May 8, 1937

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 15. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—The Doctor is amazing because he combines his practice with a very flourishing brigandry for "purely scientific purposes." Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the versatile scientist. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. Mat. Thurs.)

BOY MEETS GIRL—Second year of the successful comedy about Hollywood. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:50 P.M.)

BROTHER RAT—If you take the word of two graduates of Virginia Military Institute, life at that institution is just chockablock full of fun and baseball. Frank Albertson, Jose Ferrer, Barry Sullivan, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

CANDIDA—Last performances of Katharine Cornell's revival of the Shaw play, with Robert Harris, Kent Smith, and Mildred Natwick. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9541. 8:45 P.M. Closes Sat., May 8.)

DEAD END—Second year. Popular prices. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

THE ETERNAL ROAD—About as impressive a spectacle as you will ever see, devised by Max Reinhardt and Norman Bel Geddes, bringing the Jewish saga of the Old Testament to life. (Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave. WIsconsin 7-4294. Extra performances Sun. Aft. and Eve.; no performance Mon. Eve. Closes Sat., May 15.)

EXCURSION—The play about the Coney Island steamer that put out to sea. Pleasant, sensible development of an idea that might easily have been been just treacle. Whitford Kane, Frances Fuller, Jennie Moscowitz, James R. Waters, and others. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—One of the nicest plays imaginable, dealing with honest kids in love and on vacation in a Berkshire camp. Katherine Locke, Jules Garfield, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

HIGH TOR—Maxwell Anderson goes in for fantasy, with his usual attention to the fine points of the language but an extraordinary amount of horseplay. It is all about modern bank robbers and ghosts of Dutch sailors, and has just about everything in it. Burgess Meredith. Peggy Ashcroft, Charles D. Brown, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

KING RICHARD II—A comparatively unknown Shakespearean drama which has rapidly become a favorite, owing to the fine performance of Maurice Evans. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. Mats. ?:30 P.M.)

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

TOVARICH—Backstairs life among the Russian émigrés in Paris, very amusing, with John Halliday and Marta Abba. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720.)

VICTORIA REGINA—Helen Hayes as the Little Old Lady of Windsor, with Vincent Price as Prince Albert. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

THE WOMEN—Smart, bitchy, and generally amusing dialogue indulged in by thirty-five women, all of whom hate each other. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—As pleasant a little comedy of mother love in the face of modern sex problems as you will find. Highly recommended. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A family who don't know whether they are coming or going, and don't care so long as they have their hobbies. Very funny. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, Paula Trueman, George Tobias, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CHickering 4-8168.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN ARMS—Light summer musical show with a nice score by Rodgers and Hart. In the cast of youngsters are Mitzi Green, Duke McHale, and Ray Heatherton. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175.)

THE SHOW IS ON—Anyone who needs more than Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr at their respective bests, with Reginald Gardiner at their elbows, is hard to please. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

MISCELLANY

NAUGHTY-NAUGHT—A drama of life at Yale in 1900, to the pleasant accompaniment of self-imposed singing and drinking. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Power," the story of electric light and power and their abuse, made much more exciting than it sounds by the WPA Living Newspaper. (Ritz, 48, W. MEdallion 3-0912. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in an excellent production. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . "Professor Mamlock," an anti-Nazi melodrama translated from the German of Friedrich Wolf. (Daly's, 63, E. of B'way. CIrcle 7-5852. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.) . . . "The Sun and I," a play by Barrie and Leona Stavis. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) . . . Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado": Sat. Eve., May 8, at 8:30. (Roosevelt High School, Washington Ave. at Fordham Rd.)

DANCE RECITAL—Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman and their group: Sun. Eve., May 9, at 8:45. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Opens for the summer on Fri. Eve., May 7. Larry Siry's orchestra, with songs by Helen Waterbury Thompson. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MUrray Hill 2-7920)—Carl Hoff and his orchestra provide the dance music in the Bowman Room. Dances by Florence and Alvarez.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—Horacio Zito'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, singing by Frances Maddux, and dancing by Carlo and Norma. Dress preferred.

MERRY-GO-ROUND AND MAISONNETTE RUSSE DE PARIS, 49 E. 54 (ELdorado 5-7262)—There's a bar decorated by Tony Sarg, and, in the main room, there's music by Harry Rosenthal's orchestra.

MON PARIS, 142 E. 53 (ELdorado 5-9800)—Gene Fosdick's dance music and songs by Reed Lawton.

MONTPARNASSE, 50 E. 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—Hal Sanders' 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.

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—Basil Fomeen's orchestra; songs by Anne Heath, and dances by Peppino and Camille. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—Eddy Duchin and his orchestra play for dancing in the Persian Room. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The bill here includes Alec Templeton, a remarkable pianist, and Jack Holland and June Hart, dancers. Ruby Newman's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras play for dancing. Must dress. . . . Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays in the adjoining Rainbow Grill; songs by Carl and Leone Bonner.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—The Restaurant de la Paix has Jack Sherr's orchestra, and dancing by Edmond Pierce and Dorothy Roland.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—Emil Coleman's orchestra plays in the Iridium Room. Entertainment by Sunny Forbes, Ramon and Renita, and Boy-Foy. The Viennese Roof opens Wed. Eve., May 12, with Jacques Fray's orchestra and an Albertina Rasch ballet. Must dress. . . . The Maisonette Russe offers Cornelius Codolban's music. Dress preferred.

SAPPHIRE ROOM, 151 E. 57 (ELdorado 5-7860)—Guido's attractive place, with Barry Winton's and Don Alfredo's orchestras. Songs by Vernon Rickard; dances by Wesley Pierce and Hazel Harris. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Sheila Barrett entertains at midnight.

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. Eddie Garr, Rosita and Fontana, and others entertain; music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof opens for the season Thurs. Eve., May 6. Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras alternate for supper dancing. Dress preferred.

ZELLI'S ROYAL BOX, 130 E. 58 (ELdorado 5-7932)—Decorated to represent a square in Montmartre, with Joe Zelli as master of ceremonies.

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Bunny Berigan: Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000). . . . Gus Arnheim: Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000). . . . Eddie Elkins: Astor Grill, B'way at 44 (BRyant 9-2100). . . . Enoch Light: McAlpin, B'way at 34. . . . Isham Jones: Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44. . . . Bill McCune: "61" Room of the Bossert, 61 Remsen St., Brooklyn Heights.

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NOTES—The Park Lane Gardens, Park at 48 (WIckersham 2-4100), were scheduled to open Wed., May 5. . . . Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (VOlunteer 5-5400), opens Sat., May 8. . . . The Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park at 47 (WIckersham 2-9000), opens Wed., May 12. . . . Sidewalk cafés are now open at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9.

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; "Naughty-Naught" Bar, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Bali, 164 E. 54.

Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has Harry Horton's and Cookie Williams' orchestras, South African dancers, and others.

Barney's attractive place, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), offers entertainment by the Three Rogues, Luan Craig, and Meri and Miriam.

The Raleigh Room in the Warwick, 65 W. 54, has music by Jack Kerr's orchestra.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The French Casino, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has a sumptuous show, "French Casino Folies." Hugo Mariani's and Vincent Travers' orchestras play for dancing. . . . Other places with plenty of floor

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising manager. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 12, May 8, 1937. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.



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FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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 supper music by Gus Steck's orchestra. . . . The Frolics, B'way at 50 (CIrcle 7-8492), is a new place, with Ralph Watkins' orchestra and entertainment by Joe Lewis, Terry Lawler, Fox and Ames, and others. . . . Jack White heads the crazy entertainment at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858). . . . Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has Red McKenzie and his orchestra, and a fast show featuring Jacqueline Joyce, Alma Bray, Vic Hyde, and others.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (LAckawanna 4-7300), has Duke Ellington's orchestra and a revue featuring Ethel Waters, the Nicholas Brothers, and others. . . . The Harlem Uproar House, 209 W. 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), has a lively black-and-tan show; music by Erskine Hawkins and his 'Bama State Collegians. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-8271), also offers Negro entertainment. Go late.

If you're looking for swing music: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WIckersham 2-3619), with Leo and his Spirits of Rhythm; and Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala and his Chicagoans.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite; music by Vincent Sorey'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. . . . You can watch the dancing and hear Teddy Hill's and Willie Bryant's orchestras at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271). . . . 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 colorful show; and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833), with dancing by Dimitri and Virgil.

MOTION PICTURES

THE GOOD EARTH—Luise Rainer and Paul Muni as the farmers of Pearl Buck's north China. A film in the grand manner. (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. Closes Mon., May 10.)

LOST HORIZON—A mild version of the Hilton romance of Tibet and the lamasery. Ronald Colman, Margo, and some fine scenery. (Globe, B'way at 46; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

MAYTIME—The old operetta is with us again, still opulent and pleasant, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Tues., May 7-11; continuous from 8:30 A.M. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Sat., May 15; continuous from 1 P.M.)

NIGHT MUST FALL—The latest thriller, and a daisy, with Dame May Whitty (of the stage version), Rosalind Russell and Robert Montgomery. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., May 12; continuous from 10 A.M.)

QUALITY STREET—A slight affair for gentle souls, with various ladies of unquestioned reputation, including Miss Hepburn. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., May 7; continuous from 12:30 P.M. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., May 7-10; continuous from 1 P.M. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., May 10 and 11; continuous from 9:30 A.M. . . . Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Wed. and Thurs., May 12 and 13; continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, and John Barrymore preside in this successful Shakespearean film. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., May 6, last day; continuous from 1 P.M. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 8-10; continuous from 11:30 A.M. . . . Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Wed. and Thurs., May 12 and 13; continuous from 9 A.M.)

SEVENTH HEAVEN—Another version of the old story, perhaps not modernized enough, but a thorough romance for those who need it. With Simone Simon and James Stewart. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., May 6 and 7; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

A STAR IS BORN—Hollywood careers and private lives in a bright sketch, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, both at their best. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., May 12; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

WAIKIKI WEDDING—Very pleasant nonsense about all that's nonsensical in Hawaii. With Bing Crosby. (State, B'way at 45; Thurs. through Wed., May 6-12; continuous from 10 A.M. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., May 6-12; continuous from 1 P.M. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Thurs. through Mon., May 6-10; continuous from 1 P.M., 11:30 A.M., and noon, respectively.)

THE WAVE—The Gulf of Mexico and its special beauty. Fine photography. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; through Tues., May 11; continuous from 1 P.M.)

REVIVALS—At the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68—"You Only Live Once," Fri. and Sat., May 7 and 8; continuous from noon. . . . At the World, 155 W. 49—"Anthony Adverse" and "How to Sleep," Fri. through Mon., May 7-10; continuous from 11 A.M. . . . At the Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57—"The Plough and the Stars," Sat. through Mon., May 8-10; continuous from noon. . . . At the 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8—"You Only Live Once," Thurs. and Fri., May 13 and 14; continuous from 12:30 P.M.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 15. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Elephant Boy," Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" in a pleasant Robert Flaherty film; "Fire Over England," a generally fine show about Queen Elizabeth, the Armada, young love, and adventure, with Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier; "Kimiko," a little oddity from Japan; "Love from a Stranger," a fine thriller for the crime public, about a wife-killer and his tricks, with Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—From Kipling's story, with Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy, and Lionel Barrymore. (Astor, B'way at 45; scheduled to open Tues. Eve., May 11, at 8:45; weekdays thereafter at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

SHALL WE DANCE?—The new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, with Gershwin music. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; scheduled to open Thurs., May 13; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)



WALTER DAMROSCH,

who will conduct the first public performance of his opera, "The Man Without a Country," at the Metropolitan next week. The librettist, Arthur Guiterman, has added a heroine to the story, and this time Philip Nolan dies on the battlefield instead of just fading away in exile. The N.B.C. studios, for whom Dr. Damrosch has just finished his ninth consecutive season of conducting a music-appreciation hour for children, have had to build him a special podium with a strong guardrail so he won't fall off when he gets enthusiastic.

ART

CAVE PAINTINGS—Reproductions of some famous primitive art by ancestral moderns: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DRAWINGS—First annual exhibition of drawings by contemporary Americans: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

FANTIN-LATOUR—Lithographs woven around ideal poetic and musical themes by a nineteenth-century master. Pure Beauty: Room 316, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Some important paintings by Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

HARTLEY—Recent paintings by a modern who celebrates the glories of Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

LACHAISE—Important retrospective exhibition of exquisite drawings and fine small sculptures. Don't miss: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., May 7.

MELTSNER—New paintings, chiefly on industrial subjects; also sketches for murals: Midtown, 605 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

PRINTS—One hundred prints of the past one hundred years: Room 321, N.Y. Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

REINDEL—Recent paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

REPRODUCTIONS—Forty-eight American contemporary paintings, carefully transcribed in color: Living American Art, 55 5 Ave. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. . . . Reproductions of drawings and water colors by nineteenth-century French masters: Raymond & Raymond, 40 E. 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RURAL—Ducks and geese in sculpture and painting through the ages: Karl Freund, 50 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

THE TEN—New paintings: Georgette Passedoit, 4th floor, 22 E. 60. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

WATER COLORS—Ninth Biennial International Exhibition; usually worth seeing: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; starting Sat., May 8. . . . Recent work by John Whorf, one of the most brilliant technicians: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. . . . Water colors by Baylinson, Meyrowitz, Rosenthal, and others: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 7.

WPA—Sculpture of all schools: 6 E. 39. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., unless otherwise noted—Italian Primitives, from the collection of R. M. Hurd: Newhouse, 5 E. 57. . . . Paintings by Soutine: Valentine, 16 E. 57. . . . Paintings by Isadore Levy: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. . . . Water colors by Katharine Sturgis: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. . . . Animal drawings by John Skeaping: Walker, 108 E. 57; through May 10. . . . Old and new work by Beckmann, Blumberg, Chagall, Friedman, Kopman, Weber, and others: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. . . . Paintings by Rosalie Carey: Georgette Passedoit, 4th floor, 22 E. 60; starting May 10. . . . Group show, "This Season's Crop"; Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . Oils by eight New York artists: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8 (open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 10 P.M.) . . . Exhibition of selected prints by American artists: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. . . . Paintings by Lyonel Feininger: Nierendorf, 20 W. 53; through May 8. . . . Oils, water colors, and drawings by Lovis Corinth: Westermann, 24 W. 48. . . . Paintings by Charles Baskerville: Paul Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave.; through May 7. . . . Pastels and water colors by Americans: Babcock, 38 E. 57. . . . Etchings and drawings by Andrew Butler: Keppel, 71 E. 57; through May 8. . . . Small paintings at small prices by Liberte, Dirk, de Martini, and others: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57; through May 8. . . . Paintings by Jean de Botton: Marie Harriman, 61-63 E. 57; through May 15. . . . Facsimile reproductions of Renoir: F.A.R. Gallery, 19 E. 61. . . . Oils by resident New York artists: Temporary Galleries of the Municipal Art Committee, 62 W. 53 (open daily, except Mon., 12 noon to 6 P.M.); through May 16. . . . Pictorial Photography: National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. (open daily 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.) . . . Pastels, etchings, and drawings by Gyula Zilzer: Associated American Artists, 420 Madison; through May 10. . . . Water colors by Charles T. Henry: Kohn, 608 5 Ave. . . . Exhibition and sale of work by American artists, for the benefit of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave.; through May 8. . . . Rooms designed around pic-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures by American artists: Decorators Picture Gallery, 554 Madison.

MUSIC

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

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 7. (By invitation.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY—Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," Stoessel conducting: Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 111, Tues. Aft. and Eve., May 11, at 5:30.

MARIAN ANDERSON—Post-season recital by the eminent contralto: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., May 12.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB AND SYMPHONIC BAND—Goodhart and Williams conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 14.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Madrigal Singers, Engel conducting: Thurs. Eve., May 6. . . . Chamber Orchestra Series, Gordon conducting, Fri. Eve., May 7; Littau conducting, Fri. Eve., May 14. . . . Federal Symphony, Autori conducting: Sun. Eve., May 9. . . . Composers' Forum-Laboratory: Wed. Eve., May 12. (For WPA Opera, see below.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Il Trovatore," Fri. Eve., May 7; "The Bartered Bride," Sat. Aft., May 8, at 2; "Faust," Sat. Eve., May 8, at 8:15; "La Bohème," Mon. Eve., May 10; première of Walter Damrosch's "The Man Without a Country," Wed. Eve., May 12.

HIPPODROME—"Madama Butterfly," Fri. Eve., May 7, at 8:15; "La Gioconda," Sat. Eve., May 8, at 8:15; "Hansel und Gretel," Sun. Aft., May 9, at 3; "La Tosca," Sun. Eve., May 9, at 8.

WPA OPERA—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—"The Romance of Robot," by Frederic Hart, and an English adaptation of Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona": Sat., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., May 8, 11, 13, and 15.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., May 6; Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., May 7 and 8; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun. through Tues., May 9-11; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Wed. and Thurs., May 12 and 13; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Sun., May 14-16. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Tony Canzoneri vs. Lou Ambers, lightweight championship, Fri. Eve., May 7; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

CREW—Harvard-Columbia-M.I.T., Charles River, Cambridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., May 8; freshman race at 3; 150-lb. at 3:30; junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30. . . . Navy-Cornell, Annapolis, Md., Sat. Aft., May 8. . . . American Rowing Association 150-lb. championship regatta, Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N.J., Sat. Aft., May 15, at 5. (Train leaves Penn. Sta. for Princeton at 3:10 P.M.) . . . Childs Cup: Pennsylvania-Columbia-Princeton, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, Sat. Aft., May 15; freshman race at 4:30; junior varsity at 5; varsity at 5:30. . . . . Harvard-Cornell-Syracuse-M.I.T., Charles River, Cambridge, Mass., Sat. Aft., May 15; freshman race at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4.

DOG SHOW—Orange Kennel Club Show, South Orange, N.J., Sat., May 15.

HORSE SHOWS—New Haven Horse Show, New Haven, Wed. through Sat., May 5-8. . . . Saxon Woods Hunt Club Show, White Plains, N.Y., Sat. Aft., May 8. . . . Lawridge Horse Show, Port Chester, N.Y., Sun., May 9. . . . Atlantic City Horse Show, Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N.J., Tues. through Sat., May 11-15.

HUNT RACES—Rockaway Steeplechase Association, Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L.I., Sat. Aft., May 8, at 2:30.

RACING—Jamaica, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.) . . . Belmont Park, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Mon., May 10. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

The Pennsylvania R.R.'s special train for the Kentucky Derby (which takes place Sat. Aft., May 8) leaves Penn. Sta., Thurs., May 6, 4:35 P.M.; arriving Louisville Fri., 10:45 A.M.; returning leaves Louisville Sat., 8:45 P.M. You can also leave Penn. Sta. by regular train Fri., May 7, 4:45 P.M.; arriving Louisville Sat., 10:45 A.M.

RUGBY FOOTBALL—At Randall's Island Stadium: Yale University vs. New York Rugby Club, Sat. Aft., May 8, at 3. (Take Triborough Bridge from E. 125 St.)

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURAL SHOW—Annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York: American Fine Arts Bldg., 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. until 10 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

HOUSING EXHIBITION—The North American Homes Exposition. Complete houses of various sizes and prices will be on view; also, house furnishings, gardens, etc.: Madison Square Garden, opening Wed., May 12, at 9 P.M.; daily thereafter 1:30 to 11:30 P.M.

COSTUME EXHIBITION—Authentic costumes, American, European, and Oriental, from the collection of the Museum of Costume Art: La Maison Française, 610 5 Ave. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Wed. until 9 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 15. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

CORONATION BALL—The British Empire Coronation Ball: 7th Regt. Armory, Park at 66, Wed. Eve., May 12; preceded by a Coronation Banquet, under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union, in the Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria.

FLOWER SHOW—Annual Tulip Show of the Nassau County Horticultural Society: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77, Fri., May 14, 2 to 10 P.M.; and Sat., May 15, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

GARDENS—Benefit showings of various city gardens. Uptown—Thurs., May 13: roof garden at 642 Fifth Ave.; gardens at 124 E. 64, 32 E. 74, and 174 E. 70; penthouse terraces at 12 E. 86. Downtown—Thurs., May 13: 6 W. 9, 38 Barrow, 2 Fifth Ave., 57 W. 9, and 224 Waverly Pl. Fri., May 14: 44 W. 12, 29 W. 10, 134 W. 11, 38 W. 10, and 16 E. 10.

PLANETARIUM—The lecture for May at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "Land of the Midnight Sun." Weekdays at 2, 3, 4, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—The collection of Genevieve Garvan Brady; tapestries, rugs, furniture, architectural items, tableware, linens, and objects of art: on the premises, Inisfada, Searingtown Rd., Manhasset, L.I., Mon. through Sat., May 10-15, at 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. (Admission to sale by card only: apply to American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57.) The collection may be viewed by the public Thurs. through Sat., May 6-8, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Sun., May 9, 1 to 5 P.M. (Admission fifty cents, for charity, at the door.)

At the Imperial Auction Galleries, 23 W. 47—French furniture, porcelains, silver, and Oriental rugs; also, the stock of John Murgatroyd, taxidermist: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., May 6-8, at 1.

At the Rains Galleries, 12 E. 49—African sculpture, and paintings by old and modern masters: Thurs. Eve., May 13, at 8:15.

NOTE—The New Haven R.R.'s Bicycle Train to Canaan, Conn., leaves Grand Central Sundays at 7:55 A.M. (weather permitting); returning arrives Grand Central at 9:35 P.M. You may rent bicycles on the train or bring your own.

ON THE AIR

COVENT GARDEN OPERA—First act of a special Coronation performance of Gluck's "Alceste," from London: Thurs. Aft., May 6, at 3, WABC.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Half-hour concert conducted by Alexander Smallens: Fri. Eve., May 7, at 10, WABC.

CINCINNATI MUSIC FESTIVAL—Cincinnati Symphony, Goossens conducting, with Frederick Jagel as soloist: Fri. Eve., May 7, at 10:30, WJZ. Second act of "Lohengrin," with Melchior, Rethberg, Meisle, Pinza, and Huehn: Sat. Eve., May 8, at 10:30, WJZ.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"The Bartered Bride," in English, with Burke, Chamlee, Rasely, and others: Sat. Aft., May 8, at 2, WEAF.

KENTUCKY DERBY—Clem McCarthy describes the big race at Churchill Downs: Sat. Eve., May 8, at 6:15, WJZ.

FERDE GROFÉ—Conducting the N.B.C. Symphony in a program of his own works: Sat. Eve., May 8, at 8:30, WJZ.

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Also Kathleen Norris and others, with the N.B.C. Symphony, Black conducting: Sun. Aft., May 9, at 2, WJZ.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY—Speaking at a special pre-Coronation service: Sun. Aft., May 9, at 3, WABC and WJZ.

THE SECOND HURRICANE—Aaron Copland's play-opera, as recently presented at the Neighborhood Playhouse: Sun. Aft., May 9, at 4, WABC.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND—A new play written specifically for radio presentation by Irwin Shaw: Sun. Eve., May 9, at 7, WABC.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Soloist with the Ford Symphony and Chorus: Sun. Eve., May 9, at 9, WABC.

CORONATION—The Coronation Processions and Ceremonies: Wed. Morn., May 12, from 5 to 10:45, WEAF-WJZ; from 5:15 to 10:45, WABC and WOR. "The Homage of the Empire," by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin and speakers from all over the world: Wed. Aft. from 2:19 to 3, WEAF-WJZ, WABC, and WOR. Coronation Address by His Majesty King George VI: Wed. Aft. at 3, WEAF-WJZ, WABC, and WOR.

SOME WEEKLY FEATURES—(Listing is chronological; times are P.M., unless noted).

Thursday—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. . . . Alexander Woollcott, 7:30, WABC. . . . Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony Pop Concerts, Fiedler conducting, 8:30, WJZ. . . . Lanny Ross and Al Goodman, 9, WEAF. . . . Irving Deakin's "Music and Ballet," 9, WQXR. . . . Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. . . . March of Time, 10:30, WABC.

Friday—Kreiner String Quartet, 3, WABC. . . . Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. . . . Deems Taylor, 9:30, WJZ. . . . Babe Ruth, 10:30, WABC.

Saturday—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. . . . Abram Chasins, 12 noon, WEAF. . . . E. Robert Schmitz, 6, WABC. . . . Richard Bonelli, 7:30, WABC. . . . Ed Wynn, 8, WJZ. . . . Grace Moore, 9, WABC. . . . Joe Cook, 9:30, WEAF.

Sunday—Oxford String Quartet, 7, WQXR. . . . Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. . . . Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. . . . General Motors Concert, 8, WJZ. . . . Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, 8, WABC. . . . Werner Janssen and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. . . . Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WOR. . . . Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. . . . Bert Lahr, 9, WEAF. . . . Bob Hope and Shep Fields, 9, WJZ.

Monday—Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. . . . Richard Crooks and Alfred Wallenstein, 8:30, WEAF. . . . Radio Theatre, 9, WABC.

Tuesday—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. . . . Alexander Woollcott, 7:30, WABC. . . . Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. . . . Fred Astaire, Charles Butterworth, and Johnny Green, 9:30, WEAF.

Wednesday—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, 7:15, WJZ. . . . Beatrice Lillie, 8, WJZ. . . . Helen Menken, 8:30, WJZ. . . . Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. . . . Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz, 9, WABC. . . . Beauty Box Theatre, 9:30, WABC. . . . Babe Ruth, 10:30, WABC.



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3. MYRNA. 17 jewels. 14K gold filled, white or natural yellow. With 14K gold filled chain bracelet, $52.50. With silk cord, at $47.50.

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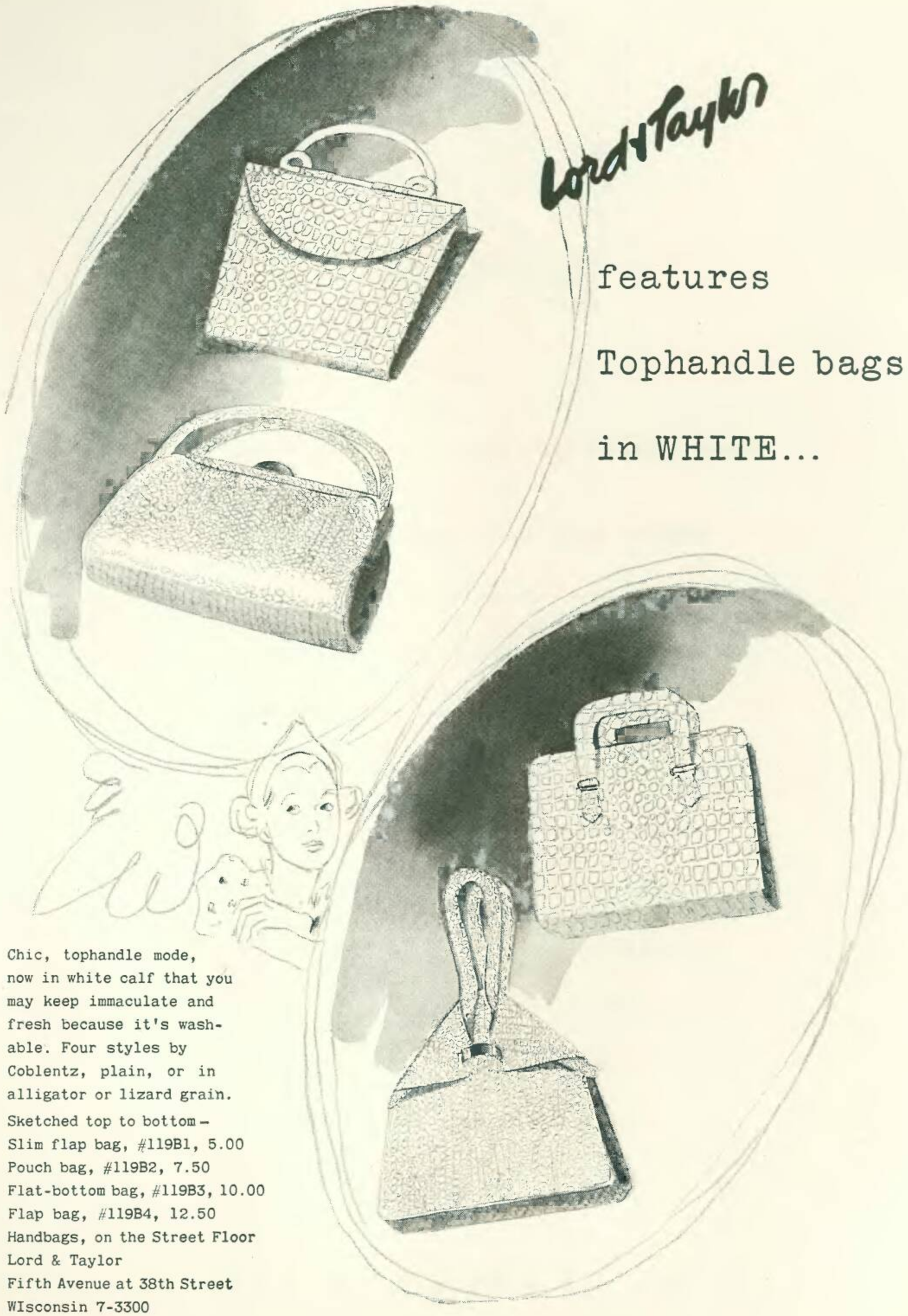
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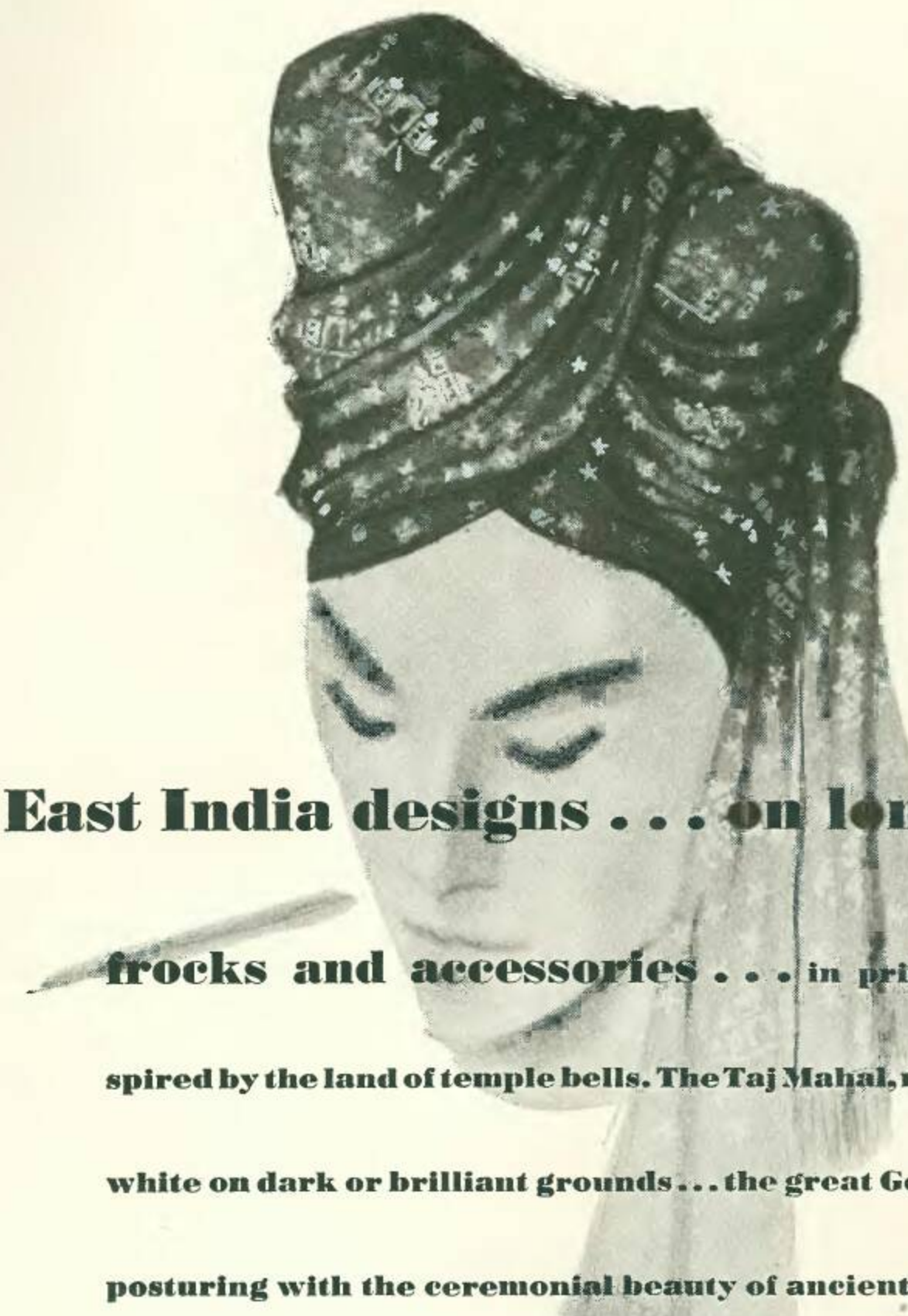
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FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TRY as we may, we can't feel just right this time about having a big church coronation in Westminster Abbey. In view of all that's happened and the way the neighbors are talking, a quiet house coronation would have been *so* much nicer, with just a few flowers and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the immediate families.

MESSRS. THOS. COOK & SON write us that the French railways have installed hammocks for the benefit of third-class passengers who can't afford Wagons-Lits prices and who would otherwise have to sleep sitting up on all-night runs. American travellers, we believe, will never cotton to hammocks on sleeping cars. They never have understood them and don't want to. A rookie on his first trip with the New York Giants was once told by Larry Doyle that the little green hammock in his berth was for left-handed pitchers to hang their arms in on night runs. The boy tried and tried but didn't get much sleep, except in his arm. And the next day at Norfolk he hit two men and walked four in the first and was shipped back to Texas in a day coach. Which always seemed funny to us—but not very funny.

ON a merry spring morn last week, a Staten Island ferryboat tried to steam away from her slip without casting off her lines. It is the sort of thing



comedians in rowboats used to attempt, in Biograph days. To a sailor, it is life's darkest moment. The authorities said the quartermaster was negligent, but how do we know the whole crew didn't have *mal de printemps?* Man is fallible. In spring he is terrific. To the crew of the ferryboat Queens we send our condolences, and a spray of asphodel.

A WEALTHY escapist, at whose new country house we spent a night last week, told us about the horrid experiences he had with electricity in the construction of his home. Everything on the place was electric—lights, stove, washing machine, refrigerator, water pump, razor, clocks, air-conditioning. He even had electrical protection against burglars and porch insects, and an electric garbage-disposal machine fitted to the kitchen-sink drain. Determined to make all things in life smooth and easy, he specified that in the living room there should be a master control switch, so that all lamps could be switched off with one motion. This was all right except that everybody forgot that the electric clocks were plugged into the same circuit. Now, whenever he turns out the lights, time itself stops dead in its tracks.

In the kitchen, things are no better. The garbage-disposal device on the drain was so effective that the people never bought a garbage can—just chucked everything into the sink. The catch here was that the machine was gradually made sick on chicken bones, like a puppy, and now they have to remove all bones from its diet—yet, lacking a garbage can, they have no place to throw the bones. The driveway underneath the kitchen window is a veritable bone yard.

LIFE has certainly straightened out for the Westchester-bound and Connecticut-bound motorist this spring, with the new Henry Hudson Bridge across the Harlem. In case you have not discovered this happy link between town and country, we'll explain that it is arrived at by keeping straight on out Riverside. Instead of turning onto Broadway at Dyckman Street, you are now borne airily through Inwood and Spuyten Duyvil, and suddenly roll directly into the green Saw Mill River country. There is a ten-cent toll—a big dime's worth. The old red-and-green nightmare that was Harlem, Mott Haven, Concourse, Mosholu, Woodlawn—all, all is wiped out. Whether you are bound for eastern towns like Port Chester or northern ones like Mount Kisco, this bridge is the answer. Don't tell a soul, though, or it will be spoiled.

WE dodged artfully out of the path of a *Daily News* truck yesterday in time to read the sign on its flank: GYPSY ROSE LEE—IN FULL COLOR—SUNDAY NEWS. This blinding promise had the sure sound of ultimate splendor, a phrase of absolute beauty: a king in



full regalia, a ship under full sail, a party in full swing, the Taj Mahal in full moonlight, a cherry tree in full bloom, a pack in full cry. Once to every newspaper comes a moment of sheer loveliness, when the engraver's art bursts like a star shell over a dark world.

OVER at the *Herald Tribune*, life is less golden at the moment. The following memorandum on the back of an envelope was picked up off the floor, near Mr. Reid's door:

1. Read advertising
2. Do management problems
3. Finish birth control
4. Draw cartoons
5. Write sports story
6. Last night's *Sun*

Whatever the facts in the matter, the implications are inescapable—the *Tribune* is taking on more than it can

safely handle and is beginning to drop important things on the floor. We suspect that this sort of feverishness exists in all papers of more than twenty pages and three policies. Daily journalism is getting too big for its breeches.

Up!

WE attended the spring sale of raw furs at the headquarters of the New York Auction Company on West Twenty-sixth Street last week. This is a big quarterly event, attracting buyers from all over the world and resulting in the turnover of about a million pelts —silver fox, beaver, mink, ermine, opossum, and a great many others— valued at $2,500,000. The furs are not in sight at the sale. The buyers have inspected them beforehand and noted down their opinions of value in a catalogue which contains the number and description of each lot. The sale would have been completely bewildering if we hadn't had an attaché to explain what was going on. Secrecy about bidding and prices is probably the most important feature of the fur auction. The reason is that some purchaser might want to sell some furs to a fellow-bidder, and open bidding would be fatal to good bargaining later on. Thus, you can't detect when a buyer is making a bid. All the buyers sit at desks—there is accommodation for about a hundred and fifty—thumbing their catalogues. The auctioneer is surrounded on the rostrum by six assistants, called "spotters." He starts the bidding off in the customary way, and as soon as he has named a figure satisfactory to any of the buyers, that buyer signals a spotter by some such subtle sign as lifting an eyebrow or a finger, or perhaps by just sneering. The buyers can raise a bid only by an amount specified in the catalogue opposite the number of each lot, so that from then on it is only necessary to signal a spotter, who immediately yells, "Up!" The auctioneer then announces that the bid has been raised, but nobody knows who has done it and at the end nobody knows the ultimate purchaser.

