual: less histrionic, and more intelligible. Rosemont had that brilliant burst of speed I hoped he'd have. Obviously, he was the best horse in the race. I don't agree with those who say that Fairy Hill was lucky to win the Santa Anita; don't forget that he beat War Admiral and Maedic in the Great American Stakes. And please notice the race that Ptolemy ran. Last in the field of twenty-one halfway from home, he finished third.

WELL, Brevity developed leg trouble after his fast gallop, as I feared he would (isn't he the unluckiest good horse in the world?), and has been stopped in his training. Which puts a new complexion on the Widener Challenge Cup this weekend. Now almost everyone expects Finance to win it, because he won his last two races so brilliantly, but I shall stick to Maeriel, who has all the best of the weights.

Catalysis probably is the most promising two-year-old in Florida this season. She skipped so nimbly away from her field in the Nursery Stakes No. 2 that I wouldn't be surprised to see her beat colts, including Bigey, in the Juvenile Championship.

The Hon. George regrets that he didn't remember the old advice "Bet on the first horse you see in the paddock for the first race." The first horse he saw in the paddock last Friday was Recorder, who paid $190.80 on a two-dollar ticket in the tote.

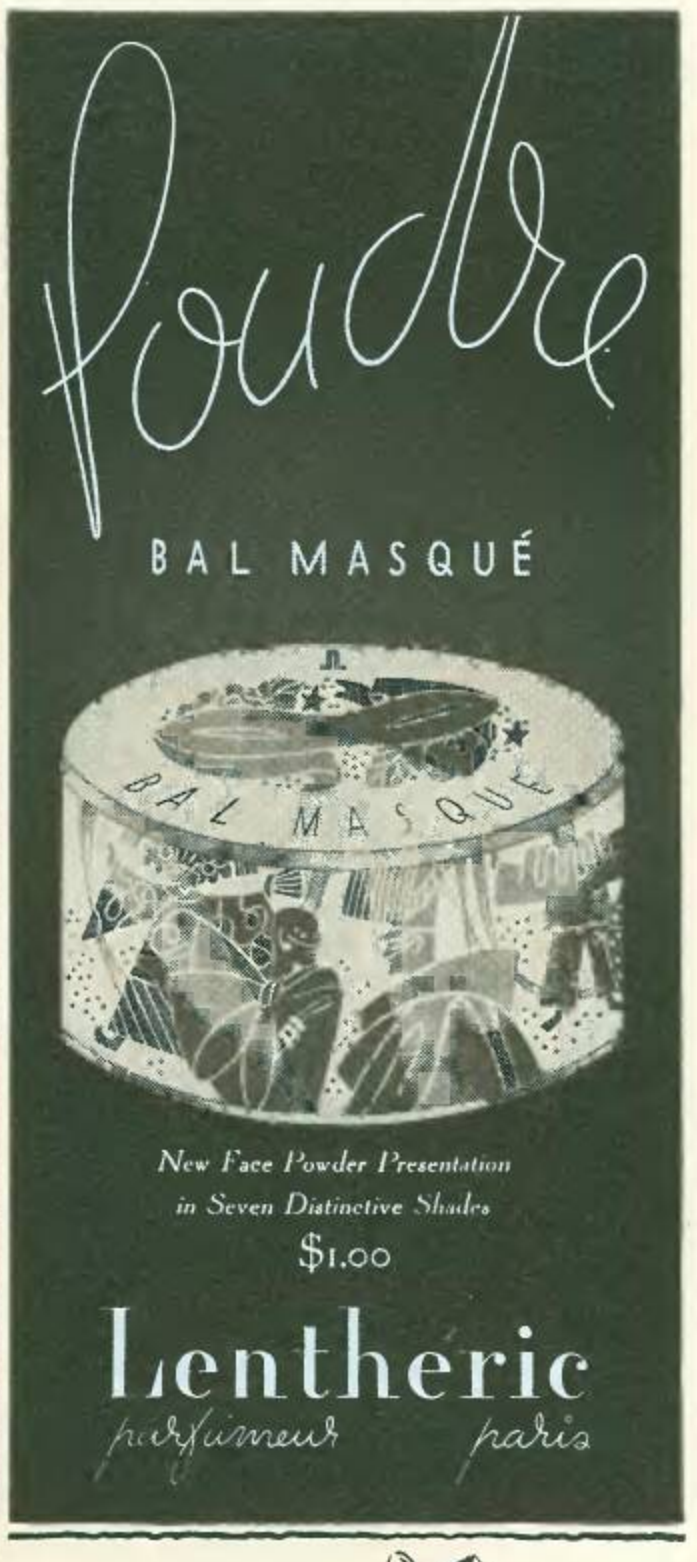
—AUDAX MINOR

•

They'll be sugaring soon, up where I came from. I can see the fires alight in the sugarbush east of Bridgewater. See the soft snow on the hillside and the great kettles full of maple nectar. I can smell the wood smoke and the unforgettable fragrance of boiling sap. It's almost time. The nights are cold, but the days are warm with promised springtime. There's a hint of glory in the air and the divine assurance of another and a newer birth. It's sugaring time up north, where gold and cold come together to make the liquid treasure whose secret only the elect may fathom. I am speaking of maple sirup.

—Ladies' Home Journal

We could have *sworn* you meant molasses.





Beau Bacchus
SAYS:
I do a lot of night clubbing with plenty of late hours, and I find if I stick to **MOËT** Imperial Crown (there are a number of its fine vintages on wine cards at better places), I'm up in the morning and ready to go.

MOËT & CHANDON
ESTABLISHED 1743
Champagne
IMPERIAL CROWN WHITE SEAL
LABOURDETTE IMPORTING CORP.
745 Fifth Avenue, New York

Cars Wanted?

THE major commerce of this continent requires, every day, more than a hundred thousand railroad cars of many types, available for loading wherever and whenever freight is ready to move.

And the railroads meet this vast and varied demand so smoothly that shippers take for granted that the cars will be on hand.

Thus, when the wheat crop is ripe, cars are moved from railroads that do not need them to the western roads that have wheat to load; similarly, coal cars are distributed to supply varying industrial demands; likewise, refrigerator cars are moved to the centers where perishable fruit and vegetable crops are ripe for shipment.

This involves not only a tremendous job of coordination but standardization to the point where *every one of two million freight cars must be interchangeable and usable in trains with every other car*—all parts must be standard replaceable parts so that repairs can be made in any railroad shop—or by emergency crews anywhere.

Typical examples of this standardization are these:

In the old days, there were 56 sizes and kinds of axles for freight cars—now, all freight cars are equipped with axles of one standard design in five sizes for cars of varying capacities.

Then, there were 58 different kinds of journal boxes—now, all cars have one standard design in five sizes for the different size cars.

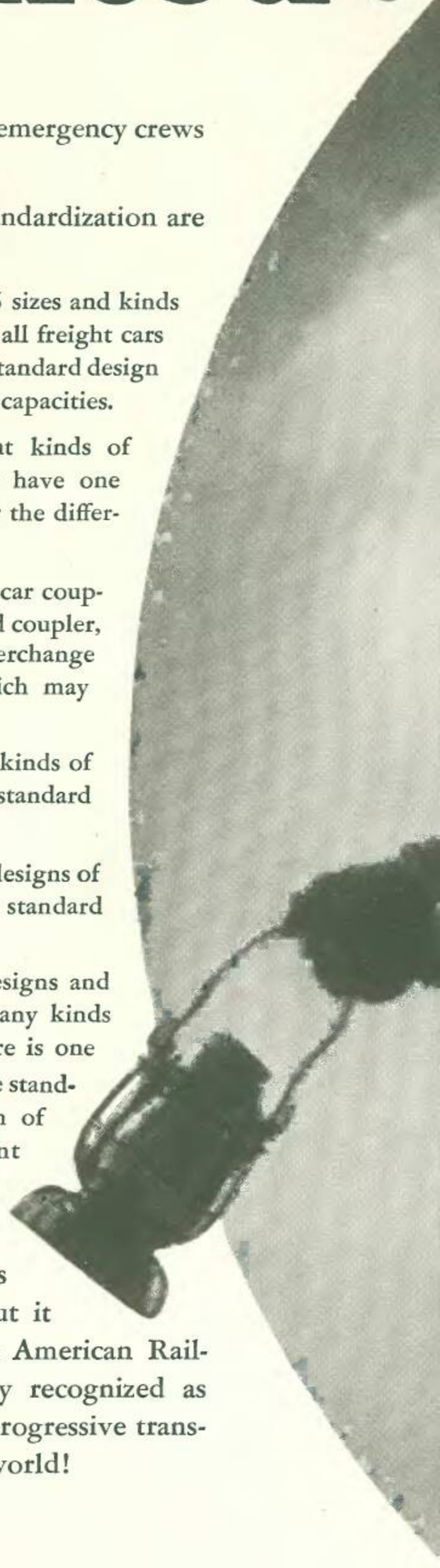
Then, there were 26 kinds of car couplers—now, there is one standard coupler, which will couple with and interchange with all previous designs which may still be in use.

Then, there were 20 different kinds of brake shoes—now, only one standard design is universally used.

Then, there were 27 different designs of brake heads—now, there is one standard design.

Then, there were numerous designs and kinds of brake beams, and many kinds and sizes of wheels—now, there is one standard wheel, and one standard brake beam design of three sizes for different weights of cars.

True, this is progress of a kind inconspicuous to the average eye, but it helps explain why the American Railroads are internationally recognized as the most reliable and progressive transportation system in the world!



CONTAINER RESEARCH SAVES SHIPPERS MILLIONS

Cooperating with shippers of everything from artichokes to automobiles, the Freight Container Bureau of the Association of American Railroads has helped to develop improved containers and packages, and to institute better loading and handling processes that save shippers millions of dollars a year in container costs and in loss and damage to shipments. New devices are patented by the Association and made available to shippers without royalty. In some cases damage in shipment has been reduced as much as 80% through these studies. This is but one of the many research activities carried on by the railroads in such diverse fields as Equipment Design, Combustion, Wood Preservation, Water Softening, Metal Alloys, Signals, Brakes and Rails. In these and in countless other activities of the railroads—

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

Coming Right Up!



TRAIL of ONE PULLMAN CAR in ONE MONTH

In a single month a typical Pullman car visited Toronto, New York, Miami, Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles—and encountered temperatures ranging from 6 to 86 degrees. Throughout that time air-conditioning kept this car at even spring-time temperature and always clean. Multiply this achievement by more than 8,000 Pullmans that cover over a billion miles each year, add the expert service of 21,000 Pullman employes, reckon the job of always having enough cars at the right places at the right times, and you get some idea of the enterprise required to maintain—on a nationwide, coordinated and uniform basis—this one phase of railroad service.

DO YOU KNOW

—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of operation the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 45 cents of every dollar the railroads take in go for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that 1,600,000 children are educated every year by the school taxes paid by the railroads?

—that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman accommodations now cost one-third less than before?

—that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

Just the Right Tie in 6 Seconds FLAT!



★ Campbell TIE RACK

No more hanging ties on door knobs and chandeliers! No more scrambling through a drawer, rumpling all your ties to find the right one!

★ There they hang on the four plated bars of the Campbell! A flip of the finger unlatches the lower bar—all four swing wide. You see every tie full length—a choice in six seconds is easy!

★ The bars are staggered...each farther out than the one above...providing for 32 ties without overlapping, or 64 by doubling up. Only 8¾" x 4⅝", the Campbell fits snugly on the inside of a door, or other handy place. Smartly finished in a choice of three colors—Black, Ivory or Red.

★ LADIES! Everything said about neckwear also applies to your BELTS, SCARFS, RIBBONS and WHAT-NOTS.

★ Ask at leading department stores, gift shops and men's stores for the Campbell. If unable to find it, send us check or money order for $1.00 ($1.25 outside United States and possessions). Be sure to specify the color you prefer.

CAMPBELL PRODUCTS CO.
287 No. Allen Ave. Dept. N-3
Pasadena, California



DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION, AMPLIFICATION, AND ABUSE

GLIDDEN BUICK CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

FEBRUARY 23, 1937

To the Editors,
The New Yorker,
GENTLEMEN:

Must we, at this late date, change our estimation of your sprightly publication?

We've always regarded your bright young men as particularly well informed and invariably up-to-date. The last word was something they always had on the tip of their tongue.

Now what do we find?

"And we know that General Motors doesn't make a touring car," says The Talk of the Town in your February 13 issue. "We know this because we tried to buy one recently."

It's too bad your Talk of the Town writer didn't call on us, for we could have shown him not one but two such cars in the Buick line.

There is the thrifty and nimble Buick Special Convertible Phaeton, with a 100-horsepower valve-in-head engine—and the six-passenger Buick Roadmaster Phaeton, that's a real ruler of the road.

We dare your young man to expose himself to either of these magnificent performers, for he may come to scoff and remain to buy.

Sincerely,
ARTHUR LEE NEWTON,
President.

DEAR MR. NEWTON:

I AM the bright youngster who wrote the paragraph about General Motors' not making any touring cars, and I can't sit here and let an old, old president of Glidden Buick bluff me down. *The New Yorker* may be badly informed on some subjects, but on the subject of touring cars we are a walking encyclopedia. I say a "walking" encyclopedia—we would be happy to be a "riding" encyclopedia, only we can't find a General Motors touring car to ride in. I bought a Buick seven-passenger sedan, Model 90, from you back in the winter of 1931 (weight 4,400 pounds, licence fee $24.25). It was the biggest car you had, and size meant a lot to me in 1931 and still does. Well, I paid cash, if you can believe it; and I never owned a more satisfactory car. It was a honey. I trucked things to and from the country in it—children, bitches in whelp, victrolas, ferns, boxes of books, comforters, skis, and go-carts. It held everything, from a baby's play pen to a 9½-foot dinghy, which fitted beautifully on top with the proper lashing. I never had a moment's regret about that Buick; and even when four gunmen swiped it out of a garage last winter and used it to stick up a bank in Ardsley, getting away with about ten thousand dollars, I was still proud of

Made from the "Receipt" of George Washington's Mother



By special permission of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Dromedary Gingerbread Mix is based on the 200-year-old private recipe of the Washington family. It is no trouble to make. Just add water and bake. We guarantee the most delicious gingerbread you ever tasted—or money back. Try a package. The Hills Bros. Co., 110 Washington St., New York.

10 Minutes from Wall St.

For a Limited Number of New Yorkers



Sixteen East Eleventh Street

JUST COMPLETED

The charm of the old—with the convenience of the new.

3-4-5-6 Rooms

Elevator

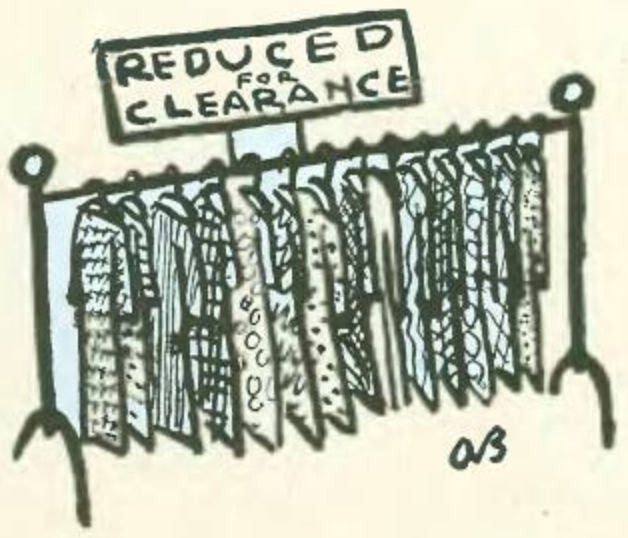
A most elaborate and attractive residential alteration. Unusually spacious rooms. High ceilings. Wood burning fireplaces. Gardens and terraces.

