Dec. 4, 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, DECEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M., and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABBEY THEATRE PLAYERS—The excellent company from Dublin in repertory. George Shiels' comedy, "The New Gossoon": through Sat., Dec. 4. O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock": Mon. through Sat., Dec. 6-11. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057.)

AMPHITRYON 38—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in a fantasy dealing with Jupiter's love life on earth in high-class and entertaining fashion. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990. Mat. Thurs.)

BROTHER RAT—If you take the word of two graduates of Virginia Military Institute, life at that institution is just chockablock full of fun and baseball. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE—Extremely pleasant theatre, for those who like to sit back and bask and smile constantly. Al Shean is the priest who passes the miracle. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664.)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Three gentlemen conspire to avoid a predatory lady while also learning French. Frank Lawton, Marcel Vallée, and Penelope Dudley Ward in a rather uneven English comedy which is funny on the whole. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. Mat. Thurs.)

GEORGE AND MARGARET—A gentle, eccentric old English couple try to understand their modern children. Agreeable if you overlook the fact that you have heard most of it many times before. With Irene Browne and Morland Graham. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6230.)

THE GHOST OF YANKEE DOODLE—Ethel Barrymore returns to the stage in her old form, surrounded by Dudley Digges, Frank Conroy, and other Guilders, in Sidney Howard's study of a family of liberals in the next war. (Guild, 52, W. COlumbus 5-8229. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

GOLDEN BOY—The story of a young man who takes up prizefighting in place of the violin and regrets it. Clifford Odets' excellent dialogue and the Group Theatre's acting (with Luther Adler and Frances Farmer) make it worth your time. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

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

JULIUS CAESAR—Shakespeare done on a bare stage, with modern military dress, and just about as exciting as you have ever seen Shakespeare. Orson Welles, George Coulouris, and thers. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. 9 P.M. Mats. 3 P.M.)

MADAME BOVARY—Constance Cummings lovely to look at in a dramatization of Flaubert's novel which seems longer than it is. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CIrcle 6-6699. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

OF MICE AND MEN—An unbelievably successful dramatization of the Steinbeck book, with Wallace Ford and Broderick Crawford as George and Lennie. A highlight of the season. (Music Box, 45, W. CIrcle 6-4636. Mat. Thurs.)

ROOM SERVICE—Hilarious explanation of the fact that you don't need money to produce a play. Sam Levene, Philip Loeb, Teddy Hart, and Eddie Albert are in the cast, and George Abbott is the gifted director. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

THE STAR-WAGON—Maxwell Anderson, talking rather nervously, takes us all back to 1902. Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish give admirable performances, both with and without gray hair. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9540.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Gertrude Lawrence and Rachel Crothers collaborate in producing one of the funniest and most terrible women in years. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156. 8:30 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Starts its fifth year on Dec. 4. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CIrcle 6-8870.)

THE WOMEN—Not a man in the cast, but, oddly enough, this tale of New York-Reno life doesn't need one. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and lots of others, all good. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390.)

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—As pleasant a little comedy of mother love in the face of modern sex problems as you will find. Highly recommended. Lucile Watson, Violet Heming, and others. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BRyant 9-0134. 8:45 P.M.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—There is a plot in this, something about a young couple trying to get married, but the main point is that everyone in it is crazy and very funny. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

BARCHESTER TOWERS—Ina Claire in Thomas Job's dramatization of Anthony Trollope's novel, staged by Guthrie McClintic, with Effie Shannon, Frederick Graham, John Williams, and J. M. Kerrigan. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6363. 8:30 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

BABES IN ARMS—Light musical show with a nice score by Rodgers and Hart, and a cast of youngsters, including Mitzi Green, Ray Heatherton, and the Nicholas Brothers. (Majestic, 44, W. CIrcle 6-0730. Extra Mat. Tues., Dec. 7, for the Actors' Fund.)

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT—Musical comedy with a New Deal background and an inoffensive irreverence. With George M. Cohan as the President. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

HOORAY FOR WHAT!—The new Ed Wynn musical show, with Paul Haakon, Jack Whiting, June Clyde, and many others. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

BROWN SUGAR—George Abbott's production of a play of Harlem life by Mrs. Bernie Angus. Opens Thurs., Dec. 2. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353.)

MERELY MURDER—A. E. Thomas's adaptation of Georgette Heyer's story, with Rex O'Malley, Claudia Morgan, and others. Opens Fri., Dec. 3. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628.)

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER—Playing all the parts in her own dramatization of the Margaret Ayer Barnes novel, "Edna His Wife." Opens Tues., Dec. 7. (Little, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-9791. 8:45 P.M.)

