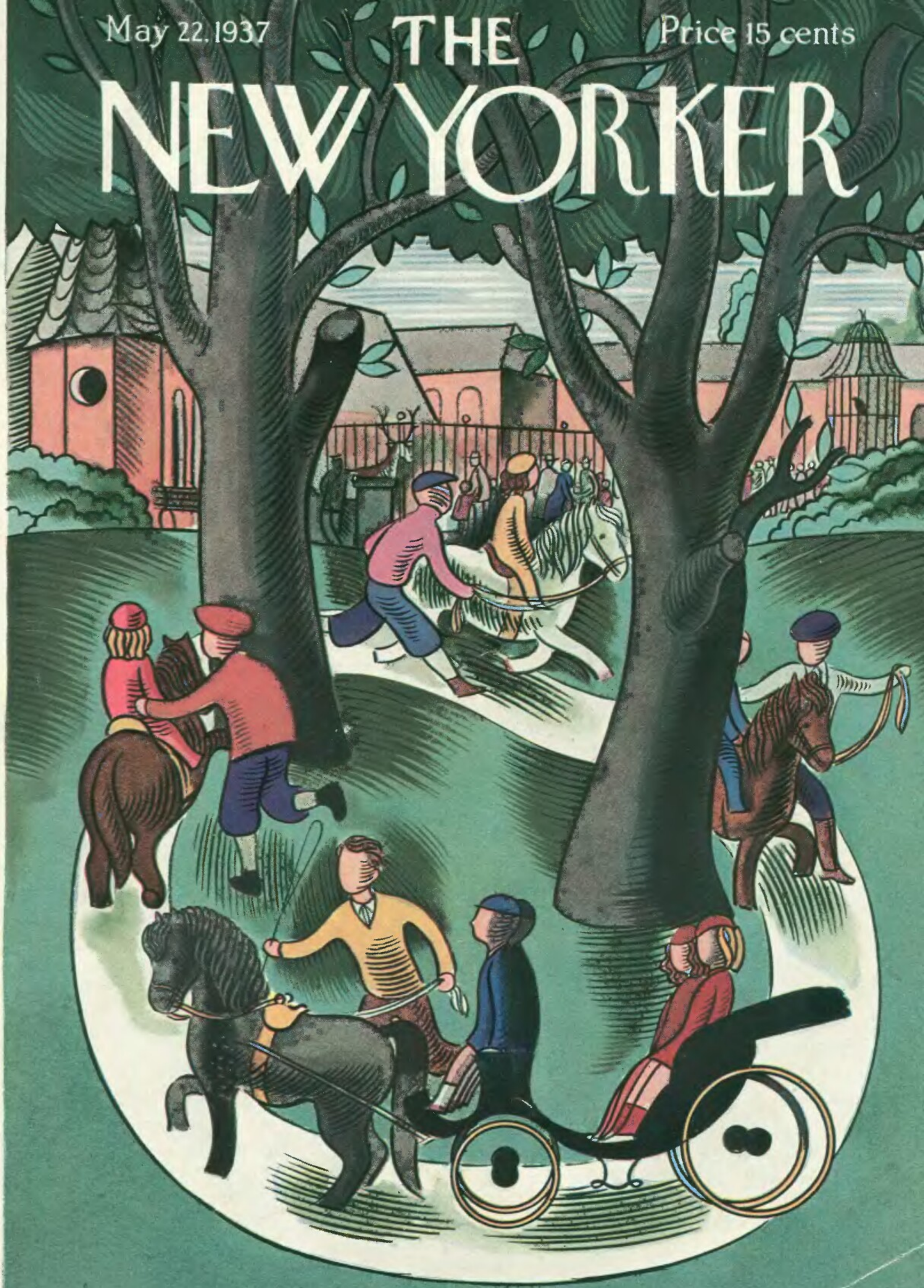
May 22, 1937

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 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 29. 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

BOY MEETS GIRL—Second year on Broadway. Popular prices. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. 8:50 P.M.)

BROTHER RAT—Life at Virginia Military Institute, which seems to amuse a great many people. Frank Albertson, Jose Ferrer, Barry Sullivan, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CHickering 4-5161. Mat. Thurs.)

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

EXCURSION—A lot of people who go to Coney Island for a day find themselves headed for Trinidad—and don't seem to care. Whitford Kane, Frances Fuller, Shirley Booth, and others. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134.)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—Love life among the campers at Camp Kare-Free, and just about as nice a play, with laughs, as you will find in town. Jules Garfield, Katherine Locke, and others. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

HIGH TOR—Some old Dutch ghosts come back to the Hudson and raise hell with the local gangsters. Burgess Meredith, Peggy Ashcroft, Charles D. Brown, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. PEnnsylvania 6-6100.)

KING RICHARD II—Maurice Evans giving an outstanding performance as the abdicating King in Shakespeare's play. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M. Closes Sat., May 29.)

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

TOVARICH—How it feels to have a couple of Russian nobles for butler and maid. (Plymouth, 45, W. LAckawanna 4-6720. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 23, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

VICTORIA REGINA—Selected incidents in the life of England's Queen, made remarkable in the theatre by the performance of Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-1515. 8:30 P.M. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2:30 P.M. Closes Sat., May 29.)

THE WOMEN—A lot of ladies snapping at each other's throats, in the most approved bitchery. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, Betty Lawford, Phyllis Povah, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CHickering 4-2728.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Very pleasant and instructive conversations between mother and daughter on the question of Free Love. Lucile Watson, Peggy Conklin, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Well, there is this family—oh, see it for yourself. They're all crazy, and adorable. (Booth. 45, W. CHickering 4-8168. Extra Mat. Fri., May 21, for the Actors' Fund.)

The following were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

DAMAGED GOODS—A new version, by Henry Herbert, of the Eugène Brieux play, with Mr. Herbert, Marie Curtis, and others. (48th Street, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178.)

ROOM SERVICE—George Abbott's production of a farce by John P. Murray and Allen Boretz, with Sam Levene, Teddy Hart, Eddie Albert, Philip Loeb, Margaret Mullen, and others. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN ARMS—You may not recognize many of the names in the cast, but you will before the run is over, for they are talented youngsters who work with a Rodgers and Hart score which is already popular. (Shubert, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-7175.)

THE SHOW IS ON—Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr doing their stuff to the King's taste. A show you won't want to miss. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

The following was scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

SEA LEGS—An intimate musical comedy by Arthur Swanstrom and Michael H. Cleary, with Charles Collins. Dorothy Stone, Charles King and others. (Mansfield, 47, W. BRyant 9-4684.)

MISCELLANY

NAUGHTY-NAUGHT—Murder on the Old Yale Fence, or something like that. Anyway, a good time at tables. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-2106. Nightly at 9:15; through Sat., May 29.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Power," a fast-moving story, believe it or not, about electric light and power and their misuse. (Ritz, 48, W. MEdallion 3-0912. Weekdays at 9 P.M.) ... Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," in an excellent production. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5715. Weekdays at 9 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.) ... "Professor Mamlock," an anti-Nazi melodrama translated from the German of Friedrich Wolf. (Daly's, 63, near 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 8:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.)

DANCE RECITAL—Maria-Theresa and her twelve Heliconiades: Sun. Eve., May 23, at 8:40. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229.)

NOTE—The First National Convention of the Legitimate Theatre will be held at the Hotel Astor, Mon. through Thurs., May 24-27, under the auspices of the American Theatre Council (CHickering 4-1400).

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—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 Eddie Davis's orchestra. 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 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.

PARK LANE GARDEN, Park at 48 (WIckersham 2-4100)—Arthur Dann's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. Open until 10 P.M.

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.

ST. MORITZ SKY GARDENS, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Music by Hal Richards and his orchestra.... Jack Sherr's orchestra plays in the Restaurant de la Paix on the ground floor.

ST. REGIS VIENNESE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—This gay and charming room has Jacques Fray's orchestra, an Albertina Rasch ballet and A. Robins, the clown. Must dress.

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. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Ray and Grace MacDonald dance at midnight.

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

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (ELdorado 5-8028)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Lee Wiley, the Stuart Morgan Dancers, and others entertain; music by the Meadowbrook Boys and a tango band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA STARLIGHT ROOF, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras alternate for dinner and supper dancing. Dress preferred.

OTHER ROOFS—Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	96
THE CURRENT CINEMA	94
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	82
LETTER FROM LONDON	84
MUSICAL EVENTS	79
THE OARSMEN	34
OF ALL THINGS	32
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
PARIS FASHIONS CABLE	70
FEMININE FASHIONS	70
OUT OF TOWN	42
PROFILES	25
THE RACE TRACK	67
A REPORTER AT LARGE	87
TEE AND GREEN	73
THE THEATRE	30

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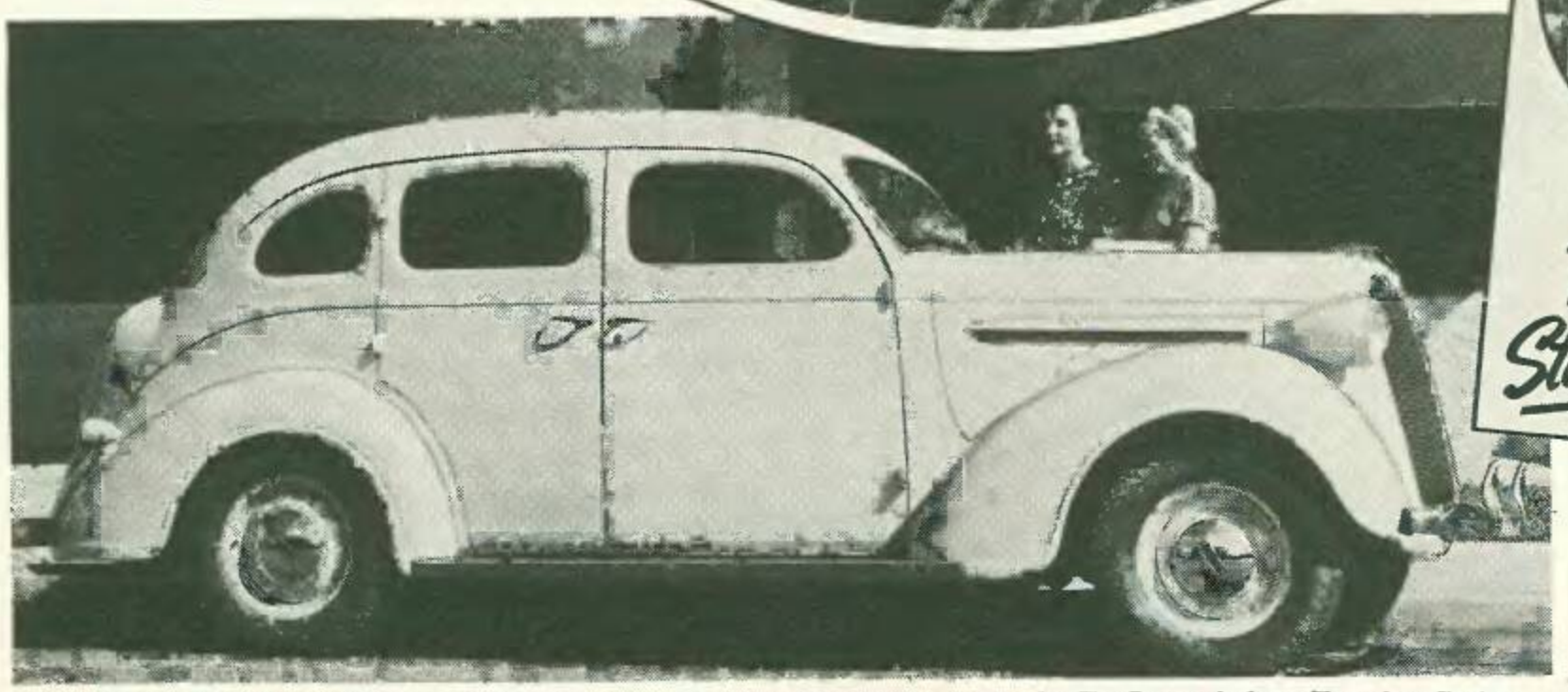


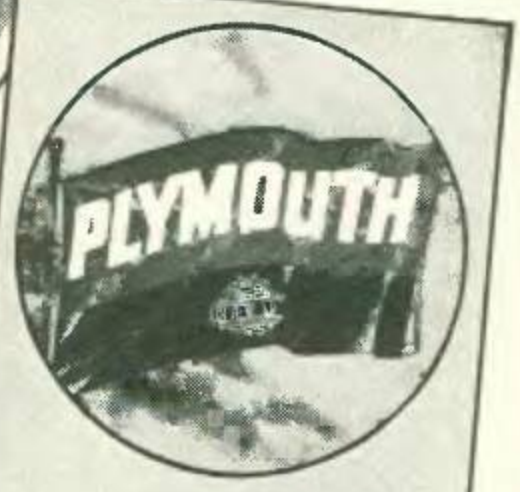
(3) REPAIR BILLS LOWEST

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(MAin 4-8100), with a fine view of the harbor, opens Thurs., May 20, with Bill McCune's orchestra.... Rudy Vallée and his orchestra open Mon., May 24, at the Astor Roof, B'way at 44 (BRyant 9-2100). ... Montclair Casino-in-the-Air, Lexington at 49 (WIckersham 2-1200), has Hal Hope's orchestra and Al Green's Coral Islanders. ... Park Central Cocoanut Grove Roof, 7 Ave. at 56 (CIrcle 7-8000), has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue.... McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34 (PEnnsylvania 6-5700), opens May 31, with Enoch Light's orchestra.

MISCELLANEOUS—Bunny Berigan plays in the Pennsylvania Madhattan Room, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000).... The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34, has Gus Arnheim's orchestra and an ice carnival.... Eddie Lane's orchestra is at the Shelton Corner, Lexington at 49.... The Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Pk. W. at 67, has opened for the summer, with Hughie Barrett's orchestra.... Jack Kerr provides the music in the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54.... Le Mirage, 125 E. 54, has Harry Horton's orchestra and songs by Aileen Cook, and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen.

For al-fresco dining (without dancing) two of the best places are: Chatham Walk, Vanderbilt at 48 (VOlunteer 5-5400); and Pavillon Marguery, 270 Park at 47 (WIckersham 2-9000).... The Japanese Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PLaza 3-4600), opens Tues., May 25.

You'll find sidewalk cafés at the Brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S.; Fifth Avenue Hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; Longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12; Number One Fifth Avenue, 5 Ave. at 8; St. Moritz, 6 Ave. at 59; and Sulgrave, Park at 67.

Places offering music and casual entertainment, where you might stop in for a drink and a bite to eat during the course of an evening: Weylin Bar, Madison at 54; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Gabriel's, 68 E. 56; Zelli's Royal Box, 130 E. 58; and Barney's, 86 University Pl.

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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 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 dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra on Sat. only.... The Frolics, B'way at 50 (CIrcle 7-8492), has Ralph Watkins' orchestra, Joe Lewis, 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 Vic Hyde, Helen Shaw, Joan Vickers, 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—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.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 29. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52; and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644).... Hungarian: Tokay, 806 7 Ave. at 52 (CIrcle 7-6435).... 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.

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JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (KIngsbridge 6-2000), with Irving Conn's orchestra. ... Blossom Heath, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y., with Dave Schooler and his orchestra.... Chanticler, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-2377), with Erwin Kent's orchestra.... Glen Island Casino, off the Shore Rd., New Rochelle, N.Y. (Hamilton 4480), opens Thurs., May 27, with Hal Kemp's and Nye Mayhew's orchestras.... Ben Marden's new Riviera, near the Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge, is scheduled to open Thurs., May 27.

MOTION PICTURES

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—Kipling's story of the Gloucester fishing fleet and the little rich boy. A fine and superior film, with Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy, and Lionel Barrymore. (Astor, B'way at 45; weekdays at 2:55 and 8:55 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:55 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—Queen Elizabeth, the Armada, love and adventure, and a big show all around. With Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, and Laurence Olivier. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs. and Fri., May 20 and 21; continuous from 12:30 P.M.)

LOST HORIZON—Grand scenery and a story of lamas in Tibet. Also, Ronald Colman and Margo. (Globe, B'way at 46; weekdays at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun. at 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

MAYTIME—The old operetta, young again and prettily dressed up, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and John Barrymore. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; continuous from noon.)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—A very pleasant film, with the Mauch twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains. Mark Twain's story, of course. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Fri., May 21; continuous from 10 A.M.)

SHALL WE DANCE—A bright piece with Astaire and Rogers, Gershwin tunes, Harriet Hoctor, and, for occasional humor, Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; daily through Wed., May 26; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

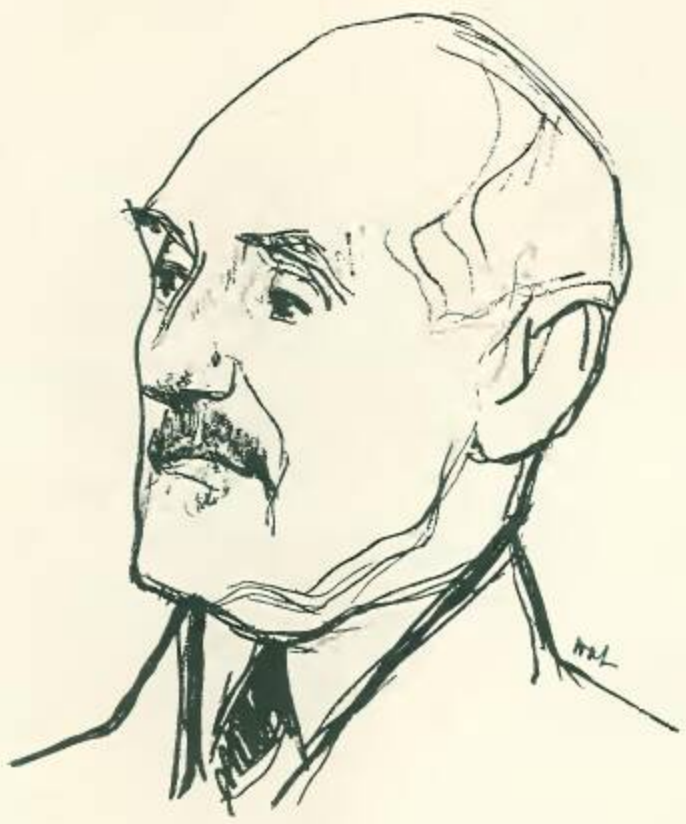
WAIKIKI WEDDING—Absurd and comic. Bing Crosby contributes a tune or two. (Mayfair, 7 Ave. at 47; Fri. through Tues., May 21-25; continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

REVIVALS—At the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68—"The Plough and the Stars," Fri. and Sat., May 21 and 22; "Romeo and Juliet," Sun. through Tues., May 23-25; continuous from noon.... At the Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57—"You Only Live Once," Sat. through Mon., May 22-24; continuous from noon.... At Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86—"No More Ladies" and "Manhattan Melodrama," Tues. and Wed., May 25 and 26; continuous from 11:30 A.M.

NOTE—The Grand Central Theatre, in Grand Central Terminal, showing newsreels and short subjects, opened recently; continuous weekdays 9 A.M. to midnight; Sun. noon to midnight; programs change Wed. and Sat.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Good Earth," a beautiful rendering of the Pearl Buck novel, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni; "Kimiko," a Japanese product with a humorous edge to it; "Love From a Stranger," a wicked piece for thrill-seekers, with Ann Harding, strangely enough, and Basil Rathbone; "Night Must Fall," another thriller, with Dame May Whitty, Rosalind Russell, and—also strangely enough—Robert Montgomery; "Quality Street," the Barrie comedy neatly adapted to the talents of the Misses Hepburn, Witherspoon, Bainter, and Winwood, and Mr. Tone; "A Star Is Born," considered by many the best film of Hollywood life and its curious problems, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, who have never been better; "The Wave," the beauties of nature, as found along the Gulf of Mexico, in a handsome picture.

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RAYMOND ORTEIG,

owner of the Lafayette, donor of the $25,000 won by Lindbergh for his New York-to-Paris crossing. Mr. Orteig spoke at a luncheon, and later at a dinner, on May 20th, the tenth anniversary of the flight. The prize had been up for eight years before Lindbergh won it. Mr. Orteig meets Colonel Lindbergh now and then in his travels, but has never flown with him. The Colonel has never been inside the Lafayette.

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.; through Sun., May 30.

FEININGER—Delicate and highly individualized abstractions by a modern born in America but usually identified as German. Don't miss: Nierendorf, 20 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

FRENCH—Some important paintings by Cézanne, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.... Water colors by Cézanne, Chirico, David, Dufy, Vlaminck, Utrillo, and others: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GROUPS—Old and new work by Beckmann, Chagall, De Martini, Friedman, Weber, and others: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat.,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 29. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

May 29.... Paintings by American artists: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon; through Sat., May 29.... 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.; through Tues., May 25.... "This Season's Crop": Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., May 23.... Karfiol, Kuniyoshi, Laurent, Marin, O'Keeffe, Sheeler, and others: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 29.

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.

RENOIR—Grand retrospective show of one of the nineteenth-century giants whose vitality and grace and beauty remained unmarred to the end: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

SOUTINE—Eighteen selected paintings by a modern still somewhat neglected in this country: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 22.

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.

WHITNEY MUSEUM—Works from the permanent collection: 10 W. 8. Open daily, except Mon., 1 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; through May 29.... Drawings and water colors by Constantin Guys: Valentine, 16 E. 57; through May 27.... Water colors by Joseph Steig: Downtown, 113 W. 13.... Gouaches by L. Jean Liberté: Guild Art Gallery, 37 W. 57; through May 29.... Paintings by George László: Ferargil, 63 E. 57.... Water colors by Katharine Sturgis: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57; through May 22.... Paintings by Rosaline Carey: Georgette Passedoit, 4th floor, 22 E. 60; through May 22.... Sculpture by Robert Bros: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57.... Water colors by Edwin H. Denby: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave.; through May 28.... Paintings by Esteban Vicente; and selected prints by American artists: Kleemann, 38 E. 57; through May 29.... Memorial exhibition for Hilda Kristina Lascari: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64; through May 22.... Paintings by Beckmann, Klee, and others; sculpture by Barlach, Marcks, and others: Buchholz, 3 W. 46. Paintings by the Arthur Schwieder group: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through May 29.... WPA Photography: Federal Art Project Gallery, 7 E. 38 (open weekdays noon to 5:30 P.M.)... Students' work: Art Students' League, 215 W. 57.... Etchings and water colors by James McBey: Harlow, 16 W. 50; through May 29.... Portrait sculpture by Antonio Salemme: Findlay, 8 E. 57; through May 22.... Facsimile reproductions of Renoir: F.A.R. Gallery, 19 E. 61.... Pictorial Photography: National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. (open daily 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.); through May 28.... Water colors by Charles T. Henry: Kohn, 608 5 Ave.; through May 28.

NOTE—The outdoor art show in Washington Square opens Fri., May 28.

MUSIC

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Rabaud's "Marouf," in a new English version, Fri. Eve., May 21, at 8; "The Man Without a Country," Sat. Aft., May 22, at 2; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., May 22, at 8. (Schedule for other dates to be announced. PEnnsylvania 6-1200.)

HIPPODROME OPERA—"Aïda," Fri. Eve., May 21, at 8:15; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 22, at 8:15; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., May 28, at 8:15; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., May 29, at 8:30.

WPA—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—"The Romance of Robot," by Frederic Hart, and an English adaptation of "La Serva Padrona": Thurs., Sat., Tues., and Thurs. Eves., May 20, 22, 25, and 27, at 8:30.... Chamber Orchestra Series, Gardner conducting: Fri. Eve., May 21; Kitzinger conducting, Fri. Eve., May 28, at 8:45.... Federal Symphony, Sokoloff conducting: Sun. Eve., May 23, at 8:45.... Composers' Forum-Laboratory; Arthur Cohn, composer: Wed. Eve., May 26, at 8:45.

NOTE—Westchester Music Festival, County Center, White Plains, N.Y.—Philadelphia Orchestra and Westchester Festival Chorus, Ross conducting, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., May 20 and 22; Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Eve., May 21.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:15 P.M.—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs., May 20; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., May 21 and 22; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sun. and Mon., May 23 and 24; Yankees vs. Detroit, Tues. through Thurs., May 25-27; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. through Sun., May 28-30. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.)

CREW—Carnegie Cup Regatta, Derby, Conn., Sat. Aft., May 22: Yale-Harvard-Princeton 150-lb. race at 5:30; Yale-Princeton-Cornell freshmen at 6; Yale-Princeton-Cornell junior varsity at 6:30; Yale-Princeton-Cornell varsity at 7. (Observation train leaves Derby-Shelton Sta. at 5 P.M. Special connecting train leaves Grand Central at 2:50 P.M.; arriving Derby-Shelton at 4:30; returning to New York after last race. There's also a special from New Haven at 4:15 P.M.; arriving Derby-Shelton at 4:45.)... Adams Cup Regatta, Pennsylvania-Harvard-Navy, Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat. Aft., May 29; finish at Columbia Ave. R.R. bridge; freshman race at 4:30; junior varsity at 5; varsity at 5:30. (Take Pennsylvania R.R. to 30th St. Sta., Philadelphia, which is about a half-hour by taxi from course.)... Cornell-Syracuse. Ithaca, N.Y., Sat. Aft., May 29.

DOG SHOWS—Long Island Kennel Club, Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, L.I., Sun., May 23.... Morris & Essex Kennel Club, Giralda Farms, Madison, N.J., Sat., May 29.

HORSE SHOWS—Watchung Riding and Driving Club Show, Summit, N.J., Sat. and Sun., May 22 and 23.... Queens County Horse Show, Union Turnpike, between Hollis Court Blvd. and 188 St., Flushing, L.I., Sun., May 23.... Devon Horse Show and County Fair, Devon, Pa., Tues. through Mon., May 25-31.

RACING—Belmont Park, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. The Appleton Memorial Steeplechase and the Withers will be run Sat., May 22; the Acorn Stakes, Wed., May 26; and the Juvenile, Sat., May 29. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:15 to 1:50 P.M.)

TENNIS—Davis Cup, North American Zone Final, United States vs. Australia: West Side Tennis Club Stadium, Forest Hills, L.I., Sat., Sun., and Mon., May 29, 30, and 31, at 2:30.

TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. track and field championships: Randall's Island Stadium, Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 28 and 29, at 2. (Take Triborough Bridge from E. 125.)

TROTTING—Nassau Driving Club, amateur races: Mineola Fair Grounds, Mineola, L.I., Sat. Aft., May 29, at 2:15.

YACHTING—Riverside Yacht Club Races, Long Island Sound, Sat. Aft., May 29.... Preliminary trial races to select a defender of the America's Cup start Sat., May 29, off Newport, R.I.

OTHER EVENTS

HOUSING EXHIBITION—The North American Homes Exposition. Complete houses of various sizes and prices are on view; also, house furnishings, gardens, etc.: Exposition Hall, Madison Square Garden. Open daily 1:30 to 11:30 P.M.; through Sun., May 23.

GARDEN EXHIBITIONS—Benefit showings of country estates—Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, Lloyd Harbor, Huntington, L.I.: Sat. Aft., May 22, 2 to 6.... Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Dellwood, Armonk Rd., Mt. Kisco; and Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer J. Fox, Foxden, Peekskill, N.Y.: Sat. Aft., May 22.... John W. Hanes, Westerleigh, Lincoln Ave., Rye; and Charles N. Edge, Parsonage Point, Rye, N.Y.: Sat., May 29.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Furniture, Oriental rugs, jewelry, miniatures, silver, Chinese textiles, and decorations. Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 20 and 21, at 2.

At Imperial Galleries, 23 W. 47—French and English furniture and decorations, Oriental rugs, books, and paintings: Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 21 and 22, at 1.

At J. C. Morgenthau, 1 W. 47—General foreign collection of nineteenth-century stamps: Tues. and Wed. Afts., May 25 and 26, at 2.

NOTES—The New Haven's Bicycle Train to Canaan, Conn., leaves Grand Central Sun., May 23, at 7:55 A.M. (weather permitting); returning, arrives at 9:35 P.M.... The Erie is running a "mystery" trip Sun., May 23, covering 210 miles through northern N.J. and southern N.Y., over lines where scheduled passenger trains do not operate; leaving Jersey City at 9:30 A.M.; returning 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Soloist on the "Music and You" program, Wallenstein conducting: Thurs. Eve., May 20, at 8, WOR.

ROCHESTER SYMPHONY—Iturbi conducting: Fri. Eve., May 21, at 10, WABC.

WILLIAM GREEN—The president of the A.F. of L. discusses "The Labor Situation": Fri. Eve., May 21, at 10:45, WABC.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Walter Damrosch's new opera, "The Man Without a Country": Sat. Aft., May 22, at 2, WEAF.

RACING—The Withers, at Belmont Park: Sat. Aft., May 22, at 3:30, WOR. The Acorn: Wed. Aft., May 26, at 3:45, WOR.

LENOX AVENUE—First performance of William Grant Still's work, composed especially for radio, by the Columbia Symphony, Barlow conducting: Sun. Aft., May 23, at 3, WABC.

BRITISH EMPIRE DAY—Services in St. Paul's Cathedral, London: Mon. Morn., May 24, at 6:55, WEAF. Celebrations in India and Ceylon: Mon. Aft., at 3:30, WJZ.

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

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 1:30, 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. Grace Moore, 9, WABC. Joe Cook, 9:30, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Oxford Ensemble, 7, WQXR. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. General Motors Concert, 8, WJZ. Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, 8, WABC. W. C. Fields, Werner Janssen, and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. Bert Lahr, 9, WEAF. Bob Hope and Shep Fields, 9, WJZ. Ford Symphony, Ormandy conducting, 9, WABC.

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. Jack Oakie and Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC. Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 10, WOR.

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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New York Clearing House
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No. 1

A $170,000 Oversight

The right to convert New York Central debenture 6s, 1944, into common stock at $40 per share—a price below the actual market—expired on May 10. On that day, the bonds were selling at approximately 116. On the following day, after this conversion privilege had expired, the bonds sold some 10 points lower, as was to be expected.

Holders of $1,700,000 of the bonds failed to protect themselves against this loss, which they could have done by direct conversion or by sale in the open market. Thus they suffered an aggregate loss of about $170,000 in market value.

Custodian clients of this Bank who held this issue were automatically notified and instructed as to this situation and protected against needless loss. The loss to a holder of five bonds who failed to act would have covered the necessary fees for Custodian Service on approximately $250,000 of securities for a period of 2 years.

Under Custodian arrangements, this Bank watches for conversion rights, redemptions, exchanges, maturities and similar matters and notifies clients of the need for action. The service also includes the collection of income and the performance of other routine duties.

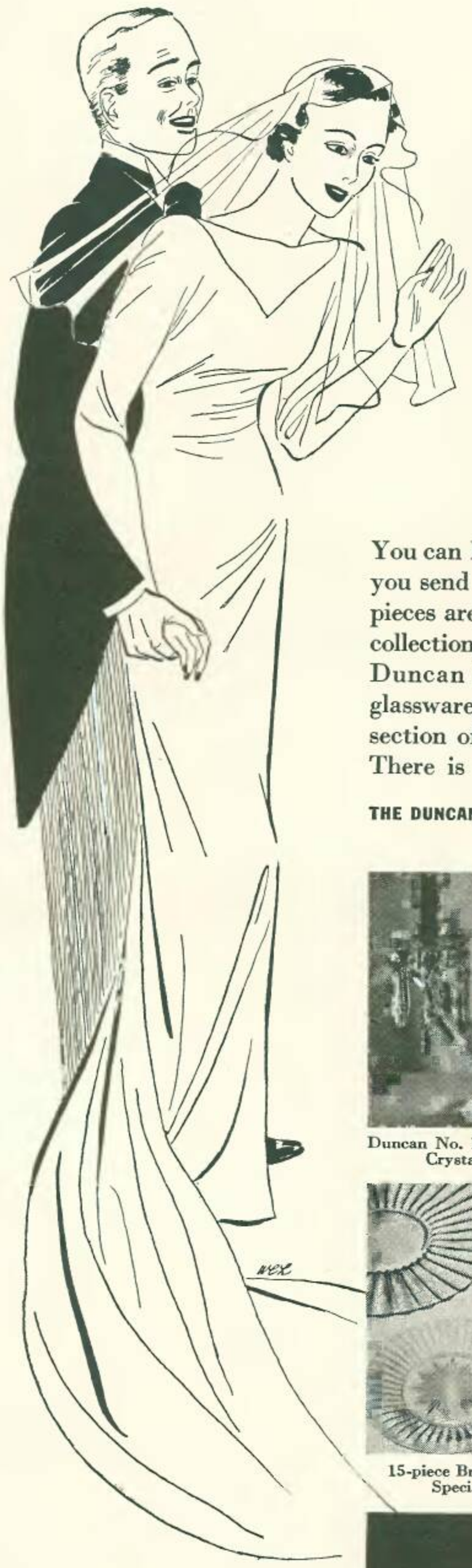
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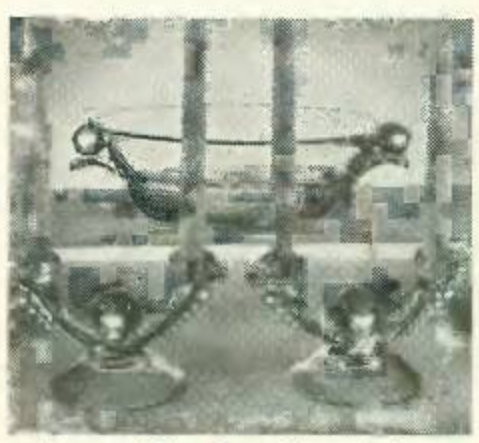
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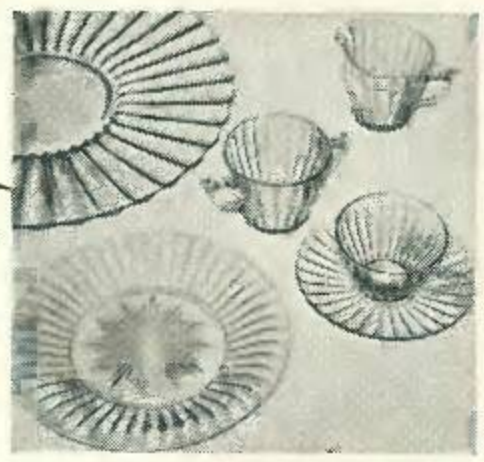
Duncan No. 14. 3-light Candelabra Crystal. Pair, $12.00



Duncan Tear-drop Console Set. Crystal. Set, $5.00



Nautical Cigarette Set. Crystal or Sapphire; frosted motif. Set, $4.00



15-piece Bridge Luncheon Set. Special price, $4.00



Duncan Tear-drop Individual Ash Trays. Crystal. Set of 8, $2.75



Nautical Decanter and 8 Glasses, $7.50. 11-inch Handled Plate, $3.50.



Footed hand-cut Highballs, Old Fashioneds, Cocktails, Whiskey-and-sodas, Orange juices. Crystal, amber, sapphire, green bases. (Glasses illustrated, $8.00 dozen)



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Duncan Caribbean Salad Set. Choice of Crystal or Sapphire. Set, $2.75

Prices slightly higher in West.



Glamour Gadgets

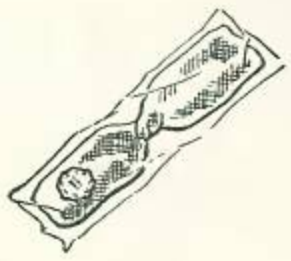
Friends, there is romance in the very air these days! If you feel it, or want to, or want to cause someone else to—come to Macy's at once. After our trained clerks have helped you choose the most flattering cosmetics, ask to see our Glamour Gadgets. You'll find everything to give you those devastating, romantic overtones (or undertones) not to mention that ever-so-necessary, glowing, inner confidence.







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EYE PADS. Soothing, restful and luxurious for tired eyes——**9c**



LASH SET. A lacquered lotion to set and curl your eyelashes——**74c**



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COMB AND BRUSH SET. Diminutive tools to keep your eyebrows and lashes exquisitely groomed ——**69c**



SEQUIN EYE SHADOW. Gives your eyelids an exotic glisten. For the evening—in Bronze, Copper, Gold, Mauve, Smoke Blue ——**59c**



KOHL. Used for centuries by beautiful women to create fascinating shadows at the outer edge of the eyes——**94c**



BEAUTY MARKS. Tiny flirtatious hearts and dots, boxed with matching eye shadow in Light Blue, Brown, Violet, Green ——**69c**

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SPORTS LIPSTICK. Contains an antiseptic that tends to prevent infection. Marvelous for the out-of-door girl. Light, Medium, Raspberry ——**59c**



LIP BRUSHES. Tiny paint brushes to etch on your lipstick. Experiment with your lip lines to add beauty and strength to your mouth ——**19c**

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HEAD BANDS. Of Latex-Stretch for any head-size. Protects your hair-line from make-up, **23c**



PRIMARY CREAM. A new foundation cream from pale Ivory to Indian Copper—for a dark, exotic make-up——**79c**



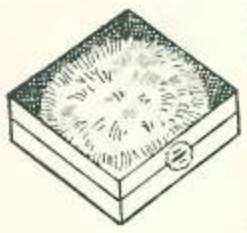
LADY FINGERS. 2-finger glove to blend your paste rouge without staining your fingers ——**24c**



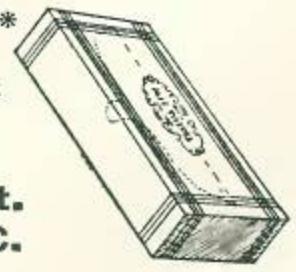
BLENDING BRUSHES. The really professional way to blend powder on your skin ——**54c**



RABBIT'S FOOT. All the glamour gals of stage and screen use a rabbit's foot to blend their cosmetics ——**49c**



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9 A.M.

You apply it before your own mirror —and get a perfect and even color!



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It's still perfect—just as it was a minute after you applied it! Ends constant making up!

A Discovery that's the Rage of Paris—and that's Making Women Everywhere Adopt this Natural Colorful Make-Up

In PARIS women have found a new way in make-up. A cheek rouge that stays just the way you put it on all day long; no matter *what* you do.

You apply it in the morning, under the familiar lights of your own dressing table, where you can see that it's on properly, evenly—and in just the right tone to bring out your best points. And it stays that way all day long. Walk, dance, go in a pool —do anything you like—yet your cheeks are divinely perfect without a further thought!

What It Is

It's an exquisite *cream rouge*, called Angelus Rouge Incarnat, that comes in subtle natural colors to blend with every complexion, eye-color and hair. Colors that bring new allure to blond, brunette or titian.

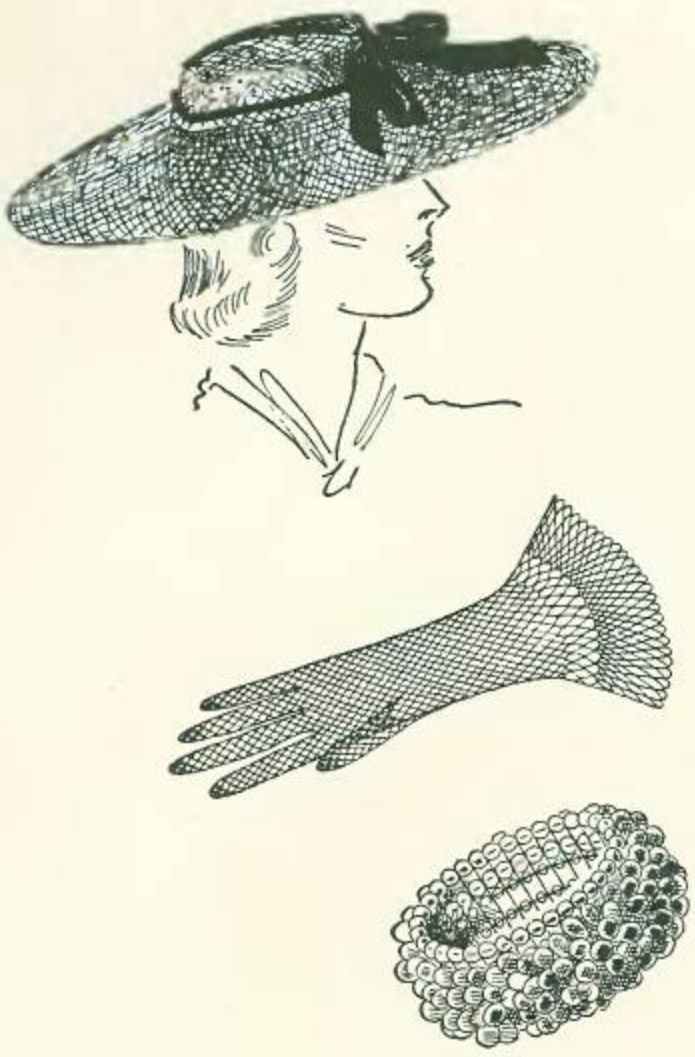
Being a *cream* rouge, it blends natural color directly *into* the skin—not merely on the surface. With this new way your make-up is so natural that only an expert with a magnifying glass could detect that you used rouge to give color to your cheeks.

The Smart Woman's Choice

Smart women everywhere are choosing this natural colorful make-up. Try it today. See how it gives your face a new and charming sophistication. How it brings compliments and the assuring satisfaction that you look your best.

You can use it on both your lips and cheeks, and thus gain perfect color harmony in your make-up. Or, if you prefer, you can buy the Louis Philippe Angelus Lipstick in matching colors. At all drug and department stores.







American Dress no. I

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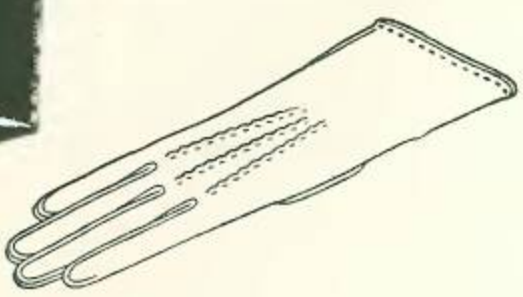
The simple, shapely dress that focuses attention on the girl, herself. The type of thing chic Americans always have in their wardrobe. Inexpensive—but made expensive looking by dressmaker tufting. Gives full play to your chic in "accessorizing." Black, navy, rose, blue and white rayon crepe. 10 to 20, 25.00

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Open-crown turban, 10.50
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Wear Degas pink with black and white:
Black straw picture hat, 10.50
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two against the sky . . . in Scotch plaids that look as though sun, and sand, and sky were designed especially to set off their brilliance. Cotton prints, to be found at Altman and nowhere else. Play suit, 10.95. Bathing ensemble, 15.90 . . . third floor

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FIFTH AVENUE 34TH STREET

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE total eclipse of the sun, on June 8th, will be broadcast by N.B.C. from an atoll in the South Seas, there being something in Man which yearns to make a shadow across the face of the earth more widespread than it already is.

A GENTLEMAN has just asked us to beseech Governor Lehman not to sign the Dunnigan bill, which would permit the Commissioner of Licenses to close a show. The Governor can consider himself beseeched. No one should have the power to close a show, even a feelthy show. One Minsky maketh not a sumner.

CORONATION and Windsor notes, respectively: A drugstore in Hollywood served a thirty-five-cent special Coronation Dinner at the fountain on May 12th. It was well attended. Here in New York, a department store has been propositioned by a gentleman who offers it "the original automobile owned by the Duke of Windsor in which he courted and won Wally Simpson." His terms are $1,000 for a one-month display. He points out that if one hundred thousand people went to see Valentino lying in state at Campbell's Funeral Parlor, easily that many would want to jounce up and down "in the seat in which Wally sat beside David." Spring, he continues, is here! The store is turning the matter over in its mind.



WHATEVER the other effects of sidewalk dining, it has certainly made headwaiters weather-conscious. The other night we had dinner at the Chatham, with New York Central trains rumbling underfoot and a spring thunderstorm growling overhead. The captains kept dodging out into the garden every minute or two, to take a peek



at the sky. They were as restless as swallows before a summer rain; and no doubt in time they will develop a true vein of prophecy, and will be able, on a fair-seeming afternoon, to sniff out tomorrow's easterly.

IT seems as though we are having an unusual amount of thunder this spring—and thunderstorms are doubly ominous in May, somehow. We will never forget the arrival of the Hindenburg, just ahead of the storm. We heard her motors, stepped out onto the balcony, and there she was, suddenly, passing rapidly along the sky—the incredible visitor. The sky was gray, the ship's flanks were gray, with the light sending a silver streak along her top, leaving her side in shadow. Instantly we identified ourself with the passengers, as one does—shared their feeling of having arrived, having conquered. Then she disappeared into the southwest, and the thunder began to roll. And in the evening, at our newsstand on the corner, the newsdealer—big with tidings: "Have you heard?"

WE have been neglecting science shamefully lately, but this week we have several matters to report on.

First, there is the question of sex in beavers. The Agricultural Experiment Station at Michigan State College is out with Special Bulletin No. 279, advising us that the American beaver (*Castor canadensis*) is still something of a zoological enigma. For one thing, there has until recently been no workable method of telling boy beavers from girl beavers. This has annoyed scientists. It has annoyed beavers, too, but in a lesser degree. No. 279 explains that there has been "a lack of proper restraint of the animal," which, by patiently reading on, we discovered means that the scientists couldn't dope out a way to *hold* a beaver while it was being examined. However, along came G. W. Bradt, of Michigan State, with a three-foot length of cast-iron water-main tile, ten inches in diameter. In goes the beaver, head first, with an assistant hanging to his tail, and before anybody can say Havelock Ellis, they know what sex it is. From then on, it's every man for himself.

While this chicanery was going on in Michigan, New Hampshire scientists were whipping the basal metabolism of the goat into shape (Bulletin 66). They



used eighteen goats, most of which were in a state of rest, and fasting. Briefly, the basal metabolism of goats was found to be less than that of horses, beef steers, dairy cows, swine, and sheep. It is above that of writers, and has nothing to do with the way a goat smells.

THE third contribution to science came from Illinois, where Dr. William F. Petersen quietly announced that the bad health we have all enjoyed during the last few years is attributable to sun spots. This will stump thousands of people, including ourself, who have thought all along it was their liver. Whenever there is an increase in sun-spot activity, there are more gastric ulcers (which also follow a downward curve in the market). The ancients

knew of these heavenly turbulences and set great store by them; but it takes years of a bland diet before the modern world gets back to prime matters and remembers that the barometer is a more sensitive and revealing instrument than the stomach pump.