The principal auctioneer is Mr. J. Gordon Noakes, who is also the president of the company. In his twenty-five years of auctioneering, he has, he estimates, sold $300,000,000 worth of furs. He is a Princeton man, and had no more idea than any Princeton man ever has of becoming a fur auctioneer; just drifted into it. After his graduation, he travelled in Europe, worked for a while in a bank, and then, in 1912, through the friendly offices of Woodrow Wilson, became auctioneer for the Port of New York Authority. In 1916 he joined the New York Auction Company, which was formed for the protection of American dealers after several shipments of furs, as yet unsold, had been sunk by the Germans. He has become the most experienced fur auctioneer in this city, which is second only to London as a fur centre, and says he has sold furs from every place in the world except Cuba and Bermuda— which don't produce furs.

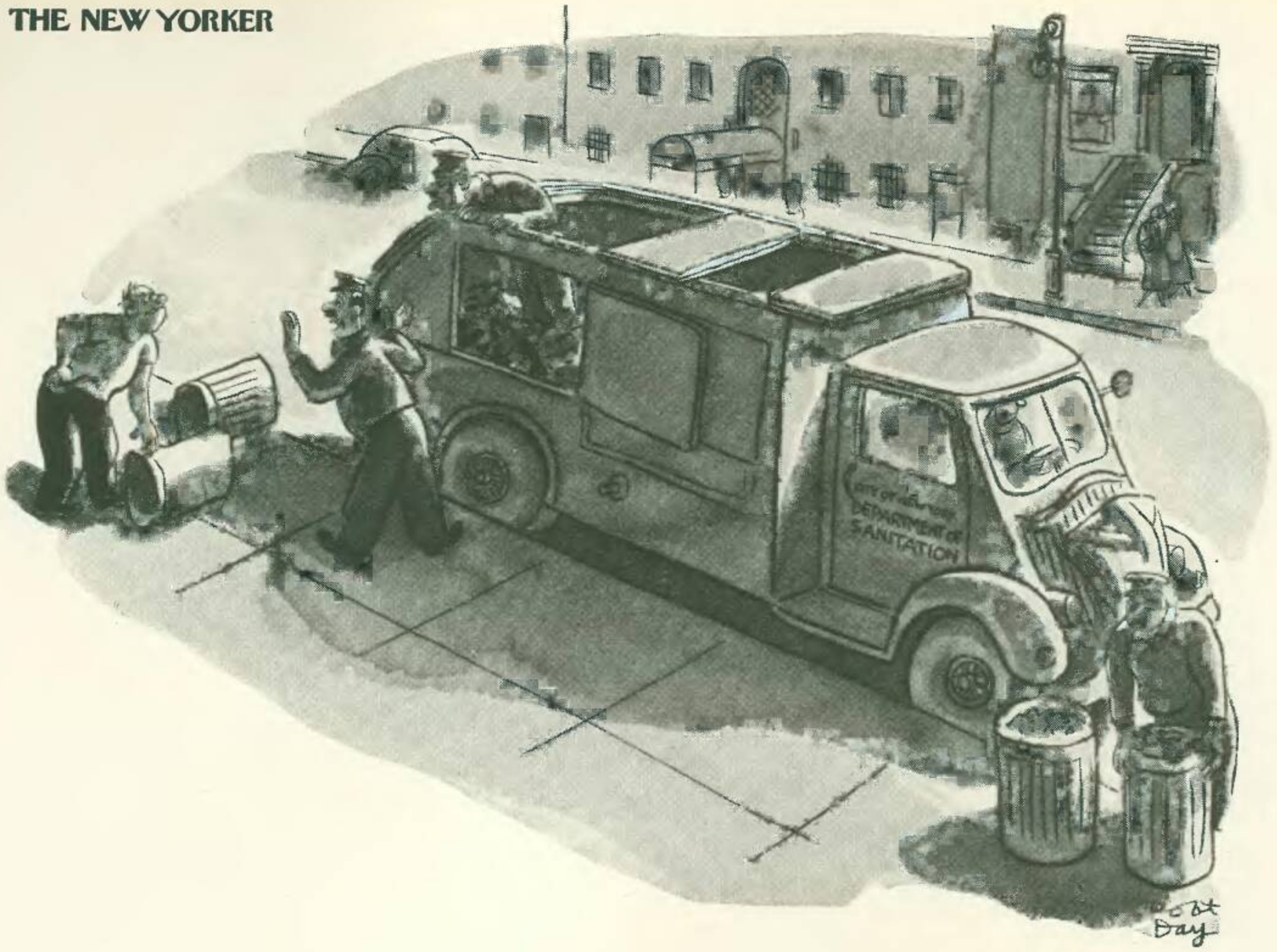
Mr. Noakes usually remains on the rostrum three hours at a time, and then gives way to an assistant. He can last longer than most auctioneers because he has two voices, one a little higher in pitch than the other. When things get going good at the auction, he makes a sale about every thirty seconds. What with Mr. Noakes' auctioneering and the six spotters' sporadic shouts of "Up!" the place sounds as if there were sea lions about. It's all rather wearing, Mr. Noakes told us, and during the busy season he goes right home to Malba, Long Island, and gets to bed early, to keep in training. Last year he set a record, he thinks, by working right through three days without being relieved.



"And now the royal—ah—equipage is passing through Trafalgar Square. If you'll listen carefully I think you can manage to hear the cheers of the populace as Their Majesties bow and smile in response to one of the greatest ovations old London has ever heard. This traditional ceremony . . ."

The Women

SOME of the most frightening talk in the city is to be heard, of course, at theatre box offices, just before matinées. At last Wednesday's matinée of "The Women," a lady asked for, and received, two orchestra seats, whereupon she left the window and started to join her friend, who was waiting for her in the lobby. "That



"Please remember that Mr. Perelli's views are his own, and not those of the Department of Sanitation."

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will be five-fifty, Madam," the box-office man called after her. "Oh," she said, with surprise, "do we pay now?"

Suite 208-9

THIS month marks the sixtieth anniversary of the introduction of the telephone to this city, and in commemoration of this we arranged to go down last Tuesday to Eleventh Street and Broadway and see the spot where the "speaking telephone" was first shown in New York. The building, then the St. Denis Hotel, in which the demonstration took place is still standing. It's an office building now, with a coat of white stucco plastered over its old walls. On the evening of May 11th, 1877, in a quiet parlor of this hotel, Alexander Graham Bell, who one week later was to begin a series of three lectures at Chickering Hall, held a preliminary showing of his invention for the benefit of a few influential people. Wires were strung over Brooklyn Bridge, which had not then been completed, to 340 Fulton Street. Mr. Gower, an associate of Bell, sat in Brooklyn with a cornet player he'd borrowed from a neighboring theatre, and after Mr. Bell gave a little talk in Manhattan, Mr. Gower spoke and sang over the wire and had the cornettist play "The Last Rose of Summer." The telephone instrument looked like the cover of a sewing machine with a mouthpiece stuck onto it. Sounds came from, and were directed into, this projection, which was both transmitter and receiver. The audience in Manhattan, including President Barnard of Columbia, was impressed. It was so weird and ghostly in the dead silence of the room, a reporter of the period noted next morning, that many of the ladies were glad when Mr. Gower said, "Good night."

On Broadway, occupying the first floor of the old St. Denis Hotel and taking up most of what was formerly the lobby, is Miller's Cut-Rate Men's Shop, with merchandise and price cards in green ink jamming the window. We went into the building by an entrance down Eleventh Street, and up in one of the old hotel elevators to the third floor, where Mr. Henry Bern, president of the St. Denis Offices Corporation, was waiting for us in his office. Mr. Bern said the building was eighty-five years old, and that his corporation took it over about fifteen years ago, when the hotel went out of business because of prohibition. The new company cut away the external ornamentation of the structure, which has six stories, and three or four years ago put on the white stucco. To give an idea of the atmosphere of the place today, we wrote down the names of a couple of the third-floor tenants: United Hat, Cap, and Millinery Workers, International Union Local No. 3; and Dura-Stone Monument & Memorial Service Company. "Abraham Lincoln once slept in this hotel, as President," Mr. Bern told us as we started downstairs to the second floor to see the old Bell parlor, but he said he didn't have any idea which room had been Lincoln's chamber.

The scene of the Bell experiment has become Suite 208-9, which is vacant. It is entered by a single door from the hallway, and both the outer and inner offices have twelve-foot ceilings, bare pine floors, and their heavy original

moldings. The windows are dusty. The suite is on the Broadway-Eleventh Street corner and faces Grace Church on one side and on the other the site of the original James McCreery store, into which, behind a board fence, Howard Clothes, Inc., is now moving. "Mr. Denhoff, the tenant across the hall, died last year," Mr. Bern said. "He was almost ninety years old." Nobody but us has ever shown any interest in the Bell parlor so far as he knows, Mr. Bern said. It contains seven hundred square feet and is ideally suited, Mr. Bern thinks, for executive offices of some clothing, publishing, or heavy-machinery firm, and there would be no charge whatever for the historic association.



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GENERAL INFORMATION: A grocery store on upper Broadway has in its window this sign: "Forced to Abdicate All Our Merchandise at Less Than Cost Prices." . . . The ceiling of the reception room of *Harper's Bazaar* leaks. When it rains, they put a pan under the leak. . . . The book "Wake Up and Live!" has finally reached the screen, and is thus announced by the management of the Roxy Theatre: "The Show-Wow of Shows! Yowsah! Here's the Mosta of the Besta in Entertainment! Swelegant! Howlarious! The Hotcha-Topsa Musical!"

Automatique

SOMETIME next week a trim Viennese gentleman named Leo Schärf is going to open, on Forty-second Street west of Seventh Avenue, a highly mechanized cafeteria called the Automatique. Equally suggestive of Horn & Hardart and of Buck Rogers, it offers such things as mechanically mixed cocktails, and a table at which everything on the menu passes before you, under glass, for you to choose from. Torn between our interest in food and our fear of being mangled in machinery, we finally hunted up Herr Schärf and asked for details of his project. He said first of all that Automatiques are nothing new; there are more than a hundred of them scattered over Europe, with others in such outlying spots as Oran, Algeria; Casablanca, Morocco; and Tel Aviv, Palestine. Herr Schärf is opening the New York Automatique to prove that the idea will catch on with Americans; if it does, he will then offer the machinery for sale in other cities.

Herr Schärf is a graduate of the University of Vienna, and speaks six languages—German, French, Spanish, Italian, Bulgarian, and English. His English is weak at the moment, but he expects to master it soon. Until the early twenties, he taught in a Vienna high school; then, growing bored, he set out to look for a business that would support him the rest of his life. "I look for something that have no competition," he told us, "a monopole—no?" He thinks the Automatique is the answer. His chief interest is in selling the dispensing machines, though he personally operates nine Automatiques, principally for demonstration purposes. To make sure that his American venture is a success, he brought six seasoned workers with him from Europe, to train inexperienced employees.

The Automatique sandwiches will be stacked vertically, dropping onto an open shelf when you insert a coin in a slot. The coins will be carried to the basement on a conveyer and automatically sorted. Herr Schärf is proudest of his rotating table, a rectangular lunch counter at which you sit while various dishes pass in front of you on a belt and protected by glass. When you see a dish you think you'd like, you raise the glass and seize it. It's replaced at a point where the moving belt passes near the kitchen. Then your only problem is not to get distracted during your meal by the other viands clattering by. Payment is determined by the color of the dish: five cents for red, ten cents for blue, fifteen cents for green. There's a young lady behind the counter who adds up your dishes and tells you how many coins to drop into the slot. (There is a slot between every two seats.) Another of Herr Schärf's ideas is a hot dog containing two sausages, one black and one white. How do you suppose we've managed to get along without Herr Schärf all these years?

Aided by all the Automatique gadgets, Herr Schärf says he can cater to a given number of customers with a staff half as large as is ordinarily required. His only difficulty at present is that the Horn & Hardart people are acting a little stuffy about his using the name Automatique; too much like "Automat," they say. "Hah!" says Herr Schärf, gleefully. "They ees plenty worried." So are we, for that matter.

Anniversary

IF the morning of May 12th is a clear one, the sun will briefly illuminate the bedroom of a dentist named Dr. Ruyl, starting at about eight in the morning and continuing for ten minutes. This happens only once a year. On other days, the buildings surrounding the Ruyls' apartment at 24 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, cut the sunlight completely off. May 12th is a big day in the Ruyl household, as you may imagine. Dr. Ruyl and his wife get up early, pull up the curtain, and watch the little sunbeam creep across the bedroom floor. Then the Doctor has breakfast and goes to his New York office, as happy as a dentist on his way to work can be.

Poodle-Trimmer

THESE weeks, with dogs getting restive in their winter coats, are the busiest of the year for the town's busiest poodle-trimmer, Mr. Byron Hamilton Rogers, of Abercrombie & Fitch. Mr. Rogers is also, it happens, a cousin of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom, until now, we have never bracketed poodles. When we dropped in on the Abercrombie & Fitch Kennel Department the other day, we found three schnauzers, a poodle, a lot of scattered tufts of dog hair, and Mr. Rogers, who was trimming the poodle. He paused long enough to chat with us. He is a slight, brown-haired, mild young man of twenty-six. His mother, Mrs. Byron Rogers, has always been interested in dogs, and in 1916 started a kennel at Port Washington called The Misty Isles. Her son went partners with her when he was only a youngster, and they still run the kennels together. Since 1935, he has also been on the Abercrombie staff as buyer for the Dog Accessories Department and as poodle-trimmer extraordinary. Mr. Rogers will scissor any dog you bring him, but prefers poodles, because, he says, there you have the most scope.

We sat by and watched while he demonstrated on the poodle at hand, giving it an English trim, which is the best for show dogs. In this, the hind quarters are cut down to look like short caracul fur, and the nose and all four

feet are clipped to the skin. For decoration, bracelets of hair are left on all four legs, and a pompon at the end of the tail. The Continental trim is next best, we learned, and then the Swiss. There are differences between them, of course, but it's all pretty special, and not likely to interest you unless you have a poodle or a box hedge. Sometimes people have ideas of their own, and want Mr. Rogers to leave a little more hair in one place, a little less in another, or maybe a rosette in the middle of the hind quarters. Once in a great while somebody turns up who insists upon having his monogram left in fur on the dog's clipped back. Such dogs are never shown, and we doubt if we'd get on well with their owners.

The first time you bring your poodle to Mr. Rogers, he sets the pattern that is to be used thenceforth. This takes two hours, and the bill is $7. After that, once a month for trimming is often enough; the job takes only an hour, and costs but $4.50. If your poodle's legs are a trifle long, or his back is too short, Mr. Rogers will take his scissors in hand and do something about it. "In a way," he explained, "it's like sculpture," thereby establishing an artistic kinship with Antoine.

Mr. Rogers recently sculptured Commissioner Mulrooney's Irish terrier Pal, and he regularly trims Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte's Paulette, who is of the very rare strain of apricot-colored poodle. We tried to get more names of dogs and people, but Mr. Rogers wouldn't talk. "You might put it," he said, "that our appointment book reads like the *Social Register*." We happened to know that he used to trim all Mrs. Sherman Hoyt's poodles but once in a burst of good-fellowship made the commercial error of showing Mr. Hoyt how to do it, which Mr. Hoyt has done ever since. We didn't mention that, but switched the conversation to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Rogers isn't sure whether or not he ever met his august cousin, but thinks he may have long ago when he was a tot at school in England and His Grace was the Archbishop of York. We asked Mr. Rogers what he, as a relative, thought of the recent unpleasantness over there and he commented merely, "The Archbishop had a duty to tradition, and he did his duty."

Old Boston Custom

A MAN we know drove up to Boston last weekend, and ran into terrible difficulties parking his car in one of those narrow, overcrowded Back Bay streets. Finally, in a temper, he drove through a small opening in the parking line right up onto the sidewalk, and left the car there. When he returned, an hour or so later, he found what looked like a ticket tucked under the windshield-wiper. It wasn't a ticket, though—just a polite little note, signed with a policeman's name and number: "In Boston we do not park our cars on the sidewalk."



"I have to do all the buying because George won't say tuppence ha'penny. He says it's silly."

FUTURE CONDITIONAL

(MR. NOEL COWARD CARRIES ON DURING A PERIOD OF CONSIDERABLE STRESS)

I IMAGINE that there must have been a general feeling that my conduct during the Revolution of 1940 was deplorable. From my point of view, however, it was a period of the most excruciating tedium, and to this day I haven't the slightest idea why social upheaval should invariably be attended by extreme personal inconvenience to those whose interest in it is, to put the thing mildly, academic. I remember that I was at the Ritz with Gertie and Ivor and an odd little object whose name I have utterly forgotten when word came that the crowds had sacked Buckingham Palace. Gertie, of course, gave the sort of polite and negligible squeal which I'm sure she felt was expected of her under the circumstances, and the anonymous little man turned quite beige with terror. I was somewhat startled for an instant myself, until I looked at Ivor and saw that he was shaking with laughter.

"How very trying for the Queen," I said.

"So typical of them to drop in just at lunchtime," he replied.

The whole thing, as a matter of fact, was manifestly absurd, but it was tiresome, too. The night before, I had gone to bed with a slight chill, and in the idle hours between ten and midnight I had written a play. It was called "The Thunderbolt," and in its flamboyant way I thought it was amusing. Both Gertie and Ivor were delighted with it, and Basil planned to start rehearsals at once. The Revolution, however, put that out of the question. In addition to the fact that all the available stagehands in London were far too busy with their preposterous raping and looting to have any time left for anything so humdrum as shifting scenery, it was almost impossible to find a theatre that might not be blown up at any moment. Gertie was quite definite about refusing to run the risk of a degrading liaison with a bomb.



"It's always so desperately untidy, darling," she said.

And I could see myself that it would be a nuisance to have my most passionate embraces embalmed forever in falling plaster. Mother, of course, was perfectly splendid about everything, and wanted to scamper directly off to the Communist headquarters and put a stop to all this nonsense once and for all.

"Just you let me talk to them, Noel," she said.

I am perfectly sure that the dear old creature would indeed have gone to call upon the agitators, and it is by no means impossible that she would have put down the Revolution single-handed. There was also the possibility, however, that they might have paid the final abashed tribute to superior eloquence and cut off her head. We decided to wait a little while, at least until the first rapturous novelty of mass homicide had worn off.

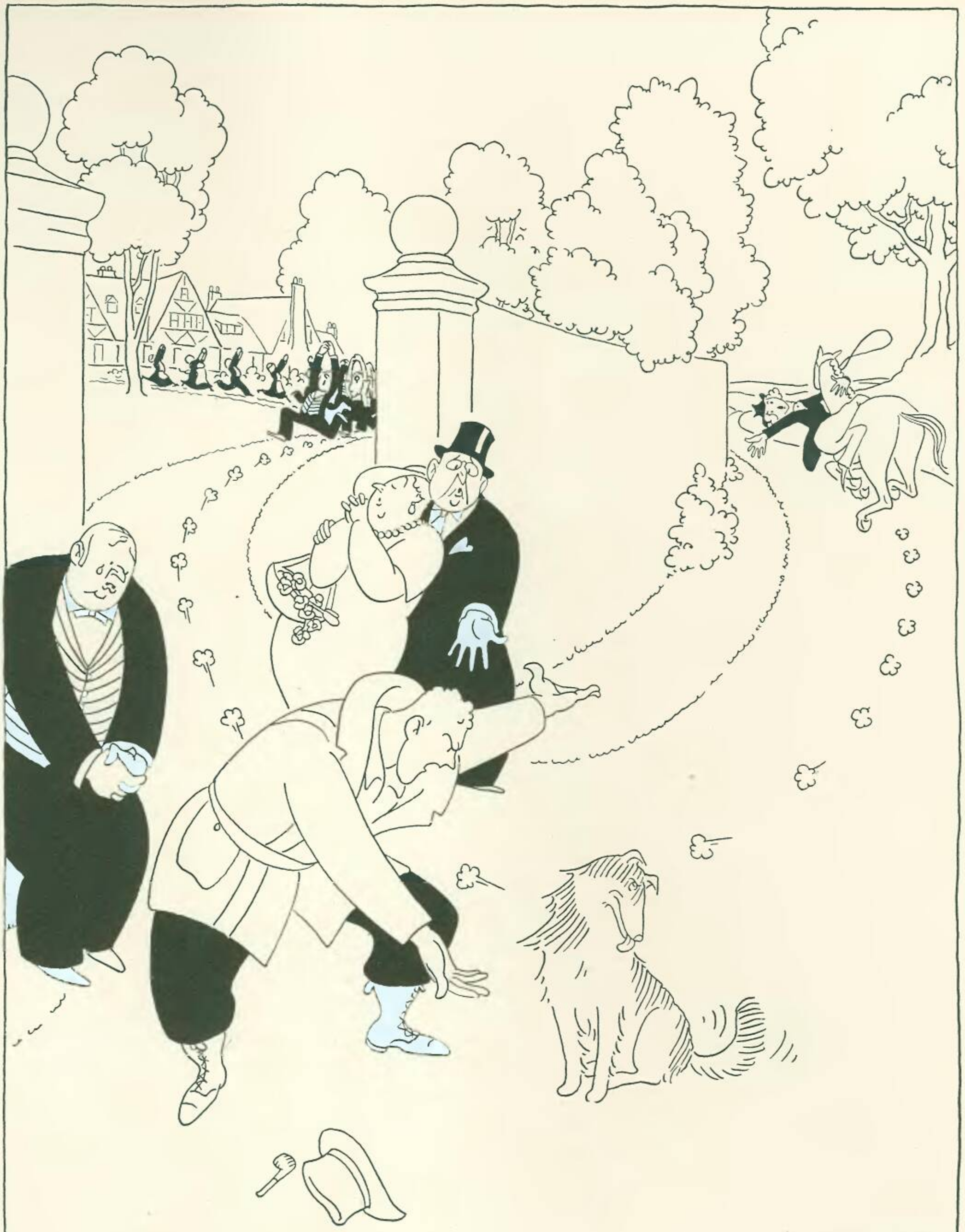
AT last things quieted down to a certain extent, and on December 16th, 1940, Gertie and I opened in "The Thunderbolt." It was, I suppose, a fairly macabre little piece—the whole thing took place over a weekend at a smart English houseparty; Gertie played the part of a gay young countess, with suggested overtones of drugs and nymphomania; I was her lover and at the same time the husband of a wealthy and far too durable old horror called Lady Pigeon. In the end, and in a deliberately understated scene, it became advisable for us to cut Lady Pigeon up into quite small pieces, stuff her in a trunk, and ship her off on a goods train. It was my intention, of course, to accentuate a basically horrible situation by superimposing upon it urbane and witty dialogue. Thus, for instance, while we were happily dismantling Lady Pigeon, Gertie said, "Of course, you know that all this is frightfully ungallant of you, don't you, darling?" And I replied that after all I'd always understood that an Englishman's home was his abattoir. I realize now that we may not have chosen precisely the most tactful time for this pleasing confection, since it represented a point of view no longer altogether fashionable. I had, however, no idea of what actually was in store for us.

Gertie opened the first scene beautifully, although I have never been convinced that the best way to suggest morphine addiction is to hop up and down as though one were infested with mice. However, she was playing well within herself and when, on my wife's first entrance, she turned and said to me, "What, isn't the old bitch dead yet?" I naturally expected the audience to laugh. However, there wasn't a sound, and a little later, when I had to say that the only reason I didn't go to work was that I didn't want to take the caviar out of some poor man's mouth—certainly one of the most amusing lines in the play—there was a noticeable commotion in the gallery. It was utterly ghastly, and the second act was even worse. I seemed to be the special object of their displeasure, and there were boos and catcalls every time I opened my mouth.

The thing culminated grotesquely in the third act. For some time rustic humorists had been throwing pennies and dubious vegetable matter on the stage, and we had managed to disregard them. Finally, however, there was a loud, metallic crash and a small hand grenade bounced across the stage and stopped directly at my feet. With singular presence of mind, I picked it up, tossed it into the trunk (which already contained the hypothetical residue of Lady Pigeon), and slammed the lid. There was a vehement explosion, filling the stage with small pieces of trunk, papier-mâché pieces of Lady Pigeon, and an excessively dismal smell, but fortunately nobody was hurt. In the face of such petulant criticism as this, however, it seemed unwise to continue the performance and I rang down the curtain.

Later, in a short curtain speech, I was able to thank the audience for one of the pleasantest evenings of my life, and although there was certainly no reason to suppose that they were susceptible to irony, it was a satisfaction. I needed satisfaction because my play was assuredly one of the most agonizing failures in the history of the English stage, and I knew it would take me at least a week to finish another.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



LITERARY RENEGADES

The Albert Payson Terhune Collie Who Failed To Stop a Runaway

THE DAMNED HOTEL

IT was a little bar on Third Avenue, with a border of green shamrocks decorating the window, and a nondescript interior, mostly brown. But it was handy to the big hotel on Lexington where the man was staying, and he had dropped in there just often enough, in the couple of weeks since he'd moved uptown, so that the bartender would give him a nod of greeting when he came in. As he came in now, the bartender turned his broad, pale Irish face toward him, and nodded. There were two men up near the front, where the radio was, standing over half-drained glasses of beer; otherwise the place was empty. It was getting on toward two o'clock in the morning.

The man walked down to the other end of the bar. He was a man of about forty, not tall, with a long face and silver-rimmed glasses that, magnifying his eyes, gave them a studious and slightly bewildered look. He had a raincoat on and a soft felt hat with the brim turned down. Both were wet, and as the bartender moved down toward him behind the bar, he took off the hat and gave it a little downward swing that ended with a snap, shaking a few drops off onto the scuffed tile floor.

The movement disarranged his glasses, and he ran his second finger up the bridge of his nose, pressing them back into place. "Rain," he said. He had a light-toned, nervous-sounding voice; watching him, the bartender thought he might have had a couple of drinks somewhere else before he came in. "Ah, yes, it's been bad like this all day," the bartender said. For a moment they faced each other, then the man drew a long breath and held it, as if in indecision. "Well," he said. "Scotch, I guess. Scotch and soda. Make it Teacher's," he added, as the bartender turned to the shelf behind him.

The bartender set out the bottle and a measuring glass. Then he picked up a highball glass, slipped a piece of ice in it under the bar, and reached for a siphon bottle. He shot the glass half full of seltzer water and then ranged it on the bar beside the bottle of whiskey. Holding onto the molded rim of the bar and leaning back from it, the man watched these preparations with interest; then he pulled himself erect and poured the drink, filling the smaller glass carefully to the top. As he was about to empty it into the highball glass he seemed to change his mind, and carried it to his lips instead. He took a sip, and then another one. He stood very straight when he drank. "By George!" he said. "That's good enough to drink straight."

"It's good stuff, that Teacher's," the bartender said agreeably. "None better." He had turned sidewise, so that he faced toward the street, his heavy white-shirtsleeved right arm resting comfortably on the red-brown wood of the bar. It was quiet. Turned low, the radio mumbled vaguely to itself and then, very faintly, launched into a dance tune. The two men at the other end of the bar said nothing. Against the window beyond them, there was a constant flicker and trickle of raindrops, each one tinily reflecting the light inside. I must not disturb this, the man thought; not anything here. "You've been some time at this trade, I take it," he said.

The bartender didn't turn. "A matter of fourteen years," he said placidly.

"Well, well," the man said. He gulped his drink. It made him cough, and the cough disarranged his glasses; he pressed them back into place with his finger again. "That's a long time."

"It is."

"All in this country?"

"God, no! I was a tapster five years in Dublin—drawing beer for the customers in a brewer's taproom, that is—before even I came here." Slowly, as if each large joint had to be set in motion separately, he opened his hand and laid the palm flat on the surface of the bar. Through his glasses, the man watched the movement.

"Drawing beer, eh?" he said. "By George! That's interesting!" It was a little the wrong tone, and he saw the bartender's blue eye roll toward him; he went on quickly. "I mean, when you came here," he said. "It must have been all different, wasn't it? What did you think?"

"It was," the bartender said. He stopped and smiled. "I never dreamed the drinks I'd be called on to mix when I got here."

The man filled his glass and stared at him thoughtfully. "Are you married?" he said. "Or maybe I shouldn't ask."

The bartender turned briefly to look at him. "Oh, no harm," he said placidly. "The fact is, that's one thing I haven't tried." One of the men at the other end of the bar began tapping on the wood with a quarter, and the bartender pushed himself erect with his elbow and walked down to them. They were leaving, it seemed. He rang up the price of two beers on the cash register and flipped one of the men a nickel. "Good night, Pat," they both said as they reached the door. "Good night, then," the bartender said.

And he had hardly picked up the empty glasses and rinsed them before another couple came in, a man and a woman, this time—both of them fat and broad-faced and cheery-looking. They too ordered beers, and they too seemed to know the bartender; after he had served them, he stood for some time, talking and laughing with them. It was all so friendly and so casual that the man, watching it through the glasses that made his eyes look childish and large, felt a sudden twinge of loneliness. He wondered if he would ever be able to talk so freely and simply with anyone again. He wondered if the bartender would stay down there or if he would come back to him.

But when he did come back, the man found himself thinking principally about the bartender's broad hand, and he stuck his own out abruptly across the bar. "Hunter's my name," he said.

The bartender was still smiling from some remark the others had made. "Ah, then I'm glad to know that," he said. "You know how it is, a man can come in a dozen times, and if he doesn't tell you—" He wiped the hand on his apron before he offered it; even so, the man noticed how cool and moist it was. Against it, his own felt hot and dry. "I draw strength from you, Pat," he said. "Your name *is* Pat, I believe?"

"That's right. Pat McCaffrey." He tilted the bottle over the man's glass, filling it expertly. "And yourself, sir," he said. "You're a single man, too?"

The man flung his head back suddenly, so that his glasses flashed in the light from above. He gave a short bark of a laugh. "Now, God, do I have to answer that?" he said. The question had been put so innocently and so politely, it had come so pat with all he had been thinking, that the man couldn't help it; he saw the bartender staring at him, but he laughed again, an odd laugh, with his mouth closed on a swallow of liquor he had taken, so that the sound came in a series of snorts through his nose.

It disarranged his glasses, but this time he didn't bother to push them back into place. "Yes. The poor man's club," he said, "where we all speak as brothers." The bartender had drawn

back against the shelf behind the bar; his look had been first one of surprise, but now it was growing hard and unfriendly. "Yes and no, Pat," the man said. "That's the best answer I can give you. Yes and no. Up to a few weeks ago, I'd have said no. And a few weeks from now, it'll be yes. Depending on how long it takes the courts to decide. Pat—" He broke off abruptly. "I wish you'd go down and ask those charming people to have a drink with me. Will you?"

The bartender glanced down at them and then back again. "They're doing well enough as it is," he said.

"Well, go down there, anyway," the man said.

"You're getting beyond yourself, mister."

"That I'm not," the man said. "Here, you've got me talking Irish, too. You've forgotten my name, Pat."

"I've not. Mr. Hunter. But I don't go bandying anyone's name about," the bartender said.

"Well," the man said. His face, that had grown flushed, had gone pale again. "You should know, Pat, a man that's been tending bar as long as you have, that a customer doesn't come in to talk about his own troubles. I have a damned little hotel room all my own that I keep for that." He reached in his trousers pocket and pulled out a crumple of bills, dropping them on the bar. The bartender gave him back all but two, and made change from these. Standing very straight, the man accepted the coins. "I hope you kept count of the drinks I had," he said.

"Three, I made it," the bartender said.

"Three. Good night, Pat," the man said.

"Good night," the bartender said. "Mister Hunter." The man heard the woman laugh as he went out the door.

OUTSIDE, it was cool. The man had forgotten about the rain, but he found now that the rain had stopped. "There's one more place I'd better not go back to," he said. He realized he had spoken aloud, but it didn't matter; except for a few lighted bar windows, the avenue was dark and silent, and his voice was a pleasant sound in the quiet. As he crossed the avenue, a cab drove slowly past, but he waved it away. "I'll be telling my troubles to the taxi-drivers next," he said. He walked over to Lexington, and glanced down it. Down the block was the damned hotel; he could see the black block of its marquee, projecting out over the sidewalk and blotting out an oblong of the lights down around Grand Central. Instead of turning toward it, he crossed and walked over to Park.

Park was dim and spacious-looking, with almost no traffic. He stood at the corner a moment, looking up and down. Then, as he was about to turn back, he heard a rumbling underground and looked down—through a lighted grating that he had never noticed before but that now opened surprisingly at his feet. It just shows what happens when you're drunk, he thought. Through the grating, he could see a shining strip of rail, and the ends of a series of railroad ties—all part of the system of tracks leading out of Grand Central, he realized, and then, as the rumbling grew, the rail and the ties were blotted out by a dark shape that swept past beneath the grating and continued. A train, heading north. He stood looking down at it. "Go on, then," he said. "Go on, damn you. Go to Reno, go anywhere you want. Go to hell."

He said it aloud, and he hoped that she, abed in the apartment uptown or wherever she was, would somehow hear. Then he turned and began walking back toward the damned hotel.

—ROBERT M. COATES

THE MOMENTS HE REMEMBERS

The moments he remembers? They are those
In the dog part of him, the sleeping nose,

The animal awakened in him once—
Decrepit the old hound, yet how he hunts

Through the moist lands of youth! Or then he did—
Remembering what time almost has hid:

The hour at sunset when the ball and glove,
Hot with the play, exhaled a leather love,

And his left hand, withdrawn to wipe his eyes,
Sweetened the whole air with musk surprise—

The sweat of horses, tempered with his own,
And the rubbed oil that lingered on alone.

The animal, awakening once more,
Almost can live; except his bones are sore,

And the sunk valleys of his mind can save
Only a few more moments from the grave—

As when the boy, in January wind,
Ran till his face was nipped and scarlet-skinned;

Then stopped, and all of winter like a bell
Rang in his nostrils, soundless. Or the spell—

He can remember, suddenly, his trance
When feet upon the lawn had ceased to dance,

And his small cheeks, enamored of the bruise,
Lay pressed in grass the way sky-witches use,

Straining upon earth's arc, to enter in;
He entered it, the odor—now so thin,

So struggling now, so faint across the ground,
To the old man and the nearsighted hound.

—MARK VAN DOREN

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE RISE OF MR. PONZI

A LITTLE more than sixteen years ago the good folk of New England were involved in a ten-million-dollar swindle by a little Italian named Charles Ponzi. The case is interesting for several reasons: the almost incredible simplicity of Ponzi's get-rich-quick scheme, by which he claimed he could more than double his investors' money in three months; the curious behavior of the press and public officials of Massachusetts; the fact that it all happened in a part of the country traditionally known as the home of conservative banking, where a savings bank offering six per cent instead of the customary four and a half would have been looked upon with deep suspicion. Ponzi has been in Italy for more than two years now. He was deported in 1934 as an undesirable alien. But before we look at his life in Italy, let us review his life in America.

The story starts in Boston, in 1919. The postwar boom was just getting under way, and Governor Cal Coolidge, whom the Boston police strike had recently made a great man, was sitting under the golden dome of the State House. Charles Ponzi was living in the populous Italian district in the North End of Boston. He was thirty-seven years old, slim, persuasive in manner, and addicted to the style of dress later to be so popular among gangsters. "Dapper" was the word the newspapers found for Mr. Ponzi when he became a front-page personality. So far as his neighbors knew, his history was uneventful, and typical of almost any other young Italian immigrant. Born and educated in Parma, he had left school at the age of twenty-one and had come to the United States. He had spent nine or ten years wandering from city to city, learning the language and working at various times as a busboy, a bookkeeper, and a clerk for a firm of importers. Nobody in Boston knew that during his rovings he had occasionally been known as Mr. Bianchi, and had served two jail sentences—one for forgery, and one for smuggling aliens across the Canadian border.

Ponzi had been living in Boston for two years, during which time he had met and married a pretty young Italian stenographer named Rose Guecco. He had bought out her father's wholesale fruit-and-vegetable business, mismanaged and overexpanded it, and had finally been forced into bankruptcy. In 1919 he was just making both ends meet, operating in a modest way as an importers' agent, and meanwhile trying to get financial backing for some sort of loose-leaf trade publication which he planned to circulate among importers. Then, one autumn day, he received a letter from a man in Italy, asking for information about the projected publication and enclosing, to pay the postage for a reply, an international reply coupon. Ponzi's business had taught him the rudiments of international finance, and now, looking at his reply coupon, he suddenly realized that it offered, at least in theory, a way of making a dollar bill burgeon into $3.50.

It was almost too simple. This humble form of currency, intended to facilitate the transfer of trifling sums of money between countries belonging to the Universal Postal Union, has always been redeemable for postage stamps at a permanent rate of exchange fixed by the Union, and not affected by the fluctuations of currency. Ponzi reasoned that he could, in theory, purchase depressed foreign currency at the current rate of exchange, turn this into International Reply coupons, and then redeem the coupons here, at the higher fixed rate, pocketing profits as high as $2.50 on an original investment of $1.