H. STANLEY HILLYER INC.,
21 University Place Stuyvesant 9-3223

the old bus. All the newspaper accounts of the crime admitted that the robbers, in a high-powered sedan, "easily outdistanced the police."

Well, the years roll on. Last November, at Auto Show time, when the whole city trembled with a strange consumer vibration, I felt the sap rising in me and decided to let myself go. And what car do you think I made up my mind to buy? I decided on a brand-new Buick touring car—as big as my old car and just as homey. You see, when I bought the sedan in 1931, I had a two-months-old baby and needed a closed car; but now I figured the child was ready for outdoor life. So I girded up my tempestuous loins and took a crosstown bus over to your place. Inside of three minutes I discovered that Buick *didn't make a touring car*, and you could have torn the heart out of me with a feather duster. One of your salesmen, loyal to his trust, put me through the paces with one of your thrifty, nimble, 100-horsepower convertibles, and, Mr. Newton, it may be thrifty, and it certainly was nimble, and I am sure it could lick 100 horses, but it ain't a touring car. I know, because I once owned a touring car (Pierce-Arrow 1922, distinguished though dishevelled) and I know what to expect. My definition of a touring car is a five- or seven-passenger, low-sided open car with no glass in it except the windshield and maybe a couple of old White Rock bottles. I stick to this definition, and you folks will have to, too. A convertible phaeton is O.K. for anybody who wants a convertible phaeton, but I want a touring car—T-O-U-R-I-N-G, touring. The car your salesman showed me wouldn't hold one-tenth the live animals, children, and household miscellany that I pack into a car at times. (My grandmother was a gipsy, and I always take everything along when I travel.)

When my wife, who is the ruler of my home, got into the back seat of your "ruler of the road" and took a look around the living quarters, there was no sale. She and I regard as the bunk the modern tendency to build an in-





So English! . . .

The casual air of these unlined English suits is quite important to the outdoor woman who knows correct sports style.

We imported six different models for your choice all made from the most aristocratic of all tweeds—Linton tweeds.

As a worthy companion to some of these suits, there is a matching or contrasting Balmacaan topcoat.

LINTON TWEED, UNLINED ENGLISH SUITS $85

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

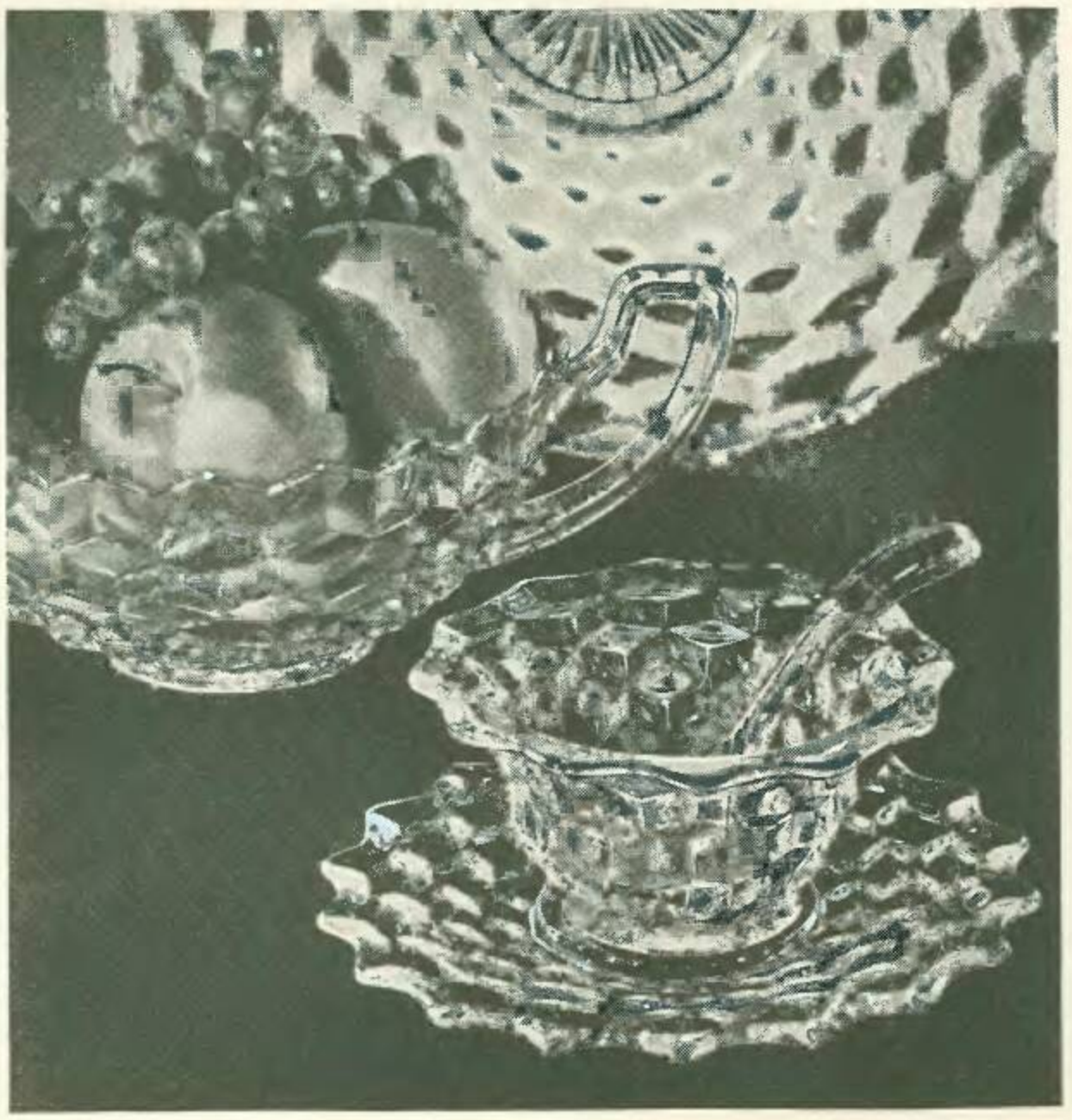
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

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A&F Co.

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

Celebrate with Fostoria!



Choose "AMERICAN" to give or to keep

GIFT-GIVERS, who select better things, so often request that the Fostoria trade-mark be left on. For this little emblem is recognized as "ear-marking" the finest of handmade crystalware. It distinguishes a gift appreciated for its timeless beauty and lasting quality.

Be it stemware with delicate etchings of inimitable charm, or the "American" Pattern of charming colonial simplicity . . . whatever it is, if it's Fostoria, the smallest piece is an alluring gift . . . *for yourself*, or for discriminating friends. Fostoria's Golden Jubilee Displays of gifts are now on parade in the better stores. You are invited to see them. The moderate prices will surprise you.

. . .

For further information on the many "American" pieces available, write for Folder 37-C, Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, West Virginia.

FOR 50 YEARS THE GLASS OF FASHION

Golden Fostoria Jubilee
1887 MADE IN U.S.A. 1937

board luggage-carrier where the back seat used to be, thus shoving the back seat forward till it practically unites with the front seat. Furthermore, this business of concealing luggage is not all it is cracked up to be. A man is more important than his luggage (or I like to think so, anyway), and I want a seat that is first of all designed to hold me and my cronies, and if that cheats the luggage out of a concealed position under the rear deck, I am perfectly frank about luggage: I don't mind having it piled up out in the open, where anybody can look at it. Furthermore, nobody can call a convertible an "open car" as long as the top makes a solid canopy over the rear seat, like an English pram, with not even a peek hole to look out of. The Buick which I exposed myself to in your salesroom was about as open as the back room of a 1928 speakeasy.

While I have your attention (or have I?), I may as well let myself loose on the whole trend in motorcar design. First of all, however, I should explain that while I am a crank, I am not a novice. My father owned a one-cylinder Pope Tribune, which he operated with undisguised suspicion, and we have been on wheels ever since. I like automobiles, and I wish them well. I hate to see them go sour, and the cars this year are certainly something to ponder over. They are brilliantly powered, wonderfully smooth, and foully designed by persons guilty of criminal negligence. They are so badly designed that thousands of people are committing suicide in them, because of an inability to see where they are going. Cowls are built up to eye level. Top of steering wheel at eye level. Rear windows nothing but slits. Side windows divided, so you can't stick your head out when necessary. Sills built up to neck level. Seats tilted back at lounging angle. Steering column set almost horizontal.

When I couldn't get a touring car from you, I sneaked away and bought a non-Buick roadster, because it had at least one outdoor seat and was fairly roomy all around. But it is a deathtrap, and I fully expect to kill myself in it. I can't see my right front fender. I can't stick my head out the window without busting myself a good crack on the skull. I can't even stick my hand out (supposedly a compulsory signal) without almost breaking an elbow. The top is so low that few people get in or out without scraping a hat against it. When I encounter a slight grade, the road disappears mysteriously from view and I have to fly the beam. When the rumble

seat is up, the rear-view mirror is worthless. I can't see the road for several yards ahead of my own radiator, which means that, starting from a dead stop, I am running the chance of hitting an invisible child or dog directly in front of me. There is an enormous blind sector to the right-rear, which makes it very difficult and dangerous to enter a highway from a road converging from the left. Even General Motors is worried about the death situation, and wistfully writes "Safety First" on its own instrument panels, together with a speedometer that registers 120 miles per hour.

For a man like me, who honestly wants a big open car—a car which gives you an out-of-door feeling whether the top is up or down, and which has a back seat with leg room—there is no answer, short of a used car or a custom-built car. You say, well, the public doesn't want it. Maybe so, but I am a member of the public and I want it pretty bad. The public takes what it can get. I didn't buy the car I have now because it was what I wanted, but because it seemed the nearest thing. The public is just the whipping boy for the industry's style experts, who are trying to out-streamline each other and who are so snarled up in their little chromium do-funnies and nutty refinements to take the eye of half-anesthetized people in the sluggish air of a salesroom that they are not doing their job as engineers. A car capable of going ninety miles an hour should give the driver every break as to vision, instead of shutting him up in a sort of hen coop. A car which can be backed should have some means of showing the driver what he's backing into. One of the saddest sights I know of is the sight of a rather short lady trying to maneuver a big modern car into a parking space—



Can Any Washable Wallpaper Stand Abuse Like This?

SMEAR WITH BUTTER... RUB WITH DIRT... SCRUB WITH BRUSH

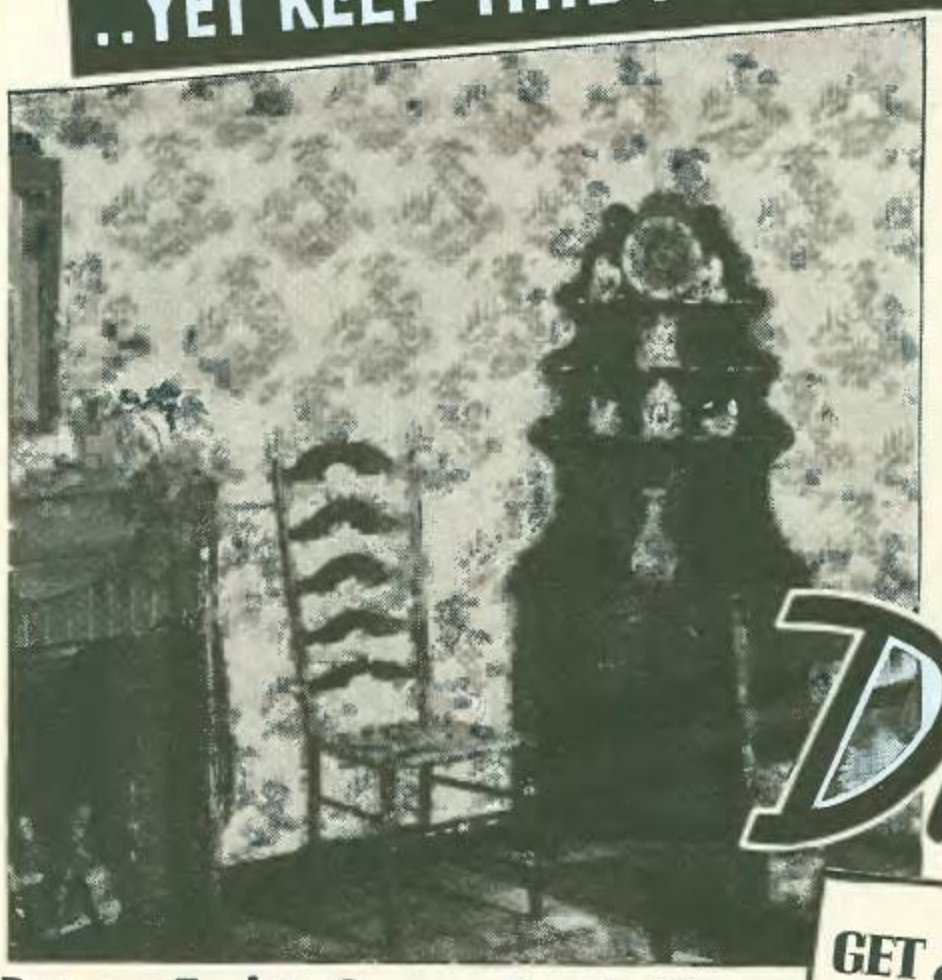


Rub butter or any grease on DURAY. See how it washes off without a stain or blemish. Could any other washable wallpaper pass this test?

Dirt cannot grind into DURAY's surface . . . but washes off completely—leaving surface spotless as new. Could any other wallpaper fail to smudge?

DURAY's rich, full finish comes clean without "fuzzing," water marks, rings or streaks. Could any other washable wallpaper take this punishment?

..YET KEEP THIS *FRESH, NEW* LOOK?



YES

NEW AMAZING

Duray

Puts an End to Grease Spots, Finger Stains, Ground-in-Dirt, Water Marks

IMAGINE the finest wallpaper you've ever seen—with a rich, soft finish, and smart patterns created by the foremost stylists. Would you dare wash it with soap and water—scrub it with a brush? *Yes*—but *only* if it's DURAY! Amazing DURAY is a revolutionary new development in washable wallpaper. Resists stain, grease, dirt, soot, finger and pencil marks, that ruin ordinary washable wallpaper. Yet, DURAY washes easily as tile, and comes up looking fresh and unblemished as new... free from water marks, spots or rings...even after scrubbing with a stiff brush and soap and water. Users of wall oil cloth will find DURAY's surface just as washable. Yet DURAY saves 25% and more, and is better styled.

Prove It Yourself That DURAY Keeps That Fresh New Look After Scrubbing

Send coupon for FREE testing samples of DURAY. Smear them with grease, grime or dirt. Then wash or even scrub them hard with plenty of soap and water. Watch DURAY's fine wallpaper finish reappear... as fresh as new. You can get DURAY from any good wallpaper store or paper-hanger.