Broker's Token

THINGS weren't bad enough downtown last week; burglars had to get into the apartment of a florid and sedate Wall Street man and take all his shirt studs and trinkets. He reported the loss to the police, and they sent a couple of detectives over to investigate. The broker enumerated all the things that were missing, coming finally to a wristwatch, which, he said, bore an inscription. "What kind of an inscription?" asked one of the detectives, pencil poised over notebook. The broker gulped, blushed, and muttered, "To Pierrot from Columbine."

Coronation Ball

WE celebrated the Coronation by going that Wednesday night to the Rockland Palace, a dance hall at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, where the parishioners of St. Ambrose's Episcopal Church, most of them West Indians and loyal Britons, were holding a Coronation Ball. About five thousand guests turned up, a great many of them in costume. Among the small contingent of white folks were Sir Gerald Campbell, British Consul-General in New York, and his lady. All in all, we would call it the gayest Coronation affair held anywhere on the globe, probably. The music was provided by Vernon Andrade's swing band. Couples exhausted by long spells of Suzi-Q or Lindy-hopping could refresh themselves with pigs' feet and beer. The more effete sat in boxes or at tables, and were served fried chicken, ham, cheese, and pork chops. A good many of the guests, we noticed, considered beer too stodgy a drink for the occasion and produced pints of fierier stuff in which to toast the royal couple.

At one o'clock there was a pageant culminating in a reënactment of the Coronation, with Dr. Murcot Wilshire, lay reader of St. Ambrose, acting as the Archbishop of Canterbury. The prettiest and best-dressed lady present, Miss Ulrica Baird, was chosen as Queen. The King was Gordon Ward, much darker than his consort, with a flashing white smile. He wore red knee breeches and a close-fitting scarlet coat, while she was dressed from head to foot in white satin, with a flowing train. Everybody sang "God Save the King" and "Rule Britannia," after which Dr. Wilshire solemnly administered the oath. Then the couple were crowned, the Queen receiving a smaller but no less glittering crown than the King.

The guests in costume were attired variously as Japanese, African chiefs, and English nobles. A chap masquerading as Haile Selassie got the biggest hand; the Lion of Judah is still the idol of Harlem. After the coronation everybody danced again, including the King, his Queen, and the Archbishop. Empty bottles accumulated in corners; the tables were cleared of fried chicken and pork chops. Couples loosened their clothes and slept happily on chairs and tables, while those who were dancing danced more furiously than ever. When we took our leave, the orchestra was swinging a hot version of "God Save the King."

Elegance

HOLLYWOOD, it seems, has been developing its own special conversational etiquette. A friend of ours was recently chatting with a movie executive who, in the middle of an anecdote, broke in on himself to say, "Excuse me for using the present tense."

Best Shot

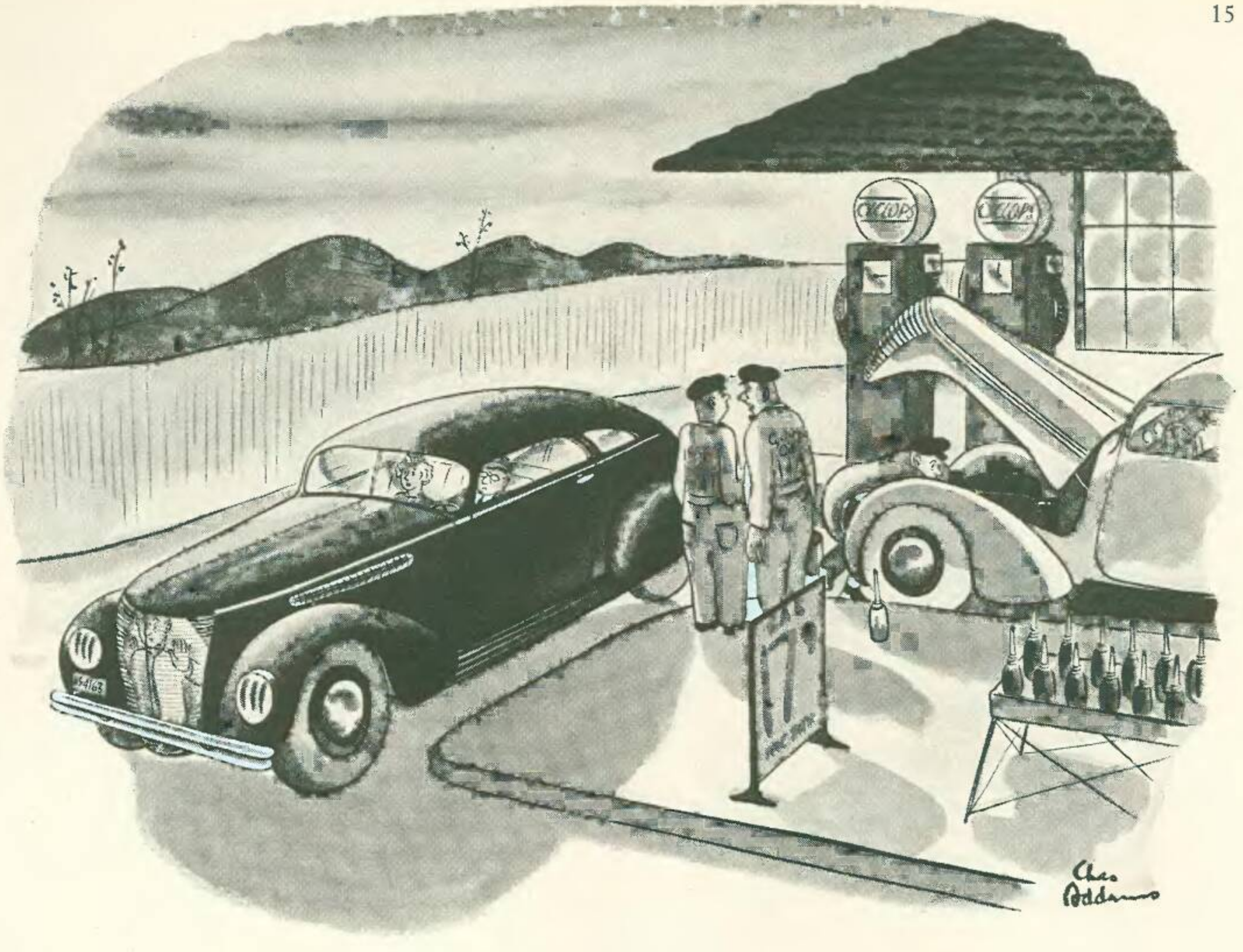
WE were told that the most interesting man in town last week was Mr. Joe Hiestand, so we sought him out at the Travers Island clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club. A day or two before, he had just finished competition in a tournament there, formally renewing his hold on the title of North American amateur doubles trapshooting champion. He is a dark-haired, dolichocephalic gentleman of thirty-one and is regarded definitely as a phenomenon. He is a farm boy from Hillsboro, Ohio, and has been trapshooting only since 1929. In that year a neighbor with whom he hunted in the field persuaded him to enter a small local shoot. He broke twenty-nine targets out of thirty in his first contest, and that afternoon won all the prizes offered, three turkeys. For the next three years he went around to various state meets and shot well, but was no sensation. Then he suddenly developed startlingly. In 1934 at Vandalia, Ohio, where the Grand American Tournament, the grandest trapshooting event in the country, is held, he won the singles, the doubles, and got the best overall score. Singles in trapshooting is shooting at one clay target with one barrel, and doubles is shooting at two targets released simultaneously (and sailing in different directions), first with one barrel and then the other. It is a very neat trick to succeed in the latter, as the targets are projected at fifty miles an hour. Mr. Hiestand's overall score was 878 hits out of 900 targets, a world's record. In 1935 he shaded this record, and in 1936 he did it again, getting 881 out of 900 targets. This makes him the greatest trapshooter of all time, so far as the statistics go.

Mr. Hiestand now travels all around the country, shooting—as an amateur, though, not a professional. Trapshooting is a peculiar sport: the amateurs shoot for money and the professionals, who are employed by gun and powder companies, shoot for trophies. The amateurs pool their entrance fees, and the top four or five contestants in a shoot split the pot. Hiestand spends his winters in Florida and then works northwest through Florida and Alabama, eventually making Salt Lake City, Omaha, Chicago, and Vandalia. He then, with the roars of twelve-gauge shotguns still in his ears, goes back to his father's 650-acre farm outside Hillsboro and helps with the harvesting. He finds that this work restores his nerves and eagle eye.

Last fall, Mr. Hiestand went big-game hunting in the Montana Rockies and (with a rifle) shot a moose, which was a legal error. He was upset when told what he'd done and notified the state game department. They didn't do anything to Mr. Hiestand because of his reputation, and the fact that he hadn't been told there were any moose in Montana. The game department appropriated the moose, however, and auctioned it off. Mr. Hiestand never heard what they got for it.

Reassurance

THE trials of people who write big, heavy books are many, not the least of them being a feeling of responsibility toward readers. Miss Margaret Mitchell, who wrote you know what, recently received from an old lady in



"Now Hardingham's gone. That's the third man we've lost in two weeks."

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Urbana, Illinois, a long letter expressing her admiration of Miss Mitchell's work and saying she hoped that there would be a sequel—"not," the old lady added, wistfully, "that I'm likely to live to read it." Miss Mitchell hastened to reply. Yes, she said, there was to be a sequel, all about the same people. "And," her letter concluded, "everything will work out all right for everyone."

House of Tomorrow

YOU have probably heard of the House of Tomorrow at the North American Homes Exposition in Madison Square Garden, a real little house that was put together in seven or eight days. We went over to see it at a time when it was still possible to get a whiff of the Ringling elephants, and before, unfortunately, the furnishings had been installed. The construction staff had about finished the House, however, and overhead many yards of bright-blue cheesecloth—the Sky of Tomorrow—were being tacked into place. The House was designed by Mr. Wallace K. Harrison, one of the architects of Rockefeller Center and the coming World's Fair. It's of one story, flat-roofed, conspicuous for its steel and glass, and, we thought, quite nice-looking. It is sponsored by the *Ladies' Home Journal* and is said to have cost about $75,000. Its most noticeable feature, perhaps, is the living room, which juts out from the rest of the house into the garden. It is semicircular and its outer wall is of five panels of glass curved to the "invisibility" of those new show windows around town. If there are any boys about, they'll play croquet, presumably, not baseball. In warm weather, you press a button, the glass panels sink down into the ground, and you step right out of your living room into the garden—although by that time the living room really *is* the garden. Mr. Harrison has been quoted as saying that he is indebted to the Persians for this little idea. A Persian who's been out in the desert all day likes to come home and sit amid a bit of greenery, so his house and his garden are pretty much all one, architecturally speaking.

At one side of the back (and only flat) wall of the living room is a sliding wall, which opens onto the dining room. Behind the dining room are the kitchen, a laundry, and a maid's room. Abaft these are an entrance hall, a library, a bedroom, and a bathroom, the last of translucent white glass with a luminous ceiling. The House of Tomorrow is small, in its present conception; no room for a baby or a nurse, apparently, although in the library a wall slides out, a bed appears, and you are in a position to take care of one unexpected guest. A sliding plate-glass wall divides the bedroom in two, making one end of it into a dressing room, and the bedroom windows operate by thermostat; you can also set the apparatus so that they'll close themselves a little while before it's time to get up. Even the garden wall of this house has its surprise. It is ten feet high and cuts you off from the world as thoroughly as you might wish, but if

you're in the mood, you can press the right button and, directly opposite the living room, two gates open and back you can sit, looking out at the view—the Sound, let us say, or the mountains. The Persians never had anything like that.

We've been told that Mr. Harrison thinks his house could be constructed for half what the present one cost if enough of them were built at one time, but it still seems pretty small to us for $37,500.

Checkup

WE'VE heard from a girl who, after living a year or so in a hotel, recently moved out and took an apartment. Upon moving into the hotel, she had given the names of several of her friends as references, but the management hadn't bothered to write to any of them. It was a little surprising, therefore, that as soon as she had left the place, her friends began receiving from the management discreet inquiries as to her character, financial responsibility, etc. Learning of this, she called up in some indignation and demanded an explanation. What she got was more cryptic than enlightening. "We are merely completing our records," they told her.



"And please help me to go to town tomorrow in American History!"

Golden Roe

IT is a great mistake, marking one as something less than a gourmet, to suppose that the only varieties of caviar are the inexpensive red and the costly black. There is a third kind, very rare, which is a bright yellow. At the moment, M. Antoine Dadone, proprietor of the Vendôme and one of the city's biggest caviar retailers, is in possession of two pounds of the stuff—first he's had, or has heard of in this country, since 1915. It was all a great stroke of good fortune. One day last month the manager of one of M. Dadone's restaurants, the Caviar, called up to report that there was something funny about one of his tins of caviar. "It looks spoiled," he told M. Dadone. "It's all yellow." M. Dadone hurried around, recognized the yellow caviar as the piscatorial equivalent of a collector's item, and immediately put it under lock and key. There were originally four pounds, and he still has two pounds left. He doesn't offer it for sale; just lets favorite customers have a taste. He let Major Bowes have a taste, and the Major liked it. When we called on M. Dadone to investigate the story, he gave us a taste, too, and we liked it; found it a bit more mellow than the black variety. He told us that he wouldn't sell it for less than $50 a pound. (The best beluga brings only $15.) When we asked who would pay $50 for a pound of caviar, he asked, simply, "Who buys diamonds at Cartier's?"

The golden caviar came in by mistake from Astrakhan, in a shipment of black caviar. It was unnoticed by Amtorg, the importer, and by the wholesaler, a Mr. Jules Weber. The golden caviar that M. Dadone had in 1915 got in by mistake, too. Ordinarily, the yearly take is so small that there's barely enough to go around among the state officials of Russia. (Much as low automobile licence numbers go to Tammany politicians.) M. Dadone gave a pound of his 1915 golden caviar to the Russian Consul here, a Mr. Tretiakoff, and Mr. Tretiakoff was so grateful that he kept the caviar-import channels open for M. Dadone during the World War. That's how grateful a Russian is if you give him a pound of golden caviar.

Nobody seems to know why golden caviar is golden. A man at Amtorg to whom we phoned told us that it comes at certain seasons from the beluga or Osetrina sturgeon, ordinary yielders of the black variety. On the other hand, a man at the Romanoff Caviar Company said flatly that it comes from a rare breed that yields no other variety. We asked the reason for this, icthyologically, but he couldn't help us much. "It's the same as humans," he told us. "Some are blonds, some are brunets."

More Inscriptions

IN the East Fifties, one of our roving sign-readers found a somewhat involved curse chalked on the sidewalk: "Nuts to all the boys on East Fifty-fourth Street between Second and



"Before the tornado my hair was as straight as a string."

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Third Avenue. Sally." And in Bermuda one of our foreign correspondents chanced upon a little Negro boy who was printing with charcoal on a white wall the word "Bosom."

Tree-Pickler

HUGO MARTIN KANT is at present the only man in the city we know in the business of fireproofing trees. Just how crowded the industry will eventually become we haven't the faintest idea, but since the Lum's Restaurant fire on Lexington Avenue last year, in which nine people died, the Department of Buildings has been particularly careful to see that only flame-proof decorations, rustic or otherwise, are installed in places of public assembly. This hasn't hurt Mr. Kant's business any. The business is named Botanical Industries of America, Inc., and it is carried on at 123-5 West Twentieth Street in two aging, three-story brick buildings—fire-insuranced. Every year Mr. Kant sends 1,000 fireproofed Christmas wreaths to Childs. He supplied the fireproofed pines that you saw covered with snow at the Winter Sports Show at Madison Square Garden last year, and the fireproofed larches, birches, and cedars at the National Sportsmen's Show in Grand Central Palace. Proprietors of outdoor cafés don't have to have their shrubbery fireproofed, but some of them are doing it. Mr. Kant has had orders this year from Number One Fifth Avenue, the Essex Casino-on-the-Park, and Dave's Blue Room.

Mr. Kant's process takes twenty-four hours, and the tree is pickled in a vat. It is bleached first, then it is dyed, then it is pickled, and finally it is fireproofed. The process is Mr. Kant's unpatented secret. At the finish, you can't burn it with a blowtorch. Mr. Kant, a chemist, fifty years old, rather rotund, and always busy, was born in Kilchberg, Switzerland. He studied chemistry at the Universities of Zurich, Bonn, Fribourg, and Munich, getting a *summa cum laude* in the science at Fribourg. He came to New York as a free-lance chemist in 1916, when things were pretty much upset in Europe, and did all right, rediscovering a vegetable khaki-dye compound (logwood, orseille, and Lima wood) used by the Indians. Then he went to work for a dyeing company in Newark. On the declaration of war by this country, he was commandeered by the federal government, and for two years lived under the surveillance of a detective named Dan, whose last name he never learned. Daily, Dan called for Mr. Kant in the morning at his home in Orange; accompanied him to a government factory in Newark, where Mr. Kant supervised the dyeing of khaki shirts; hung around outside; and took Mr. Kant home. Dan even went fishing with Mr. Kant once. The whole episode is not very clear to him, but he knows it happened. The war over, Mr. Kant returned to Europe in 1918.

Mr. Kant married, and in 1921 came back to this country. After experimenting with the preservation and fireproofing of plant fibres, he started his present business in 1924. His first sale was to Woolworth's—some sea grass. Now he sells the Board of Education some 3,000 pounds of grass annually for kids in New York City schools to weave with. The Roosevelt Hotel takes his palms, Ruppert's Brewery is a fine customer for hundreds of pounds of oak leaves each month to decorate lattices in bars, and the National Casket Company orders about 10,000 palms a year for use as background in its funeral parlors through the country. The only big order that Mr. Kant has turned down lately came from Texas. The Standard Oil there wanted him to fireproof about 200,000 small boxwoods that they had growing in a nursery. The trees, after fireproofing, were to be used as tubbed decorations in gas stations. "I had to say the hell with it," said Mr. Kant. "It would have taken me the rest of my life."

Free Association

A LADY we know took her child to the Zoo last week, and there noticed one of those little men so common in our city, the kind of little man who talks, or reads, out loud to himself. His procedure was to read the signs on the animals' cages—first the English name, then the Latin; then he would stare at the animal in question for a moment, and move on. Rather fascinated by this, the lady went from cage to cage with him, finally arriving at the bison. (In the case of the bison, as you all know, the Latin name is the same as the English.) The sign just repeats the word, thus: "Bison. *Bison.*" For some reason, this seemed to set the little man back on his heels. He read the two words carefully, "Bison. Bison." Then he thought for a long moment, with furrowed brow. At length his face cleared, and he murmured happily, "Simone Simon."

THE SCIENTIFIC MIND

SISTER MARY AGATHA, the Mother Superior, is almost notorious for the light hand with which she rules the convent, and it is said that the Bishop himself once begged her, in the interests of the Church and of his own peace of mind, to institute a more severe discipline. This suggestion is supposed to have followed the unhappy chance by which one of Sister Cecelia's rabbits from the biology laboratory escaped and made its way out to the altar of the chapel, crowding in blinking bewilderment between the Bishop's feet as he stood and prayed; but, whatever the truth of the matter, the Mother Superior remained as lenient as before.

And now, as she sat in her office cogitating the evidence in the latest scandal that threatened the quiet of the convent, she was aware that she must be severe to an extent far beyond her nature. It was her bounden duty to make an example of Sister Eileen. For three months there had been a series of naughty incidents, and this latest misfortune was the final straw.

All the distress had begun with the installation of the elevator three months before. The convent building was five stories high, and, as the nuns aged, it had become more and more apparent that they could not hope to negotiate both their duties and the stairs. The Mother Superior herself was one day found seated upon a landing between the fourth and fifth floors, panting like a puppy after a chase. It was, therefore, no very difficult matter to begin a whisper concerning the need of an elevator in the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, a whisper that passed from lip to lip until the Bishop, through Monsignor Egan, was apprised of the fact.

The Bishop, a man by no means thin, at first pooh-poohed the suggestion. His attitude was reported to the Mother Superior, who almost instantly planned the strategy of her campaign and issued an invitation to the Bishop to come to tea. The Bishop, in whom the taste for hot biscuits and melted butter was both fine and ripe, consented, and a very pleasant half-hour passed before the Mother Superior, deeming the bait well taken, began reeling in the victim.

"Bishop," she said in her softest and most thoughtful tones, "I wonder if you know how the roof has been leaking lately?"

The Bishop was dismayed to hear such news. A hot biscuit melted upon his tongue. "Outrageous," he cried, "outrageous! It's very strange that Monsignor Egan did not inform me. I must speak to him about that."

"We mustn't blame him," said the Mother Superior, her voice like honey. "Monsignor Egan is an old man and not in such very good condition."

"Ha!" said the Bishop. "That's so." He glanced momentarily at his by no means slender front. Another hot biscuit was passed to him, and with it the suggestion that he might himself prefer to examine the damaged roof.

"Thank you, they are delicious. Why, yes, of course I will."

They shortly started the climb, and watching them, from behind doors to the best of appearances tightly closed, were a score of nuns. At the second floor the Bishop, it was quickly whispered about, was still smiling and chatting, but Sister Anastasia, stationed on the third floor, detected a shortening in the Bishop's breath, and it was evident to any number of eyes that he no longer spoke. When he passed the door to the chapel on the fourth floor, and the nest of conspirators hidden at that vantage point, his eyes appeared glazed and his breath was breaking stertorously from his throat; and as he reached the fifth floor, his hands unsteady upon the rail, his full cheeks suffused with blood, there was a general certainty that the funds necessary for an elevator would be speedily granted.

This was the case. The Bishop glanced at the leaking roof, which was not, in all truth, more than a single shingle might repair, and as he and the Mother Superior made a slow, pontifical descent, they could be heard animatedly discussing the measurements and cost of an elevator to be erected within a few weeks at the outside.

BUT this shining modern improvement, once it was installed, had seemed to the Mother Superior to be almost as much the plaything of the Devil himself as the staff of their old age. From the day of its installation, the number of naughty incidents and the increase in the laxity of the discipline of the convent rose in a hyperbolic graph, out of sight and out of patience, until the Mother Superior rued the day in which the Bishop was captured by biscuits and tormented by stairs, and she was heard to sigh that it was better to lose one's breath than to lose one's mind.

In the first place, the elevator was, except for a vacuum cleaner that had been presented by a former student as a gift, the only mechanical device with which any of the nuns had ever become familiar. To the majority of them, long-distance telephoning had remained a major mystery, an improbable trick of science that it was no part of a proper religious life to discover, and it was commonly said that the substitution of buses for trolleys in the city streets had hurried more than one timorous and failing nun to her reward. When this cage within a shaft, therefore, was set up for their convenience, it was greeted both with delight and with fear, much as a child will hold a lighted firecracker in his hand, shivering with terror lest it explode before it is thrown, and trembling with joy that it fizzes so dangerously close.

The elevator was, obviously, the latest and safest design known to engineers, and its operation was comfortably simple to those who demonstrated it to the assembled nuns when first it was put into use. But it developed that this very simplicity was a drawback. The fact that there was no operator, but only a row of inanimate buttons upon a wall of the cage, and that, to move upward or downward as one chose, one had but to indicate with a finger the desired floor—this was *too* simple; it was, plainly, altogether false.

It was not until the Mother Superior had executed a few trial flights without undue peril, passing from floor to floor with a little, uncertain smile upon her lips as she pressed the various buttons and awaited eternity, not until, indeed, the Bishop himself had, with all his great weight, ascended to the roof without calamity, that the nuns accepted their toy for the great pleasure that was hidden in it. Once they accepted it, their passion of excitement, whetted by fear and the murmuring of prayers, was twice as great as ever it could have been if they had not regarded all machinery as the handmaiden of Satan. They were as jubilant over being the master of four steel walls and some mysteriously invisible cables as they would have been over ousting wickedness from the hearts of a thousand sinners. Instead of improving the swift completion of their tasks, instead of conserving their strength for the proper labors of the Church, this toy became their sin.

THE Mother Superior was the most patient of women. She would, she had thought at first, leave her charges,



"Well, one of us has to wave <u>something</u>."

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like children, to exhaust the pleasure of the new toy and to take up their duties with greater happiness when all the novelty of buttons and semi-celestial flights had worn away, but, perhaps because Science and Religion had ever been at odds, the novelty would not vanish with the passing days. The sin deepened. Like naughty children, the nuns plumbed the possibilities of their toy, finding new complications and inventing undreamed-of permutations of numbers and buttons, far out of the understanding of the lenient Mother Superior.

It was Sister Eileen who had gone too far. She was the most adventurous one in the convent. It had been she,

years before, who had held the vacuum cleaner over the sink to see if it would suck up water; it had been she who had fed Billy, the lame goat, the dregs of a discarded bottle of liquor that had been thrown by a passerby upon the convent lawn.

The Mother Superior had sensed that Sister Eileen would get into trouble sooner or later with the elevator, and she had privately made up her mind that when the Sister had gone just one step too far, she would reprimand the entire convent, and send them about their business with a measure of that discipline for which the Bishop was so constantly and vainly searching.

It had apparently been Sister Eileen who first discovered that in the instant before someone had pressed the button within the elevator it was possible for someone else, standing outside the shaft and on another floor, to direct the elevator to the floor on which she waited by pressing the "Call" button. The clashing of the elevator doors could be heard from floor to floor, so any mischief-maker might easily determine when a nun had entered the cage and was preparing to press one of the operating buttons. The result was that a poor Sister could be lifted up and down from floor to floor, willy-nilly as the summer wind, from attic to cellar, without any recourse save to prayer. And even prayer, while one was being lifted and dropped without rhyme or reason, within a shaft that was increasingly cold and insensate, seemed somehow ineffectual and more fond than sane. The main body of the nuns began to whisper a little against Sister Eileen because of the silent skill with which she sent them all from floor to floor against their will, and it was inevitable that the Mother Superior should hear of her mischief.

One day, indeed, Sister Eileen was so ill-advised in spirit as to carry the Mother Superior herself from her office, not to the chapel, as the good Mother had intended, but to the cellar, where Sister Eileen was at that moment stationed. The Mother Superior, patient woman that she was, spoke to Sister Eileen kindly as she stepped out into the dark basement, attributing the misguided flight to a temporary aberration on the part of the machine. It was not until the same accident had been repeated several times, and not until the firm that had installed the elevator swore by the sacred and the profane that there was no flaw in any of their work, that the Mother Superior consented to listen to the whispers of all those who had been so tricked by Sister Eileen.

FINALLY, the day came on which Sister Eileen simply went too far.

The Mother Superior was entertaining the Bishop at tea, with no more ulterior thought in mind than that he should enjoy his hot buttered biscuit without knowing what strife and fatal disarray the bounty of his previous visits had unwittingly begun. The moment at last arrived when that good man, amply filled with the sweet taste of high tea, suggested that it would be a pleasure to examine the repairs about the roof and cupola that had been completed in his absence.

The Mother Superior softly hinted that there was little to see. Indeed, it was difficult for her to discover where the repairs had been made, they had in every case been accomplished with so much skill.

"Good, good," said the Bishop heartily. "Let's go up and look."

They stood in the hall before the closed door of the elevator shaft, and with her heart praying that Sister Eileen

I SAY TO YOU, CHEERIO

It pleasures me, at end of day,
To hear Boake Carter's baleful lay,
The lullaby of world decay
  When Boake
  Has spoke.

I like to hear him summon us
With all things ominous:
  Munition makers, plotting gain,
  Asylums bulging with insane,
  Cancers that give no hint of pain,
  Insurgency in northern Spain,
  And rivers swollen with the rain.
    For Boake
    Has spoke,
    And it's no joke.



The tired world is slowly swooning
To Philco's automatic tuning.
  I close my eyes, and through my head
  The legions of despair are led.
  I hear their heavy, ruthless tread,
  And shudder with ethereal dread
  At news by Boake interpreted.
    For he is master
    Of disaster.

I like to hear the deep, sharp croaking
Of Boake, when he is really Boaking;
  The sinister Carterial thesis:
  A battleship is blown to pieces,
  A town is stricken with paresis,
  A mad king slays his favorite nieces,
  Men strike, plants close, and all work ceases.
    Millions are restive under the yoke,
    Aren't they, Boake?

Oh, twist the dial at end of day,
And hear the prelude to decay,
The Philcolossal world dismay:
  The market breaks—a Fascist scare,
  Twelve Roman priests are bombed at prayer,
  A hundred G-men raid the . . .
    But I see my time is
    up, and so I say to
    you . . . Cheerio!
      —E. B. W.



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might be far from mischief's path, the Mother Superior pressed the "Call" button. A whirring began far overhead in the mysterious box that housed the genius of the machine, and at that moment Monsignor Egan came bustling down the hall, his white hair awry and his little, round, black front bobbing with the unwonted exertions of his stride. He bowed to the Mother Superior and addressed himself stammeringly to the Bishop.

"Bishop Tierney is coming," he bubbled. "All the way from Philadelphia. We ought to welcome him at the Rectory, I suppose."

"Bud Tierney? I'll be right along!" The good Bishop's pink cheeks were one vast canyon of a smile. "Mother Superior," he said, "you must forgive me. I simply have to go. I wanted so much to see—but you understand."

The Mother Superior nodded. "By all means," she said, her voice like honey.

Monsignor Egan and the Bishop turned and started with uneven strides down the long, shadowy lengths of the hall. The door of the elevator opened behind the Mother Superior, and she turned to close it again, since the need of it had vanished in another cause.

The Mother Superior, who was a seemly woman, only gasped. For there, standing in terrified dismay in the bright square of the elevator, his yellow eyes troubled and his hocks trembling, stood Billy, the lame goat. Untouched on the floor beneath his beard lay the obvious bait of lettuce leaves and carrots, for Billy, appalled out of all appetite by his sudden flight, had no stomach for anything but fear.

The Mother Superior left Billy standing where he was, and, setting her kindly lips in an even, thin line, marched straight for her office. She met Sister Anastasia at the door.

"You will please send for Sister Eileen," the Mother Superior said. "I want to see her immediately. Here."

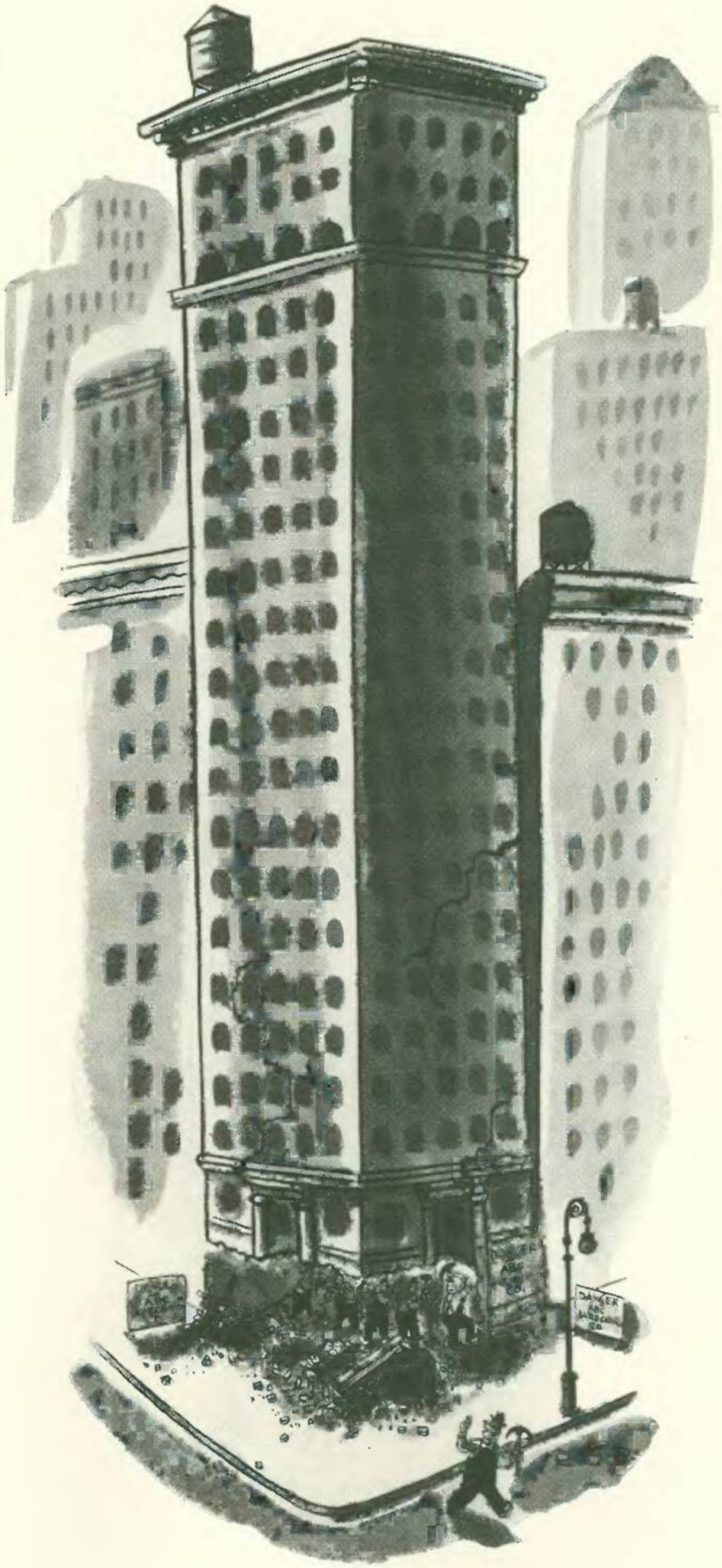
She could not keep from her mind the yellow, troubled eyes of Billy, the lame goat. She would be firm, she would be severe; it was what the Bishop would have demanded.

—Brendan Gill

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A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. Chalminski, of Sharp Hill Road, without either the aid of electricity or heat.
—*Ridgefield (Conn.) Press.*

Well, there must have been something electric in the air, just the same.



"All right, all right, have it your own way then!"

THE REVOLT OF THE CELEBRITIES

THE candid-camera situation became critical in the autumn of 1938. There had been rumblings of discontent for some time among the public figures who comprised the bulk of the fodder for the candid cameras, but there was no actual violence until one morning early in November of that year, when Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, possessor of one of the most public figures in the country, discovered a candid cameraman hiding in her shower bath and, in a fit of pique at what she considered an unwarranted invasion of her privacy, turned the hot water on the fellow.

This was the signal for sporadic attacks on candid cameramen at many points, and it marked the beginning of the revolt of the celebrities.

It is hard to say just when the tide of reaction against the candid camera set in. Several events occurred at approximately the same time, any one of which might have been the straw that broke the camel's back.

It may have been the Wilfred P. Cantlepoole incident. Cantlepoole, youthful heir to the Cantlepoole-headache-powder millions, wanted to propose to pretty Mercedes van Threece, and wanted to do it in private. This in itself was flying in the face of convention, because it had become the custom for youthful tycoons to do all their proposing at El Morocco in the presence of a battery of candid cameras. But Cantlepoole spirited Mercedes to a remote inn fifty miles from El Morocco, and there asked her if she would make him the happiest multimillionaire in the world. The next day an excellent candid-camera study of the proposal covered the front page of a leading pictorial daily.

It had been snapped by Miss van Threece, who was a secret candid-camera addict. The incident caused thoughtful celebrities to wonder whither photography was drifting.

On the other hand, the straw might have been the rather shabby trick the cameramen played on Miss Elsa Maxwell. Miss Maxwell had spent no little time and effort planning a surprise party for a thoroughbred cow of her acquaintance, and had hoped that she and her guests (all thoroughbreds, too) would be able to assemble in peace and quiet to do honor to their bovine friend. She was living in a fool's paradise in hoping any such thing. When, dressed in a pair of dungarees and a corncob pipe, she started to milk the cow, fourteen candid cameramen who had sneaked into the gathering disguised as Mr. and Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart snapped her in the act. Miss Maxwell was justly furious at this invasion of her privacy.

That was the sort of thing celebrities had to endure in 1937. Pretty soon nobody had any privacy at all. Tommy Manville was photographed in bed with coryza. The candid cameramen invaded the theatre and clicked away at John Gielgud until he thought some plagiarist in the audience was taking down "To be or not to be" on a typewriter. Notables never knew how or when they had been photographed candidly.

Maiden ladies, provided they were also notables with a news value, took to looking under their beds at night for candid cameramen instead of burglars. Burglars shared the general consternation. Several of the more noted Long Island second-story men had been the victims of rather embarrassing candid photographs, snapped while they were at work. One influential bank robber became so unnerved when a teller popped a candid camera at him during a job that he dropped $20,000 in bills, rushed home in a pet, and wrote letters to the newspapers denouncing the candid-camera "menace" and urging a campaign to restrict their sale, with "Stop Selling These!" as a slogan.

All things considered, there was bound to be trouble. The wonder is the explosion didn't occur before the day the aggrieved Miss Lee turned the hot shower on the cameraman.

Public sentiment immediately rallied around G. R. Lee, to a man. The public loved Miss Lee because of her distinguished services to suffering humanity and her courageous championship of the oppressed and downtrodden of all nations.

A few sentimental busybodies and milksop pacifists attempted to make a martyr of the drenched photographer, pointing out that his suit had shrunk as a result of Dame Lee's "ruthlessness" and that his camera had rusted.

"Good!" was the only, but vociferous, reply of the embattled celebrities, and the fight was on, with "Back to the Daguerreotype!" as the war cry of the public figures.

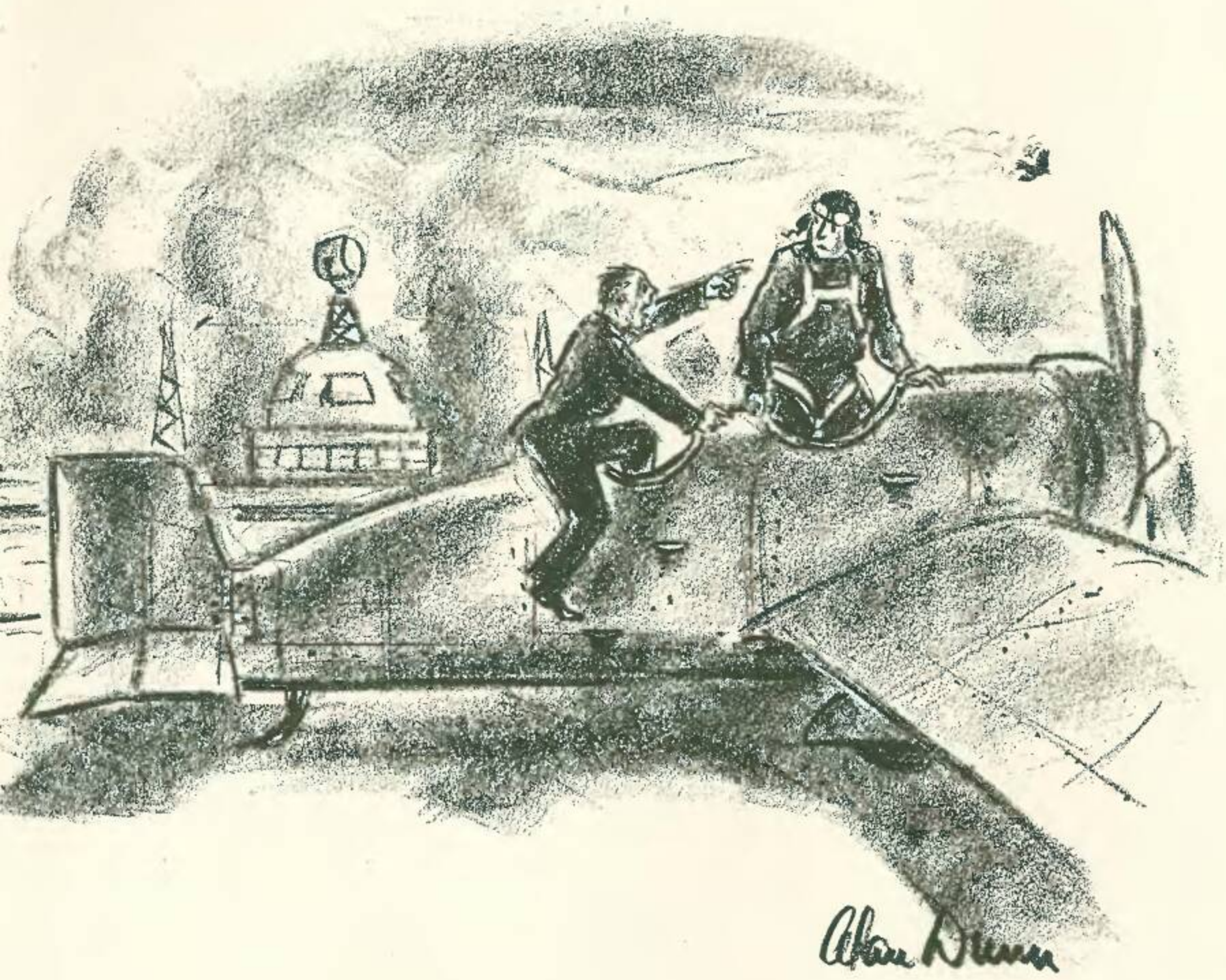
In March of 1939 the notables launched their famous spring offensive. At a given signal they rushed upon the candid photographers and started photographing *them* candidly. The carnage was something awful, for the celebrities were amateurs. They got their films mixed, they took double exposures, and they focussed atrociously. When the candid cameramen saw the resulting snapshots, they cried "Atrocity!," "Uncle!," and "No fair!," but the celebrities retorted that all is fair in love and war, and added that love and war are two of the richest fields for candid photography.

The infuriated cameramen struck back hard. They sat down. Wouldn't take any more pictures. It proved to be a master stroke.

At first the notables cried "Victory!"



"I was voted the biggest heel in school, Mamma!"



"Follow that pigeon!"

• • •

Two weeks passed, during which not one single photograph of any celebrity appeared anywhere.

At the end of the fortnight an ominous stillness filled the air. Never before had celebrities gone for so long without being photographed. Many of them began to take on that harried look that comes over a cocaine fiend when he is deprived of his stimulant for too long. Farsighted celebrities began to wonder if perhaps the victory that had been cried so jubilantly two weeks back had been perhaps a Pyrrhic one.

The ordeal was particularly tough on the society girls who, without realizing it, had grown to depend on those photographs snapped daily as they walked Park Avenue with their chows. More fragile than some of the hardier notables (Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, for instance, was able to go unphotographed for five whole weeks of the baseball season before he collapsed and took to his bed), they felt the strain sooner and more keenly. Fine lines, crow's-feet, began to appear around the eyes of the fair luncheon guests at the Colony and other fashionable restaurants. Signs of irritation showed. The girls began to bark at each other; the well-bred coos which, with the crunching of lark wings and the tinkle of the right fork, had provided that rich susurrus so characteristic of lunchtime at the Colony gave way to slightly hysterical yips.

Curiously, Mrs. Smith Blysterre was the first to crack, the same Mrs. Blysterre who, murmuring "Such a bore, really!," had always shielded one side of her face with a serviette whenever a cameraman aimed at her, provided she was sure another cameraman was aiming at the unshielded side at the time.

Spying Jerome Zerbe one day, Mrs. Blysterre gave a horrid shriek which caused those who heard it to pity her, rushed upon Mr. Zerbe, seized his camera, and turned it on herself.

Mr. Zerbe was unmoved.

"There is no film in that camera," he said, sternly.

The first mass defection from the ranks of the celebrities came in May, when the famous manifesto was issued from the powder room at Twenty-one by thirty-seven débutantes, each of whom had been photographed some time having a highball at a nightclub with Woolie Donahue. In the manifesto, the girls demanded justice and equal rights for candid cameramen, and insisted that peace negotiations be instituted forthwith. These girls were joined a day later by forty-three others, who had been reported engaged to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt at one time or another, and widely photographed on the strength of that rumor.

A week later, when Elsa Maxwell sent out a peace feeler by inviting the entire *Daily News* staff of photographers—and the staff of *Life*—to a masquerade she was giving for a bison she had met on a ranch in Colorado, it was obvious that the morale of the celebrities was cracking.

This caused grave concern at Washington, for a nation's weakest link is its celebrities. If they crack, the national structure is endangered. Secretary Perkins was just about to ask Governor Murphy to do something about it when the whole matter was settled simply and quickly by an unexpected development.

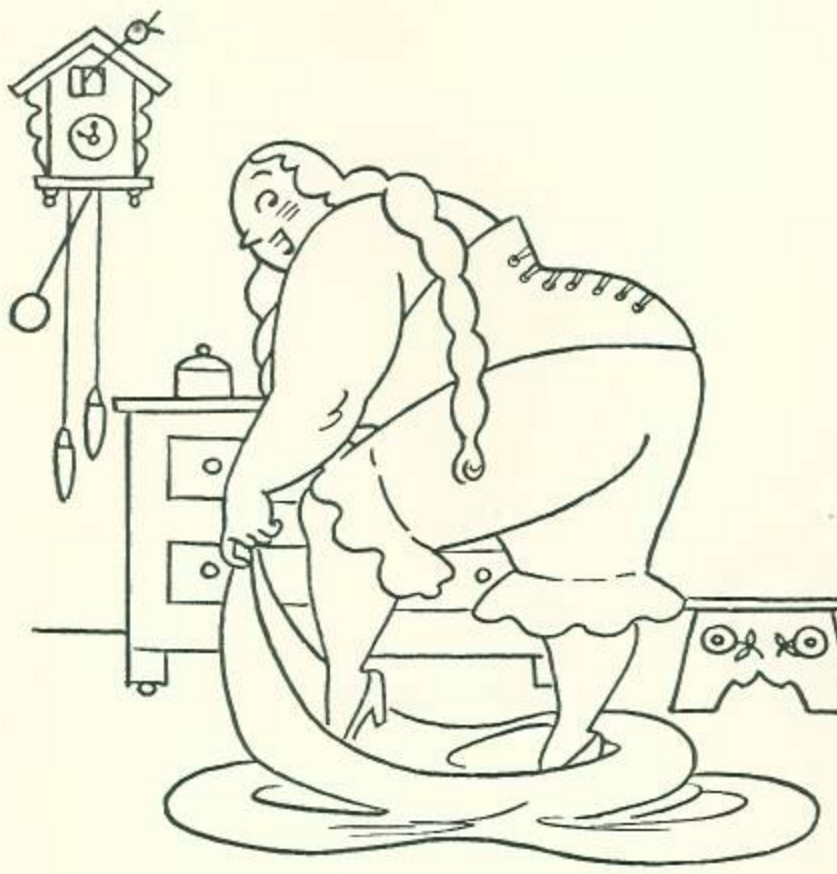
Television—at last—sprang fully accoutred from the brow of David Sarnoff!