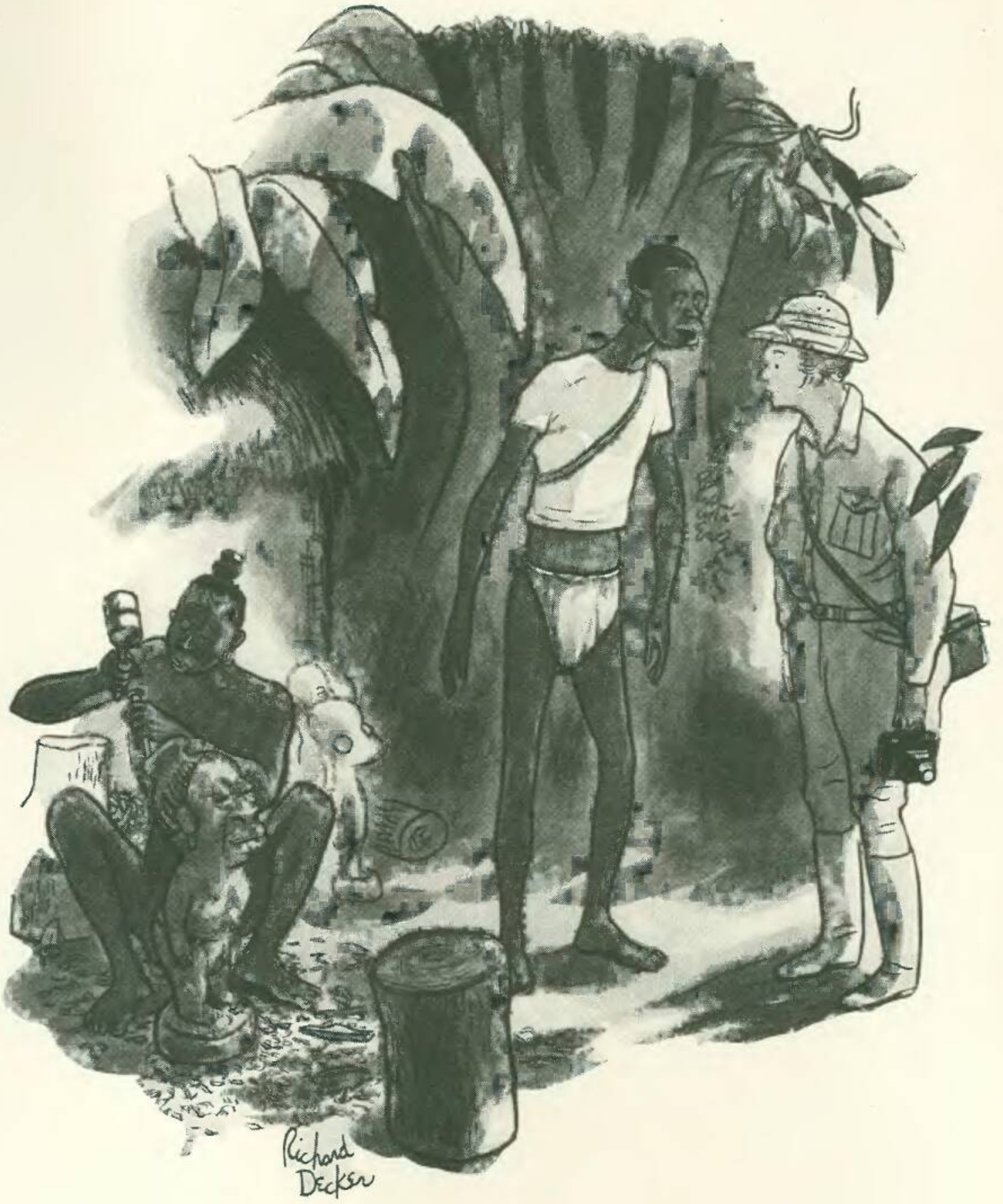
During the next eight months the fame of Mr. Ponzi's scheme spread among the New Englanders. Everybody—school children, shopkeepers, old ladies in sewing circles—could explain the mechanics of dealing in coupons: the depressed liras and francs; the foreign agent; the resulting jack pot of five-cent stamps. The stern and rockbound folk entrusted Mr. Ponzi with some ten millions of their savings. And during this time he seems to have bought and redeemed coupons to the value of thirty dollars. Nobody can now be at all sure of what his plan was, probably not even Ponzi himself. Maybe he intended to go into it seriously at the outset, and then discovered that it was easier to pay the dividends of the early investors in his scheme with the money of later investors. That, at any rate, is what he soon was doing.

He started quietly enough, explaining the scheme to his Italian friends in the North End. Lacking capital to op-



erate for himself, he was issuing notes payable, with interest of forty per cent, in ninety days. In those affluent times he found a good number of people ready to chance a five- or ten-dollar bill—so many, in fact, that forty-five days after he had started operations, he found himself with enough cash on hand to enable him to take up the notes of the first investors. This practice he adhered to through the delirious months to come; his notes were nominally due in ninety days, but were always taken up in forty-five days. He also raised his interest to fifty per cent. Investors thus stood to make a profit of one hundred and twenty-five per cent in ninety days if they reinvested after being paid on the forty-fifth day. And for the next five months they actually did make it.

Incredibly enough, the Boston press avoided mention of Ponzi's scheme as carefully as if it had been an elevator accident in a department store. Early in the spring, Ponzi was taking in $2,000 a day; by the end of May, this figure had jumped to $200,000; but the first mention of him in a Boston newspaper did not appear until June 9th, in a timidly joshing, carefully libel-proof story that mentioned no names and almost no facts. It was not taken up by the out-of-town press, and the story did not come up again for another six weeks. Meanwhile, however, everybody had been talking about Ponzi: elevator boys, scrubwomen, waiters, barbers, bartenders in speakeasies, stevedores on the Charlestown docks. Truck-drivers and salesmen carried the news all over New England, to the Italian millworkers in Lawrence and Lowell, the French-Canadians in Worcester and Providence, and the



"He says he'll pose for you if you'll pose for him."

• •

Poles in Hartford and Bridgeport. Ponzi had long ago given up his legitimate export business. He had an office on School Street, near City Hall; when this became too small to accommodate the crowd of investors, he took additional space in Pi Alley, a narrow lane branching off the section of Washington Street known as Newspaper Row. In the late spring, the crowds waiting outside Ponzi's office began to interfere seriously with traffic. The Boston journalists, possibly exhausted by their efforts to fight their way through the crowd to their offices, continued to ignore Ponzi.

Sixteen clerks were necessary to handle business in Pi Alley. People whose notes were due were notified by postcard. They came to Pi Alley and were paid in cash, if they wanted it, or in checks on the Hanover Trust Company, in which Ponzi now owned a quarter interest. Ponzi's only bookkeeping system, it later turned out, was a card-index file of investors, chronologically arranged so as to show when their notes would mature. It was so badly kept that a federal auditor, going over it after Ponzi's arrest, was unable to come within half a million dollars of the state auditor's estimate of Ponzi's liabilities. People who brought in money to invest (it was mostly cash, withdrawn from savings banks) were given a note signed with Ponzi's name by one of his cashiers; the incoming cash was just stuffed into drawers, or people's pockets. Ponzi meanwhile had opened branch offices all over New England, and was talking largely of even greater financial operations—more banks, a steamship line, a chain of motion-picture theatres. He even had a name ready for his motion-picture project: Filmland.

EXCEPT for his innocent acquisitiveness, Ponzi appears to have been a temperate man. He paid $40,000 for a house in the suburbs, but this was a "mansion" only in the subsequent newspaper stories. He hired a colored maid for his wife, bought a quantity of tightly fitting gray clothes, and ordered a custom-built Locomobile. But though it was spring, he bought no yacht, and, though he was young and wealthy, he remained faithful to Rose. He drank little, and ate in modest Italian restaurants. He corrupted nobody; it is a pleasure to report that of all his agents none were convicted of conspiracy. In a word, Ponzi spent little above what was necessary for the immediate needs of himself and his wife. His sole dissipation seems to have been giving $100,000 to an orphanage.

The public officials who might have felt it their duty to investigate Ponzi

seem to have decided, like the newspapers, that the case was dynamite, and that they would do well to leave it alone. After all, it is no light thing to come between a New Englander and an unearned fifty per cent. It is pretty certain that Ponzi would have been investigated if there had been any complaint. But as long as people were receiving their grandly improbable dividends, there was no complaint, and as long as the number of new investors continued to increase, the old ones could be paid off.

This state of affairs might have gone on much longer if Ponzi had not hired a publicity man, William H. McMasters. McMasters was at the time the busiest publicity man in Boston, and seems to have been one of the few people who realized that there might be something funny about a dividend of fifty per cent in forty-five days. He went to work for Ponzi in good faith, but with his eyes open. His first step was to arrange for Ponzi to give an interview to the morning *Post*. This appeared on Monday, July 26th, and the Ponzi office that day took in $2,000,000. This made McMasters a little dizzy, and he urged Ponzi to go to the District Attorney and offer to answer any questions. McMasters says now that if, as he more than half suspected, Ponzi turned out to be a fraud, he wanted to be covered. If Ponzi survived investigation, it would be all the better for business. "Sure," said Ponzi. "Let's go. I got nothing to hide." As evidence of his solvency, he carried with him to the District Attorney's office a certified check for $1,000,000.

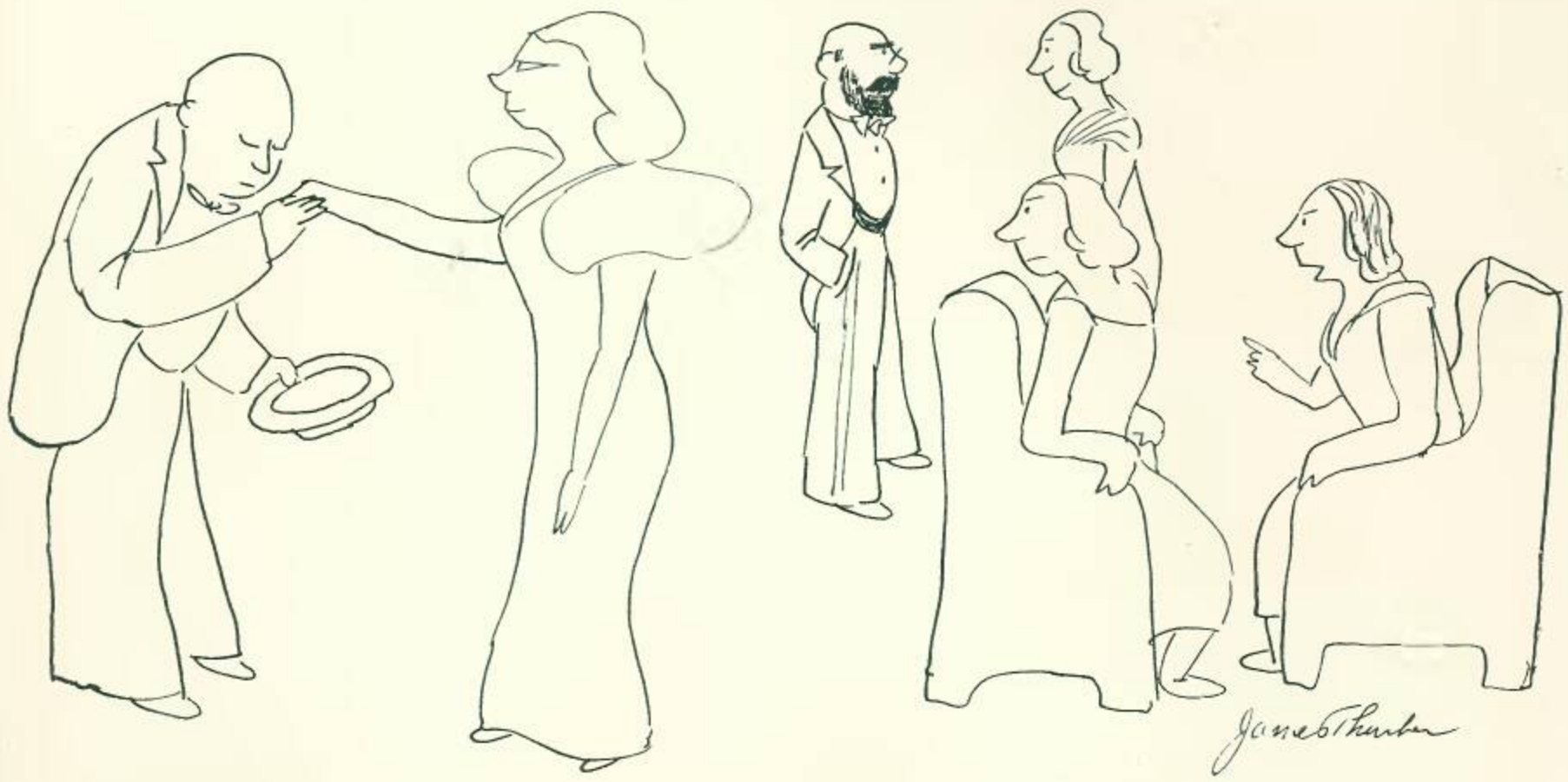
Nobody except McMasters appears to have been nervous at the conference. Ponzi expressed himself as being willing to undergo any sort of investigation; Pelletier, the District Attorney, wasn't inclined to press an investigation of Ponzi, but finally suggested that he stop taking in money pending an investigation of his books. He was, however, to be allowed to take up notes, paying the fifty-per-cent dividend on those that were mature, and face value for the unmatured ones. Ponzi agreed amiably and for a week sat in his office and watched money being paid out to the investors. He didn't appear to be alarmed by the investigation, and neither did the investors. They cheered Ponzi whenever he showed himself, and he reciprocated by ordering frankfurters and coffee served them. The state auditor sat in his office, trying to make some meaning out of Ponzi's card index, and suffering, probably, as no state auditor ever suffered before.

On August 2nd, a week after Ponzi had stopped taking in money, the *Post* carried a story signed by McMasters, to the effect that Ponzi was hopelessly insolvent, a swindler, and probably crazy. McMasters had arrived at these conclusions just by standing around the Pi Alley office and watching what went on. He noticed that when Ponzi decided to send to Italy for his mother, he seemed to have no international banking connections to handle the transfer of money, and just bought travellers' checks. Another enlightening incident was that when a shoestore wrote Ponzi a letter offering him a free pair of shoes, Ponzi dropped finance immediately, went around to the shoestore with the same innocent, acquisitive gleam in his eyes, and got the shoes.

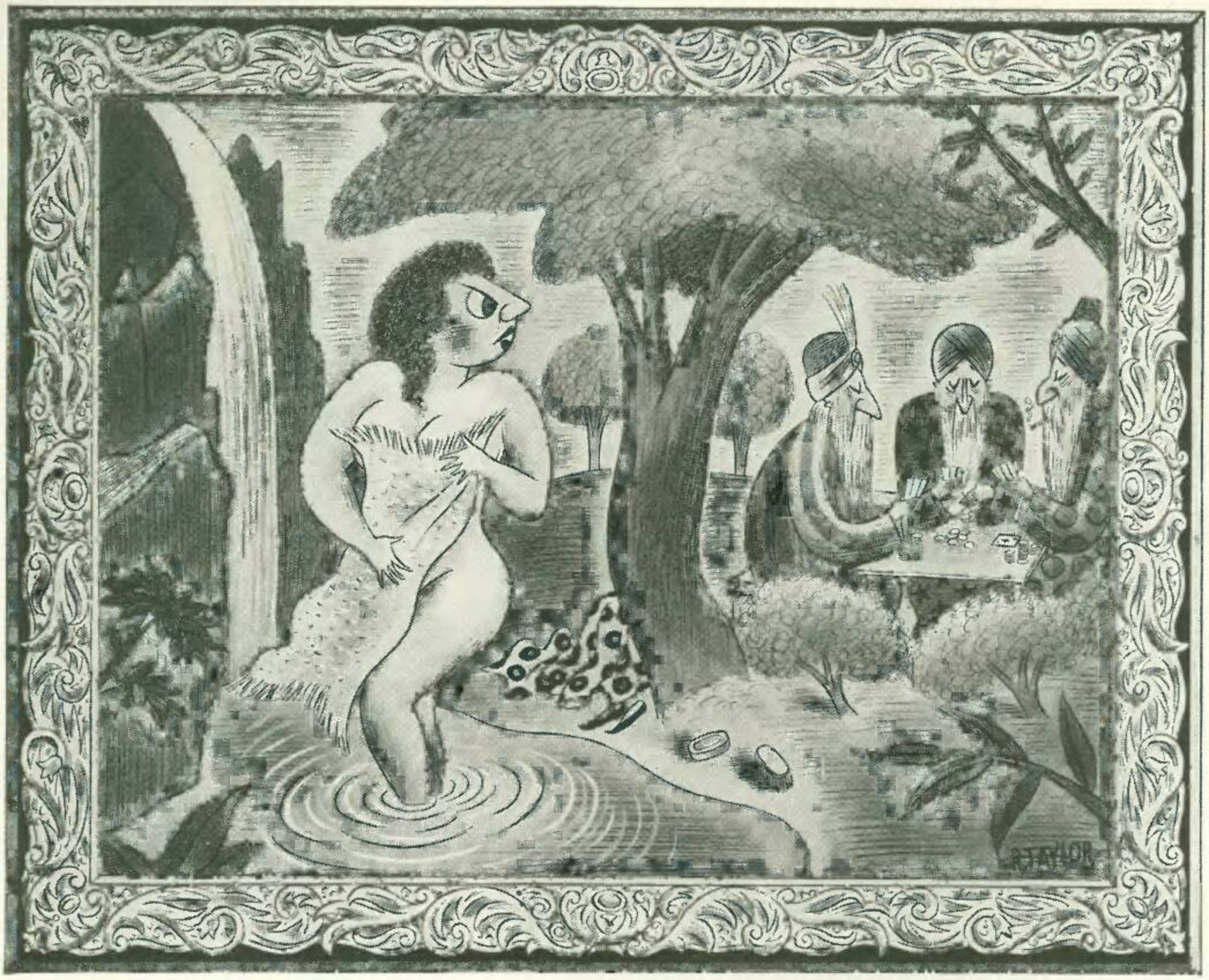
After this, things moved fast. A couple of months after the publication of McMasters' story, Ponzi was starting a term in federal prison for using the mails to defraud. The receivers in bankruptcy began the job, which was to take several years, of giving back to the New Englanders what remained of their money. The total payment came to about thirty-five per cent of the original investments. A good number of people who got out before the crash kept their original investment-plus-dividend, though—the receivers in bankruptcy couldn't find them, because Ponzi's books were so sloppily kept.

After serving three and a half years on the federal charge, Ponzi was released, with time off for good behavior, and tried on state charges of grand larceny. He was found guilty and given a sentence of seven to nine years. He had his final fling while he was out on bail waiting for his appeal to be heard; he went to Florida, almost succeeded in launching a real-estate development before his identity was discovered, and then almost escaped to Italy on an Italian steamer. He was finally caught and sent back to Massachusetts to serve his sentence as a "common and notorious thief."

TODAY Ponzi, Signor Carlo Ponzi, lives in a furnished room in the Via Brescia, a street of cheap new houses on the outskirts of Rome. He was deported in October, 1934, eight months after his release from the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown. As soon as he arrived in Italy, he set to work writing the story of his life, which he called "The Rise of Mr. Ponzi." "The Rise of Mr. Ponzi" has yet to find a publisher. Signor Ponzi has been unsuccessfully trying to finance publication by selling shares in it. One thousand $20 shares will finance the printing and distribution, and Signor Ponzi thinks he can safely promise his in-



"Dr. Rathbone told her she was disingenuous and she's been acting that way ever since."



OUR MODERN GALLERY OF ANCIENT FAVORITES

Susannah and the Elders

• •

vestors a profit of one hundred per cent. "I don't think," he says gravely, "that I am under an illusion if I state that twenty-five thousand copies ought to sell in New England alone." Part of the profits of investors in the book are to be reinvested in what he calls a "speculative enterprise," which may bring in the equivalent of $300,000. If you press him for details of this enterprise, it turns out to be the Italian national lottery.

Talk like this Signor Ponzi reserves for American newspaper correspondents. He likes to call on them in the afternoon, after he has had his siesta, after he has made the round of the banks and travel agencies to see if any mail has come from America. Americans are likely to remember the days when he was a great man, and may still have money to invest in promising *combinazioni*. His compatriots, the people who drink and play cards with him in the little neighborhood barroom which he frequents in the evening, are amiably skeptical when Signor Ponzi drops hints of his past importance. They know him as a gray, stoutish, respectable gentleman, who, like so many other Italians, recently returned from the Eldorado country with empty pockets. He talks sometimes of connections high in the Fascist administration, and during the recent campaign against Haile Selassie held himself in constant readiness to go to Ethiopia to handle relations with the foreign press; but it is noticed that in their games of *scopa*, in which the loser pays for a round of black *caffè espresso* or sweet vermouth, Signor Ponzi plays his cards as carefully and anxiously as anybody else. Whatever his life may have been, it is now threadbare and precarious.

It is also an idle life. Signor Ponzi is up at six in the morning, but that is no more than a habit that he carried away from the state prison. Now, four thousand miles from Charlestown, Signor Ponzi goes down to his landlady's kitchen, makes himself a cup of coffee, and goes back to bed for another two or three hours. After he is finally up, he works on the manuscript of a second book, and revises the first. The second book is to be called "The Boston Merry-Go-Round." "I have many debts due me," he says. "I have written to my debtors, asking for 'explanations.' They know what that means. If they don't send the dough, I'll dish up the dirt about them in 'The Boston Merry-Go-Round.' They better send it."

The bitterest blow of Ponzi's new

life came last summer when Rose sued for divorce in Massachusetts, on the statutory grounds that her husband had served more than five years in prison. He had left her behind when he was deported, promising to send for her as soon as he had enough money saved up. "The Rise of Mr. Ponzi" contains many lyric passages dedicated to her. (The manuscript is often shown to prospective investors in its publication.) "Time, space, the world and everything around me, except that girl, had ceased to exist," he writes of his first meeting with her. "Rose is the most precious gift America could have tendered me. . . . My wife is ample reward for everything I have suffered. . . ." What hurts Ponzi most is the grounds on which she chose to base her suit. "I would have given her a divorce quite easily," he told reporters, "if she had asked for it on grounds of desertion."

The Ponzis never had any children, and Rose managed to support herself comfortably during his time in prison. She went back to her old job of stenographer, getting work with a wistful little bootlegger named Charles Solomon, who liked his friends to call him King Solomon. She became an accountant at a night club which he ran in Boston, and is still there, though Solomon was shot a long time ago and the place is under new management. Such gossip as there is in Boston has linked her name, in a nice way, with that of a maître d'hôtel. The newspapers interview her every now and then. "When he had millions, when he had a mansion, when he had cars, I stuck with him," one of them made her say last fall. "When he was down, when he was in trouble, when he was in prison, I stuck with him. And now I feel that I have proved my loyalty through thick and thin, and I intend to secure a quiet divorce." Nobody in Boston has ever thought that she got any share of the money Ponzi took in. At a hearing before the governor of the state, when Ponzi was fighting deportation, she testified that Ponzi had allowed her and her family to invest in the scheme, and added, pathetically, "I don't understand him."

"I'm going to pieces," Ponzi said in Italy, when he learned about the divorce. "I'm going to hell, and I'm going to take a lot of people with me. To emphasize my attitude, you can say that I frequently get drunk." Ponzi had had a pretty good job as a salesman of building supplies, but about this time gave it up. "I'm going to live on borrowed money," he says. "And I'm making careful plans to make a surprise appearance in the United States when I'm least expected."

THE other figures in the Ponzi case have prospered variously. The District Attorney was disbarred several years later, for participating in a "shakedown" racket. The Boston *Post* won the Pulitzer Prize for its activities in connection with the Ponzi case. McMasters ran last year for governor of Massachusetts, as a Union Party candidate, and lost to the Democratic machine. The people of New England recovered financially, and are now contributing generously to the support of four pari-mutuel machines and a well-organized numbers game.

—J. B. C.

THE KINGDOM AND THE GLORY

Count Curt Haugwitz-Reventlow and his wife, the former Barbara Hutton Mdivani, are enroute to London for the Coronation. Two governesses and a nurse are in attendance on Lance, their baby son.—*News item.*

"Boom," say the cannons, and "Hail," sing the banners,
"Ho," cry the heralds with their elegantest manners.
"Here comes a Sovereign to greet a brother king—
A little prince chewing on a teething ring!"



High street, low street,
Parliament Square
Send a rousing welcome
To the Woolworth heir!
Greet him, every horseman,
In plume and shining button.
His father is a Norseman,
His mother was a Hutton.

Here comes the Scion, as regal as can be,
With henchmen and footmen and handmaidens three,
To comfort him with mittens and cut his spinach up,
And feed him his gruel from a monogrammed cup.

Three ladies haughty
To lean above his crib,
To spank him when he's naughty,
And tie the royal bib;
To teach him pretty answers
And zip his zippers ùndone.
Young Count Lance, sirs,
Is on his way to London.

Merry ring the church bells, loud play the bands,
Proud ride the monarchs with their sceptres in their hands.
And some fear the Fascists and some dread the Debt,
But Lance goes smiling in his bassinet.

High street, low street,
Wish the Infant joy!
Lift a rousing welcome
To the last Royal Boy.
For empires daily totter,
And princes sulk in Rome,
And a king across the water
Awaits the mail from home.
But the pillow's made of down,
And the head lies easy when
It's a head that wears a crown
From the Five-and-Ten.



—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •



"Live all the time like it's your last day on earth is my philosophy, Miss Hunter."

IS INFLATION COMING?

I HAVE been reading so many of the financial experts on the subject of inflation that spots have begun to appear before my eyes, and each one of those spots is 34.5 per cent *larger* than the spots I used to see before the Roosevelt administration started priming the pump.

Does this mean that we are headed for some form of inflation? It looks that way to the financial experts. It looks that way to me, too. I picked up the paper a few days ago and what did I read? I read that Clark Gable's virtue had been vindicated; that Aimee Semple McPherson had broken down and sobbed in open court; that Tommy Manville was not going to the Coronation, after all; that F.D.R. had asked Congress for $1,500,000,000; and that Elaine Barrie had divorced John Barrymore—*but had not asked for alimony*. (The italics are mine.)

The Barrie item seemed significant. In case of a severe currency inflation, the purchasing power of alimony would inevitably plummet. Is it possible that Elaine Barrie, with a shrewd ear to the financial ground, senses the approach of inflation? It would not be the first time that a woman's intuition had proved more than a match for the graphs, charts, and trends of us financial experts.

All things considered, there is no doubt in my mind that the time has come for the wise man to put his house in order if he does not wish to be found among the foolish virgins when the day of reckoning comes.

Now then, how is the average man going to protect himself against inflation? To answer that question, let me ask another. What is the greatest liability during a period of severe currency inflation?

Currency, of course. That being the case, my advice to the small investor is to get rid of his currency as soon as possible. Then, when inflation comes, he will be stripped for action and in a far better position to maneuver than some unhappy multimillionaire whose freedom of movement is hampered, if not completely paralyzed, because he is standing knee-deep in ready cash.

"But how am I going to get rid of my cash?" the small investor asks.

It is a fair question, and the answer is simple. All that will be necessary is for the small investor to follow the advice of us financial experts.

First off, the average investor who wishes to protect himself against inflation ought to have a portfolio of carefully selected but widely diversified stocks. There is no better bulwark against inflation.

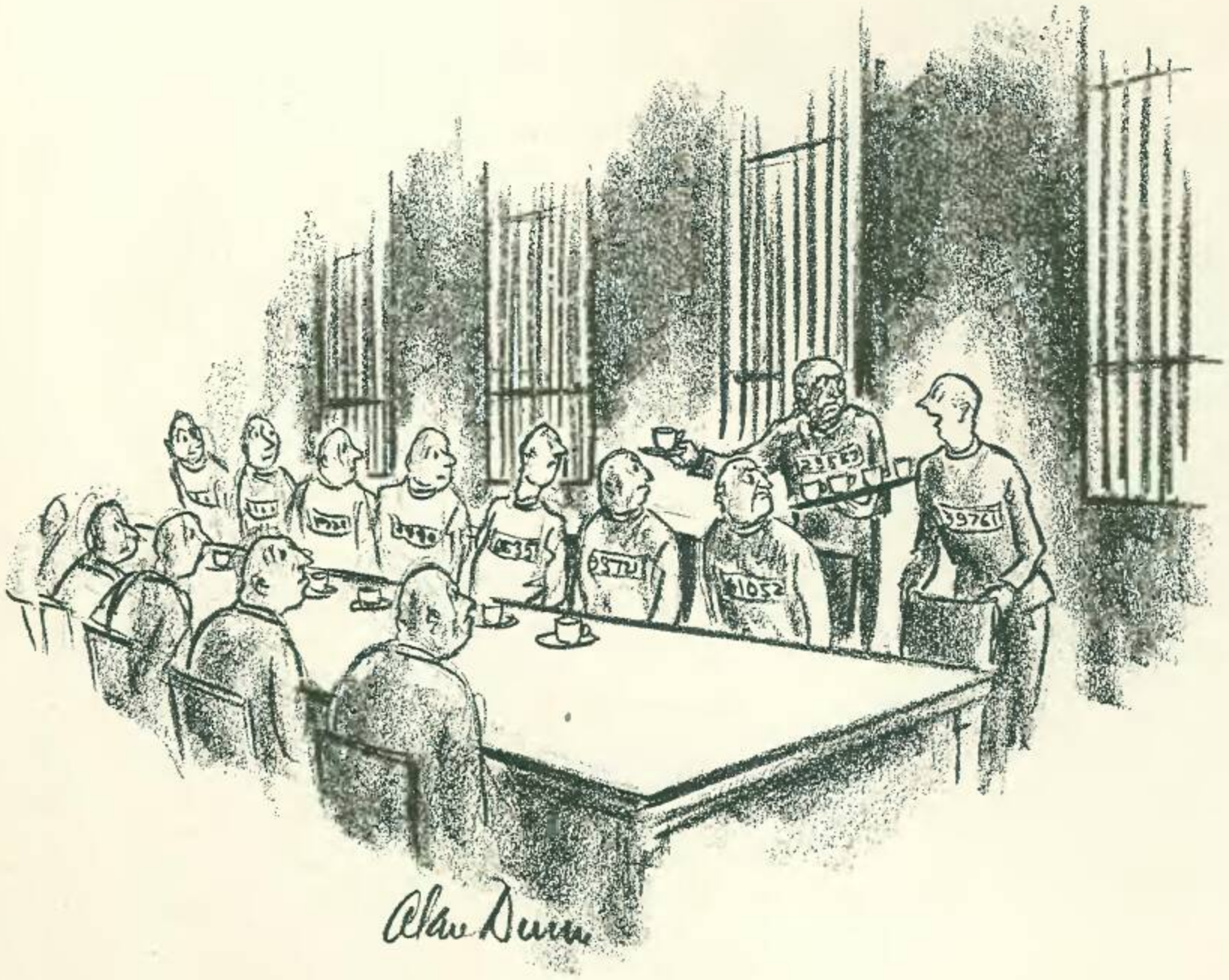
Choose only the best stocks. By "best" I mean those which are sure to rise steadily no matter whether the market is bullish or bearish. What these stocks are it is not my province as a financial expert to state, but they can easily be found by consulting any dream book or fortune teller.

Choose your portfolio carefully, too. It should be made of some stout material such as pigskin or alligator. If you get one with a zipper on it, be sure the zipper works. You could easily incur serious loss if inflation burst upon you suddenly and you found yourself forced to dump these carefully chosen stocks in a hurry, but could not get them out of your portfolio because the zipper stuck.

Of course, the real bulwarks against inflation are not cash or savings accounts or alimony. The real assets during such crises are the old reliables which maintain their values during all tempests. I mean such sturdy tangibles as real estate, farms, noncallable bonds, old matchboxes, air, water, fog, pieces of string, tinfoil, cigar butts, lint, and magazines from dentists' offices.

We should also bear in mind that food prices are sure to soar during inflation. Therefore the prudent man would do well to fill his cellar with a carefully selected portfolio of conservative foodstuffs, the kind he can buy now and put away and forget. In such a portfolio I would certainly include safe-and-sane comestibles like allspice, anchovy paste, asparagus, artichokes, caviar, chowchow, cheese, chutney, eels, eggs, figs, hams, honey, lard, lye, nuts, noodles, peas, peppers, and pickles.

Of course, the final choice of victuals must rest with the investor himself. I understand that not a few are stocking their cellars with pemmican, because it lasts longer than a staple such as, let us say, whipped cream and takes up less room. The only criticism I have to make of pemmican as a bulwark against inflation is that if the inflation lasts long enough, the holder of pemmican is almost sure to develop scurvy. Every time there is undue hoarding—or undue



"I think I'll have my coffee in my cell, if you don't mind."

consumption—of pemmican, the scurvy curve soars. We know that. It happened in France during the inflation of 1926 *et seq.*, and it would have happened in this country in 1896 had Bryan been elected (as he would have been if Samuel J. Tilden had not counted him out).

I know a man who thinks he is safe from inflation because he has a cellar full of canned shrimp. And so he is, if —always that ominous "if"—he *likes* canned shrimp. If he doesn't, he is going to be in a position not dissimilar to that of Germany in 1923. Personally, I have no canned shrimp in my portfolio. I have nothing against it as a bulwark against inflation, but I just happen to be allergic to shellfish. I am saving water.

You cannot go wrong on water during a period of inflation. I carry a pail with me wherever I go (brown or blue in the daytime and black for evening wear), and whenever a waiter fills my tumbler at table, I pour half the water into the pail. I already have enough water hoarded to half fill an old cistern I bought upstate as a refuge in case of inflation. If we do have inflation and the price of water soars, I shall have the laugh on my parched neighbors. If not, they will have the laugh on me and I will have a lot of old water on my hands, some of which I shall certainly squirt at Roger Babson and W. M. Kiplinger.

Now, all things considered, it is awfully difficult for a financial expert like me to advise the small investor just what he ought to do to protect himself against inflation, because no matter what I may say, there is always the danger that I may be right.

To put the whole thing in a nutshell, the trouble with us is that we all want to get rich quick. We want something for nothing. If there is one lesson I have learned, through bitter experience, in a busy career of two and a half hours as a financial expert, it is that there simply "ain't" no royal road to riches for anyone who has not got at least a half-million in gilt-edged securities in his strongbox.

What we need to pull ourselves out of this hole—if we can only get ourselves *into* it—is just plain guts. I'm sorry, folks, but that's the word for it, and let the squeamish ones remember that this is no time for honeyed words, but a time for plain speaking; witness the fact that on April 26th wheat futures in Winnipeg closed 4¼ to 5 cents lower, while Kansas City was off and Minneapolis lost 3⅛ to 4¼ cents a bushel.

So let's put our shoulders to the wheel and not sell America short. In the last analysis, it isn't shorter work hours that we need, or more fear, or regulation of the Stock Exchange, but character—just plain, old-fashioned American character, together with a little common sense, consideration for the rights of others, and some ketchup.

—FRANK SULLIVAN



"They're trying to find a way to kill dandelions."

• •

EVENING, A PUBLIC PARK

The lake darkens. The lake darkens. And all those men,
The loiterers on stone paths, have all gone home.
They live far from the park. The lake darkens. Again,
O amber and umber sky, O upper air,
The lake contains only your little semblance:
The water holds no other alien substance.
The little boys have taken the sailboats home,
The men are gone. The stone paths are alone,
So, till the lark wakens.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE THEATRE

ZINK ON BLOODSHED

IT is hard to say just what standards of criticism, if any, apply to mystery melodrama. Whatever they are, however, I'm afraid that "Without Warning," last reported at the National, cannot be regarded as the perfect work of art. This rackingly peculiar item deals with a murder and subsequent dirty work in the Powder Island Arsenal, and it does little beyond confirming a fond old suspicion of mine that all army men are a little bit touched in their heads.

Mr. Ralph Spencer Zink's piece, indeed, could be dismissed without further comment if it were not for the fact that the summer doldrums are already upon us, and there may come a sultry evening when you are moved to see "something light." If it ever does, and if Mr. Zink's play is still around, "Without Warning" is just what you are looking for, because it is as light as a hatful of ping-pong balls and just about as loosely constructed.

The murder itself, of course, is rather nice, and will please those who have majored in the subject. Sergeant Riley, played by something hastily and inadequately stuffed by the property man, is found stuck up on the wall of the arsenal. He has a bayonet through each hand to hold him in his gruesome position, and there are fifty wounds in his chest. Furthermore, just as the investigators are bending over the corpse, the assassin, who must be regarded as a thorough man, pushes a heavy chest off a balcony and squashes the Sergeant's head in a manner too horrible to contemplate. This work of bloody supererogation, incidentally, leads one soldier to exclaim triumphantly, "Now we're *getting* somewhere!" Where, he didn't say.

Well, after that a hand grenade blows up, which might easily be an awkward thing in an arsenal, and the lights go on and off, and at one time or another almost everybody is suspected, including the old doctor, who looks very sinister indeed, but is, I guess, merely senile. The comedy (if that can be the word I'm groping for) in all this is provided by a soldier and his girl who happen to be spending their wedding night in the arsenal, and their goings-on are just exactly the sort of thing that must have annoyed Cardinal Hayes about those Minsky boys. I can't imagine that you'll ever suspect who it was that ruined Sergeant Riley. I can't really believe that you'll especially care.

The cast is unusually competent and deserves the sympathy of all right-thinking people. Jack Roseleigh, who has played such splendid rakehells as General Assolant in "Paths of Glory" and Captain Flagg, is visibly unhappy as the bullying Colonel of Marines who finally solves everything. He beats up the suspects and twists their arms with what seemed to me an air of genuine embarrassment. Other conspicuous sufferers include Harold Waldrige, Don Dilloway, and Philip Ober.

NOTES ON TWO PERENNIALS: Very mildly interested in who goes to a play after it has been running for four years, I went back the other night to see "Tobacco Road," but there was nothing remarkable about the people there, except that they seemed to be amused by more or less inexplicable things. In its graveyard way, "Tobacco Road" is a very funny play, but it isn't *all* funny. It isn't especially funny, for instance, when Jeeter's wife is run over and dies very graphically right there on the stage. This was the thing, however, that tickled the customers beyond endurance. It almost stopped the show.... In the lobby of the Belasco, where "Dead End" has been playing for two years, there is a big book in which out-of-town visitors are asked to sign their names. When I looked at it, the last man had come all the way from Milan, but the one ahead of him lived in Yonkers. I have no idea what the management expects to deduce from these statistics.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"I've told him there's nothing doing, but they just keep sitting there."