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GET *Free* SAMPLE

Admire DURAY's lovely, soft finish of finest wallpaper. Then compare it with so-called "washable" wallpaper and see how DURAY protects you from costly disappointment, because

DURAY

WON'T STAIN—Grease, Moisture or Fingermarks can't penetrate into the paper's surface
WON'T WATERMARK—Won't spot or "ring"
WON'T RUN—Colors won't fade
WON'T GET FUZZY after washing
WON'T GET DIRTY quickly after each washing

Richard E. Thibaut, Inc., Dept. 1329, 24 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

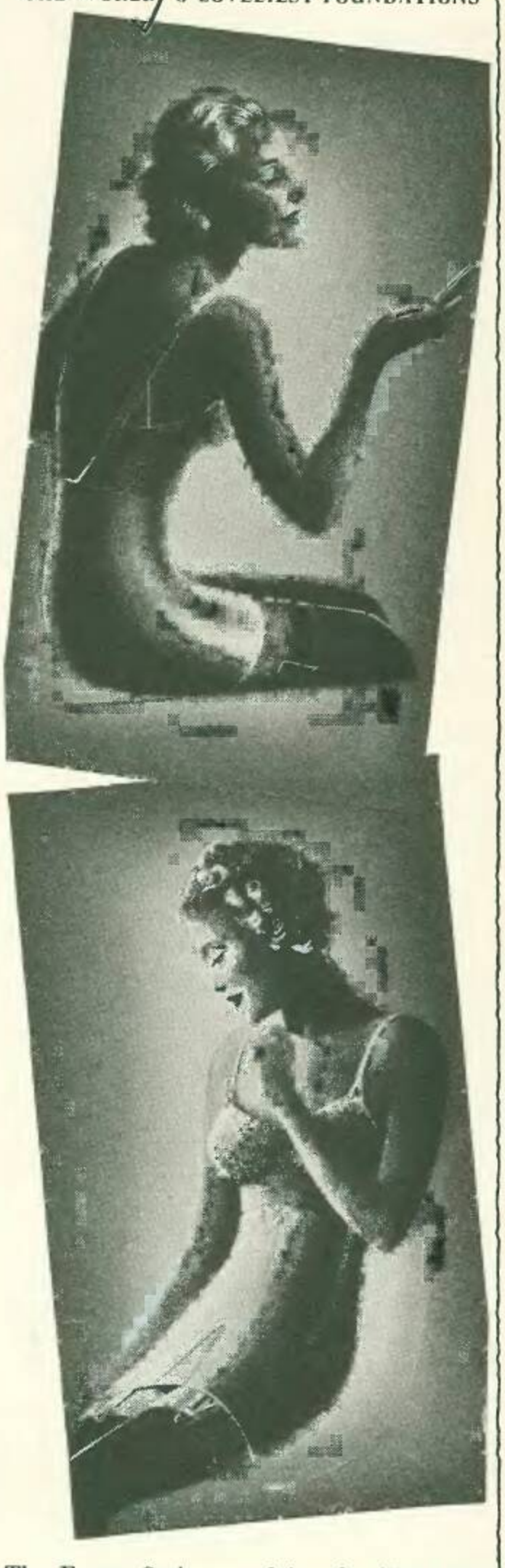
Dear Sirs: I want to prove to myself that DURAY holds its fresh new look after washing or scrubbing with soap and water. Please send me FREE stock samples of DURAY to test in my home.

Name .....

Address .....

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

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TWIN AND SUPER CONTROL *
THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS



The Easter Styles proclaim the FLEXEES silhouette! Shoulders carried with military pride...high breasts...definitely curved waist ...a thigh-line smooth, suave, absolutely controlled. Don't choose your new gowns—your important suits—until you've first been fitted to a FLEXEES. It's the only way to do justice to your clothes... *and to yourself!* $5 to $25. At good stores everywhere. Artistic Foundations, Inc., New York, N.Y.

wrapped up to the ears in automobile, she can't see the car in front, can't see the car in back, can't see the curb, all she can hear is the sound of the impatient taxis and the dull scrape of fenders.

Well, Mr. Newton, I don't know as there is anything you can do about it, or me. However, I am a willing and eager Buick customer. I stand ready to buy one brand-new Buick five- or seven-passenger touring car from you at any time, but it's got to be a touring car, and I've got to be able to see out of it in the way I used to see out of cars years ago, before they got so beautiful. I await the coming of the great day.

Your unhappy bright young friend,
P. B. PUBLICO

•

ANSWERS TO FAMOUS QUESTIONS

I

And what is so rare as a day in June?
—*"The Vision of Sir Launfal."*

A wife whose husband can appear
Ten minutes late on any scene
Without receiving, "Well, my dear,
Where *have* you been?"

II

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?
—*"The Lays of Ancient Rome."*

Ask any sybarite in town
If such an exit isn't worse
Than passing out on eiderdown
Attended by a comely nurse.

As for the gourmet, would he will
To die in battle's furious rush,
Or after having had his fill
Of almost anything *sous cloche?*

III

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon,
clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? —*"Song of Solomon."*

Her name might be most anything,
And so might be her age;
What Rubinstein and Arden sing
She greets as gospel page.

And so she stays both fair and clear
With pigments, creams, and lotions,
And spends a lot of time, I fear,
In calisthenic motions.

Il faut souffrir pour être belle
And keep one's figure youthful.
I'd almost rather look like hell
(I *do*, to be quite truthful).

—BAIRD LEONARD

Mansfield
for Men...Essentials for Good Grooming



Quality Shaving Needs—Shaving Bowl, Shaving Cream and Brushless Shave. Talcum, After Shave Lotion, etc.



BOURJOIS

LA MAISONETTE RUSSE



BUDAPEST NIGHTS!
NEW!...Hungarian entertainment with Hungarian music by Codolban's Tzigane Orchestra.
Dinner and Supper Dancing
THEATRE DINNER
7 to 8 P.M.—$2.50 per person
THE ST. REGIS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET



jalma IN A BIG CYLINDER
$3.50
Whether the purchase is a 25c Travel Pack for 8 washings, $1 flask for 50 washings, or the $3.50 Cylinder for 200 washings, Jalma washes dainty things immaculately, and will soak out ink, iodine, lipstick.
LEWIS & CONGER MC CUTCHEON'S
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ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Jalma, Lexington, Mass.

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to impress 70,000 important buyers—

SIZE to get the attention of your best prospects.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, FEB. 24



SCHIAPARELLI'S showmanship is one of the delights of a fashion reporter's life. This season, with a *coup de génie*, she establishes the dominant mood of her collection before you even set foot in the establishment. One of the famous figures in her ménage is a life-size carved and jointed ebony mannequin that usually lurks in a big armchair beside the stairs. It's an impressive, not to say sinister, figure, and coming upon it suddenly in the rather dim hallway was enough to give anyone a turn. Now this remarkable object lolls in the window of the shop, in a pose of giddy abandon. A floppy hat, heaped with big pink flowers, is perched on its head, and it wears only the scantiest of panties and a brassière made of pink carnations. After that, anything shown upstairs seems normal.

And a good thing, too, because you see plenty. We dealt with Schiaparelli's flower-basket hats, butterfly prints, and kindred springtime touches last week, but we didn't get around to mentioning the short-skirted evening dresses that have caused a good deal of discussion among fashion "experts" and buyers. Everyone agrees that they would be charming on very young girls or ingénue types, but no one is certain how much they will appeal to older women. The bodices are low and tight, with short sleeves or narrow shoulder straps, and the waistlines are so high the skirts start right under the bust. They reach just to the bottom of the calf, and are cut very wide, with stiff organdie or taffeta-and-horsehair petticoats maintaining a round, ballet-skirt silhouette. They don't look like peasant skirts because they are *cut* circular, instead of having gathered or pleated fullness. One model is in white organdie, printed with multicolored butterflies; others are made of Coudurier's opaque silk organdie with diagonal metal stripes. Padova's bandalette shoes or high Roman sandals of pastel kid are shown with these.

Pérugia and all the other *bottiers* are capering with joy over the newest evening-skirt lengths. The feet are almost never covered entirely, so tricky evening shoes can be shown off to the best advantage. Many skirts are instep and anklebone length all around, and so slim and narrow at the bottom that they must be lifted for walking; others are draped to show the foot and leg in movement. Full skirts clear the floor in back and show the instep in front, and the higher waistlines give the wearer a long-legged look. Not only are the waistlines all around town right under the bust, but a slim, snug line is maintained down to the hipbone, sometimes aided by an encrusted band of contrasting color or by a wide contrasting belt, like the pale-blue moiré affair that Chanel puts on a white organdie dress. To emphasize the streamlined hips further, material and attention are concentrated above the waistline. Alix, for example, uses quantities of drapery across the chest, and in the bulky, elbow-length, draped sleeves. Louise-boulanger likes wide net scarves or stiff ruffles around oval necklines and armholes.

FOR once, the more prosaic daytime clothes are almost as tempting as the evening things. Schiaparelli has completely changed the look of her tailleurs with a new and intricate cut on the jackets. It is not merely a matter of using a snug, fitted jacket with trim shoulders and a high, narrow waistline. There are also seams and seams back and front, with a dozen or more narrow gores from the shoulder seam to the waistline, often continuing to the bottom of the jacket. Tweed jackets have no fancy trimmings save an occasional pair of big pouch pockets below the belt, but on the dressier black woollen and black silk alpaca ones there are applied borders of baroque scrollwork cut from shiny, black patent leather or box calf. Bonwit Teller's Salon de Couture will have one of the best of these, a black silk alpaca with dull box-calf scrolls; and also a dark-blue tailored evening jacket with shiny white patent leather fashioning the same type of rococo trimming.

The Alix type of draped day dress is to be seen everywhere—in wool, silk, or artificial jersey, or in any of the numerous thin romains and quilted drapes. It has a slim skirt and snug waistline, with



"I think what's frightening you is the name 'cocktail dress.'"



AMERICAN ENKA CORPORATION • 271 CHURCH STREET • NEW YORK



Playa de Cortés

ON THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO

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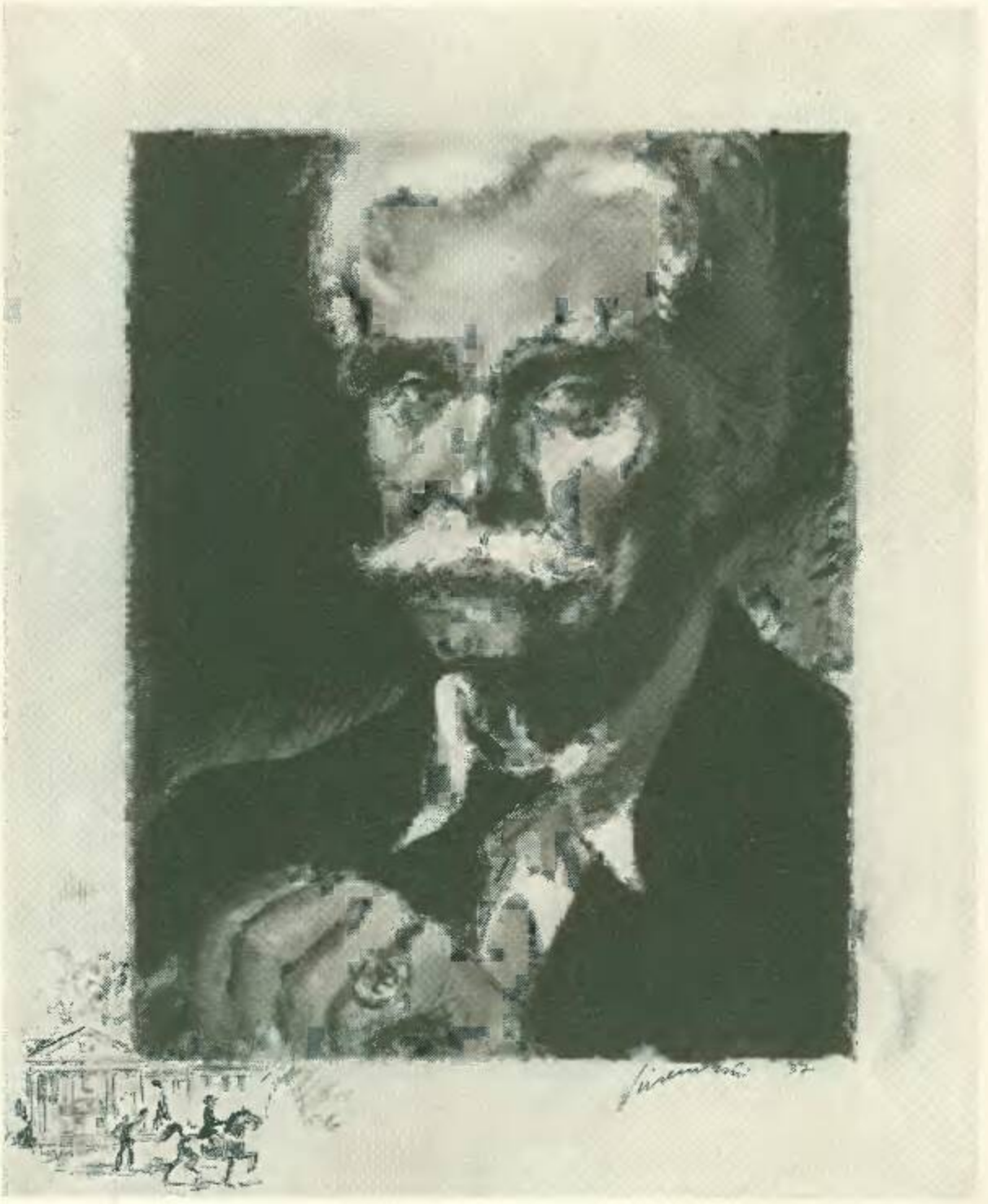
THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 43RD STREET,
NEW YORK

the drapery concentrated in the bodice, and short sleeves that tighten at the bottom, either just above or just below the elbow. Alix's own dresses are straight, semi-fitted, and worn without a belt. Their only rival is the sort of trim little tailored dress that Molyneux makes so superbly.

None of the couturiers have bothered much about printed dresses this time. Their idea seems to be to keep them simple as possible. They use neat tailored jackets, if any; or else a tailored redingote or straight loose coat of the same print, with a dark taffeta lining to match the background of the print itself. Schiaparelli has gone to a great deal of trouble to concoct short, loose jackets that may be worn as capes; a special roomy cut of armholes and sleeves makes it possible to put the jacket around the shoulders and tie the sleeves in front, like a scarf. Her prints have pastoral motifs, such as blue, rose, and mauve clover heads on white crêpe, or white honeycombs and yellow bees on black. Other folk like multicolored stripes, or all-over patterns of flower shapes arranged in striped patterns. —V. A.

AND IN NEW YORK—

WELL, there they go again, putting us experts on the spot. Every year, we endure the same travail. When I was an eager apprentice on a la-di-da fashion magazine, my high-priced boss said that fashions would not alter seriously for many years, because the current styles were so youthful and becoming that women would never give them up. Those styles look so quaint now that you will shriek denials when I say they existed only ten years ago. There were little round collars (so nice for women with short necks and wide jowls!), skirts ending at the knee (and you know how legs are), and belts quivering around the hips, which ordinarily are the widest part of a woman. People who save old snapshots to hoot over can tell you that even the young and slim looked as though they had bodies like rectangular boxes then. And everybody wore beige like mad, because beige was supposed to be the one color that was becoming to any complexion. It is curious how many women look like the devil in beige now. The cloche hat was universal, which was convenient, since you could wear the same felt affair day in and day out with everything, and only needed to rat your hair forward on the cheeks to achieve a coiffure. But it was a little tough on women who had ugly mouths or querulous jaw lines, because mouths and jaws were the only features that



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showed. Youthful, eh? Becoming to everybody, what?

Rebelliously, I wrote for the boss the news that short skirts and low waistlines were here to stay, because they were so sensible and set off the natural lines of the figure. Reluctantly, I viewed the slip of paper in my pay envelope which told me that I had jeered too loudly when waistlines rushed up to normal, skirts descended, and long lines came into the picture.