SIEGE—Norman Bel Geddes' production of a play by Irwin Shaw, with Rose Hobart, Zamah Cunningham, Sheldon Leonard, and others. Opens Wed., Dec. 8. (Longacre, 48, W. CIrcle 6-6454.)

MISCELLANY

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME—Burlesque melodrama depending for its effect altogether on your state of mind. You can ply yourself with drink while watching it. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company from Paris in Gozzi's "Le Roi Cerf": Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 2-3, at 8:30 P.M.; and Sat., Dec. 4, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Processional," successful revival of the John Howard Lawson play. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:30 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.) . . . Eugene O'Neill's cycle of four one-act plays of the sea, with an all-Negro cast. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TIllinghast 5-1424. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:45 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Cinderella": Sat., Dec. 4, at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116. UNiversity 4-3200.) . . . Clare Tree Major's Children's Theatre Company in "Hansel and Gretel": Sat. Aft., Dec. 4, at 3. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra plays for dinner and supper dancing in the Trianon Room; songs by Adelaide Moffet and dances by Minor and Root. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

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

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PLaza 3-8887)—One of the smaller and more intimate places. Murray Driscoll's orchestra and Don Marton's rumba band.

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

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—You'll find Richard Himber and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park; also Arthur Murray's Big Apple Dancers.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Joseph Smith's orchestras; songs by Graziella Parraga at supper.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Phil Grey's orchestra and the Conga Cubans.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WIckersham 2-4100)—Freddie Starr's orchestra plays for dancing until 10 P.M.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (REgent 4-5900)—The Neptune Room has Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and singing by Betty Bryant. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The charming Persian Room offers music by Eddy Duchin and dancing by Paul Draper. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The current show here features The Viennese Singers, Alec Templeton, the English pianist, and Dorothy Fox, satiric dancer. Music by Al Donahue's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's tango-rumba band. Formal dress required after 10 P.M. . . . Eddy Rogers' orchestra plays in the adjoining and informal Rainbow Grill; dances by Glover and La Mae.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison at 46 (Plaza 3-4600)—The attractive Crystal Garden has Rudolf Friml, Jr., and his orchestra, and Ralph Rotgers and his tango-rumba band; dances by Jack Holland and June Hart; songs by Hildegarde. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play for dinner and supper dancing.

ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WIckersham 2-5800)—Basil Fomeen's and Ralph Gonzalez's orchestras alternate in the Restaurant de la Paix. Dances by Betty and Freddy Roberts; magic by Albernice.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has Emil Coleman and his orchestra and singing by Lois Elliman. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, offers "Nights Near Kasbek" and Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Emile Petti leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge, where Dwight Fiske sings his merry songs at midnight.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PLaza 3-0200)—Meyer Davis's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only. Dress preferred.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular and usually overcrowded before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Walter Feldkamp (to be replaced by Bobby Parks on Dec. 8).

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PLaza 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Entertainment by Luba Malina, Gali-Gali, and others; dance music by Maximilian Bergère's and Val Ernie's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The handsome Sert Room offers music by Leo