STAND UP? *THESE PLYMOUTH OWNERS SAY:* YOU BET!



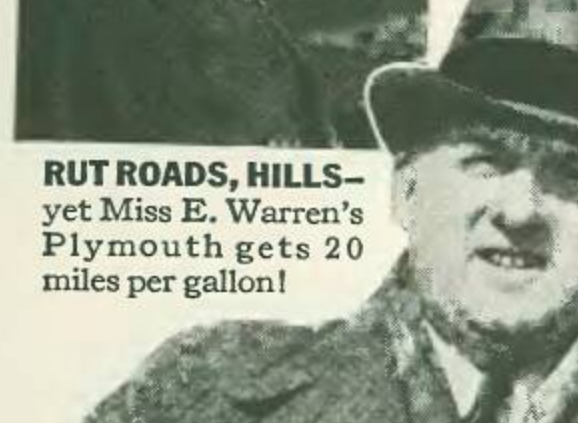
WORST ABUSE
W. H. Kopf's Plymouth takes a daily beating from the students of his driving school. He's convinced "It stands up best of 'All Three'!"



STILL QUIET, POWERFUL—on the day he turned it in on his '37 Plymouth. And C. E. Blanchard says, "It's a great car!"



"TODAY—my '29 Model Plymouth is still going strong," reports Oscar E. Hurless, Hastings, Mich., "with lowest gas and oil bills!"



RUT ROADS, HILLS—yet Miss E. Warren's Plymouth gets 20 miles per gallon!



Read These Actual Reports How Plymouth Saves Money!

HOW THEY TALK...these happy Plymouth owners...about the way their Plymouth cars stand up!

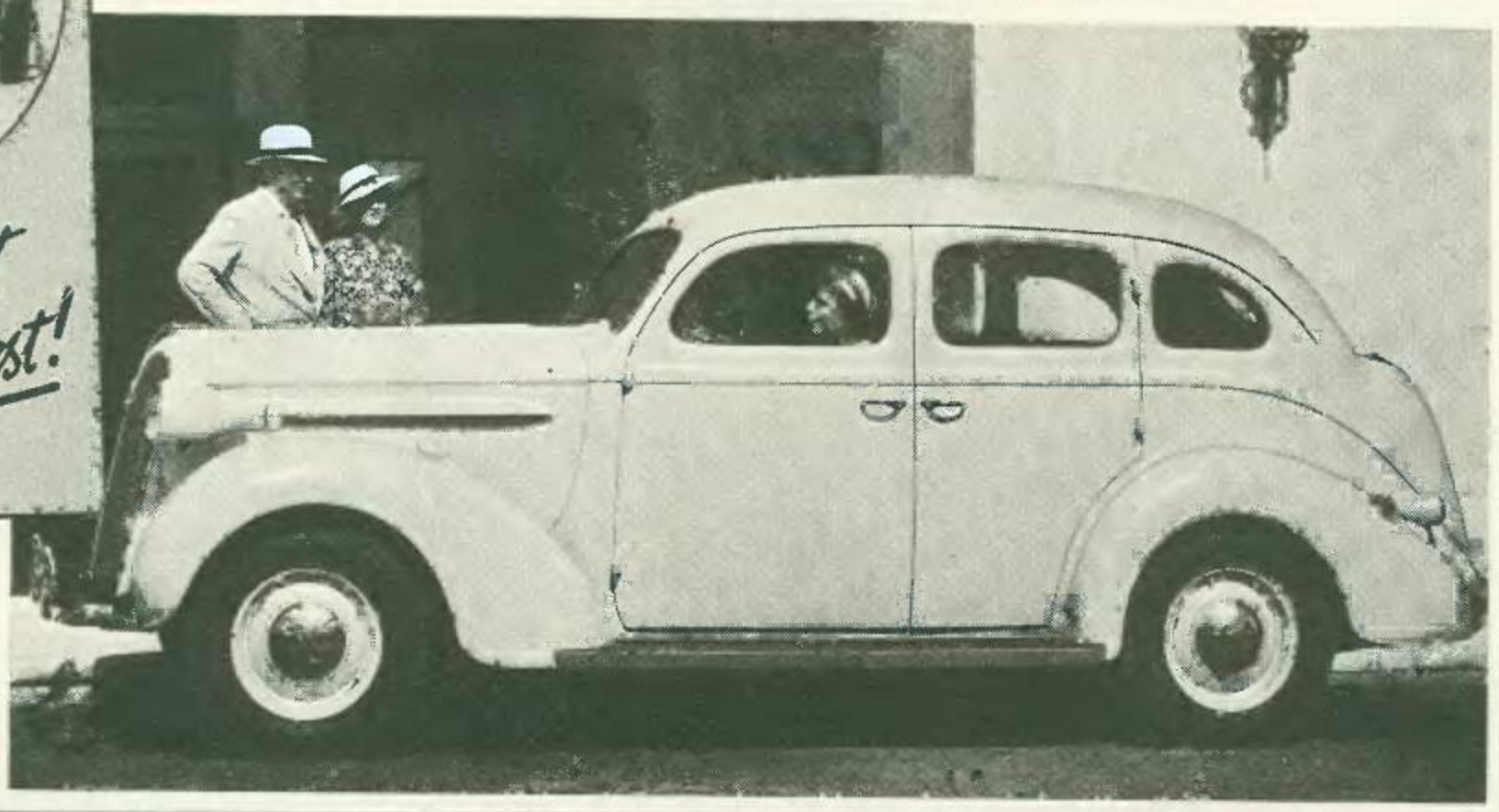
Here's *why* Plymouth stands up best. It has a big, rigid X-type frame ...*all*-steel body...super-strong Hypoid rear-axle...Floating Power engine mountings...*double-action* hydraulic brakes.

Owners report that Plymouth's powerful, 6-cylinder engine gives 18 to 24 miles per gallon...with amazingly low oil consumption.

See and drive Plymouth—at your nearest De Soto, Chrysler or Dodge dealer—today! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.



The Car that Stands Up Best!



"ALL THREE" ARE PRICED ABOUT THE SAME
Plymouth is easy to buy. Commercial Credit Company offers low terms through De Soto, Chrysler and Dodge dealers.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



OF ALL THINGS

OUR compliments to the Supreme Court for an effective job of literary criticism. The Justices have decided that the pamphlet which Herndon had on his person was not powerful enough to upset our form of government.

•

Mr. Hamilton emerges from the Great Silence to tell us that the Republicans will henceforth be negative, positive, wise, patriotic, and progressive. We gather that they will be willing to run the country again as soon as we prove ourselves worthy.

•

As the happy hour draws near, everything is "coronation" in London: coronation stock-market slump, coronation bus strike.

•

Henry Ford figures somehow that the labor unions are in cahoots with the powerful New York financial interests. We'd love to hear Mr. Morgan sing "Beautiful C.I.O."

•

Beneath their brutal exteriors, New Yorkers are a lot of softies. This week hundreds of our citizens are going way down to Kentucky to love dumb animals.

•

Valera's constitution for the sovereign state of Eire contains no mention of the country to the eastward. The two neighbors are not even on cussing terms any more, it would almost seem.

•

The military rulers of Japan were defeated in the recent election, but they have not resigned. They think it's better to ignore the whole matter, as if it were a *Digest* poll.

•

Herr Goebbels is distressed because German film audiences persist in laughing in the wrong place and vice versa. The government may have to establish mirth control.

•

The New York Court of Appeals rules that it is not a crime to bring home liquor purchased in Connecticut. Since last November, the Nutmeg State has been considered a member of the Union in good standing.

—Howard Brubaker

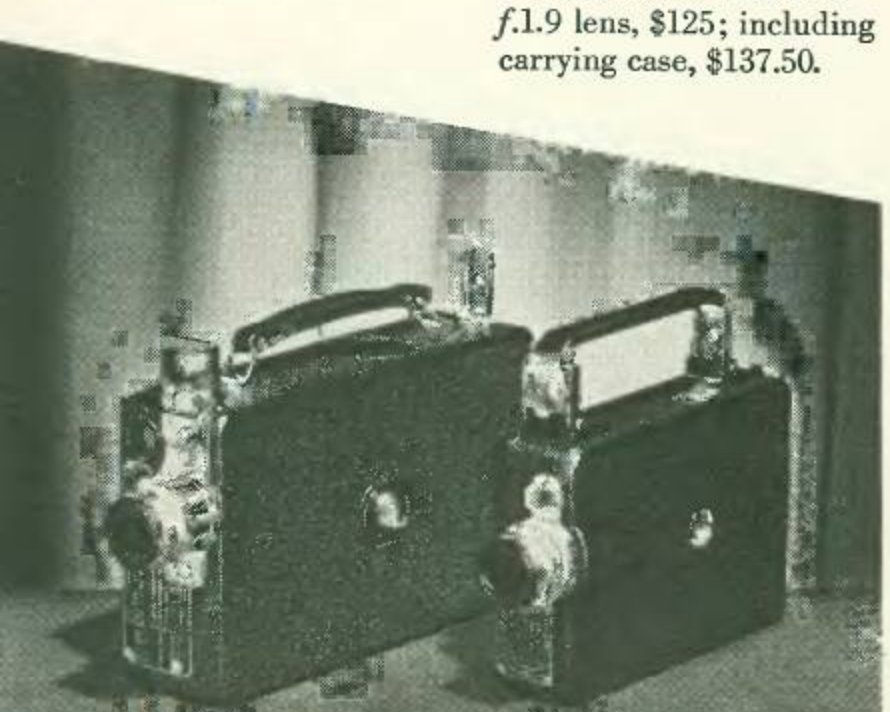
"It was a great day for the home movie cameras"

WILLIAM T. CRAWFORD, Commodore of the Middle Atlantic Outboard Assn.

JUST AFTER THE START OF THE ALBANY-TO-NEW YORK OUTBOARD MOTOR RACE—ONE OF THE HARDEST ENDURANCE TESTS FOR MAN, BOAT, AND ENGINE

CINÉ-KODAK "K" is the world's most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera — it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at the touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and as your skill increases, responds to every exacting demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens, $88.50; including case, $100. A new low price.

MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Just slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and shoot. Effortless loading is one of six new features in this remarkable pocket-size movie camera. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50.



A THOUSAND WHISTLES toot—a shout like thunder goes up from the waiting crowds—

And all along the shore the movie cameras start purring, as the winners of the Hudson River Marathon roar over the finish line at the end of their terrific 130-mile grind.

Wherever there's clean, fast, thrilling action—wherever there's dazzling sportsmanship, speed, and skill—today you'll see scores of home movie cameras on the job: immortalizing marvelous moments, preserving an almost unbelievably real record of some great experience, so that it can be lived through over and over again.

All the world today is taking home movies. It doubles other pleasures—makes sport more thrilling, travel more interesting—and adds immeasurably to the fun of family life.

Eastman's finest home movie cameras—Magazine Ciné-Kodak and Ciné-Kodak "K"—make it easy and simple for anyone to take home movies.

Full-Color Kodachrome

And now you can get the thing you've longed for as the sheer perfection of picture taking—movies in full, natural color. These 16 mm. cameras give you either black-and-white or color movies. For full, vivid color—just load your camera with Kodachrome, Eastman's wonderful new color film. No extra equipment, simple as black-and-white.

Let your dealer put these cameras through their paces for you. He has some great reels to show you . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

"Frederika"



● Enchanting in costume as in song, Helen Gleason recreates the melodic romance of Frederika and the youthful Goethe. "Girls then must have had a hard time without Lux," she says. "I adore Luxables myself."

● As youthful beauties of Goethe's day . . . Doris Patston and Mary Jane Barrett.



● Stars as well as all the girls in the show cleverly *keep* their own things lovely as the theater does—with Lux.



● When any limp washables meet the wardrobe mistress' eagle eye, she sees to it they're Luxed. These organdy panniers come up smiling each time!



relives a great Romance!

···its lovely romantic costumes are cared for with gentle Lux



● Dainty Diana Gaylen in her romantic furbelows. Profiting by the wardrobe room's experience, she insists on Lux for her own nice things. "Runs don't spoil my personal 'picture,'" she adds, "—thanks to the regular Lux care my stockings get."

TENDERNESS and beauty from history's half-forgotten pages live again in "Frederika." Its lyric treasures carry on the traditions of great operettas. So naturally, its frills and furbelows get the traditional care of successful Broadway musicals . . . gentle Lux for everything washable.

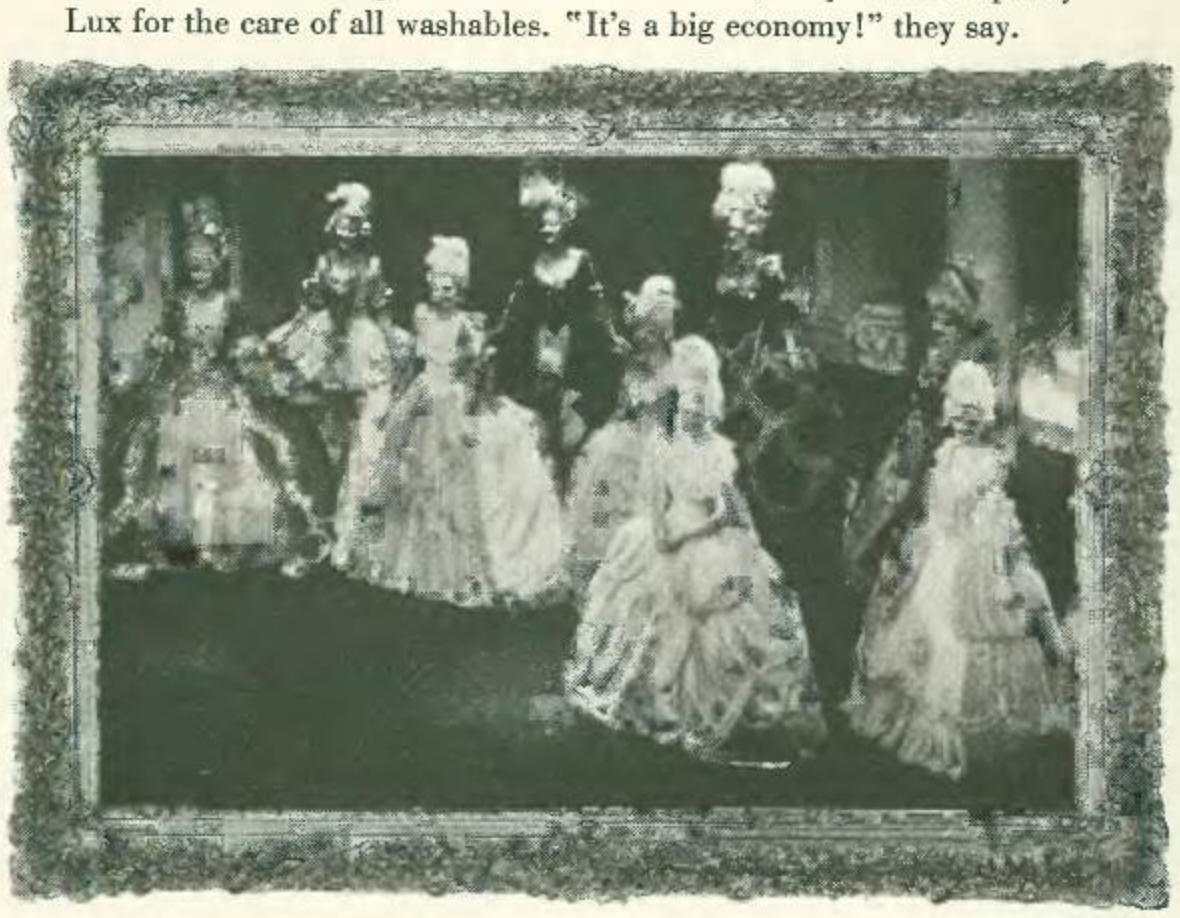
"Costumes get badly soiled from the dust on the stage," says Gussie Reid, wardrobe mistress of all this luxury, "but the colors always come out of Lux looking lovely. I've used it consistently for years.

"The organdy tops of one set of costumes, for instance, get crushed easily, so I take them off and Lux them. They look grand!

"The boys' stocks and ruffled sleeves get the same treatment. Even their white stockings get Luxed like the girls'. Lux cuts our stockings replacements way down."

Lux will save *you* time and money, too! Stockings will last longer, washables look lovelier. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali are apt to rub the bloom off fabrics, streak colors. It's safest to Lux everything safe in water alone.

● To protect their huge investment in costumes, the producers specify Lux for the care of all washables. "It's a big economy!" they say.

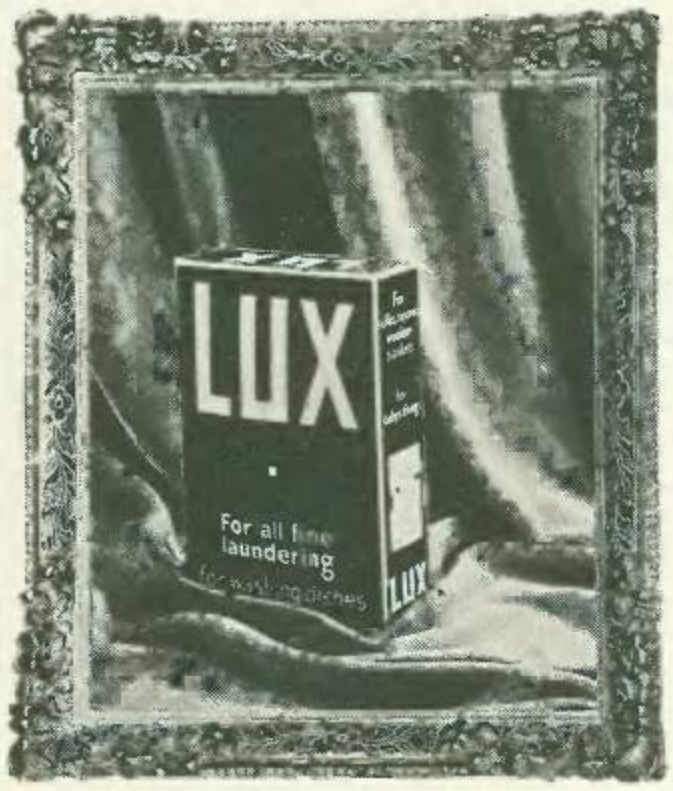


● Ruffles and laces bedeck the costumes of Helen Gleason and Doris Patston.



● The "Countesses" here are in haughty disagreement, off stage they agree Luxed stockings rarely get runs!





**Broadway says—
Don't trust to luck,
trust to LUX!**



Enchantress is the name of this lovely Teagown. Of organza printed with field flowers, it is at once vibrant and delicate, modern and demure. Wear it for cocktails tête-à-tête chez soi, for little dinners en famille. Together with full-length slip . . . $45

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THE SKY LINE

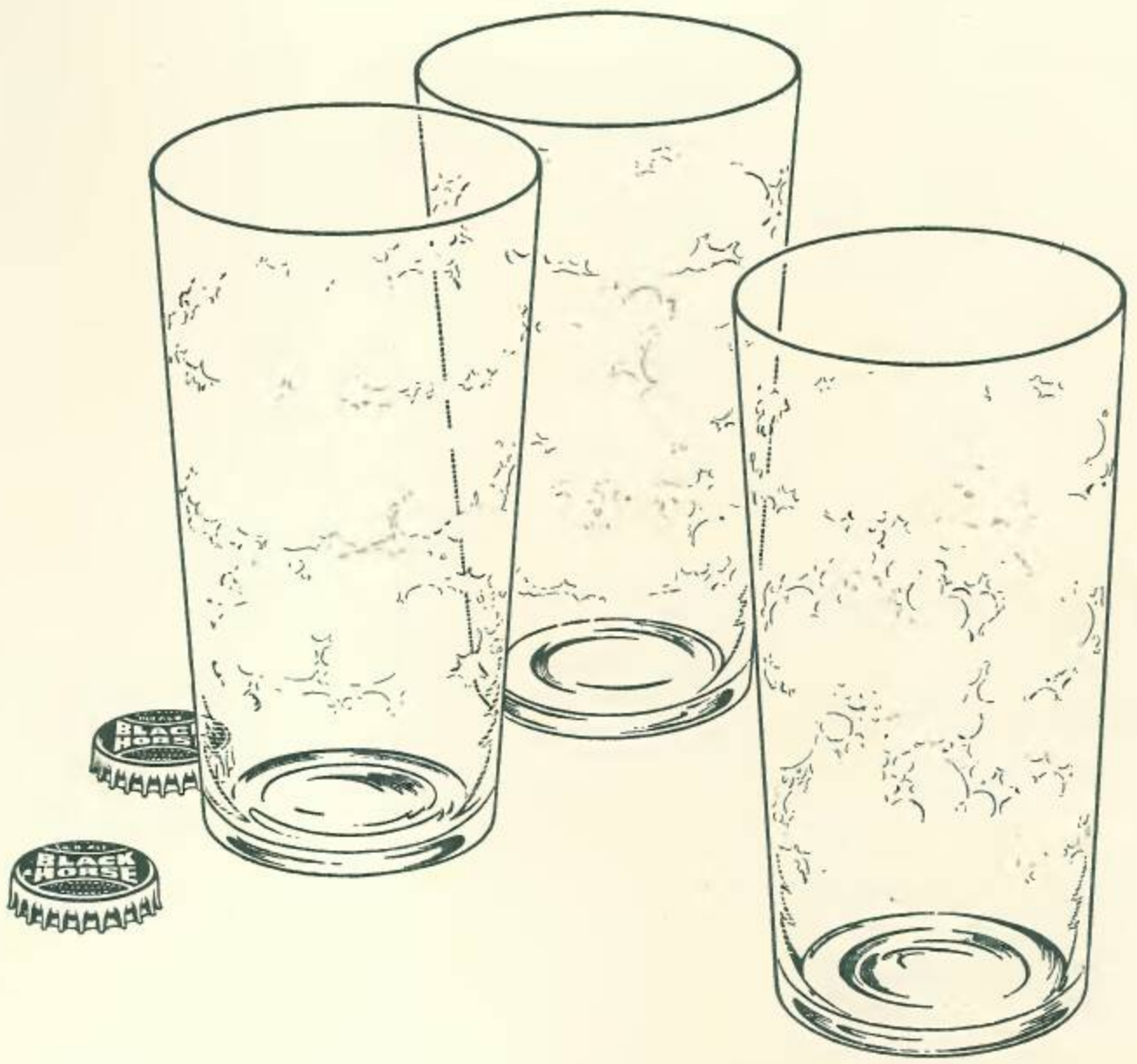
The World's Fair



THE Architectural League show this year is dominated by the plans and models of the New York World's Fair of 1939. That is pretty fortunate for everyone concerned, particularly for the Architectural League and me. For I can omit, without dutiful misgivings, any further comment on the Georgian post offices designed to make us believe that nothing has happened to the world since the Constitution was signed, and I need not say how ghastly most of the handicraft is, or how vapid the larger mural paintings seem. Here and there a good modern design slipped into the exhibition—a modest meteorite from another world. To ask for more than this would be to demand that the League should become an American version of the *Deutscher Werkbund*, which is exactly what I would demand if I thought anyone were listening to me.

The World's Fair, unfortunately, is now in that embryonic shape which makes criticism impossible. Being an embryo, it can no longer be affected by any suggestions one might make about choosing a new set of parents; at the same time, its various organs may now show defects that will disappear before it is born. Nevertheless, the heart and the beginnings of the bony structure are visible, and at the risk of saying things about the aesthetic organization of the Fair that will look silly later on, I will plunge in, having held myself in a state of benign innocence for more than a year.

THE key to the Fair is its plan. In essence, a World's Fair is a miniature city, a very special kind of city, more in the nature of a Washington than a Pittsburgh, but still a city. If one is going to portray the possibilities of communal life in the remaining decades of the twentieth century—and that seems to be the general idea—it is with the primary visualization of the structure of the modern city, *any* modern city, that the designers might well have begun. From this standpoint, the skeleton plan is incredibly old-fashioned. The outline of the site is roughly in the form of a horseshoe. At the base is a



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wide avenue that leads to the amusement section, set on a lake outside the curve of the horseshoe, and at right angles to this is the main axis that connects the Theme Building with the government buildings ranged around the upper part of the curve. From the Theme Building centre two other avenues radiate, cutting the Fair into rough, wedge-shaped areas. These areas are devoted to communication, clothing, cosmetics, to production and food, and also, in the northeast corner, to what is called the Community Centre, on the extreme edge of which is a housing project.

So far there have been two logical schemes for a World's Fair. One was the Paris scheme of 1867, which had the exhibits ranged in concentric structures, so that the visitor could either follow the arc of the perimeter or cut through to the centre. The other type was that of Chicago, 1893, which had the buildings grouped in a formal pattern around the main watercourse, in something of the fashion in which public buildings were later grouped on either side of the Mall in Washington. Both these modes of planning were on well-tried Renaissance lines, and they had the great advantage of such abstract planning—complete and immediate legibility. The designers of the present plan clung to these ancient precedents, but having committed themselves to a stale plan of organization, they did not, unfortunately, cling hard enough. For what they did in elaborating this bare skeleton was to superimpose upon the abstract Renaissance formalism the informal, disconnected, rambling plan (with irregular spottings of buildings) that was popular in suburban developments a generation ago. The result is a plan so weak in conception that it is valueless as a precedent, and if I am not mistaken, it will not even work effectively as a traffic plan in facilitating the passage of visitors through the grounds.

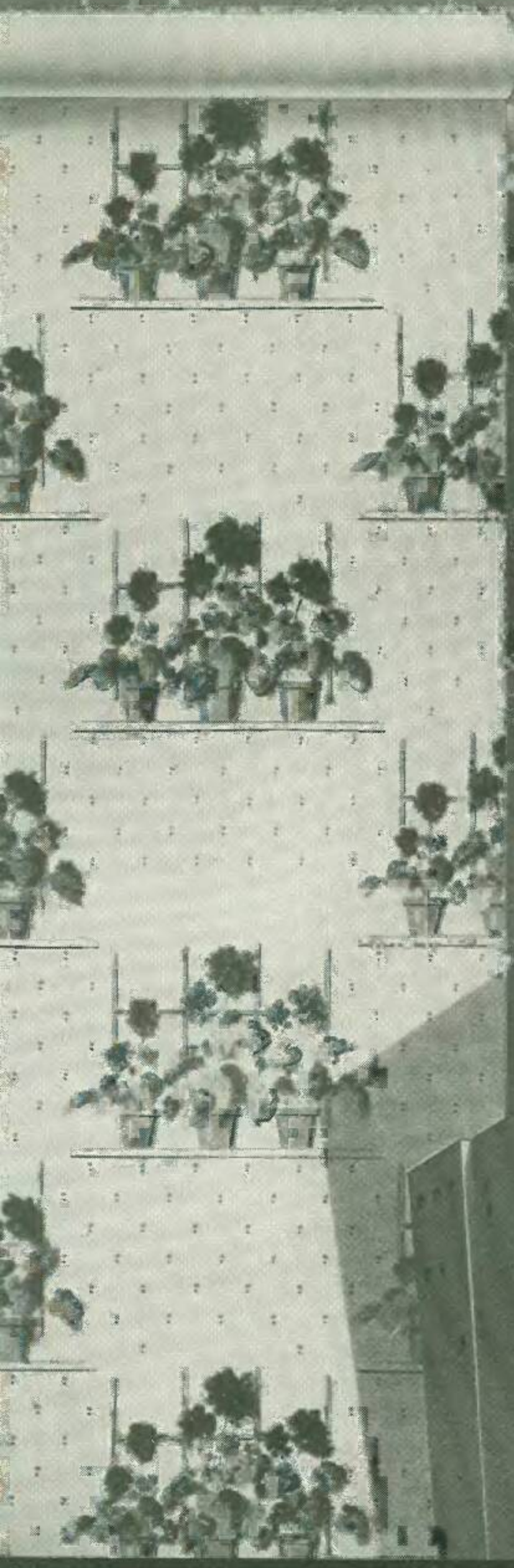
This is the first visible muff, and I think it is a serious one, for it shows that the architects on the Board of Design have not successfully thought out for themselves the implications of modern building, either as it affects plan or as it affects design. They know no alternative to the half-baked order of a Renaissance plan—no alternative except disorder or planned caprice. Working in the big metropolis, where the sense of the whole has all but disappeared, these architects have been trained by their environment to accept, and indeed to overvalue, the irregular street picture produced by unplanned

"DESIGNS OF TODAY"

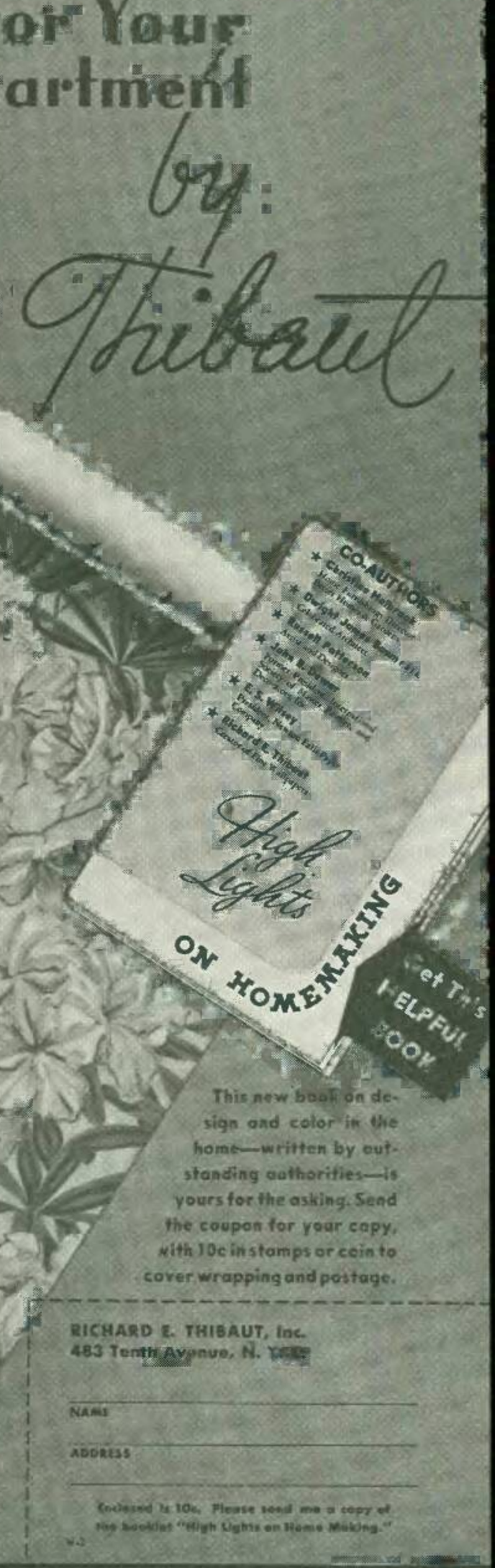
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building. When they find a uniform façade for as much as a couple of hundred feet, their impulse (to use their favorite expression) is to break it up. On the surface plan of the Fair the designers have accordingly produced the maximum amount of "breakage" with the minimum amount of clarity and coherence. What the plan sadly lacks is a fresh organic sense of order.

Now, it happens that one of the great achievements in modern community planning has been the introduction of the notion of orientation as a guiding line for design. Primarily buildings are oriented to take advantage of sunlight, breezes, and views, but in a Fair the principle might legitimately be introduced for still another purpose—the purpose of keeping the visitor clear as to his general movement, and to make it possible for him to explore the Fair thoroughly and to reach a desired destination with a minimum of strain and confusion. The point is doubly important because many of the projected buildings are, perhaps for functional reasons, designed in irregular shapes, with exits at points which may be relatively close to the place of entry. The plan, instead of giving the visitor a clue to his position, simply aggravates his difficulty, so that, even after a short tour, he may find himself helplessly at the place where he started, wondering why he is not at least half a mile away. The architects have apparently decided to ease the visitor's embarrassment by providing pools of quiet, with trees, fountains, refreshments, at suitable intervals, but they might have made these rest spots even more available on a more systematic and intelligible plan.

THE plan, in short, is an opportunity missed. It is one of those feeble composite designs that reveal an absence of creative leadership, or, what is perhaps as serious, the absence of strong convictions and an underlying consensus among the designers whose resources were pooled. What, then, shall one say of the buildings? To the extent that modern buildings need to be grouped together on a modern plan in order to function effectively, the layout seriously hampers good design. Nevertheless, there are good points. The main type of exhibition building is relatively low, rather than high and monumental, and as far as the treatment of the structures goes, a negative victory has been won by getting away from the classic or neo-Georgian designs which were first suggested as being especially appropriate for

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the Fair. But such a victory is meaningless unless it signifies that a new order is being worked out. As yet, there are no signs of such a positive advance. Sculpture and paintings will probably be used in concentrated masses about the entrances of the buildings, and the buildings themselves will be frankly bold and showy, instead of being content to be a harmonious but inconspicuous background for the human pageant itself. Scalloped walls, fluted pilasters, and old-fashioned columns will probably not be altogether taboo, unless the designers suffer a change of heart. In short, the "modernism" will be of the school of Paul Cret and Ralph Walker rather than the school of Frank Lloyd Wright.

All this indicates, I think, a certain fuzziness, a certain lack of clear intellectual discipline and positive leadership in the Board of Design and among the associated architects. They have not been working on fundamental principles, but on hunches, hopes, compromises, affabilities; they lack the cold, hard vigor of youth. It is not a matter of birthdays but of spirit. The future is not yet in these men, and in designing a Fair to exhibit life as it may be, they have fallen back upon the easy cushion of what was. They will not make the swaggering blunders of the Chicago Fair. What they do will be in decent scale, it will be graced and mollified by generous landscape gardening; but their architectural virtues will not be those springing out of a robust faith. They will be emblems of discretion. Architecturally, the two most promising symbols of the Fair are at the formal entrance: two great, stark elements, male and female, a high obelisk and a hollow globe, within which the visitor will be introduced to the theme of the Fair. But the strength of those symbols will, I am afraid, be lost in trivial fantasy.

As the Fair now stands, the one place where a fresh architectural beginning may perhaps still be made is in the Community section. A few million dollars well spent in this department will send thousands of Americans back to their Main Streets and their Middletowns with a clear, decisive vision of what life in rural and urban communities might be. There is nothing in the Architectural League exhibits to show, in any detail, what has been done here or what is contemplated, but the opportunity is a challenging one, and it will determine, once and for all, if the directors and designers are capable of rising above the embarrassing limitations they carry over from their several pasts. —Lewis Mumford



The corn you can almost milk!

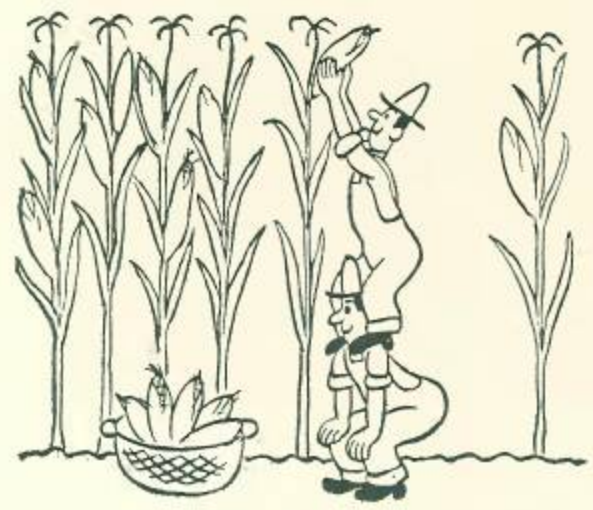
Is the world going daffy?...It must be.

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Well, it seems we've got a Miracle by the tail. A miracle we call Quick-Freezing. A miracle that enables you to get corn that's actually *farm-fresher* than the kind you buy even at the height of summer!



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Here's why: Corn is fickle. It starts shedding flavor the moment you yank it off the stalk. Now most corn, even in August, takes a good 12 to 72 hours to reach the market. During that ride the flavor has started to fade . . . the kernels have begun to toughen.

But not Birds Eye Corn. We wait until the ears are bulging on the stalks like puffed cheeks. When the kernels are so full of milk they're just about ready to bust, our boys race out into the fields. Pick the ears. Husk 'em . . . clean 'em . . . cut the kernels *whole* from the cob . . . package 'em. And slip 'em in the Quick-Freezing machine *located right in the fields!*

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P. S. If you're a succotash lover, try our corn with Birds Eye Baby Limas. It's a "natural."