Now here I sit, gone gray in the service, faced with a problem: Whether to prophesy that waistlines will really come way up and make beautiful bosoms and small diaphragms chic this season—and that skirts will become even shorter and fuller, and thereby bring the kneecap back into the street scene—when I know full well that, whatever happens, I will first say that women will never adopt new fashions that are so ridiculous, and then wind up screaming that they are so youthful and becoming that women will never abandon them.

WHICHEVER way the new trends may take us, I cannot say that I will regret, to any great extent, the passing of the present mode. It isn't very interesting to see so many women well dressed and so few distinctive. When Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart has to go in for short, full peasant skirts at Palm Beach to stand out as a leader of fashion, elegance is at a low ebb. For the women in every big gathering now have a curious sameness about their appearance, despite the variety of their attire.

This, strangely enough, was not the case when women wore a uniform—when women went to Bendel and paid $250 for a Chanel that the saleswoman blandly conceded could be bought on Fourteenth Street for $12.95. The $20-a-week clerk wore the same model the senior partner's wife did, and each felt equally smug in it.

The great shops readily admitted, when confronted with an occasional angry customer, that their workmanship was so superior that no one with sense could think of the cheap copies as being in the same class, but I don't believe that was the whole story. Uniforms not only give personality a chance; they encourage it. The thousands of flappers and their mothers lived in the famous Bramley dress with the round-necked jumper and pleated jersey skirt. It was seen in offices and classrooms; it went shopping and tea-dancing. It was so easy a costume that you never thought of it again once you had put it on, and



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women who are relaxed about their clothes have a way of being extra-charming, in a careless sort of way. Whether your pearls were real or false, they glowed prettily at the necklines of hemstitched Vionnet blouses, but the difference between Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady was more marked than it is now. Chanel turned out dozens of little dark wool dresses with white piqué touches, and copies were seen as frequently at Foltis as at the Ritz when lunchtime rolled around. Those were the days, my children, when we had so real a fashion democracy and so complete a uniformity that no woman looked like any other.

Therefore, I beg Hattie Carnegie, Bergdorf Goodman, Jay-Thorpe, and the others to relax and get so snobbish that they won't acknowledge that a $14.95 dress is competition. The present reports from Paris sound strange, but a chic that includes comfort is just about due. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Spring Papers

EARLIER than ever, and at a pace which is enough to make your head swim, the spring wallpaper season is getting under way. Here in bleak midwinter (nobody gets *me* to recognize March as spring), with the opening of the new inn in Williamsburg, Virginia, still at least a month off, Nancy McClelland already is releasing duplicate rolls of the papers she made for the inn's Regency corridors and bedrooms. Clients can't wait to put them into their still-unopened country houses. Decorators are elbowing each other out of the way in the showrooms of Katzenbach & Warren, where a whole collection of brand-new beauties, ready for distribution at the drop of a hat, is starting a dozen trends at once. And the racks at Wolf Brothers are groaning under hundreds of Imperial washable wallpaper samples in bright new designs.

A great many people who never were reconciled to dark walls will be delighted to learn that the new collections haven't a dark background among them. Even the color labelled "plum" at Katzenbach & Warren is in the medium range, and more on the light side than the dark, at that. You'll see strong colors—billiard-cloth green, Harlem pink, reds verging on the orange—but none that are truly dark, and certainly none that are sombre. Even the grays and blues, of which there are a great

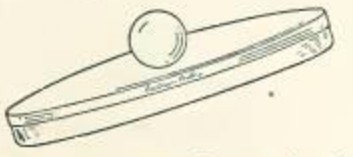
Glamorous HANDS *by* Barbara Bates



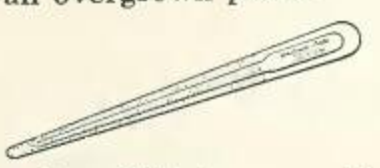
Put your hands under the spell of Barbara Bates' treatment. Her preparations will make your hands radiate with a glamorous new personality. Her *Pliant* Polish bends with the nail—never cracking or peeling. Little finger taps won't loosen its sheen a whit.



You'll keep 1,000 miles from dried out, brittle nails as long as you're loyal to her *Pliant* Polish. See her new shades...both cream and clear. Pretty and smart, all. You'll love her Lubricant Polish Remover. It cleanses the nail surface with gentle thoroughness.



new Ball Buffer in colors. **A right clever inspiration...removable chamois. It strengthens the nail...smooths the surface ...buffs away ridges. The ball handle might slip by as an overgrown pearl.**



new Smoothie. **Whisks away tiny rough edges gently and efficiently. With a guide rib. Fairy colors.**



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P.S. **Complete youthfulness and healthfulness for the hands is found in Barbara Bates manicure preparations and accessories. Nothing missing. See them at the better stores.**

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many, are rich and warm; and the new browns have shaken off that green cast and substituted a ruddiness which is going to cause headaches when people start trying to use them with last year's brown upholstery and curtain fabrics.

You can't make any sweeping statements about patterns. There are large ones and small ones, some wide-spaced, some crowded up close. Flower patterns seem to predominate, but vertical stripes, spotty medallion papers, toiles, and scenics are also present in large numbers. Borders, apparently, have come to stay. Nancy McClelland, who makes the most beautiful Regency borders in the world, even puts them on plain painted walls—wide, drooping swags around the top, or ribbon borders making panel effects.

Something, too, had to come out of the last several seasons' little flurries in ceiling papers made up to go with patterns for walls, and this is it: patterned ceiling papers used with *plain* walls, like a church or the Grand Central Terminal. Katzenbach & Warren thought of it. Their ceiling paper, Constellation, doubtless inspired by the Hayden Planetarium, has zodiac signs drawn in thin white lines against silver, plum, tangerine, or a tender lettuce green. It's $2.10 a roll, through your decorator. Plain wallpaper to match the background color is around $1; a braid border to set it off, twenty-four cents a yard. Lovely for a small study, an entrance hall, or a bedroom for an imaginative child. It will not surprise you, I think, to hear that Katzenbach & Warren also have a Surrealist paper. Happily, Surrealism fell into sane hands when it was taken up by this house, and the resultant design is first of all a wallpaper. It is even pretty. Unless warned in advance, you might easily sit in a room papered with it for quite a while before realizing that the scattered bouquets on the wall were made up of hands doing "handies," disembodied eyes, a flower with a clock face for a centre, and other symbols. A gag, of course, but nice; $3 a roll.

It's no use my trying to be brief



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about the rest of the Katzenbach papers. I am a fool for them, every one, but principally for Country Life, a document paper, like a series of old prints put together in a brick pattern; Kildare —Palladian houses framed in lush foliage growing out of cornucopias (wonderful in a screaming green, with the houses in lemon yellow); and Dahlias, which has the dahlias themselves, great, single, long-stemmed ones, scattered all over a wide selection of backgrounds. This selection includes two which, surprisingly, simulate wood grains—pickled pine, and a weathered, silvery gray, like the outside of an old barn. Sensational in a quiet way, and beautiful for the country. There are new panel sets in the place, too. One, a scenic done in modern technique, and probably the first of its kind, covers twelve running feet of lateral wall space and costs $180. Subject: New York, from the Battery to Central Park, where the topography becomes a little confused and leads you downtown again.

The other set of panels you will have to see to believe—Katzenbach & Warren have used it in their own reception room at 49 East 53rd Street. Its component parts are a marble background paper, pilasters with separate capitals and bases, a lattice chair rail, a cornice, and a series of action pictures, complete with continuity and fancy paper frames, these to be superimposed upon the marble paper. Your paperhanger will go nuts trying to put it together.

ANYONE who likes the effect of walls in plain, solid colors, but is a little weary of smooth surfaces, ought to like the textured papers by Imperial at Wolf Brothers, 68 West 45th Street. Most of them look like good, rough homespun, and are ravishing in white. One of these papers put on your walls, and a similarly rough-textured white fabric hung in deep folds at the windows and edged with a thick moss fringe, ought to add up to something lush in modern effects. You could line the curtains in a color, for instance, and repeat it in your fringe, or keep the whole background solid white. Most department stores have rough white curtain fabrics.

If you are accustomed to thinking of Imperial papers as strictly high-style and a little wild, the collections of conventional patterns at Wolf may surprise you a little, and please you a great deal. Conspicuous among them are dozens of flowered bedroom papers done in a simple traditional manner which can be coped with by any layman, without the



What's all this talk about the STEVENS

TALK, TALK, TALK—Groups here, groups there—drawing rooms, parlor cars, at the bar on the new streamliners. Excuse it please, we listened in.

The buzz was all about the new joy of living that has invaded The Stevens; new services stepping up the comfort for travel-wearies; the after-dark entertainment adventures beckoning those who like a flare to their living.

It's grand to know that people like the things you do to make life more pleasant for them—to hear so many of our friends marveling that so much *living* can be had for so little *paying*. This kind of gossip is a good thing.

Stevens HOTEL CHICAGO
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You've never tasted anything like these two new Underwood Puddings. Feather-light, ready to heat and serve, they are made in two distinct flavors: a rich chocolaty Fudge and a fruit-and-gingery Spice.

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IN A FINE WORSTED SUIT

Just the faintest pencil line of red and turquoise to tie up with your accessories. Softly tailored, English draped. Your first entrance this Spring must be in a suit. Brown or gray. Sizes 12 to 20.

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OPPENHEIM COLLINS—THIRD FLOOR

help of a decorator to tone up the rest of the room so it won't be hopelessly off key. Look for the paper with blue morning glories over a pink ground, or the same thing in yellow on dove gray; a stylized Queen-Anne's-lace pattern in all-white traceries against dusty pink or blue; a lily-of-the-valley paper, with the flowers tied up in tight little bouquets; another small bouquet design, drawn in precise Victorian technique, for all the world like a lot of little decalcomanias; and a repeat pattern made up of scallop-edged shelves holding potted geraniums and tulips, life-size. Washable, fast-to-light, and priced anywhere from fifty cents to $1.50 a roll, the papers in this group should be just what you want for spring in the country—informal and unpretentious, and stylish enough for anybody.

If you use one of them, it might entertain you to try trimming the room with enormous bunches of paper flowers duplicating those in the wallpaper. What brought this up is that I know a place downtown which would like nothing better than to make such paper bouquets to your order: Sue Williams, 89 West 3rd Street. Miss Williams and her cohorts will take on any flower you bring in, so the thing to do would be to carry with you a sample of your paper and let them work from that. They like doing their flowers in preposterous sizes, good and dramatic and frankly fake, like the ones department stores use in their spring displays. You could order twelve-inch stalks of lilies of the valley, for example, to place in big white plaster vases near that lily-of-the-valley wallpaper. They will even make the plaster vase for you. —B. B.

•

The duke of Norfolk and his bride received 1,200 presents, including a brood mare, ninety-four ash trays, sixty-one lamps, three fur coats, two puppies, and one large cheese.—*From a Chicago paper.*

His best bet is to wrap up the two puppies in the three fur coats, give them the cheese to nibble on, and let the brood mare take the responsibility.

•

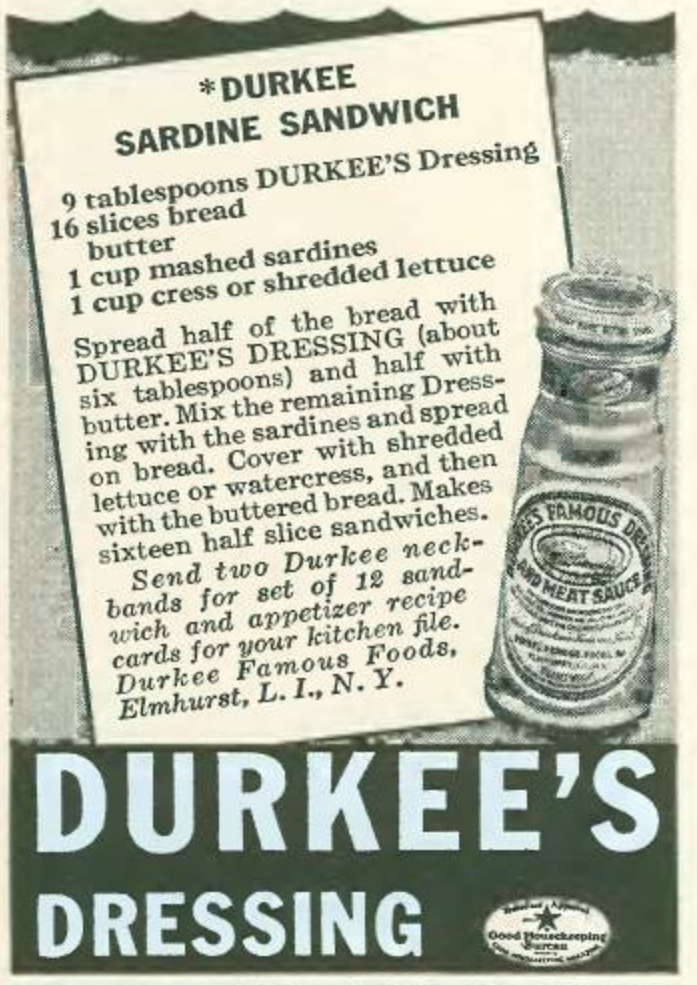
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From "The Sea of Grass," in the Saturday Evening Post*]

"Is that the verdict you wanted, Hal?" Lutie Cameron asked eagerly, but I saw that her eyes were not on me or our freed cow hands, rather on the tall young district attorney, who had winced as if thrown by a horse.