It made the candid camera look like a tintype. What was the use of concealing a cameraman in G. R. Lee's shower when you could get her whole apartment direct from your fireside by a twist of the dial on the television machine?

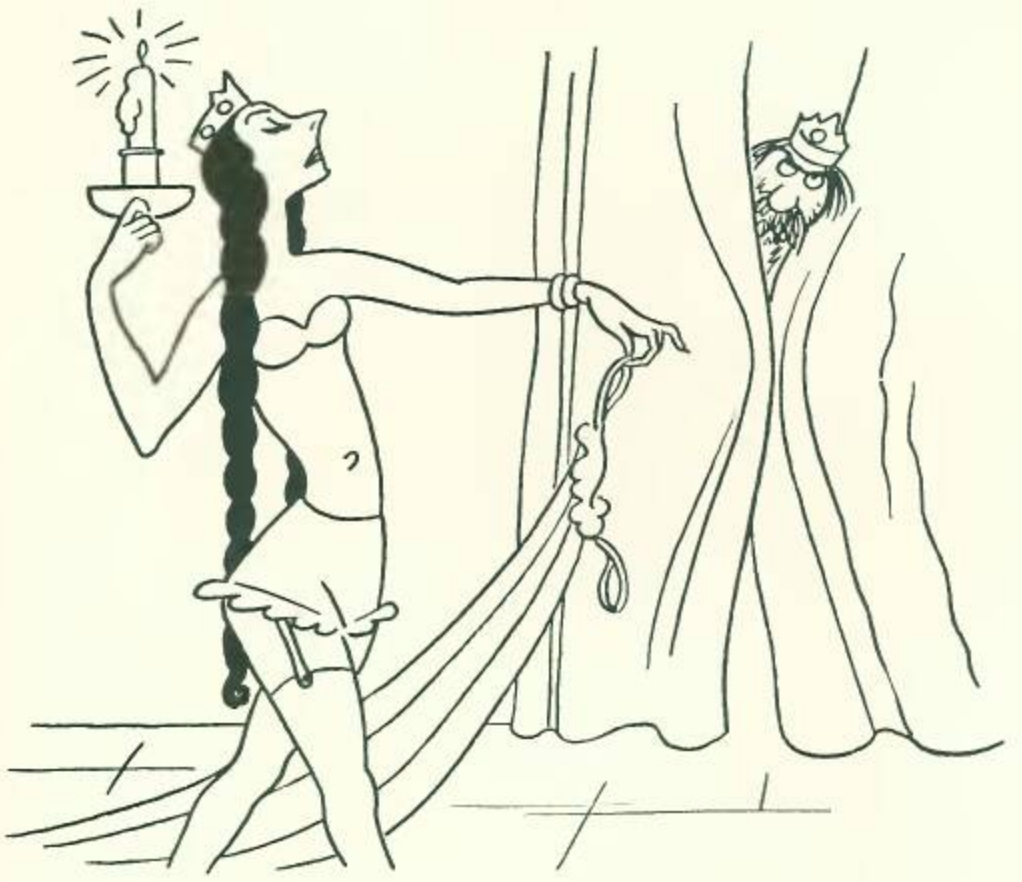
The revolt of the celebrities against the candid cameras collapsed overnight. There was no longer anything to revolt against. The developments which followed the introduction of television—the invention a few months later of candid television and the revolt, one week later, of the entire nation against *that*—form a story on a much grander scale, which we shall have to reserve for our next meeting.

—Frank Sullivan

THE ART OF STRIP~TEASING, DRIVEN FROM BURLESQUE, SEEKS OTHER OUTLETS



Marguerite dreams of Faust



"All the perfumes of Arabia . . ."



"The quality of mercy is not strain'd, it droppeth . . ."



"Soft you now! The fair Ophelia . . ."



PROFILES

ARTIE



Artie McGovern

IN 1910, Artie McGovern, now the head of McGovern's Gymnasium, then a better-than-average fly-weight prizefighter, broke a knuckle in his right hand during a bout at the National Sporting Club on West Forty-fourth Street with a fellow named Young Reilly. Few people can have profited so directly and so generously from a misfortune as Artie did from that one.

He went on to win the fight, and later had the fracture set by a doctor around the corner. Breaking a bone in the hand is a more or less routine affair to a boxer, so for a couple of weeks thereafter he had no reason to suppose that the good fairies were already at work, bringing about a change in his estate. At the end of that time, however, it became apparent that the bone had been badly set; when it healed, the joint was so stiff that he could hardly use the hand, and he was faced with the possibility that he might have to give up fighting altogether.

It happened that at the moment Artie was deeply involved in another venture. He had saved six thousand dollars, and invested the sum in a fleet of four taxicabs. The taxicab industry was less crowded than it is now, and it looked like a profitable side line for a young fighter. It soon proved otherwise. His cabs revealed a special susceptibility to accidents. They were always ramming other cars or getting rammed themselves; one of them was flattened against an "L" pillar by a streetcar; they came in regularly with dented fenders or busted radiators. Artie might have adopted a philosophical attitude if he had been in shape to win battles in the ring as fast as his cabs lost them in the streets. His injury, however, put a different face on the matter.

Somewhat desperate, he went to the Cornell clinic on First Avenue, where he was turned over to Dr. William Hills Sheldon. Sheldon examined Artie's hand and told him that articulation could be restored to it by controlled exercises and electric "baking," but it would take constant treatment and time. Soon after he began the treatments, the garage in which Artie stored his cabs burned down. The cabs, uninsured, were destroyed. Artie may be pardoned for not recognizing this latest incident as just one more stroke of handsome luck.

ARTIE, then as now, was a likable fellow. Born far over on West Thirty-seventh Street, the eldest of a numerous Irish family, he had got into boxing by the newsboy route, with little formal education on the way. He was twenty-three at the time his hand went back on him, and had already had more than two hundred fights, but he was far from being the conventional type of stumblebum. He was spry, alert, and intelligent; and, as his treatments progressed, a friendship developed between himself and Sheldon, on the basis of which the Doctor made a suggestion. It was that Artie become a sort of physical director to the patients in the charity ward, many of whom, in the Doctor's opinion, were as much in need of systematic exercise as of anything else. "There won't be a cent in it for you," Sheldon explained. "But you'll have the run of the hospital and you're likely to learn something, and maybe someday you'll be able to start a little gym of your own."

That was exactly what happened. The burning garage had had a smell of burned bridges to Artie. He took up the Doctor's suggestion; and later on, with Sheldon's backing, he also got the job of physical director at the New York Physicians' Club, a post which, incidentally, paid him a salary. His hand, meanwhile, had improved to the point where he could have made a stab at fighting again if he had wanted to. But by now he didn't want to; instead, he opened the little gym that Sheldon had foreseen. It was located above Durland's riding academy, at 5 West Sixty-sixth Street; and with Artie's medical friends recommending it to their patients, it prospered.

He kept his connection with the clinic, however, until 1919; he was learning a good deal about the mechanics of the human body through his position there, and he knew the value of such information. Indeed, it was from his experiences there that he developed his unique theory of physical exercise, a theory that he supports by a good deal of learned talk—and by anatomical charts and X-ray photographs too, if given a chance.

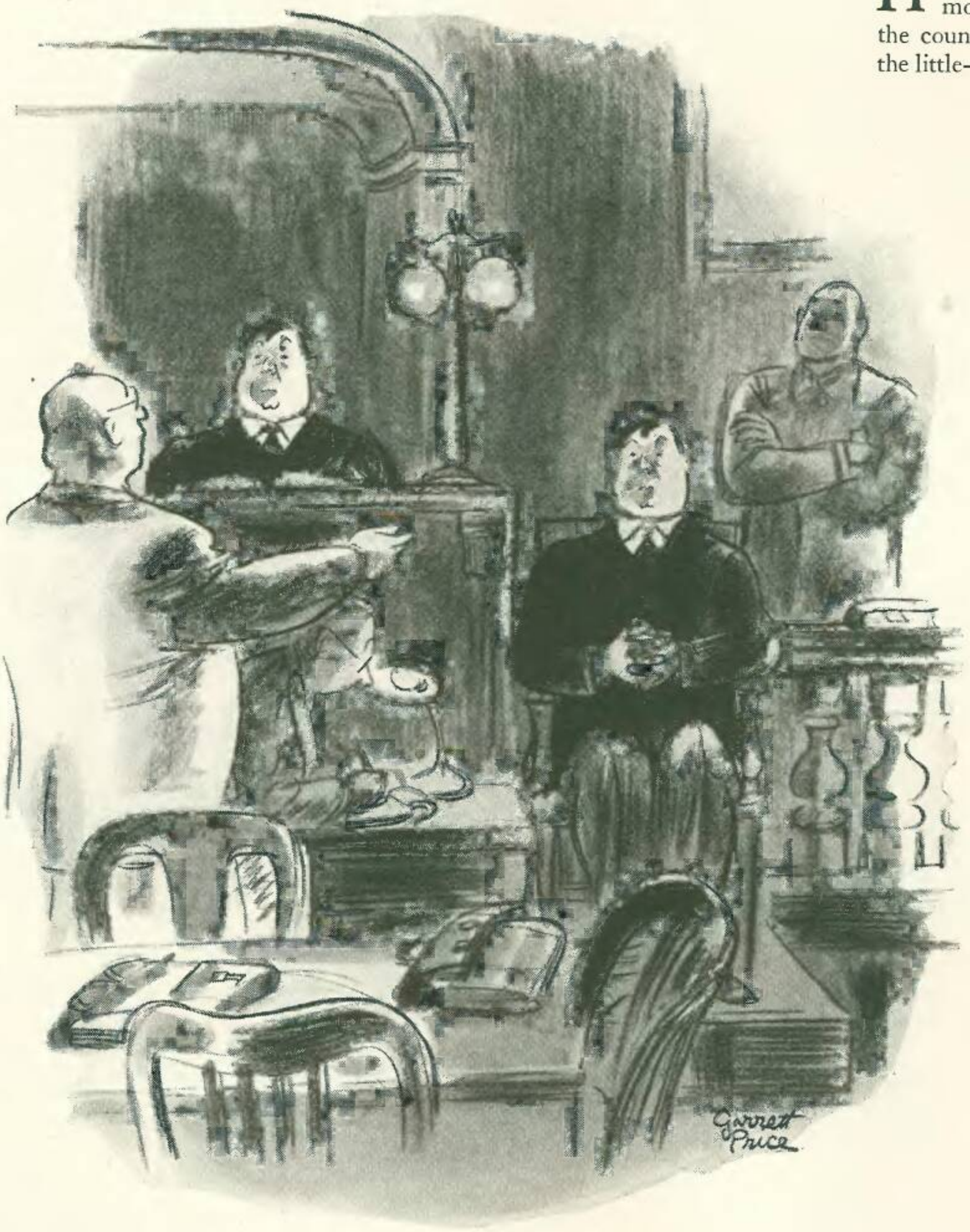
Briefly, he advocates recumbency as the proper position for calisthenics. There's no deep bending or toe-touching in Artie's curriculum; he believes that the basic trouble with most sedentary city-dwellers is a sagging of the abdominal organs, and holds that the conventional forms of exercise, by compressing the abdomen, only aggravate the condition. Occasionally, he permits advanced pupils to assume an upside-down position, propping themselves on their necks and elbows while they pedal imaginary bicycles in the air. But for all others the rule is rigid: everything must be done lying down, and his gyms are amply stocked with thick, six-foot-long mats so that the prescribed contortions may be carried on at least fairly comfortably.

Artie developed this theory of recumbent exercise early in his career, and has stuck to it ever since, but it wasn't until he applied it to the reconditioning of Babe Ruth that it got any popular attention. That was in the fall of 1925. Dismay was sweeping the nation at the news of the decline of the Babe; he had made only twenty-five home runs that season, and he was in bad shape from overweight and over-indulgence. The predictions made on all sides that he had revelled himself out of baseball seemed extremely plausible. Christy Walsh, who was ghost-writing for Ruth and who, as head of the newspaper syndicate which published Ruth's ghost-written articles, was intensely interested in Ruth's future, induced Ruth to go to McGovern's gym. There a miracle was wrought. During the winter Ruth remained under McGovern's care, and when spring training started he had lost

some forty pounds, his neck was fifteen and a half inches around instead of seventeen and a half, and other key portions of that vast anatomy had been reduced from one and a half to six inches. And in 1926, as all the history books tell, Ruth appeared for the opening game in the pink of condition and finished the season with a total of forty-seven home runs. The next year he made sixty—a record which still stands.

Even before his sensational job on Ruth, Artie had had some fairly distinguished clients, including John J. Raskob, Marshall Field, Whitney Warren, and John Philip Sousa, not to mention a scattering of Stock Exchange members and vice-presidents of large corporations. But none of these had one-tenth the news value that the Babe had, and it wasn't till word of what Artie had done for Ruth got around (chiefly through the medium of sports-page photographs of Ruth upside down, and pedalling) that Artie's fame as a conditioner of men became general. A number of other prominent athletes took to starting their annual training at McGovern's, and for a time the rotogravures were plentifully supplied with pictures of Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell, Vincent Richards, and Jack Dempsey obediently doing horizontal exercises while Artie supervised.

Artie thinks now that all this publicity was a mistake. He has never lost sight of the fact that businessmen must form the major part of his clientele, and the purpose of the publicity at the time was to point a moral: that if the professional sportsman needed regular gym work to keep in trim, the average fellow must need it still more. Nowadays, however, he shakes his head sadly and expresses a fear that, by conjuring up a picture of his gymnasium as being filled with brawny athletes, it scared away more possible clients than it attracted. It's not unlikely that Artie underestimates the small-boy admiration for muscular prowess hidden away in even the most sedentary. At any rate, it was in the subsequent years that he reached solid success.



"Your Honor, the defence
claims this to be a clear case of mistaken identity."

HE is now unquestionably the foremost figure in his special field in the country. He has long ago passed the little-gym stage. He operates two establishments, one in the Liggett Building at Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, which he has occupied since 1927, and the other at 70 Pine Street, which he opened last September. Between them, they offer about an acre of floor space for his clients to cavort in; and granting the fact that in this crowded city men are forced to take even their exercise indoors, McGovern's gyms are equipped with just about everything conceivable to make that exercise pleasant.

Artie's downtown place is credited with being the largest private gymnasium in the world, and is certainly the most elaborate. Occupying an entire floor of the building, it runs the gamut from golf driving cages to a barbershop and a private laundry. The windows of the main gym, a hall about one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, are fitted with vita-ray glass, and the steam room is lighted by ultra-violet-ray lamps, so that clients gently acquire a tan while in either. There are sitz baths, Scotch douches, and electrotherapy cabinets; and at the entrance and exit of the shower room there's a shallow



"You'll be surprised the kind of service we give you at Wyvern Manor."

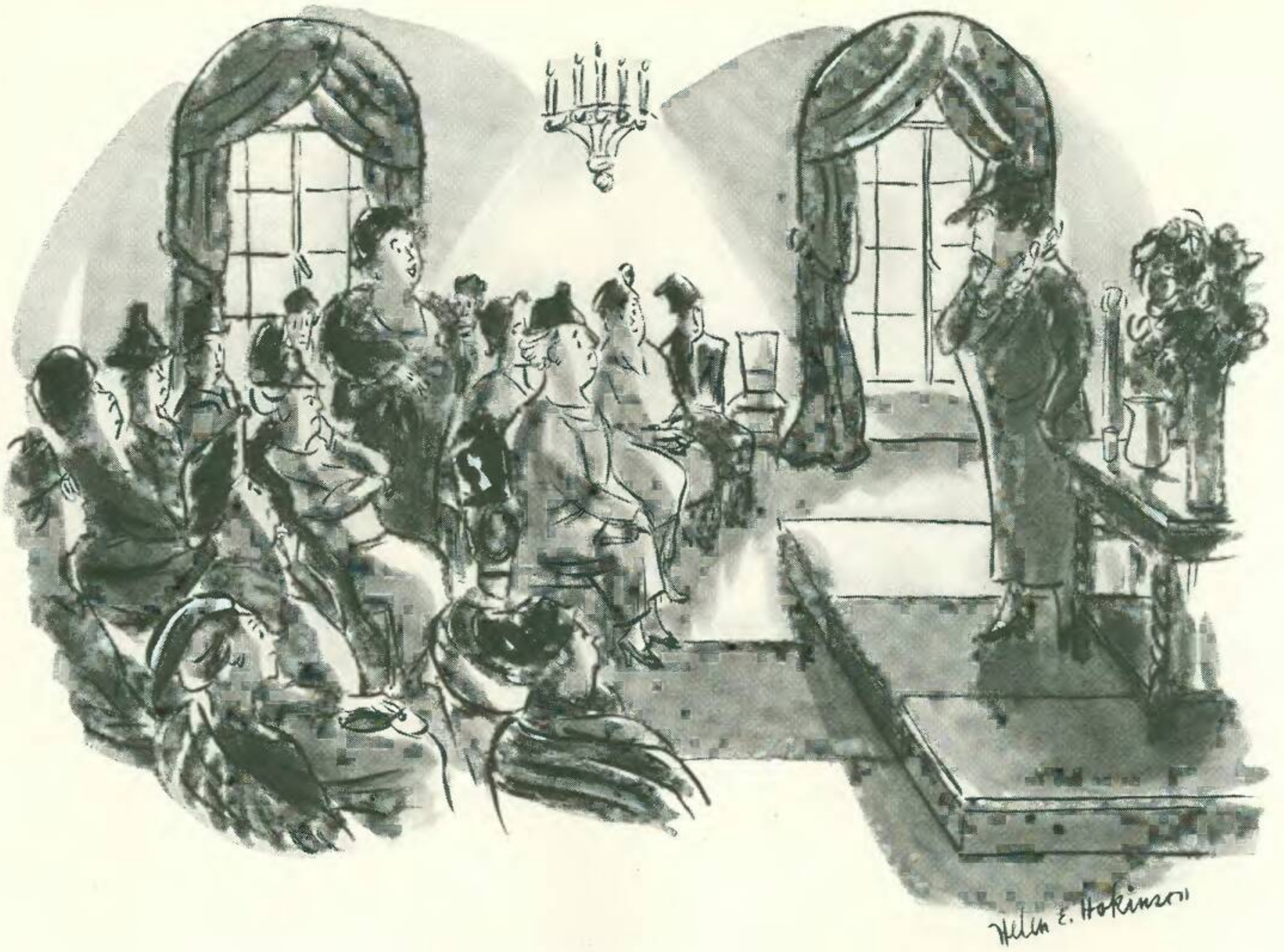
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trough filled with antiseptic solution, through which everyone must walk as a precaution against athlete's foot. The whole place is air-conditioned, with one fixed low temperature in the gym and recreation rooms—for that brisk feeling—and a higher temperature in the massage and shower rooms. Artie's rule about recumbency applies only to the exercises with which the client starts his workout; after that, there are squash courts, ping-pong tables, rowing machines, boxing dummies, and almost every other athletic contrivance known to man.

For an hour's workout daily, with an instructor (Artie doesn't believe in group work or classes), the rate is $200 for two months; or, if you come in only three times a week, $200 for three months. Artie has about twelve hundred clients now, and a staff of a hundred persons, representing an annual payroll of just under $150,000. As for the rest of the financial structure, he figures that he has an investment of $200,000 in equipment; his rentals are $80,000, and his total running expenses, including payroll, are slightly over $250,000 a year. The gym at 70 Pine Street is beginning to run smoothly now; eventually, he expects from it and the uptown place a gross income of around $400,000 annually.

ARTIE himself is nearly fifty now, though he looks much younger. He's short, tightly built, barrel-chested, and hard of hearing. As a result of his deafness—which is bad enough so that people have to shout to make him hear—he has a habit, in conversation, of shaking his closely-cropped head from side to side, like a small, restless bull. Although his deafness developed only ten or twelve years ago, he ascribes it to the poundings about the head he got in his ring days. He used to have other mementos of that period, as well; in his time, a boxer fought two or three nights a week, with pretty much anyone they threw into the ring with him, and Artie came out of the mill with both ears cauliflowered, an oddly shaped nose, and a number of teeth missing. Plastic surgery and expert dentistry remedied these misfortunes, but Artie was left with no illusions about the good old days. He thinks that modern boxers, who fight at comfortable intervals and choose their opponents sensibly, are much better and much smarter than the old ones were—especially smarter. His deafness rules out the theatre and the movies for diversion, but he takes in most of the fights at the Garden, and officiates at a half-dozen or so bouts a year, being a licenced referee. "I let the other lads do the punching now," he says. It was nevertheless while refereeing a bout in the Garden last fall that he had what was probably his narrowest escape from death. A fan in the top gallery, dissatisfied with one of Artie's rulings, hurled a pop bottle at him, missing his head by inches.

In the gym, Artie's usual costume is



"Mrs. Hersey tells me that the program committee has William Rose Benét, Amelia Earhart, Dorothy Thompson, John Mason Brown, and the English Singers up its sleeve for next year."

• •

a pair of white flannel pants, a sweater, and sneakers. He doesn't do much in the way of instruction nowadays, except in special cases. That is left to his staff, who wear blue gym pants and red jerseys. His business is so big now that he's almost as much occupied with administrative problems as are the businessmen who make up his clientele. He keeps a strict eye on his staff, however, insisting on rigid adherence to the particular gymnastic routine he prescribes in each case, and making a practice of giving every client a thorough physical examination before admitting him to the course. The knowledge he got at the clinic enables him to do this himself, and among his prized possessions are letters from two prospective clients, thanking him for turning them down. One of them had a hernia, which Artie discovered, and the other had a blood pressure so high that exercise would almost surely have been fatal. Later diagnosis by a physician proved that Artie was right in both cases.

On all questions of health, Artie's attitude is untouched by faddishness. He thinks that most of us nowadays eat and drink too much, but he's against strenuous reducing measures, dietetic or otherwise, and he never favored prohibition. When he drops into Jack Dempsey's Restaurant after a fight (he and Jack are old friends, and the place is one of his favorite hangouts), he likes to take a drink with the boys. His own daily diet consists of fruit, coffee, and toast for breakfast, a salad for lunch, and pretty much anything for dinner. That keeps his weight at around a hundred and forty-five pounds.

As for exercise, he feels that most people do it too violently. Heavy exertion is all right for athletes, but his clients are mainly men of sedentary occupation—some current examples are Henry Morgenthau, Jr.; Supreme Court Justice Salvatore Cotillo; Gayer Dominick, the banker; Hendrik Willem Van Loon; Eddy Duchin; and Wilfred J. Funk, the publisher—and Artie's constant concern is to keep them from overdoing things. Incidentally, Funk holds the record for consecutive attendance at the gym: five visits weekly for fourteen years. Since most of the men on his list are very definitely accustomed to having their own way, Artie's limiting them to two games of squash, say, when they want to play off a tie with an instructor sometimes requires tact. He makes them toe the mark, however.

His headquarters now are at the Pine Street gym, though he usually goes uptown for a while every afternoon. The downtown gym is exclusively for men; the other, in the morning hours from nine to one, is turned over to his women clients, of whom he has around eighty. Artie's wife is in charge of that

branch. She's the former Ruth Murphy, whom he met in 1916, when she came to him with another girl, her partner, to ask him to liven up a boxing act they were putting on in vaudeville. Artie coached them so successfully that the act was taken into one of the Winter Garden revues, and later, during the war, was filmed for the movies, as a lesson in how women could defend themselves while their menfolk were away. The McGoverns were married soon after they met, and have a daughter, aged seventeen, and also named Ruth, who's preparing to enter Bryn Mawr this fall. She plans to study medicine someday, and doesn't want to be a boxer.

THE McGoverns live in Rye, but Artie spends little time there except weekends. His days are too crowded for even such short-range commuting, and usually he puts up, week nights, at the Tudor Hotel in Tudor City, keeping a change of clothes at his uptown gym. He does a good deal of lecturing before such organizations as boys' clubs and health groups; writes a daily feature for the McNaught Syndicate—in 1935 he wrote a book called "The Secret of Keeping Fit," which was published by Simon & Schuster, and which sold well—and for these activities he must find time outside regular business hours, which are usually from six-thirty in the morning to seven in the evening. His day at the gym doesn't begin until nine A.M., but before that hour he makes the rounds of a half-dozen de-luxe clients who prefer to take their exercise right in their own homes. This part of the day's routine, for which the clients concerned pay $300 a month each, has always been the most productive of what might be called the anecdotal side of Artie's history.

One of his first early-morning clients was Miss Helen Clay Frick, then—it was ten years or so ago—the world's richest heiress. She used to box with Artie every morning, in the vast Frick mansion on upper Fifth Avenue, using the gallery her father had built for his art collection as the most convenient place for the exercise; she did it all in a rather bored way, too, until one day she happened to catch Artie on a spot where his lip had been chapped and split, and it bled a little.

"Did I do that?" she demanded in amazement.

"You did," said Artie. "You gave me a good one that time."

After that, her boredom vanished; indeed, when she gave a dinner party a few weeks later, she called up Artie and borrowed a few sets of gloves from him—wanted to give her guests a workout, she said.

Another of Artie's morning pupils was Elon Huntington Hooker, head of the Hooker Electrochemical Company. Artie used to box with him regularly too, until one morning, in the heat of the struggle, they smashed a huge Chinese vase that Mrs. Hooker, who happened to be on the scene, prized. The incident ended with a touch of slapstick when, turning to leave Mrs. Hooker's angry presence, Artie ran smack into a servingman,



just coming round the corner with a breakfast tray. The tray joined the vase on the floor, and from then on, Mr. Hooker had to take his exercise at Artie's gym.

At present, his morning list consists of Whitney Warren, Grover Whalen, Arthur Price, Warren Thorpe, and a few others. Of them all, Artie says that Whalen is the most willing riser; no matter how late the banquet the night before, Whalen is always awake and cheerful when Artie arrives.

The most unwilling riser was the late Thomas F. Smith, one-time Secretary of Tammany Hall and for years Boss Murphy's right-hand man. He was one of Artie's morning clients for almost a year, paid his bill regularly every month, and every morning left a note on the gate outside his old brownstone mansion at the corner of West End Avenue and 103rd Street. The note always said, "Dear Artie: I was out late last night. See you tomorrow morning." In all the time he had Smith as a client, Artie never saw him. —ROBERT M. COATES

BALLADE OF AN OLD FRIEND

"Farewell my book and my devotion"
  When dogwood's white propellers spin,
So quick, while I am in the notion,
  A carnal ballad I begin:
  Come, fair of face and light of shin,
    Toss grievance to the camphor ball—
  A Rousing Snort, a double gin,
    To Chaucer, dearest of them all.

My Cressid, use your sweetest lotion,
  Wear tender silk against the skin,
My chosen child, my Land of Goshen,
  My hoarded bottle in the bin!
  "A weather for to slepen inne"
    Is this, he said, you may recall
  (And said it with his charming grin)—
    Old Chaucer, dearest of them all.

For this particular emotion
  The modern poets sound too thin,
For some are cold and Nova Scotian
  And some distemper us with din.
  O minstrel with a voice of tin,
    Vamoose yourself, and hire a hall—
  We want wise, kindly, masculine
    Dan Chaucer, dearest of them all.

ENVOY

Lover of flesh, who found no sin
  In life's most various festival,
My master and my most of kin,
  Hail Chaucer, dearest of them all.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE THEATRE

MISS NICHOLS AND THE DEMIURGE

WITH three members of its original cast, who obviously don't know when they've had enough, "Abie's Irish Rose" reopened last week at Anne Nichols' Little Theatre—turning up again just like a bad penny, or in this case probably more like a bad three or four million dollars. For some reason, conceivably because I didn't have to, I didn't see Miss Nichols' singular work fifteen years ago, when it first drove the critics so nearly out of their handsome heads. I read a great deal that they wrote, though, and it is a tribute to their accuracy that nothing that happened the other night surprised me in the slightest degree. There can be no question that it disturbed me, so that frequently it was only the restraining presence of the Hon. Alfred E. Smith (who seemed to be having a fine time) that kept me from lying down in the aisle and howling like a dog. But the whole performance—plot, dialogue, acting—was exactly what I'd been expecting. It had, in fact, the rather eerie quality of a repeated nightmare; the one, perhaps, in which I always find myself in an old well, thick with bats, and can't get out.

IT is interesting, or at any rate strange, to lie awake at night and wonder how the vision of Abie first came to trouble his creator. I like best to think of Miss Nichols, herself in some dim borderline of sleep, conversing with the Demiurge.

MISS NICHOLS: Of course we'll have to have a love story.

THE DEMIURGE: Of course.

MISS NICHOLS: I thought of a Jewish Boy—

THE DEMIURGE (*doubtfully*): Hmm.

MISS NICHOLS: I *know*, but wait a minute. A Jewish Boy *and* an Irish Girl!

(*There is a little sound in the darkness which might be interpreted as the Demiurge snapping its fingers.*)

THE DEMIURGE (*admiringly*): *Say*, I think you've got something there! And their parents won't let them get married?

MISS NICHOLS: That's it.

THE DEMIURGE: But they do anyway, and—but you *can't* mean—

MISS NICHOLS: Of course. They have a baby.

THE DEMIURGE (*excitedly*): And naturally that placates the parents, brings 'em together?

MISS NICHOLS: No. At least not right away. After all, we have to have three acts.

THE DEMIURGE: But I don't exactly see—

MISS NICHOLS: Well, it's a little complicated here, so you'd better listen carefully.

THE DEMIURGE: All right. Give.

MISS NICHOLS: I thought of having the Jewish Boy's father wanting the baby to be a little boy, so that it could carry on his name, while the Irish Girl's father wanted a girl, so that it could marry an Irishman and *change* its name. I guess that isn't very clear, and I'm not sure of the details, but that's the idea, generally speaking.

THE DEMIURGE: It's a tough one, all right. And which *is* this baby?

MISS NICHOLS: What do *you* think?

THE DEMIURGE: I'm afraid you've got me.

MISS NICHOLS: Oh, come. It can't be a girl and it can't be a boy, so it's *got* to be—

(*The Demiurge can be faintly heard scratching its head.*)

MISS NICHOLS: Goodness, but you're slow! I'll give you another hint. It begins with a "t."

THE DEMIURGE: A "t"?

MISS NICHOLS—"T," "w"—

THE DEMIURGE: *Twins!* Well, I'll be damned! A boy *and* a girl?

MISS NICHOLS (*complacently*): Naturally.

THE DEMIURGE: And so everybody is happy. Miss Nichols, this is genius! It ought to run forever. Please don't let me keep you from your work.

(*He vanishes in a respectful, though supernatural, manner and Miss Nichols springs to her escritoire.*)

I MENTION "Orchids Preferred," which I trust has already disappeared from the Imperial, only because of the recent crisis in burlesque. Mr. Charles H. Abramson, who produced it, made a notable effort to preserve a dying art form, and did indeed achieve several effects that might well have startled Miss Gypsy Rose Lee and her erstwhile employers. The featured players were Eddie Foy, Jr., and a lady whose name is Benay Venuta, which for some reason always makes me think of something you rub on a stiff neck.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

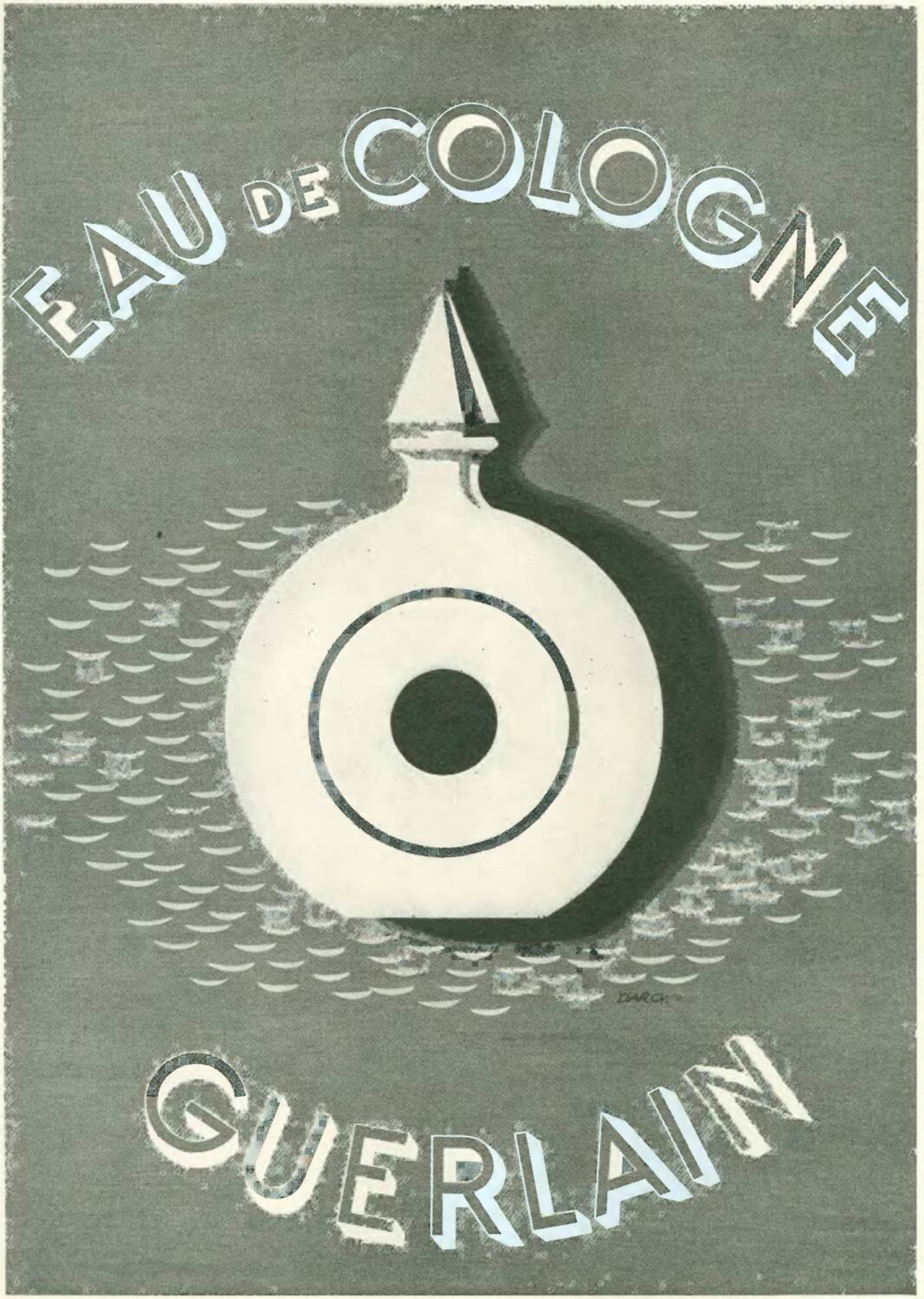


GINKGO TREE

That tree's enchanted; when the wind
dies down,
Its branches bend and catch, its dark
leaves stir
And rustle like a satin evening gown.

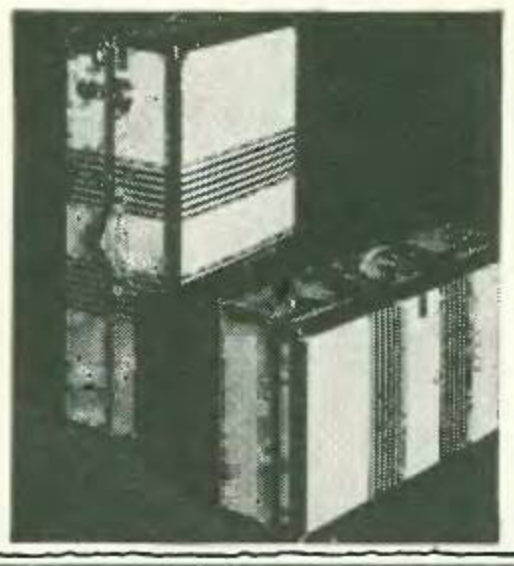
But when there's a wind, all is as quiet
there
As if a thousand green enamelled fans,
Their flight suspended, hung upon the
air.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL


EAU DE COLOGNE
GUERLAIN



It doesn't matter whether you speak the native tongue or not. If you're accompanied by Oshkosh, you're a privileged person in any land.

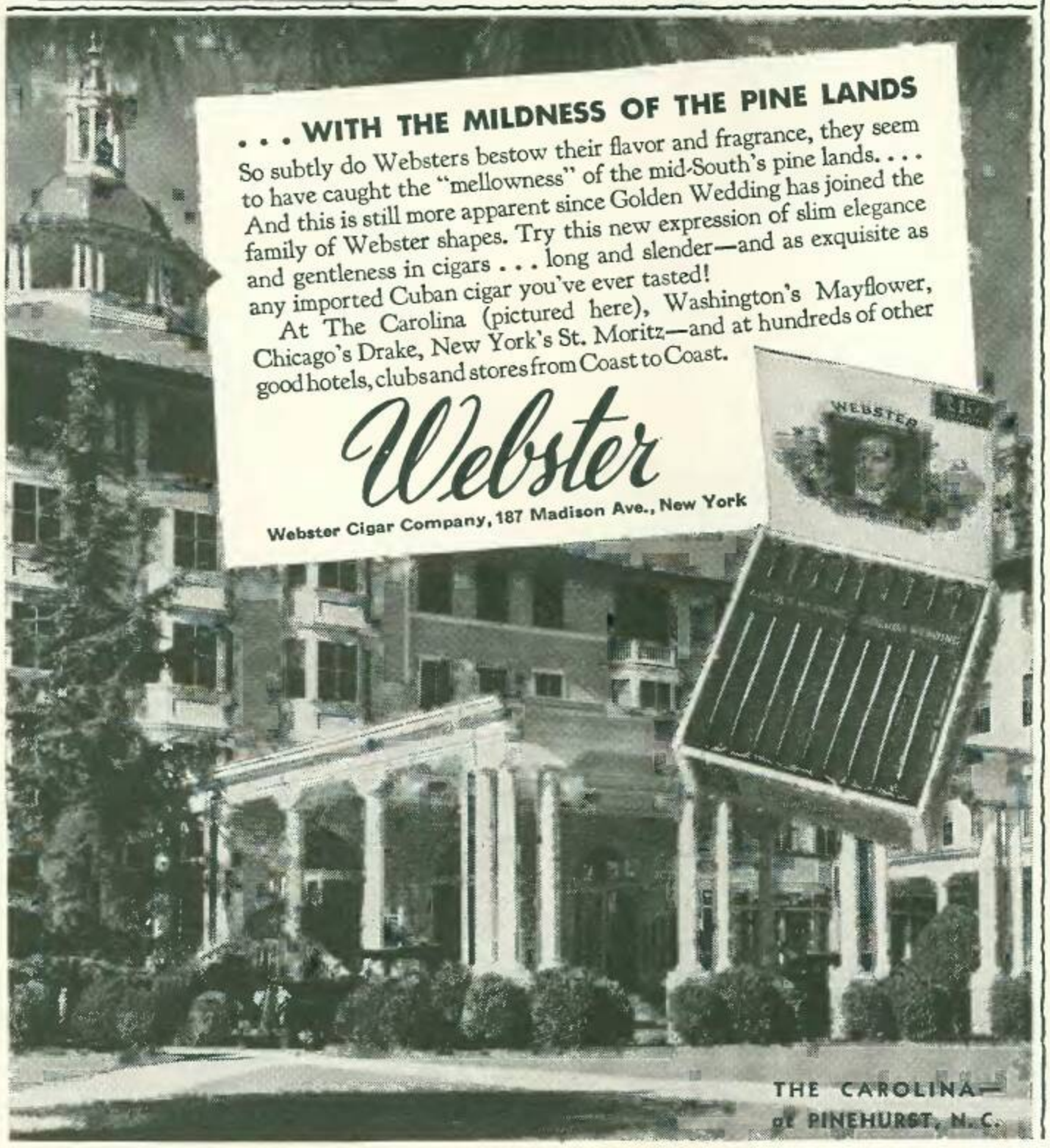


"Chiefs" for motoring or checking. The Taxi (upright) is a complete wardrobe trunk in miniature, strongly built for railroad journeys, yet small enough and light enough to go right in your car. $85. Its companion piece is a Pullman-height tray case built for checking service, and great for extra items awkward in a wardrobe trunk. 29" long, $40.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE managers of the Coronation gave us an impressive demonstration of the power and glory of the British Crown. They deserve the Nobel Prize for the year's finest work of fiction.

•

Ambassador Dodd has heard tell of a billionaire who is fixing to buy us a dictator. This is the gravest crisis the Republic has faced since the night Doc Wirt went out to dinner.

•

Dick Merrill's round trip to England was an inspiring performance. He made the entire journey in bad weather and without the aid of ping-pong balls or Harry Richman.

•

C.I.O. leaders demand a nationwide boycott of Maine vacations as a retaliation for the shoe-strike injunctions. Consequently, millions of loyal workers will not spend the summer at Bar Harbor.

•

The season's biggest sporting event is exclusively reported by the *Times*: "Al Smith Sets Sail in a Brown Derby."

•

John Hamilton says that the Republican party might change its name, but the 50,000 workers would still run it. Of course, they could wear false whiskers.

•

The G.O.P. of our city is sadly divided on the question of whether to support LaGuardia or go it alone. We do not know yet whether it will be pro-Fusion or conFusion.

•

Harry Hopkins claims that poverty will come to an end in twenty years. Then a farewell to alms.

•

Secretary Morgenthau has instructed his boys to be courteous to the taxpayer but get everything that is due. Let no guilty nickel escape.

•

The President has made practically no progress in the last fortnight. While he was catching tarpon, a couple of beautiful big Senators got away.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Boy Scout Jamboree

Washington, D. C. June 30 to July 9





When you're hungry, you are thirsty, too. Ice-cold Coca-Cola is a natural partner of good things to eat.

"On to Washington," shout the Boy Scouts of America ...for the first National Jamboree. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will be there...at the soda fountains and refreshment stands of the city and in canteen tents at the vast encampment....to make a pause *the pause that refreshes.* "On to Washington!"



You find ice-cold Coca-Cola, with its pure, wholesome refreshment, every place else; it belongs in your refrigerator at home.

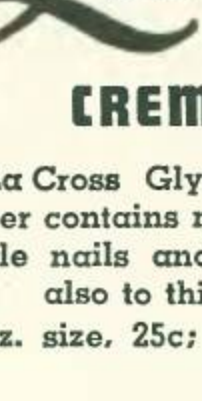


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THESE soft, new shades of creme polish flatter your hands incredibly — whether they're lily white or tanned. They're the inspiration of La Cross — the prestige polish that looks better and lasts longer.

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to apply one of these new, smart shades, or buy a regular-size bottle (50 cents) on our money-back guarantee.

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MAROON PEACH BLUSH ACORN

+ La Cross
NEWARK, N. J.

CREME NAIL POLISH

• La Cross Glycerated Nail Polish Remover contains no acetone and is kind to brittle nails and harsh cuticles. Use it also to thin out thick polish.

½-oz. size, 25c; 2-oz. economy size, 50c

THE OARSMEN

That Washington Stroke—The Childs Cup

WHEN Harvard and Navy meet next week in the Adams Cup race, there is going to be a good deal of talk about the Washington stroke, which both are supposed to be using this year. The race will decide, as completely as it can in Yale's absence, the sprint supremacy of the East, but the question of just what the Washington stroke is will, in all likelihood, remain unanswered. Everybody seems to agree that it was being used by Washington in 1926, yet it was remarked by any number of observers at the time that there wasn't much difference between the stroke of the Washington crew and that of the Glendon-coached Columbia boat. Tom Bolles, the present Harvard coach, was sometimes bow in that Washington crew, and Harrison Sanford and Norman Sonju, the present Cornell coaches, were Nos. 7 and 3, respectively. You would expect, if early association and training count for anything, the Cornell and Harvard strokes to be the same this year, but they are not. In the Cornell-Harvard race on the Charles last Saturday, the Cornell stroke was noticeably longer than Harvard's.



Maybe Washington really has nothing to do with the stroke that Navy and Harvard are using. It seems more likely that the two crews developed independently a short, upright stroke that fits the men in the boats. My own feeling is that this stroke—whatever you want to call it—will work better for the men in Harvard's boat than it will for the men in Navy's. Harvard kept its varsity and junior-varsity record clean in last Saturday's regatta with Cornell, Syracuse, and M.I.T. Navy is also undefeated, but in their meet on the Schuylkill next Saturday, I think Navy will have to row hard to win—which is a polite way of saying I like the brawny Harvards.

THE honor of winning one of the oddest-looking rowing trophies went to M.I.T. last week when they pulled their specially designed shell across the finish line first in the lightweight regatta at Princeton. The Joseph Wright Challenge Trophy, put up in 1927, looks more than anything else like a Greek funeral urn. It is made of lead, colored a dull brown, and has brass handles. I examined it, among towels, in the locker of a Negro attendant at the Princeton boathouse. He regarded it with some suspicion. It was the funniest-looking trophy he'd ever seen, he said. It has places for the winning crews from 1927 to 1956, but somebody has forgotten to include Pennsylvania, the winner in 1936. The cup was named for Joe Wright, who encouraged lightweight rowing while he was coach at Pennsylvania.

The winning M.I.T. boat, which has been mentioned here before, is round-bottomed, two feet shorter, and fifty pounds lighter than the ordinary shell. Weight is saved in its length and its duralumin rigging. Undergraduates at M.I.T. refer to "it" as winning a race, as though the oarsmen had nothing to do with the matter. M.I.T. pleased everybody with their victory, except, perhaps, a few recalcitrants in other boats, and completely surprised their coach. They were aided by a quartering wind as well as by their ultra-modern craft. The wind blew least in the lane they drew along the university bank. At that, it was a blanket finish, with Harvard and Yale rushing up at the close. Whether the M.I.T. boat's construction won the race or not, I think that by now most coaches will agree it's just as well to row your lightweights in a shell fifty pounds lighter than your opponents'.