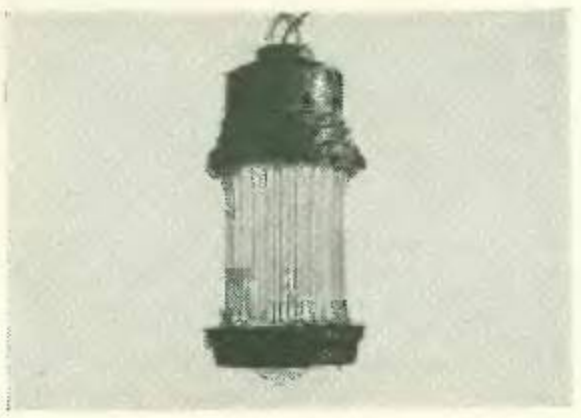
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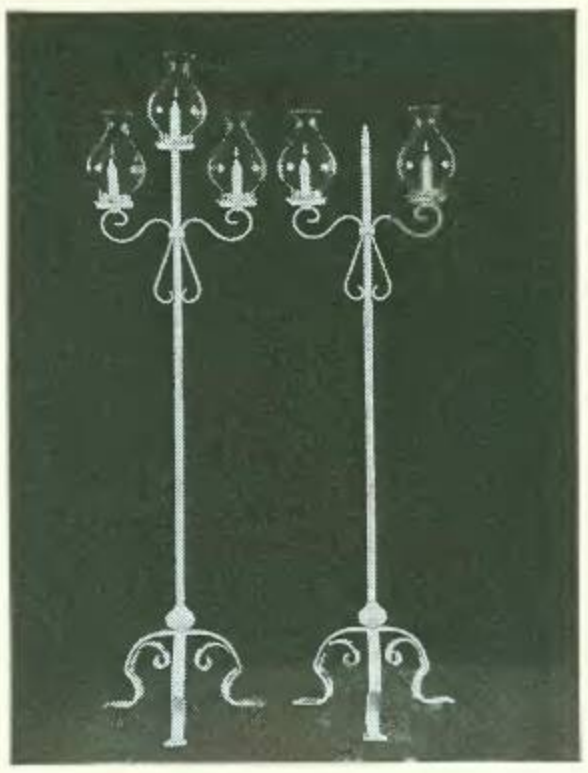
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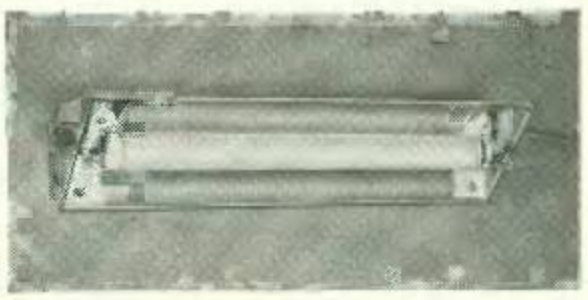
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KNOWING that in another week I shall not dare report on any place that isn't sanctified by a privet hedge, I have given myself one last fling indoors. I have deliberately sought out terrain so unfertile that hedges could not possibly come into leaf, or tiny tables conceivably blossom. The rest of you can move out onto the sidewalk as early as you please, but for a while longer, I am going to enjoy a tablecloth that doesn't flap.

If there is any restaurant that can be depended on not to move onto the sidewalk or into a back yard, it is Gage & Tollner's, at 374 Fulton Street, over in Brooklyn. It hasn't been remodelled and the decorations haven't changed much since it was opened in 1889. The food is the substantial kind which you like to think typically American, and which undoubtedly *was* typical some thirty years ago, and the diners are ample Brooklynites who take room as well as time for their magnificent sirloins, their oysters and their fish, their large cups of coffee with their dinner, and their mugs of draught beer and ale.

There are four varieties of oyster on the menu, which are always ordered by name as well as by mode of cooking, and that ought to show you the seriousness of the Gage & Tollner clientele. Besides the fish and shellfish (as fine lobsters as you will get anywhere), there is a long list of house specialties—broiled lambs' kidneys, sweetbreads, and the like. No roast beef, though, or any dish that must be cooked in advance. Everything is done to order, and that means that nearly all the meat and fish is kept in the old-fashioned icebox back of the bar and taken to the kitchen as ordered; when one of the colored waiters is overcome by the beauty of a pompano or the plumpness of a squab, he will stop on his way to the kitchen to let his client admire and poke. The wine list, unfortunately, is a very sad affair.

You would have to know your Brooklyn celebrities better than I do to tell who's who among the clientele. Judge Dunne I can spot, but I have to take other habitués' word for it that Handsome Joe Aspinall comes to Gage & Tollner's as often as he gets anywhere. Gone is old man McCooey,



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This is an almost cake-like, nut brown loaf, moist and rich with English walnuts . . . marvelous sandwich bread for fillings of:

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who used to be a frequenter of the place, and there aren't many who remember William J. Gaynor over his Saddle Rock oysters.

MAYBE as many as a dozen of you people knew Tessie's Tea Room, over on East Fifty-sixth Street, before Tessie up and moved to the place she calls Tessie's Old Vienna, at 133 East Fifty-fourth Street. The old quarters were about as big as a hall bedroom and patronized entirely by regular customers who didn't mind being squeezed against each other so long as they were given Tessie's perfectly lovely food. The new place is a palace of spaciousness by comparison, and boasts a little bar, three waiters, and a dozen or so tables. Tessie still does all the cooking, though, and does it marvellously well: as good *Wiener Schnitzel* as you will get in any private house; *Beinenfleisch* not boiled to death, and with a delicious horse-radish sauce; melting-in-the-mouth German pancakes; and really good *Strudel*. Everything is cooked in butter, even the fried potatoes, so don't go if you are reducing. And especially don't go if you aren't willing to wait for your luncheon or dinner to be cooked to your order.

For decoration the little restaurant trusts mainly to a number of large signed photographs of the great of Hollywood, for some of whom Tessie has been housekeeper at one time or another. However, the naïveté which imagines that Bebe Daniels and Norma Shearer in large frames make impressive decoration is one of the nice things about the place.

UPTOWN restaurants are undependable enough, heaven knows, in their ups and downs, but their unaccountable slumps are as nothing compared to the way the standards of the Chinatown eating places fluctuate. It seems Chinese restaurant keepers are constantly wangling away the chefs of their rivals, so you can never be sure just where your favorite cook is doing business. I can only report, therefore, that currently Lee's Restaurant, 36 Pell Street, has a perfectly grand chef who does wonders with all your old Cantonese favorites and produces some magnificent new dishes that you probably never heard of. The Pekin duck, lobster Cantonese style, little roasted pigeons (more succulent than any squab you ever ate), a whole sea bass cooked with bits of pork and a myriad other things are all worth the trip to Chinatown. Moreover, the restaurant

WARMER DAYS

call for this thrillingly Cool First Course



White Rose cold jellied Consommé Madrilène



You can't find a more tempting first course than White Rose Consommé Madrilène. Appetites pick up at the mere sight of this cool, clear, tomato-red jellied consommé. And it *tastes*—simply delicious.

Chill it right in the can—for this is one consommé that jells perfectly *every time.* Tender . . . but not soft . . . it piles high in your bouillon cups. Equally delicious served hot.

Ask your grocer for White Rose Consommé Madrilène today. Also for variety White Rose Consommé Arctique, the beef consommé, and White Rose Chicken Consommé. They also jell perfectly. Always keep several tins in your refrigerator.



JELLIED SALAD

Simple as A B C

Mix ½ cup crisp, shredded vegetables (cabbage, carrots, celery, etc. combined as desired) with contents of a can of White Rose Consommé Madrilène. *Chill until set. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.*



New York's Original

Cold Jellied Consommé

JELLS PERFECTLY

SERVES BEAUTIFULLY

SEEMAN BROTHERS, INC., N. Y. C.

ONE MAN TELLS ANOTHER



Fans told friends and friends became fans. That's a one-sentence history of Piel's—the beer that became one of America's greatest brands before it ever ran an advertisement. Piel Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PIEL'S *is better* BEER

is much more cheerful-looking than most of its kind, and has none of the kitchen smells which put me off such places. I don't advise the regular table-d'hôte dinner, but almost anything you have cooked to order will turn out successful. If you are in luck and happen in the restaurant when Dr. Lin Yutang is entertaining at Lee's, as he frequently is, you can just say to the waiter, "Same as . . ." and be superlatively well served.

THERE are so few places in town that expect (or seem to want) you for tea that maybe you would like to be reminded of the rooms of the Empire Exhibit on the seventh floor of the British Empire Building. It's pleasant these spring days out on the terrace, the tea is very well served, and the bread is cut as thin as you can get it anywhere in St. James's Street, but there isn't much variety—just some little biscuit things and the bread and butter, and, alas, no China tea. Those English had better realize that they can shove their kings about if they choose, but if they want the Empire to survive, they must give us China tea. A fine Coronation Day tea here ought to be really something. Surely they must be planning to risk a little plum cake for that event.

SEASONAL NOTE: The boned shad at Keen's Chop House, down on Thirty-sixth Street, shouldn't be missed. Why don't more restaurants know enough to give plenty of melted butter and lemon with their shad? —S. H.

•

Ernest Vincent Wright, the 66 year old author who wrote a book of 50,000 words without using the letter "E," is going on the radio in a program containing no "E's." He will talk without using "E" words, and play musical selections without "E" notes on the piccolo.

Here, without "E's," is a description of the program:

Mr. Wright, now of California, who got his schooling in a famous Boston institution, will broadcast from National Broadcasting Company studios in Hollywood to a coast-to-coast link of stations of NBC's WJZ chain on April 14, from 7:15 to 7:30 p.m., N. Y. T.—*N.B.C. publicity release.*

Lucky it's not June 14.

•

Sitdown strikers of the United Automobile Workers' Union occupied the Ford assembly plant here today in the union's first overt mope against Henry Ford.

—*The World-Telegram.*

Stop pouting and get back to work!

MOTHER'S DAY
SUNDAY MAY 9

For Mother
Fanny Farmer
CANDIES

TELEPHONE
Manhattan—PEnnsylvania 6-5499
Brooklyn—PRospect 9-2700



Your best friends will tell you it's the place to stay when in Baltimore. You'll find here the kind of people who always select the best hotels. Rates begin at $4.00.

JOHN R. FOLGER,
Manager

The Belvedere
BALTIMORE

"OLD" NEW ORLEANS
CHICKEN DINNER
$1.00
CREOLE GUMBO
HALF SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN
CANDIED YAMS
CORN FRITTER WITH MAPLE SYRUP
SALAD BOWL HOT BREAD
CREOLE RUM CAKE
POT OF COFFEE OR GLASS OF WINE
Served from 5 to 8.30 P.M.
AT THE
Sazarac
NEW YORK
10 WEST 47th ST.,
112 GREENWICH ST.,

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES



NO matter what the weather, the day Saks-Fifth Avenue telephones that it is all ready with bathing suits and two-piece dresses, everyone in this department becomes dreamy. Our minds laze in the summer suns of the future, with a leap for a mint julep our sole exertion. This year's monkey trick at Saks is bed ticking, striped or plain—a ticking which looks crisp but is perfectly soft after it's been laundered. Saks uses it to make shorts, slacks, bathing suits, simple one-piece dresses with "V" zigzags of the ticking's stripes as the sole decoration, a longish box jacket, slightly flaring, that has six buttons in double-breasted formation, and schoolboy caps with tiny visors. Another welcome novelty is the revival of the old, familiar tennis dress for those who agree with Saks that but one woman in 14,586 looks well in shorts on a tennis court. The dresses are white, usually sleeveless, and knee-length or a bit longer. Many are designed by Eleanor Tennant to insure their correctness for active tennis. They come in various cottons and acetates, the star in the latter group being a material with a shantung weave. Saks' pride is a $15 dress of cotton broadcloth which has a gored skirt to avoid the square look of most short dresses. For women who are businesslike about their tennis, there is a corner with Lastex panties, socks, shoes, visors, everything.

Then, for spectator sports, hot days in town, or anything, there is a group of dresses made from a sheer, dull, noncrushable linen in beautiful off colors. Most of the models are of the two-piece-jumper type, with all kinds of dressmaker detail. Some are in one color and some are in contrasting colors—greige jumpers with black skirts and scarves, dusty-pink jumpers with navy-blue slash pockets to match the skirt. They are $59.95, which seems expensive for linen until you see how exquisitely they are fashioned.

Highlights in the bathing department: There are bunchy slacks and shirt tops of terry cloth, and ankle-length princesse beach coats of the same fabric in swell colors. A large collection of bathing suits awaits those who wisely insist on the dressmaker type—printed cottons lined with wool jersey at $6.75, printed silks, plain or printed cirés (lacquered silk jersey that looks wet to start with), and sharkskins. Long, fitted coats of dotted silks that could serve as dinner coats accompany white sharkskin bathing suits. The best swimming suit this year is of a wool Lastex stuff in a bubble pattern, and comes either with or without a skirt. The tailored pajamas are exceptional. I particularly went for those made of Porosa, which resembles a fine crash. They have tops like snug windbreakers. I also took to the dotted silk shirts, which sometimes have pants to match but, surprisingly, often have gray flannel ones instead.

MARK CROSS has a tradition of reserve that goes all to pieces in the presence of the Casanova handbags from Italy—calf handbags which eschew obvious trickiness and go in for hand sewing, odd but simple clasps, and original, spacious designs. When the employees aren't clustering around these, they turn with shrill cries to Viennese creations, like a bag done in beige horsehair and pigskin, or a black-and-white checked horsehair affair with red calf bindings (it's $17.50, if you want a gauge), or one of Chinese bast (yellow-beige straw) lined with suède and trimmed with pigskin. From France, there's a grand travelling handbag of pale-beige crocodile, kit-bag style, with a suède lining and all the correct zipper compartments. It's $35, and there are belts to match. The gloves, when they escape from the conventional hand-sewn styles, are tricky, too. There are some with tan, beige, or white water-moccasin backs and cape palms to match. They're said to be warm in winter, cool in summer. The snakeskin feels like a waffle piqué, strangely enough. For sports in general, there are many gloves with contrasting palms and backs; for instance, cream antelope with a giraffe palm, and giraffe whipping along the seams.

Women travellers will go stark mad about the selection of luggage in navy or brown duck with rawhide bindings. It goes the whole route from small overnight bags to large wardrobe suitcases and small trunks. A large hatbox is $27.50. There is also a rather sissy women's golf bag that is small and light, and comes in bright-red calf as well as in more conservative colors. This has a separate matching zipper carryall, for



"Now this one has more go."

golf shoes and extra sweaters. If you're an automobilist, look at the road-map case, with lovely indexed and transparent compartments for the various states. This is $13.50.

MISS PENN, of 501 Madison Avenue (52nd), one of the geniuses of the handbag industry, has ready-to-wear bags and custom-made ones, which wear forever, for from $16.50 on up. Defying the edicts of many rivals, who want to design bags that will hold Everything so that you can lose Everything in their depths, she refuses to make one more than a foot long. Her triumph, as far as I am concerned, comes in her largest size, is fashioned of natural pigskin, is frameless, and has a trick button fastening. It is suède-lined and utterly beautiful. For summer, Miss Penn dotes on bags of white washable pig with a black monogram. She bemoans the fact that her customers usually like a white lining, although her black faille ones look smarter and are more practical. If you are one who sobs that cocktail bags are hard to find, you should see her rounded pouches of luxurious materials, with carved, semi-precious jewelled clasps. Her evening bags, in unusual brocades or fine pearl beading, are exceptional.

THOSE Oshkosh luggage people, with headquarters at 10 East 34th Street, are out with cases of tan covert cloth which are lightweight and inexpensive. The eighteen-inch size is $11. There has been a rush for russet cowhide luggage because of the Coronation, they say. (What will they think up next year?) And people who want to travel light are going for a taxi-size wardrobe case, thirty-three inches long, in dark-brown rawhide with a washable linen lining. It has two large trays on one side, and a hanger compartment on the other, and it sets you back $80.

LENTHÉRIC, always noted for the fineness of its face powder, is now super-super with Bal Masque, which has a pungent, fresh scent and gives your skin the most translucent look possible. It is a gorgeous thing, bedad, and so is the bath powder, which has a scent that is definitely in the lavender category. —L. L.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

Miss Mamakos was revived by the Fire Rescue Squad, but was otherwise uninjured.



The New English Complexion

FOR THE CORONATION

The influence of the Coronation has been felt in every feminine fashion ... and Elizabeth Arden has created the "English Complexion"—to impart a delicacy and youthfulness exceptionally lovely for so festive a spring. The complete make-up including even Nail Polish, is arranged in the unique English Complexion Harmony Box—but beneath even the most beautiful make-up, you must have a flawless skin. Keep it fresh and young with regular face treatments at the Elizabeth Arden Salon, and by faithfully using these essential preparations at home:

CLEANSING	*Ardena Cleansing Cream*	$1.00 to $6.00
TONING	*Ardena Skin Tonic*	85c to $15.00
SOOTHING	*Ardena Velva Cream*	$1.00 to $6.00
	or Orange Skin Cream	$1.00 to $8.00
ENGLISH COMPLEXION HARMONY BOX		$8.50

Elizabeth Arden

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Four Full Months

OF "THE SUPREME TRAVEL EXPERIENCE"

NEXT January 8 a limited number of lucky voyagers will sail from New York for "The supreme travel experience"—a cruise of the world in the *Empress of Britain.*

An *Empress* world cruise is many things. It is a leisurely, luxurious holiday—four full months of care-free life on one of the most magnificent ships afloat. It is a Winter-long vacation. And, of course, it's a glorious adventure: the *Empress of Britain* will take you to 108 ports and places, and show you the world abundantly—both on and off the beaten track.

With it all, there'll be no rush or hurry. There'll be time to shop and explore strange cities. And there'll be time to rest and relax—time for parties and sports—time to enjoy to its fullest the smart, leisurely life of the perfect cruise ship.

A Royal Welcome. Because the *Empress* is the largest liner to carry the British flag in the Orient, she is received with gala celebration.



Bedouin Bride, Cairo. This cruise of 128 days gives you an eight-day visit to the Holy Land and Egypt.

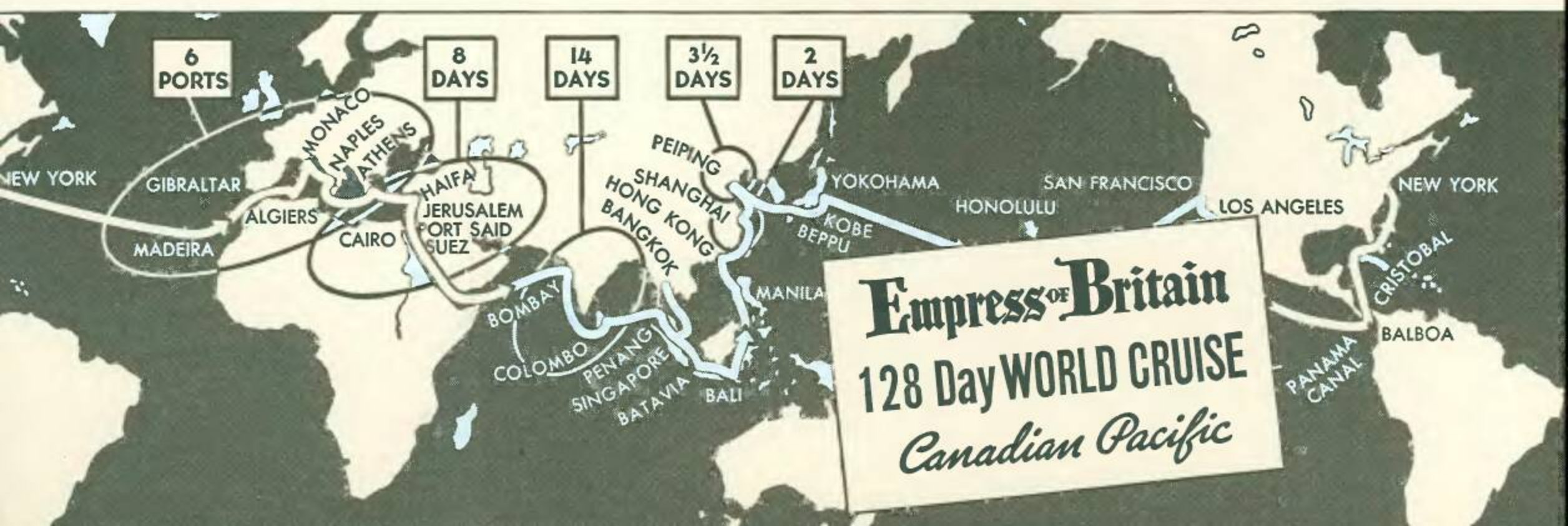


Temple Dancer, Kandy, Ceylon. You have 14 days in the India-Ceylon area.



From New York January 8. 128 days. 108 places. 57 days in port

THE *Empress* is positively prodigal in showing her guests the world. Fifty-seven of the hundred and twenty-eight days are spent in port. There is an eight-day trip through the Holy Land and Egypt, a five-day cross-India tour in the Empress' own private train, two days in Shanghai, even a three-and-a-half day exploration of old Peiping. There is time to see Algiers and Monaco in the Mediterranean—Angkor Wat and Bali in the East. Fares from *$2300 (for 128 days—$18 per day)*, including exceptional shore programme. Get itineraries and fare schedules from your own agent or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, St. Louis, Montreal, and 35 other cities in the United States and Canada.





"Pompoon"

A KNOX FAVORITE!

• Here's *one* favorite that won't disappoint—"Pompoon" by Knox. It's something like a beret, more like a jockey's cap, and totals to a rakish, racy smartness that's bound to win your favor!

$6.75

KNOX The Hatter

FIFTH AVENUE AT 40TH STREET
57TH AT MADISON AVENUE
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
161 BROADWAY

MR. SPITZER AND THE FUNGUS

THE first six months my sister Eileen and I spent in New York we lived in mortal terror of falling into the Christopher Street subway station. Every time a train roared by, some three feet under our wooden floor, all our dishes rattled, vases swayed gently, and startled guests dropped drinks.

We rented that basement apartment originally because we were putty in the hands of Mr. Spitzer, our landlord. He was a large, handsome, ferocious man who wrote poems and painted pictures when he wasn't terrorizing his female tenants. He showed us the dismal one-room apartment in the cellar, and while we whispered about the possibilities of roaches, he thundered, "Note the beautiful white fireplace, the built-in bookshelves, and the comfortable daybeds." Eileen finally murmured she thought we would look further.

"Let me tell you," Mr. Spitzer roared, staring at us both with angry black eyes, "this is the best value for your money you'll get in New York."

We signed the lease in a daze, feeling that the housing situation in New York must be terrible indeed if this was the best we could get for forty-five dollars a month.

The first week after we moved in, a pleasure-loving robber came to our apartment and stole our small radio, a bottle of gin, and four milk bottles. The milk bottles hurt. We were saving them up for subway fare against the dismal morning when neither of us would have a nickel to get to work.

We didn't tell Mr. Spitzer about our first robbery; he was away in the country, painting a picture. But when somebody stole all our good dishes and my new hat, we marched firmly up to Mr. Spitzer's little business office in the apartment building, where our versatile landlord made out rent bills, wrote letters refusing to replace old, broken-down stoves, and composed some of his worst poems. We suggested, haltingly, that he check the passkey situation. He was indignant.



"What are you *in*sinuating?" he shouted. We hung our heads and slunk away.

Eileen and I began to hate Mr. Spitzer the day we discovered our fungus. Our fungus grew from the bathroom ceiling. It was a horrid green color, very slimy and nasty. Every night we cut it down with Eileen's manicure scissors, and every morning it was long enough to braid. Eileen thought there was something shameful about the fungus, and she always carefully cut it down before we had a party. If the party lasted until after midnight, the last of the guests would be sure to spot a greenish haze on the low-slung ceiling.

Mr. Spitzer adopted a cynical, taunting attitude about that fungus. "I think it's sort of pretty," he growled, after we had lured him down to our apartment to behold the worst. He said we ought to be glad to observe nature at first hand.

We lived in a symphony of noise. The subway trains, of course, blotted out all conversation every three or four minutes. The windows of our quaint little cave were smack on the street. Village urchins ran sticks across the iron window bars, creating a realistic imitation of machine-gun fire. The man upstairs beat his wife, or maybe it was his old mother, regularly, and she was no Christian saint to suffer in silence; she howled.

But on the whole it wasn't the noise, it was the general insecurity of life in our damp little home that made us brave Mr. Spitzer and try to break the lease. For one thing, it was a very dull evening that some blithe soul didn't bend over and shout through our carefully drawn window curtains, "Yoo-hoooo, who lives there?" We learned to endure these queries from the outer world in silence, for the first time Eileen replied with an excited soprano, "You go away from there," the results were appalling.

"Ah," replied the thick voice behind the curtains, "a dame!" We could hear him literally licking his chops. All that separated us from this menace was a bit of glass, a few rusty old iron bars, and three feet. We trembled in each other's arms while our unseen suitor merrily wooed us in accents both drunken and bawdy for all of fifteen minutes.

When we went to bed, we had to choose between fresh air and insults. If we opened the window and drew the curtains, the street lights illuminated the peaceful scene of two weary sisters sleeping on two equally hard day-

beds. Sooner or later, as dawn approached, some merry gentleman on his way home after a visit to one of the night clubs on Sheridan Square would spot this innocent sight, and shout, "Hi-ya, babes!" After the first month we did without fresh air except on Monday and Tuesday nights, which are dull in the Village.

THEN, our neighbors added nothing to the quiet enjoyment of life. Eileen, who is sentimental, spent a whole year feeling that we ought to get the Humane Society on the man who beat his wife. Next to the wife-beater lived Georgie, an amiable ex-football star, and his girl. Georgie was a vast rock of a man with a red face and enough hair on his chest to stuff a pillow. The hair was clearly visible to all the tenants, because Georgie seldom wore anything but basketball shorts and tennis shoes, even in the dead of winter.

He spent most of his day doing the ironing for his small household. He was a neat, slow, generous ironer. He offered to do our ironing once, for nothing, but he drew the line at washing. He said that was women's work. Georgie's failing was drink, and because of it Georgie's girl had the job while Georgie stayed home, quite content, and pottered around with the ironing board, a cookbook, and a bottle of gin.

After a couple of bleak months in New York, Eileen and I gathered up, at literary teas and New Theatre League dances, what is technically known as a bevy of young men to pay our way into movies and brighten our duller hours. Mr. Spitzer's dismal little cave very nearly ruined our romantic careers. None of the apartments in that building were equipped with speaking tubes. When our buzzer rang, we were always torn with indecision. Perhaps Eileen's latest beau, in her current opinion a regally handsome man, full of education and wealth, was standing outside, waiting for the door catch to click. On the other hand, that loud buzzing might be only three down-at-the-heel WPA poets, friends of Georgie's hoping for a free drink. Incurable optimists, we always punched the button for the door release, and as a result our little cave was like a subway station. The only privacy we ever had was when we went to see the double feature at Loew's Sheridan.

ONE night Eileen was holding the fort, alone with a good book, and curlers on her hair, when the buzzer



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417 PARK AVENUE AT 55th STREET
AND EAST NORWICH, L. I.



Mrs. Pennington presents this washable "air-conditioned" crepe $19.95

rang. Eileen tossed her head; she was taking no chances. Suddenly there was a soft rap right on the apartment door. Startled out of her good sense, my guileless sister trotted off and unlatched the door.

On the threshold was a young and handsome man, carrying a beautiful real-leather suitcase. He was blond and wore a lovely tweed overcoat.

"I am very tired," he said simply. "May I come in and rest?"

Eileen gawped.

"Thank you," he said, stepping in and softly closing the door. He put down his suitcase in the kitchen, went into the only room, and threw himself upon my creaky daybed, with a heavy sigh.

"Have you a bit of spirits in the house?" he asked softly.

"Say," said my sister, "you can't come in here like this. I never saw you before."

The young man looked at her. Eileen said afterward he looked so gentle, how was she to know he was a viper of the first water?

"My dear young lady," said the stranger, "in the first place, I am here; in the second place, I am tired."

Eileen sat gingerly down in a corner, sullen. The young man removed his overcoat, looked about our small house with interest, located our bottle of whiskey, and poured himself a drink.

"You go rest some place else," Eileen said.

Dramatically, the young man rose. "Would you throw an officer in your country's army out into the cold night?" he thundered, with gestures.

"Yes," Eileen thundered back. She is a pacifist; she hates soldiers, especially people from West Point. She went to a prom there once and thought it was very stuffy.

"M-m-m-m," said the stranger, settling back on the daybed and staring across the room at my sister with beagle eyes, "a Red, huh?"

This made Eileen very angry. "You go away," she shouted. "I am not a Red and I don't like you."

The stranger shook his head. "So young," he said, "so pretty. I heard they were getting the young, pretty ones for come-ons."

"I am not a come-on," Eileen shouted.

The visitor took a small notebook from his pocket. "What's your name?" he inquired in a businesslike fashion.

Eileen told him to go away or she would call the police. The young man laughed. "I am a captain in the United



For seaside, greensward or dude ranch, what could oe smarter than white alpaca slacks with slide fastener, casual coat and a colorful halter!

$29.95

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States Army. They can't arrest me," he said sternly.

"Ho!" my sister scoffed. "Where's your uniform?"

"I'm on a special detail," the Captain replied. "I'm investigating the Communists in Greenwich Village."

"Well," said Eileen, "go away and investigate them, then."

"I'm resting now," said the Captain, with truth.

At this point I came home, shouting greetings merrily from the door. Eileen rose from her corner, rushed into my arms, and shouted hysterically, "Throw him out, Ruth. Throw him out."

I was confused. The Captain looked like just another one of Eileen's beaux, rather more prosperous than most. He was reclining on my daybed cushions, holding a highball glass in one hand and looking extremely harmless. Eileen, usually calm in the face of horrid emergencies, was, however, trembling on my shoulder.

"Go away," I ventured from the doorway, feeling slightly awkward.

"No," said the Captain.

"Oh dear!" Eileen murmured, and burst into tears.

I seized our broom. "Now, you go away," I said shakily to the nice-looking young man, "and quit bothering my sister."

"He's a soldier. Be careful," Eileen howled from the vestibule.

The Captain rose with dignity, finished his drink, took his suitcase and overcoat, and went to the door. "Good evening, ladies," he said, bowing slightly. "You have not heard the last of me."

THE paint wore off our floor during the second month we lived there. We complained to Mr. Spitzer, but he was untouched. "Paint your own floor," he said, indifferently.

A hardware store around the corner sold us what was to be the first of many batches of paint. It was guaranteed to dry in three hours, and I suppose it would have, normally. Life was a bit damp in our cellar. After all, we raised fungus in the bathroom. We painted our way to bed that first night, leaning out from our daybeds to put a last lick on a stray footprint.

Next morning we awoke, expecting to leap out on a shiny and beautiful floor. The paint was as fresh as when we went to bed. So of course we had to plough across the fresh paint to go to work, and the next night we had to repaint the footprints. Days passed into weeks, and the smell of paint never



WHITE PIQUE

Jacket flippancies whose ice-white freshness neither dims nor wilts. Smart to wear at once with dark sheers. Sizes 12 to 20. Inexpensively and exclusively — Bloomingdale's.

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Coronet and Calot pique toppers, 1.98

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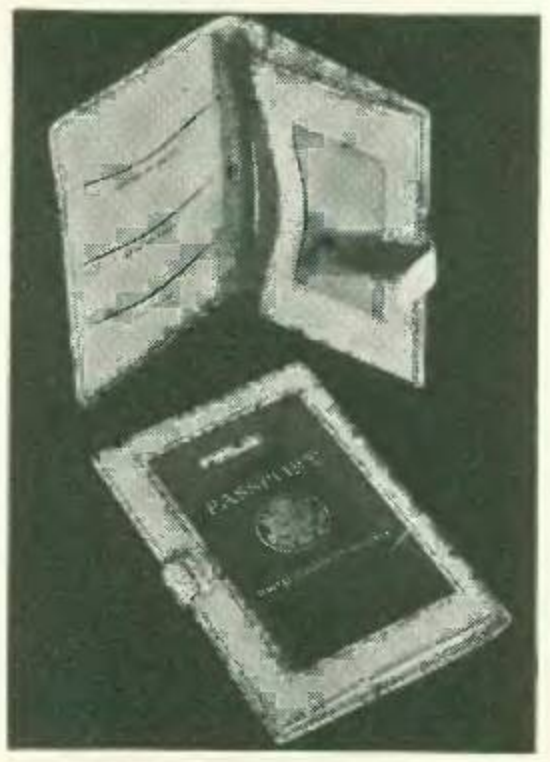
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GIRAFFE and REINDEER!
Such are the leathers used in these very newest gloves for men's country clothes . . . the backs in eggshell-colour reindeer, the palms and thong-lacing in tan giraffe. One of our many new gloves in rare new leathers. $15.



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left our small establishment. Eileen got painter's colic and I developed severe headaches.

One night I touched up the area around the kitchen door and backed into bed with my paintbrush. Only after I had turned on the reading light did I remember that the back door was still unlatched. To leap out of bed and lock the door meant the complete destruction of the entire left side of the floor. I decided to take a chance. Eileen was out dancing somewhere, and I settled down to wait for her. Shortly after two o'clock, two men opened the back door and stepped into the fresh paint.

I heard them slipping and sliding down the little hall. I opened my mouth to scream, but no screams came out. Paralyzed with fright, I lay clutching my book, waiting for the worst. The two men cursed the paint loudly.

"This is a bum joint," one of them growled. They appeared in the doorway, a Mutt-and-Jeff combination, a tall, thin, morose man and a short, fat, morose man. At this point my voice returned. I screamed lustily, several times.

"What's the matter with that dame?" said the tall man with disgust.

The short, fat man peered at me. I screamed again, furiously, but without hope. In that building, a scream would be put down to hilarity, not panic, providing, of course, that anybody noticed it.

The fat man said, "Aw, that ain't Elizabeth. Elizabeth's got sort of red hair."

"Oh," said the tall man. They disappeared from the door, and I heard them slipping and sliding over my fresh paint, out the hall into the street.

The next day Eileen and I went to Mr. Spitzer and told him we wanted to move; we couldn't stand the neighborhood. He was very angry. He said poets had lived in his building, and also that a man had written a play about the apartment house. The play ran only two nights, but Mr. Spitzer felt the critics killed it. Mr. Spitzer said we should be proud to live in this apartment house.

The fungus began to grow faster and faster, and then the weather turned very cold and the heat proved very inadequate indeed. In fact, for three successive days the temperature hovered around forty in our little home. Our friends were jubilant. They told us the lease was practically broken.

We called Mr. Spitzer in to prove our point. He came bustling in the door, shouting, "What's all this about



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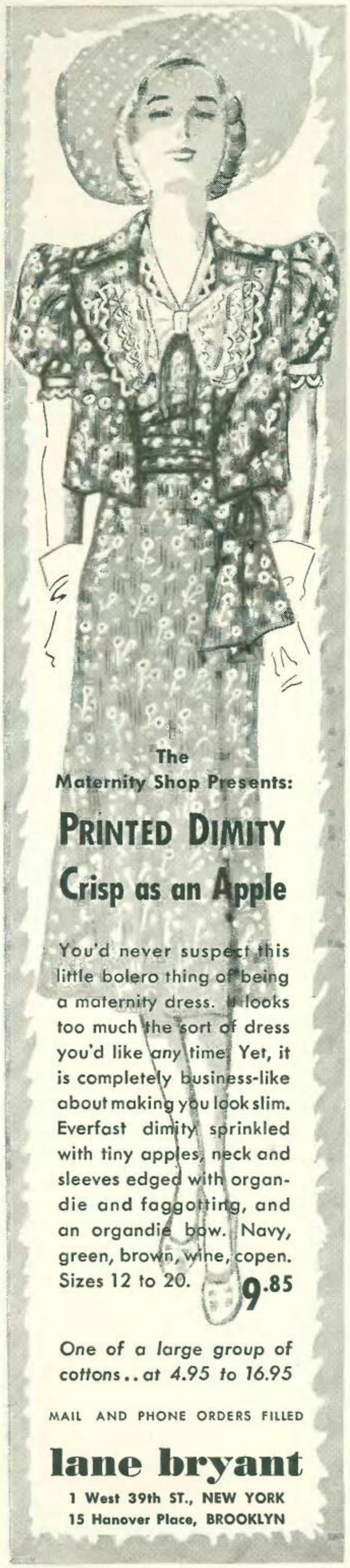
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it being cold down here?" He tore off his overcoat with a mighty gesture. Eileen and I, in our heaviest coats, with mufflers, galoshes, and gloves, were huddled around the fireplace. Mr. Spitzer said heartily, "My, my! I didn't know the modern woman was a weakling."

There was a pause. We were too full of bitterness to reply, except to sneeze loudly. Then Mr. Spitzer put his overcoat back on and said softly that he would reduce the rent five dollars.

"How about the fungus?" Eileen said coldly.

Mr. Spitzer stepped into the bathroom and examined our luxuriant foliage. "You don't like this pretty green stuff?" he shouted.

"I *hate* it," Eileen said, almost in tears.

"M-m-m-m," Mr. Spitzer replied. He came back to the fireplace and warmed his hands. Then, in the tone of a man who has tried hard to please and been cruelly rebuffed, "Very *well*. If you don't like the fungus, I shall get rid of it."

We stayed. We forgot to have Mr. Spitzer put the rent reduction and the anti-fungus agreement in writing, but we promptly knocked five dollars off our monthly rent payments. Mr. Spitzer, though, did not cure the bathroom of its horrid growth. The janitor came around one day and put some iodine on the fungus, but it only grew faster after that.

After we moved out, the next October, Mr. Spitzer sued us for the total amount of the rent reduction. We wrote several harsh letters calling him a louse and blackguard, but his only reply was a letter from his lawyer threatening to sue us for libel as well as back rent. We had to pay him.

Last summer we saw him in the Grand Central station. Eileen's new husband, often regaled with tales about that beast, Mr. Spitzer, wanted to pop him in the jaw. It remained only a happy thought. Mr. Spitzer, as usual, got the drop on us. He came right over and seized my sister's limp hand, shaking it enthusiastically.

"Congratulations on your marriage," he shouted. "Why don't you and your husband drop around, and I'll show you some two-room apartments?"

Eileen made faint rattling noises in her throat, but no insults came out.

"Apartments without fungus," said Mr. Spitzer merrily, and dashed off to make the Westport express.

—Ruth McKenney



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It is not recorded that dour old Alexander Gibbs, the militant Scotsman who fought his times to further the use of soap, ever signed a pledge or belonged to a League of Purity. But, he demanded that his own product should have no inferior fats, no poisonous mineral colors and no chalk or other filling substance. And ladies in every civilized land appreciate his stand when they ask for Gibbs Cold Cream Soap.



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OUT OF TOWN

Points West



SUN VALLEY LODGE, the Ketchum, Idaho, skiing resort which sprang into life last December at the bidding of the Union Pacific Railroad, got through the winter so successfully that it is doubling in brass and opening this summer as a sort of super dude ranch. As one expects in a resort's first year, a few minor flaws cropped up, but on the whole the place did extremely well and the guests were enthusiastic, particularly those who arrived after the belated snow had covered the sagebrush. There's no reason now to go into the plans for next winter, but it might be noted that accommodations for two hundred more guests will then be ready, to take the form of an Austrian-Swiss village, called Challenger Inn, built around a square with a swimming pool and skating rink. There will also be a movie theatre, a billiard room, a bowling alley, a *Bierstube*, and assorted eating places. Still another hotel, not under U. P. management, will be built in Ketchum before winter.