The sardine is a lowly fish—
He has no whim to will nor wish;
Though if he could request a blessing,
He would rest in Durkee's Dressing.*



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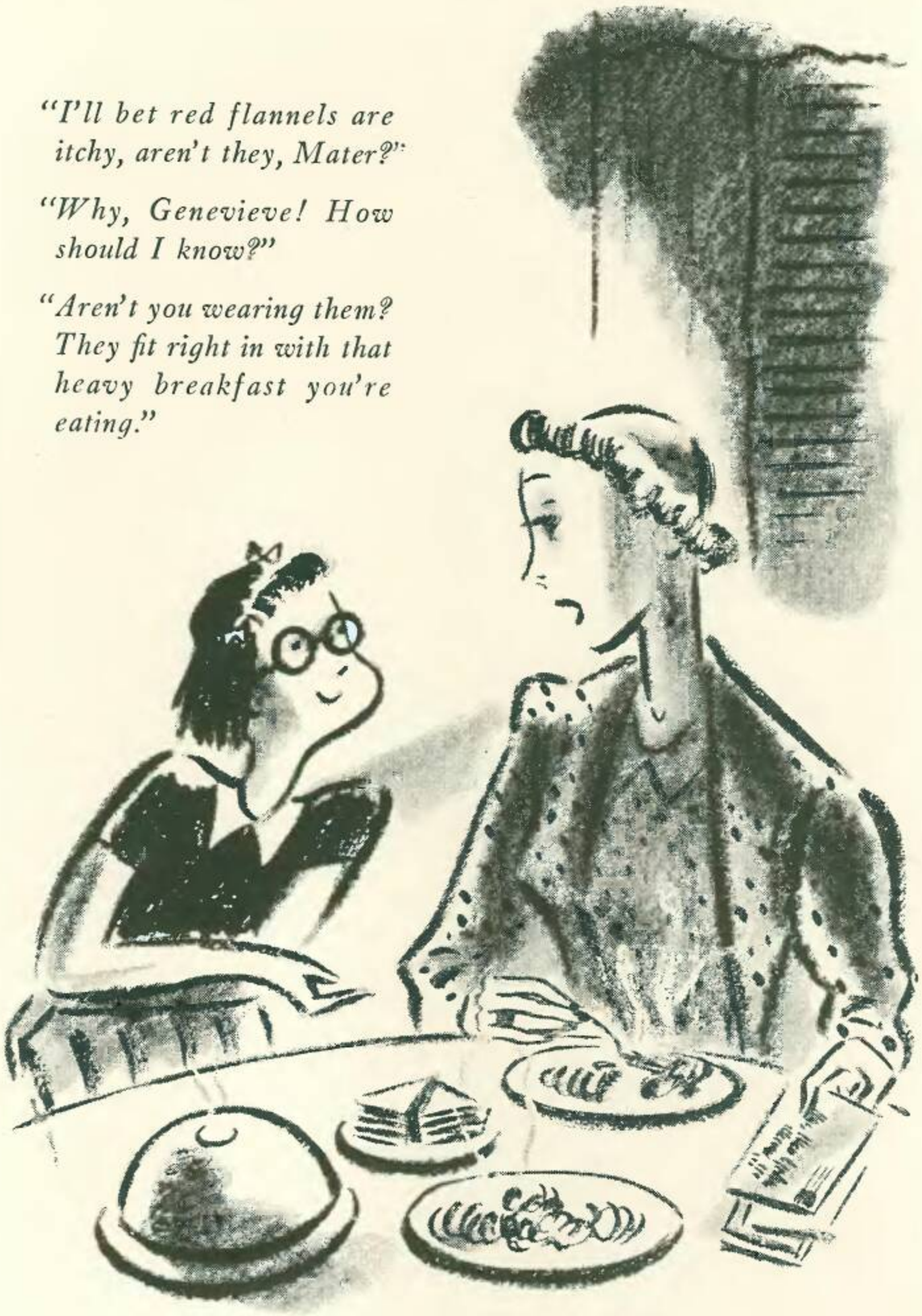
THE old story of the Armada may not be one you think you want to take up again just at this moment, yet Alexander Korda's sketch of the occasion in "Fire Over England" turns out to be a good deal of fun. This is a big, showy piece, as it should be, and the burning of the Spanish fleet will please the children. Tudor folderol is played up to the last and wildest farthingale. British majesty is displayed in all its grandeur, enough so to satisfy even the Dominions. Which brings us straight to Flora Robson. Miss Robson is the Elizabeth, and something to see, all the more persuasive as the royal old vixen because she doesn't ignore the sentimental possibilities, and isn't just that astringent freak of the present stage tradition. This Elizabeth is tart, executive, and shrewd, but no comic hussy. I think, myself, that Raymond Massey rather underplays his Philip II. Philip might have been Karloffed a little to give a more sinister note to the Escorial incidents, but he, too, is royal in a quiet way. I was glad to see the Escorial, for once, on the screen, and I don't know why film people haven't made more use of its pictorial possibilities. Here these are used as a background for one of those wild escapes of the old movie school, an escape managed by Laurence Olivier, who represents youthful romance and adventure. As an English refugee fleeing the Inquisition, and later as an English spy at the court of the Spanish King, Olivier removes any taint of the schoolroom that might blight the film. Two ladies love him, one Spanish and one English, and of course the latter lands him. The Spanish miss merely saves his life, and as far as I could see, she didn't get anything out of that. Mr. Korda has done well with Elizabeth, Philip, and such others as Morton Selten's Burleigh, and hands over a bright sixteenth-century romance.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: "Maid of Salem" gives us a sidelight on life in this era. Salem people today get very indignant at the mean things said about their ancestors, and they retort that

"I'll bet red flannels are itchy, aren't they, Mater?"

"Why, Genevieve! How should I know?"

"Aren't you wearing them? They fit right in with that heavy breakfast you're eating."



YOU really can't blame Genevieve for having been misled. Any one who eats hot, heavy breakfasts every morning is living pretty much in the past. Modern breakfasts should be light and easily digested.

That's why well-informed people serve crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast all the year round. They're full of flavor —always ready to serve with milk or cream. And they supply all the calories you need for warmth and energy. Try Kellogg's with fruit. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



witches never were burned in Salem; they were merely hanged. The picture agrees with Salemites, they will be glad to hear. Frank Lloyd has managed a pretty good film; done wonders with the Tituba episode, that of the old black woman, played to the teeth by a Madame Sultewon; and brilliantly shown the sinister streak in those sweet children of those dear Puritan days, who had a lot to do with the witch panic. The children and Madame Sultewon show real genius. Then there's Puritan love, interpreted by Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray. Never has Miss Colbert seemed so beautiful, so alluring as in the prim garb of the Puritan maid, with a severe frill at her neck, and a wicked bonnet that dooms her from the start to the fatal accusation. She survives, and the witch scare quiets down, but not before Mr. Lloyd has turned out some really startling bits of Puritan lore.

TWENTIETH CENTURY: Bad as things used to be, what with Armadas and witchcraft, it would appear from "Lost Horizon" that now there's nothing to do but look up a lamasery in Tibet with modern plumbing and an oil burner, and settle down there. There are beautiful flying scenes in this film, and there are wild and terrifying bits of struggle on mountain peaks and crags. In general, though, James Hilton's readable little fantasy seems somewhat longish and wearisome on the screen. I thought the old lama would go on talking forever. I'd have liked more of Margo and of Edward Everett Horton than I got; they're both livelier than lamas. Ronald Colman is businesslike, and somehow I couldn't quite see him turning into a lama before our eyes. Sometimes I suspected the piece was being given us as one with a message, and that it ordered us to fare forth to Tibet at once.

In "The Woman Alone," poor little Sylvia Sidney is married to the pawn of a terrorist band, who wants to blow up Piccadilly Circus. Miss Sidney is never lucky in her screen husbands. However, this film marriage of hers is rather exciting for the most part. It's a lively, minor Alfred Hitchcock picture.

Joseph Calleia, famous villain and bad man, has been given almost all of "Man of the People," but apparently only on condition that he be very noble. As nobility isn't his peculiar art, the film simmers out. It merely shows us how corrupt ward politics are in this twentieth century of ours. Wards are no lamaseries. —JOHN MOSHER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Conductor—Official and Unofficial Opera Revivals

ARTUR RODZINSKI, who took over the direction of the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts last week, and who will be doing the job until the end of the season, is no newcomer in town, but he may seem like a novelty to an audience that has had about six weeks of Guest Conductor-Composers. Mr. Rodzinski isn't a short-term transient, and he doesn't, so far as I know, write music. By trade, he's just a conductor, a conductor who knows his way with an orchestra.



The characteristics of Mr. Rodzinski's orchestral direction will become more identifiable in the next few weeks than they were at his opening concerts, but it's obvious now that he's a shrewd and sane compiler of programs. In fact, he's the first Philharmonic-Symphony leader of the season whose programs seem to have been arranged purposely. Apparently, the centre of attraction at his concerts will be the music itself, which will be good business for the orchestra, for the audience, and—for Mr. Rodzinski.

OPÉRA BOUFFE had another airing at the Metropolitan when Cimarosa's "The Clandestine Marriage" was presented in the bright English version of the Messrs. Gatty and Stoessel, and the Cimarosa piece almost evaporated, as opéra bouffe usually does in a large auditorium. Dazzling display singing or a super-production might have exhibited the fabled wonders of the score, but the generally neat and thoughtful presentation wasn't enough to sell the music to the gathering. The uneventfulness of the party was interrupted only by the sudden descent of Miss Bodanya's crinoline, followed shortly by the appearance of Mr. D'Angelo, whose prescribed lines took on a curious pertinence, especially "I'm more than satisfied with the turn of events."

Another Metropolitan revival, "Norma," turned out to be a substantial production, with most of the honors going to Mr. Panizza for his dramatic conducting. "Norma" is supposed to be almost impossible to sing, and sometimes it was, but the cast gave a good and not too rough idea of the music. Mme. Cigna, who has the right voice for Norma, worked too hard most of the time, while Mr. Martinelli, oddly enough, by hard work made his voice seem right for Pollione. Mme. Castagna and Mr. Pinza were most at ease, and the chorus was consistently expert.

ONE of the Metropolitan's best revivals was one that has no official standing as a revival, as it consisted only of a single act from "The Barber of Seville" and took place at a Sunday-night concert. Miss Andreva and the Messrs. Brownlee, Chamlee, Lazzari, and Malatesta sang and played the second act with great humor, and the audience had a reprehensibly good time at an operatic performance. If "The Barber," with this cast, makes its way into the Metropolitan schedule, get around to it, and, if you don't know much Italian, take along somebody who can interpret for you the nifties which the gentlemen interpolate in an apparently innocent libretto.

Puccini, whose operas haven't been offered at the Metropolitan so far this season, was represented last week at the Hippodrome, where Maestro Salmaggi is putting on occasional productions before his spring series, which he announces to start on the sixteenth of April. The preliminary production of "Madama Butterfly" was excellent value for the modest admission charge, and the playing of Miss Garrotto and Mr. Power at the end of the first act turned out to be so effective a bit that any visiting Butterflys and Pinkertons probably will be trading in their own versions of this scene for the Garrotto-Power edition.

ROLAND HAYES, whose voice was playing tricks on him when he last sang hereabouts, returned to the Town Hall with his vocal equipment restored and his musicianship as attractive as ever. Mr. Hayes' voice, at best, isn't heroic, but he makes his points with a certainty that many a loud fellow can't approach.

The accompanist, Percival Parham, gave the season's best demonstration of adjusting piano backgrounds to a voice.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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sic not only puts on public performances for which it furnishes its own principals, chorus, stagehands, electricians, scenery, lights, props, costumes, orchestra, and conductor, but now turns out its own operas as well. Its latest offering, produced last week, is "Garrick," an opera whose music is by Albert Stoessel, musical director of the opera school. His libretto is by Robert A. Simon, who, among other things, is *The New Yorker's* music critic, but has blushingly foregone the chance to review his own stuff.

Mr. Simon's book deals with an episode in the life of the great English actor. The text, written mostly in rhythmic prose, with occasional dips into rhymed forms, is amusing when it ought to be, dignified in the serious moments, simple, to the point, and, glory be, intelligible when sung.

For the form of his score, Mr. Stoessel has gone to Strauss and Puccini—by which I do *not* mean that his music is reminiscent. What I do mean is that the orchestra provides a running commentary, more or less symphonic, on the text, with pauses for refreshment in the form of arias, duets, and concerted numbers, all on the theory that as long as you have to have opera singers in an opera, you might as well let 'em sing. Highly improper, no doubt, and the customers loved it. Mr. Stoessel's orchestration was sometimes a bit lavish for the small Juilliard auditorium, which means only that it would sound even better in a large auditorium.

If the production was strictly a local product, there was nothing homemade about any of it. Paul Oppenheim's scenery and costumes were charming and well lighted, Alfredo Valenti's stage direction was excellent, and the orchestra, chorus, and principals gave an account of themselves that was far beyond what one would expect of a company that is, technically at least, still in the student class.

Head and shoulders above the rest was the performance of Donald Dickson, who created an illusion of being David Garrick by the simple expedient of doing some extremely good acting. He knows how to move and how to stand still, and he wears a mean costume. Incidentally, he has an exceptional baritone voice and knows how to sing. Watch for him. The most inept performance of the evening, one of the worst in the history of opera, in fact, was Mr. Simon's bow at the close of the performance. Mr. Stoessel's was a trifle better—but let this praise not turn his head.

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The Playoffs



WE were glad to see the Metropolitan League once again saved from having rather meaningless playoffs. For the second year in a row, the playoffs will be legitimate ones, since the New York Athletic Club and First Division teams wound up the regular schedule last week tied for first place. Winmont Farms and Squadron A tied for second.

In former playoffs, as you may have realized, the team that won the league games was fighting for its championship all over again, for it had to meet the second- and third-place teams as if it hadn't already beaten them. This arrangement, however, has one merit. In a year when a team starts to run away with the league race (as First Division did this season), opposing players won't feel hopelessly out of it and quit trying. Playoffs act as an antidote for that form of despair. There has never been a polo team that didn't think it could get into third place, at least, and have a crack at the title.

BEFORE play started last week, three teams were tied for first place. They were the New York Athletic Club, First Division, and Squadron A. The First Division riders—Captain J. A. Nichols, Captain Carl Westlund, and Lieutenant John Wallace—played the 112th Field Artillery and won easily, as everyone expected they would. It was also no surprise when Winmont Farms, with Billy Reber, Clarence Combs, and Billy Foales, defeated Winged Foot, 12½–5½, and remained in second place.

Consequently, the big game of the week was between two of the first-place teams—Squadron A and the New York Athletic Club. This was considered an even-money affair. Bob Shillaber, Jay Secor, and Phil Brady of Squadron A had been decidedly impressive when they defeated First Division a week earlier. The N.Y.A.C. riders—Tommy Bradley, Billy Nicholls, and John Pflug—always have been rated among the league's best. Well, Squadron A was a disappointment. Shillaber, who had scored eight goals against First Di-



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vision, missed all kinds of easy shots; Brady was equally off form; Secor was the only one playing good polo. N.Y.A.C. gave away five goals on handicap and won, 13–9½.

N.Y.A.C. is now generally accepted as the best team in the league, largely because of Bradley's improvement. His play used to be its only weakness. Apparently, he has now assimilated much of the confidence of the men behind him. His shot-making last week was excellent, and he was never caught out of position.

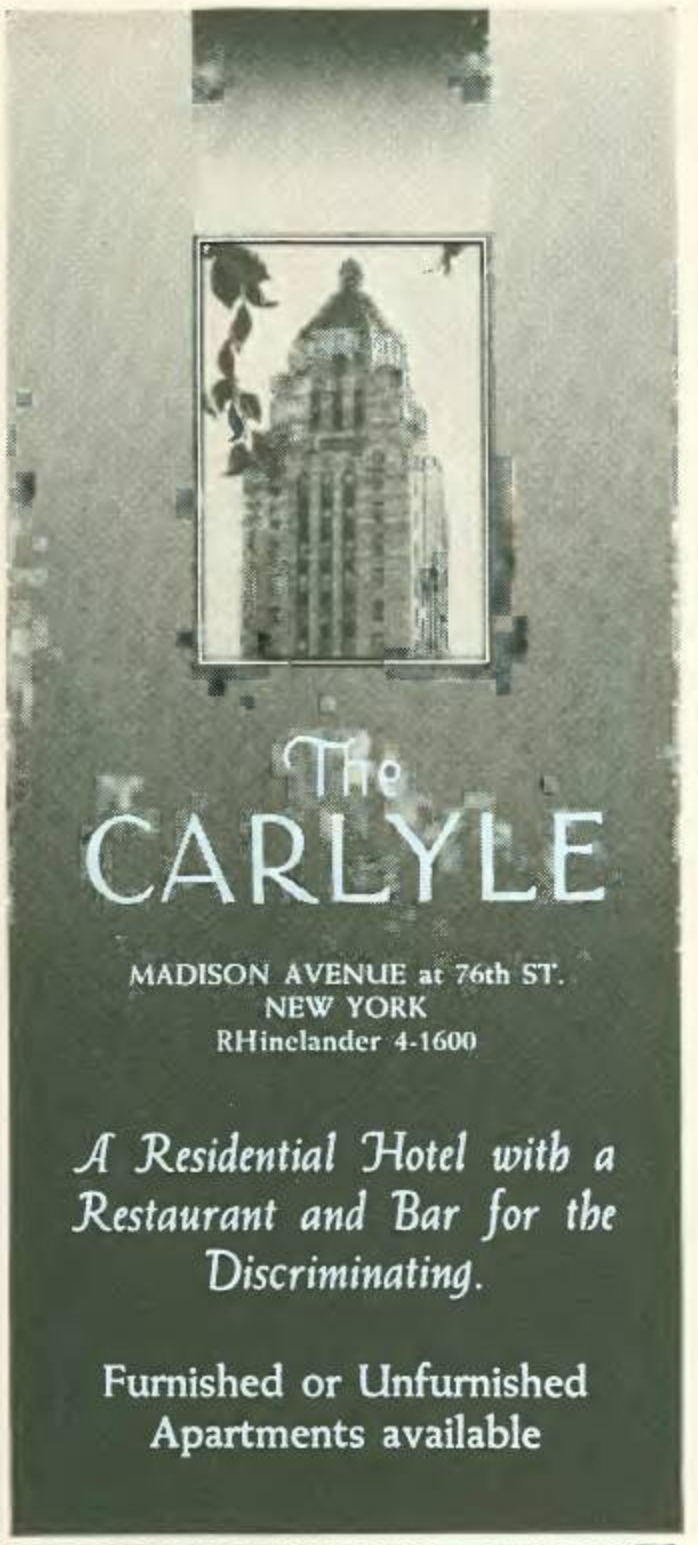
We still believe that Squadron A has a good team, though, and that its worst fault is inexperience. Brady, who is twenty-four, took up polo at Lawrenceville, and has dabbled in the low-goal game ever since; Shillaber was taught to play by Arthur Borden eight years ago. The only member of the team who has had any real experience is Secor, who captained Yale when it won the outdoor-polo intercollegiate title in 1935. All of them were completely up in the air throughout the first period of last week's game, when N.Y.A.C. smacked seven shots into their goal.