THE Childs Cup, given by the publisher of the old Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and competed for since 1879, went to Princeton after a well-rowed race on the Schuylkill last week. Princeton, in this race, fulfilled the possibilities it has half displayed all season. It beat a powerful Pennsylvania eight, which in turn beat Columbia, a crew that had defeated it in the Blackwell Cup two weeks before. A new stroke, Wetherill, replacing the lighter Mauger, appreciably increased the power of Pennsylvania, which finished only slightly behind Princeton, and a good two lengths in front of Columbia. The hero of the regatta was in a motorboat—a lonesome chap named Del, who between the junior-varsity and varsity races got the stake boats, which were threatening to tie up the proceedings, straightened out, newly anchored, and realigned. When you do all this alone, under sonorous advice from the referee's launch, it's worthy of commemoration.

—Bow

"REACHING FOR THE MOON"
—*AND GETTING IT!*



LOOK BACK into your memories...

Didn't you, in the years when you were younger, stop as a sleek Packard purred by in all its magnificence, and say:

"Some day I'll own a Packard. Some day I'll drive by in my Packard and then people will envy me."

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PACKARD

PACKARD 120 ★ PACKARD SIX

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Take a peek at next year's shirts

NEXT YEAR . . . May, 1938 . . . shirts like the three up on top will be proudly displayed on *millions* of well-groomed American males.

But—by then—these shirts will be an old story to *a few men*, the ones who spot what's new *when it's new* and grab it.

For this crack audience, Arrow presents a 1937-gallery-of-1938-styles . . . superb $2.50 and $3.50 shirts whose advanced style theme is *Quiet, Please.*

Colors, in these advance models, have lowered their voice. Stripes are calmer. Checks, more reserved. And that gentlemanly cloth, the white-on-white madras, slips softly back into the picture.

The fabrics are on the deluxe side—shirtings of superfine weave and luxurious "feel." Many are limited editions from Europe.

The tailoring is irreproachable. Each shirt has that king of all collars—the *Arrow* collar. Each has the Mitoga form-fit design. Each is Sanforized—we'll spot you to a new shirt if one *ever* shrinks.



If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow Shirt

Your Arrow dealer will be very glad to show you these $2.50 and $3.50 Advance-Style shirts. Won't you drop around?

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS

$2 · $2.50 · $3.50 · $5
Sanforized Shrunk—a new shirt if one ever shrinks

THEY MEET CUTE

"THE rest of the script is fine, boys," said Mr. Trumpett. "You've got nice situations and I like the way you've handled your story line and I like your finish—we're going to have a nice little picture when we get through with it—but, frankly, I don't like your beginning. They don't meet cute."

Each writer waited for the other to speak. Then they both turned and looked expectantly at Mr. Turley, Mr. Trumpett's assistant. Mr. Turley did not respond, and Barton, the younger writer, broke the silence.

"Well, Mr. Trumpett," he said, "Turley here—that is, well, he said this morning that he liked the beginning of the picture. I mean, the way Mary and Kenneth meet."

"Yes," said Opper, the other writer, quickly. "He said he thought they met cute as paint. Didn't you, Turley?"

"You mean you *like* the beginning? You *like* the way they meet?" Mr. Trumpett demanded of Mr. Turley.

Mr. Turley avoided the eyes of Barton and Opper as he replied.

"No, I don't like it, Arthur," he said, slowly and judicially. "Frankly, I'm a little troubled about it."

"And why?" prompted Mr. Trumpett, with a glance at Opper and Barton.

"Well," said Mr. Turley, "it's too —well, it isn't—it isn't—"

"You're right!" said Mr. Trumpett. "It isn't *cute*—a couple meeting for the first time, just because they try to sit in the same seat in a dark movie theatre. It lets the whole picture down. And if we can have them meet cute, it'll start the picture off with a bang."

"Absolutely," said Mr. Turley.

"But, Turley," protested Barton, "this morning you said you were crazy about the way they met." Barton had been in Hollywood only two months.

Mr. Trumpett gave Turley a glance, and Turley spoke quickly. "I'm afraid I was a little premature on that, Barton. At first, I'll admit I didn't think it was bad, but I've been kicking the idea around in my mind all day and now—well, I just don't think it's cute."

"You see," said Mr. Trumpett. "We'll have to get something else. Something that hasn't been done before."

Opper and Barton looked depressed, and their foreheads contracted. Finally Opper spoke. "How about having them meet in an elevator? She's got

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 44TH STREET

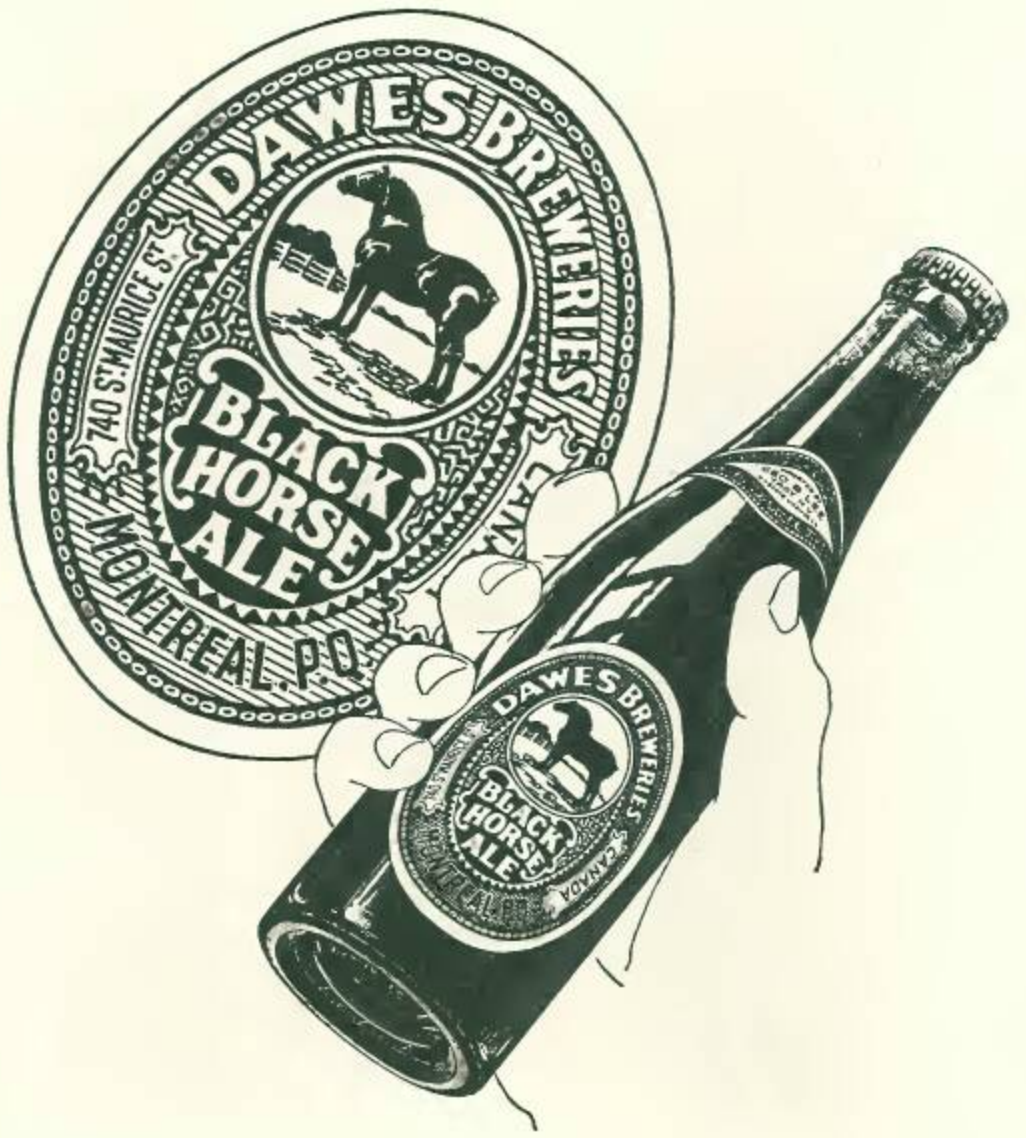


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her arms full of packages and drops them and he picks them up?"

"That's not bad," said Mr. Trumpett, appraisingly. "But can't we do better than that?"

"Somehow, *I* don't feel that, either," said Mr. Turley. A thought struck him. "Suppose it was a subway instead of an elevator—and *he* had the packages!"

"A girl wouldn't pick up packages for a man," said Mr. Trumpett. "It's—it's unpleasant."

"Could they meet in an amusement park?" suggested Barton. "She could be in a Ferris wheel, and he could be in the next car."

"And they could get into their argument there," added Mr. Opper.

"Amusement parks have been done to death," said Mr. Trumpett. "Every picture I see has an amusement park in it. We want something a little bit different. And we'll get it, if we just kick this around long enough. We'll get a really cute meeting." He put his hand to his head, looked far away, and spoke. "Now, let's see. Suppose that Mary had run out of gas and that Kenneth comes along in a big roadster—of course, I'm just thinking out loud now—and suppose that she stops him and they meet that way."

"And get into an argument about who's blocking the road," said Mr. Turley.

"But," said Barton, "Kenneth is broke and out of a job. How would he have an automobile?"

"Borrow it," said Mr. Turley. "Couldn't he, Arthur?"

"No, Dick," said Mr. Trumpett, gently. "Mr. Barton's right. It wouldn't be in character. We'll have to try something else."

"Say, how about this?" said Opper. "Could they meet this way? She's walking through the park and her hat blows off. She chases it and bumps into him, and they meet that way. Of course, they get into a terrific argument right off."

"We-ell," said Mr. Trumpett.

"*His* hat could blow off," said Mr. Turley. "And he could bump into *her*."

"No," said Mr. Trumpett, slow-





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ly. "Somehow, that's unpleasant to me."

"But it would start them arguing even quicker," said Mr. Turley.

"You know," said Mr. Trumpett, absently, "I don't like a park. Could it be anything but a park?"

"What about Fifth Avenue?" Barton inquired.

"It could be a beach," said Opper.

Mr. Trumpett put his hand to his head again.

"I seem to see it more indoors," he said. "A ballroom of some sort, perhaps, or maybe even a theatre. *Say*, that's it! A theatre. Oh, not a movie theatre. Scenes in movie theatres have been done to death. But a regular theatre, with the performance going on and everything. And Kenneth and Mary sit next to each other and meet that way!"

"They could get into an argument about the program," said Mr. Turley.

"I've got it!" said Mr. Trumpett. "There'll only be *one* seat. The lights are out and they both try to sit in it—this is all just off the cuff, you know—and then get in a fight about who it belongs to. Cute, isn't it?"

"Swell," said Mr. Turley. "I can just *see* that argument."

"It'll need dialogue," said Mr. Trumpett. "But it'll be a darned cute meeting if it's done right. Are you with me?"

"All the way, Arthur," said Mr. Turley.

"It's great," said Opper. As he saw Barton about to speak, he added briskly, "Come on, Bart, let's go back to the office. We can bat this off in an hour or so."

"Are you sure you really *feel* it?" Mr. Trumpett asked, anxiously. "You know, an author can't write a thing unless he's really sold on it himself. *I* know that."

"It's *great*," said Opper. He opened the door wide, so that Barton must precede him through it. "Absolutely great. We're certainly obliged to you, Mr. Trumpett."

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Trumpett, smiling. "I want this to be a good picture just as much as you boys do."

"Well, nobody can say they don't meet cute now!" cried Mr. Turley.

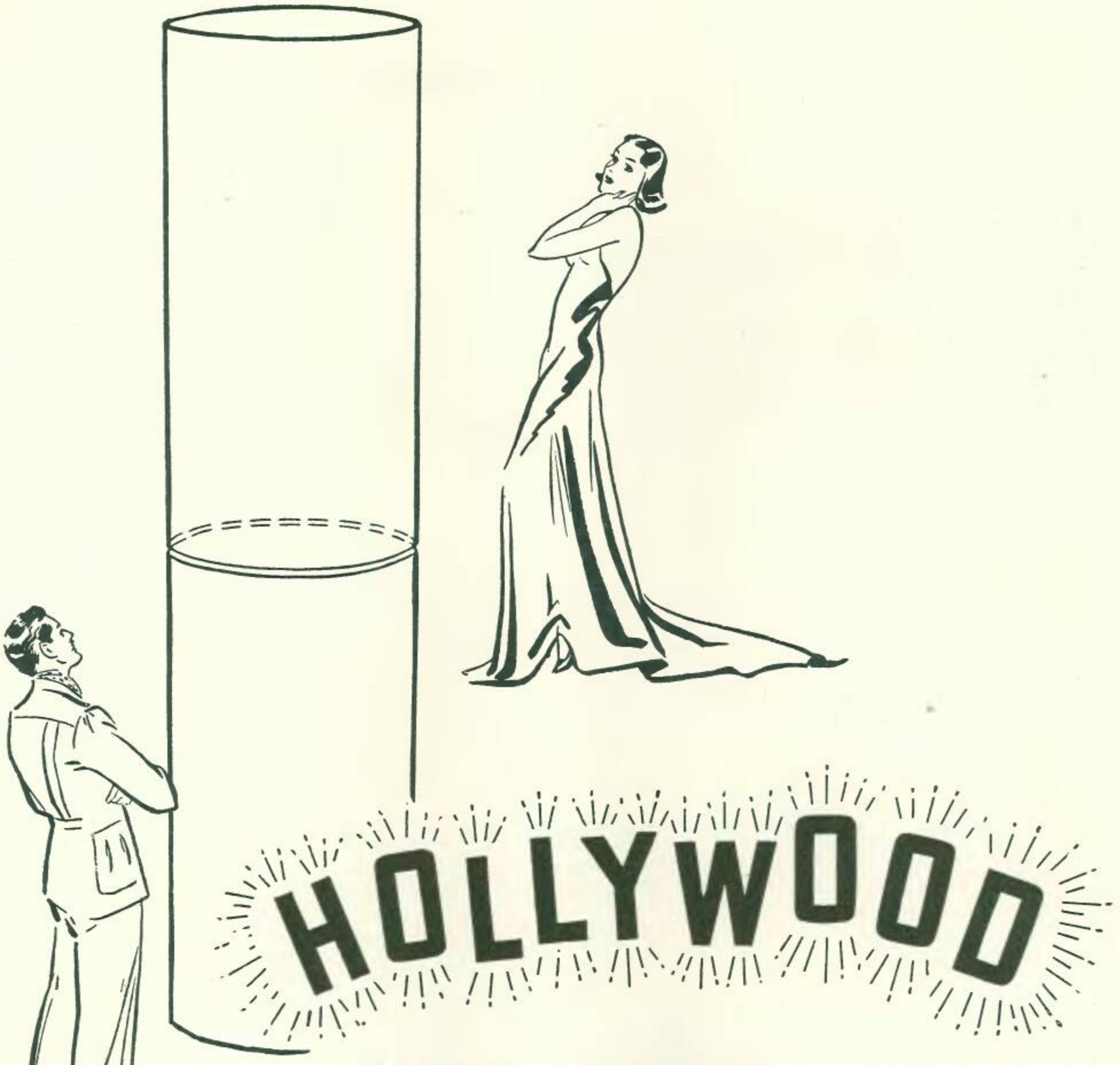
—Alan Campbell

•

A year and a half ago I eloped with a man twelve years older. We now have a small baby, but he is so irresponsible that he is not able to take care of us properly.

—*From a letter in the Post.*

Have you tried using the rod?

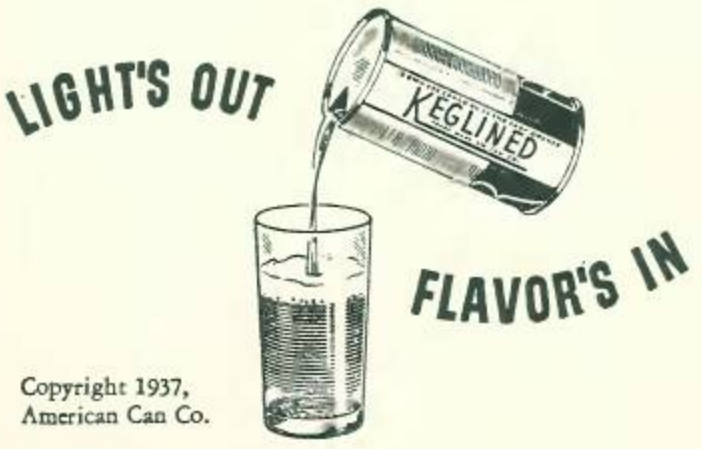


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Hollywood, expert on shapes, likes the shape of the can for beer and ale. Likes it so well that Hollywood sales of beer and ale in cans are said to equal sales of all other types of containers combined . . .

When *you* buy beer or ale make sure that the package is shaped like this ▯. Then you get a package that is easier to carry, easier to stack on your refrigerator shelf. Above all, you'll get a package that protects the brew in total darkness until the moment of pouring.

If you drink beer or ale, drink it the modern way — protected from light and air by a can trade-marked KEGLINED TRADE MARK AM CAN CO

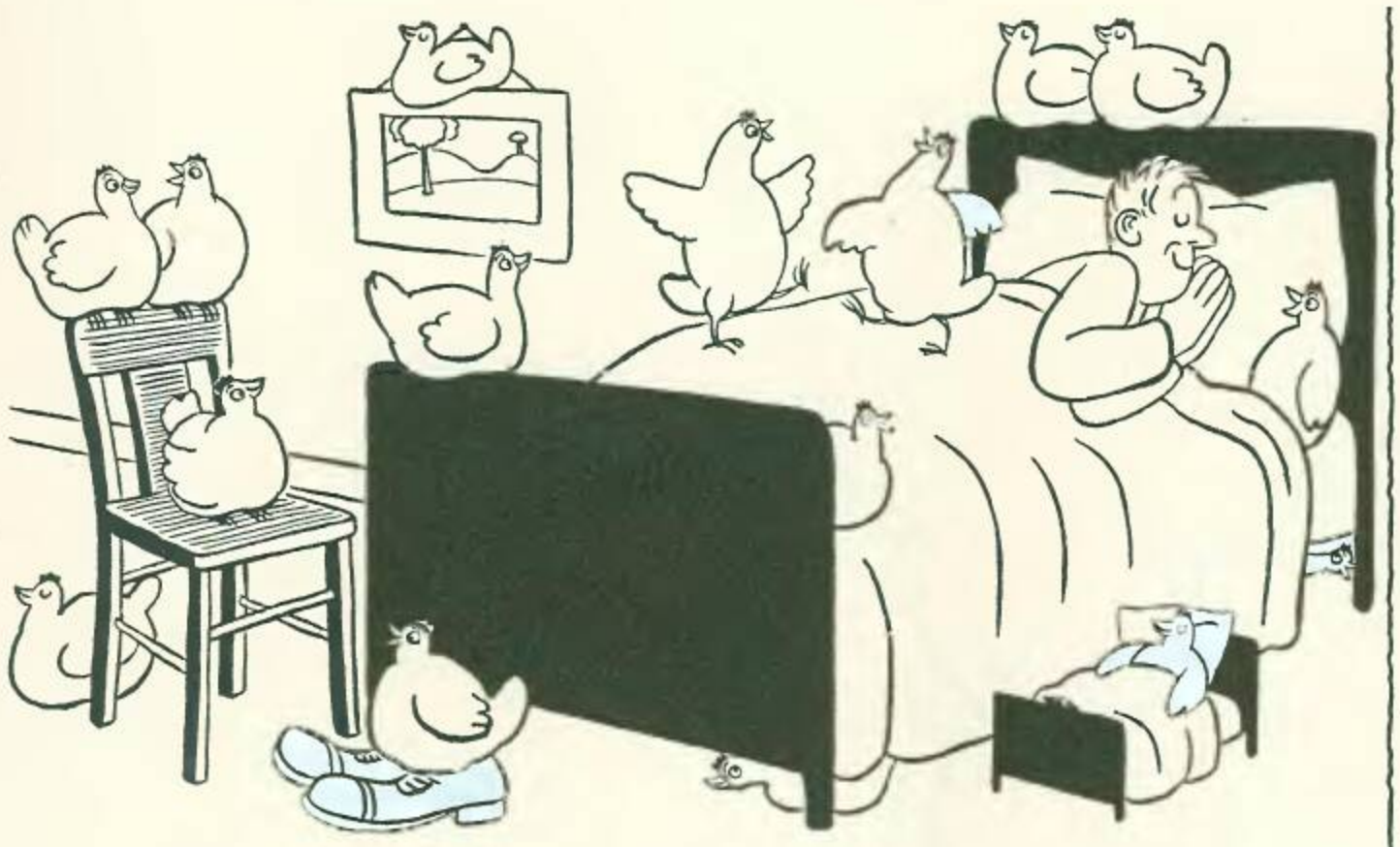


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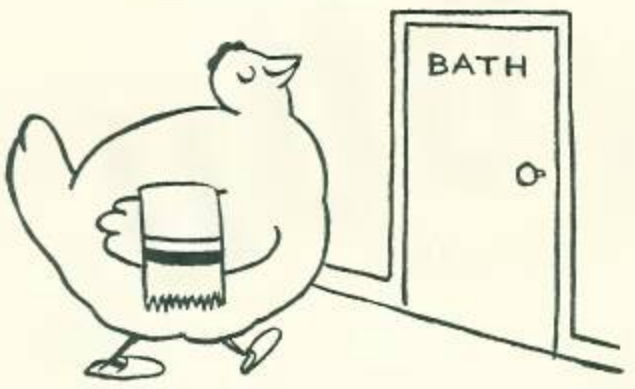


When WE dream— we dream of chickens!

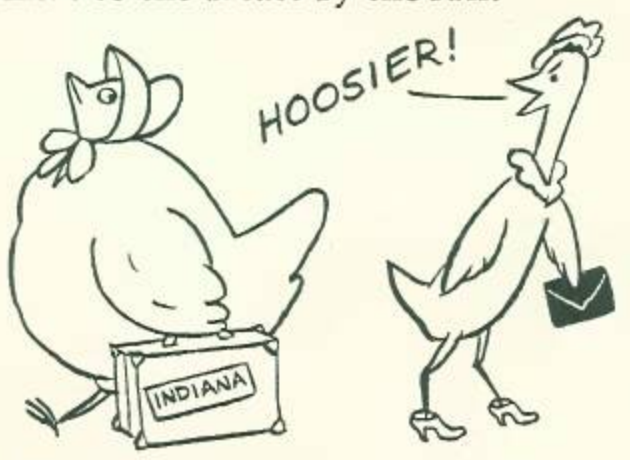
SOMETIMES when we feel sad about our lot—and our past looks encrusted like an old ink-well—we pause to think of our chickens.

It perks us up.

Because in this great, wide, beautiful world there is nobody who can raise a chicken the way we can.



We know how much buttermilk to bucket out to make our Birds Eye Chickens so round they look like pumpkins on two legs. We know how to make a special cereal that adds white meat to the breast by the roll.



Other tricks, too. We never let our chickens take a walk. A chicken that frolics around builds muscle, toughens its meat. So we keep Birds Eye Chickens squatting mostly, scratching never. That's why their white meat stays so tender we sometimes fear it'll melt on their bones.

When the chickens are plump enough for market we select only the *top half* of these Grade A birds.

We give the chosen few the works—pluck 'em . . . wash 'em . . . trim 'em . . . and draw out ALL inedible waste *pronto*—not months later. This quick stripping act is important. Drawing the innards *quickly* allows the flavor to stay IN the parts you eat.

But how do we get these chickens to you so downright farm-fresh when our chicken farm is in Indiana?

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Wham! At that moment a terrific shot of Arctic cold is suddenly released. A cold so intense and so swiftly applied that the farm-freshness is SEALED IN! The tenderness unbelievably retained! The flavor held!

Birds Eye Chickens come in all sizes. Remember, we weigh them *after* cleaning—not before. That's why a 2-lb. Birds Eye Chicken equals the ordinary 3-pounder.

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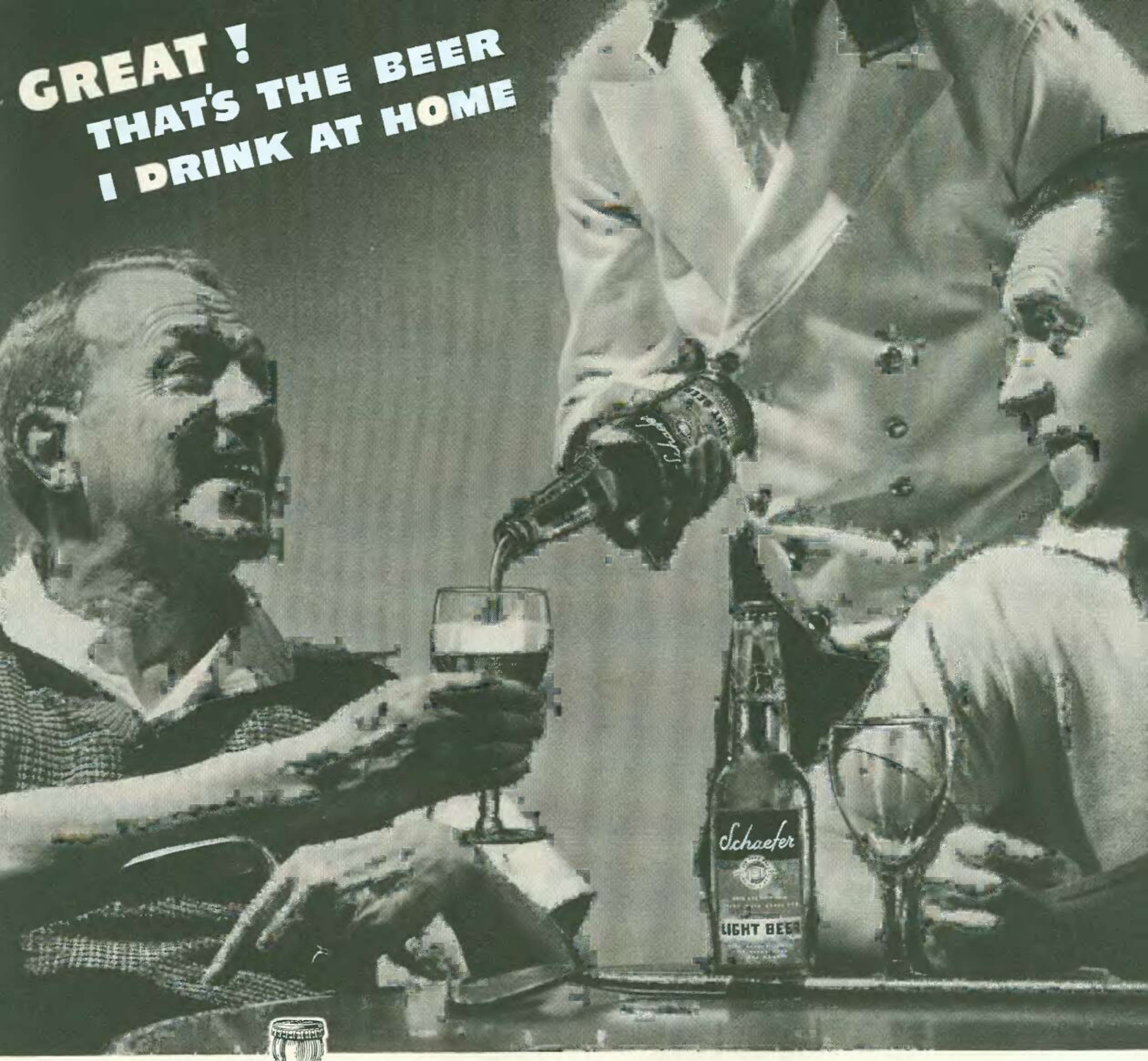
OUT OF TOWN

Of Time and the Railroads



THE inauguration this week of the Santa Fe's new streamline equipment—the newest and probably the most exciting train in the land—supplies the excuse for a few remarks on the general subject of railroad running times. In all the hurly-burly about blunt-nosed engines and gleaming cars, we're likely to lose sight of the fact that streamlining has had little to do with the speeding up of railroads throughout the country. You can make almost any train journey in considerably less time than you could a few years ago, yet there are really only a handful of streamlined trains in existence, and you probably know of them: the Burlington's Zephyrs; the Mercury, which rushes between Cleveland and Detroit; the Boston & Maine's Flying Yankee; the New Haven's Comet; the Hiawatha, between Chicago and Minneapolis; the Union Pacific's Diesel sleepers to the Coast; and so on. They're spectacular and can hang up phenomenal records, but they're not responsible for the rejuvenation of the plodding trains of a few years back. The increase in speed is the result of businessmen's decisions, not scientists' experiments with wind tunnels. When the New York Central and the Pennsylvania decided that it was high time to do something about their crack trains—the Twentieth Century and the Broadway Limited, respectively—they didn't rush for new equipment; they merely speeded up what they already had. Although normally rivals, the two roads went into a huddle, consulted each other on every move, and calmly, with successive cuts, reduced their running time to Chicago from twenty hours down to sixteen and a half. And the Century uses the same locomotives today that it used ten years ago. Other lines, seemingly without effort, did much the same thing, making cuts which really meant something at the ticket window, and lessened the bugaboo of plane competition. The same train for which the Pennsylvania used to charge extra fare on a five-hour run to Washington now makes the trip in three hours and thirty-five minutes, regular fare. Two hours have been lopped off the Boston-Washington run, via Hell Gate; one hour from the

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BYRRH, popular throughout Europe for more than 70 years, is a blended wine, dry and pungent, that seems to contain the very laughter, warmth and wit of France. It is a delicious aperitif. An excellent cocktail base. Many enjoy it plain with soda. At the better hotels, bars, restaurants and liquor stores.



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New York-Montreal run; more than a day from the trip to the Coast. The Coast is only two and a half days from New York by train now. Leaving here at 12:35 A.M. by the Pennsylvania's Midwesterner or the New York Central's Iroquois, you can catch—at Chicago—the various streamliners the following night. If you take the Super-Chief or the Union Pacific's City of Los Angeles you will get to Los Angeles about sixty hours after you leave New York; other Union Pacific streamliners get you to Portland (sixty-five hours and forty-five minutes in all) and San Francisco (just over fifty-nine hours). These streamliners, though, make the trip only once a week.

Ballyhoo to the contrary, the vision of every train in the country soon being drawn by a silver Diesel or electric engine is a false one. Railroad men say that the good old steam locomotive will be standard equipment for a long time to come. Electricity is so expensive to install that it can be used with profit only on very heavily travelled lines. Diesels are cheap to operate, but expensive to build and keep in repair. They're noisy, too, and because of their fumes, the Grand Central and such terminals can't have them nosing around. Steam locomotives are cheap to build but comparatively expensive to operate. However, present-day passenger locomotives get just twice the energy out of a pound of coal that 1920 engines do, and as modernization goes on and the cars become lighter steam trains come closer to meeting the low operating cost of Diesels. In the near future (this, if you wish, is a prediction), Diesels will be the rule in the West, where crude oil is cheaper and there is less traffic, but the semi-streamlined steam trains will prevail in the East on those lines which are not electrified.

SINCE last May, the Santa Fe's Super-Chief has been making the run from Chicago to Los Angeles in the astounding time of thirty-nine and three-quarters hours, and it has been doing it with a snub-nosed Diesel locomotive and a string of ordinary Pullmans. On Tuesday, a new streamlined engine and handsome, shining cars were put on, but without a minute being subtracted from the running time. As the old train has been doing for the past year, the new one leaves Chicago every Tuesday at 7:15 P.M.; on its return, it leaves Los Angeles at 8 P.M. Friday. The basic fare is $66.53 one way; the extra fare, $10.

A word about the new cars, for it



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is now certainly the fanciest train to take to Southern California, and the one the gilded folk of Hollywood will scramble for. I rode on it a few weeks ago, from Chicago to Santa Fe and back, when it made an exhibition run. The streamlined Diesel wasn't quite ready, so the trip was made under steam, but the rest of the equipment was used. The cars are of stainless steel, of course, and inside they have been decorated in Southwestern and Navajo motifs which might well have turned out garishly, but are, in fact, remarkable and beautiful. In the bar car, the diner, the lounge, and in the drawing rooms and compartments, much color, both in wood panelling and upholstery, has been used, and the whole train is as far removed as possible from the old plush-and-white-tidy days. There are all sorts of rather absurd but useful contraptions, startling to anyone whose last recollection of a railroad's efforts toward improvement was the little slot for old razor blades installed in the men's washroom. For example, all reading lights in the berths can be made to emit a soft-blue aura, evidently for the benefit of those who don't want to sleep in complete darkness. On this trial run, even without benefit of Diesel, a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour was hit, and there was scarcely any vibration. There were a few shaky moments on curves, because the engineer was unused to the light cars, but that probably won't happen on the regular runs. The train passed through a considerable dust storm in Kansas, and the air-conditioning worked perfectly. In spite of the storm, there wasn't a dusty sneeze from any of the passengers.

THE Hindenburg's demise cut short the round-the-world passenger flights mentioned here a while ago. When you arrive in Europe after a transpacific flight to China, United Air Lines or Pan-American will book you to Cherbourg, Havre, Plymouth, or wherever you want to catch a boat. . . . United's extra-fare Skylounges, those roomy, fourteen-passenger Douglases which have been on the Chicago flight, now also fly to Los Angeles or San Francisco, stopping only at Chicago, Cheyenne, and Salt Lake City. The cost is $149.95 one way, plus $5 extra fare. . . . When the sleeper planes are put on in mid-June, the company is going to give each passenger a pair of papier-mâché bedroom slippers to make him feel secure. —S. R. W.



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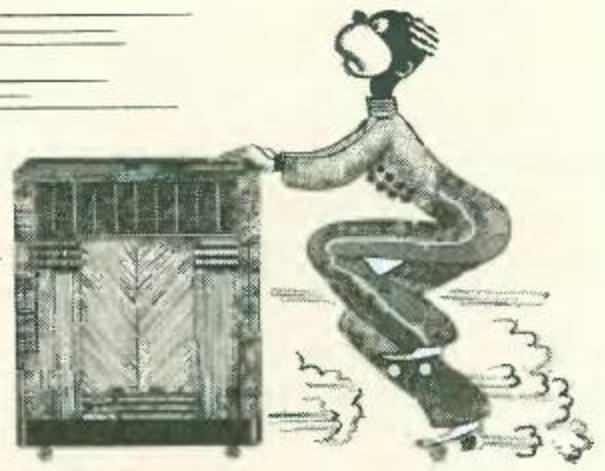
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One man tipped the wink to another. And more men began tipping cool seidels of Piel's. That's the story of how Piel's became the pick of the brews to New York's beer-wise. Piel Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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A Carrier Room Cooler can be wheeled into your living room, bedroom, office — any room you like — and completely installed in no time. It cools, dehumidifies, ventilates, gently-circulates the air, reduces dust and outside noises to a minimum. Makes your office a haven of cool quiet (and droves of new clients will come in!) Gives your wife and children a retreat from heat and dust and *humidity*. And, in your bedroom . . . ah! what hours of refreshing repose.

Finally, what is commonly called "the bad news" — the price — is actually *good* news. And, incidentally, you'd better get your Carrier Room Cooler right away . . . because everyone throws his (or her) hat in the air just on sight of it! So, pick out your near est dealer and phone him! Or mail the coupon.

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SHERLOCK HOLMES IN PICTURES



SHERLOCK HOLMES is fifty years old. William Gillette is dead. Neither fact is quite credible.

This is written by the illustrator who, since "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" in 1903, has made pictures for nearly all the tales. Oddly enough, I do not care for detective stories, and never have had any desire to curl up with a good one. But thanks to my long association with the Emperor of Detectives, I have found myself looked upon as an expert in crime. My plight is a little like that of Mr. Reginald Birch, who drew pictures for "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in 1885 and has carried that golden-curled, velvet-suited incubus on the back of his neck ever since.

Let us consider the pictures of Sherlock, beginning with those drawn long before my time. You know my methods, Watson. We must have facts; it is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data.

Sidney Paget was not the earliest illustrator of Sherlock Holmes (the first was D. H. Friston, who illustrated "A Study in Scarlet" in 1887), but it was Paget who imposed his conception on the English mind. Beginning with the "Adventures" in 1891 in the *Strand Magazine*, he continued through a second series of them; then followed with "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "The Return." He died, prematurely, a few years later. Sir Arthur writes of "poor Sidney Paget," and of the younger brother who posed for him and made Sherlock handsomer than the author intended. Paget's pictures improved as he went along; if the earlier ones seem imperfect to our eyes, it is partly because of the crude woodcut reproduction. Scenes of gloom and terror were likely to appear faintly comic. Few American readers saw these English illustrations, and for some the first Sherlock was the plump and dapper blade portrayed by W. H. Hyde when a few of the tales were printed in *Harper's Weekly* during 1893. This series ended with the death of Holmes in "The Final Problem."

For most Americans, the image of our hero was created by the actor William Gillette, who wrote the absurd and delightful melodrama entitled "Sherlock Holmes," which reached the New York stage in November, 1899, ran two seasons in America and a season in London. Mr. Gillette was blessed by nature with the lean, sinewy figure and keen visage required, and his quiet but incisive histrionic method exactly fitted such a part as Sherlock. I can think of no more perfect realization of a fictional character on the stage.

In 1903, just ten years after Doyle had killed Sherlock, he brought him back to life. His series entitled "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" began publication at the end of that year, in the *Strand Magazine* with illustrations by Paget, and simultaneously in *Collier's Weekly* with pictures by myself. For the first story, "The Empty House," I made six illustrations, and by a curious coincidence, Paget, who also made six, chose four of the same subjects. That date, 1903, corrects, of course, the faulty chronology of those who have vaguely supposed that my drawings preceded the play.

I did not need to be told to make my Sherlock look like Gillette. The thing was inevitable. I kept him in mind and even copied or adapted parts of a few of the stage photographs. At that time I never had seen the play, and it was not until 1929 that Mr. Gillette actually became my model in the flesh. Lured from retirement for a farewell tour by the artful George C. Tyler, cornered in the Biltmore by the hounds of publicity, he seated himself—with the air of one taking the electric chair—and for the duration of three cigarettes talked to Mr. H. I. Brock of the *Times* and exhibited his famous profile for my first drawing of it from life.

My original model for Sherlock Holmes was an Englishman named Robert King, who posed as him throughout the thirteen tales of "The Return." The drawings for the first story were made in Deerfield, Massachusetts, and Mr. King journeyed there

How two artists imagined Sherlock Holmes in the same deductive moment. Below, Sidney Paget in the Strand Magazine; on the right, W. H. Hyde in Harper's Weekly. Both pictures appeared in February, 1893.





"PIPES ARE OCCASIONALLY OF EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST."

STAGE

awards the PALM

in JUNE



IN THE June issue, the editors of Stage, as is their annual custom, extend their awards to the outstanding performers in the World of After-Dark.

In the

Theatre,
Motion Pictures,
Music,
Radio,
Supper Clubs,
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Stage awards the Palms to the preeminently elect.

As a foil to the palms, Stage engages once more in that annual sadistic institution which it has made famous: *Coffee and Pistols*.

We shall not reveal here the names of those to whom Stage tenders its awards. To know, unless you are already a subscriber, will cost you 35c on the nearest *good* newsstand.

We will, however, admit that Stage not alone awards the palms and does it with a high decorative quality with the assistance of such artists as Hirschfeld, Birnbaum, Galbraith, Cotton, Justis, Groth, Wynn, LaMotte, Dove, Collinge and Malman.

Stage also offers distinguished contributions from such excellent writers as Laurence Stallings, Newman Levy, George Jean Nathan, Burgess Meredith, Patricia Collinge; and the sure, unerring report of what is going on in the World of After-Dark by its multifarious revered and distinguished editors.

What wonder that Stage is winning such constant favor in such a constantly increasing circle of knowing readers.

STAGE

The Magazine of After-Dark Entertainment

50 EAST 42nd STREET NEW YORK

to help me. He was a sensitive, fine fellow; his nose was not hawklike, but he had cavernous eyes—and he owned a frock coat. When later stories came along, about 1908, King, to my regret, had swum out of my ken, and I fell back on that standby of the studios, Frank B. Wilson. Irish by ancestry (his real name was Wall), he had gone on the stage as a youth and had been for some years actor and stage manager in the company of Sir Henry Irving. After a breakdown of health, he set his face resolutely toward a new job. He became a model, kept an amazing store of costumes and other equipment stowed away in odd places, and for thirty years or more was the most resourceful, faithful, and competent man in that stop-gap profession. About 1926, while the later stories were appearing in *Liberty*, two of Wilson's tall sons followed in their father's footsteps; but most of the Sherlocks in this series were drawn from the fine frame and crag-like head of a model called S. B. Doughty.

Mr. Vincent Starrett in "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" lists twelve Englishmen and six Americans who have illustrated the text, and even that list is incomplete. Mr. Edmund Pearson, the eminent criminalographer, wrote an admirable paper, "Sherlock Holmes Among the Illustrators," for the *Bookman* for August, 1932. Speaking of Arthur I. Keller, one of the Ameri-



FIRST PICTURE OF HOLMES

Sherlock tells Lestrade and Gregson what "Rache" really means. The vacant face on the left belongs to Dr. Watson. From D. H. Friston's frontispiece to "A Study in Scarlet," 1887.



"MY COLLECTION OF 'M'S IS A FINE ONE."

Frederic Dorr Steele's conception of the moment when Watson is shown the incredible dossier on Colonel Sebastian Moran, "the second most dangerous man in London." It was printed in Collier's in 1903.

cans, who had taken a fling at Sherlock in "The Valley of Fear," he says it was he who "dealt the cruelest blow at Watson. From merely the innocent Johnny of Mr. Steele's drawings, Watson emerges in Mr. Keller's pictures as *boobus Britannicus*." . . . Mr. Keller himself spoke some memorable words to me on the subject of models: "Oh yes, I probably used Wilson, but it didn't matter who it was. I only use models for construction anyway." The individuality in his figures was supplied from his own head; he never could have been accused of "type casting."

Readers of the early tales have remarked a rapid change in Sherlock. The thinking machine who rigidly excluded from his mental storehouse any knowledge not useful for his immediate purpose soon became a walking encyclopedia. But physically Sherlock needed no change or development; Dr. Doyle from the outset knew what his hero looked like. It is odd that the "great hawk's bill of a nose" so explicitly described was ignored by the English draughtsmen for many years. Not until the "Return" series was well under way did one see in Paget's noses a suggestion of aquilinity. Was it the Gillette influence? Such considerations bring up old questions: Do illustrators ever read the text? And the corollary: Should all illustrators die at dawn, and all books come out with their text undefiled? Shall we make exceptions in the rare instances in which author and artist are one, as in Thackeray, du Maurier, Pyle? What would Doyle's own pictures have been like? Did he like Paget best?

Here I can tell what Sir Arthur said to me on the one occasion when I met him. It was at a luncheon given for him in New York by Mark Sullivan, of *Collier's*, some time during the second term of Theodore Roosevelt. The President could not come, but his daughter Ethel and one or two Cabinet members and their wives were there. A weighty occasion. I was somewhat palpitant when my turn came to talk with the great man. Would he be kind to me? Would he commend my earnest efforts? I must be self-effacing, I thought; I will ask him about Paget first. "Young man," he began briskly, "do you know who did the best illustrations ever made for me? Cyrus Cuneo!" He began to tell me why; something interrupted; the interview ended. I had not needed to be self-effacing. Sir Arthur effaced me. I can make no explanation of his preference. Mr. Cuneo was notorious for committing the illustrator's deadliest sin, giving the plot away. If he had done the drawings for Watson's tales, I felt sure no cunningly hidden solution, no trick ending was safe. Later I found out that he had illustrated many of Doyle's other novels but never a Sherlock.

Evidences have come to me in the mail of a vast invisible army of Sherlock Holmes idolaters—bits of curious information, inquiries for the "old originals," now and then a request for "data to help me on a monograph I desire to write on Sherlock Holmes." Perhaps



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Mix ¼ lb. of boiled ham, finely ground, with 3 or 4 stuffed olives, sliced, and contents of a can of White Rose Consommé Madrilène. *Chill until set. Serve on salad greens with mayonnaise.*



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

the most extraordinary of these communications came to me from Dr. Gray Chandler Briggs of St. Louis, a devoted collector of Sherlockiana, who wrote me that he had spent a summer vacation in London, mapped Baker Street with care, located the lodgings at the present No. 111 Baker Street, and submitted his findings to the author. He sent me the map, descriptions, and photographs, and they were published later in the Gillette souvenir program. His theory about the location of the house thus attracted much attention. It has been approved by Vincent Starrett, disapproved by H. W. Bell (author of an amazing Holmes-Watson chronology), and, we must add, blandly dismissed by Doyle himself. Whether we can accept the Briggs theory or not, it is a most ingenious addition to the lore of the subject. On a visit to London in May, 1931, I spent a pleasant evening following the ardent Doctor's footsteps, and can report that, save for a new arc light near the "kerb," the premises remained as he described them.