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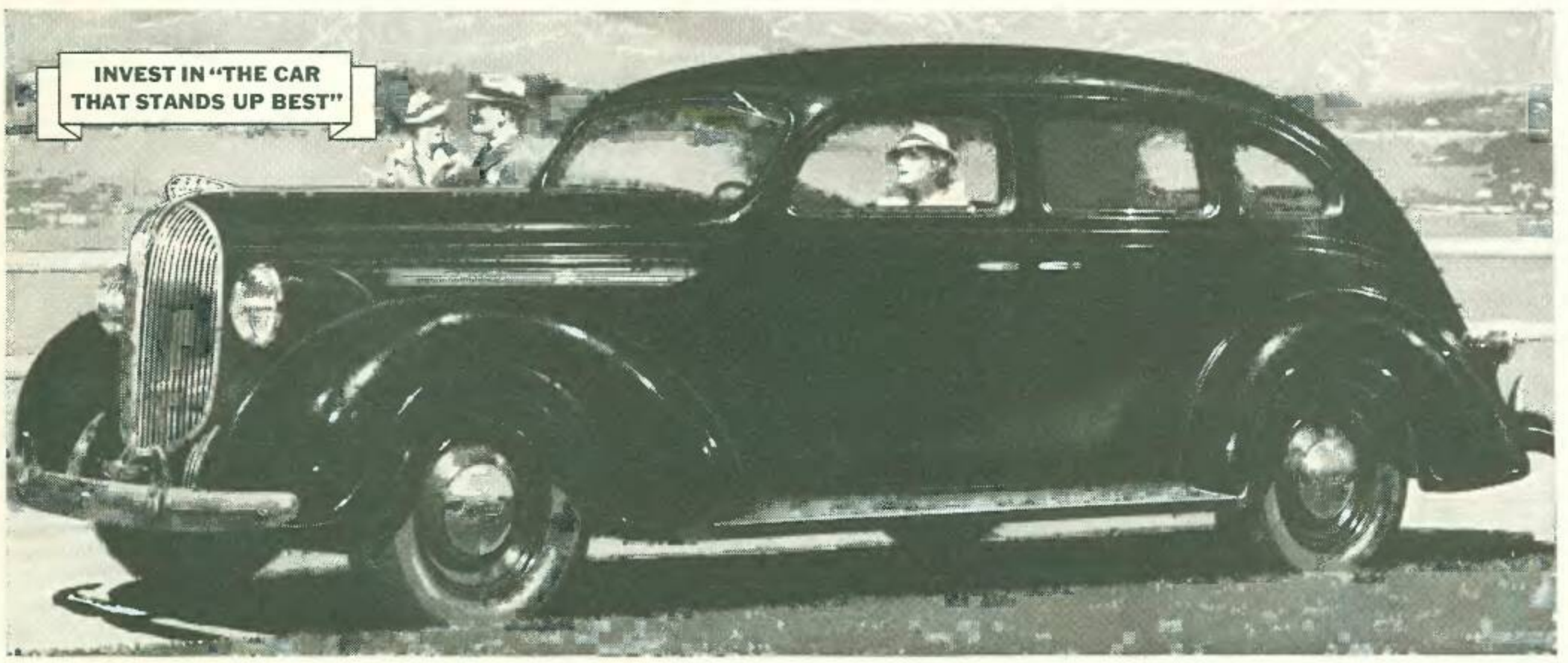

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.]

Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras, songs by Eve Symington, and dances by the comical Hartmans. Must dress.... The informal Lounge Restaurant has music by Dick Abbott; Raphael and his concertina appear at supper time.

MISCELLANEOUS—The Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (MEdallion 3-1000), has Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra and an ice-skating show.... Benny Goodman's orchestra plays in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000). ... Lani McIntire provides the music in the Hawaiian Room of the Lexington, Lexington at 48 (WIckersham 2-4400).... Tommy Dorsey's orchestra is at the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (VAnderbilt 3-6000).... Pancho's orchestra and Panchito's Cuban band are at La Conga, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757).... Dick Kuhn plays in the Della Robbia Room of the Vanderbilt, Park at 34.... Isham Jones plays in the Blue Room of the Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44.... Sande Williams provides the music in the new Broadway Cocktail Lounge of the Astor, B'way at 45.... Eddie Lane is at the Governor Clinton Grill, 7 Ave. at 31.... Val Olman provides the music in the Glass Hat Room of the Belmont-Plaza, 130 E. 50.... Milt Herth plays at the Shelton Corner, Lexington at 49.... Paul Sparr is at the Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54.... Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56, has Jerry Blaine's orchestra and a revue.... Bill McCune plays in the "61" Room of the Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights.... Mon Paris, 142 E. 53, features Charlie Murray's orchestra and Oscar Calzert's Cuban Rhythm Girls.... Le Mirage, 125 E. 54 (PLaza 3-5080), has entertainment by Rafaelo Diaz, Reed Lawton, and others.

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; Madison Café, 15 E. 58; Hampshire House Cocktail Lounge, 150 Central Pk. S.; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar, 57 E. 54; Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Château Moderne, 42 E. 50; Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54; and Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), offers a revue, Yascha Bunchuk's, George Olsen's, and Gene Fosdick's orchestras, and other attractions. ... Two more places with plenty of floor show are: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080); and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 6-5960).

Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. ... Jack White is at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).... Mario's Mirador, 201 W. 52 (COlumbus 5-0897), has Johnny Powell's orchestra, and a show.... Tommy Lyman sings at The Oaks, 127 E. 47 (ELdorado 5-9624).

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 7-1000), has Cab Calloway and a fine, big show featuring Bill Robinson, Avis Andrews, and others.... The Harlem Uproar House, B'way at 51 (CIrcle 7-4074), has Mezz Mezzrow's orchestra and a lively colored revue.... The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (ELdorado 5-0543), 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's Chicagoans and the Three Peppers.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (GRamercy 7-8736), is an old favorite; music by Lou Ferris's orchestra.... Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has music by the Gallant Trio, songs by Grace Morgan, and other entertainment.... The Black Cat, 557 W. B'way (GRamercy 5-9033), has a colored show.... The Greenwich Village Casino, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and the Village Barn, 52 W. 8, are pleasantly informal and popular with out-of-towners.... Downtown rowdydow: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414).