Neither the Squadron nor First Division should give N.Y.A.C. too much trouble in the playoffs. Oddly enough, their most serious contestant should be Winmont Farms, which finished in second place. While Monroe Eisner organized the Winmont Farms team and plays on it, when there is a crisis he drops out of the lineup and is replaced by Billy Foales. Foales is a superior player, and his presence gives Winmont Farms a much improved and better balanced attack. If you think balance is unimportant, just consider what happened to Winged Foot despite the fine playing of Arthur Borden.

RAFTER SHOTS: The Squadron A boys emptying their wallets after N.Y.A.C. won. . . . People telling each other that the chicken tattooed on Jay Secor's right forearm is emblematic of one of Yale's secret societies, which isn't true. . . . General Howard Borden calling for time out to remove a clod of dirt from his eye. . . . A woman marking a ballot in the contest for the most-distinguished-player trophy, and saying, "I'm voting for him because I think he's cute." —T. O'R.

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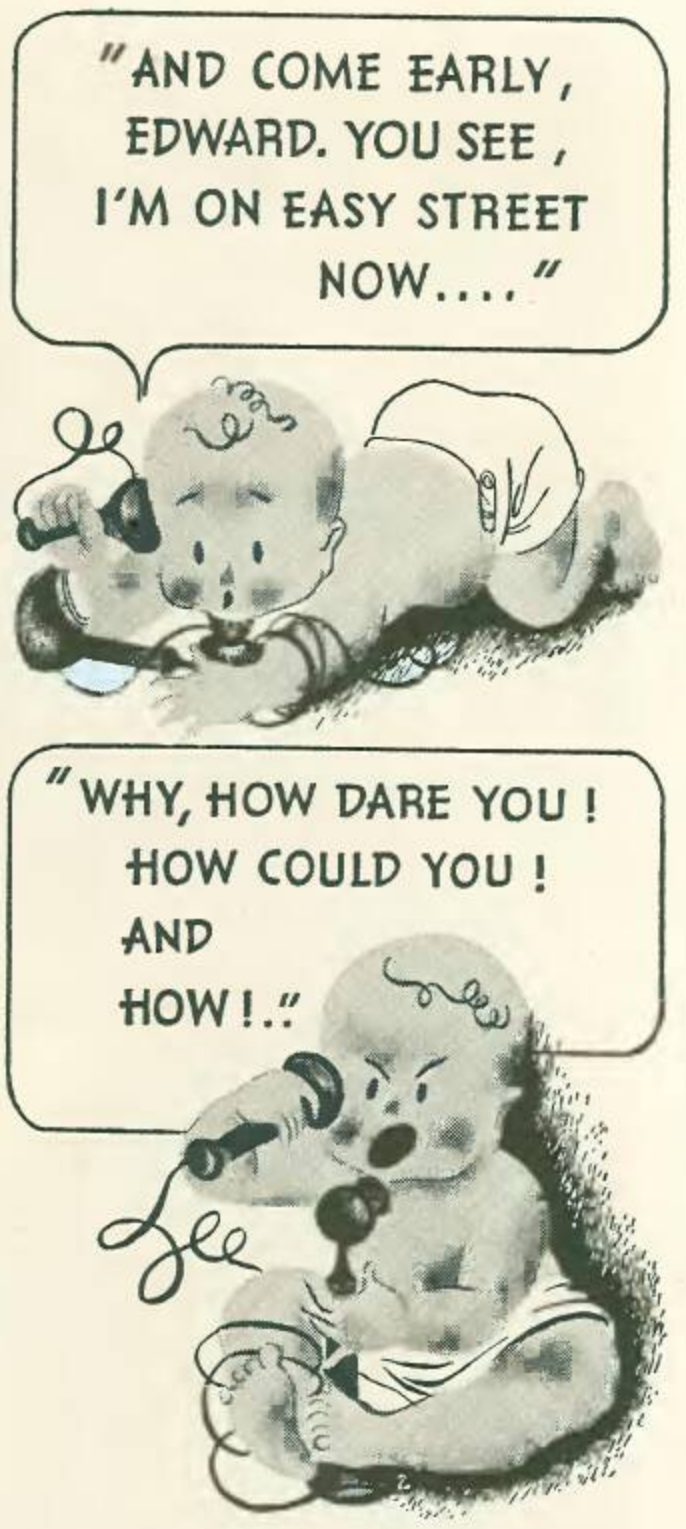
COURT GAMES

Two Champions



THE final of the recent Metropolitan squash-racquets tournament attracted such large crowds and prompted such severe scrutiny by the doorman that the University Club might almost have been a Rothschild castle harboring a Duke of Windsor, as far as the press was concerned. The match furnished an excellent demonstration of how far Germain Glidden has gone toward revolutionizing the game. The Philadelphia squash-racquets school, headed by Neil Sullivan and Donald Strachan, has long featured drop shots and corner shots, but generally used them only as a contrast to speed—which, combined with steadiness and endurance, usually constituted the basis of a crack player's technique. Glidden, however, made soft shots and short rallies the order of the day when he was playing against Beekman Pool. A squash-racquets ball, with its thick rubber cover and little air compression, ordinarily gets warmed up in the course of a match, and becomes faster. This time, however, although Pool is one of the hardest hitters in the game, the ball never really got hot, so large was the proportion of soft shots and so brief were the rallies. Partly because he was frequently off balance, and partly because at times he tried to beat Glidden at his own game, Pool consistently failed to utilize his powers of whamming the ball. Glidden's most brilliant offensive shot consisted of hitting the ball into one of the side walls, either backhand or forehand, at just the speed and angle to make it carom to the opposite side wall, and then trickle off the front wall just above the telltale. Even Pool's amazing speed of foot can't cope with this shot when it is successfully executed, and Glidden managed to pull it off about two out of three times.

Glidden also won the Nationals at Cleveland, but his control was not quite so good, and Neil Sullivan came within a point of beating him. Sullivan, who was champion in 1934, is now achieving a record as a kind of perennial runner-up. Built along Babe Ruth's lines, like so many squash players who go from one festive squash weekend to another, he has a great disdain for train-



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ing, and has decided views about the advisability of getting in some relaxation to offset the pace a conscientious tournament player has to keep up at this time of year.

IN racquets, Robert Grant III's triumph in the Nationals at the Racquet Club may well mark the beginning of a long reign like Clarence Pell's, since Grant, at twenty-five, has a wonderful start as amateur champion of a game whose best players are usually well on in their thirties. He learned to play it at Eton, along with squash racquets, at which he also excels. He's an excellent squash-tennis player, too, and something of a wizard at golf, tennis, and billiards, but he concentrated on racquets this year, and went through the Canadian, Tuxedo, and Racquet Club championships without losing a single game. Odds of three to one were offered on him in the Nationals, and some of the bets were taken by the defending champion, Ted Edwards of Philadelphia.

In his quarter-final against Palmer Dixon, Grant lost his first and only game of the season. Suffering from a loose cartilage in his knee and a blister on his right hand, Dixon played as few able-bodied men can. He won the first game and put up a magnificent fight until the fourth, when his knee forced him to default. In the semifinal, Grant defeated Warren Ingersoll of Philadelphia with almost embarrassing ease in the shortest match ever played in a National tournament. The gallery, which clocked Grant as though he were a race horse, was divided as to whether the affair had lasted eighteen or nineteen minutes. Statisticians estimated that a point was scored every twenty seconds, which is practically machine-gun racquets.

In the final, Edwards, who had previously defeated J. R. Leonard, lost to Grant in three rapidly paced games. Edwards is normally a soft-ball artist, but Grant's consistent speed made Edwards' customary tactics useless, and left the spectators with the feeling that they had been watching a man who could beat both David S. Milford and Norbert Setzler, who will play for the world's open championship in London next month. —G. T. H.

•

About 4 p.m., October 26, he told his wife:

"I'm tired. I guess I'll go to bed."

He slept for nearly four years.—*The Sun.*

Guess she'll listen to him after this!

BOOKS

A Week Among the English



SOMERSET MAUGHAM calls his new novel "Theatre." It is a suspiciously apt title, and he must have smiled when he chose it, being far too intelligent not to know how brazenly theatrical are almost all the elements of his story. Yet for all its irony, his smile was touched, one fancies, with a trace of legitimate pride, too. Who but Somerset Maugham could have taken the mechanical gadgetry of "Theatre" and built it up into a novel that is shrewd and entertaining from the first stock situation to the last? "Theatre" may be old-hat, but it is an old hat from an old hand, deft as the very devil at refurbishing the back-shelf millinery, the faded flowers and dead birds of popular fiction. "Theatre" may be tripe, but you have to sniff it to tell it from *filet mignon*. "Theatre" may be theatrical, but it's a good show.

Here's what the show's about: Michael Gosselyn is a grossly successful actor-manager, ex-possessor of an irresistible profile, but, like any decent Englishman, not vulgarly good at making love. At fifty-two he devotes himself mainly to thrusting out his jaw, pulling in his stomach, reminding himself that he's a gentleman, and promoting the career of his wife, Julia Lambert. Julia is a great actress who is Always Acting, so you can see that she is the complex character of the book. In her youth she had been generous and passionate, but the rigors of show business and the self-restraint of Michael have hardened her. At forty-six she is about ripe for a nice clean boy. The boy appears in the shape of Tom Fennell, twenty-two, and a very Barkis for willingness. But as Julia calesces, Tom, the unfeeling young snip, cools, and soon comes that scene in which Julia, alone in her dressing room, gazes at herself in the mirror and whispers between set lips (set-lip whispering is no trick at all for a good actress), "Old, old, *old!*"

But Julia, though she may be losing what in her quaint postwar slang she calls her "sex appeal," still has a head on her shoulders. She sees to it that Avice Crichton, her youthful rival for Tom's affections, secures a part in her new play. The opening night, you will be amazed to learn, brings with it a glorious triumph for Julia, and complete confusion for Avice, all of whose stage effects the clever Julia manages to ruin completely. Avice performs a quick fadeout in Tom's affections; he wakes up too late to what he has lost; and Julia, free at last of her infatuation, sweeps off to the Savoy Grill to savor her victory in solitude, over steak-and-onions, fried potatoes, and a bottle of Bass, those beloved, forbidden, fattening foods.

That's the main story-line. You may have travelled on it once or twice before. But, just to make sure that the scenery is familiar to you, Mr. Maugham produces the following additional items: Roger, the Gosselyns' young son, who shocks his father and mother by stating flatly that their life is all make-believe (good phrase, that) and that, as for him, he's going out to look for reality; a torrid Spaniard, complete with blue-black, spade-shaped beard, who, without paying any royalties to Maurice Dekobra, practically rapes Julia in a *wagon-lit* compartment; Sir Charles Tamerly, briefly described as a Keats-quoter, who has been chastely and pensively in love with our heroine for twenty years, and who, when the somewhat desperate Julia at last gives him the high sign, prefers to continue being chaste and pensive; and, finally, Dolly de Vries, also in love with Julia, and who contributes just the requisite whiff of smart decay.

"Theatre" is as smooth as cream. Somehow, out of these hand-me-down



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materials, Mr. Maugham constructs a graceful, witty story. It makes no demands on your intelligence, but it never insults it. Mr. Maugham has written importantly, and, as here, he has written trivially; but no matter how he writes, there's a kind of world-weary honesty about him. In "Theatre" he makes no pretence that he is offering you anything but a little light entertainment, as even a great connoisseur might offer you a moderate sherry when the informality of the occasion does not call for Romanée Conti. One feels, furthermore, that Mr. Maugham is perfectly aware that his characters, for a man of his intelligence, are hardly worth writing about. Yet, with the self-mocking perverseness of the accomplished technician, he gets an acid amusement out of making the reader think, for an hour or two, that they *are* worth writing about.

THE appearance of Rudyard Kipling's autobiography (the full title is "Something of Myself for My Friends Known and Unknown") amounts unquestionably to a full-dress literary event, and as such must be chronicled in these columns. But in all truth, even those who stuck faithfully with their idol to the bitter end —and it *was* bitter—will gain scant nourishment from these chill memoirs. In Kipling's later years, a kind of wall grew up between him and people, and his attempts to pierce it were unavailing. That wall rises invisibly in this autobiography, a form which more than all others calls out for the communicating touch of friendliness. Here are the events, or some of them, of Kipling's life, but the man himself seems cold and withdrawn behind the outwardly candid sentences. "Something of Myself," indeed, but not enough.

Certain things are interesting: the account of his miserable childhood, which gives us the key to his magnificent child stories, particularly the heartbreaking "Wee Willie Winkie;" the school experiences that laid the basis for his lifelong love of a semi-barbaric, semi-military caste culture; the fact that his famous line "What should they know of England who only England know?" was placidly and extemporaneously supplied by his mother, who seems, by the way, to have been a most remarkable person; the equally curious fact that "The Light That Failed" was in a sense suggested by the Abbé Prévost's "Manon Lescaut;" and, to us cowering Americans, his contrast between Canada, the land of "Safety, Law, Honour, and Obedience," and the United States, seat of "brutal decivilisation."



This is not, on the whole, an overcharming book, and it gets more fretful and snappish toward the end, as if Kipling felt in his bones the breakup of all those grandiose concepts of Empire to which he had devoted so much, but not the purest, of his wonderful energies. Those of us who love the early and immortal Kipling, the great tale-teller who had not yet been infected by the virus of a dubious gospel, should follow these moody memories with a rereading of "The Brushwood Boy" and "The Jungle Books" and the finest of the Indian stories and the matchless best of "Kim." These he did for us all, out of love, and we cannot forget them; that which he did for a caste, out of hatred, is best left unremembered.

"WORDS AND BEHAVIOUR" is one of sixteen essays making up Aldous Huxley's "The Olive Tree." Here are its final sentences: "To think correctly is the condition of behaving well. It is also in itself a moral act; those who would think correctly must resist considerable temptation." The phrases might serve as the motto for Aldous Huxley's career. Behind all his apparent perversity, his early note of decadence, the surface flash and glitter of his wit, has worked a steady passion for clear and precise thinking. In method as well as in name he clasps hands with his noble grandfather. If he has taken for his province wide tracts of science and introduced them into his novels, it is not for a show of erudition, but as implements to aid him in the "moral act" of correct thinking. I suppose this would be admitted even by those who find some difficulty in following the conclusion of "Eyeless in Gaza."