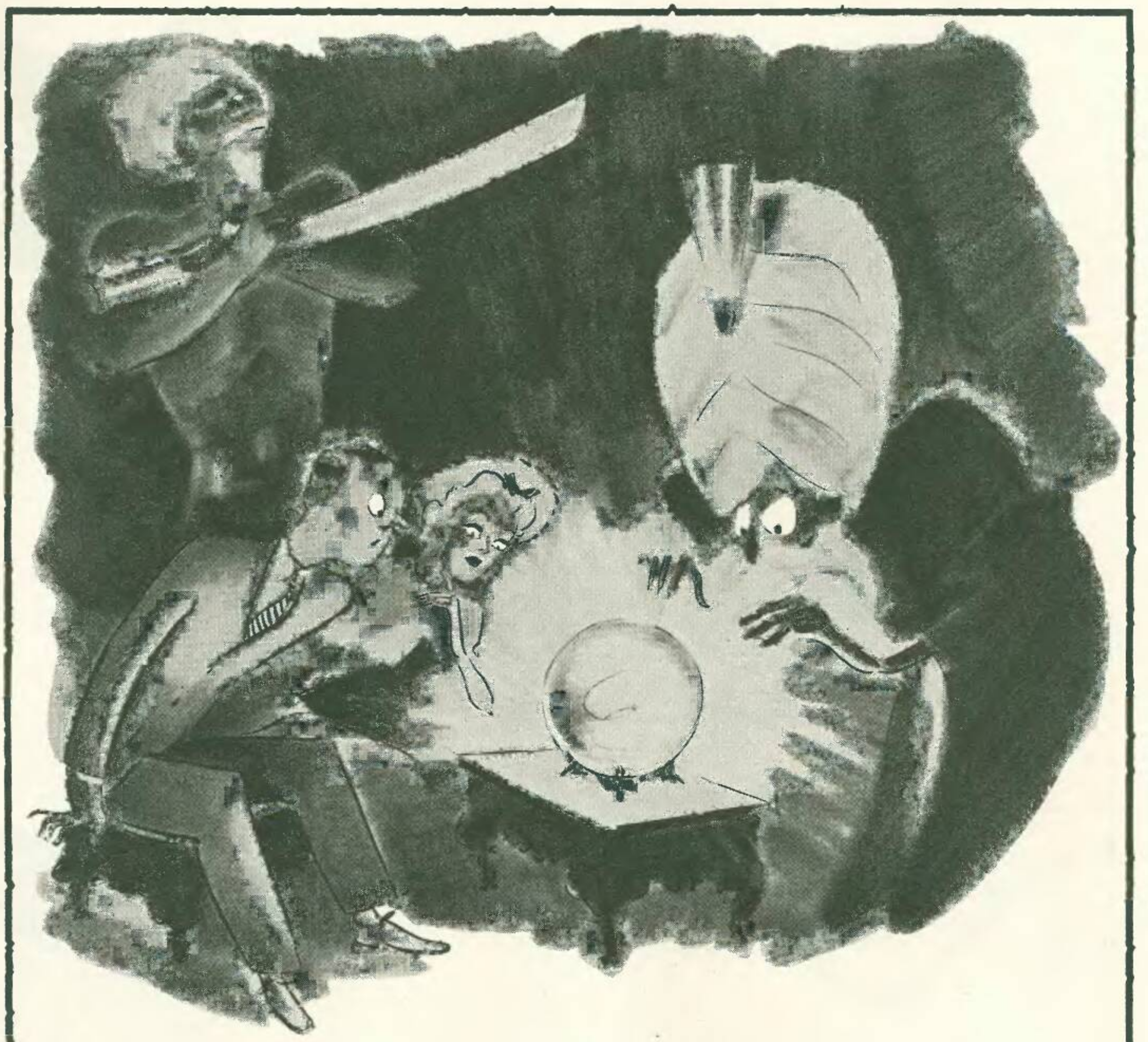
The matter of the original drawings also involves Dr. Briggs. He had seen one at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in his own city in 1904, and were there any left, and could he get them? Artists are disorderly beings, but something must necessarily be done with studio accumulations. In my own case these were kept in a packing box, the object of frequent profane revilings. My fellow-craftsmen will agree, I am sure, that the joy of creation is exceeded only by the joy of destruction. Hence during the agony of moving, or cleaning, the box was dragged out and the less fit were slaughtered. So some years ago the number had been reduced to perhaps a score, and Dr. Briggs has them all.

The late Ralph Barton cheered one Christmas for me with what is now a valued souvenir. He had redrawn one of my cover designs of long ago, a profile of Sherlock in a dressing gown, with a bloody handprint on the wall. The hawklike beak was undisturbed but the chin had disappeared beneath a Santa Claus beard, complete with string.

"But how did you remember that design so clearly?" I wrote in my letter of thanks.

"Because," he replied, "it was pasted on the ceiling over my bed."

After three years I am still pleasantly embarrassed by the outrageous overpraise accorded my drawings by Mr. Starrett in "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes." "No happier association of author and artist can be imagined; one thinks of Tenniel and his



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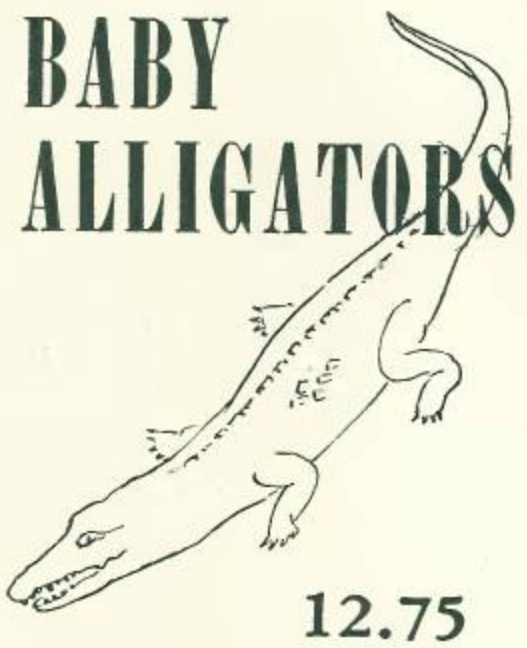
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Bloomingdale NEW YORK

Alice." You may take even giddier flights in the chapter called "The Evolution of a Profile." "Sixty tales, in all, comprise the saga of Sherlock Holmes; and Steele has illustrated twenty-nine. While he yet lives and loves, and lifts his pencil, will he not do the other thirty-one?" Meantime my own favorite edition remains the one-volume "Complete Sherlock Holmes," with no cuts —in either sense of the word.

In writing of stage Sherlocks, Mr. Pearson makes a shrewd guess: "The Steele pictures had in their turn an influence on the stage or upon the screen for it seems probable that the enormous number of properties assembled for the Baker Street scene in John Barrymore's film play (1922) originated in Mr. Steele's fascinating pictures of Holmes's rooms." I can testify to the accuracy of that chance shot. I happened to meet Jack Barrymore, just off the train from Hollywood. "There's a film I want you to see," he said. "Just finished it. 'Sherlock Holmes.' I dug up an old German named Von Seyffertitz for Moriarty. Had a lot of fun. Think you'll be interested."

"Indeed I will," I said, hoping the old drawings were remembered. "I used to make pictures of Sherlock."

His eyebrows twisted with the Barrymore grin. "Why, hell, we had all your old pictures out on the lot. You're more to blame than Gillette."

On a murky winter evening two years ago, the Baker Street Irregulars, a little group of Sherlock devotees, met in a coffeehouse in the Forties for votive rites in honor of their patron saint. After some tramping in the slush I found the unmarked door and was ushered into a warm, smoky room. Long train of tables, Italian wines, savory odors. Just such a room as one might look for in Soho, perhaps. What were these strange words floating in the smoke? Gasogenes, Trichinopoly cigars, orange pips? Christopher Morley greeted me kindly. He, it seemed, was a gasogene. No, he was *the* Gasogene. The other officers were the Tantalus and the Commissar, and let no true Sherlockian ask why. "That is your drink, right there by the Blue Carbuncle."

"Fine. It was all perfectly obvious from the first, my dear Watson."

I had been a little cold. If I could catch up in my drinking, would I understand a little better what they were talking about? If someone asked me for the papers, would I know enough to say they were on the sundial? If one muffed the answer to such a challenge, the next round was on him, I

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was told. Surely this was a dangerous place. Another drink? Well, they all looked friendly enough. Increasingly so. But how did they all know so much? Could I remember Enoch J. Drebber's address? Another drink, perhaps? Well, why argue? One must not be quarrelsome. On my left sat the Gasogene, on my right Gene Tunney. No, I would not be quarrelsome. Time for the first toast. "There are only three standard toasts, gentlemen, three obligatory toasts. We will rise for the first one, gentlemen. I give you THE Woman!" *The* Woman? Could it be Irene Adler? I was beginning to get the hang of it. Elementary. Alexander Woollcott, who had insisted on coming in a hansom, still wore a hideous red fore-and-aft cap. The second toast was Mrs. Hudson. The third, Dr. Watson's Second Wife. Time for a pipe. Pipes are occasionally of extraordinary interest, Watson. But where is Gillette? Afraid he's not coming; it's half past eight. Patience, my dear Watson. If I am not mistaken, I hear his step even now upon the stair.

A commotion at the entrance. Yes, it was he. We saw the tall, fragile figure, the pale, smiling face above the concave dress shirt. "Splendid, Mr. Gillette. We'd given you up. It was good of you to leave your other party to join us."

"Other party? Certainly not. I've been four hours on the way from Hadlyme, Connecticut, and I'm damned hungry."

After he had been fed, he told us that it was Charles Frohman who had suggested his play, that it had been concocted in a few weeks, and—even more incredible—that before that time he never had read a Sherlock Holmes story. The unquenchable Woollcott reported this incident later in *The New Yorker*. A certain artist, he wrote, wept softly into his soufflé at the sight of his most famous model. Mr. Woollcott must stand corrected. I am sure it was not a soufflé we wept in, but a *compote Lestrade*.

CONAN DOYLE never quite forgave the reading public for preferring "these lighter sketches," nor could he quite forgive his own Sherlock Holmes, who "may perhaps have stood a little in the way of my more serious literary work." But what man can control the lightning of his own fame? Today his brain child, so often disparaged by its father, unquestionably is known to more people living on this oblate spheroid than any other character in secular fic-

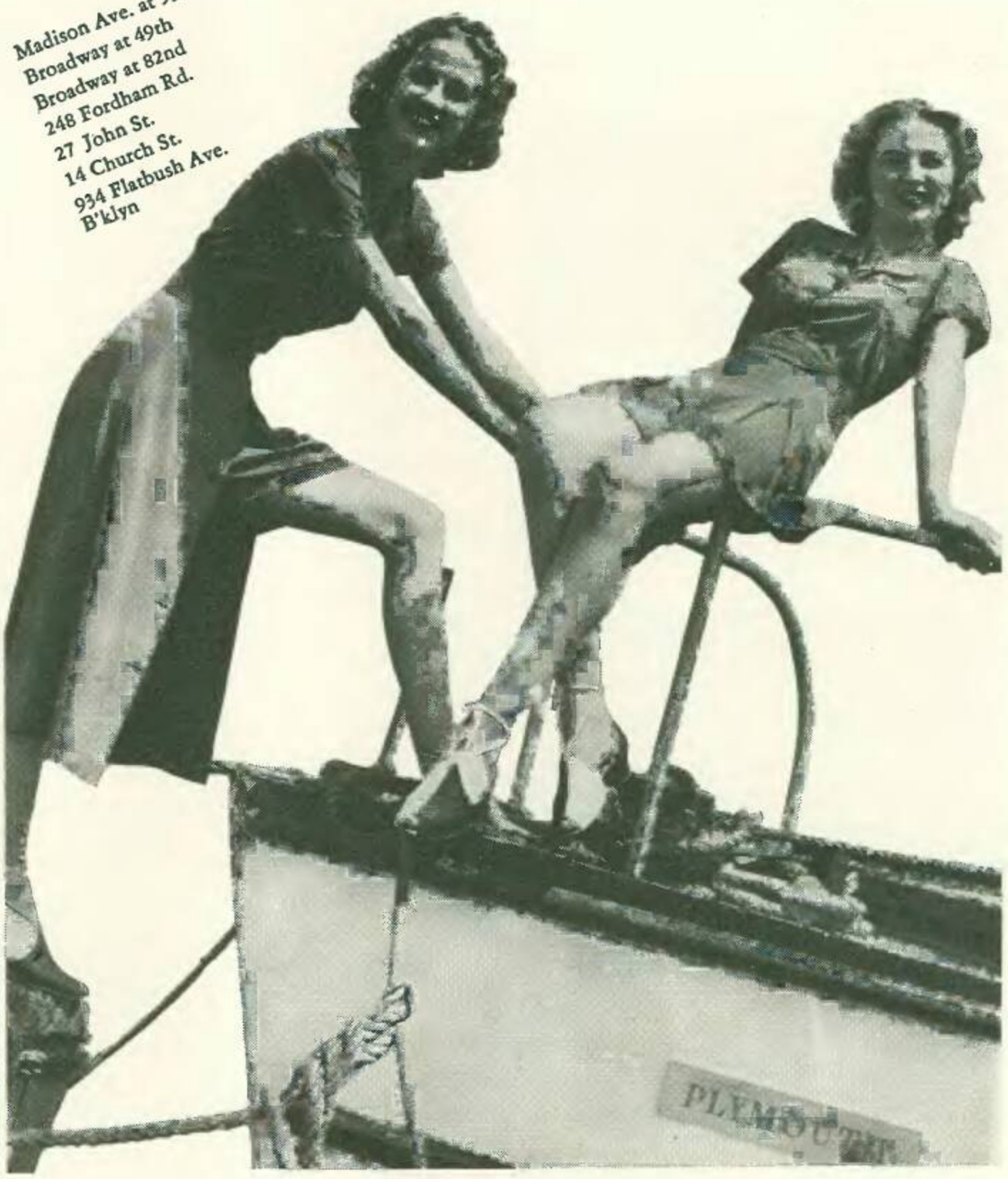
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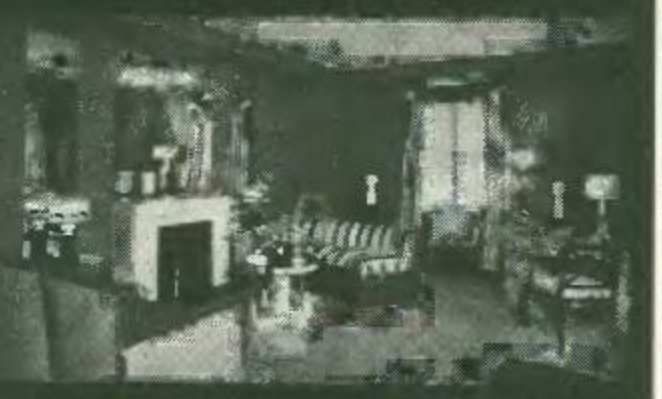
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tion. Why do these uncounted millions love the tales and, forsaking all others, return to them with deep satisfaction and a sense of personal attachment? In mere ingenuity of structure they are no better than those of the present-day artificers. Not all the tales observe the strict rules of the game—the game between writer and reader. In some, accident rather than deduction plays a part in the solution. Sometimes there is no solution at all. But what do these lapses weigh against the gift of the priceless Watson, against the wealth of color, atmosphere, and racy, humorous character? To read the tales is to take the perfect anodyne, to be carried back gently across fifty years to a dim, gas-lit London, with the four-wheeler coming up out of the yellow fog, bearing our client—and a little problem which may present some points of interest.

—FREDERIC DORR STEELE

•

A SPRING POET

The Melancholy May Cat
  Is yowling on the fence.
I would he were a day cat,
  I wish he'd go from thence!

Possessed of gloomy madness,
  He wails the night away,
For life is drawn-out sadness
  To cats that come in May.

His soul is an annoyance,
  His love is drenched with tears,
He even finds no joyance
  In battle with his peers,

But ululates in swing time
  A ditty fraught with woe;
The loveliness of springtime
  Afflicts his nature so!

Ah, Melancholy May Cat,
  Sweet poetling in fur,
Why won't you be a gay cat?
  Be comforted, and purr.

Your provender is ample,
  A world reborn is yours;
Then set a blithe example
  To human troubadours!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

•

Assemblyman Anthony J. Canney, Buffalo Democrat, asserted that the measure, by not limiting application to married mothers, left the "door wide open to common prostitution."

"The idea is good, however," he added.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

Well, it's *old*, anyway.



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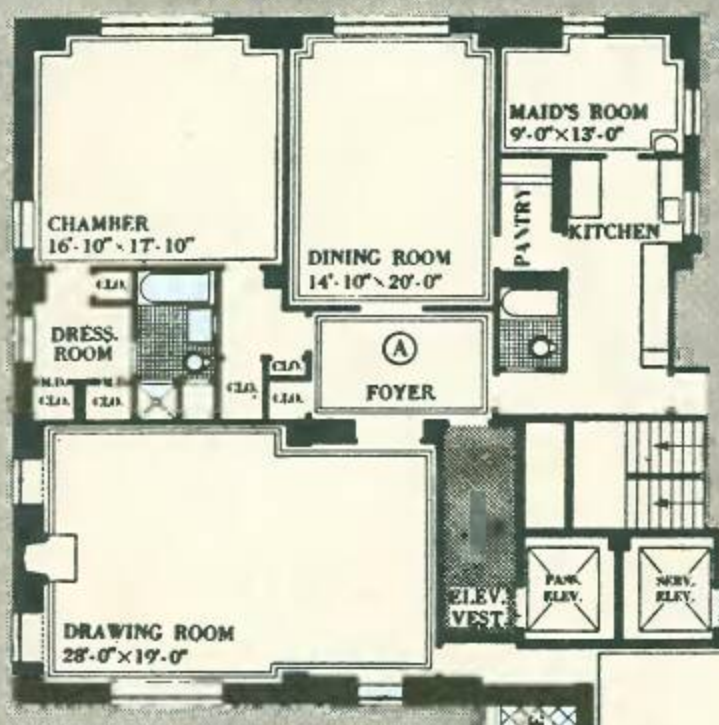


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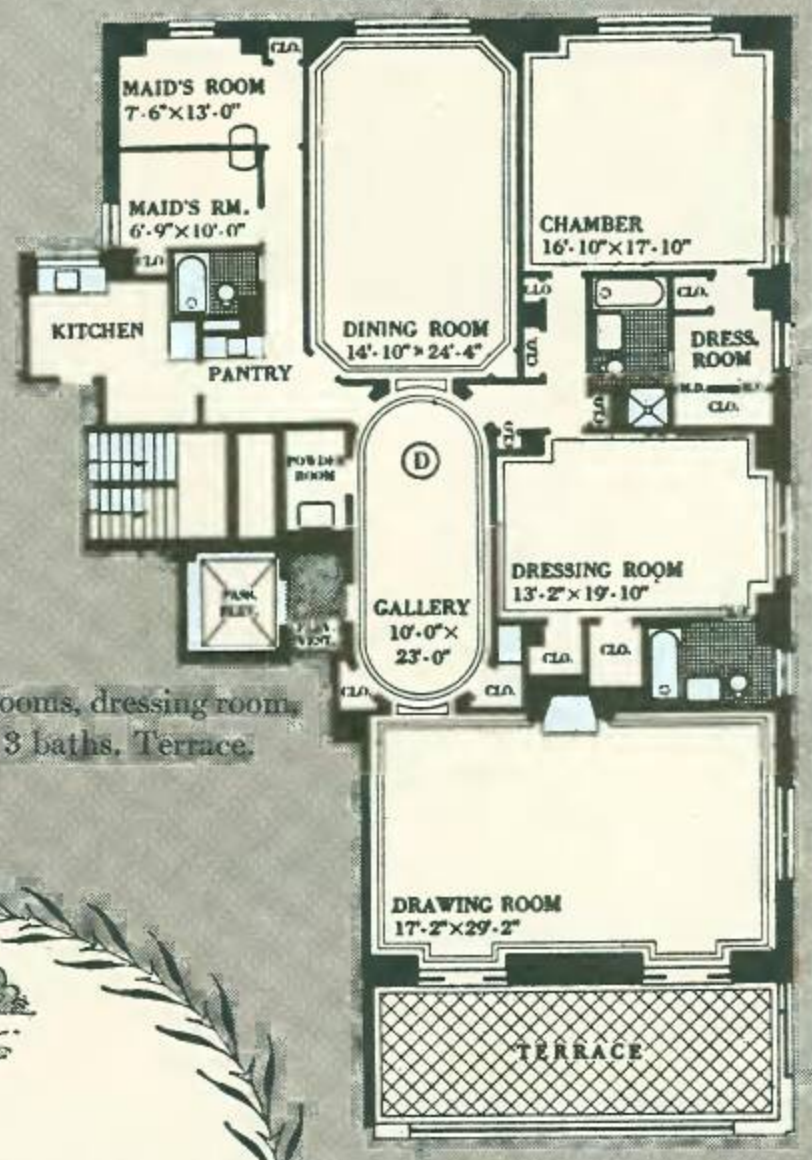
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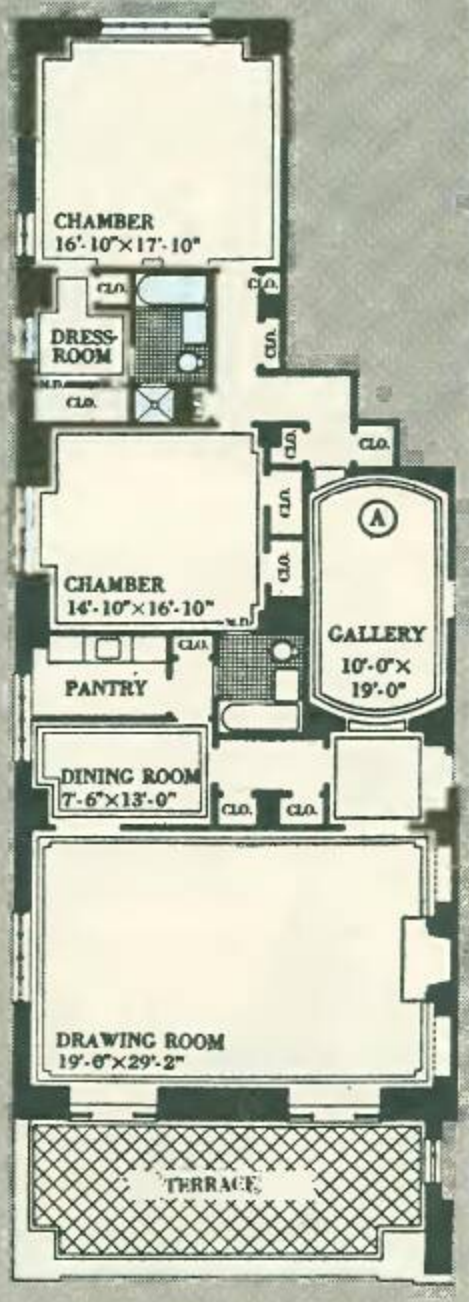
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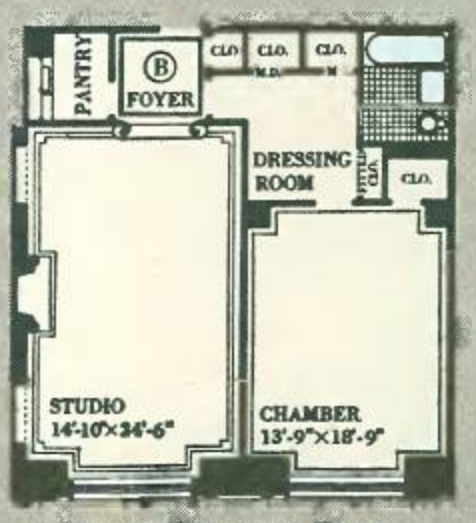
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A CREDIT TO THE COLLEGE

WHEN freshmen saw Mr. Dermott for the first time, they were invariably impressed, believing him to be a coach of some sort. They hoped he had noticed them. Disillusionment came when they learned that he was an instructor in the Department of Romance Languages. Sometimes the truth was rendered less bitter by the assurances of upperclassmen that Mr. Dermott was very likable and that his courses were exceptionally interesting. A stocky figure, he could be seen at various times of day, hurrying across the campus at a brisk stride, hatless, garbed in slacks and a sweatshirt or slate-gray pullover sweater. Occasionally he wore a necktie. It was evident that Mr. Dermott was a man who liked to make himself as comfortable as possible, and who took advantage of the fact that the college was in the country to achieve this end.

During the four years that Mr. Dermott had been a member of the staff, he had received no official reprimand regarding his habits of dress, since intramural conditions precluded this sort of censure. The chairman of his department, to whom such a duty would naturally fall, had often been asked to approach Mr. Dermott on the subject but had obstinately refused to do so, on the ground that he saw no reason to reprove such a satisfactory instructor merely for the sake of appeasing a reactionary element. Clothes were a matter of personal taste, the chairman had declared, adding that he very much regretted he was not young enough to dress as Mr. Dermott did. "He must find it very economical," the chairman had been heard to remark with a wistful sigh. The Dean of the Faculty, repeatedly prodded by his colleagues and more than once by President Galbraith, had given Mr. Dermott several delicate hints, but the topic was something about which one simply couldn't be dictatorial. The offender had been subjected to a good many heavy jests, of course, but a man who was sufficiently independent to wear a slate-gray sweater while lecturing on Rousseau and "The Social Contract" was not likely to be swayed by such furtively acid comments as "Ah, Dermott, still an exponent of—er—sartorial splendor?"

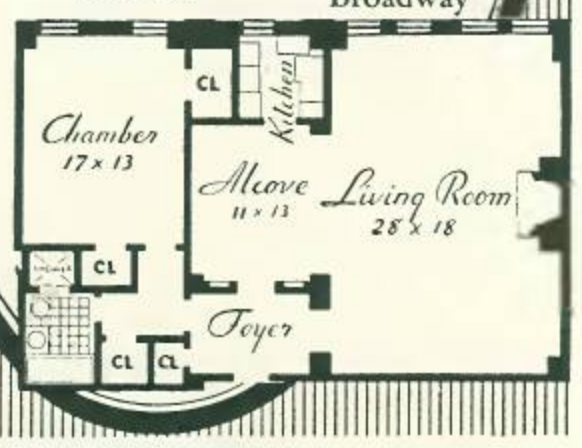
MUCH against his inclination, for he was very loath to discuss such personal matters with his faculty, Dr.

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Galbraith finally decided to summon Mr. Dermott to his office and get the distasteful business over with. It was to be regretted that the Dean of the Faculty had not, in the President's own words, "been firm." The situation was really most awkward, and Mr. Dermott on his arrival did not make things easier for his superior by coming into the President's office and saying pleasantly, "I find myself obliged to go to the city next weekend. Are there any little missions that I can perform for you or Mrs. Galbraith?"

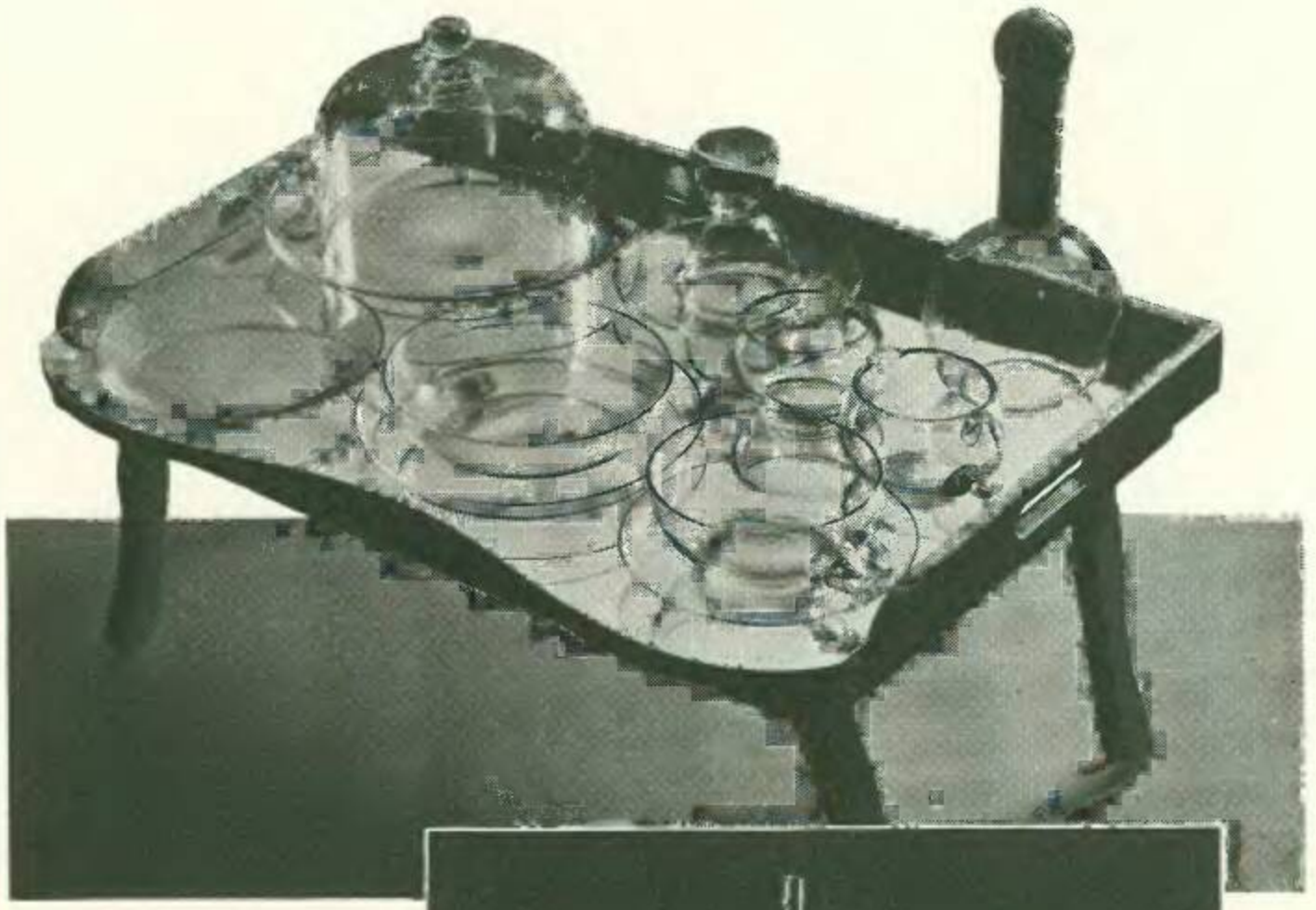
"I think not," said Dr. Galbraith uncomfortably. "Er—thank you very much for suggesting it." He hastily plunged into the business of the day lest the conversation should become too friendly. Only by maintaining a firm executive manner, he feared, would he be able to maneuver this capable but perverse individual into a conservative uniform of serge, worsted, or tweed. "The fact is, Mr. Dermott, my reason for making this appointment was to discuss with you a little matter that I believe the Dean of Students has already brought to your attention. I might add that I have been urged by various members of the faculty to go over this particular problem with you and—um—I trust that we can solve it without undue difficulty."

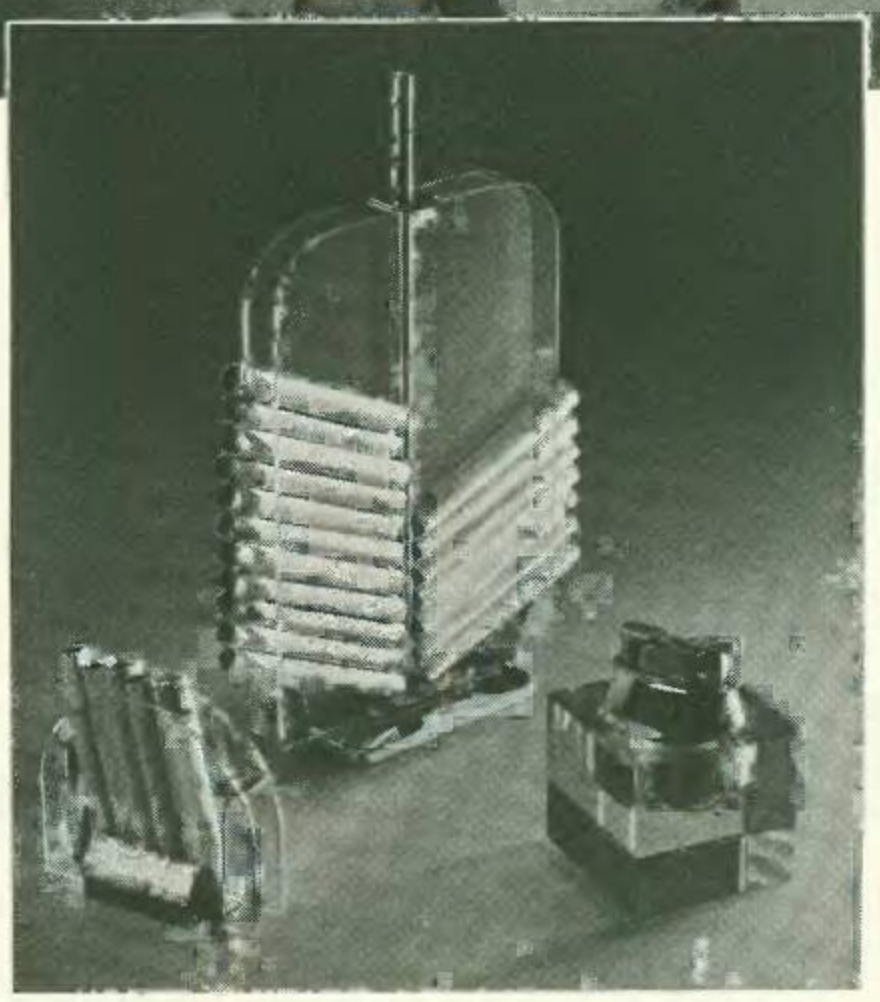
"I trust so," said Mr. Dermott goodnaturedly, and the President felt that his task would be much simpler if Mr. Dermott would only become a little less sunny. The firm executive manner seemed absurdly out of place, somehow.

"Everyone would appreciate it so much if you could manage to be just a *little* less informal," the President began, annoyed at the meekness of his own voice. He had not intended to plead. "It sets such a dangerous example for the students if one allows oneself to be—er—lax. You will be more careful, won't you, Mr. Dermott—especially in the classroom?"

"I shall certainly try to," said Mr. Dermott, anxious to do whatever was desired, but at the same time perplexed as to just what the President meant.

"We must remember," said the President solemnly, "that we are engaged in the field of higher education. Young men look up to us and imitate us. For this reason we cannot attach too much importance to—er—these superficial matters." He bent forward and winningly tapped Mr. Dermott on the sleeve. "I'm sure," he said with great earnestness, "that you are eager to be





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regarded as a credit to the college."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mr. Dermott, to whom the last remark was refreshingly clear. "It is my ambition to be—er—so regarded."

"Good!" said the President. "I felt sure that you would greet the suggestion in the same spirit in which it was advanced." He shook hands with Mr. Dermott and stood up, to signify that he had no further requests to make.

When the instructor reached the door, he turned and said hesitantly, "Some months ago, I embarked on a life of Chateaubriand. I doubt whether it will have a very large sale, but I trust it will enhance the repute of the department in a small way. I should be very reluctant to describe it as being a 'credit to the college,' but at least I hope it won't do us any great harm." He ducked his head in a polite little bow and went away, having diffused rather more warmth and spontaneity than most members of the faculty were in the habit of displaying in that business-like precinct.

A FEW weeks later it was with a satisfaction slightly tinged with malice that the Dean of Students said to Dr. Galbraith, "I see you were unable to effect a metamorphosis in the case of our friend Dermott."

"His appearance remains unchanged?" inquired the President.

"When I saw him yesterday, he was wearing a sweater," said the Dean, "and correcting papers on the steps of the Library. Did you say anything to him about sweaters?"

"I don't know whether I did or not," said Dr. Galbraith, becoming thoughtful. "When I talked to him about his clothes, I believe I discussed them categorically."

"When *I* spoke to him," said the Dean in some triumph, "I went out of my way to mention sweaters."

"I shall lose no time in making another appointment," said Dr. Galbraith, frowning. "The young man seems to live in a world of his own."

"Be firm," prompted the Dean.

On the occasion of the next visit, the President took up the matter without preamble. "If you refuse to dress in a manner befitting a member of our staff, Mr. Dermott, we shall be forced to terminate your affiliation with the college at the end of the year. I must ask you to appear on the campus hereafter—er—in a suit such as the other faculty members wear."

"Such as the other faculty members

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wear?" repeated Mr. Dermott a little doubtfully. He waited for further enlightenment.

"A conservative suit," explained the President, now very emphatic, "and always with a necktie. Members of the faculty have complained that they have seen you lounging on the Library steps in a sweater. A sweater is hardly a presentable costume for those of us who have a certain dignity to maintain, Mr. Dermott."

Mr. Dermott began to look both astonished and unhappy. He nervously assured the President that he would be more careful in the future. "I should be most distressed," he ventured timidly, "if my affiliation with the college were terminated."

"I trust the necessity will not present itself," said Dr. Galbraith. He stood up as he had done the first time. "We shall consider it settled, then. And thank you for coming."

"Er—thank *you*," said Mr. Dermott, still astonished and still unhappy. He retreated, bowing.

ON the whole, the students and the Department of Romance Languages suffered as much as Mr. Dermott from the change, which soon took place. The slacks and sweaters vanished, and Mr. Dermott's clothing was in the accepted tradition thereafter. His collars and neckties, although the latter could not have been described as beautiful, were beyond criticism. But he himself was constrained and ill-at-ease. He seemed, as the undergraduates expressed it, to "dry up." There was less sparkling enthusiasm in his lectures, fewer pithy biographical allusions to figures of the past, and not nearly as much fun, generally, as there had been. Mr. Dermott's assignments, which had seldom been disregarded before, were no longer accorded careful and interested preparation. The students in Nineteenth Century Literature reversed their previous decision regarding "La Chartreuse de Parme" and began to complain to each other that Stendhal was dull. Even the most ardent champions of Mr. Dermott's advanced elective, The Theatre of Molière, found themselves wondering whether their liberal endorsement of the instructor's classroom methods had not been somewhat premature.

The circle of benches that surrounded the Soldiers' Fountain served as a forum where one could spend a recuperative hour between classes, discussing the troubles of the moment. Mr. Dermott's name crept into these conversations with growing frequency, and



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there could have been no surer evidence of the general feeling than the admission "I spend just about enough time on it to get a C-minus. After all, I've got to pass the course."

The barometer of undergraduate favor went steadily down.

DR. GALBRAITH intercepted the chairman of the Romance Languages Department in front of the Fine Arts Building one afternoon in May. "I've just read your annual report," the President informed him cordially. "Your suggestions interest me. In fact, I might add that your recommendation regarding Mr. Dermott provokes a warmer response than I could have felt justified in according it if it had been proposed before—er—various changes were made manifest. I shall incorporate in my own report to the trustees your paragraph referring to his promotion. He obviously possesses the necessary qualifications for advancement, both in the academic and—um—the social sense."

"I'm delighted that you agree with me."

"Oh, quite. It seems increasingly evident that he's our type of man."

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

Kathleen Norris, whose sweet story, "The Highest Hill," is in this issue, tells the following story on herself:

On a train trip she tried to help a tired mother with two active children by entertaining the young ones with fruit and stories. The mother, grateful, told Mrs. Norris her name, and Mrs. Norris rejoined: "And I am Kathleen Norris." The woman looked blank, so Mrs. Norris added: "I write." "Oh," said the woman, still looking blank. The little family disembarked, and just before the train left their station, one of the children rushed on board and cried to Mrs. Norris: "Mis' Morris, Mom wants to know, what do you write?"

That distracted mother may well have been the only woman in America who does not know what Mrs. Norris writes.

—*Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan.*

It's kind of a solemn thought, isn't it?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Mountain Lakes (N. J.) News*]

But a difficulty arose when the program was completed. The audience, apparently, didn't want to go home. So the perplexed chairman, realizing that the house had to be cleared, asked if Arthur Stringer would read one more of his poems.

Arthur did. And the desired result was obtained.

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PARIS IDYLL

YOU may have suspected from reading mannerly fiction in the elite magazines that no American, male or female, knows the profundities of the *grande passion*—has not lived completely, that is—who has yet to wed in Paris. Well, the one-hundredth government of the Third Republic recently performed on me an operation of marriage, or at least I think it did. Masses of formidable documents attest to a ceremony, but there is a residue of doubt. At various stages in the operation, the government seemed to imply I might be the Captain Dreyfus of a generation ago, an exemplary case for execution; at another juncture, the lady who shared the experience believed she was Mata Hari, en route to that sodden ravine behind the fortress of Vincennes where children pick violets in May.

IT was a technicolor spring, the postcard blue of the Paris air heavy with persuasion. In that chloroform, marriage was as omnipresent as the Eiffel Tower, and we succumbed. We had been told to go first to the American Embassy. There our Ambassador beamed diplomatically, a minion authenticated our passports, and we expected that a perfunctory nod before some nearby functionary would complete the fusion. The minion, however, told us to go to the police station in our *arrondissement*. The mention of the police provoked my Sioux City fiancée into a dirty look, more elegantly described at the drama academy back home as "registering Pained Hauteur." It was five o'clock. I laughed nervously and said, "We'll get married tomorrow, and find you a hotel for tonight."

We took a cab to Passy, where one of us had established a residence, and over dinner and wine tried to forget the callous bracketing of marriage with the police. We found the one reputable hotel in the quarter of Peter Ibbetson, transferred the Sioux City luggage thereto, and prenuptially relaxed. We were platonically engaged in a discussion of the comparative merits of apartments near the Parc Monceau and in Montparnasse when there was a knock at the door, and the hotel director came in.

After good evenings, he said through his teeth, "Is it that *M'sieu* is *au serieux?*"

I thought this a feeble effort at humor, and said everything-goes-very-well-thank-you. Implacably, M. le

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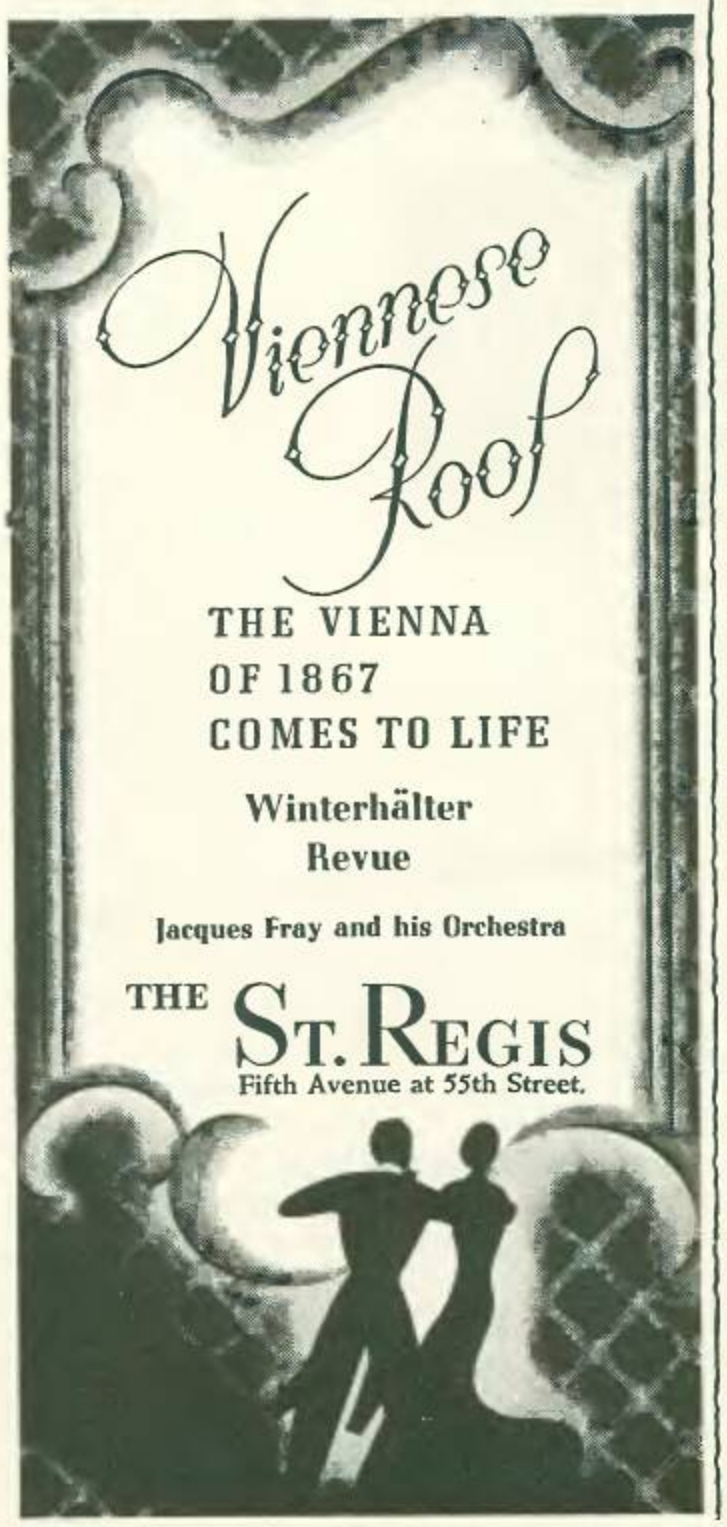
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Directeur returned to the theme of seriousness. When I irritably replied —in my effective style of *Jean-voulez-vous-me-passer-la-plume-s.-v.-p?*—that I was not a clown at the Cirque d'Hiver, or at all gifted at comedy, he called the house detective.

"In effect," I overheard him say in the foyer, "the American *type* in 411 is not at *all* serious." And next I heard the bleat of taxis on the bitter pavement outside. That was the ecstatic finale of our first day in quest of marriage in Paris.

THE second and third days were the start of the winter of our discontent. We learned with disillusioning rapidity that the government insisted, in the face of documentary evidence to the contrary, that neither of us had civil or biological identity. Passports, yes, but had we no other papers? *Tiens*, how did we know we were alive? What proof had we of birth? So far as the government knew, we might be chimpanzees, linguistically adept, masquerading as two humans. We cabled for birth certificates.

On the fourth and fifth days we discovered at length that in no case could we marry without the intervention of an American lawyer. By virtue of some abracadabra he succeeded in posting the banns, required by law to remain aloft ten days, in our neighborhood *mairie*. We never realized how many Parisians were vitally concerned in our marriage until those banns were posted, next to the photographs of various ladies and gentlemen wanted for murdering their spouses; or how tenacious that interest could be. There was a succession of callers at the hotel and I was ambushed at my office by a squad of newspaper representatives who inquired how much space *M'sieu* would desire. They were the vanguard of legions of ingenious photographers, couturiers, modistes, layette vendors, caterers, limousine owners, wine merchants, kennel proprietors, restaurant agents, engravers, *artistes*, confectioners, and other disturbers of the peace. The ultimate was reached when a charming and immaculate old gentleman offered me—with genuine reluctance—his Loire château for a million francs, plus taxes.

On the seventh day the Europa brought the papers required to prove we were no immaculate conceptions. We killed three monstrous hours over unwanted coffee while the lawyer's amanuensis rewrote the documents in billowing French, and concocted depositions, expositions, answers, oaths,

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summations, affidavits, and a magnificently superfluous paper purporting to be a financial settlement. To these we swore impatiently before an Embassy notary, fully as bored as ourselves, while he attached to each, with insane deliberation, the eagle seal of a remotely familiar United States of America. We thought, mistakenly, we were getting warmer.