Ketchum, as has been mentioned here before, is a little town of two hundred and seventeen inhabitants on the edge of twenty-five thousand square miles of wilderness. The Lodge will not be run as an "operating" ranch—that is, one where cattle-raising is carried on as an industry—but it will offer all that most dude ranches do, and more. Horses and riding instruction will be featured, of course, but it is the fishing facilities which make the most spectacular offering. In this virgin country there are streams and lakes into which a fly has never been cast. Some of them require pack-train trips, but a little thing like three or four days on horseback has never been known to stop a real fisherman. Short pack trips appear to be plentiful. The wild country of the East Fork of the Salmon River is only a four-mile hike from Galena Summit, which is reached by car and is thirty miles from Sun Valley. Twenty miles by car and a few miles more afoot or on horseback bring you to numerous tributaries of the South Fork of the Boise River. Thirty miles from the Lodge is Silver Creek, which is fed entirely by springs and has no ripples on its surface, making it perfect for

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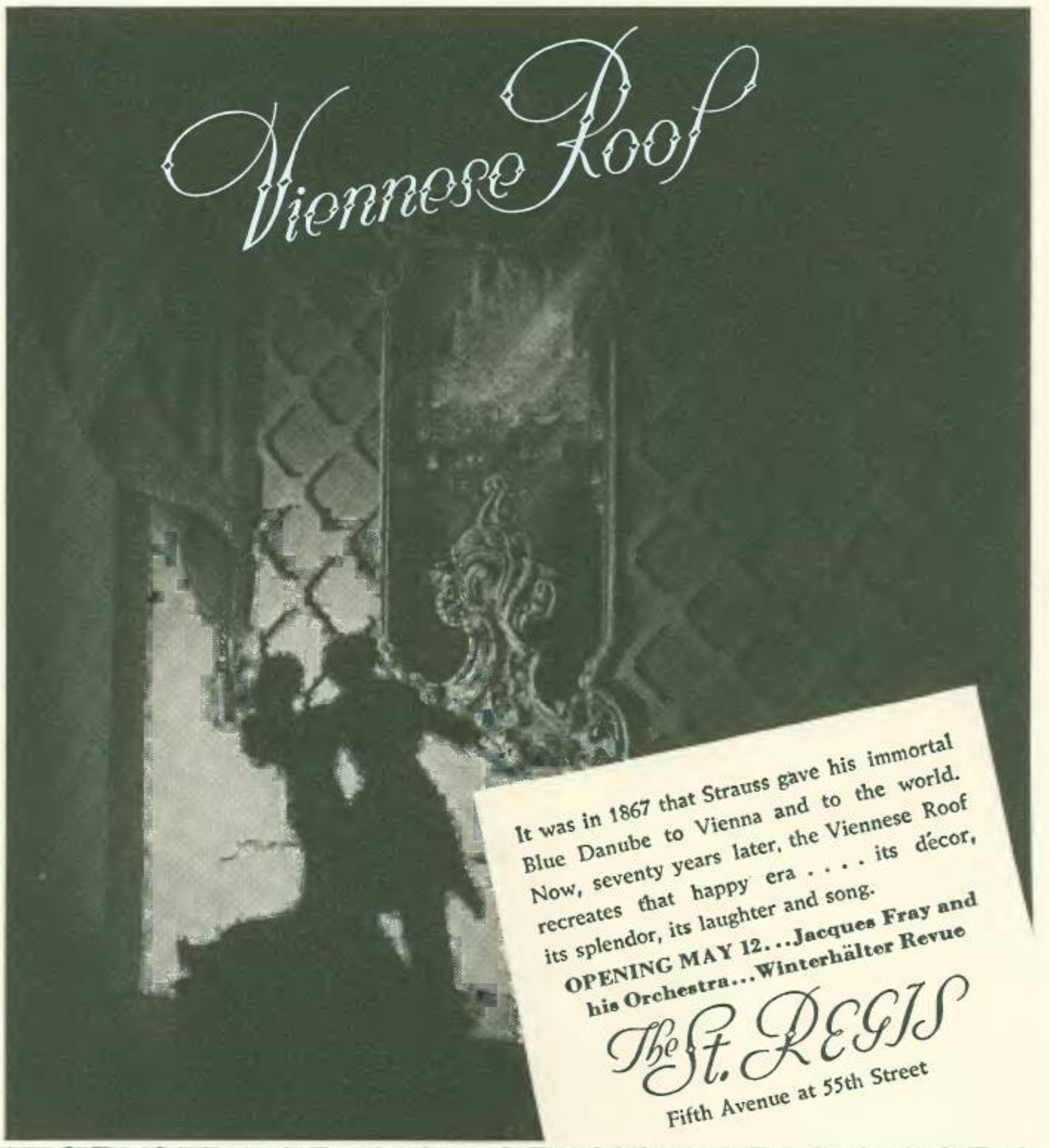


dry-fly fishing. The Middle Fork of the Salmon River necessitates a five-day round trip on horses. It's a salmon stream, as yet completely untouched. Depending on where you go, the game fish include several kinds of trout (rainbow, steelhead, cut-throat, Dolly Varden, etc.), both landlocked and ocean-run salmon, whitefish, and redfish.

The Lodge will be open only during July, August, and September, too early for game hunting. (The season for deer, elk, and mountain goat comes in October and November.) However, there's plenty of shooting if you are willing to stick to the non-restricted animals. For these, you don't have to pay the $75 non-resident game licence; merely have to have a $5 gun permit, which lets you potshot at as many jack rabbits, coyotes, wolves, lynxes, and mountain lions as you want. A non-resident fishing licence, obtainable at the Lodge, costs $10. For unventuresome ladies, children, and lazy folk, the Lodge is building a trout pond near the hotel and stocking it with good-sized fish.

Lodge rates remain the same as for wintertime, ranging from $10 a day single to $48 double, American plan. Use of a horse is extra, of course. The City of Portland, the Union Pacific's streamlined train, now stops at Shoshone, a day out of Chicago. That's the jumping-off place for Ketchum, which is two hours further on. The best way to get there by air still is to take a United Air Lines plane for Cheyenne, Wyoming, from which you have to backtrack by train. Sun Valley has now declared its independence from Ketchum and has a United States post office.

THE whole Western picture is bright this year. Dude-ranching has become more and more popular each year, and this summer it will reach a new peak. Unlike cruises, freighter voyages, and June Atlantic crossings, however, the supply of ranches is still equal to the demand. New, competent, and attractive ones are constantly being opened. The Western railroads are on their toes, too, and there's none of the congestion and absence of travel accommodations which harassed journeyers to the South faced this winter. For the last few weeks, following their annual custom, ranch proprietors have been in the East lining up their dudes for this summer and being feted by their last year's guests. True to its traditions, the West still breeds camaraderie. If you haven't ever been a dude or



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3 baths, terrace. . . . $3600

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1245 MADISON AVE.
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haven't a friend who has been wining a rancher, you can get plenty of information and brochures from any of the Western railroads, but they are likely to be a bit indiscriminating. For the accurate lowdown on all sorts of ranches, an excellent bet is Vacation Advisers, 9 East Forty-sixth Street (Wickersham 2-2730). Ask for Miss Bilhuber or Miss Post. These two ladies have visited every ranch they recommend, know all the virtues and faults, and can find you the one that seems most suited to your taste. They practically insist on a personal interview with you, if you're within visiting distance; it helps everyone all around.

The dude-ranch country, of course, includes Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona; and there's no need to shy away from the last two just because they sound hot. There are year-round ranches in those states, for the most part in the lowlands. Others, with altitudes of six to eight thousand feet, are open only in the summer. The days are warm, but so they are in New England; the nights are apt to outdo the East's in coolness. Like the ranches in the Northwest, most of the Southwestern ones now have outdoor swimming pools. It's impossible here to go into detail about any of them, but a few general facts can be given. Cost ranges from $55 to $75 a week, and in almost every case this price includes your horse. In some places a stay of a month entitles you to a four- or five-day pack trip free. By no means the majority of ranches are "operating," but most of them are within striking distance of cattle-raising operations. In all of them, the fancy, expensive dress of a few years back has gone by the board. Men and women dress alike in blue jeans, soft shirt, and stout shoes—no more riding habits or orange chaps. Everything you need can be bought at the ranch store or a neighboring general store. At some ranches, ladies put on Eastern-bought slacks or even skirts at dinnertime, but at the majority the jeans are worn from morning till night. —S. R. W.

•

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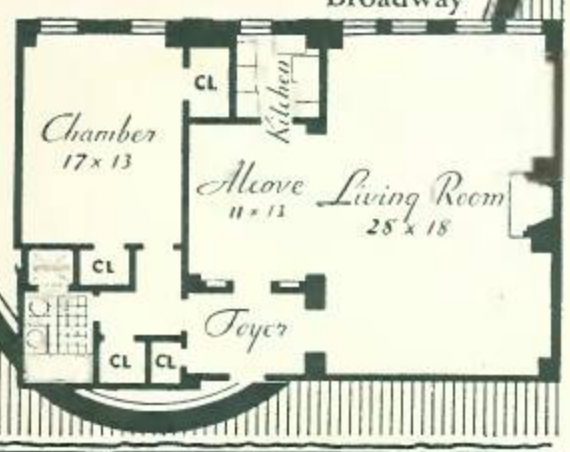
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OPEN-LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Mr. Elmer Davis,
90 Morningside Drive,
New York City.

DEAR MR. DAVIS:

In extending to you a most cordial invitation to make the —— Hotel your home when you next visit New York, I have the personal satisfaction of knowing that you will find that the accommodations, the service, and the environment measure up in every way to the highest standards of hotelkeeping.

My personal services are always at your disposal, and I will be glad to arrange reservations and other matters if you will write or wire me.

Cordially yours,
X. X. X——
Assistant Manager

DEAR MR. X——:

IN declining, with regret, your invitation, I beg to assure you that no element of pique enters into my decision. Time was when we residents of Morningside were a bit touchy about not being counted as New Yorkers. It pained us when department-store clerks, taking the address for deliveries, inquired, "What city, please?;" we lifted the aggrieved eyebrow at taxi-drivers who hesitated and then came right out with "Say, Chief, is that in Brooklyn?" When Villagers boasted of that quaint corner where Fourth Street crosses Tenth Street, we offered to show them where 125th Street meets 129th; we used to contend that if sidewalk cafés are what you want, Childs at 111th and Broadway is just as dusty and noisy as the Brevoort or One Fifth Avenue. But we don't have to make those explanations any more; most downtowners know now that Morningside is in New York, even if they wonder why.

Nor do I decline your invitation because of any skepticism about the accommodations and service of your hotel. Back in the days before I was married, I used to meet girls there (downstairs, you understand, and girls whom I had already met elsewhere), and while not well informed as to your other accommodations, I can speak highly of the sitting quarters in your lobby, where I have spent many an hour rent free. No, dear Mr. X——, I am unlikely to become a guest of your hotel, simply because I have about decided to stop going downtown—or, as you put it, visiting New York. Broadly considered, it's more trouble than it's worth.

What have you got downtown that we haven't got on Morningside? Quite



leghorn cartwheel

So wide of brim they practically bury you (hidden treats are always more interesting). Open or covered crowns with ribbons and flowers to give them an added fillip. Black, brown, navy, natural, green, white, California Redwood. Sizes 21½ to 23 . . . . . 5.00

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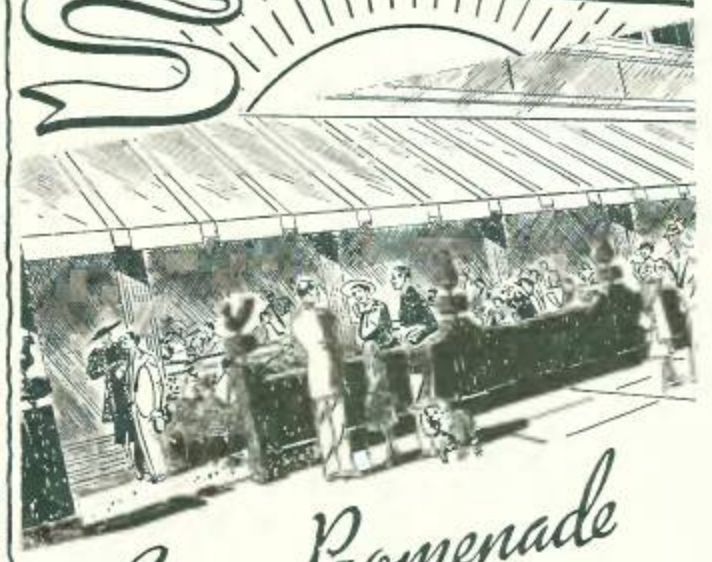
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a lot, and you can keep it. Your hotel rates high in accommodations and service, but I can't say much for its environment. There are a lot of places where people want to go when they have once got downtown, and it is harder and harder to get there. Double parking has clogged the arteries of traffic till the town is liable to have a thrombosis at any moment. We have double parking on our side streets, too, but nobody ever wants to go through them, so it doesn't matter. There aren't many places to go up here, and not much traffic to get in your way. But what we have is fast—fast and furious. You sluggish downtowners, used to dodging cars that crawl around the turns or along the Avenue, wouldn't last two minutes on Amsterdam or upper Broadway.

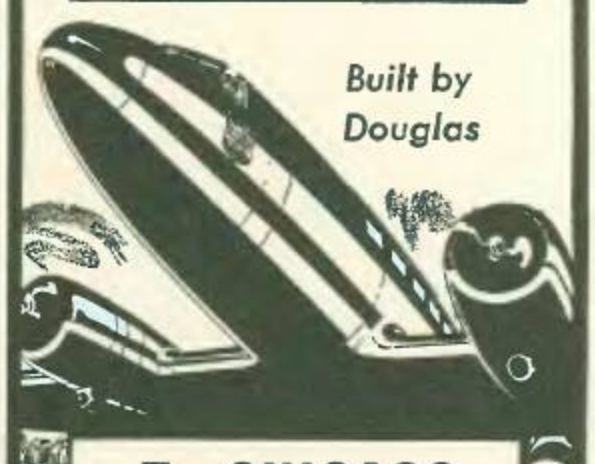
PROBABLY you have a lot of excitements down there that we lack, but your neighborhood is ill-adapted to the most truly metropolitan of pastimes, watching the engines roll. It is always a pleasure to see Engine Company 65 giving its exhibition of broken-field running through the Forty-third Street traffic, but as soon as it turns the corner into the Avenue, it gets lost among the buses and you never know where the fire is anyway. When we put on a good fire, you can see it. Gaiety and glitter? Yes, you have the edge on us there, but you ought to see Morningside when Nicholas Murray Butler gives a really big dinner. You would think it was the Astor on the night of the Beaux-Arts Ball.

That is not all we owe to Nicholas Murray Butler. Downtown, if you want to see a riot, you have to get into the subway and go down to Union Square, but we can stick our heads out of the window almost any time and see a parade of Columbia students demonstrating about something, with red torches and sandwich boards and raucous outcries. Sometimes they finish up with a good riot right on the President's doorstep, and since the great Columbia pastime of rioting against the President was started by Alexander Hamilton, this gives us a sense of the continuity of history that you never get downtown.

That, after all, is the strong point of



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Morningside—the sense of continuity, of something fixed and stable in a changing world. Downtown, at four A.M., what do you see? A lot of tired and peevish people going home from night clubs, wishing to God they had had sense enough to call for the check three hours earlier. On Morningside, at four A.M., what do you see? Caravans of milk wagons pushing out in all directions from the Borden plant, carrying the vitaminous and life-giving fluid that will raise up a new generation of night-club customers.

Downtown New York is a dissolving view; something is always happening to your sky line. A few years ago you were always tearing down tall buildings to put up taller buildings; lately you have been tearing down the taller buildings, because the only way the ground will pay for its upkeep is as parking space. Your terraced cordilleras can defy the ravages of time, but safe on our placid hilltop, we look forward with quiet confidence to the day when the whole town south of Fifty-ninth Street will be nothing but parking space. Up here, our sky line stays the same. Once in a while Columbia sticks up a new building, but its buildings all look alike, so you have to look hard before you notice the difference, and off the campus we've had just two new buildings in the last twenty-three years.

So, dear Mr. X——, I shall not write or wire you to arrange reservations. . . . But wait a minute; you speak of arranging other matters, and that is a point on which we might get together. Could you arrange a little matter with the Collector of Internal Revenue? Any chance you could do anything about that call for jury duty? If your arranging capacities extend that far, dear Mr. X——, just write or wire me, and I will be right down there tomorrow morning. ELMER DAVIS

•

The bride's father will give her in marriage and will wear the ivory satin gown which her three sisters, Mrs. John Fennelly, Mrs. John C. Potter and Mrs. J. Sterling Getchell, wore as brides.
—*The Sun.*

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•

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A DAY IN ALBANY

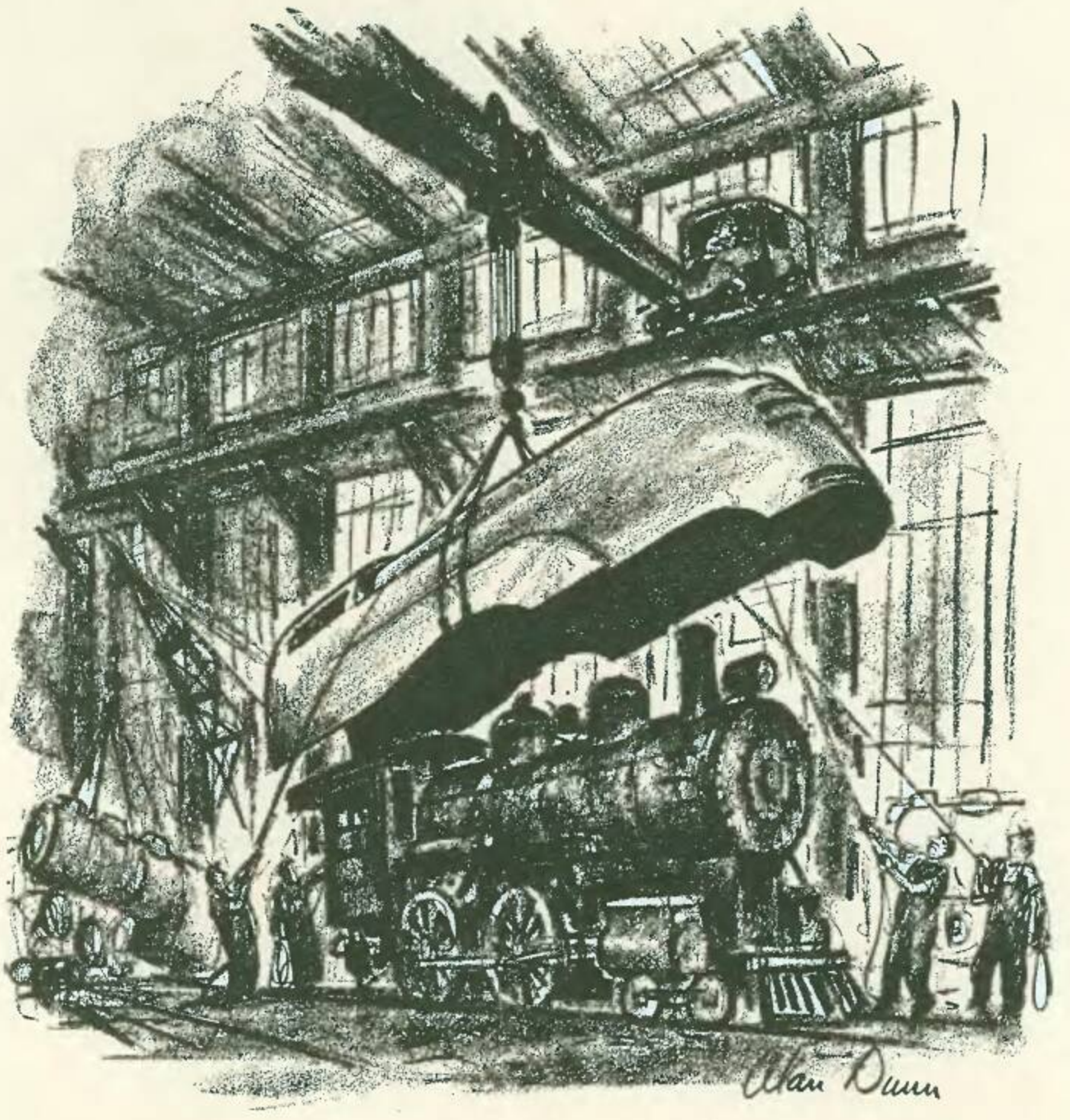
THERE is something flattering to the dignity of man in the successful operation of a free government and I suppose the designers of the capitol at Albany had something like this in mind when they planned the legislative chambers. They made them impressive temples of the democratic process, with lofty ceilings and galleries, and a restrained use of marble, plush, mahogany, stained glass, tapestry, and arches. A stranger, paying a visit when the legislators are not in session, is vaguely disturbed by apple-vending machines which stand in the richly furnished anterooms, but on entering the chambers themselves, he feels the hushing influence one encounters in passing from the light and noise of a city street into the cool dark of a cathedral. Caught in the architectural mood, he is able to forget the apple-vending machines; there is something a little overpowering about these silent chambers.

This, at least, was my own feeling during a recent visit. When the legislators had assembled, I returned for a closeup of the democratic process itself, or, rather, the flowering of it, for we plant the seeds when we vote and that is part of the process, too. I went into the Assembly first, getting seated just as the Speaker was rapping his gavel to call the session to order. He had to rap many times, because there was a good deal of noise on the Republican side of the chamber, where a beefy young fellow kept shaking hands and ducking in mock pain as well-wishers slapped him on the back. I learned that this was Assemblyman Costello of Syracuse and that he had just been chosen in a special election to fill the place of a Republican assemblyman who had died. The reason for the jubilation was that Costello's election had restored the Republicans' majority of 76 to 74 which they had enjoyed before the death of Costello's predecessor.

The session was opened with a prayer by a Reverend Dr. Sprenger, pastor of a local Episcopal church. Dr. Sprenger asked for divine guidance. "May there be in our hearts a song as we set our minds to the responsibilities of this session," he prayed. I cannot remember all of it, but it was rather a pretty prayer and I was relieved to learn that the legislators always thought first of the spiritual side. Each day's session of both Assembly and Senate is opened in this way, the officiating clergyman receiving five dollars. Ordinarily the assignment is rotated among Albany clergymen, but if any legislator's home-town pastor happens to be visiting the capital it is easy for the legislator to get his pastor the assignment. This is a minor bit of patronage which no alert legislator can afford to overlook. When Dr. Sprenger had finished his prayer, he shook hands with the Speaker and left. It occurred to me later on that it is just as well that these officiating clergymen do not wait around to check up on the results of their prayers; that, having asked for divine guidance, they retire discreetly from the chamber.

There was a brief ceremony of welcome for Costello. Assemblyman Parsons, who also hails from Syracuse, arose and with honest triumph in his voice said, "Mr. Speaker, by an overwhelming vote Onondaga County has again elected one of her favorite sons to this legislature. He is a lawyer of high qualities and unimpeachable integrity. Onondaga County is proud, sir, to present to this honorable body its seventy-sixth Republican member, Mr. Costello." The Republicans applauded, and Costello looked embarrassed but happy. The Democratic side, on which I was sitting, applauded a little but on the whole took it all in blasé fashion. I heard a Brooklyn assemblyman whisper to his neighbor, "He's a dead ringer for Everett McCooey, hey?" His neighbor, who was resting his feet on a desk and eating an apple, nodded.

There were other little formalities before the Assembly got down to business. Several members asked that "the privileges of the floor" be accorded various persons. This is a courtesy which is extended to distinguished visitors and it means that the person so honored may sit among the legislators instead of in the galleries. In each instance, the Speaker rattled off, "All in favor of the motion signify the same by saying 'Aye' contrary 'No' the motion is carried," and struck the desk with his gavel. No one really said "Aye" or "No" and the motion always carried. One of the honored guests was a retired assemblyman with a goatee. Another was the mother of one of the members. A young Democratic assemblyman from upstate asked the privileges of the floor "for my leader, Big Bill ——." I didn't catch Big Bill's last name because a Democrat seated near me sneezed resoundingly



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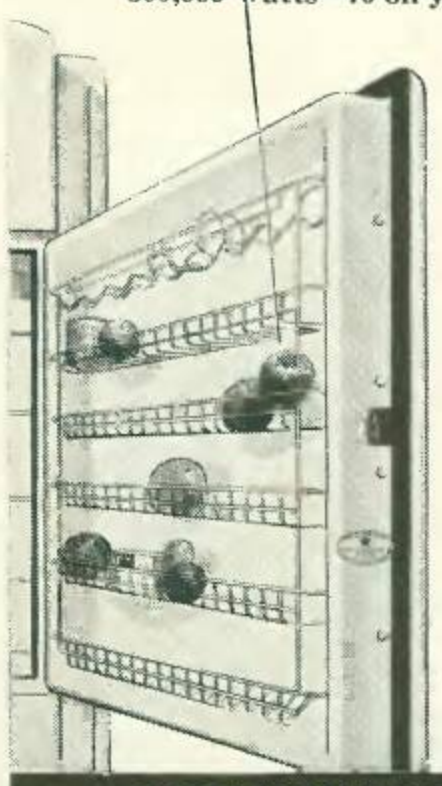
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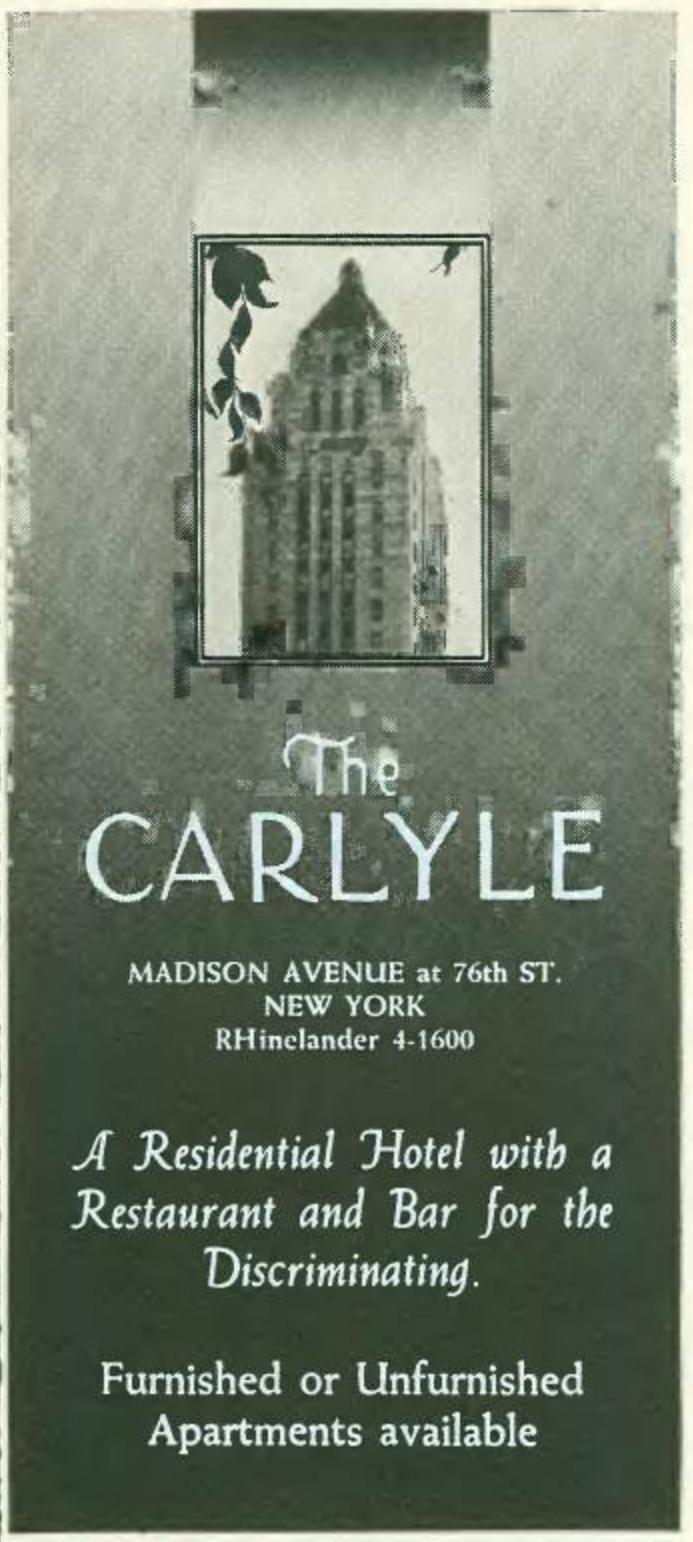
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at this point. However, I got a good look at Big Bill. Having anticipated the bestowal of this honor upon him, he had already appropriated the privileges of the floor and was seated beside his protégé. There was some applause, all from the Democratic side, and Big Bill arose and responded with a few bows. He was an enormous man with a cigar sprouting from one side of his fleshy face. He bowed without removing the cigar. His protégé, a slight chap, looked up into Big Bill's face with filial admiration. It was a striking public demonstration of allegiance and, to my mind, one of the most noteworthy events of the day.

THE Speaker announced that the clerk would read a message from Governor Lehman regarding minimum-wage legislation for women and minors. As far as I was able to find out afterward, no advance copies of the message had been distributed among the legislators, yet none seemed to be listening to it. As if conscious that he was talking to nobody, the clerk mumbled the message without any attempt at intelligent inflection. Many assemblymen seized the occasion to read the day's mail or consult the printed calendar of the proceedings. They tossed torn envelopes, letters, and other trash on the floor and soon had it littered. A great many were eating apples or smoking or getting up from their seats to gather in sociable knots. There was a continuous humming of talk and some hallooing across the floor, too, such as "Oh, Frank, come here a minute." The Speaker banged the gavel every now and then in a gently reproving manner. Two or three times someone softly whistled a popular air. One talented member had an uncanny ability to imitate the wail of a baby. Periodically this thin cry would rise mysteriously in the chamber and as mysteriously fade away. Apparently, the imitation had long since lost its novelty for the members; they appeared not to notice it and the Speaker ignored it, too. I thought, however, that it made an arresting accompaniment to the reading of a message on sweatshops.

During this reading I had time to thumb through some booklets I had obtained and to learn something about the legislators and their lives in the public service. Roughly, half the members of both houses are lawyers and there are many insurance men, too. Careers in law and insurance have always combined nicely with politics. The other occupations furnish a fair cross-section



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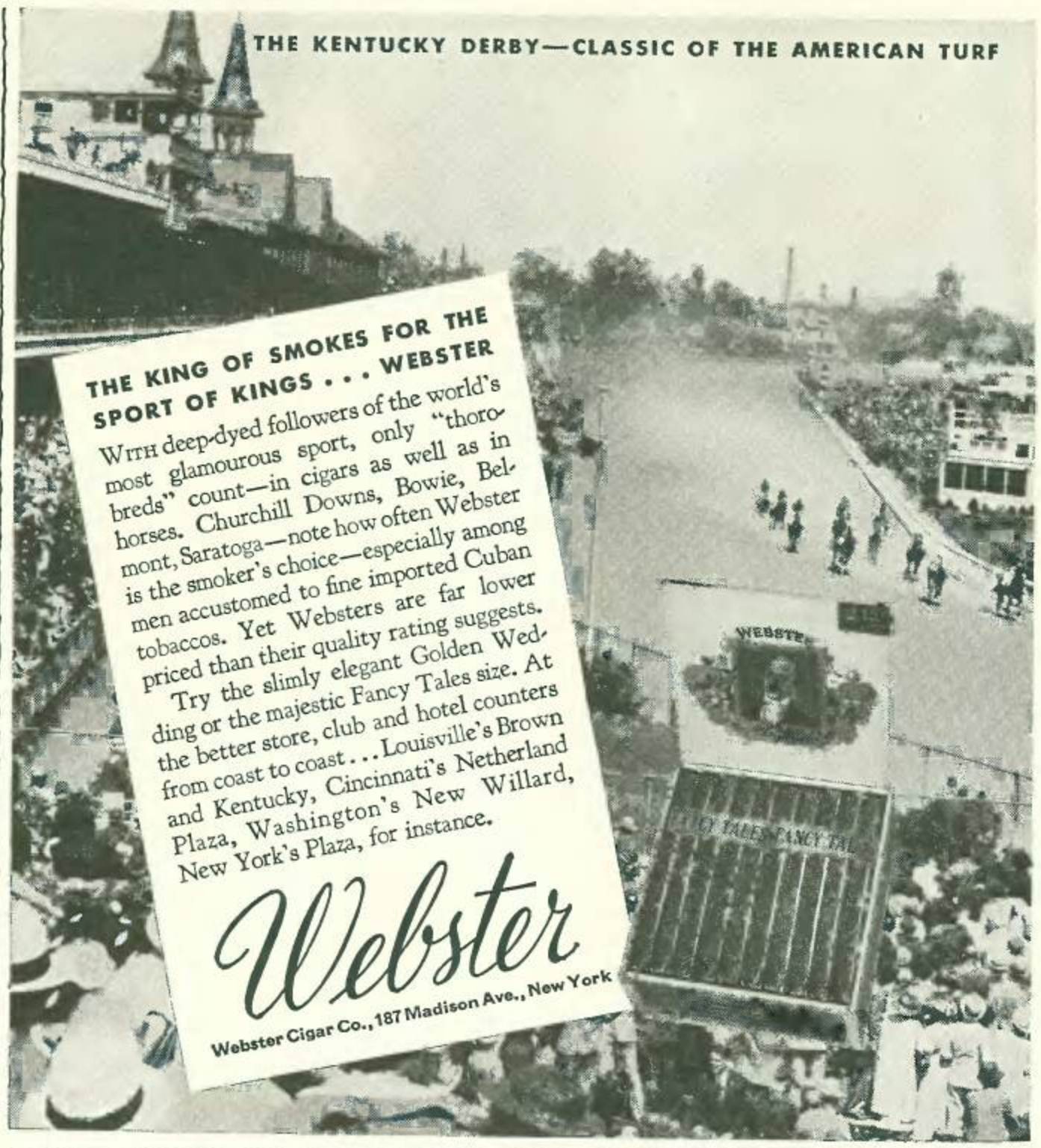
EDWARD H. CRANDALL

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of the more solvent and articulate strata of any community. There are eighteen farmers in the Legislature. In the Assembly, there are two editors, three undertakers, a clergyman, a dentist, a college professor, a cold-storage man, a radio commentator, a school principal, a wholesale seed dealer, and three automobile dealers. Among the senators are a laundryman, three engineers, a grocer, a pharmacist, an auctioneer, a clergyman, and a printer. There are no undertakers in the Senate.

The salaries of assemblymen and senators are the same, $2,500 a year. This sum, in most cases, goes entirely for expenses. There is one term of the Legislature annually and the state allows each legislator one round-trip train fare only. In the old days, when travel was slow, this was all he needed, but today he goes home nearly every weekend and returns. A term lasts three or four months, so there are upward of a dozen round-trip fares the legislator has to pay himself. He also has to pay his living expenses in Albany. He has to keep a stenographer or secretary, or pay stenographic fees, too. There is a great spirit of camaraderie among the lawmakers and this frequently leads to long social sessions at the bar of the DeWitt Clinton or the Ten Eyck. The state makes no allowance for this either. Then, of course, there are the expenses of conducting campaigns for reëlection. This is quite an item, for assemblymen are elected for only one year and senators for only two. Movements have been started to fix both terms at four years, but political leaders, especially the Democratic ones in New York City, have always opposed the idea. Suppose, they ask, a legislator, under the proposed reform, should become infected with an irrational spirit of insurrection and sabotage measures his party leaders consider necessary for the public weal? Then they've got a radical on their hands for four long years, whereas under the present system a legislator can run wild for only one or at most two years, and then the party sidetracks him for a more conscientious worker. It is not hard for the New York City Democrats to thwart attempts to lengthen terms, for of the Assembly's 150 votes they swing 62, and of the Senate's 51 they swing 23. An ally here and an ally there among the machine Republicans, and they have a majority in either house. In a crisis like this, party lines are erased.

If a legislator behaves himself properly, he can come back to Albany again and again. Or he can work up into the





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higher councils of his party and possibly get himself in line for a judgeship, or something like that. In the Legislature he can, moreover, make contacts that will benefit him in his bread-and-butter business. The value of having a lawyer-legislator on one's legal staff is well known among corporations. There is a similar value in handing a chunk of one's insurance business over to a broker who has a seat at Albany. Someone has to get this business and it might as well be he. Legislators of other occupations find that the prestige of their political positions brings many customers who might otherwise patronize competitors. There are minor perquisites, too. Legislators are entitled to receive automobile licence plates bearing letters only. This gives a smart and distinctive appearance to one's car and sometimes causes policemen to overlook traffic-law violations. And prize-fight and wrestling promoters are always currying legislative favor by mailing in complimentary tickets.

AFTER the clerk had finished reading the Governor's message, the Assembly quieted down a little and entered upon the work of its calendar. More than seventy-five bills were listed on the calendar as "bills on the order of the third reading." Under the rules, a bill must be read three times, on separate days, before it can be voted upon, and these were having their final reading.

Most were bills which were either of small general importance or applied to only one county or town. Some samples, taken from the calendar, will give an idea:

An act to amend the conservation law, in relation to the taking and selling of minnows and other bait fish.

An act to amend the conservation law, in relation to fox squirrels.

An act to amend the conservation law, in relation to the propagation of otter and fisher in captivity.

An act to amend the second class cities law, in relation to the compensation of jurors in the police court of the city of Albany.