There are in "The Olive Tree" a few travel essays which, though well written, are conventional enough, and one or two shorter pieces that have too fugitive an air. The rest are first-rate, particularly the now classic estimate of D. H. Lawrence, the best that has ever been done, and superb writing in itself. Several of the essays bring in armfuls of recondite and often amusing information to demonstrate Huxley's favorite thesis of the rationalizing tendency of the human mind. These are priceless. So is the sketch of that grotesque pseudo-genius, Benjamin Robert Haydon. So is the analysis,



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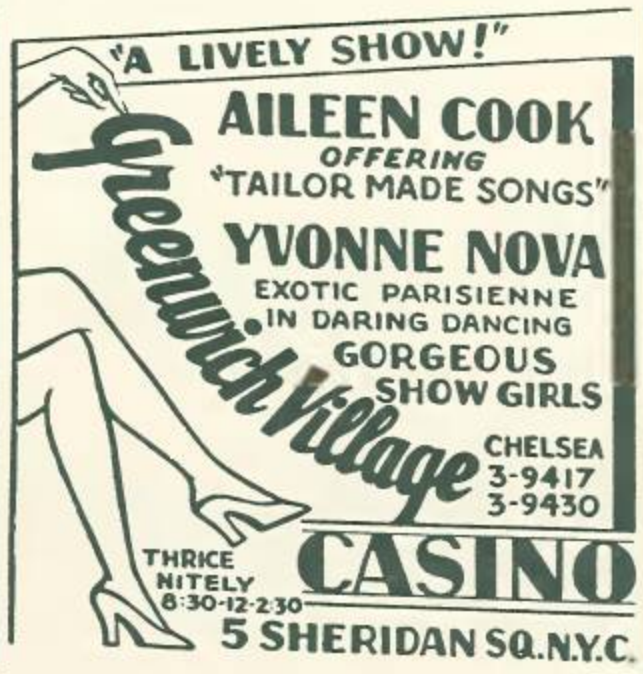
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—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LUCIFER IN PINE LAKE, by Samuel Rogers. Even in Hell, Lucifer remained an ex-angel. Mr. Rogers' Hugh is not even a fallen angel, but a socially fortunate, self-centred, unimaginative, and hence cruel young man. His portrait, along with those of several others in a Midwest university town, is drawn full length and with conviction. A better-than-average story which, unlike so many novels of today, deals with people as individuals instead of as members of a class. By the author of "Dusk at the Grove."

ACTION FOR SLANDER, by Mary Borden. Dramatic account of an English soldier and gentleman accused by a brother officer of cheating at cards. Most of the action takes place in the courtroom during the suit for slander, and it develops that much more is involved than merely cardsharping. Good reading.

YOU MUST BREAK OUT SOMETIMES, by T. O. Beachcroft. First-rate short stories told with great point and economy. The characters are chosen from England's lower crust, and Mr. Beachcroft makes their doings seem important, credible, and even tragic.

TIME AT HER HEELS, by Dorothy Aldis. A working day in the life of a suburban housewife and mother, during which many upsetting things happen, with home turning out best after all. Mrs. Aldis writes with considerable domestic charm.

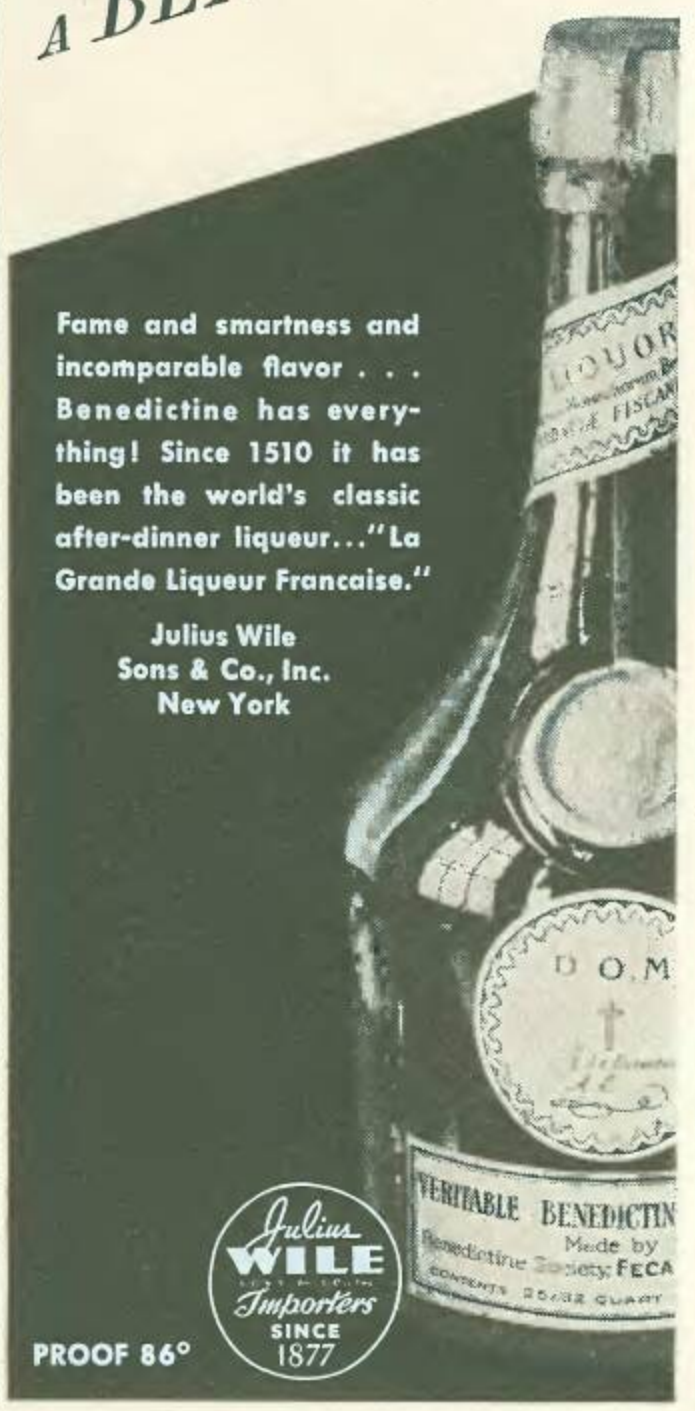
THE QUIET SHORE, by Walter Havighurst. Family feud on the shores of Lake Erie. Rather touching farm atmosphere, heightened by well-managed suspense. Pleasant enough, on the whole.

STILL IS THE SUMMER NIGHT, by August Derleth. Scene, Wisconsin. Characters, two brothers and the wife of one of them. Well-handled climax, and a sympathetic description of life on the prairies fifty years ago.

AND THEN YOU WISH, by John Van Druten. Nicely written, not overly



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important story of an old lady and her young man protégé, who wants to write plays. So far, Mr. Van Druten seems to work out better as playwright than as novelist.

RORY AND BRAN, by Lord Dunsany. Charming Irish fairy tale which indicates that the people who are thought to be not so bright are often as successful and happy as, and a lot more attractive than, the practical, sensible folks who know what it's all about.

GENERAL

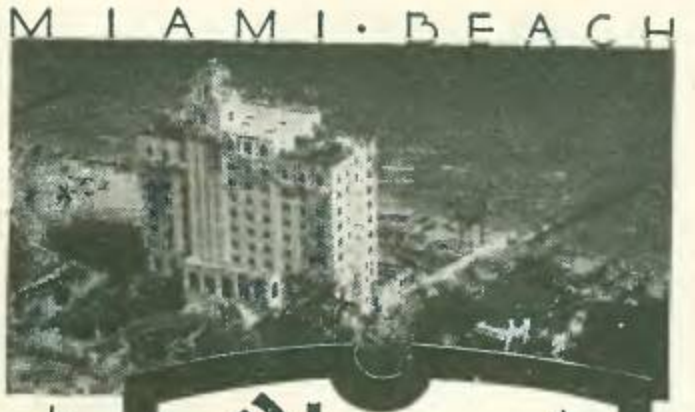
ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, by Blanche E. C. Dugdale. Volume I, 1848-1906; Volume II, 1906-1930. A dignified biography by Balfour's niece, who has had access to private letters and unpublished documents. Balfour's remarkable career is followed in faithful detail, with the emphasis laid on his parliamentary and Cabinet experiences. There is a short appendix on his philosophical ideas. The London *Times* calls this "the most intimate biography since Boswell." It is certainly a "must" book for anyone interested in the last fifty years of British history. Illustrated.

THE HUMAN MACHINE, by John Yerbury Dent. A beautifully condensed, severely materialistic description of human behavior, based on what we know of experimental physiology. Especially valuable for its honest discussion of the power of suggestion and the technique of hypnosis. This clear-the-air book is worth a thousand "Man, the Unknown"s and will infuriate mystagogues, spiritualists, and—though here the author seems on less firm ground—psychoanalysts. Most of the material will be new to the layman. Recommended.

ANGRY DUST: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by N. Gubsky. Mr. Gubsky, a product of the middle-class educational system of pre-revolutionary Russia, is now permanently domiciled in England. He is the author of several novels, written in English, and good English. His book is candid, a little cranky, ferociously introspective, and filled with what he calls Personal Relationships. Mr. Gubsky does not wish to be considered a very agreeable person, but he is a personality all the same, smacking of Chekhov and Dostoevski.

AMERICAN CITY: A RANK-AND-FILE HISTORY, by Charles Rumford Walker. A biography of Minneapolis, conceived in terms of the mass of

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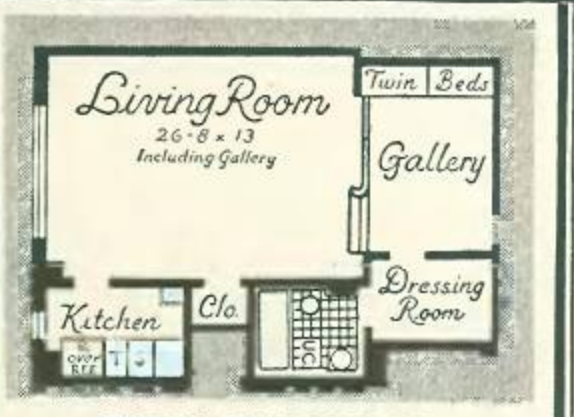
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its citizens. Mr. Walker goes back to the frontier days and sketches rapidly this typical city's Golden Age. The major part of his book is devoted to the events of the last six years, and particularly to the 1934 truck-drivers' strikes. More than high-grade reporting, this is an exciting study in miniature of some of the decisive factors in American metropolitan life. Good photos.

PORTRAIT OF MEXICO, paintings by Diego Rivera and text by Bertram D. Wolfe. A grand book of reproductions, extracting as much as seems possible from black-and-white processes. There are 102 plates of easel paintings, depicting the Mexican land and people, and 147 reproductions of mural paintings, offering a comprehensive survey of Rivera's greatest works. Mr. Wolfe's 200-page introduction, a compound of history (Aztecs to Cárdenas), topography, and folklore, helps one to understand the background of Rivera's art.

GREY OF FALLODON, by George Macaulay Trevelyan. This sympathetic biography, by a good friend of Viscount Grey, deals in almost equal measure with his two personalities. He was both a naturalist of great charm and talent and a shaper of England's foreign policy during the prewar and early war years. Illustrated.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS, by Sir J. J. Thomson. Kindly memoirs, quite properly donnish except when they deal with purely scientific matters, of this great contemporary physicist and teacher. Of special interest to those who have followed the dramatic development of physics, particularly in the field of electricity, during the past half-century. But everyone ought to savor Sir Joseph's scientific description of a baseball game.

THE YEARS OF MASTERY ("Marlborough: His Life and Times"), by Winston S. Churchill. Volume V (1705-1708), the penultimate of this great series, deals with the triumph of Marlborough in the field (Ramillies, Oudenarde) and the beginning of his decline at home. Mr. Churchill continues magnificently. Illustrated.

COAST GUARD TO THE RESCUE, by Karl Baarslag. Really thrilling true stories about a national service whose slogan is "You have to go out—you don't have to come back." Mr. Baarslag's stuff will be new to most read-



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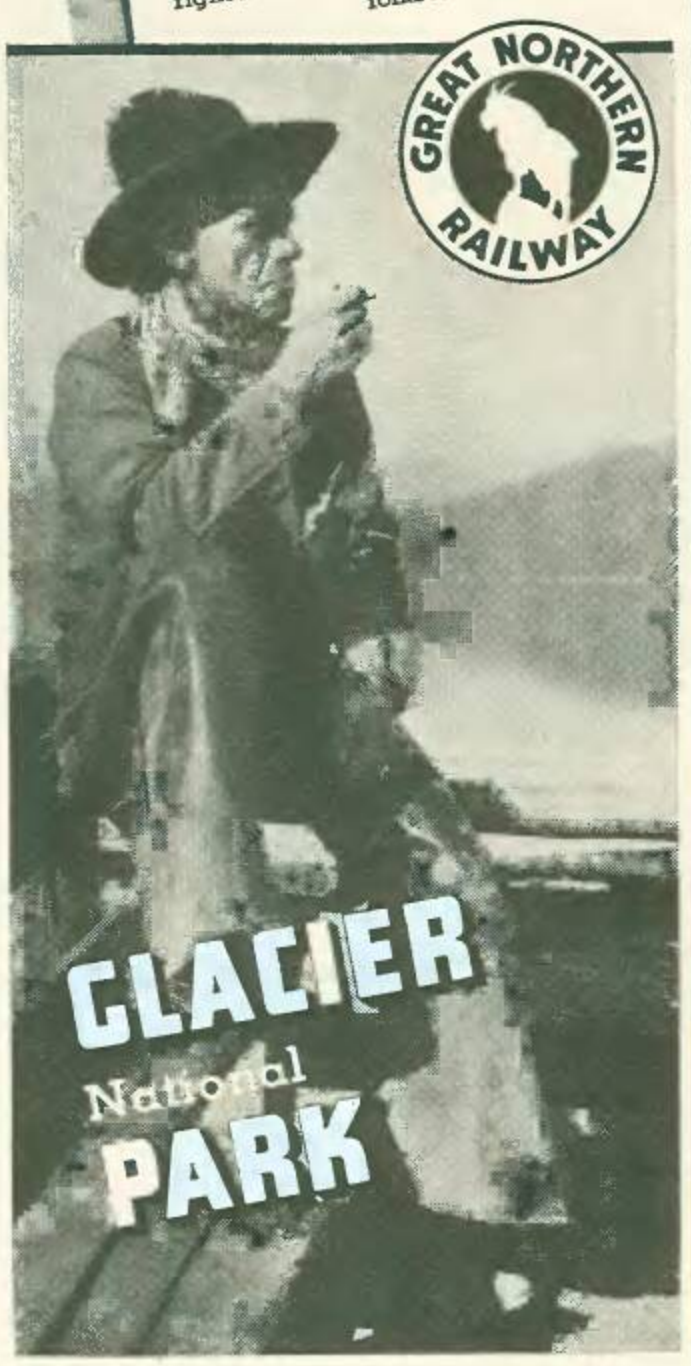
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MAJOR NOAH: AMERICAN-JEWISH PIONEER, by Isaac Goldberg. Major Noah, who was a man of considerable talent, had a finger in many of the political, diplomatic, and journalistic pies of early-nineteenth-century America. Mr. Goldberg tells ably the story of this American-Jewish Don Quixote.