On the eighth day, despite my repugnance to intimate associations with the police anywhere, we steeled ourselves to enter the prefecture. In the Bureau of Births, Deaths, Marriages, and Orphans we met two merry gentlemen, *endimanché* in black down to their cotton gloves, who quickly frowned their displeasure when I proffered our staggering dossier. Was *M'sieu* so naïve as to suppose these papers had value? It was droll! It was a thing comical! But perfectly, the documents themselves were enough interesting. Indeed, everything was in order, save that it was well evident they might be forgeries. After ten minutes of this animated cartoon, in which the deities of Births, Deaths, Marriages, and Orphans very nearly fell to blows, we backed away, convinced we had entered an asylum. Finally they adjourned the debate to tell us the American seals and signatures must be authenticated by the French Foreign Office. Once there, far across Paris, we expected to be directed to the League at Geneva, and thence to the World Court at The Hague.

On the tenth day we returned to the Births, Deaths, Etc., with the papers, and squared off. Everything was correct. I asked the next step. But that must depend. Did *M'sieu* wish to be married by the mayor in the regular Saturday paddock? Or did he prefer the seclusion of the chambers of *M. le Maire?* Bluntly, I said I desired whichever was quicker, that *Mademoiselle* and I were very close to insanity. But *alors-alors-alors*, could not *M'sieu* comprehend the question was delicate? That was to say, one might induce the mayor to perform tomorrow if *M'sieu* felt benevolently disposed to the charities of the *arrondissement*. *Alors-alors*. I disclosed my innate vulgarity by asking how much. I agreed to the figure and, in a Homeric mood of relief, inquired whether one might present each of the dignitaries of the Births, Etc., with a token of one's real esteem for France. Not only was this feasible, but it provoked a guarantee that at the ceremony on the morrow *M. le Maire* would utter an address, complimenting

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this is a rough sketch of the divine cashmere sweater I'm bringing you from Triminghams'. The color is Cornflower Blue, a heavenly shade for your eyes, and the name of it is "Castle Harbour". I couldn't resist the sweet little collar, nor the price, which was only forty shillings ($10), so I'm bringing along the cardigan to match. It was fifty-two shillings ($13), all of which leaves me enough to buy some swell neckties for Tom. See you soon.

Mary—"

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BERMUDA

the bride on her undoubted elegance and chic, dwelling on the conjectural virtues of her parents (four thousand miles distant), and congratulating France that so enchanting a creature had come to live in the land of Lafayette. As for *M'sieu,* there would be graceful felicitations on his good judgment, with parenthetical references also to the presumed renown of his antecedents. This appalled me, but *M'sieu* was assured all would be in excellent taste, that *M. le Maire* had a penchant for this, and that the dossier would provide the needed data.

On the eleventh day we entered Births, Deaths, Etc., from the Avenue Henri Martin, passed beneath a tired canopy, with photographers snapping at our heels, and climbed marble stairs carpeted to hide their classic grime. Three bearded ancients, gold chains strung from neck to knee, ushered us and our witnesses to the Mayoral Presence. He was gracious, and he was also swift. We were summoned before his dais while he chanted the Napoleonic Code on marriage, buttressed by the functionaries of the Births, Deaths, Etc. The ceremony sounded innocuous enough until the mayor began his promised "address." Then we heard him extolling the virtues of a Fräulein Anna Smogorzensky and the moral eminence of her parents in Warsaw. The Fräulein was being married, it developed very oddly, to one Niccho Popplosalotos, a worthy restaurateur of Athens. Well in his stride, *M. le Maire* refused to be braked by his deputies, and continued to a smashing finale which brought down the house in tears.

LATER, he made handsome amends. I paid five francs for the marriage book, and looked it through. There were pages in which to record the names, sex, birth, and baptismal dates of a paltry twelve children. *M. le Maire* said he would give us a fresh one—with the compliments of his government—for the thirteenth child and its successors. —LAMAR MIDDLETON

•

DEAR MR. R——:

Joyce Kilmer must have been inspired when he penned his tree poem. One reads it and floats away in a haze of recollections, breathing spring air and, through leafy boughs, glimpsing blue sky and sunlight.

There is a solidarity about a tree—in sharp contrast with present unsettled business conditions.—*From a letter from the Knapp Company, Portland, Ore.*

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THE RACE TRACK

War Admiral Carries On —Never Overlook a Snark



ANY question in your mind about War Admiral is easy to answer; he's just as good as you thought. Although he had assistant-starter trouble, and the Pimlico track wasn't the sort he likes, he ran fast and gamely to beat the amazingly rejuvenated Pompoon in The Preakness last weekend. And if you estimate racing achievement with a cash register, he has won four races and $106,600 in prize money, not to mention a gold and a silver vase, for Sam Riddle—a fair start toward the record of Gallant Fox, who earned $308,275 in a single season.

War Admiral didn't bound away from the stall gates as nimbly in The Preakness as he did in the Kentucky Derby, but he made amends for that by coming up on the rails and carrying Flying Scot out with him at the first turn. Thereafter he never was headed. Pompoon, who was slower to begin, went awfully well once he found his racing legs, though he lost some ground when War Admiral made a wide turn into the stretch. Some people, who had tote tickets on Pompoon, said that War Admiral took him out the way a tackle takes out an end; but that was not quite true, because Pompoon finished nearer the rails. Despite all this, for a moment I thought that Pompoon would head War Admiral in the stretch. However, Pompoon couldn't quite make it, and at the winning post War Admiral was drawing away. The other runners were down the course, just as the field was in the Derby. Obviously, you can split the three-year-olds into two divisions: War Admiral, who beats Pompoon, and the rest, who beat each other.

J. H. Louchheim, who owns Pompoon, was pretty annoyed after the race because the starter didn't send the horses away from their proper positions in the stall gates. The starter did this to minimize crowding to the rails as the horses left the stalls, but Mr. Louchheim felt that it put Pompoon at a disadvantage, for he would have given his jockey different riding orders if he had known that the colt was going to be out in the middle of the track. Now,



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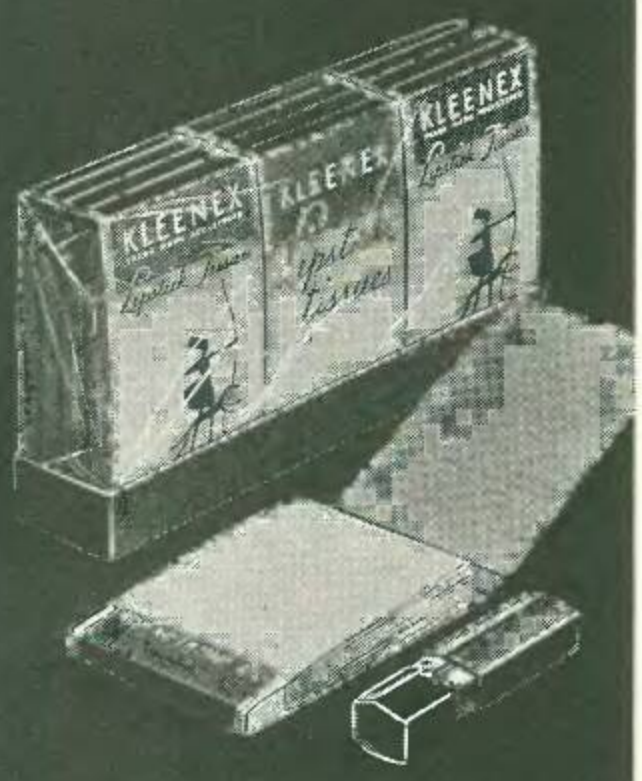


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I daresay, every time War Admiral runs, Pompoon will run, too, in an effort to wear him down, which will add to the gaiety of racing.

Really, I never saw a larger crowd at Pimlico, and I haven't missed a Preakness (and I don't care who knows it) since Man o' War, War Admiral's papa, won the race in 1920. I don't suppose a third of the people on the course saw a complete race all day. As a matter of fact, my private bogeyman and statistician was swallowed up in the crowd and hasn't been heard from since. The course looked swell, and I almost can forgive Alfred Vanderbilt for putting in loudspeakers, since he also razed that three-story apartment, sometimes laughingly called a judges' stand, which blocked everybody's view of the winning post.

EVERYONE was so busy getting used to the new walking ring at Belmont Park—about which I heard lots of comment, and none of it favorable—that there were only a few plaintive cries after Hal Price Headley won the Toboggan Handicap with his Preeminent at 10–1. Headley also had entered Whopper for the race, but he withdrew him at the last moment. Whereupon the Wheatley Stable's Snark became the good thing with those who play horses by ear. If you had watched the race from the roof, you would have seen that Snark had a bit of bad racing luck in the Toboggan, in spite of which he finished second.

Snark had no bad luck in the Metropolitan Handicap last weekend. He raced around his field and won at the satisfying odds of 10–1. Oh, yes, Whopper also ran. He was third.

At the close of Hialeah Park last March, I suggested that the Starmount Stable's Catalysis was the best two-year-old filly shown in Florida, and that she was worth remembering for Belmont Park. Well, she won the Fashion Stakes easily enough, and beat Jock Whitney's Rare Bloom, who was an odds-on favorite. Incidentally, Sonny Whitney showed two nice colts, Dauber and The Chief, both by Pennant, who obliged by finishing first and second in a race later in the afternoon.

The jumping races at Belmont Park also have been good, and are going to be better, thanks to arrivals from Pimlico. The French Subscription Jumpers were interesting, and I don't see why people interested in building up steeplechasing don't import another draft next year. Of course the best race of the week was the International Steeplechase Handi-

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cap, won by Thomas Hitchcock's Rioter. Although no longer ridden by Rigan McKinney, who won six out of eight starts on him last year, Rioter beat Birmingham easily. McKinney says he has hung up his tack for good and all.

THE particularly rough handling of Singing Top, and other favorites, doubtless was the reason for the order from the Racing Commission and The Jockey Club forbidding assistant starters to use pincers, twitches, or bull whips on horses at the starting post. I've always felt pretty strongly about the practice of holding a horse by the nose with pincers—which look like devilish, extra-long nutcrackers—even though a steward once told me, and quite seriously, too, that they couldn't possibly hurt a horse because they are wound with several layers of tire tape. The Racing Commission has been excited about this before, and in a few weeks, when almost everyone has forgotten about the order, the forbidden implements will be used again—on the backstretch, where the crowd can't see them.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: Joe Widener shooing the horses off the grass in the new walking ring at Belmont Park. . . . Sonny Whitney admiring Singing Top before she raced. . . . The placing judges climbing the stairs in their new, forty-foot watch-tower on the Widener Course. . . . And at Pimlico: The Baltimore policemen lining the rails of the stretch like bobbies at Tattenham Corner. . . . War Admiral kicking his heels as the band played "Maryland, My Maryland." . . . The crowd stripping the horseshoe of Preakness roses for souvenirs. . . . John Curry giving a tip on Merry Maker. . . . Ed Bradley telling his friends that Brooklyn will return to the races soon. . . . Ral Parr breaking out his gray bowler. . . . The loudspeaker plugging for the Hagerstown meeting. . . . The horseplayers with seatsticks and military periscopes. —AUDAX MINOR

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DEPARTMENT OF ELEGANCE
(SEAGOING DIVISION)
[*Notice issued at the United States Naval Academy*]

155172-C-C. 21 April 1937.

SUBJECT: Storage Yard.

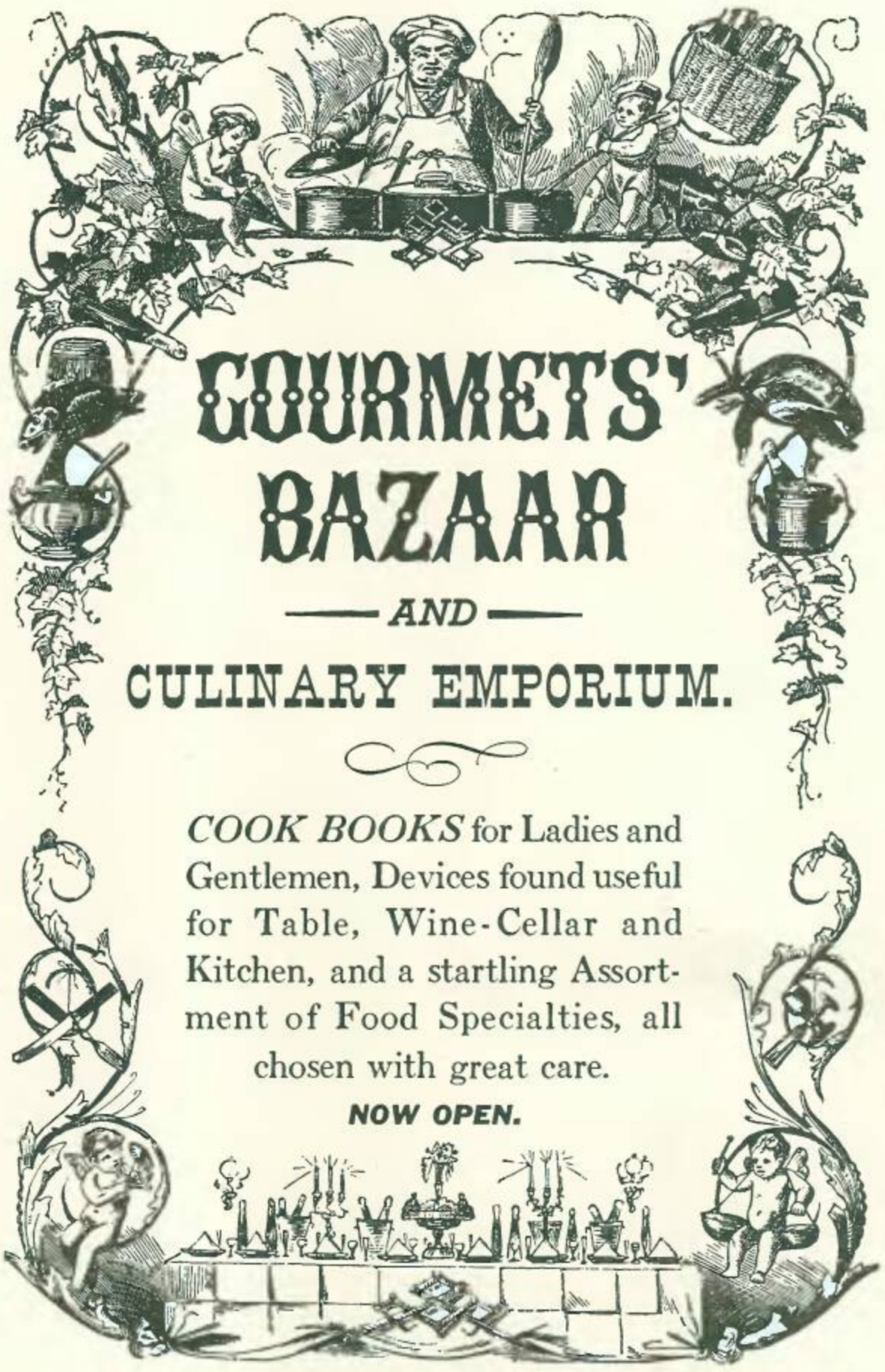
1. The enclosed area adjoining the Golf Course, commonly referred to as the Naval Academy Dump, will be known and referred to hereafter as the Naval Academy Storage Yard.

C. W. CROSSE,
By direction.

N. A. Dist. "D."

BELLOWS & COMPANY.

Established 1830.



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CULINARY EMPORIUM.

COOK BOOKS for Ladies and Gentlemen, Devices found useful for Table, Wine-Cellar and Kitchen, and a startling Assortment of Food Specialties, all chosen with great care.

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TENNIS...

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NORTH AMERICAN ZONE

AUSTRALIA vs. UNITED STATES

DECORATION DAY WEEKEND
MAY
29-30-31

WEST SIDE TENNIS CLUB
FOREST HILLS, LONG ISLAND

Seats now on sale at the West Side Tennis Club, city office, 101 Park Avenue, telephone ASHland 4-0014.

Be sure to order your tickets in advance; the best seats are allocated in order of receipt of reservations, series tickets receiving preference.

Ticket prices: Daily tickets, single day, $2.75; series tickets, $7; single box seat, daily tickets, $5.50; stadium box of six seats, daily, $33; series, $99

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, MAY 17

ALIX'S DRAPERY ACHIEVES PERFECTION IN HER NEW COLLECTION. LESS GRECIAN IN MANNER THAN BEFORE, AND EMPLOYING LESS MATERIAL, THE DRAPERY IS ALSO FAR MORE WEARABLE, BECAUSE IT IS FIRMLY HELD IN PLACE. THE BODICES ARE DRAPED OVER THE SHOULDERS, AND THE FULLNESS IS CAUGHT AT THE CHEST AND AGAIN AT THE WAISTLINE. THEN IT IS RELEASED IN FOLDS DOWN THE CENTRE-FRONT. SKINTIGHT SHEATH DRESSES OF THIN CRÊPE, JERSEY, OR SATIN HAVE ONLY SLIGHT DRAPERY IN FRONT. EVENING DÉCOLLETAGES ARE VERY LOW AND CUT STRAIGHT ACROSS THE FRONT. THEY HAVE A HALTER STRAP AROUND THE NECK, OR CLEVER DRAPERY UNDER THE ARMS AND AROUND THE NECK, TO HOLD UP THE BODICE. ELIZABETHAN ROBES-DE-STYLE IN GORGEOUS, HEAVY, DULL BROCADE OR HEAVY, STIFF SATINS HAVE SHORT SLEEVES, LOW SQUARE NECKS, AND SKIRTS THAT ARE STRAIGHT IN FRONT BUT HAVE ENORMOUS CIRCULAR FULLNESS IN THE BACK. THESE ARE RICHLY ORNAMENTED WITH GOLD OR APPLIQUÉ SATIN SCROLLS. SUIT JACKETS ARE STRAIGHT, SLIM, AND FINGER-TIP-LENGTH, AND COME IN COLORED WOOL OR SHANTUNG WITH A MATCHING BLOUSE AND A BLACK SKIRT. FEATURED COLORS: SOFT, CLOUDY PINK, PALE PARMA VIOLET, MALACHITE GREEN.

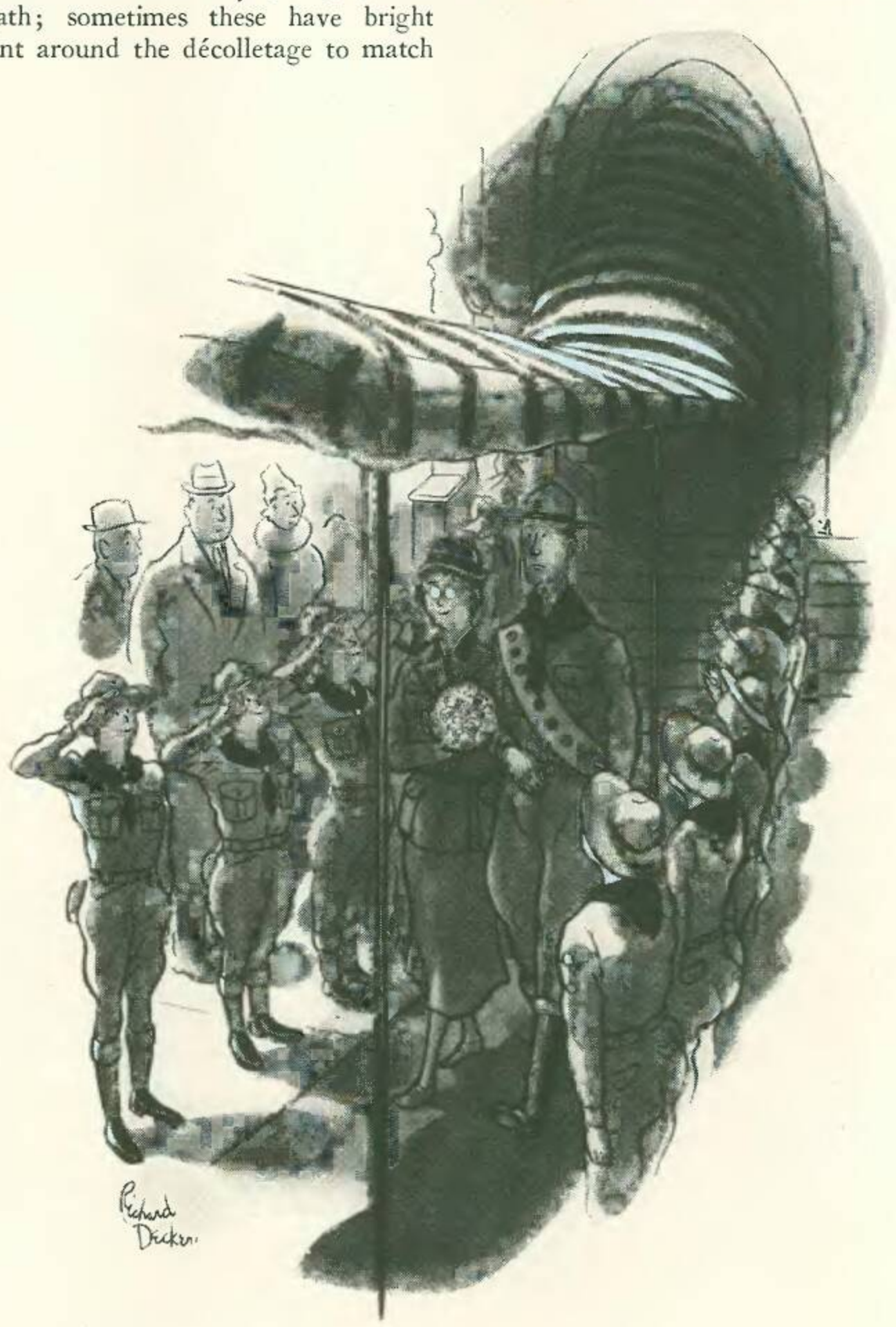
V. A.

AND IN NEW YORK—

THE class of clothes that has come to be labelled "spectator sports" has always been more than faintly loathsome to me. Once women leave artificial light for what is supposedly a clean life, they give up lavender face powder and gold-flecked green eye-shadow if they have any sense at all. Outdoor clothes should be equally free from chichi. I claim that if you are near enough to a sport to be able to see it, you should look as if you might be joining it were it not for your neuralgia. In a cabaña, you should look as if you would change into a bathing suit at the drop of a highball; at a race track, as if you could offer a horse a lump of sugar without his lifting his lip in a sneer. For these temperamental reasons of mine, the sports collection at Jay-Thorpe is particularly refreshing. I like its lack of coyness.

The slacks-and-shorts situation, if I must be specific, is as simply and as beautifully handled as anyone could wish. There are slacks with a zipper fly front and separate, two-button, mannish jackets made of a heavy crash linen that is especially swell in dark, bright blue or oyster white. These colors are the perfect background for those casual accessories that every woman hoards year after year. You'll add a bright cotton shirt with a wallpaper print to your collection this season. Sharkskin is all over the place, notably with pin stripes or pin checks, and simply fashioned into tailored shirts with shorts or slacks to match. The gray homespun slacks with an overcheck on the shirt are another classic that still looks new. For bathing, there are lots of white sharkskin tunic affairs with tiny shorts underneath; sometimes these have bright print around the décolletage to match the beach robes that go over them. For those who love rubber suits but are frustrated by the anguished cries of salesgirls (there isn't much markup, see?), Jay-Thorpe have designed some rubber suits, with or without skirts, that are made important by the caps and bags which accompany them.

Among the dresses, there are quantities of two-piece affairs of the shirtwaist type, made of men's chambrays or silk shirtings, and having box-pleated skirts. Striped silk shirting appears absolutely everywhere. You'll like the one-piece tailored dresses of sharkskin; they combine bright coral with a bright yellow-and-red scarf and make it look right. A dress that is perfect for town in dark colors, and for the country in light ones, has a zipper down the front of the bodice and a skirt that starts



meekly from a small waistline and ends just below the knee in extravagant, impertinent circular swirls like a nautch dancer's skirt. This comes in linen crash ($35) and in butterfly-printed crêpe ($29.75). There is a perfect sports coat too. It's straight and open down the front, adroitly square-shouldered, flaring in back, and fashioned of all kinds of plain or patterned tweeds ($55).

De Pinna has always had a knack of turning out charming cotton evening dresses that are not in the least girlish. This year there is even more variety than usual: old-fashioned ginghams with circular skirts and puffed sleeves; Czechoslovakian-pottery patterns on linen; white muslin, like dress linings, trimmed with Paisley; ribbed piqué in splashy, sun-porch designs. My pets include an ankle-length dress of linen in wavy, Romany stripes, with a fitted jacket to match; and the seersucker dress in what De Pinna calls a Navajo design, but which looks more like prim little Egyptian friezes. You can give yourself an inexpensive whirl among the assortment of dresses here, which cost from $19.95 to $29. And goody goody, see the pretty detail!

THE shoe-designing geniuses of Palter de Liso, at Bonwit Teller, have kidnapped some wonderful striped fabrics from the banks of the Ganges, where the silly Hindu women fritter away their youth weaving for us, the public. The material is like a fine shantung with odd and antique colorings in the stripes, and it fashions shoes cut high on the instep, with diamond cutouts for coolth, or more conventional open-toe and heel sandals. You can get open-topped twisted turbans (if things get more open around this city, I'll have to close up), scarves, and Koret handbags to match. Aside from these, there are all kinds of shoes that fit up the instep like a glove, whether made of eyelet suède, mesh, or printed silk. The ones made of silk have bags to match. I like very special a shoe that is all white mesh up the front, with trimmings and a back of navy, black, beige, or white kid; and a pump in red-earth kid (for once the name of the color is descriptive) with an odd, sideways point coming up toward the anklebone.

UNTIL two weeks ago, there were still seven or eight people who dared not call milliners daft for fear of being libellous. The current Lilly Daché collection should overcome their

Good beginnings

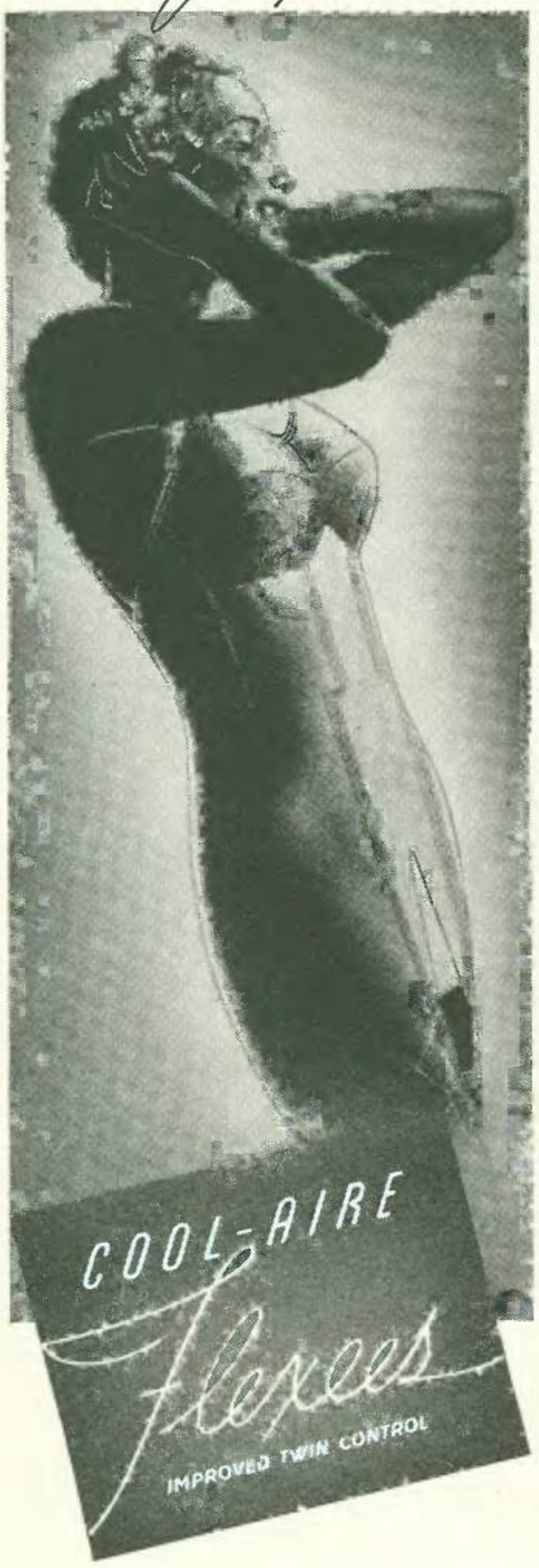


Happy endings depend on good beginnings . . . Before you set out for your summer vacation—before you embark on that trip abroad—Elizabeth Arden suggests you would be wise to visit her Salon and there allow one of her skilled assistants to give you a new and distinctive permanent wave that will keep its beauty all the summer long—in a coiffure specially designed by Guillaume of Paris. Here, too, hair that has begun to lose its lustre may be subtly yet effectively re-tinted: so that no suspicion of middle-aged greyness or drabness can detract from the charm of a lovely face.

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-5846

Cool Perfection



Airy wisps of loveliness, lightness and youth . . . to make your Summer cool delight and your self, perfection. You'd never dream that anything so gentle as Improved Twin Control could mold you into such slim-waisted symmetry . . . or that anything so web-like as FLEXEES' Lace-Lastique could hold you that way. Ask for "COOL-AIRE"* foundations and girdles at your favorite store. $3.50 to $25. FLEXEES, New York City.

*TRADE MARK

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

reticence. There are quantities of huge picture hats, made misty by loops of red and blue and purple veiling; other huge hats are turned up in the front (like the things worn at the Pirates' Ball), at the side, or in back. They cry out for a nonchalant show-girl strut to carry them off. Then, there are all kinds of hats with visors—some wildly exaggerated and destined for town, others sporting. Like the cellophane visor with one scarf to fasten under the chin and two to whip out in the breeze—and, most likely, catch in the wheels of the car. Or a silk jersey affair with a scarf attached in back and coming down to make a halter top for your slacks. If these frighten you, as well they may, look at the lovely new leather stuff Daché is already making up into Turkish-fez sort of hats for early autumn. It looks heavy and nubbly, but the rubber back makes it pliable and stretchable. There are great, gorgeous bags to match. —L. L.

•

ANSWERS TO FAMOUS QUESTIONS

I

Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight? —*Marlowe.*

Almost everyone I know—
Men are not like falling sparrows;
Cupid, when he draws his bow,
Wastes a plenitude of arrows.

II

Saw you the weird sisters?
—*"Macbeth."*

I did indeed, and every one
Was posed to advertise
To those who read (and do not run)
A draper's merchandise.

One was made of cellophane
And two had gingham hair—
A trio tricked out to make plain
What well-dressed women wear.

Though fair their forms and full of grace,
Philanthropists and cynics
Agree that each one has the face
To launch a thousand clinics.

III

Pale hands I loved . . . where are you now? —*Laurence Hope.*

Those hands that once were white as snow
Went out of fashion long ago;
I'm using Lotion No. 1
To counterfeit a tropic sun.

—BAIRD LEONARD

Slacks marked

SANFORIZED-SHRUNK

Slacks of "Master Made" quality are smartly styled and skillfully tailored. Made exclusively of "Cleeve" fabrics, Sanforized-shrunk to fit perfectly after repeated launderings. Sanforized-shrunk has become the passport to "Lasting Fit and Comfort" for all types of men's washable cotton and linen clothing. Look for the label shown here.



Ask your dealer for "Master Made" slacks with the Fitlok patented adjustable waist feature, or write to
H. LISSNER CO.
1150 Broadway, New York City

Sanforized-Shrunk
40 WORTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

TEE AND GREEN

The Metropolitan —Rich Prospects



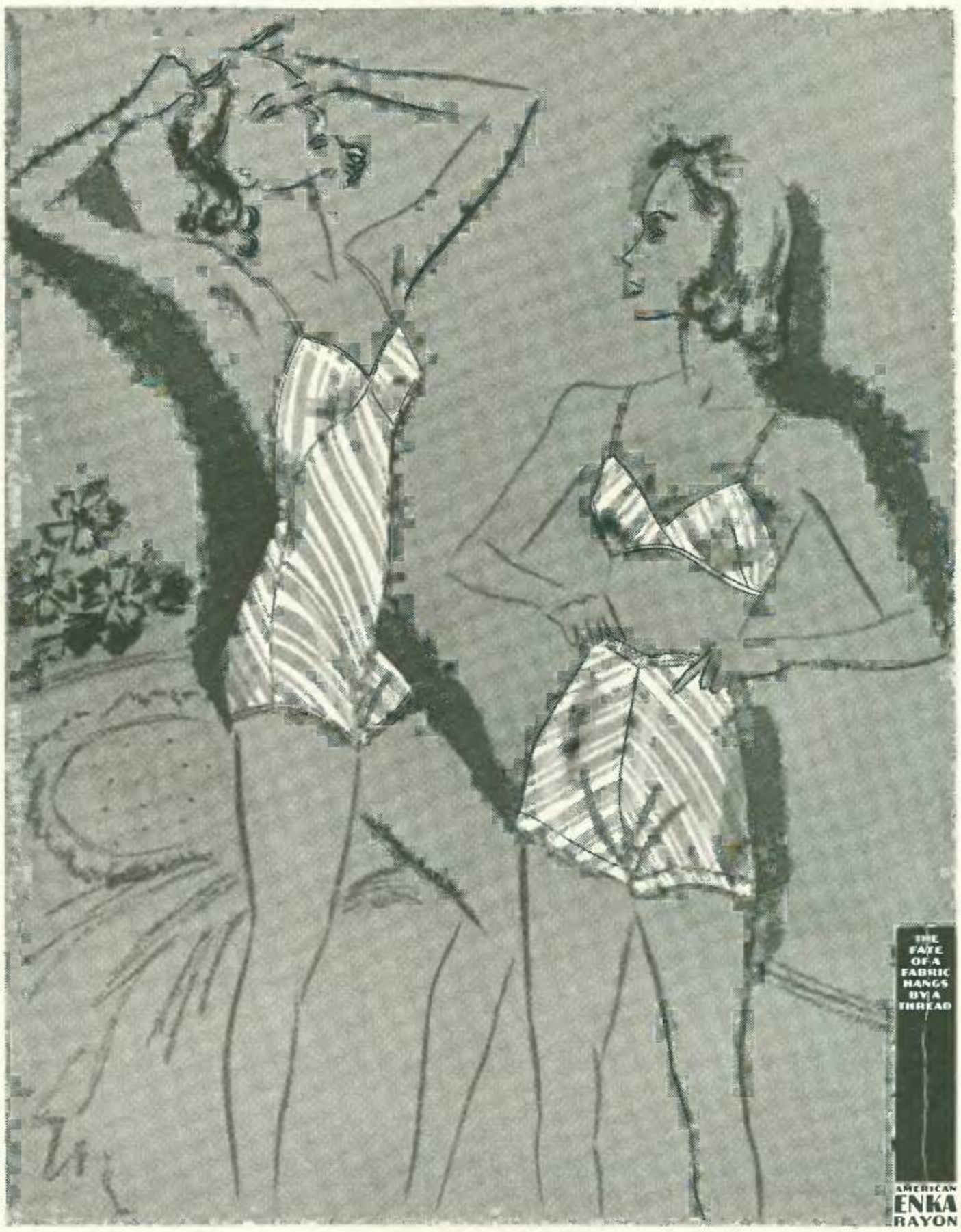
LIKE Quaker Ridge, where the Metropolitan Open was played a year ago, the Forest Hill course at Bloomfield, New Jersey, where it was played last week, is ideal for lazy spectators. Six of the eighteen greens are within easy eyeshot of the clubhouse. The best place to watch the tournament is from the piazza, where the maneuvers of the gallery, scuttling across fairways, indicate exactly what is happening on the course. It turned out last week that the scuttling was entirely unnecessary. The event was decided on the eighteenth green, when Jimmy Hines and Henry Picard got there together on their last round.

Hines and Picard had been playing almost even all the way, gaining strokes on Snead and Runyan, who were behind them on the course. Hines picked up two shots on the fifteenth hole, which left him one ahead on the eighteenth. The eighteenth at Bloomfield is a long par 3. Both players put their tee shots on the fringe of the green to the right of the pin, but Picard's chip shot stopped three feet short, while Hines' was a good ten feet away. If Hines had missed his putt, it would have meant a playoff. He sank it, and won the tournament, his victory being decided while he was taking a shower, when Snead and Runyan came in well behind him.

A florid, good-natured young man who learned golf as a caddy in Hempstead, Hines has not been a spectacular winner in major tournaments. Nonetheless, like Picard, he belongs to that inner circle of professionals whose game is so perfectly integrated that they can depend upon making a profit from prizes in tournament golf—a sport which makes betting on horse races seem as safe as life insurance. In the last seventeen tournaments he has entered, Hines has finished out of the prize money only twice. Picard has finished out of the money only once since the 1935 season, and this record has made him, as a sort of personification of par, a convenient criterion for his colleagues. In the locker room after last week's tournament, Hines said that even when Sam Snead was leading the field by five strokes, he

VANITY FAIR JUNIOR KEENS

in Enka Rayon



Because they're young...and smart...and fit with a slim perfection... because they wear and wash and keep their dainty freshness...the smartest girls about town choose Vanity Fair Junior Keens, tricot knit of Enka Rayon. Priced for budgets that haven't quite grown up. Sizes 13, 15, 17, 19. Seaspray or Shell Pink. *Left—Tite Suit . . . $1.00*

Right—Shorts 79c

Right—Brassiere . . . 59c

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FIFTH AVENUE & 34th STREET, NEW YORK

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CALIFORNIA FAVORITE

This slack costume is practically a uniform on the Coast where we discovered it. The slacks are in English fashion, of Congo Cloth, a spun rayon that launders beautifully. Matching blazer in multi-colored stripes. Complete, 19.95

Countryside Shop

THIRD FLOOR

Bloomingdale NEW YORK

had had the feeling that anyone who scored better than Picard would take first money, and that when he got his one-stroke lead on the fifteenth hole of the last round, he had felt reasonably sure of doing it himself.

SNEAD, of course, is the young White Sulphur professional whose activities have been making golf headlines all winter, and made more last week until his record-breaking 65 was cancelled by rain that forced the committee to order the whole second round replayed. Snead's amazing card was less spectacular than it sounded. It was the result, quite simply, of seven one-putt greens, and one on which he needed no putts at all, because of sinking an approach shot. Nevertheless, he lived up to his billing more completely than any other sensation of the winter circuit since Horton Smith. Snead may not win the Open this year, but he plays the sort of golf that wears well. If we were a press agent we would describe him as the Open Champion of 1940.

Incidentally, this summer's tournament circuit, which the Metropolitan Open started last week, will be the richest on record. After the Open next month, it goes on to the Western Open in September, followed by a new event called the International Match Play Championship, at Belmont, still later in September. This will offer $12,000 in prize money, and should produce more excitement than any other event of the season.

A BLOOMFIELD MISCELLANY: Frank Strafaci's hole-in-one, made in practice on the fifth, where the *World-Telegram's* celebrated hole-in-one tournament will be played this summer. . . . Snead scooping four golf balls out of a cup on the practice green with one twist of the blade of his putter. . . . Caddies with press badges. . . . Ray Billows in a red shirt. . . . The Manhattan skyline, minute in the distance, outlined above the trees. —N. F. B.

•

Three-fourths corn meal, one-fourth barley malt and one-fourth wheat bran makes good, sweet mash for first-rate corn whiskey.—*Collier's.*

For first-and-a-quarter rate, if you ask us.

•

Dorothy Kilgallen, who circled the world by air, is threatening to middle-aisle it.—*Walter Winchell in the Los Angeles Herald & Express.*

Equator stuff, eh?



COOL SERENITY . .

when the thermometer soars into the nineties. So cleverly designed that its adjustable-skirt and sleeveless jacket will subtly divert attention from your expected event. So chic you will wear it in town or country. A washable rayon crepe with a delicate flower print on white, beige or copen blue. Sizes 12 to 20. 10.95

THE EXPECTANCY SHOP

Bloomingdale NEW YORK

TUESDAY

ON a warm afternoon in April, Tuesday bit Mr. Marks. Tuesday and I had taken our regular five-o'clock turn around the block, and were about to ride up to my apartment in the elevator when the doorman appeared, and as he is an intimate friend of ours, we stopped for a casual discussion of the day's scandal among our neighbors.

Mr. Marks, whom Tuesday could not identify as a member of the regular staff of the house and therefore rated as an enemy (until his smell had been classified), must have appeared to the small fox terrier like one of Hans Christian Andersen's ogres, because he was carrying an enormous bag of mail slung over his back, and barged down on us suddenly out of the shadows.

Tuesday promptly flew at him and bit him on the thigh. If Mr. Marks had been stabbed he couldn't have howled louder. I had a sudden suspicion that to Mr. Marks I represented untold wealth, which could be tapped legally for damages, and therefore I propelled him into the hallway and made him roll up his trousers to display the wound or wounds which I imagined the none-too-dull teeth of my Tuesday must have made in his skin.

Neither Mr. Marks, the doorman, nor I could detect a trace of what the police would have listed as an "abrasion," for the thigh, though discolored, was unscratched and unscathed, and without blemish. So Mr. Marks departed on his appointed rounds, and Tuesday and I went upstairs.

At about eleven o'clock that evening my doorbell rang—an event which always threw Tuesday into a paroxysm of barking. When I opened the door, I was confronted by an Irish policeman, and (peering over his shoulder) Mr. Marks and another man.

"Chain up that vicious dog," said the policeman.

"He isn't vicious, and this is my apartment," said I, stifling another burst of barks inside the squirming Tuesday.

"This here man," said the policeman, taking a pencil out of his cap, "claims that your vicious and unmuzzled dog bit him on the leg and he had to be treated at a horsepittul for the abrasion."

Mr. Marks, safe behind the law, recounted a long story of having been to a hospital where they had cauterized the wound with nitrate of silver, all of which had rendered him totally in-

husband: "Aw right, honey, what is it?"

wife: ". . . and for heaven's sake, if you're going to see that man today about that job, don't wear those faded socks of yours—the faded old rose numbers, I mean—or he'll think you're applying for a janitorship—wear some of your new Realsilk."



NEW STYLES, NEW PATTERNS, NEW BLENDS—*in the famous Realsilk Socks*



How's your Socks Appeal today? Do you have that drab, Mouselike look below the trouser cuff? Well, don't have.

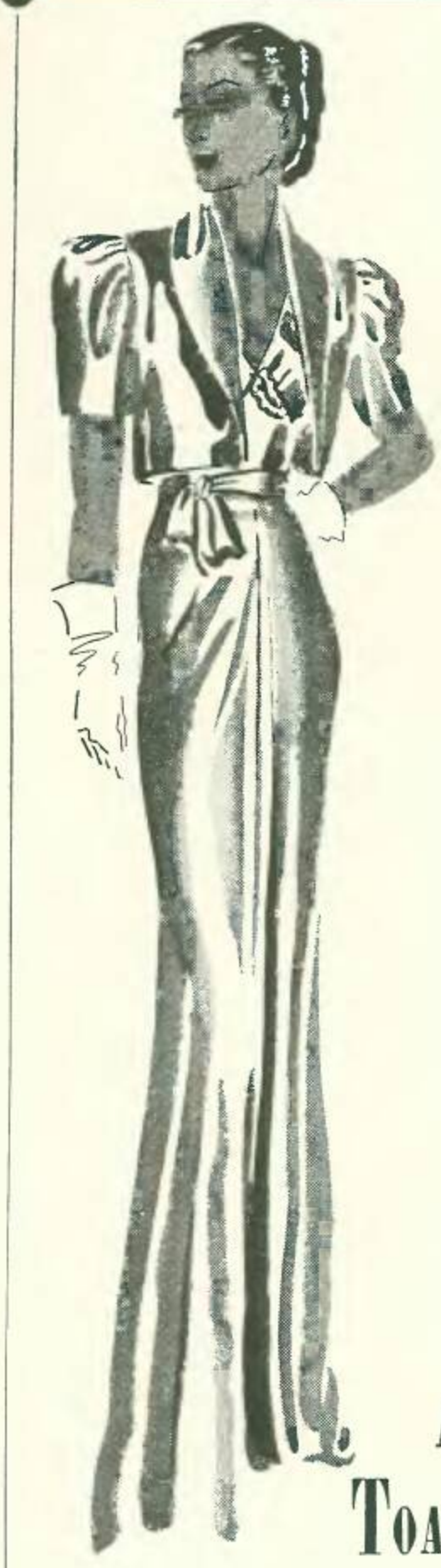
Get yourself some of the new Realsilk Sockcesses. English-type ribbed patterns that have John Bull written all over them. French type lisles that raise Gallic Glamor to masculine heights. New self-supporting Toppers. Clocks, up-to-the-minute in style.

The Realsilk idea is: "Why not wear smart-looking socks when they'll wear longer?"

The Easy Way to Buy—Our Representative calls on you. Spreads things out for you to see, admire and buy. In your swivel or easy chair. Eliminates wear and tear of shopping. Realsilk Home Shopping Service also includes ties, shirts, underwear and pajamas for men as well as the new better fitting hosiery, and complete line of lingerie for women.

REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC., Indianapolis, Ind.

REAL SILK *Super-service* SOCKS



A TOAST TO SATIN . .

Swank and sophistication . . . was there ever anything like satin to bring you out into glamorous importance! Most chic of jacket lengths . . . ensemble in white, ice-blue, black, sizes 10 to 20, (fourth floor) 49.95

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CLEVELAND • DETROIT • MIAMI BEACH
WHITE PLAINS • EAST ORANGE

capacitated for further service to the Post Office Department. Thinking that the facts would prove me right, I demanded he show proof. Whereupon Mr. Marks rolled up his trouser leg and displayed an unmistakable "abrasion" the size of a penny. After we had regarded this in silence for a minute or two, the policeman handed me a document ordering me to have my dog kept under observation at home for seven days or placed in charge of a veterinary. Then Mr. Marks, the policeman, and the third man, who hadn't changed expression once or emitted a sound, withdrew, leaving me to digest the contents of the document, which, in its preamble, reminded me of Ethan Allen's command to the British at Ticonderoga: "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress . . ."