An act to authorize and empower the city of Elmira to acquire by gift and develop land for an athletic field, to regulate the use thereof, to erect a stadium thereon, and to issue its bonds to pay a portion of the cost of said stadium in an amount not exceeding thirty-five thousand dollars.

An act to amend the highway law, in relation to state highways in the county of Westchester.

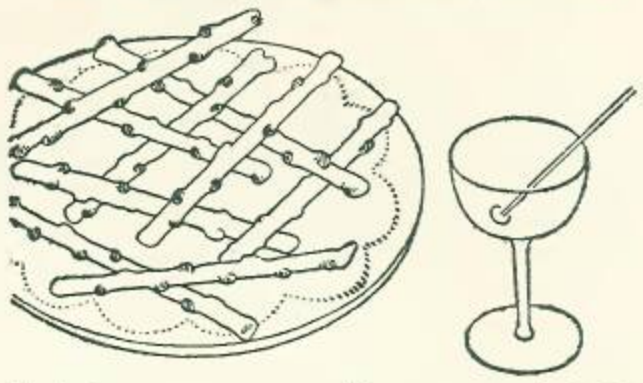
An act to amend the agriculture and markets law, in relation to the packing of grapes.

Some of the bills on the calendar were passed, some were withdrawn by their



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sponsors, some were put over until a later date for discussion. Practically all of those passed went through without debate. This was because the party leaders had ironed out whatever differences they may have had beforehand. On the bills passed the vote was in most cases unanimous. The passage of a bill was accomplished with great speed, and in a sort of jazzed-up Gregorian duet between the Speaker and the Clerk, chanting antiphonally. The ritual was mystifying at first.

The Clerk, in a low singsong voice, would read the description of the bill given on the calendar.

THE SPEAKER (*in a higher register*): Read the last section.

THE CLERK (*basso profundo*): Section Three [or whatever number it was]. This act shall take effect immediately.

THE SPEAKER: Call the roll.

THE CLERK: Allen Ives Steingut Young ayes a hundred and fifty, noes none.

THE SPEAKER (*banging his gavel*): Bill's passed.

I was able to get this swift process down on paper only after listening to it a dozen times. It baffled me, particularly as I had heard no one cast a vote, and I asked a Democrat sitting next to me to explain it. He said that this was known as passing a bill by the "rapid rollcall." Everyone present, he explained, is presumed to have read each bill previously, so there is no use in having the Clerk read the whole document. The reading of the last section is considered enough of a sop to form. As for the "Allen Ives Steingut Young" part, my neighbor explained, Allen and Young are the first and last members of the Assembly, alphabetically; Ives, a Republican, is the majority leader, and Steingut, a Democrat, the minority leader. Hence, he said, when you have mentioned these, you have pretty well covered the Assembly. If anyone wants to cast a dissenting vote, he can do so by raising his hand. The Clerk will see it and record the vote. When a controversial bill is up for vote, anyone who wants to can call for a full rollcall and get it.

All the bills whose calendar descriptions I have listed were passed, except the one relating to the taking and selling of minnows and other bait fish. This, it appears, was too abstruse a measure to be rushed through hastily and consideration of it was postponed for a week. All of the game-and-fish bills had been previously passed by the Senate. They bore the name of Senator

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Nunan, whom I was to see in action later.

AFTER the session had gone two hours or so, page boys left and came back bearing packages of food and bottles of milk. While the passing and postponing of bills went on, the legislators ate sandwiches, drank milk, and scooped ice cream from paper cups. Many had their feet propped up on their desks. On the Democratic side a young legislator shucked the wrapper from a candy bar, rolled it up, and threw it at a corpulent fellow-Democrat, striking him in the face.

"Want to put somebody's eye out, you god-damned fool?" cried the victim indignantly.

"Why didn't you duck?" retorted his mischievous colleague.

Later, the same corpulent Democrat, during the reading of another message from the Governor, remarked bitterly, "That's the *World-Telegram* talking. He's owned by them." The message was a request for legislation to remove the exemption of state officers, including legislators, from state income taxes.

One of the few breaks in the duet of the Speaker and the Clerk came when the Clerk read this innocent-sounding caption:

An act to amend the education law, in relation to the tenure of the superintendent of schools and associate superintendents in a city having a population of a million or more.

The bill, which had come from the Senate, bore the name of Senator Feld, Democrat, of Manhattan. It brought Assemblyman Moffat to his feet, with facial muscles flexing in repressed anger. He had been waiting for this moment. Moffat, who is a Republican from the upper East Side, seemed strangely out of place in the hearty atmosphere of the Assembly. He had a Harvard accent and this, plus a certain boyishness in his way of speaking, seemed to mark him as a candidate for joshing, but he was listened to with respect. I was told that he is recognized as an able man.

"This is a typical Tammany bill," Moffat said. "Its purpose is to freeze into office certain Tammany appointees of the Board of Education so that their positions will become life jobs." He continued for some minutes in the same vein. When he sat down, Assemblyman Brownell, the only other Republican assemblyman from New York City, arose and heaped more cultured scorn upon Tammany.

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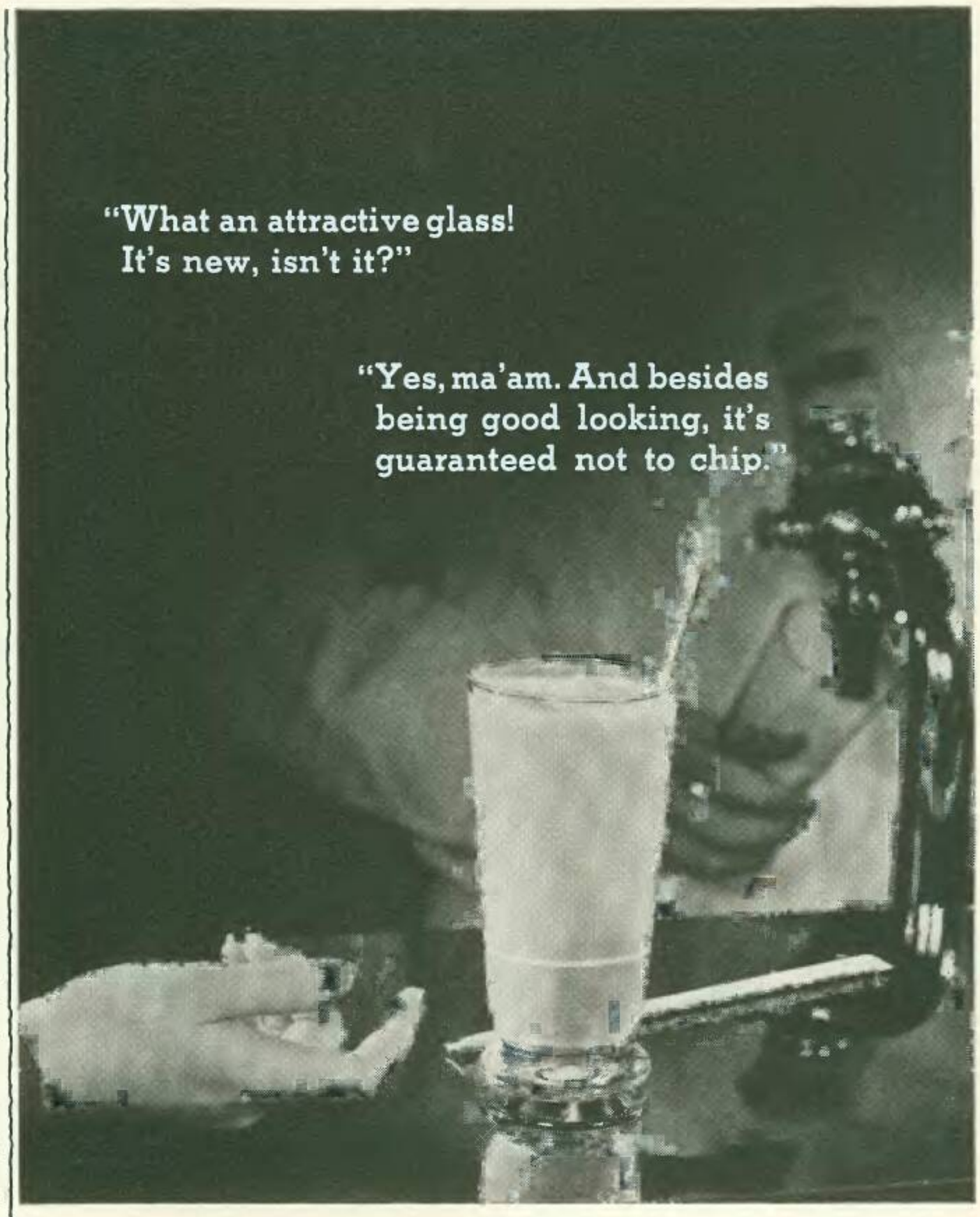
*277 GRAND ST., NEW YORK

bill was given by Assemblyman Holley, Democrat, of Manhattan. With an emotional quaver in his voice, Holley glared at Moffat and Brownell and talked about the Democratic party's long years of struggle to improve New York's educational system. He praised the officials whom the bill was designed to benefit as eminently qualified to carry on this work. As for the charge of playing politics, he went on, was not the LaGuardia administration playing politics by trying to freeze Fusion men into permanent jobs in the office of the Corporation Counsel? Holley's peroration was a gem of frankness, concise and startling. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," he said, and sat down. That seemed to show where everybody stood and there was no further debate. The party field generals, Ives and Steingut, put their heads together across an aisle and announced that they had agreed to postpone further discussion for a week.

The Democrats got a chance to heap some scorn themselves when Assemblyman Whitney of Rensselaer County got up to make an address in behalf of a bill to authorize the floating of a bond issue in his county to pay off accumulated expenditures. The gist of his address was that the current county administration, which is Republican, had inherited a financial shambles from the previous administration, which, of course, was Democratic. Whitney, a bewildered-looking man with a scraggy mustache, resembled a cartoonist's conception of the downtrodden taxpayer and spoke as if seized by a fury that left him almost inarticulate. He rattled a handful of papers and alternated between reading snatches from them, consisting of statistics which indicted Democratic profligacy, and interjecting comments which were meant to be biting. The comments only caused the Democratic side to rock with laughter. As Whitney went on with his jeremiad, there was heckling from the Democratic side, particularly when he read off some of the purchases made for the county almshouse during the sinful Democratic regime. One was a purchase of feed for the cows at a price he considered outrageous. Another was a purchase of tea balls at nine cents apiece.

"You can buy tea balls for one cent, retail!" Whitney cried. "And listen to this! 'Eighty-four pairs of bloomers, two chemises—' "

"For the cows?" yelled a heckler, and Whitney's announcement of the prices paid for the lingerie was lost in loud laughter, in which even the Re-



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publican side joined. Whitney finally gave up and sat down, with many pages still unread. His bond-issue bill was put to a vote and, just to show that they were only kidding and that there were no hard feelings, the Democrats supported it to a man. After all, the Republicans in Rensselaer would be spending the bond-issue money and would have to answer for their profligacy at the next county election.

AFTER the passage of the Whitney measure, I left the Assembly and walked down the hall to the Senate chamber. The Democrats control the Senate, 29 to 22. The proceedings here were more sedate, for the chamber was smaller and more intimate, and there is something about wearing the toga that puts even an ex-assemblyman on his dignity. Besides, a new red rug, of deep pile and luxurious nap, had recently been laid. The rug contributed a certain elegance to the chamber.

Nevertheless, I am able to report one incident in which hot passions flared up in senatorial breasts. It grew out of the discussion of a bill sponsored by Senator Berg, a Bronx Democrat. The bill was designed to assure prompt appointment of candidates for tenement-house inspectors' jobs from the Civil Service eligible list. A bill of this type, if passed, has for its sponsor an important political value stemming from the unfailing gratitude of seekers after city jobs.

Senator McNaboe, a Manhattan Democrat, who up to now had sat back in a statesmanlike silence, with hands folded, leaped to his feet and denounced Berg with icy bitterness. Berg, he said, had submitted a bill of the same intent a few weeks earlier and it had been referred to the Civil Service Committee, of which McNaboe is chairman. That bill, said the indignant McNaboe, was still under the scrutiny of his committee and here Berg was trying to slip its twin brother into a floor discussion, probably to railroad it through on a fast vote. Berg, who has an impish expression and appears to find everything amusing, suavely denied having any such intention. He admitted that there were similarities in the bills but said sarcastically that if a person took the trouble to read them, he would see that they were really quite different.

Berg's remarks, or his manner of making them, seemed to infuriate McNaboe. He arose again and mentioned bitterly his long and conscientious service as committee chairman, topping off the recital with this bald statement: "Mr. President [pause], I resign as

chairman of the Civil Service Committee."

There was an embarrassed silence for a moment. Then a large, elderly senator with a rubicund face and a white mustache got up slowly, wiping rimless eyeglasses. He was Twomey, a Democrat and a Brooklyn pharmacist, who for some reason has specialized in rules of procedure. Smiling benignly, Twomey told the President of the Senate that under the rules a committee chairman could not resign without unanimous consent. This made for a sort of anticlimax, and McNaboe again arose, this time stalking over toward Twomey. There were some words, probably sharp ones, which I couldn't hear. Another senator, a tall, husky man with a policeman's build, hurried over to act as peacemaker. He was Senator Nunan, a Queens Democrat, sponsor of the game-and-fish bills I had heard considered in the other chamber. Nunan stepped between Twomey and McNaboe and said something. Two other senators also intervened. During the passage, the only words I heard were "Keep your god-damned mouth shut. You're not telling me what to do, you heel." Because of the confusion, I couldn't tell which senator it was who said that. Finally, Nunan gently steered McNaboe back to his seat.

The Republican side seemed to enjoy the incident hugely. When order had been restored, Senator Williamson, Republican, of Westchester, asked with a broad grin, "Mr. President, do I understand that Senator McNaboe still wishes to resign?"

Again McNaboe jumped up.

"What is this, Mr. President?" he cried. "A ganging-up process?"

The Republican side laughed and there were even a few grins among the Democrats. Without answering the question, the Chair ruled that Twomey's observation was sound and that McNaboe would have to remain as chairman of the committee unless his colleagues unanimously dispensed with him. No one pressed the matter and it was dropped. I simply bring it up as a historical duty, for such shocking disharmony among New York City's Democracy, especially in a chamber where it has a majority, is certainly something for the record. Who knows? Except for the intervention of Senator Nunan, whose contact with God's minnows and weasels has undoubtedly had a wholesome effect on his philosophy, there might have been fisticuffs right on that fine new rug.

—Jack Alexander



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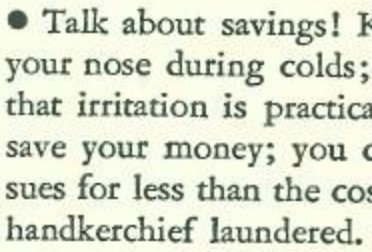
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THE RACE TRACK

The Fadeout of Pompoon— Last Words on the Derby



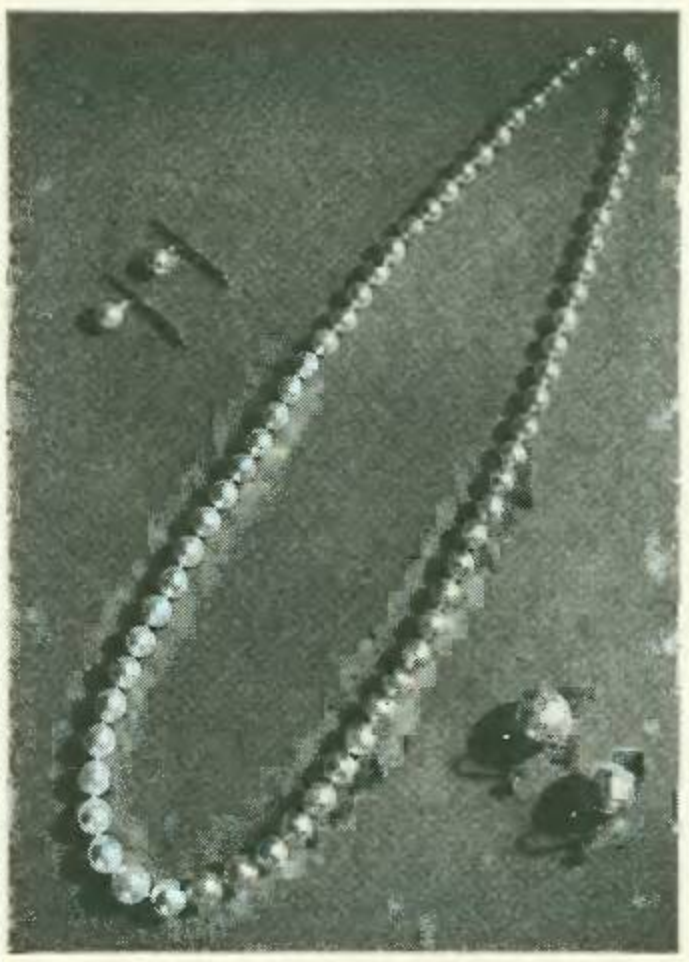
WELL, Pompoon finished out of the money in the Wood Memorial Stakes. He was fifth, half a dozen lengths behind Melodist, if you must know the worst, and I don't remember seeing a more funereal crowd after a race. Why, you'd think an odds-on favorite never had been beaten before at Jamaica.

It is true that horses frequently have an off day, and some manage to conceal their disinterestedness from everyone until they go onto the track, which can be pretty upsetting. I'm sure Pompoon isn't as cunning as that. He looked awfully well before the Wood Stakes, and I don't think that his corns, or thin-soled feet, bothered him. He ran smoothly for the first half-mile of the race. As he approached the turn off the backstretch, however, Richards, his jockey, seemed uneasy, and a furlong farther on the boy used his whip. You could see that Pompoon was dead-beat long before Melodist, a 15–1 shot, passed him in the stretch and caught Sir Damion.

POMPOON and his fadeout bring me to the great, big subject of the Kentucky Derby. He always has been a sprinter rather than a stayer in my book, and I believe that he'll not be among the first three at Churchill Downs on Saturday. There, I've said it! Now he'll probably try to fool me as well as the bookmakers, who have jumped his odds from 4–1 to 10–1 in the ante-post betting. Also, you might like to know that Danny Clarke, who trains Pompoon for J. H. Louchheim, consoles himself with the recollection that Zev, who won the Paumonok Handicap more easily than Pompoon, finished next to last in The Preakness, and a week later led all the way in the Kentucky Derby.

At any rate, don't dash off to your bookmaker with a wager on the Wheatley Stable's Melodist. If you are psychic about such things, the time to bet on him was early last week, when he was 100–1. He isn't anywhere near that price now, and isn't worth the risk at lesser odds because he's a nervous animal and doesn't travel well on trains.

My usually alert outside man reports



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that Ed Bradley's Brooklyn has a bit of a leg, which obviously accounts for Brooklyn's failure in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland, won by Maxwell Howard's Fencing. Sceneshifter, Fencing's stablemate, is a much better colt, and it would be interesting if Sande, their trainer, should have the lucky horse this year. If he does, he'll be the first jockey to ride a Derby winner—Sande rode three—and also saddle one. If you believe half the railbirds along Fourth and Walnut Streets in Louisville, Mrs. Ethel Mars will win the Derby with Reaping Reward. Colonel Tantivy Martingale's Derby hoss, suh, is still War Admiral.

If you're not going to Louisville this year, and I'm not either, there's the Excelsior Handicap at Jamaica this weekend. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if Only One should win it. He was unlucky in the Jamaica Handicap, which was won by Whopper.

THE Hon. George says that to be a successful trainer, you must know how to cool out an owner who has lost a bet. Years ago, Bob Smith acquired a new patron who was enthusiastic about building up a big stable. The first horse he started looked before the race like one of those good things you dream about. Smith suggested that the new owner bet. "How much?" the young man asked. "Oh, a good bet. Say, twenty thousand," said Smith, and the bet was made. The race was a rough-and-tumble one, with the young man's horse and rider doing most of the roughing. The good thing finished first by lengths. Then a foul was claimed, and the good thing was disqualified. The young owner was furious. He was all through, he declared; in fact, he'd sell his horses that afternoon. "Why don't you get wise to yourself?" said Smith. "What do you mean, get wise?" asked the young owner. "Don't you know?" said Smith. "Those stewards framed this just to see if you're a good sportsman."

"It cooled him out quick like a bunny," says Smith, "and he never was a bit of trouble after that."

JAMAICA DAYS: Mrs. H. C. Phipps and Ogden Mills trying to decide about sending Melodist to the Kentucky Derby. . . . Sgt. Byrne ripping the paddock judge's coat half off his back. . . . The largest crowd of the year forcing the bookmakers out on the lawn. . . . The race-track police looking for the horseplayers who tampered with the Australian barrier. —AUDAX MINOR



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LETTER FROM LONDON

April 28



THERE should be an acute pulp-paper shortage in Europe soon, as at least one result of the plenitude of Coronation praises being printed in the newspapers here. An astrologer has predicted that the Coronation "might be badly mismanaged." Maybe that has been written in the stars, but it has been written nowhere else. England has in recent years been through financial doldrums and in recent months through constitutional pains. The Coronation means a new King and £20,000,000 to London. To both, the city, its press, and its people are loyally preparing an energetic and splendid welcome.

At the Ideal Home Exhibition, there is a Coronation piano (marked "Sold") with a white body and red and blue keys. In the shadow of the Exhibition's great gold effigy of King George VI there are, still unsold, bargain busts of King Edward VIII marked "1s. 6d., to Clear." In frivolity shops, where the display cards say "Little Satin Crowns Will Twinkle on Your Coronation Lingerie," are chemises with the crown twinkling on one hip, brassières with it twinkling at the exact centre, and corsets painted with the crown, the lion, and the unicorn, who shies up from the left hip. There are crowns on bath towels. There are veal galantines shaped like crowns, cold hams glazed with the royal cipher in green aspic. Once again this is a Georgian town.

KING GEORGE VI came to the throne without preparation on December 11th. On December 14th, a courtier solemnly announced that within two days the new King had shown a vast improvement. What with all the sycophancy and the equally false belittling of the royal couple's qualities, it is being made difficult for the average Englishman to size up the true possibilities of the man whose character is far and away more important for the monarchy than that of any sovereign ever crowned in the past. By temperament, the King seems to be the type of person who should not be sequestered. As a human being, he could have placed himself advantageously in life on his own merits. Being self-conscious, he makes tentative dashes to promote ease



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in conversation; then, being modest, stifles the impulse. Asking impersonal questions and hearing about details are thus a relief to him. Being shy and comparatively inexperienced as a monarch, he still bungles the small social relations that aren't covered by formal protocol and are therefore his personal responsibility. For instance, it is hard for him to say goodbye to people. This is hard on them, too, as by the rules of etiquette they can't leave till they are dismissed. He laughs especially at nonsense when people give him a chance, has a sense of fun rather than a sense of humor. His laughter comes out in an uncontainable burst and on a rather high note. His voice has a pleasing timbre; his accent has none of the qualities which in his older brother's case so shocked purists.

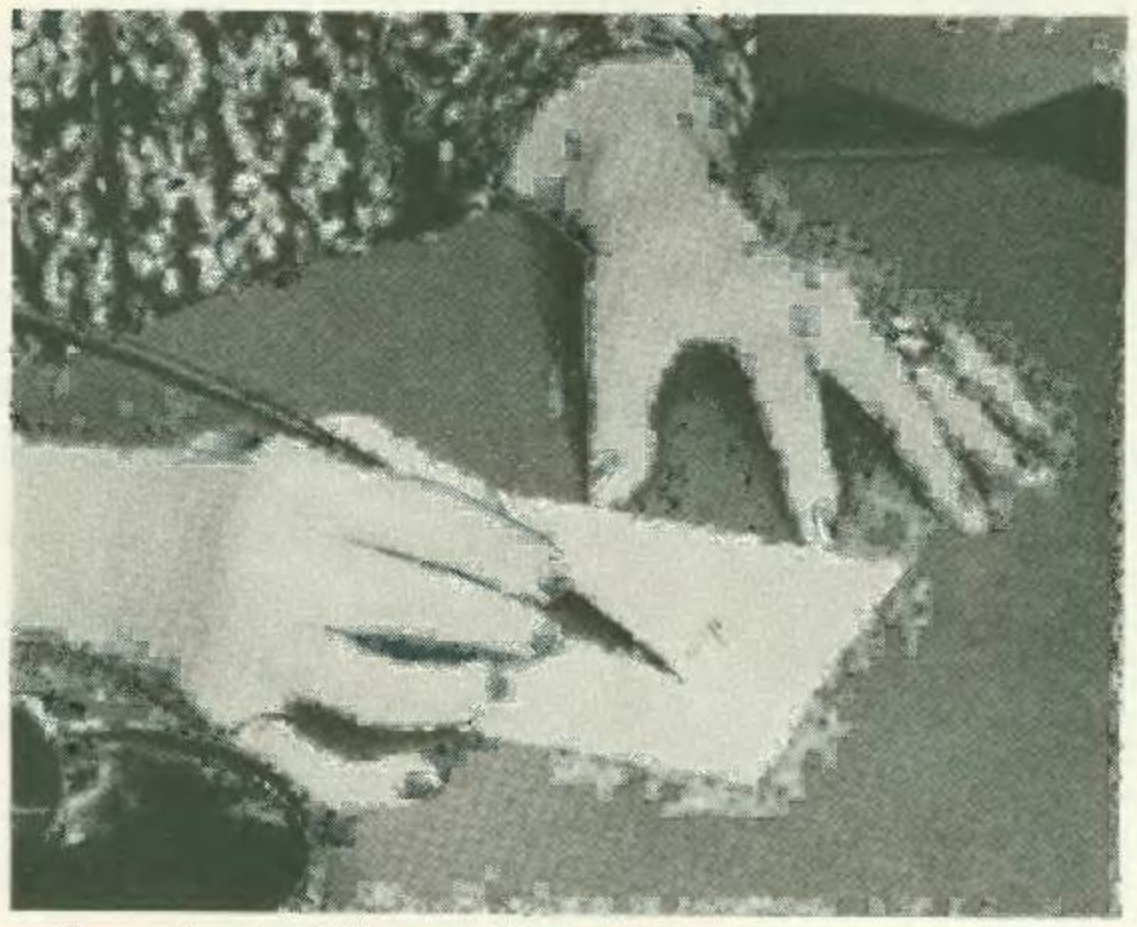
Probably his best personal equipment for not being swamped by his job is his capacity for detachment; he can separate himself from his métier. As he has said, he is not palace-minded. He likes a quiet weekend, which up to now he usually spent at the small Royal Lodge at Windsor, with his wife and two little daughters, who call him "Pàpa," not "Papà." There, all four would be active in the garden together from Friday till Monday. Princess Elizabeth had a small wheelbarrow and trundled light rubbish; the King pruned his shrubs. He and the Queen instituted a new tradition by not having either an equerry or a lady-in-waiting with them over the weekend. In an effort to check fashionable weekend flights from London, which he didn't approve of on principle, King George V usually stayed in town over Sunday, setting an example; Edward VIII in-



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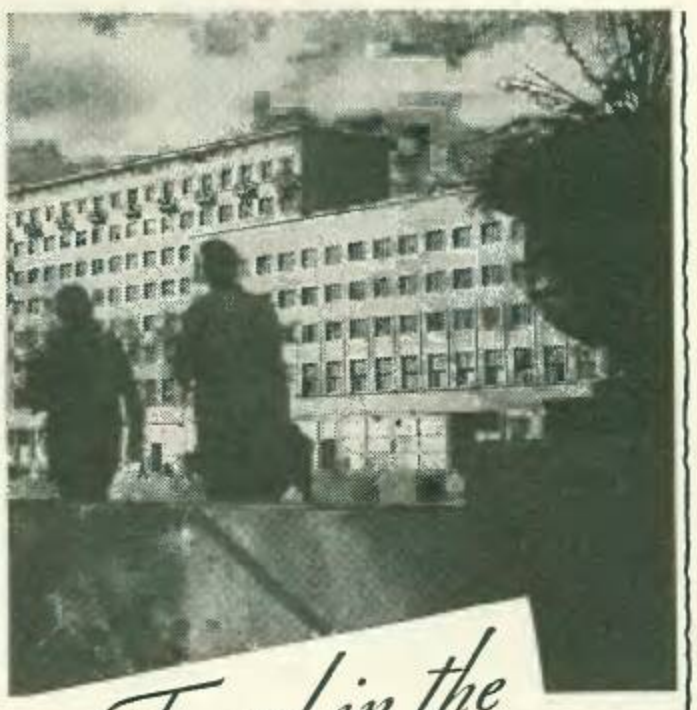


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variably left it with a large party, setting the pace; the new King likes his family, his country, and his peace.

No one knows what notions of real life the King may have. One of his brothers once said that as children they were alternately told they were very ordinary little boys indeed and not to forget that they were princes. From this confusing adolescent training the King has grown into a singularly unaffected man, quicker than people think and say. He is morally solid, physically nervous, and has a sharp temper which may prove to be his salvation in his new position as a modern monarch whom the people will tend to enslave. At the moment, and before the wear and tear of his public post alter him, the King has the mannerisms, the reluctance, the mixture of hauteur and consideration that are the result of the highest English breeding. No one knows how the future will stylize him—whether as a distinct character or as a piece of national property, whether he will fit the picture or make his own portrait. In either case, he will unquestionably be very popular—and very soon. When he is seen in the ordinary way here, wearing a derby, what the common people invariably say, in a kind of thoughtful concurrence, is "'E's got a nice face."

—GENÊT

•

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[*From an address of the Hon. John Raymond McCarl before the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York*]

While it seemed generally accepted in Washington, at the time, that the Joint Committee was studiously so composed as to insure a clear majority favorable to the Executive branch because the Byrd Committee, while included, was substantially augmented by Senators who had been outstanding in adherence to the President's wishes in all things, and while members on behalf of the House, no matter how awake to the dangers and seriously concerned, would be curtailed in freedom to act by the influences of the House in which there has not yet appeared the dependence from Executive domination that is being evidenced in the Senate, I wish to state it as my view that inasmuch as all of these members of the Congress, Senators and Representatives, have heretofore rendered outstanding public service, and have at some time exhibited such sense of duty and realization of responsibility as to rise to great heights, none of them should be abandoned as beyond the pale of reason, as unalterably determined to support the President's Committee, and that it is our clear duty to help them realize their present responsibility to the country to preserve and defend the jurisdiction and authority of our branch of the Government, the Congress.

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THE OARSMEN

May Day on the Water



ONE of the best places to view a crew race around these parts is the Harlem River Speedway, where you can board a Fifth Avenue coach and roll along beside the shells. Yale beat Columbia and Pennsylvania on the dark, unhealthy waters of the Harlem in the Blackwell Cup race last Saturday, and all during the regatta the people on the buses had a fine view. It is the dream of this department that someday, when those projected sewage-disposal plants are working, the Harlem will become a thing of beauty. In our dream world, the crews proceed down a crystal stream, between banks lined with cherry trees, freshly planted by Mr. Moses, while shouts of "Row, Columbia!" come from the upper decks of improved buses, not one of which gives off aldehydes.

The victory for Yale was the first since it beat an M.I.T. crew in a preliminary race last spring. Attention was directed to the new stroke, Louis Johnson, for there had been some question whether he possessed all the qualifications necessary for a Yale stroke. He rowed at No. 4 in the 1935 boat, but was ineligible last year. He dropped back a class and is now a junior. In his first race as stroke, he brought the Yale shell, which was behind at the quarter-mile mark, steadily to the front during the rest of the race without any overexertion at all. He has an unhurried recovery, pushes nicely with his legs, and hasn't a great deal of backswing. If he isn't timber for a Yale stroke, he'll do till some comes along.

The varsity race ended with Columbia an unthreatening second and Pennsylvania, last year's cup-winner, an aggressive third. All during this noonday regatta, Pennsylvania crews showed no signs of having an inferiority complex because they won't attend, at their university officials' request, this year's Poughkeepsie regatta.

PRINCETON, Navy, and Syracuse held a meeting on Lake Carnegie the same afternoon. They weren't rowing for a cup, but just for the fun of it, and it turned out to be an impromptu Navy Day. There were only two college events, and Navy won both.

Navy, which beat Columbia on the

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Severn by five lengths the week before, had stiffer going with Princeton and Syracuse in the varsity event. Navy won, but it was because Schumacher, the Navy stroke, refused to get excited when Princeton, a game crew, and Syracuse, untried before this race, pulled even with him at the last half-mile. He kept his pace, and won out with a late but steady sprint. It helps to have a man like that in the stern. Princeton and Syracuse, which came in a little behind Princeton, both looked powerful.

Navy easily won the junior varsity. So far, not a single Navy crew has lost a race.

The meeting marked a reunion of the rowing Ten Eyck family—father and two sons. James Ten Eyck, Sr., who is eighty-six and the coach of Syracuse, came down to Princeton with his son Ned. He is extremely hale, and has no apparent intention of giving up the work he has been doing ever since the Boxer Rebellion. Ned, who is helping him at Syracuse, is a former sculler of note. He was the first American to win the Diamond Sculls at Henley. Jim, Jr., the younger son, coaches the Princeton freshmen. Whenever he feels that they need it, he drags them out of bed for a workout on Lake Carnegie at six-thirty in the morning. No other rowing Ten Eycks are in prospect at the moment. Jim, Jr., is unmarried, and Ned's son, Jim II, has never been interested in rowing. He works for the Bell Telephone Company out in Minnesota, and his only child is a girl.

IN the Rowe Memorial Cup on the Charles River, Harvard, as was expected, easily beat the varsities of Rutgers and M.I.T. The best race of the regatta was between the 150-pound crews of M.I.T. and Harvard. M.I.T., rowing in its specially constructed lightweight shell, lost, but it took two "crabs," caught by some unfortunate oarsman in the stern, to beat them. The second crab, our scout reports, was caught a hundred yards from the finish line and practically stopped the boat dead. All the M.I.T. boys agree that it was hardly a fair test for a mechanical marvel. —Bow

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ballets About Town



THE American Ballet put its best feet forward and indulged in a Stravinsky carnival at the Metropolitan for two nights last week. Mr. Stravinsky was there to conduct three ballets which hadn't been seen in town up to that time, and most of the connoisseurs, along with a delegation of simple gapers, took in the entertainment rapturously.

For this event, Mr. Stravinsky composed a ballet, "in Three Deals," known as "The Card Party." With the collaboration of M. Malaieff, he devised a scenario in which the dancers are cards. Three deals of poker are danced, each deal being affected by the appearance of the joker. In the third deal, the joker is nullified by a royal flush in hearts. Thanks to George Balanchine's lively choreography, the nimble activities of the ensemble, and the cheerful settings and costumes of Miss Irene Sharaff, "The Card Party" was the most amusing and efficient exhibit yet offered by the American Ballet, which made new highs for itself all evening.

The Stravinsky music is brisk fooling, ingeniously contrived, but if it weren't by Stravinsky you wouldn't hear much about it.

Before "The Card Party" there was "Apollon Musagète," in which Apollo is born, inspires three Muses, and directs them to Parnassus. Except for the masterful instrumentation, the ballet, music and all, is just ballet. After "The Card Party" came "Le Baiser de la Fée," based on an Andersen fable and Tchaikovsky music. Mr. Stravinsky's doings with Tchaikovsky themes are instructive for technicians, but "Le Baiser de la Fée" is mostly the regulation material with a few "modn" doodabs.

Mr. Stravinsky directed seventy members of the Philharmonic-Symphony ably and had a high-class ovation. The audience seemed to be discriminating when it picked "The Card Party" as the best production of the evening, but it also applauded seriously a slightly maladjusted waterfall effect in "Le Baiser."

SIMPLER things went on last week at the Longacre Theatre, where Trudi Schoop and her company were

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showing "Blonde Marie," a terpsicomedy about a household domestic who dreamed a career as a celebrity and woke up in time. The plot doesn't sound like much, and parodistic episodes in a night club, a rehearsal hall, a beauty parlor, an operetta première, and a meeting with the press weren't viciously novel devices. Miss Schoop, however, knows how to make her scenes consistently entertaining, for as a dancer and show-woman, she's way up.

Miss Schoop's troupe is a slick parcel of comics, and her show is intelligent fun. The music, written by her brother, Paul Schoop, and played on two pianos by its composer and Lothar Perl, is good Hollywood, neatly adjusted to the action. The almost complete absence of Art in "Blonde Marie" is one of its major attractions.

WEEKEND opera goes on cheerfully at the Hippodrome, where Maestro Salmaggi keeps things fresh with débuts by more than thirty acquisitions in his company. Among the more important new arrivals is Enrico Coppelotti, whose routine and forcefulness made so much impression on his first audience that even the prompter joined in the handclapping. The amplification at the Hippodrome sometimes adds surprising or mystifying effects to the efforts of the singers, but Mr. Coppelotti's high B-flats awed even the microphones. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Singles

STAND in front of the Columbia recording studios in London, and sooner or later Sir Thomas Beecham will emerge—or perhaps he won't, for he seems to be spending all of his time making discs. His records are consistently good. For instance, there's his performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" overture (Columbia 68921-D), which makes more of Berlioz's melodies than one generally hears. For instance again, there's the doubling of the nocturne and the wedding march from Mendelssohn's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" music (Columbia 68888-D). The nocturne is beautifully lyric, and the wedding march—well, that's more march than wedding, because Sir Thomas gives it a most unceremonial snap. Such doings with the march may not make this record a useful accessory for wedding rehearsals, but it restores the original gaiety of the composition.

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listen to William Walton's overture, "Portsmouth Point," rousingly recorded by the B.B.C. Symphony, directed by Sir Adrian Boult, whose recent contributions indicate that he's becoming a vivacious maestro as well as a solid one. Victor 4327 is the number.