THE EARNEST ATHEIST: A STUDY OF SAMUEL BUTLER, by Malcolm Muggeridge. A bitter book, far too bitter to be quite convincing. Mr. Muggeridge does not like the things Butler stood for, and makes the most of the undoubted weaknesses of his subject. He writes well, but with a disagreeable infusion of malice that amounts at times almost to rage.

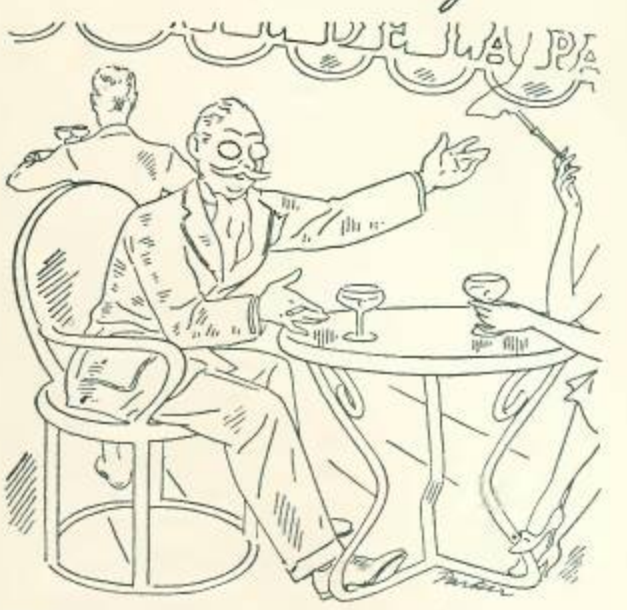
IF INFLATION COMES, by Roger W. Babson. A discussion of whether it will come, and how, plus some eccentric advice on what to do about it. The best hedges against inflation appear to be "religious faith, eternal wisdom, and spiritual power."

WHITMAN, by Edgar Lee Masters. Far from ecstatic in its praise, this is a detached biography of Whitman which grants him the right to be considered our "tribal prophet and poet," but takes him severely to task for various moral and intellectual deficiencies. No new factual material, as far as can be seen.

AMERICA AND THE WORLD WAR, by Samuel Taylor Moore. "A narrative of the part played by the United States from the outbreak to peace." Mr. Moore does not deal, or claim to deal, with the underlying causes, but his wide experience as a war correspondent and as a participant enables him to offer a good, plain, straightforward account of the facts. Ex-service men should be particularly interested.

THE STORY OF SECRET SERVICE, by Richard Wilmer Rowan. It is improbable that anyone knows more than Mr. Rowan about this field. His fabulous, backstairs chronicle covers a few thousand years of spying and counterspying, from Delilah to the

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Gestapo. Lots of sensational stories, but plenty of sober reflections too, for Mr. Rowan is well aware of his subject's political implications. Line-cut illustrations.

GARDENS AND GARDENING, 1937, edited by F. A. Mercer. This *Studio* annual, lovely as usual, contains plans for ten types of gardens, and a flock of fine illustrations, several in natural color. Mainly for the estate owner.

DESIGN IN FLOWER ARRANGEMENT, by John Taylor Arms and Dorothy Noyes Arms. Careful aesthetic analysis for post-graduate garden-clubbers. The illustrations are useful and pretty.

SUPREME COURT OR POLITICAL PUPPETS?, by David Lawrence. A blast against the President's proposal, and a proposal to put it up to the citizens.

BOIES PENROSE: SYMBOL OF AN ERA, by Robert Douglas Bowden. Lightweight biography of a heavyweight political boss whose like we probably shall not see again.

THE NOTE-BOOKS AND PAPERS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, edited by Humphry House. Extracts from early diaries, his Journal (1868-75), and much random, hitherto uncollected material (sermons, notes on rhythm and rhetoric, etc.). A new and exciting companion volume to the letters of the poet, published in 1935. Illustrated with exquisite pencil sketches by Hopkins.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

OF MICE AND MEN, by John Steinbeck. A tale, brief and pathetic, about two itinerant ranch workers, and the doom they met. It will probably give you a catch in the throat.

BETWEEN THE HAMMER AND THE ANVIL, by Edwin Seaver. A powerful and pitiful study of New Yorkers during the depression. Not without its happier moments, and worth reading.

THE CROQUET PLAYER, by H. G. Wells. A mixture of ghost story and parable, done in the best early-Wells style. Short and shivery.

PARADISE, by Esther Forbes. A fine, rousing historical romance laid in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Cleverly concealed research, religious fanaticism, and fights with the Indians give it richness, dash, and variety. A first-rate book of its kind.

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK, by Caroline Gordon. Another Civil War novel, written, and very sensitively, too, from the viewpoint of the Southern gentleman. The battle scenes, starring the stern General Forrest, are tops. Try Miss Gordon if Margaret Mitchell has stimulated your appetite for Confederates.

EL INDIO, by Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes, translated by Anita Brenner, with illustrations by Diego Rivera. Short, simple, almost abstract chronicle of the life and character of the Mexican Indian. Artless, yet curiously effective.

THE SEA OF GRASS, by Conrad Richter. A short novel, superficially recalling "A Lost Lady," about the old Southwest, a he-man cattle king, and the lady from the East he couldn't quite tame. Good romantic yarn.

THE SISTERS, by Myron Brinig. The story of three sisters of Silver Bow, Montana, and



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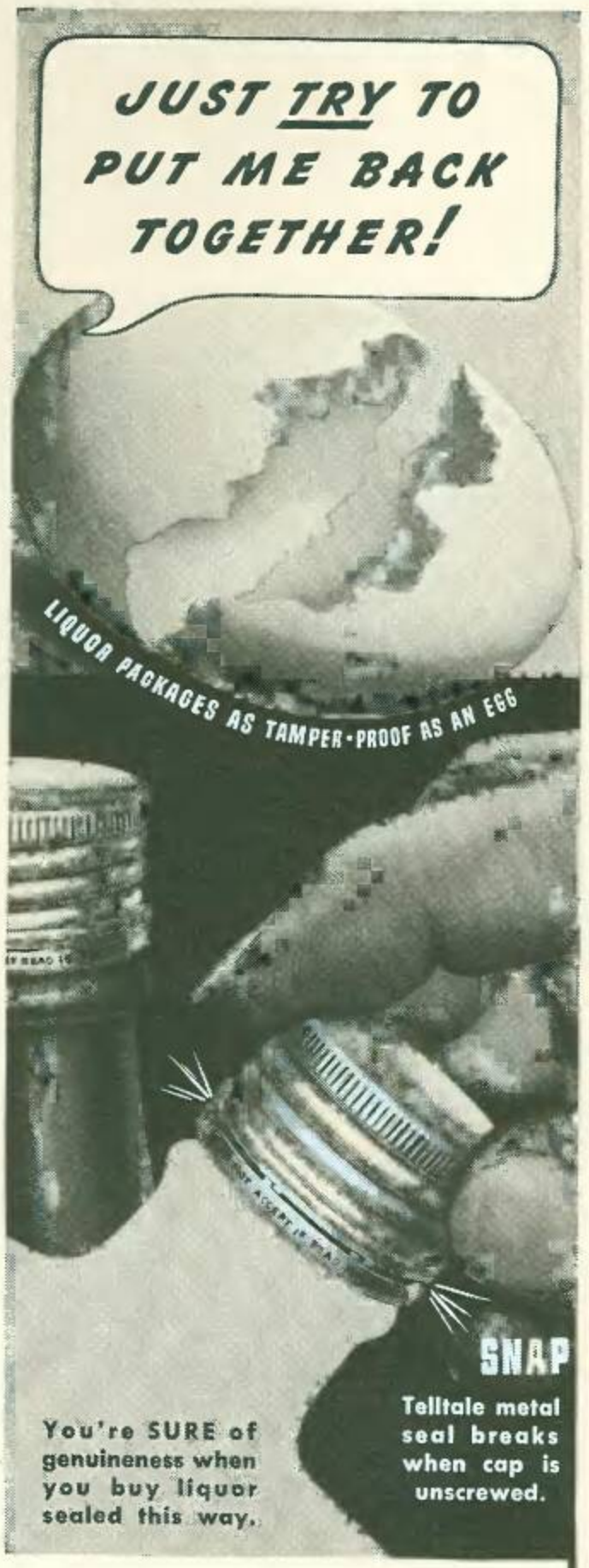
To remove face creams and cosmetics...To apply powder, rouge...To dust and polish... For the baby...*And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



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what happened to them during the years 1904-1910. Very first-Roosevelt in atmosphere, and possibly (it's hard to tell) an extended parody on the novels written during the period.

THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT, by Jolán Földes, translated from the Hungarian by Elizabeth Jacobi. A rather wan, fairly readable, occasionally touching little story about a group of postwar exiles in Paris. It won $19,000 in the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, a fact somewhat more impressive than the book itself.

INVASION, by Maxence van der Meersch, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. How the inhabitants of Roubaix, in northeastern France, reacted to the invading Germans, 1914 to 1918. Some thrilling episodes, and generally readable, but don't let them fool you into thinking it's a great book. Author is the 1936 Goncourt winner.

SHINING SCABBARD, by R. C. Hutchinson. Well-managed melodramatic story about a provincial French family and the fate they met when the World War broke out. Good minor characterizations.

GENERAL

BELOVED FRIEND, by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck. The story of Tchaikovsky's "romance" with Nadejda von Meck is the focus of an absorbing biography of the composer. Great for students, and equally great for those who don't even like music.

JUAN BELMONTE, KILLER OF BULLS. The autobiography of the great Spanish bullfighter, as told to Manuel Chaves Nogales. Very interesting if "Death in the Afternoon" wasn't enough for you. Good illustrations.

GOLDEN FLEECE, by Bertita Harding. Gossipy, readable, not overwhelmingly profound narrative of the long, ill-starred reign of Franz Josef and Elisabeth of Austria. By the author of "Phantom Crown." Illustrated.

THE NILE: THE LIFE-STORY OF A RIVER, by Emil Ludwig, translated by Mary H. Lindsay. Six hundred and nineteen pages of fascinating stuff about the greatest of rivers, with the information often lifted into poetry by the magnificence of Ludwig's central idea. His finest book in years.

TSUSHIMA, by A. Novikoff-Priboy. A thrilling eyewitness account of the great naval battle of 1905, in which the Russian squadron was destroyed and the foundations of Japan's imperialism were laid. Written from the crews' viewpoint, not the admirals'.

THE AVON FLOWS, by George Jean Nathan. Mr. Nathan, with the aid of the Bard, constructs a brand-new play by combining scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and "The Taming of the Shrew." Honest!

THE HUNDRED YEARS, by Philip Guedalla. A vivid, witty, impressionistic picture of some of the major historical moments of the century 1837-1936. Not great history, but delightful reading, and it animates, if it does not clarify, the past.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI AND THE LOST REVOLUTION, by Ralph Roeder. A long, vivid, often finely written narrative of the latter half of the sixteenth century in France, with the spotlight on the personalities and dramatic events of the period. A little hard to follow, but worth the attempt.

LANCER AT LARGE, by Francis Yeats-Brown. Indian mysticism and a load of Cosmic Consciousness, by the author of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." O.K. if you can stand the Major.

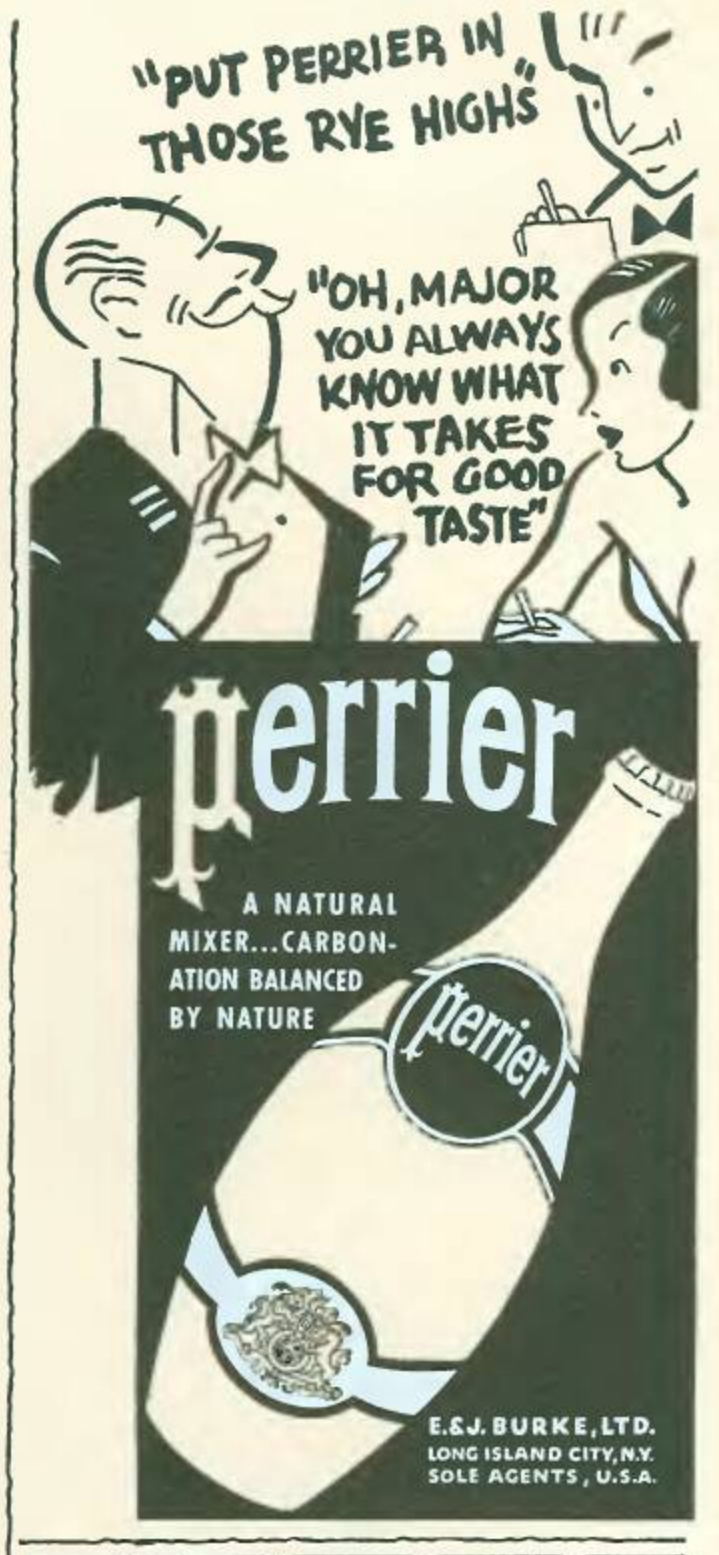
A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY, by W. E. Woodward. A sensible, unheroic, highly readable history, with the emphasis on politics. As good a book as Mr. Woodward has done.

FIGHTING ANGEL: PORTRAIT OF A SOUL, by Pearl Buck. A companion volume to "The Exile," this is a very honestly written memoir of Miss Buck's stern and selfless missionary father. He died happy in the knowledge that he had transformed many bewildered Chinese into good Calvinists.

NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL, by Dorothy Parker. Mrs. Parker's collected poetic works, in a beautifully designed edition.

ON THIS ISLAND, by W. H. Auden. Auden's newest and best book of verse. Old forms revivified through great powers of language and imagination. Not to be missed.

(*NOTE: This list appears in the first issue of each month.*)



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