AT eight the next morning, three officials of the Department of Health entered the *affaire Tuesday* by presenting me with another document, which was grimly explicit about the damage I had caused to Mr. Marks, and also about the menace to the health of the community resulting from my allowing so vicious an animal as Tuesday to stray in the public highway. He must, I discovered, be removed from the premises before my neighbors died like flies.

From a friend who has several dogs —while I have but one—I learned the name of a veterinary who consented to feed, board, and watch my little menace for fourteen dollars for fourteen days, within which time traces of hydrophobia would undoubtedly appear.

I took Tuesday to the specified address and handed him over to what I took to be a hospital interne, since he wore a clean white coat; got a receipt from another white-coated gentleman; and saw Tuesday locked up howling inside a wire cage which, from its size, must have been built for an undersized Pomeranian. As I left, Tuesday's voice was added to the bedlam of barks and howls which would, I was sure—since Tuesday is the nervous and jumpy variety of fox terrier—give him permanent jitters and render him unfit for apartment life, if and when he got out.

On my return from work that night, I received two more documents. One, written in pompous and parliamentary language, stated that Mr. Marks had delegated the writer as his representative to enter a claim against me for two thousand dollars, being a sum which

MODERN barrel . . .



It's an art to make a barrel chair both good-looking and comfortable. We have about ten styles...our own make and design. Among them you're sure to find one with just the right eye-appeal and sit-down appeal!

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

TO
GENTLEMEN
BENT ON MATRIMONY

•

Eldridge has just what you need—ascots, four-in-hands, gloves, spats and other fittings—all correct as the ceremony itself; exclusive in style, materials and making.

DUDLEY G.
ELDRIDGE
INCORPORATED
SHIRTMAKERS • NECKWEAR
OTHER FITTINGS FOR GENTLEMEN
11 WEST 50th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

the document asserted was a drastic understatement of the woe, harm, and bodily suffering caused by the bite of my dog. Extra damages, it added, would be determined when Mr. Marks exhibited the first inevitable symptoms of hydrophobia by biting one of his children, foaming at the mouth, etc. The favor of a reply from me or my representative would (while Mr. Marks howled in the night in his apartment in the Bronx) be appreciated.

The second document, from the General Post Office and evidently a form letter used in such federal emergencies, notified me that unless I removed my "vicious and unmizzled [sic]" dog from the premises at once, all the tenants of the building where I lived would be required to call *in person* for their mail. Figuring from the size of the building that no less than four hundred persons would be unable to hear from home, receive bills, or know how much they owed the Telephone Company, I began to grasp the magnitude of the calamity which my unmizzled Tuesday had brought upon the community, even if no germs of hydrophobia were found in him.

The next morning, still another document appeared. This announced that Mr. Marks was a member of a society which protected the dog-bitten and downtrodden, and that all its members had risen as one man for the defence of Mr. Marks and were about to institute legal proceedings.

I called up the management of my apartment house and explained that it was harboring a dangerous criminal, and that I would remove myself and my unmizzled dog at once. The management took the news with a calmness I hadn't expected, and suggested getting legal advice.

That evening still another document was added to my dossier in the form of a letter from the lawyer of the management, who offered his services, and counselled calm and restraint. I gave a party that night, at which my friends offered suggestions, including a visit to Mr. Marks in the Bronx, or a suitable gift of flowers. (A potted plant was subsequently dispatched to the address which appeared on the first paper, or Document One, but the plant had no further part in the case.)

I DECIDED to do nothing, but wait for more additions to the dossier. To my amazement, the stream of papers stopped. The days passed on. When I visited Tuesday, I was received with marked coolness and a ten-



For strenuous action

Correct tennis dresses acquire grace from design that permits full freedom of action. Smart, up-to-the-minute touches in no way interfere with the practical utility of such clothes.

Send for folder, "Women's Summer Sports Styles"

SILK TENNIS DRESS (SIZES 12-18) **$22.75**
All-round pleated skirt with zippers down the front of the blouse and on the sleeves. White with navy zippers.

WHITE SILK TENNIS DRESS (SIZES 12-20) **$16.75**
IN WHITE COTTON MADRAS **$13.75**
A one-piece dress, flattering through the waistline with ample fullness in the skirt. Convertible collar.

BOTANY FLANNEL STRIPED BLAZER (SIZES 12-20) . . . **$12.75**
Red, white and blue stripes or two shades of blue, in solid colors: navy, white, French blue, Kelly green and red.

WHITE LINEN VISOR **$1.50**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK
A&F Co.
CHICAGO STORE: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Avenue

MARK CROSS
ESTABLISHED 1821
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WE'RE OFF

TO THE RACES



We'll carry our luncheon or tea in this good-looking wicker picnic set woven with coloured mica, with its two vacuum bottles, box for sandwiches, pot for sugar or jam and utensils for four. $18.50.



We'll take along our British "Racing Companion" . . . with its book to jot down our wins and losses, its loop for our program, purse for our cash, pocket for compact and such. Choice of leathers and colours, from $18.50.

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 52nd
and 175 Broadway

dency to avert the head and omit tail-waggings, and I noticed sadly that he had lost his sleek and streamlined effect, and swelled amidships for lack of exercise and plucking. At the end of fourteen days, when Tuesday was about to be delivered to me, a friend from Bermuda suggested that he take him to a quiet Christian home on the island where he could run about, play on the lawn, and have the companionship of what, in Bermuda, is known as a "Portygee" dog. I eagerly jumped at the chance of having my unmizzled dog taken away from a world inhabited by bitable legs, and agreed to let him go.

The veterinary pocketed the fourteen dollars which I gave him, but announced that Tuesday couldn't leave the country without a permit; that I would have to get a health certificate which would have to be witnessed by a notary, and that this document must be presented for registration at the Dog and Cat Bite Department of the Department of Health.

I had thought that "Dog and Cat Bite Department" was a pleasantry on the part of the veterinary, but the next morning I went to the headquarters of the Department of Health and found that a Dog and Cat Bite Department did actually exist as a function of Government. I was confronted with row upon row of green filing cabinets, all of which contained the official records of one-bite dogs. The law of the land, it appears, allows each dog one bite—the second bite taking him out of the amateur biting class into the hardened-criminal category.

Armed with the certificate of Tuesday's health, a register of his antecedents, my driving licence, and my card, I paid for a permit allowing Tuesday to depart from the territorial limits of the United States of America, enter the British Empire, and forever live under the protection of His Most Gracious Majesty.

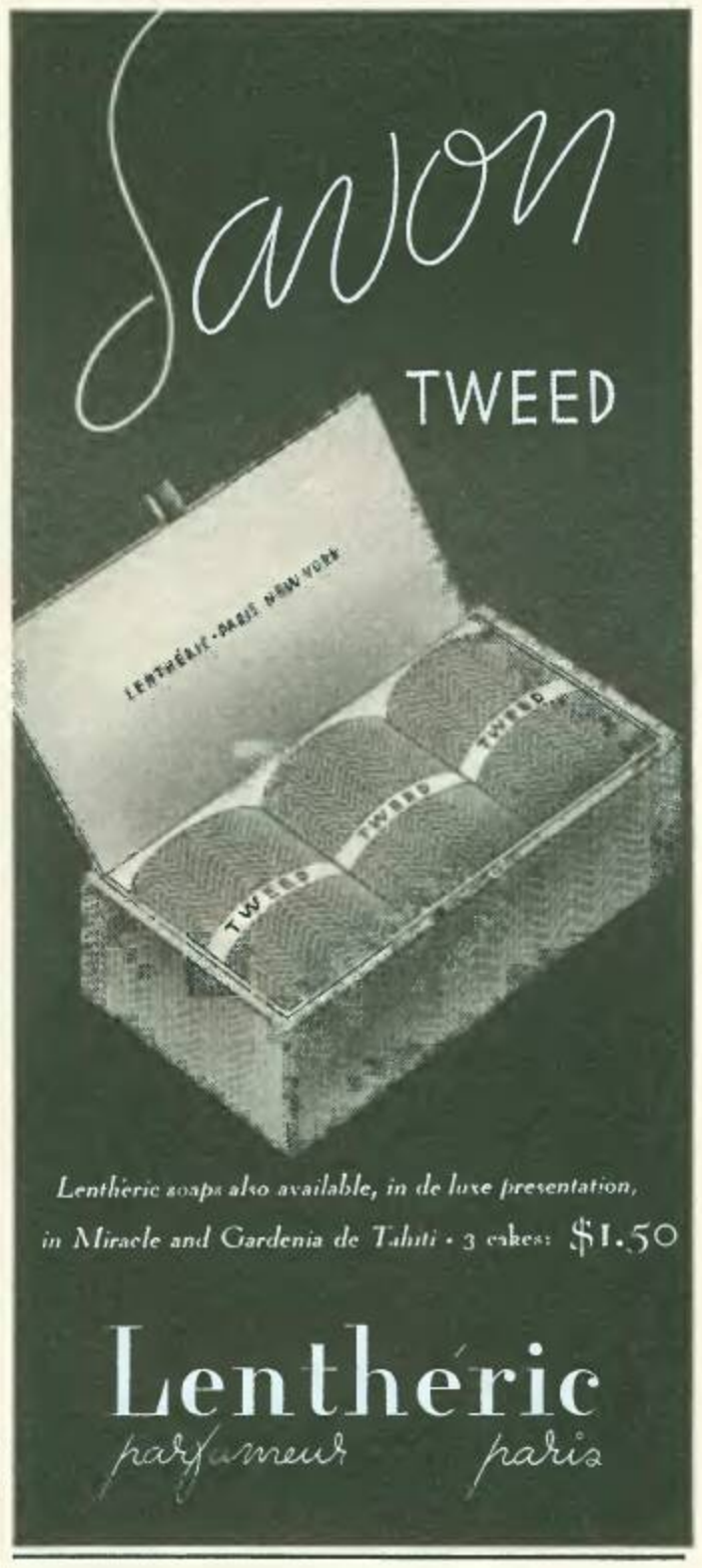
My friend from Bermuda subsequently wrote that Tuesday and the "Portygee" dog were getting on very well together. Tuesday, he added, had been entered in a dog show in Hamilton, but had been disqualified because he was found to be a gelding.—T. S. B.

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RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

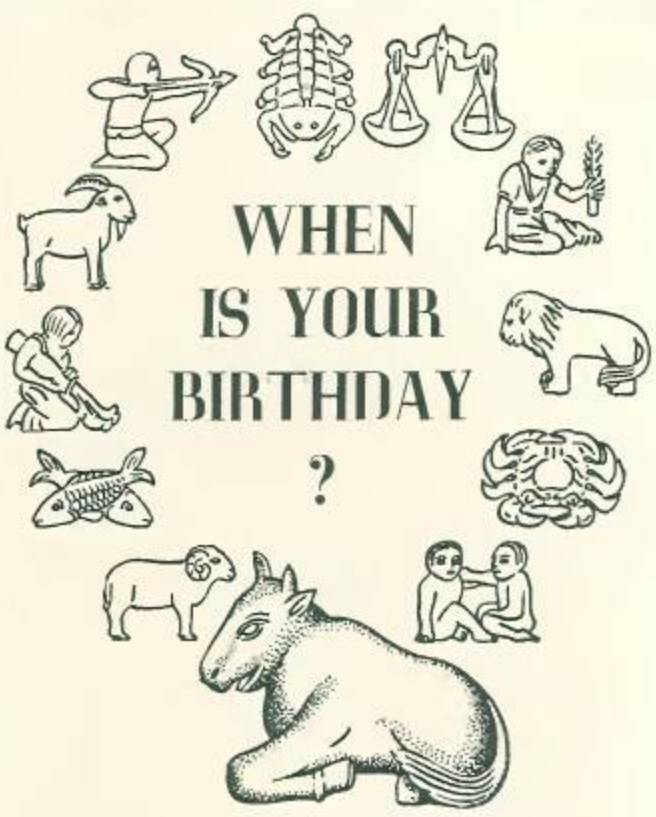
[*From the Boston Herald*]

A group of the younger set of Exeter, N.H., presented a play entitled "The Truth About Those Tarts" for the benefit of child welfare recently.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly New



EVERY so often, some composer has intimated that Edward Everett Hale's eminent homily, "The Man Without a Country," had the makings of an opera, but nothing much was done about it until Dr. Walter Damrosch had some spare time. Then Dr. Damrosch examined the story carefully, deciding that it needed a touch of love interest, a little death (as a cheerful lady used to say), and a heroic conclusion. So he prepared a scenario in which he provided Leftenant Philip Nolan with a sweetheart, a fatal wound in a battle with the Algerines, and Commodore Decatur's own sword placed on his body as a final tribute. The emendations helped to make an opera of the story, because the unretouched original is about as promising operatic material as the instructions for cleaning a fountain pen.

Dr. Damrosch's effective scenario, fashioned into a singable libretto by Arthur Guiterman, makes up a continuity which offers opportunities for music—almost every sort of music that a composer might feel like writing—and Dr. Damrosch has taken advantage of them with energy and knowledge. Some of the piece is straight grand opera; some is musical comedy; some is blank verse with orchestral backing-up; some is on-stage action with offstage music; some is music in the pit, with action to be supplied by the imagination. It's a large and lively exhibition of the able Doctor's versatility and musicianship, a tuneful and craftsmanlike opera.

Laying out a scenario and composing music weren't the whole of Dr. Damrosch's contribution to this production. He not only conducted it, but he also took charge of all sorts of preliminary details, including, I am informed, the chaperonage of the Irish dialect of Sergeant O'Neil, the fellow who talked things over with Private Schwartz. The Metropolitan assisted Dr. Damrosch with the best-looking production of the spring season (this may not sound like much of a compliment) and with a generally alert cast, free from strange dialects, which is a novelty in Metropolitan presentations of American operas.

There were a couple of Metropol-

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CANADIAN NATIONAL
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itan débuts in the swarms of minor rôles, but the major newcomer of the evening was Miss Helen Traubel, whom I first heard at the Stadium Concerts about ten years ago, when she popped in from St. Louis to sing a bit of Sieglinde. Miss Traubel's voice is a juicy thing, and it's likely to become more familiar about town. This was Miss Traubel's first job of acting anywhere, but even Miss Katharine Cornell couldn't make much of the dramatics allotted to Nolan's devoted lady. Arthur Carron, if he didn't look like the very model of a U. S. Marine, did the best singing I've heard him do, and must have delighted Mr. Guiterman with his clean articulation. The rest of them doubled and tripled with agility.

A non-singing Metropolitan début of the evening was that of David Twachtman, who designed the frigate Guerrière for the production. This was a spectacular début, and there ought to be more work for Mr. Twachtman around the opera house. When they aren't using his ship for Mr. Damrosch's piece, it could do service as H.M.S. Pinafore, although "Pinafore" is a pretty difficult vehicle for an opera company.

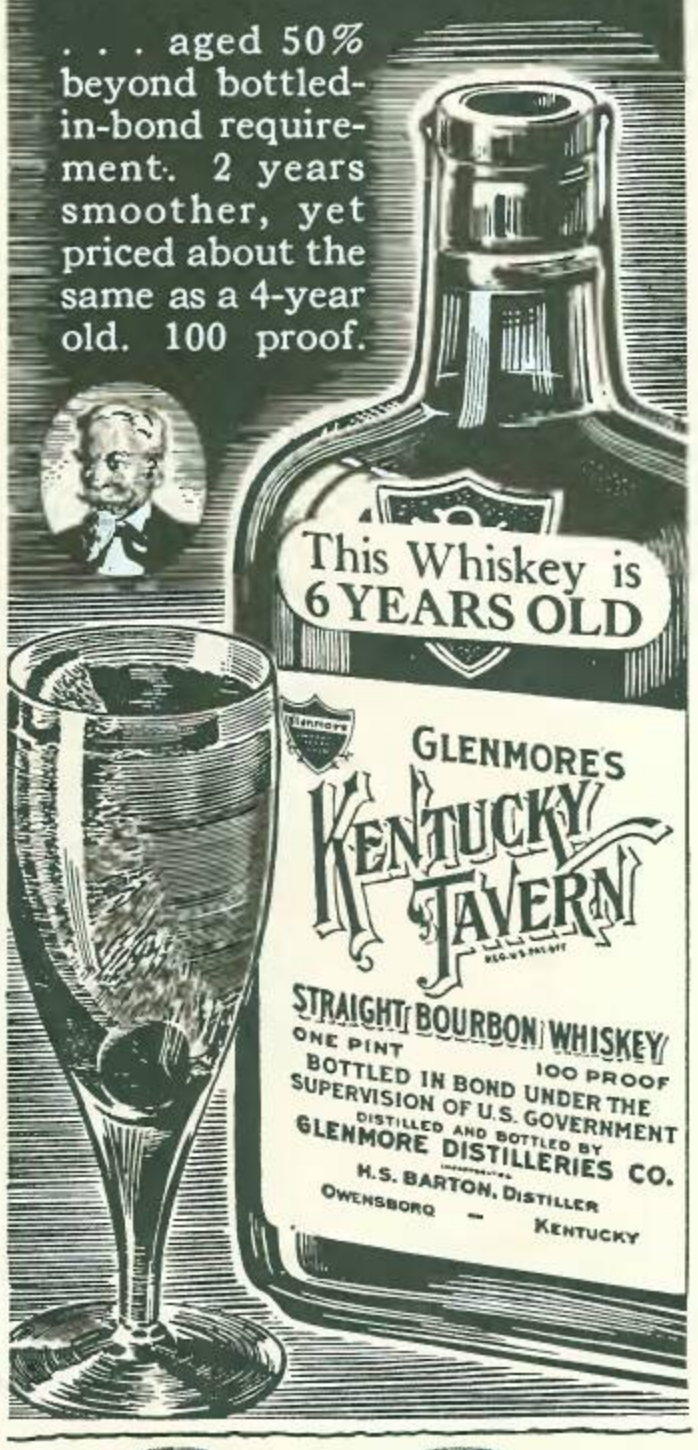
"MIGNON" was not one of the Metropolitan's winter whams, but something happened to Ambroise Thomas's opera when it arrived in the spring season last Saturday afternoon. Somehow, this rather faded chunk of sweetness recovered a bit of the sparkle with which it used to be credited, and while the story is as silly as ever, the piece became an entertainment.

The débutante of the afternoon was Mme. Jennie Tourel, an experienced and resourceful mezzo-soprano, who sang handsomely after she had got the first act out of her system, and gave to the heroine a certain excitement which isn't apparent in the libretto. More about Mme. Tourel after she sings Carmen this Saturday night.

Désiré Defrère, who has the unenviable job of stage-directing the entire spring season, jumped into the cast to sing Laërte, and if Stage Director Defrère could get as amusing results from his other singers as he did from Vocalist Defrère, everything would be terrifique. Mr. Defrère's comedy is worth a trip to "Mignon." Miss Maria Matyas, who had had a line or two in "The Man Without a Country," made a more noticeable impression as Frédéric. She can wear operatic trousers without looking like a catcher in a ball game between the married women and the

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single women, and her singing is easy and accurate.

SATURDAY night's "Pagliacci" became a presumably unpremeditated battle of baritones. Robert Weede was singing Tonio, and Thomas L. Thomas was the Silvio, both gentlemen doing their first Metropolitan assignments. A couple of thousand tourists from Scranton, Pa., arrived to cheer their fellow-townsman, Mr. Thomas. There also was a Weede delegation. Since some of the auditors didn't seem to know which baritone was which, both singers had the sort of ovations which happen only at débuts, and the audience, having got the habit, rewarded the evening's Canio, Sydney Rayner, with unrestrained encouragement as if he, too, were a youngster getting his first chance.

Mr. Weede had the better opportunities, and he turned in a good Tonio, well planned and well sung, except for a few upper tones that went too far up. Mr. Thomas, who evidently has a light, attractive voice, had an unprofitable rôle which didn't reveal much about him. To draw Silvio for a début isn't exactly a break for a young baritone.

There was a bare-legged Nedda, Miss Ruby Mercer, who helped out pictorially and vocally. What with Miss Mercer, the two baritones, and an audience determined to Create a Star Overnight, this "Pagliacci" became more diverting than most local "Pagliaccis," which, no kidding, are no fun at all.

ONE of the most surprising oratorio performances of recent years took place last week in the nave of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where the Oratorio Society presented Bach's Passion According to St. Matthew. The surprising element was provided by the acoustics, which did such odd things to the music that sometimes the soloists seemed to be singing rounds with themselves. Possibly the auditors down front had no difficulties, but out where Row AA began, Bach was being broken up into peculiar fragments.

A little cautious roaming around indicated that the music was well sung under Mr. Stoessel's direction, and that the soloists were functioning with enthusiastic competence. If things had been more audible, this might have been a major event, for the cathedral surroundings were impressive, and Mr. Stoessel had divided the great music into two sessions, with an adequate dinner interval between them.

Better luck next time!

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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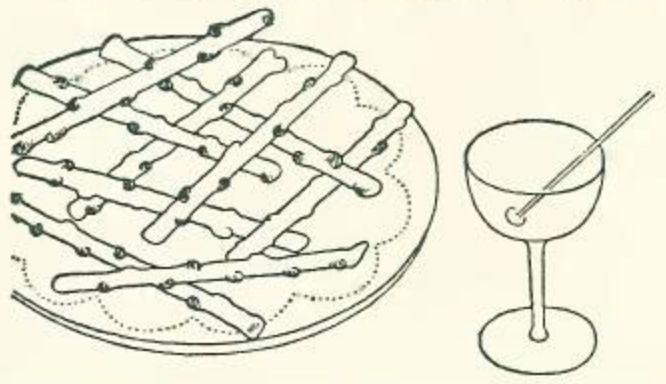
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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Champions by the Sea



DOWN at Atlantic City last week, King Vulture won another hunter championship. As usual, Freddy Pinch was riding him. Old King, as Pinch calls him, is the biggest hunter in the horse shows; he stands seventeen hands high and weighs 1,390 pounds. He is nine now, and has been on R. R. M. Carpenter's Dilwyne Farm for seven years. Pinch manages the farm and rides King Vulture in all his shows. Carpenter seldom attends these exhibitions. Wiry, taciturn, and possessed of a quick wit, Pinch is as famous as his mount. Although born in England, he served two years in France with the United States cavalry, and now is an American citizen. Asked where he was born, he says, "Crystal Palace, London, and I've got the papers." Actually, it was at Red Hill, his father's farm in Surrey. His father bred thoroughbreds and exported them to this country. Freddy came over here when he was seventeen. For ten years he managed the Montpelier Farm of the late William du Pont, Sr. He has been with Dilwyne Farm just as long. In addition to showing horses, he has charge of a Guernsey herd, a show-dog kennel, and a pack of foxhounds.

King Vulture's triumph hardly was unexpected; he jumped beautifully throughout the show. It was Mrs. Alvin Untermyer's Hexameter who furnished the surprise. He was named reserve champion, and thereby froze out the big string of Mrs. M. Robert Guggenheim, which is headed by Firenze Red Tape. Ridden by Patricia Bolling, a youngster who was competing in horsemanship classes just a few years ago, Hexameter was much more consistent than Firenze Red Tape. He won a ribbon in every class he entered.

IF you attended this show last year, there is practically nothing new to tell you. The three championships were won by Royal Irish, Fiery Crags, and Knight Flower, all from the Dixiana Farm, and all winners of the same titles in 1936. Dixiana Farm is owned by Charles T. Fisher, the automobile-body builder. Mary Fisher, his young daughter, rode in all the important classes and performed remarkably well

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Fiery Crags, who won the over-14.2 title, was ridden by a professional, Charles Dunn. Dunn also rode Knight Flower, a particularly fine brown mare, in the five-gaited title class. When the ringmaster shouts, "Let 'em rack!" Knight Flower can really fly.

Helium, the brown mare from Mrs. Edgar Mayer's barn in Port Chester, won the open jumping title. Young Morton W. Smith, Jr., who rode her, uses a straight up-and-down seat similar to that affected by Lieutenant Talbot-Ponsonby, the sensational English officer, in the Garden last fall. Helium defeated Clipped Wings, the Army horse that won the title in Atlantic City a year ago.

SEASIDE NOTES: The goldfish in the stream that formed the water jump. . . . The wild tunes that came from the organ every time the horses galloped. . . . The hunter judges discussing the Preakness during a saddle-horse class. . . . The hydrangeas that bordered the front row of boxes. . . . And the delegates to the International Garment Workers' Convention cheering the Dixiana Farm horses from the gallery. —T. O'R.

•

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Therefore quit your sayings,
You can daunt me not at all
With either a scientist's weighings
Or a crone's dank shawl.

—WITTER BYNNER

•

One untouched-by-success actor is Harry Carey. Like most of the old-timers who have been in the game for decades, he is too inured to fame to let it bloat his head. He was working with Edward G. Robinson in a difficult scene the other day, and Robinson made a suggestion after which he added, "I hope you don't mind, Harry."

"Not at all," Carey answered. "The longer I remain in this business, the more I realize I'm not God."—*Movie column in a California paper.*

You ought to get away for a little vacation, Carey. You're tired and depressed.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

May 16



ON May 12th, London rose at four-thirty, provided it had not already been on the sidewalks all the night before, and watched George VI's magnificently colored Coronation procession. It was composed of remarkable relics and innovations—costumes, coaches, soldiery, and a royal family, all brought up to date in the person of an ermine-caped young King whose sacred, ancient oaths, hesitantly sworn to before God and an Archbishop, had just been broadcast through loudspeakers to the whole world. It was a sight which no one who saw it well can ever forget. Three-quarters of the parade was made up of men whose profession is the bearing of arms, yet their costumes featured frogged tunics, aigrettes, bearskins, leopard pelts, kilts, striped turbans, scarlet coats, plaid pantaloons, gilt cuirasses, and waving plumes—all the pageantry of impracticability wherein England's genius for poetry and empire equally thrive. The culmination of the procession was as great a surprise as if the fabulous gold coach and its occupants had not been expected. Dominated by the motionless figure of the King, the coach was the perfect symbolic vehicle for constitutional monarchy, triumphantly and lovingly restored to its former prestige.

The House of Hanover's sixth George had Coronation music, the finest heard in centuries, dominated by the great Tudor and Stuart tunes of Byrd and Purcell. The clear clamor of the trumpets, the high sopranos of the boys in the choir, the Westminster scholars' "Vivat"s, the Biblical verbiage of the ritual, in which well-coped clergy admonished at length a monarch reduced to a simple white shirt and breeches, made an unexpected emotional impression on listeners sensible of the ancient delinquencies and fresh hopes in this paradoxically monarchical democratic island. People of all classes, and people not easily moved today by fine phrases, fine music, hysteria, or faith, actually cried before the radio when the King, with those caesuras which are his controls in his difficult speech, swore, "All this I promise—to do." If its democratic

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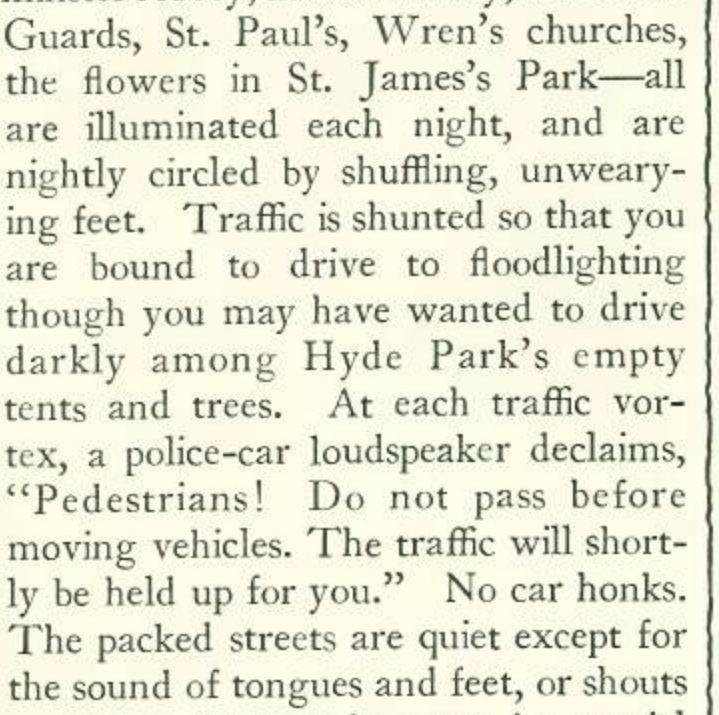
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SINCE the eve of the Coronation, London's best celebrations have been nocturnal. Once the lights go on, the city turns out. Coronation Wednesday has flowed into Whitsunday in a continuous, fantastic floodlit rout for the *polloi*, and Palace balls, costume fetes, and state dinners on precious plate for the grandees. By the special traffic signs, one can tell what's going on, whether one is invited or not. The sign at Hyde Park Corner the night of Buckingham Palace's royal party read, "The Coronation Court Ball. Keep straight on." Piccadilly is nightly barricaded to everything except pedestrians by wooden doors and the street-traffic sign "The Coronation. No entry. Floodlighting." Everything public or private with half a claim to municipal beauty is floodlit till midnight. The Tower of London, illuminated for the first time in history, is a superb sight dead knights would die again to see. Westminster Abbey, the Admiralty, the Horse Guards, St. Paul's, Wren's churches, the flowers in St. James's Park—all are illuminated each night, and are nightly circled by shuffling, unweary-ing feet. Traffic is shunted so that you are bound to drive to floodlighting though you may have wanted to drive darkly among Hyde Park's empty tents and trees. At each traffic vortex, a police-car loudspeaker declaims, "Pedestrians! Do not pass before moving vehicles. The traffic will shortly be held up for you." No car honks. The packed streets are quiet except for the sound of tongues and feet, or shouts emerging from pubs open by special





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wild belles, for the month of marriages is drawing near, and benedicts-to-be are stealing shy glances at our collection of uncommon wedding rings—our African double-wishbone ring, our Swedish ring portraying hands clasped and unclasped, our towering Hebrew ceremonial ring, and so on. Statistics show that many of New York's most successful marriages, reportedly made in heaven, were actually consummated with rings which we designed and made. We show about 20 designs and do sketches to order. Price? You *would* bring that up. From $6.50.

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THE PROGRESSIVE

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dispensation until midnight. In pubs, the crowds sing "Land of Hope and Glory" and American swing songs, drink His Majesty's health, and occasionally cheer for a brother over the water whom they toast as King Teddy.

According to a special apparatus installed in Whitehall for the procession, Queen Mary got eighty-five decibels of cheers from the crowd; the young King and Queen, eighty-three; some popular street-sweepers, seventy-six. Princess Juliana of Holland got seventy-three. A. P. Herbert was the only member of Parliament to use the privilege of arriving for the Coronation via the Thames in a private barge. Thomas Cook & Son are reported to have paid over £10,000 to descendants of the Duke of Wellington for permission to erect viewing stands around Apsley House, once a grateful nation's gift to the Iron Duke. The bus strike, the police orders requiring the public to be in place for the Coronation by five A.M., the London weather man's prediction of rain, the Wall Street slump, and King Edward's abdication are blamed for having kept a half-million people from the new King's show. The film of the Coronation itself and the procession that followed was a disappointment. As now shown here, after being censored by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Norfolk, it consists of ten minutes of the King, principally riding in his coach. The English historical sense should have demanded at least a half-hour of events that took a day to live through. Furthermore, the picture lacks some views of the small Princess who may have to do it all herself someday, and, above all, gives an inadequate portrayal of that lady who, merely as a widowed consort, supplied a regal stability during the crisis—Queen Mary. The decibels of the cheering for her properly indicated what is here her high state.

—Genêt

•

Lost, small brown dog, long ears and tail, tipped with black. Answers to name Umsolphegus. Reward. 14 St. Mary's Place.—*Adv. in Red Bank (N.J.) Register.*

Answers grudgingly, maybe.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Inscription on a tombstone in Gilbertsville, N. Y.*]

He was a Christian gentleman, a graduate of Harvard, and a great lover of horticulture.



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ON LAKE PLACID

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE FINE-AND-DANDY SPIRIT

IN the Fuller Brush Company's branch office on West Fifty-seventh Street there was a large reception room, where several men were sitting. While I waited for the sales manager, a Mr. Martin Gilbert, I noticed a pennant on one wall reading "I'm Fine and Dandy! How Are You?" and above me a small, framed card bearing the same motto. Pretty soon an energetic young man came out of the inside office and spoke with the reception clerk. One of the phones on the desk rang, and when the girl had told him who was calling, the young man took the phone and sang into it, "Fine and dandy! Hello-o!," and after a brief and breezy conversation, closed with "Fine and dandy! So lo-ong!"

I had hit on an afternoon when three new salesmen—the men who were waiting with me—were to be drilled on the second of the two Initial Training lessons, and Mr. Gilbert, the gentleman of the telephone conversation, let me sit in on the meeting in his office. He explained that the first session had been devoted to a survey of the prices of the brushes, and that today the more interesting matter of customer-approach would be taken up.

When the three new salesmen were seated in his office, the sales manager tossed a brochure on the carpet near the door and turned to them.

"What would you do if you came home at night and found a circular slipped under your door like that? Egan?"

"Why, most likely pick it up and look it over," the youngest of the men offered.

"You would, eh? Well, maybe you would, but somebody else might just open the door"—Mr. Gilbert did so—"and kick it right out again." He illustrated with a kick and a distasteful expression. "It's lying on the floor, it's not worth anything—that's how some people would figure."

The circular represented the one which the salesmen distribute in their territories on the evening before a day's demonstrations are made. This circular, explaining that the representative will be back the following morning to present the householder with a free Handy Brush, must never be pushed under the door, and while it may be left in the letter box, ideally it is presented in the manner described in the lesson to which we now turned.

"All right," the sales manager said. "Will you please step up, Davidson? Now, here's how you place your circular. You're the housewife and I'm the salesman. . . . Good evening." Gilbert smiled affably, took a step forward, and extended an imaginary circular. "Look inside. There is some good news for you. The name here is Mrs.—?"

"Davidson."

"That is spelled?"

The other spelled his name.

"You will be home real early in the morning, Mrs. Davidson?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Will eight o'clock be early enough for me to call?"

"Surely." Davidson was perfectly at ease in his rôle of housewife.

"All right. That's how you place your cards. Now you're the salesman, Davidson, and I'm the lady of the house. You want to leave a card with me."

Consulting the booklet, Davidson went through the act, and after he had finished, the two others were called on to do the same thing. Davidson performed with the routine theatricality of the veteran salesman—his words, smiles, and gestures were almost as ready and assured as Gilbert's—but the two others seemed over-anxious; their stilted speech and halting gestures testified to uneasiness.

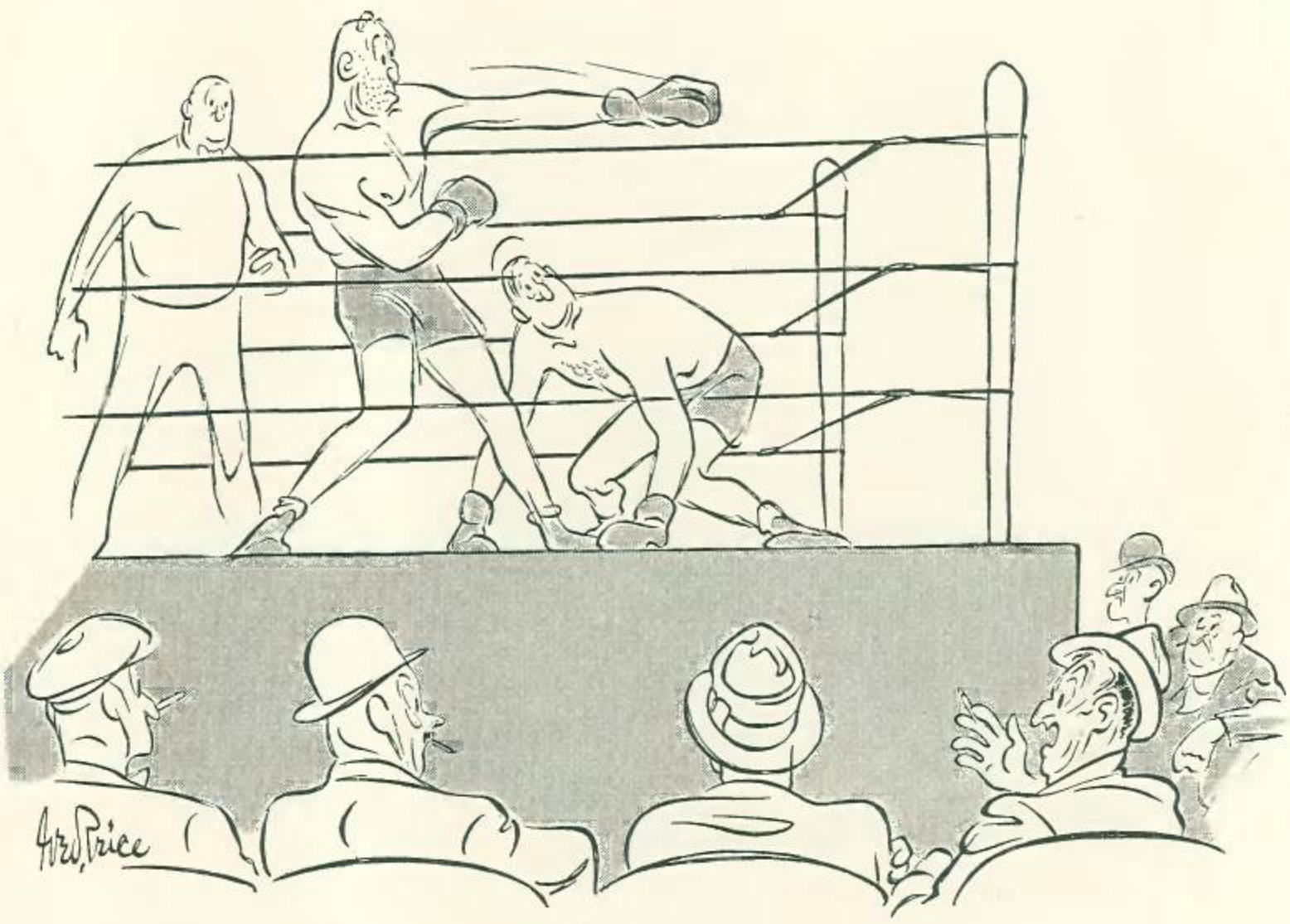
When the salesman came back to redeem his card in the morning, he'd place his sample case in an inconspicuous position, and, after ringing the bell, stand well back from the door so as not to startle the opener. The man named Chambers was asked to act out the part of the salesman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Gilbert," he began. "You received the card kindly—." He paused and looked again at the example in the booklet. It read, "You received the card kindly get the card and I will redeem it for you."

"There's a pause in there," Gilbert explained. "You received the card. Pause. Kindly get the card and I will redeem it for you." He explained that the sentence "You received the card" was a positive statement, not a question, because you didn't want to make an opening for unnecessary, time-wasting conversation.

The three men went through the exercise, and as each one finished Gilbert said, "Fine and dandy," once adding an extra commendation. When he remarked that Chambers was doing well, the plump, red-faced apprentice said, "I practiced on the wife last night," and the sales manager said that that was a fine-and-dandy way to learn.

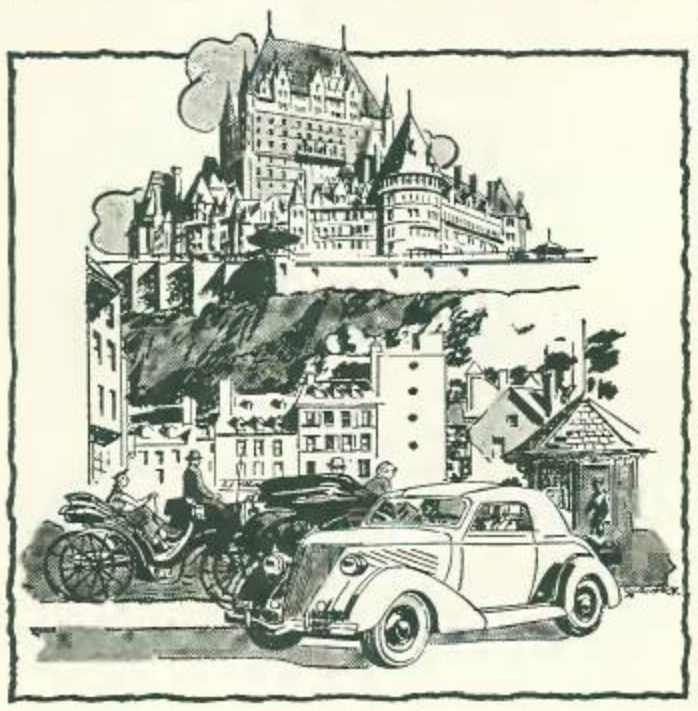
Now we came to the "reserves," a Fuller man's answers to the objections a housewife may raise when he gets to the point of entering the house. "Start to walk in," the booklet says. "If she



"Boy, what a left!"

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Chateau Frontenac

A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

refuses or offers an excuse, set case down, step back, give the first reserve and make a general flattery appeal."

The first shot in the Fuller artillery of reserves, to be used against an objection such as "I don't want to buy anything," is "That's perfectly all right. You use Fuller brushes. [Another positive statement, and the course allows the prospect no answer but 'Yes, lots of them.'] That's fine," the salesman pursues. "We go out of our way to give a regular customer one of our new Handy Brushes. Just get your card." And, politely but firmly, you pick up your case and start in.

Suppose "customer offers another excuse." Just "set your case down again and follow with the second reserve and make a general appeal to humor."

"You understand, Mrs. Davidson," Gilbert illustrated, "you are under no obligation whatever. I don't get an order every time I call. If I did, I would be here every morning. That would be good business, wouldn't it?" "Smile," the booklet instructs at this point, and the sales manager did. "I'll just step in and give you your brush," he ended confidently, picking up the familiar black pasteboard bag and forging ahead.

"You are now in the House." Mr. Gilbert read the triumphant note from the booklet, and proceeded to show how, with each sentence under "Open Conversation While the Customer Finds the Card," the salesman takes a step toward his goal. "Your Fuller Brushes are all wearing well." A positive statement accompanied by a step. "You like them." Step. "You consider they are good investments." Step. "That's fine! All of my customers tell me the same thing." It seemed to me that the success of these steps would depend on affirmative answers, but again no others were considered in the course. The sequence of sentences should be rattled off briskly, in a manner that will forestall lengthy replies and put the quarry "at her ease" while the entrance is accomplished.

At this stage of the skirmish, the salesman's suggestion of "Probably this is an opportunity for you to rest a minute" is a timely one, and the average housewife will sink to a chair in signal of surrender, and allow herself to be surrounded by the bristling array contained in the Fuller bag of tricks. In getting her to sit down, the salesman will have accomplished his objective of "gaining the advantage over her," as Mr. Gilbert said—it seems it is easier to sell to a person at a lower level than yourself. "That's not high pressure," he

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explained. "It's just good psychology."

The two initial Fuller training manuals contain sample encomiums of the various sets of brushes in the line, and the men, duplicating as nearly as they could the somewhat sing-song, pleading tone of their instructor, took turns at rendering such lines as:

Do you like to dust, Mrs. Gilbert? Our furniture and stairway set takes the hard work out of dusting. . . .

When a person loses health, he loses everything. Isn't that right, Mrs. Gilbert? The Health Set keeps the family well and beautiful. . . .

Don't you think that a well-groomed man has a distinct advantage wherever he may be? Every boy over twelve years of age needs this Black Beauty set, too. . . .

The last two examples illustrate the Have Customer Agree Frequently principle. After dwelling a little on such lines as "Just feel the bristles. They are just right, aren't they?" the sales manager glanced at his watch—the hour allotted to the lesson was up—and told the men that these lessons provided the foundation on which they would build with practical experience. They would report to their field managers at eight o'clock the following morning, and go right to work with the overseer along. Gilbert shook hands with the men, told them he'd see them at next Monday's meeting, and took leave of them with a "Fine and dandy! So lo-ong!"

Davidson stopped a moment to say to the sales manager, "Funny thing—you use 'fine and dandy,' too. That's always been a favorite expression with me."

"That's right. That's an old slogan with the company. Fine and dandy! So lo-ong!"

I SUPPOSE the field manager gives the novice a more definite understanding of the meaning of "the fine-and-dandy spirit" than I got during the lesson, but if he doesn't, the new man will taste its full flavor at the Monday and Thursday evening Branch Sales Meetings, both of which he will attend every week. Through these meetings the Fuller organization fosters in its men a splendid enthusiasm for their work. I dropped around on Monday to see the men having the "fine-and-dandy time" Martin Gilbert told me they have at their get-togethers.

Most of the men arrived at the meeting room down the hall from the office promptly at seven-thirty, and took seats in the classroom-like ranks of chairs. There was a pile of caps on a table near



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the door, and each man put on either a red- or a blue-and-white one, visored and bearing the Fuller insignia. Al Mendel, an animated young man in a red-and-white cap, served as a sort of combination cheerleader and chairman. He called for the "Fine and Dandy Unit Song," and the men sang lustily, to the tune of the "Maine Stein Song":

Hail the Fine and Dandy Crew,
Leaders in all we do.
Fight and let us keep on the top,
Let every loyal salesman sing.