A NEW coloratura arrives on Victor 12007—Miss Margherita Perras, who must be a brave young woman, for she goes to work on two of the most taxing airs in the catalogue, "Ach, ich liebte" and "Martern aller Arten," both from Mozart's "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." Miss Perras' bright voice almost wins the battle with these airs, for she has facility and she doesn't slaughter the music to exhibit her tricks.

Incidentally, there's an amazing record of these Mozart airs by the late Lilli Lehmann, made when she was nearly sixty. It's in a collection issued as Gramophone Shop album No. 62.

Further floridity emanates from Victor 12021, where Miliza Korjus chants two Rimski-Korsakov excerpts—the "Hymn to the Sun" and Martha's air from "The Tsar's Bride." There have been earlier samples of Mlle. Korjus's exceptional voice, but this is the first to indicate that she can sing as well as do stunts. She sings well, too, but her German enunciation is sketchy.

Some of the most expert soprano work issued lately is a review by Miss Maggie Teyte of French operetta ditties (Decca 29008). The songs are from Offenbach's "La Périchole" and Messager's "Véronique." If you like operetta, this is a find. The best contralto recording of the current listings is by Marian Anderson, who has a striking setting by Sibelius of Shakespeare's "Come Away, Death," coupled with Norse folk songs (Victor 1809).

"Der Erlkönig," which has had some strange adventures on discs, has an uncommonly honest presentation by Alexander Kipnis on Columbia 9128-M. Mr. Kipnis manages to make it clear, without sounding like a worried ventriloquist, when the father is singing, when the son is heard, and when the Earl King insinuates. He also finishes the song as Schubert wrote it, instead of imitating a graveside orator. Two other Schubert songs, "Das Heidenröslein," which is too light for the Kipnis voice, and "Ungeduld," which is excellent, complete the double disc.

SIMON BARER, who gave one brilliant piano recital here this season and then went his way, comes back

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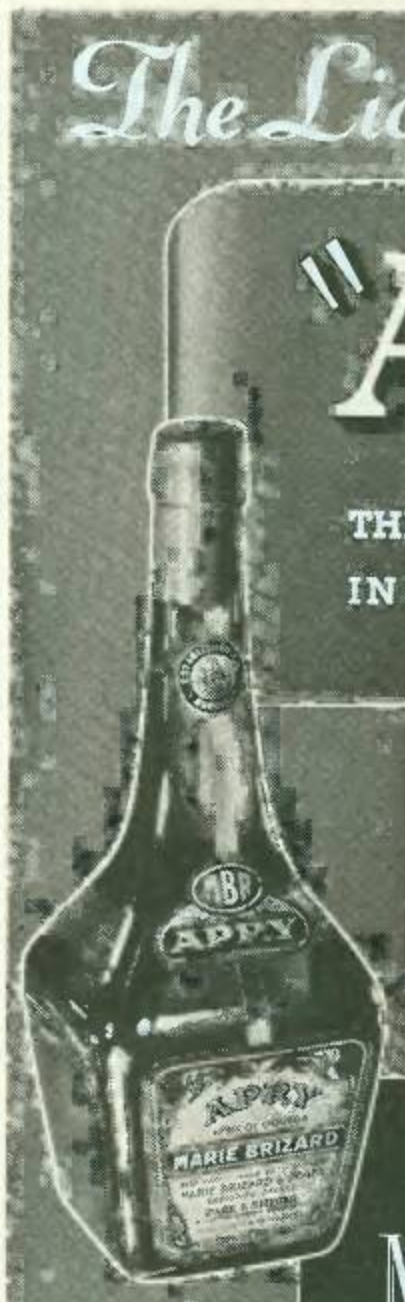
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briefly on Victor 14263, which contains Chopin's F-sharp minor mazurka (No. 38) and the Schumann Toccata. Mr. Barer's playing is a happy combination of virtuosity and understanding. He never fights the piano, and the result is a disc which has light and shade rather than punching and pinching.

An oddity is a miniature recital of four popular bits. The pianist is Walter Gieseking (Columbia 17079-D), and he turns on Chopin's "minute" waltz and F-major prelude, Schubert's Moment Musical in F-minor (that's the one the amateur ballet dancers fall down to), and Brahms' C-major intermezzo. It's a good deal for the money, although it's not representative Gieseking.

THOSE enterprising producers of the unusual on wax, the Friends of Recorded Music, and Musicraft, are issuing longer lists nowadays, and all of their offerings may be commended to collectors. The Friends' new list includes music by Griffes, Marx, and Scriabin. Griffes is represented by "The Lament of Ian the Proud," fervently and effectively sung by William Hain to the piano accompaniment of Jerome D. Bohm. Mr. Bohm, an accomplished pianist, is also on the music staff of the *Herald Tribune*, and it would happen to a newspaperman that his familiar middle initial is printed incorrectly on his records. The Kreiner Quartet plays Griffes' first Indian Sketch as a partner to the song. It's a valuable disc, and it's No. 5 in the Friends' series.

No. 6 consists of three songs by Joseph Marx, richly and sympathetically sung by Paul Engel, with Mr. Bohm again lending his knowing aid at the piano. Scriabinists will like No. 7, which is the piano sonata in F-sharp, played by Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, a Scriabin expert.

Musicraft devotes three records to the sons of J. S. Bach. Wilhelm Friedemann Bach and Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach are demonstrated, as composers of sonatas, by Ernst Victor Wolff, *am Klavier*, who does well by W. F. Bach on Musicraft No. 1011 and by C. P. E. Bach on Musicraft No. 1012. Johann Christoph Friedrich Bach has his two sides on No. 1003, where the Perole String Quartet plays his quartet in E-flat. All three records are, of course, great stuff for students or others who enjoy music from a historic angle. For the audience, the string quartet is the best proposition.

—R. A. S.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Murder Again



RIGHT on the heels of "Love From a Stranger" comes "Night Must Fall." Lovers of crime stories, the penny-dreadful clientele, would seem beautifully set for a rich and satisfactory spring, for, as those people who like to go to the theatre and who saw Emlyn Williams' play last autumn may remember, "Night Must Fall" is also the story of a killer. This particular assassin is no urbane, polished species with a Basil Rathbone physiognomy, but a mere busboy of a guileless turn, called Baby Face or Pretty Face by facetious acquaintances, and the rôle is well done on the screen by Robert Montgomery. Of course, to find Robert Montgomery as a psychopathic case with homicidal tendencies was as surprising as it was to discover Ann Harding exposed to the indignity of strangulation. Apparently, movie people are beginning to step out and experiment. Mr. Williams wasn't the personable scamp that Mr. Montgomery appears to be, but he did manage, I feel, certain sinister overtones which the Montgomery good nature doesn't show us. Not till the crash at the end does Montgomery actually do much to suggest a liking for mayhem. He achieves, though, a sound Cockney twist in his speech and a jaunty bravado, and the story itself pretty well carries him along.

John Van Druten, in turning the play into a movie, was conscientiously loyal to the original author, and even cherished the little oddities of the piece that many thought its weaknesses. There's that business, for instance, of the boy's hand luggage. That's just a little grotesque and incredible, somehow. The hatbox was in the play, and it is in the movie. However, thrill-seekers aren't supposed to analyze their material profoundly. They can relish the basic story itself, the gruesome threats and happenings in the little cottage. The old lady, the major victim, is played here, as she was on the stage, by Dame May Whitty, and she gives it all a beautiful polish. I should say that Rosalind Russell alone is way out of her special depths. Her looks are against her. She should be here a little, repressed creature with a plaintive psychosis, and all she can do is wear horn-rimmed spectacles. Prob-



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ably Miss Russell thinks girls who wear glasses are capable of any aberration.

"MOUNTAIN JUSTICE" doesn't belong to the class of "Night Must Fall," or of mere thrillers, because it suggests so definitely the Edith Maxwell case. It is thus rather a social document with Hollywood fixings, somewhat on the order of Warner Brothers' "Black Legion." It's a picture of considerable force, really; at least until its summary and romanticized conclusion. The family life of the mountaineers, the performance of Josephine Hutchinson as the daughter with a sense of a broader, better life, of Robert Barrat as the brutal father for whose murder she is tried, are convincing, stirring affairs. Studio fixings heighten, of course, the girl's prospects, the character of her romance, and build up a final flight by plane that removes the sketch from the level of reality. I should recommend the film to the patrons of a movie house which is, I believe, seventeen miles from Pound, Virginia, and also to the patrons of the movie houses in Wise, Virginia.

FOR giddy folk, there are the mild pranks of "Café Métropole." This is just one of those usual, conventional affairs that are at times rather funny. Loretta Young makes a pretty American heiress, and Adolphe Menjou a maître d'hôtel to touch the heart of a *bon viveur*. Tyrone Power is the gallant involved, and Madame Helen Westley is a duenna of distinction. Every now and then one has an inclination to laugh during the film.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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ABOUT MR. HAMSUN'S BOOK ON FOOD

IF I were a publisher, just for a day, I would stop issuing publicity items about misquoted titles. Nobody can convince me that there are enough female book-buyers in the United States to give the required numerical support to the endless stories circulated by publishers about ladies (generally elderly) who rush up to salesgirls (generally in department stores) and ask for a specific book with what is laboriously regarded as comic misunderstanding of the title. You know what I mean. "Oh, Miss, let me have a copy of 'Jude the Obscene,' and please hurry, because the train for Passaic goes in twenty-five minutes." And also: "Have you got that new book on gardening by somebody named Mr. Brooks? 'Flowers in New England,' I think it's called."

To me the subject seems important today because I have found, in the April *Three Star Final*, a particularly vicious example of what I can only call the misquoted-title dementia. *Three Star Final* is a pamphlet in newspaper form, edited by Miss Harriette Ashbrook of the joint publicity department of Putnam, Coward-McCann, and Minton, Balch at 2 West Forty-fifth Street. The story, which I submit in full for your inspection, is this:

Elise West Quaife, well known book lecturer, vouches for the authenticity of this story, incredible as it may seem. She was standing, she says, in Macy's book department one day and a woman came up to one of the counters and asked for 'a book on food.' She was a little bit uncertain about the author's name but thought it was something like A. Handsome Nut. Whereupon the store detectives (who are usually to be found in the book department) went into conference and finally suggested to the customer that the book she wanted was 'Hunger' by Knut Hamsun. It was.

It is my misfortune never to have heard before of Elise West Quaife, the well-known book lecturer. Perhaps Miss (or Mrs.) Quaife has an unspotted reputation for veracity. Perhaps she did in fact stand at a Macy counter and, fascinated, overhear a woman ask for a book on food by A. Handsome Nut. And maybe she really did, immediately after, leg it uptown, her coat whipping in the wind, to pour the story into the ear of the Putnam, Coward-McCann, and Minton, Balch publicity department. I imagine the office assumed quite a carnival air that day, because, by what you may regard as coincidence

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if you wish, Knut Hamsun is a Coward-McCann author.

There are two points I want to make, both based on the assumption that Miss Q.'s story is true and not simply the invention of some eager youngster in Coward-McCann's employ. First, I have a deep-rooted conviction that the poor woman in Macy's wanted exactly what she asked for, a book on food. That woman might easily have been my own Aunt Hazel, a resident of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the shiest old lady I have ever seen. If my Aunt Hazel sidled up to one of Macy's crowded counters and murmured that she wanted a book about food, any high-pressure salesgirl could convince her in half a minute that it was, let's say, Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" she was after. My aunt does not like to argue with salesgirls or with anybody else, and I know she'd pay for "The Way of All Flesh" and carry it off with her rather than create a scene. Later she'd go somewhere else and buy her book about food, quietly.

But if—and this is my second point—the woman in Macy's wanted Hamsun's "Hunger" and got it because an attendant was clever enough to see through "a book on food," then I think Coward-McCann would do well to chuckle privately and shut up about it. Women are the principal book-buyers in this country, and three-quarters of them are already deeply confused by the multiplicity of authors and titles. This story of "Hunger" and "a book on food" will be circulated about; at the Women's Club in Montclair, New Jersey, and the Book and Needle Club in Lynchburg, Virginia, it will be told and retold. I believe I know what will happen. A lot of women who haven't been listening very attentively will come away with a vague but important notion that Knut Hamsun's novels *are* books on food, and they won't buy them any more. And what will Coward-McCann do then but fade like a broken blossom? —WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

•

G. F. L.—Is it harmful for two people to sleep in a room with 35 birds?
—*Health Forum in the Boston Globe.*

No, provided everybody keeps the same hours.

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Lansing (Mich.) State Journal.*]

Later Shevy was taken to the hospital where it was found that he had several muscles and arteries.

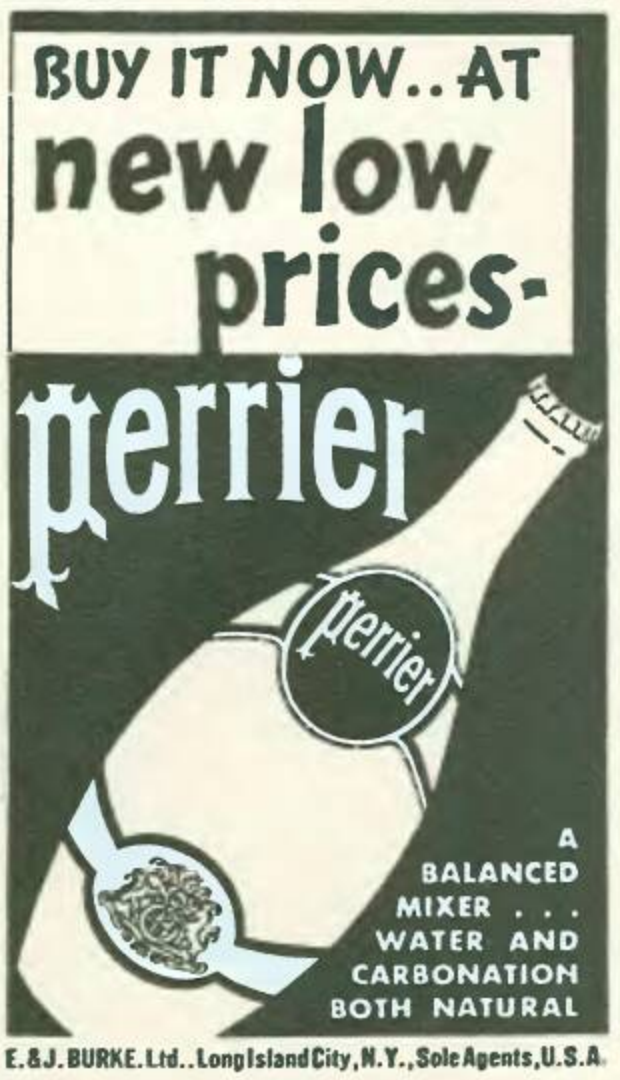


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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

A Batch of Veterans



IT felt fine to stand on the sunny hillside at Broadview last week and watch Mrs. Frank M. Gould's Ostend carry Bill Streett to victory in the Virginia Gold Cup—four miles over stiff timber. Ostend is a little brown horse with an unusual amount of intelligence and heart. He has been around a long time, too, for he was foaled in the flat-racing stable of Mrs. Ralph Hertz eleven years ago. Naturally, he doesn't have the turn of speed between fences that he showed years ago; he's not of much account at three miles now. Add another mile, however, and he's dangerous. From start to finish he moves at the same pace, and he rarely makes a mistake.

Mrs. G. H. Bostwick's Fugitive led throughout most of the Gold Cup, and Ostend was last most of the way. Then Gerard Smith's Sun Faun fell and John Schiff's Pimochio lost his rider. W. W. T. Torr's Lassitude II slowed up badly a quarter of a mile from the finish and only Fugitive remained in front of Ostend. Fugitive jumped the last fence a length ahead of Ostend, and in about eight strides Ostend was first. He won by two lengths.

Streett is riding Ostend at Radnor this week. He is thirty now, and says he has been trying to hang up his tack for three years, but Ostend is always winning a race, and so he has to keep going. Last summer, Streett weighed 185. He took off thirty pounds in order to ride What Have You in England and Ostend in Maryland. The morning of the Gold Cup, he ran eight miles in a rubber suit.

IF you go to Rockaway this weekend, you'll probably find Alvin Untermyer's Le Passadou as good a bet as any in the special race for French steeplechasers. He ran third to Mrs. J. C. Clark's Itsaboy and A. E. Peirce's Plain Peggy in the Warrenton Hunt Cup. If he doesn't finish in the money, don't send your torn tickets to us. We have enough as it is.

LAST week was a triumphant one for old-timers everywhere. Upperland, who for years has been bringing



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ribbons home to Mrs. Harry Frank's Long Acre Farm Stable, won the hunter championship at Newark. Upperland was bred in England eleven years ago, and has been shown practically everywhere. In 1934, he won over sixty blue ribbons. Another eleven-year-old horse, Mrs. Julius Bliss's Tupelo, was named reserve.

The open jumping champion was Mrs. Alvin Untermyer's aged imported gelding, Cinelli. Prince, a Remount horse who has been jumping for West Point longer than the present senior class has been there, was named reserve. To top it off, Lieutenant Chase Donaldson, of the 61st Cavalry Division, won the individual military jumping title on Marse Henry, who, as you may remember, is twenty-three.

It was a relief, therefore, to run into a nice young five-year-old like the Fair City Farm's Moreland Maid. This flashy chestnut won the saddle-horse championship in grand style. Kilkare Farm's Flashing American was reserve champion. Frances Dodge's Society Barrymore, who was champion at Newark last year, could do no better than third.

VIRGINIA NOTES: Bill Brainard and Bruce Jenkins watching Fugitive being saddled.... The little girl in a Warrenton Country School dress who drank four Coca-Colas in a row.... The dust cloud as the automobiles rolled through the red clay.

And in Newark: A groom braiding the tail of Mrs. W. J. Kennedy's Erin's Son.... Mrs. A. A. Frierson saying that she bought her hunter, Regaman, in a dark Genesee Valley barn on a cold December night.... Mrs. Samuel Schiffer making plans for the début of her new saddle horse, Gone With the Wind. —T. O'R.

•

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 9—Dr. William F. Petersen, Chicago scientist, said tonight that the season in which a person's life first begins—nine months before he is born—may determine his entire career.

A person whose life was formed during months in which the weather was unstable might become a scientist, or even criminally insane, Dr. Petersen told members of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists.—*The Herald Tribune.*

And think of the borderline cases!

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the World-Telegram*]

DEFEAT FOR ELBERON

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaines, who were at the Madison from Palm Beach, have gone to their home at Elberon, N. J.

BOOKS

Coronation Reading



ON the theory that you are famished for information about the Duke of Windsor, I submit herewith a report on Hector Bolitho's "King Edward VIII," which traces him from small-clothes to abdication speech.

What the Empire and the world have lost in the Duke of Windsor is made painfully apparent on almost every page of Mr. Bolitho's book. During his Prince of Wales period Edward was compassionate (page 15), unselfish (32), exuberantly vital (35), possessed of an astonishing memory (35), dynamic (37), charming (37), iron-willed (46), devoted to sport (58), cosmopolitan (58), unconventional (69), candid (75), noble (84), good-looking (98), earnest (103), intelligent (103), modest (104), boyishly mischievous (119), full of natural kindliness (120), businesslike (121), thorough (140), naturally affectionate and gentle (141), simple (158), fearless (174), gifted with common sense (199), sensitive (233), a straight rider to hounds (231), and fond of the banjo (45).

We are bound to repose confidence in these characterizations. Mr. Bolitho is not the man to be mistaken in judgment, for he is a *Feinschmecker* of royalty. He has already written appreciative notices of Albert the Good, Queen Victoria, and Edward VII, and doubtless has a judicial eye on Princess Elizabeth.

This book is so full of good things that it is hard to choose among them, if I may so put it. Almost at the outset one comes upon a memorable passage, describing the confirmation of the young Prince on June 24th, 1910. "His father, his mother, Queen Alexandra, the Empress of Russia, his aunts, his uncles, and the Prime Minister celebrated the occasion by singing 'Fight the good fight.' " Greatly as I treasure my phonograph record of the King's renunciation speech, I would gladly trade it, if only I could, for a record of that royal chorus singing "Fight the good fight" at the young Edward. But those Imperial and Ministerial sound waves are now dispersed forever into a stupidly indifferent ether.

Almost equally pleasing are the glimpses Mr. Bolitho permits us of the Prince during his Oxford days. "The Prince began his Oxford foxhunting career in February of 1914, with the South Oxfordshire hounds, and, on the first day, as if conscious of the occasion, the hounds killed five foxes." But the picture I like best—how I wish I could put it in my locket—is this one: "He rode out in the morning, an eager, restless figure, moving against the winter trees and liquid blue sky, just as any other undergraduate might walk or ride." It is precisely the defiant forcing of the democratic note in that last phrase which endears the passage to me, unregenerate old Jacksonian that I am.

Mr. Bolitho also does full justice to the famous travels, on some of which, I believe, he accompanied Edward as "official narrator." "For a day or two he lived among the Fijians, to their immense delight"—there's a vignette for you, and for me, and for all of us, including the Fijians. A tender touch of indulgent humor lightens Mr. Bolitho's description of Edward's Egyptian travels: "He expressed his real feeling for the past when he hit a golf ball from the summit of one of the pyramids." A sterner note is sounded in his chronicle of the Prince's travels in India, where the princely charm succeeded in defeating the boycotting plans of Gandhi —the "malicious" Gandhi, as Mr. Bolitho, with excusable heat, puts it.

But all this time, during all these triumphs, the seeds of tragedy were being planted. The Prince's life, "restless" and "uncertain," gave him no opportunity to develop that high seriousness so characteristic of his father. The Prince was no George V. If he had been, we would not have had a George VI. He kept late hours and in general led a life "which gave him little chance of developing those serene qualities of mind which might have guided him into higher spheres of moral conquest when the hour of his temptation came."

The hour came. Edward succumbed to evil associations. Of Mrs. Simpson, though it is clear that she is no favorite with him, Mr. Bolitho speaks with dignity. But merely to say this is to say nothing. It is my deliberate opinion that Mr. Bolitho's judgment of Mrs. Simpson will prove immortal. Here it is: "Her history is important for its contribution to the moral indignation which was part of England's protest against their union." These words are worth pondering.

The higher spheres of moral conquest



"I haven't any use for a detective who lets five or six people get killed."

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receded. The closing scenes of the tragedy set in. Something happened to Edward's twenty-eight virtues. They withered. He became broody (239), secretive (239), reckless (239); "he often sought his pleasure in society which was unsuited to the needs of the heir to the throne" (241); he grew conceited (253), inconsiderate (255), parsimonious (276) . . . It isn't any too easy for me and Mr. Bolitho, my friends, to go on with this.

Says Mr. Bolitho, "I consider three things important in an author's life, a sense of integrity as an artist, a sense of humor, and a good digestion." On the score of the last-named he has nothing to worry about, provided he can digest things as easily as he swallows them.

His book contains thirty-four illustrations in aquatone, of which thirty are of the King. There are two studies of Mrs. Simpson—one showing her in a white blouse; the other, on the contrary, showing her in a dark gown.

THE serviceable Mr. Bolitho is also on hand with "Royal Progress," a brief, informal review of the last hundred years of the British monarchy. The slant is domestic, not political. Mr. Bolitho tries hard and not unsuccessfully to remove the stuffed-specimen aspect from his royal exhibits. The best part of the book consists of one hundred and forty-seven illustrations, six in color, very quaint and family-albumish. I liked particularly the one showing the Prince Consort on ice skates, airily, fairily propelling a sleigh in which, befurred and bemuffed, with a leopard's head and skin lying meekly on her lap, sits Queen Victoria, looking very pleased indeed.

AND then there is Geoffrey Dennis's "Coronation Commentary," about which my new competitors, the front pages, have already told all. To a few of Mr. Dennis's admirers, the interesting thing about the affair is that the author, who has been writing extraordinarily fine books for a dozen years without registering many cash sales, should now be swept into notoriety and possibly fortune on the pages of an inferior work. In an eccentric style, he discusses the idea of English monarchy (very mystical stuff, this), tells you what the King is and does, rehearses the achievements of all the other Edwards, characterizes Edward VIII (the most interesting section), reviews all the abdication theories, and minutely details the ritual of the Coronation. The level of Mr. Dennis's excitement



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may be gauged by his judgment of Edward's radio talk, which he says "will be remembered when all the utterances of this age are long forgotten." Thirty-six pages from the end of his book, Mr. Dennis remarks suddenly, "Enough has been said."

Stet. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

THE "classics," as the whirligig of taste turns, generation after generation, come in for some rather odd transformations. Homer's Homer becomes Pope's Homer; Ezra Pound rewrites Callimachus; and the "Ion" of Euripides, in the eighteenth century, becomes "Creusa, Queen of Athens," with all "the supernatural element" left out. Gilbert Murray, in his translations, did his best to completely muffle Greek plays with bad Tennyson and worse Swinburne. Modern poets are now endeavoring to disinter Greek drama from nineteenth-century gilt and ruffles. H. D., in her current translation of the "Ion," even makes Euripides into an Imagist, and that is a queer effect, too.

She admits what she is doing. She is out after "the core of Greek beauty," so she shears, compresses, and prunes the varied and sinuous texture of the Greek into brief cries and bright, detached images. She is out for pure symbols of the Greek intellect, so everything is made static, reduced to marmoreal form. She concedes the fact that "so-called rationalists" have found in Euripides "irony lurking at every corner." But she prefers to think, and write, in terms of "miracle." This attitude produces some perfectly beautiful poetry, but reduces the play as a whole, in her version, to nonsense.

For if the "Ion" is not an ironic presentation of a God wreaking himself villainously on mortals, so that his blind victims—mother and son—very nearly murder each other as a result, it is difficult to make out what it is. Jean Cocteau, in his "La Machine Infernale," has underlined and expanded the fearful irony in Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex." To excise the bitter criticism, which endears him to us as a fighter and a modern, from a play by Euripides leaves us nothing but the shell of his work. H. D. has given us a shell, and an exquisite one. But even pure and burning "miracles" pall, whereas irony and gumption live forever.

AS an admirer of long standing of Edith Sitwell, as one who has been comforted in high fever, on long train

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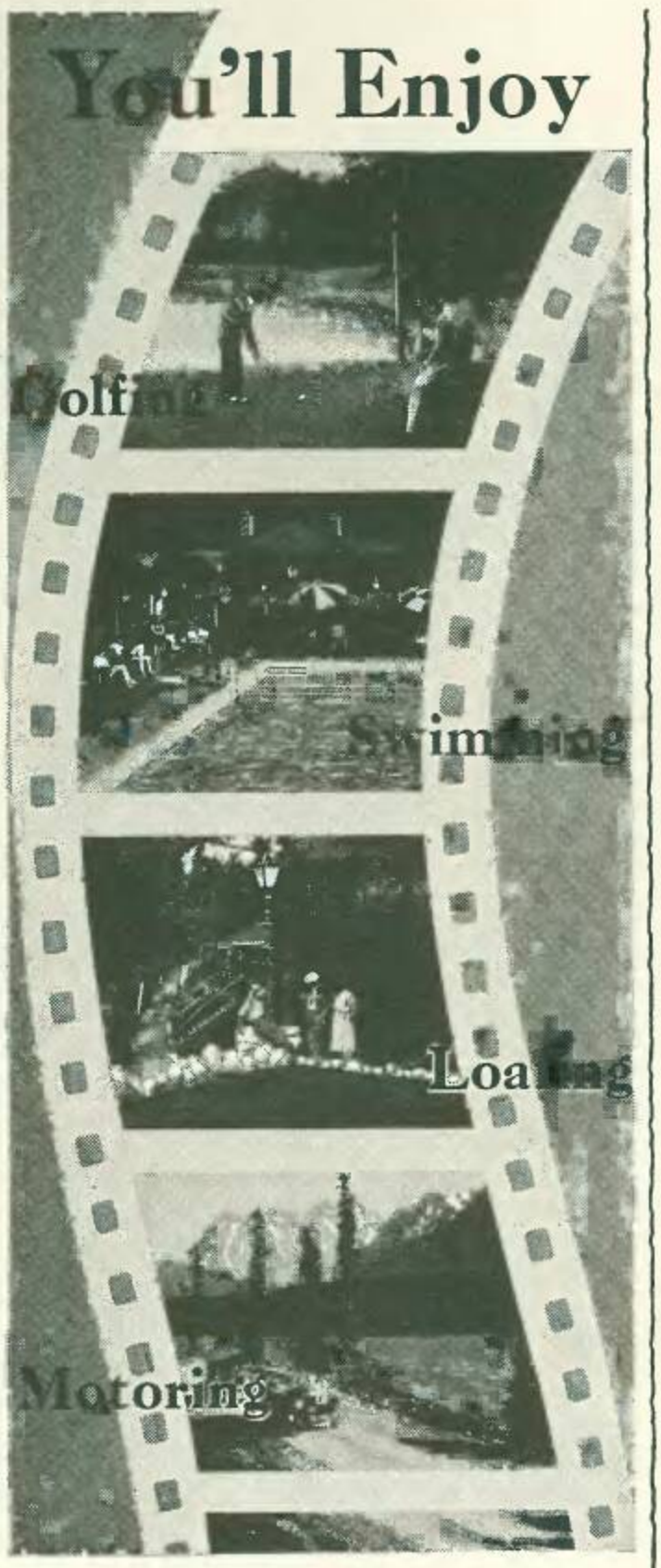
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journeys, and in other morbid situations, by the lovely absurdity of her poetry, I am troubled by her recent insistence that she explain herself and her artistic methods. It is true that she has undergone persecution at the hands of "so-called rationalists" for years. But she used to stand up to them on her own ground, more definitely than she now does. The clouds creaked and the sunlight whistled and whined in her poetry, she would say, because, to her, the clouds and the sunlight were thus vocal in Nature. In other words, she possessed a unique set of sensibilities, and fought for them. This was all to the good. When, however, she insists on bringing in the presumably-well-thought-out-beforehand devices of prosody as explanations of her effects, we become a little bored. But she can still explain delightfully. "As for the image . . . about pigeons smelling of gingerbread, in the summer, when their feathers are hot from the sun," she says, in her introduction to her "Selected Poems," "they *do* smell like gingerbread, and I'm afraid there's nothing to be done about it." Bravo, Miss Sitwell!

Edith Sitwell was a surrealist when the modern crop were babes in arms. She has created a completely individual universe, baroque and harlequinade, wherein all sorts of objects of art and nature shine and sound, lit up by extraordinarily melodramatic weather. And it is a tragic and acutely nostalgic universe, for there is human feeling in it, have no doubt of that. In fact, Miss Sitwell is almost alone among the artists of her particular school in being able to move the reader by her strange set-ups, as well as astonish him. This critic, to whom the lines

> The gardener played his old bagpipe
> To make the melons and the peaches ripe . . .
> The threads are mixed in a tartan sound . . .

are as delightful as anything in literature, heartily recommends Miss Sitwell's music and her world to anyone who may have missed them up to now.

—LOUISE BOGAN

•

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE, by Jerome Weidman. Mr. Weidman starts his Harry Bogen in the women's-dress business on Seventh Avenue, and has him well on the way to doing nicely when the book



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closes. In between, Harry is disclosed as a combination of smart guy, smooth talker, hardboiled businessman, and cheap crook. In addition, his mother, who is both wise and honest, calls him a dope. You won't like him. Neither does Mr. Weidman, but he wonders, since Harry started out as a rather decent little boy from the Bronx, with a nice mother and a father who loved learning, how he got that way. It is an arresting question, posed unobtrusively in an extremely good book. If you are interested in vital statistics, Mr. Weidman is twenty-four years old, this is his first novel, and he has contributed to *The New Yorker*.

CAN ALL THIS GRANDEUR PERISH? AND OTHER STORIES, by James T. Farrell. Seventeen short stories by the author of "Studs Lonigan," of which only six have appeared in magazines. All deal bitterly and truly with American types, most of whom are too picayune to be worth Mr. Farrell's fury. His extraordinary talent seems to need the amplitude and detail of the novel. At any rate, these stories are not especially impressive.

WOOD-NYMPH, by Eden Phillpotts. The tale of a girl who is driven out by her wicked stepmother and grows up in a woodcutter's family. It's kind of sylvan, not to say bosky.

GENERAL

EARTHLY DISCOURSE, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. More imaginary satiric dialogues by the doughty and venerable author of "Heavenly Discourse." Colonel Wood presents King Edward, Mrs. Simpson, and Mr. Baldwin; Mr. Hearst and God; Hitler, Göring, and Streicher; the Supreme Court; and other notables.

THE SOVIETS, by Albert Rhys Williams. Plenty of facts, in the form of detailed answers by a recognized authority to eighty-eight typical questions about the Soviet Union.

SENTINEL OF THE COASTS: THE LOG OF A LIGHTHOUSE ENGINEER, by George R. Putnam. Tells you everything you'd want to know about lighthouses, lightships, buoys, radio beams, etc. The author is a retired Commissioner of Lighthouses. Photographs.

THE BIRTH OF CHINA, by Herrlee Glessner Creel. A semi-popular, authoritative study of China's Bronze Age (about 1400-600 B.C.), dur-



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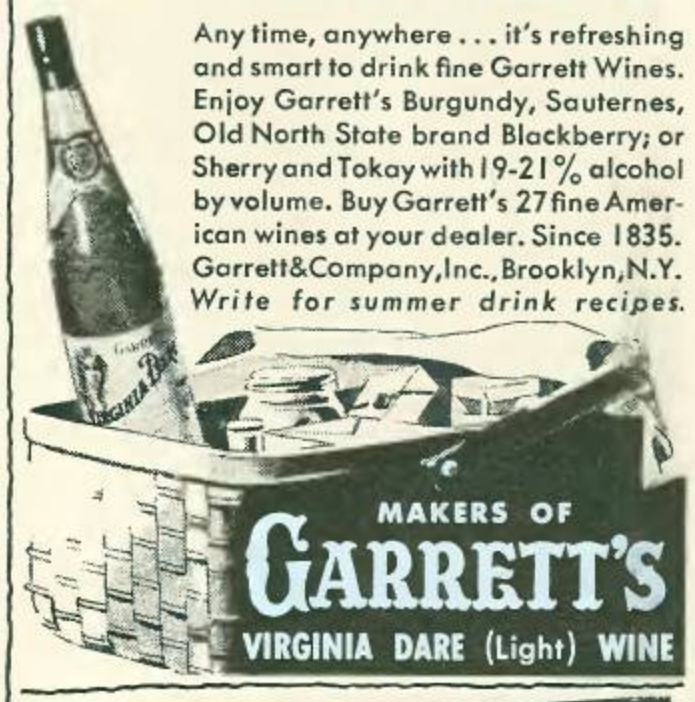
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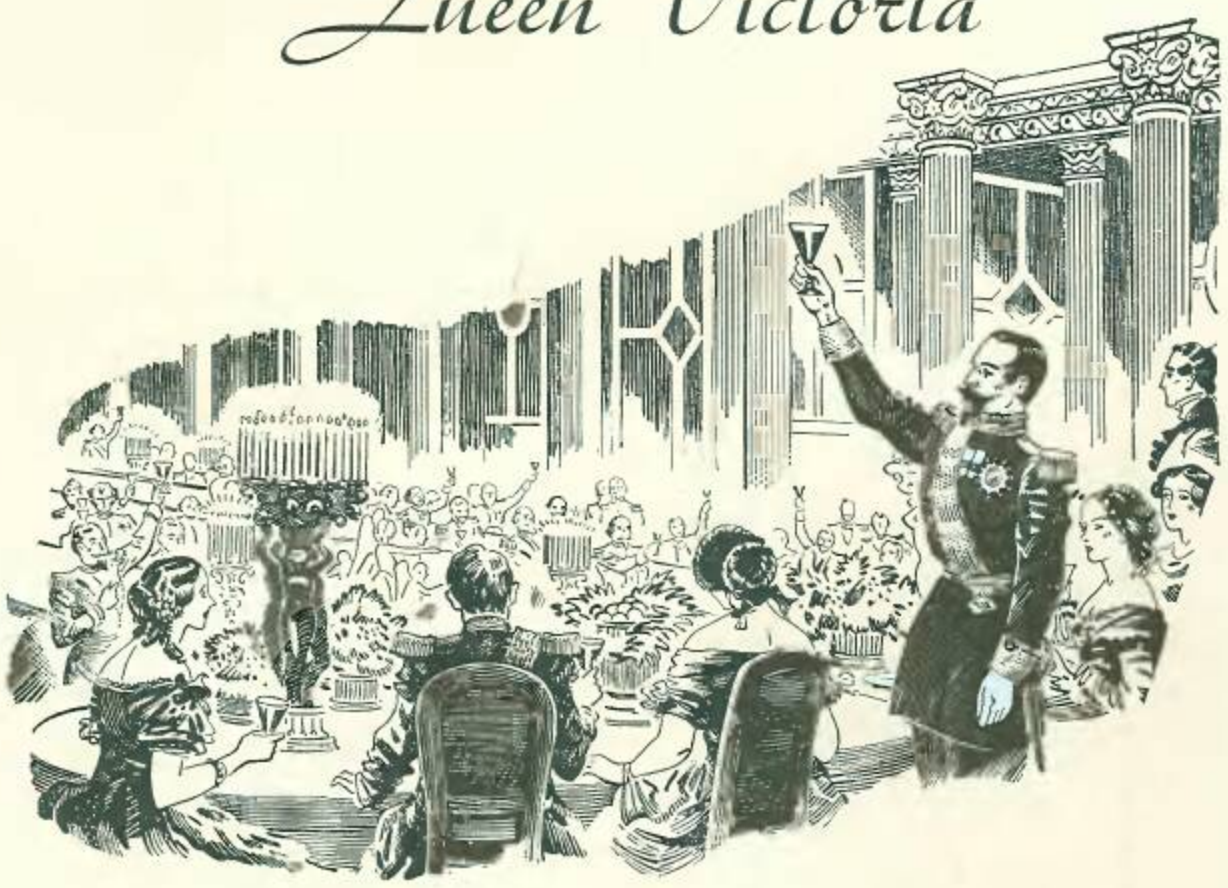
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