Then think of all the happy days,
Think of the Big Week pays.
Sing a song to dear old Fuller,
The Company of our hearts always

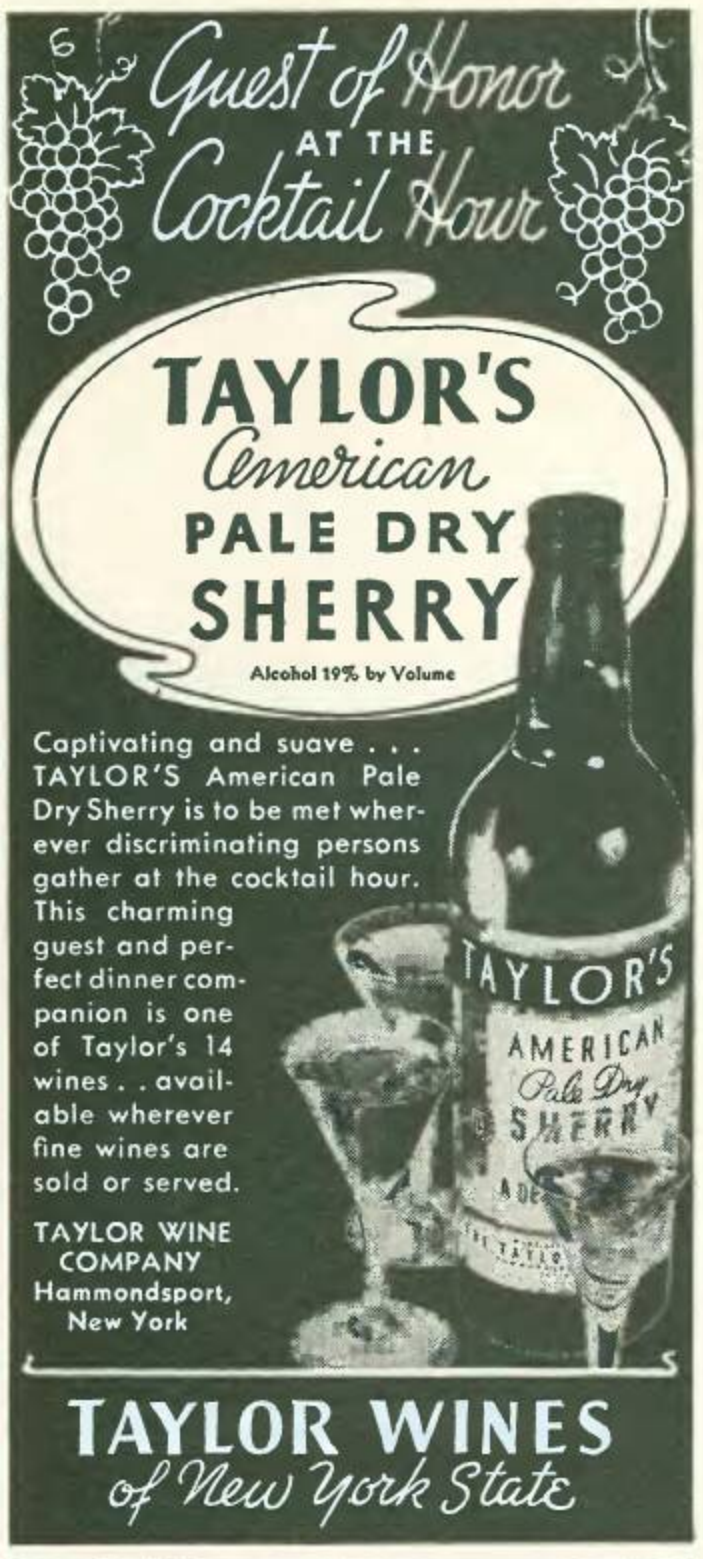
and on through three more verses.

Mr. Mendel now opened a symposium for the interchange of selling pointers, and I was a little surprised that the group outline of the Fuller man's campaign deviated very little from the course I had seen the three new men put through. There were many word-for-word quotations from the booklets, and while the experienced salesmen delivered their lines with greater persuasiveness and confidence than even D'avidson had commanded, only a few of them added any notable embellishments to the standard repertoire.

A Negro got up, and in the strangely cadenced speech of the West Indies said, "Mrs. Mendel, this is your Fuller Handy Brush. Note the open construction. The Red Tip Tag, the Fuller trademark, and this button are your guarantees. It is fine for cleaning vegetables. You will use this brush, won't you?" His speech was taken from the examples in the lessons, but in the man's rich and difficultly understood accent, the talk had the ring of poetry.

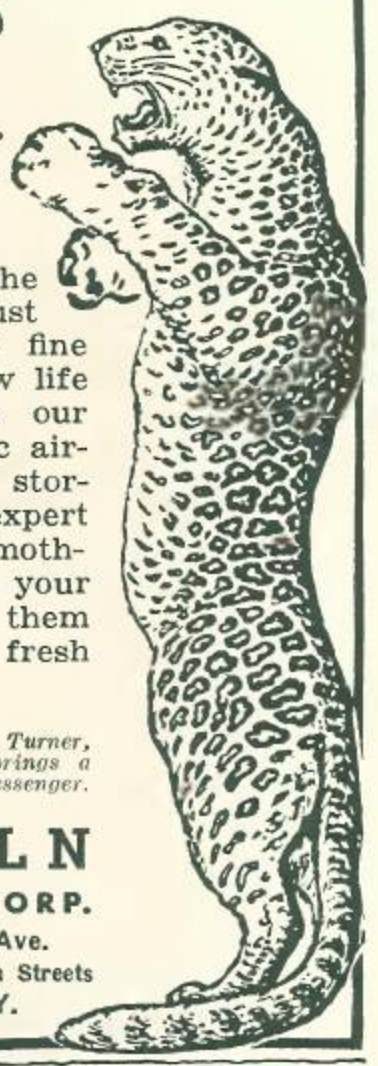
Al Mendel called it a fine-and-dandy talk, and he started off one of the rounds of applause that rewarded every speaker. He had an intent and eager audience, and whenever he asked for some words on a specific part of the representative's routine, a dozen hands shot up in the group of about forty men.

When one fellow said, "I know a good talk, but I can't give it in front of the bunch," Mendel answered, "O.K. So turn your back to the bunch. Go over in the corner, where they can't see you blush." Mendel addressed the meeting with exaggerated awe. "Here's a man who can't get up before his *friends* and give them a selling tip." But he stopped his bantering abruptly and asked Irving Tweedy, who sat in front of me, to give the bunch an encore on the talk with which he'd won



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the demonstration contest at the last meeting.

"Mrs. Mendel," Tweedy began plaintively, "wouldn't it be a *wonder*-ful thing if you could have *sun*shine in your home *all* the time?"

"Yeah," Al Mendel answered, "that'd be swell."

"Well, Mrs. Mendel, we've got a set here that *will* bring the sunshine *right* into your home, by making your kitchen *sparkle* with cleanliness." He catalogued the brushes in the set, the last of which was "what I *person*ally consider to be the *prize* of the set—the percolator brush, to make that morning coffee taste just *that* much tastier. Really, Mrs. Mendel, isn't it a *wonder*ful thing that you can now get this com*plete* set of *nine* tools to clean two hundred and *ten* items for the *amazing*ly low price of only two twenty-nine for the com*plete* set?" Irving Tweedy finished in a tone of self-astonishment.

"Yes," Al Mendel mused, his head tilted contemplatively, "yes, it certainly is," and the applause rang out.

As the evening progressed, I picked out several men in the crowd who were obviously the top-notchers of the section—the South Side Section, one of three in New York City. Irving Tweedy was one of them, and Ed Warner, who sat next to me; they spoke more frequently than the others, and usually with a little more eloquence. A large young man named Milton contributed many ideas, and I jotted down a few of them:

About the Gentleman's Set: "Mrs. Mendel, after thirty years Mr. Fuller has gone to the extreme of making a set that will appeal to every man and boy. . . ."

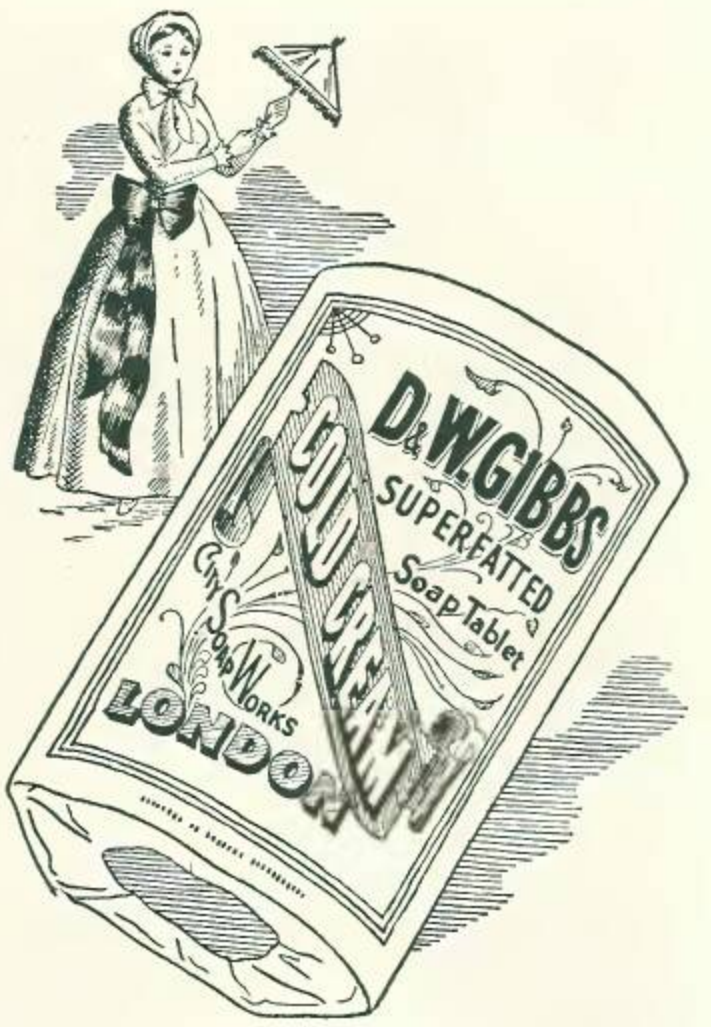
And: "Just take a look at this bathtub brush, Mrs. Mendel. You see how it's coived poifect to fit around the tub?"

Milton got a "Fine and dandy for that," and when he gave his Health Set talk, he won about the heartiest ovation of the evening.

"Mrs. Mendel," Milton said chattily, "I was just reading in the paper where families in China pay the doctor a flat sum by the year to keep them healthy. Did you happen to run across that item?"

"Why, no. No, I didn't," said the interlocutor.

"I thought it was interesting, and you know what that news item made me think of, Mrs. Mendel? It made me think of our Health and Beauty Set here. For this set will keep you and



Founded in the reign of the good Queen Anne

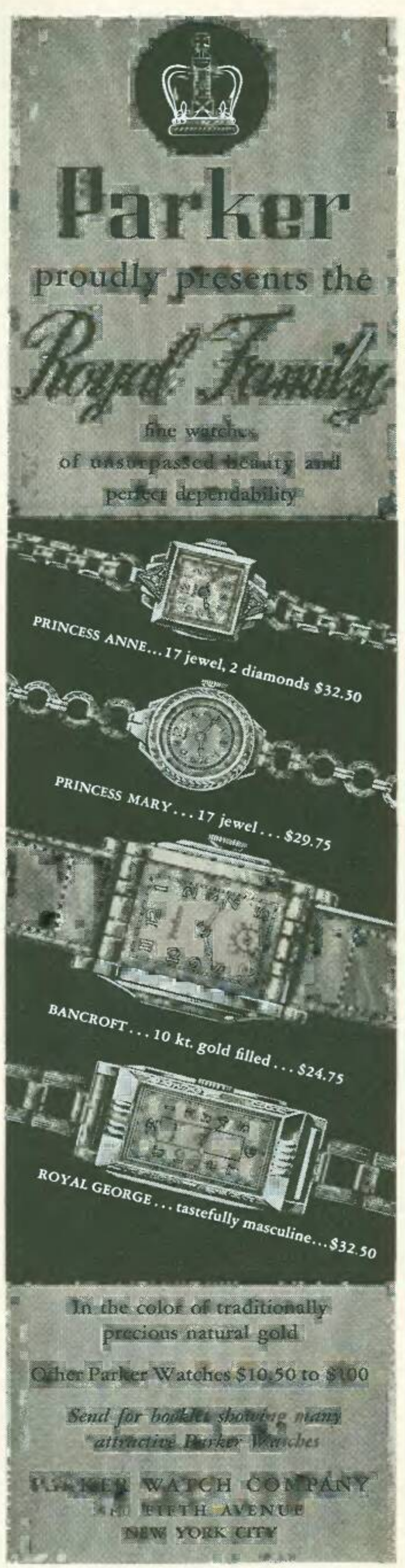
Not even the ladies of Queen Anne's court were given to the use of toilet soap when Alexander Gibbs started his soap work in London in 1712. But vision has been rewarded and today Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is used by lovely ladies throughout the world.



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yours in glowing health the *whole* year round, at a complete cost of only four dollars and forty-nine cents."

Al Mendel was tremendously impressed. "Now, *fella*s," he said urgently, "Milt has given that *Health* Set some *thought*. You'll never, never, *never* sell your sets unless you give the buyer a *damned* good reason to buy, and that's just what Milt has done for that set."

Some time after the middle point of the meeting, Martin Gilbert entered the room at his brisk pace, and, led by Al Mendel, the group gave him a song of welcome which had, as its theme, "What's the matter with Marty? He's *O.K!*"

The sales manager of the South Side Section took the platform. The Blues, he announced, had won the contest for highest sales this week, and all the men wearing the blue-and-white caps waved them aloft. They had rolled up gross sales of $1,002, to top the $806.87 of the Reds. Ed Warner explained to me that this section was divided into two teams, split so as to give each side men of pretty evenly matched selling powers, and that each week a prize of $10 was divided among the winners. The money was raised by means of a small assessment on each salesman, and slightly larger contributions from the field managers and Marty.

When the check had been presented to Irving Tweedy, the field-manager captain of the Blues, for division among his team, Marty called out the results of bets between pairs of salesmen who had vied with each other for the higher weekly sales, and for whom he served as bookie. He saw to it that wagers among the men—most of them between a nickel and a quarter—were settled, jotted down new ones, and then paid off and collected on bets that he himself had made with them. It wasn't until he began taking new ones for next week that I understood how the system of betting between Marty and the salesmen operated.

"All right now, men," Marty announced after he had disposed of Old Business, "I'm offering two to one, as usual. Name the figure of the gross business you're going to do next week, and if I think it's fair, I'll bet two to one you can't do it."

"Seventy-five!" a man would call, standing up so Marty could see him.

"Nothing doing, Joe. That's too low. What'd you do last week? Eighty, wasn't it? I'll give you two to one on a hundred dollars. All right?"

Joe agreed, and Marty put him

"The LET-DOWN that
Blooms in the Spring, tra la . . .



Has lots to do with the case!
You'd better take under your
wing, tra la

NO-MAL

The candy-like tablets that are conquerors of Spring fever and every form of lassitude. Why? Because they contain dextrose and other ingredients which refuel the pep department. They restore natural energy—pick you up *quickly—safely—pleasantly!*

The new flavor of No-Mal
is so good you'll love it

Pocket roll package **10c**

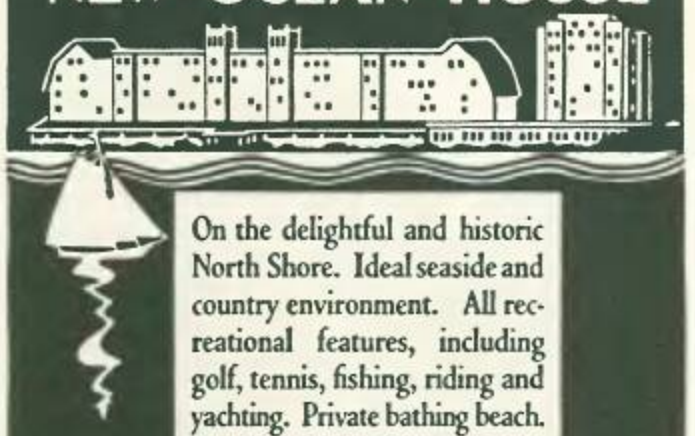


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The pick-up
without a let-down

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down at a dollar to fifty cents. Gilbert seldom let a man bet on as low a sales quota as the salesman wanted to set himself. Ed Warner and Irving Tweedy both said they'd do a hundred and fifty, and Gilbert offered four to one if they'd make it two hundred. Tweedy took the bet, but Ed Warner would only take a hundred and seventy-five at two to one—said he had a bad cold and wasn't up to his capacity.

"One thing about Marty," Tweedy turned to say to Ed Warner. "On the average, he's got your number just about right. I guess he breaks even in the long run."

"Yeah," Warner agreed. "He don't get taken over very often. And of course when he does lose, the company pays him back."

"Oh, well, naturally! You couldn't expect Marty to shoulder the losses." There was no trace of cynicism in their conversation.

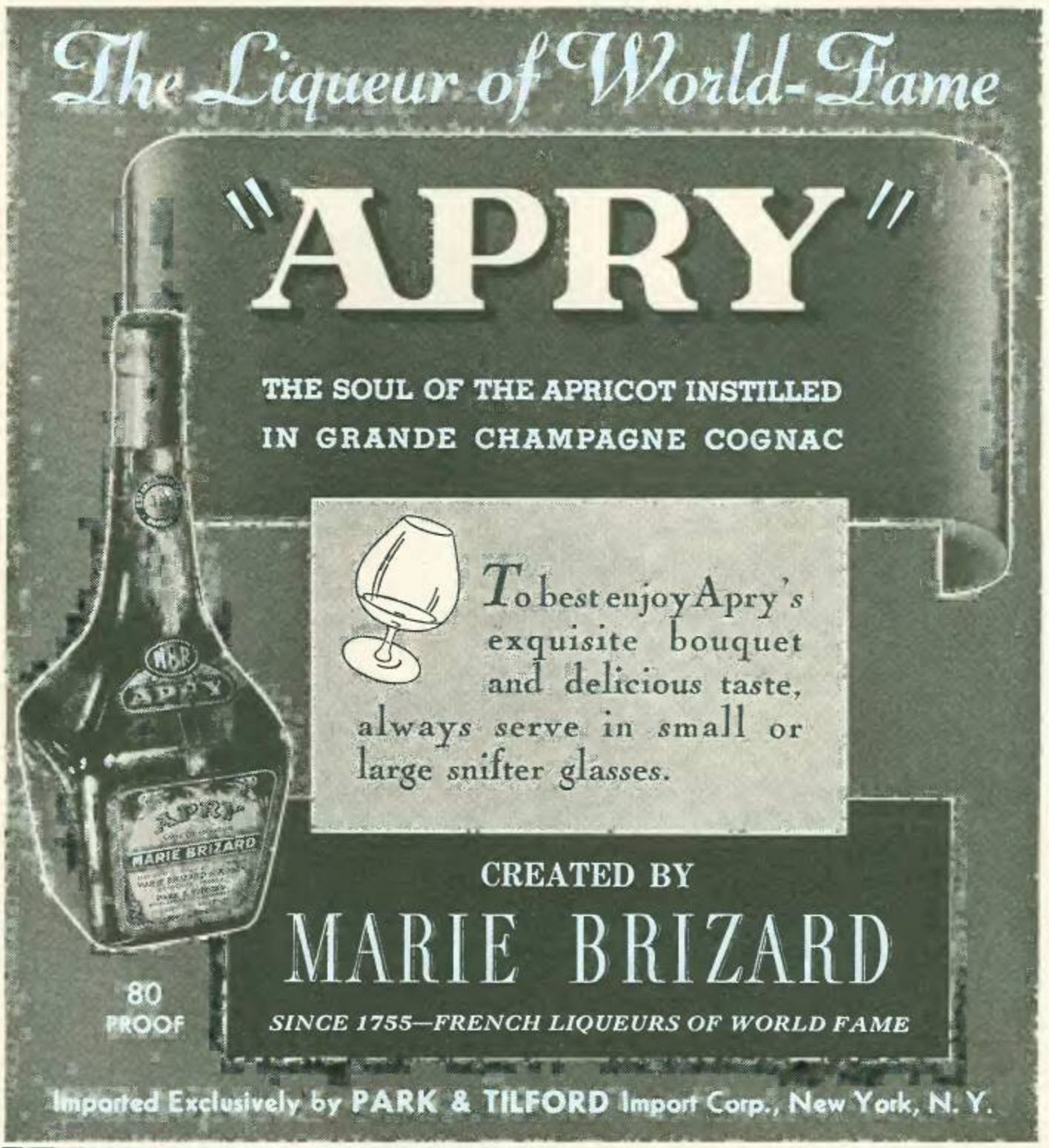
When Marty had accommodated all the bettors, he called out, "All right now, fellows, let's sign off with 'Smile Awhile.'" The men stood up and sang the song, and I followed in my copy of "Fuller Songs":

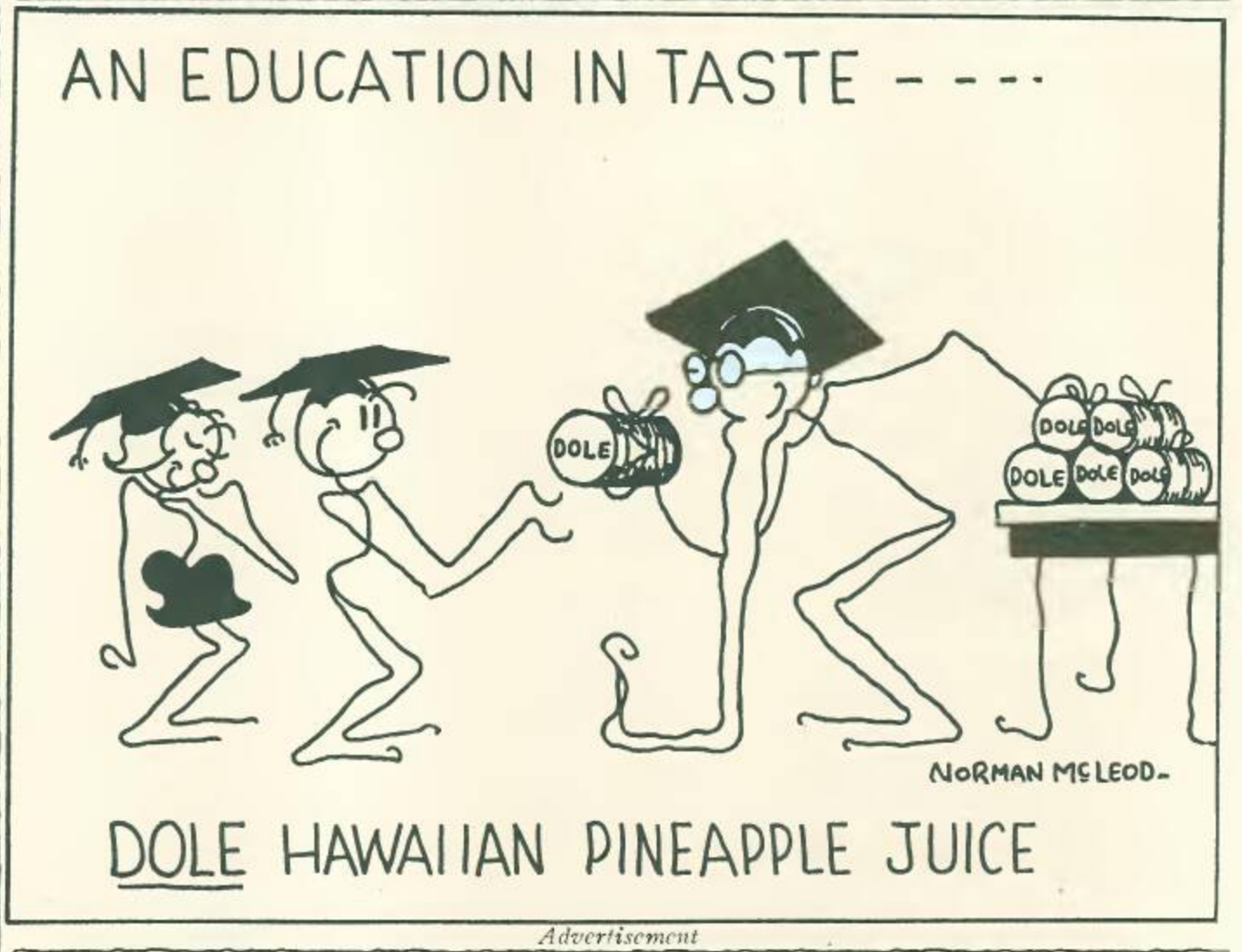
Smile awhile and give your face a rest,
(All smile.)
Stretch awhile and ease your manly chest,
(Arms to side.)
Reach your hands up toward the sky
(Hands up.)
While you watch them with your eye.
(Heads up.)
Jump awhile, and shake a leg there, sir,
(Jump lively.)
Now step forward, backward, as you were.
(Step back and forth.)
Then reach out to someone near.
(Shake hands with your neighbor.)
Shake his hand and smile.
(All smile.)

They did more than justice to the instructions; at "reach out to someone near," the rows of men linked hands and swayed back and forth to the music. Then the men who had been jumping lively a moment ago—fat and thin, middle-aged and young—left the hall in businesslike fashion, or stopped to talk earnestly with one another. I exchanged a few words with Ed Warner, and he told me, incidentally, that the Fine and Dandy Unit consisted of all the branches in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, and that there was the same feeling of friendly rivalry between every unit as I had witnessed tonight between the men of the South Side Section.

Ed Warner asked me how I had liked the meeting. I had had a fine-and-dandy time, and I told him so.

—CARLTON BROWN





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HOLIDAY MATINEE MONDAY MAY 31

THE CURRENT CINEMA

For Realists and Others



A BASIS for philosophical reflection: The Hindenburg blows up; every newsreel camera in town is there; the most sensational newsreel feature of history is released; and at once a new, modish, snug little theatre is opened in the Grand Central, where two hundred and forty-two commuters who have missed their trains may find distraction in the spectacle of current events.

It will be some time, I think, before any studio-made product will be a matter of particular discussion among the bright people. Those brief, intense glimpses of the Lakehurst disaster prey too much upon one's mind, and talk of other films seems fatuous and irrelevant. There's reason for interest, to be sure, in "The Kings' People," which is also newsreel in its fashion. The late John Drinkwater devised the film, and performs in it somewhat as an interpreter or lecturer, but the sensational moment is allotted to Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw provides the humor. The supporting cast is distinguished. It includes Lady Astor, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and also Queen Victoria, Edward VII, George V, Queen Mary, George VI, Queen Elizabeth, and, among the "extras," the Duke of Windsor when he was Edward VIII. As a sketch of momentous events in the history of the Commonwealth, the picture may beguile the odd moments of itinerants and instruct them in the change that came over the Empire, making it a Commonwealth at last. We Americans must try to understand these things.

NOW to get on to Hollywood. The dear little colony has been only mildly busy. There's a hodgepodge released called "They Gave Him a Gun." It's difficult to be certain as to what exactly is intended in this wild little drama. It may be a serious character study of the sensitive young man and the war. This particular sensitive young man, interpreted for us by Franchot Tone, faints at bayonet practice in the early days of military training, wins the Croix de Guerre for heroism at the front, returns to the States

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SAM H. HARRIS presents
The Pulitzer Prize Play of 1936-37
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ANNE NICHOLS **ABIE'S IRISH ROSE**
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West 44th St. LAc. 4-9791
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LAST WEEK ! ! *Engagement Ends May 29*
MAURICE EVANS
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after the Armistice, and then, calloused and inured by now to the use of firearms, enters upon a life of crime. Thus the film is half a war picture and half an underworld affair, both halves being rather in the conventional manner. Furthermore, for good measure, there is love in its triangle form, with Gladys George and Spencer Tracy, to complicate matters. The triangle is a little vague, and one gets an idea that nobody involved knows what he does feel. I suppose triangles can be like that. There's also a smack of circus life. In fact, there's a great deal in the film, but nothing seems definite.

Aspects of military life are also to be found in "23½ Hours Leave." Barrack antics, noncom jokes, the general's daughter, a song or two—in these barracks, all the enlisted men have trained voices—and the problems presented by the underwear the government issues its defenders appear to make very feeble comedy indeed. For my own pleasure, I would choose the drolleries of Charles Ruggles in "Turn Off the Moon," which is no sensation either. However, there are bright and lively bits in this business, which has to do with nonsense, sentiment, and vaudevillian songs and dances in a department store. It's almost sufficiently crazy to be really fun. And I might add that for a short moment of relaxation, one can be very happy with Mr. Benchley's "Romance of Digestion." Of the Benchley series, I still prefer "How to Sleep," but he gives the consequential theme of his latest subject his full lyric attention.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

WEEDING LEADS TO WISTFULNESS

(SENTIMENTAL REFLECTIONS UPON FINDING A LAST YEAR'S FLOWER IN THIS YEAR'S GARDEN)

This delicate and ghostly shell
Was once a Canterbury bell;

As steady as a china cup,
It hung, perhaps, more down than up;

Within the bloom lay sheltered light,
A beautiful, unshadowed white.

Now, winter-worn to lacy thread,
It lies, still beautiful but dead,

Upon the garden where it fell—
A phantom Canterbury bell.

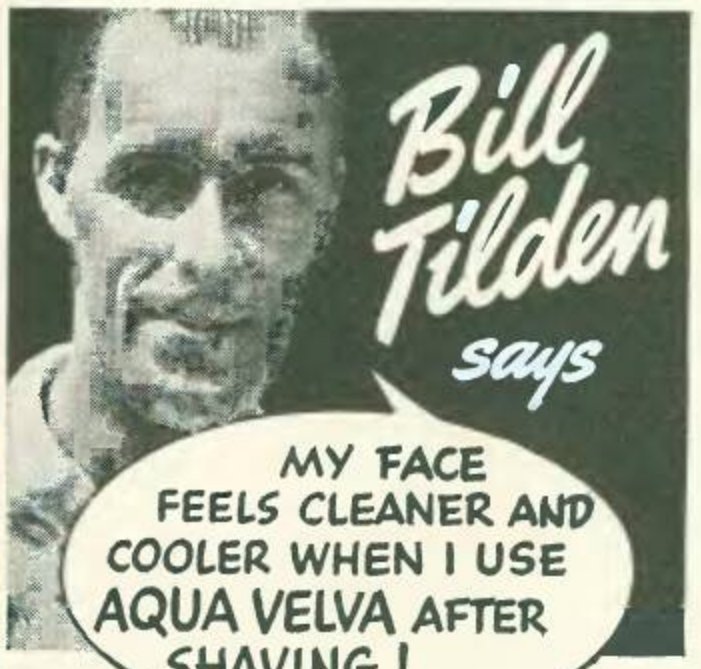
—PATIENCE EDEN

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BOOKS

Messrs. Feuchtwanger and Gulbranssen



IF you are willing to wade through the dust of Tacitus, Suetonius, Dio Cassius, Zonaras, and Xiphilinus, as well as plunge into the murky fires of the Apocalypse of John and the Fourth Book of the Sibyl, you will encounter stray, tantalizing references to "the false Nero." In the reign of Titus, there arose in Antioch a man, the potter Terence, who was a dead ringer for the late Nero. Playing upon superstition and upon the desire of the Eastern mob to see Nero's reign reestablished, he succeeded for a period in causing the Palatine considerable trouble before his inevitable fall. Out of this slender, semi-legendary tradition, Lion Feuchtwanger has constructed a full-length novel, "The Pretender," translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. A subtle job, I should say, perhaps his best since "The Oppermanns." Don't be put off by its setting, the Near Eastern cities of Antioch and Edessa during the first century A.D. No cerements of antiquity cling to this book. The rhinestone trappings of historical detail are cast aside. What emerges is a narrative of ideas, a frankly modern study of the meaning of power in any world, whether of old Rome or today's Europe. And along with this goes a Pirandellian exploration of the outlands of human personality, for in the career of Nero-Terence we may trace what happens when one human being assumes the rôle of another.

In Feuchtwanger (I don't know what Tacitus, Suetonius, etc., have to say about it), it is Varro who sets up the shadow Nero and plunges the empire into a transient froth of excitement. Varro, a lover of the East in all its "profundity, confusion, licentiousness, and incalculability," desires to continue the conciliatory, international policy of the late Nero. In this he is opposed by the martinet Cejonius, Titus's new Governor of Syria and an advocate of the old nationalist-militarist policy which emphasized "Roman discipline." To further his political dream, Varro, with the help of a small group of Eastern potentates, foists the former slave Terence upon the Eastern populace, makes them accept him as Nero *redivivus*, and plunges into a whirlwind of intrigue.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the false Nero soon begins to believe, or half believe, that he is the real one. Aided by his wily adviser and propagandist, Knops, and the brutal General Trebonius, he institutes, against the more moderate counsels of Varro, a reign of terror in order to consolidate his power. Knops arranges for the town of Apamea to be flooded. The Christians are blamed; there follows "the week of knives and daggers," during which the enemies of the state are tortured and killed; and finally comes the purge of the night of May 15th, which marks the height of Nero-Terence's megalomania and the beginning of the fall which is to end in his crucifixion.

I forbear, as does the author, who writes with more than his usual cool detachment, to speculate upon possible parallels here of certain European events of the last few years. One might mention, however, that the title page quotes the famous passage from Ecclesiastes in which the Preacher says that there is no new thing under the sun, and that the author's note inscrutably informs us, "Not all the characters of this novel are fictitious." Of course, this latter remark may refer to such obviously historical personages as John of Patmos, who plays a dramatic rôle in the narrative. Or it may not.

"The Pretender" can be taken as a straight historical novel; as the fascinating story of a masquerader; as a political satire *à clef* on dictators; or as a kind of fictional-anthropological study of the way in which fake heroes and fake legends are put over on the avid populace. Take it as you will, it is a superior performance. Lacking the mounting tenseness of "Power" and the controlled passion of "Success," it has qualities of subtle wit and intellectual swordplay not to be found in such degree in the two greater novels. And it's far more readable than the two Josephus books, which were, one must confess, a bit on the heavy side.

I MAY be about to excite the pitying scorn of many who enjoyed "Beyond Sing the Woods," but I should like to record my conviction, without benefit of either shilly or shally, that Trygve Gulbranssen is, for me, one of the dullest writers of repute I have ever encountered. I learn from the blurb of "The Wind from the Mountains," a sequel to "Beyond Sing the Woods," that Mr. Gulbranssen is "one of the great writers of the day." If that is



"It's funny, Somerset Maugham always sees right through me."



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so, I must have missed that particular day.

Mr. Gulbranssen is still relaying to us, at considerable length, impulses from the vernal wood. The forest is that of the back-country Norway of one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and the impulses are felt mainly by Old Dag, his son Young Dag, and his son's wife Adelaide, a Scandinavian Carol Kennicott who tries to adjust herself to the wild, feudal life at Björndal.

Frankly, I do not know what this book is about. The characters won't tell you, because they can't talk. The Dags, particularly, can't talk to each other beyond an occasional heroic growl, and Young Dag doesn't seem able to say more than a few words a year to his wife.

All the characters are filled with remorse and shame about something—different things at different times—and their remedy for all such troubles is to go out into the woods and try to commit suicide. The woods are supposed to bring them health and sanity, but as far as I can gather they make these people gloomier and gloomier. The more they love the forest, the less they seem to like themselves or anybody else. Or, as the blurb puts it, "These men and women inherit something of the wildness and grandeur of the great woods. Character and mood are formed by nature and they possess the unconscious nobility that so often comes to those close to the land."

Well, things get worse and worse with the Dags, and Young Dag mutters in a furious burst of conversation, "Nothing left—nothing left in life," and Old Dag dies in an agony of repentance, and everybody is pretty sore at everybody, and somehow the outdoor life doesn't seem to help. At the end, after Old Dag's death, we learn what the trouble has been. Young Dag thinks Adelaide had been too fond of his father all along. Hence his thirteen years and four hundred pages of moping. Adelaide says no, she wasn't, what an idea! Soon all is serene and Young Dag goes out and dies fairly happily. Young Dag, of course, might have mentioned before these dark suspicions of his thirteen years, but in that case he wouldn't have been the brooding, sombre, proud, brutal, heroic character Mr. Gulbranssen so admires.

This is bad Undset and worse Hamsun, a sticky piece of sentimental tosh about some morose children who need a good dose of sulphur and molasses. Things aren't helped much by the translation, which is full of easy archaisms



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The shirtwaist blouse with ted bottom, action sleeves, eight gore swing shirt, tailored from Lorraine Shir-O-Shakkar Sanforized-shrunk, in stripes or checks—it is sunproof, sudsproof, shrinkproof, and keeps its freshness no matter how hard you play.

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In This 2,000 Sheet Roll of Safer, Finer Tissue...

A. P. W. Satin Tissue is soft, smooth and *safe*. Costs less than "bargain" tissues as every roll contains two and three times the sheets in ordinary rolls. Yet Satin Tissue is so fine and sheer that roll fits all fixtures. Comes in Pure White and attractive colors. 25c a roll or in 4-roll cartons at department, drug and better grocery stores. Or write A. P. W. Paper Co., Albany, N. Y.

A.P.W.
Satin Tissue

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Left: *"Variation" with three-way adjustable low back, in *white*—$1.00 and $1.50. Send for *free* Style Booklet N: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
©1937 MFB CO. INC. BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · GARTER BELTS
"There's a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

like "Such were the things that were spoken of Adelaide," and similar pseudo-literary attempts at the creation of a legendary, romantic atmosphere. If this book, like its predecessor, is a best-seller, it can only be because we, as readers, are incapable of distinguishing between the genuine heroic note, as we find it in Hamsun and Undset, and the forced, shrill, confused one we find in Mr. Gulbranssen.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GENTLEMAN OVERBOARD, by Herbert Clyde Lewis. A brief, well-written, and scary story about how it feels to fall off a ship in the middle of the Pacific and remain alive some eighteen hours before drowning. Mr. Lewis, of course, doesn't really know how it feels. But his account is persuasive, his description of a gentleman from Yale in an undignified position is agreeably satirical, and he has a nice sense of climax.

THIS SOLID FLESH, by Bradford Smith. Mr. Smith's first novel, "To the Mountain," also about Japan, had freshness and charm. This one, the story of a marriage between a Japanese and an American girl, is not so successful. The theme sticks out, the characters are wooden, and the several romances are implausible and not sufficiently varied.

THE TREE FALLS SOUTH, by Wellington Roe. A wretchedly unhappy little story of farmers in drought-ridden Kansas. They watch their crops die under the sun and their farms blow away, they make a desperate attempt to get help from an unsympathetic government, they fail. The rain, when it comes, is too late. Pretty sad, yet somehow convincing.

NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE, by Julia Truitt Yenni. A large, amiable Louisiana family seen through the eyes of a young daughter. Unimportant but pleasantly realistic and humorous.

A CARDINAL OF THE MEDICI, by Susan Hicks Beach. Intrigue and romance in Renaissance Italy. Colorful costume novel, written in an elegantly archaic style, with somewhat unnecessary scholarly trappings in the form of notes in the back of the book.

GENERAL

SOCIAL AND CULTURAL DYNAMICS, by Pitirim A. Sorokin. Volume I: Fluctuation of Forms of Art. Volume II: Fluctuation of Systems

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of Truth, Ethics, and Law. Volume III: Fluctuation of Social Relationships, War, and Revolution. This is heavy stuff, for Spengler and Pareto readers, being a reëxamination of the meaning of all history and a theoretical explanation of the present culture crisis. Certainly a work of immense erudition, possibly one of fundamental importance, but that's what they said about Pareto, too, you remember.

THE INCREDIBLE MESSIAH: THE DEIFICATION OF FATHER DIVINE, by Robert Allerton Parker. What interests Mr. Parker is not the picturesque career of Father Divine, but the conditions among his people that made possible, almost necessary, his "deification." Readable contemporary anthropology by a man who knows a good deal about cults and eccentric religions. Not, however, a full biography of the good Father.

LET ME SHOW YOU VERMONT, by Charles Edward Crane, with an introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. A pleasant and independent book about a pleasant and independent state. Everything is covered, from fish and game to artists and writers, in the required local style of dry humor. Excellent photographs.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DETECTIVE, by George Antheil, the composer. Some very arbitrary conclusions drawn from the researches on glandular criminology. Mr. Antheil feels that he has the solution to most modern crimes at his fingertips and that you will have it too if you digest his rather sketchy outline. To be viewed skeptically.

SKY STORMING YANKEE: THE LIFE OF GLENN CURTISS, by Clara Studer. A sound biography of a great aeronautical pioneer. Both the prose and the photographs recall vividly the



S-sh!...



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"NO—not fits. Notions! Just now she's feverish on the subject of *economy* . . . drives ten miles to save tuppence on a soup-bone! She even sent ME to some unheard-of place to be cleaned, instead of to Brown as usual. Cheap price all right; cheap *work,* too. *Now* she has to buy a new drawing room rug, and turn me over to Junior. How's that for economy?"

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MARIA THERESA: THE LAST CONSERVATIVE, by Constance Lily Morris. A dullish but careful biography, stressing what the author believes to be the admirable and lovable nature of the great Hapsburg queen. Illustrated.

WINE GRAPES: THEIR SELECTION, CULTIVATION AND ENJOYMENT, by Philip M. Wagner. Concrete counsel for the amateur vineyarder. Ordinary wine-lovers should be interested, too. Illustrated.

BLOOD ON THE MOON: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINTON WELLS. More foreign-correspondent yarning. Read as you run. Illustrated.

MYSTERIES

FILE ON RUFUS RAY, by Helen Reilly. The second Crimefile, a dossier containing the evidence on a murder case as it might have been received at Police Headquarters. This one is done by Helen Reilly, author of the McKee of Centre Street series, and has a more authentic ring than the first, although it is slightly easier for the reader to solve. Highly recommended as a change from routine mysteries.

THE AFFAIR OF THE SYRIAN DAGGER, by Charlton Andrews. Murder among the expatriate poseurs in Paris, solved in an exceedingly helter-skelter fashion. The most careful work in the book has gone into a study of the cafés popular with Americans back in 1929.

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO, by John P. Marquand. A story of international intrigue notable for its lack of most of the usual devices. A hero with a New England conscience, a heroine who runs a gambling joint, and an Oriental detective successfully hide the haphazardness of the plot.

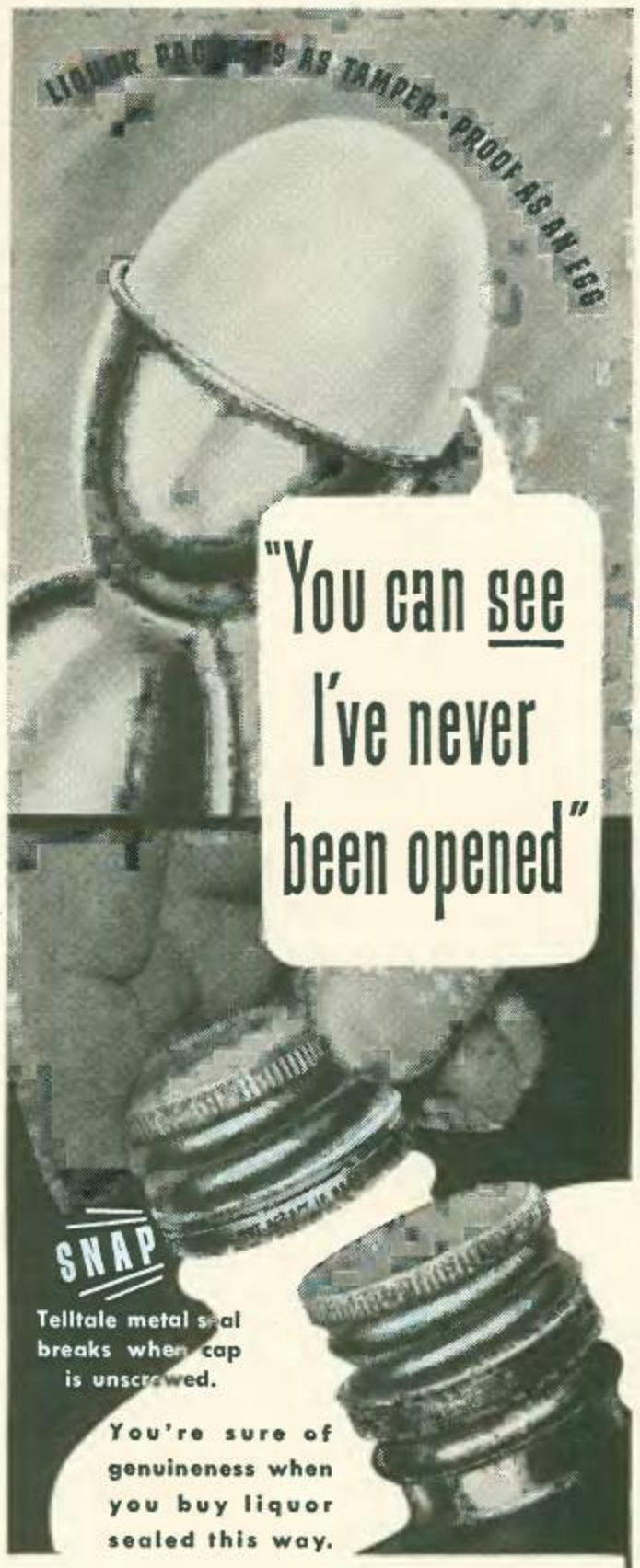
(NOTE: For our readers' convenience a list of recently recommended books appears on this page in the first issue of each month.)

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN DEPARTMENT?

[*From the Times*]

The painting has never been exhibited either in Europe or America and is relatively unknown to the world at large. There is an existing drawing for the picture which bears an inscription in French that suggests some of the color of the picture itself: "Elle valsait delicieusement abandonnée entre les bras d'un blond aux allures de canotier." An English approximation of this is: "She was waltzing, exquisitely relaxed, in the arms of a light-haired man who looked as if he had just been rowing."



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See page 80 and Inside Back Cover.



It so happens I don't drink.
If I did I'd stop to think
That the seal that's like an egg
Shows the brand can't be bootleg.

Melissa, the egg's mamma

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Here's a pipeful of common sense about whiskey



"SOUNDS FUNNY, maybe—but it was my pipe tobacco that brought Four Roses into my life.

"You see, I've always known that this grand old tobacco I smoke was a *blend* of choice tobaccos—with each separate tobacco contributing its own special fragrance, mildness and flavor.

"One day I thought to myself: if combining several straight tobaccos gives you a still finer tobacco, then maybe there's something to Four Roses' claim that combining several straight whiskies gives you an even finer whiskey.

"So the next day I bought myself a bottle of Four Roses—and am I glad I did! Say—it's the smoothest, mellowest whiskey you ever put to your lips!"

Four Roses is *all* whiskey, but it is not just *one* straight whiskey. It is a glorious combination of several whiskies, each outstanding for some special quality. By skilfully blending these fine whiskies together, we merge *all* their noble virtues in *one* magnificent whiskey—Four Roses!

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A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof

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Constance Bennett

says: "My throat appreciates Luckies"



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Constance Bennett

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