HARLEM—You can watch the dancing and hear Teddy Hill's orchestra (to be replaced by Chick Webb's on Dec. 5) at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271).... Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TIllinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52 (CIrcle 7-6269); and El Toreador, 7 W. 110 (UNiversity 4-8644).... Hungarian: Tokay, 7 Ave. at 52 (CIrcle 7-6435).... Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GRamercy 7-9784).... Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Wivel, 254 W. 54 (COlumbus 5-9251).... Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833).

ART

ABBOTT—"Changing New York," photographs of street scenes, buildings, etc.: Museum of the City of N. Y., 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 3.

AMERICAN—Annual exhibition of contemporary American painting: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 12.

BACHE COLLECTION—The famous Jules Bache collection of works of art is on view Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Sat., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Admission by ticket only; apply in writing to the Custodian, 814 5 Ave.

BEGINNINGS AND LANDMARKS—Works by Matisse, Picasso, Rodin, Brancusi, Toulouse-Lautrec, Marin, O'Keeffe, Dove, Demuth, Steichen, Maurer, Man Ray, Picabia, and others shown at Stieglitz's famous "291" gallery from 1905 to 1917: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 27.

BLUME—"The Eternal City," a large single canvas by Peter Blume, together with sketches for the picture: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 14.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM—American Impressionists, including Twachtman, Cassatt, Hassam, and Weir. Also, Egyptian and Assyrian Collections: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

DRAWINGS—Crayons and wash drawings by Callot, Delacroix, and many others: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 18.

EILSHEMIUS—Paintings, water colors, and drawings, 1882-1921: Boyer, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

FRENCH MASTERS—Eighteenth-century French masters from the David-Weill Collection: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M; through Dec. 11. (Admission by invitation only; apply at gallery.)

FRENCH MODERNS—Holiday exhibition of moderately priced paintings. Included are Picasso, Utrillo, Dufy, Rouault, etc.: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.... Other shows of modern French paintings: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57; and Sullivan, 460 Park; through Dec. 23.

MALCOLM—Good Provençal landscapes by Thalia Malcolm: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

MODERN MUSEUM—American paintings, sculpture, and photographs, all destined for a spring showing at the Jeu de Paume in Paris: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 13.

MORISOT—Water colors, pastels, and drawings by Berthe Morisot: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 4.

POMPON—Animal sculpture by François Pompon: Brummer, 53 E. 57. Open weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

ROUAULT—Early paintings: Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 4.

SCULPTURE—Examples by José de Creeft, John Flannagan, Heinz Warneke, and William Zorach: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—Important exhibition of pictures which, with the exception of five or six, have not been seen here before: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

VARIAN—Pleasantly personal paintings by Dorothy Varian: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 11.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Paintings by John Kane: Valentine, 16 E. 57; Dec. 6-24.... Paintings by Mary Hutchinson: Midtown, 605 Madison; through Dec. 6.... Paintings by Power O'Malley: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Dec. 13.... Portraits by Dorothy Drew: Findlay, 8 E. 57; through Dec. 11.... Paintings and sculpture by Enzo Baccante: Mezzanine, Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58; through Dec. 18.... Paintings by Carl Hofer: Nierendorf, 21 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 11 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Dec. 9. ... Abstractions in oil by Alfred Maurer: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57; through Dec. 11.... Paintings by Gordon Grant: Grand Central Art Galleries, 5 Ave. at 51; through Dec. 11.... Monhegan marines by Jay Connaway: Macbeth, 11 E. 57; through Dec. 24.... English portraits, by Reynolds, Romney, Lely, etc.: Newton, 11 E. 57; through Dec. 11.... Paintings of race-track life, by Lee Townsend: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Dec. 18.... Paintings and pastels by Suzanne Eisendieck: Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 14.... Sculpture by Alexander Stoller: Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. ... Portraits by Channing Hare: Freund, 50 E. 57; through Dec. 18.... Paintings by Gordon Mallet McCouch: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Dec. 11.... French-Canadian primitives: East River Gallery, 358 E. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 24.... Posters and art processes: WPA Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 18.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

WILLIAM FLEMING—This well-recommended young American pianist makes his début in a benefit recital: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 3.

FRITZ KREISLER—His last recital here this season, so ask the box office at once: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 4, at 2:30.

TESSA BLOOM—Not much interruption in the torrent of piano-playing this week. Miss Bloom made an excellent début last season: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 4.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The pianist is Mischa Levitzki, and the Musical Art Quartet does the rest: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 5, at 5:30.

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—More piano-playing, and by a highly gifted young man: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 5.

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Some exceptional violin-playing this week, as Mr. Menuhin will prove: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 6.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD—This will be her only recital in Manhattan this season. Handel, Brahms, Grieg, and Strauss are the composers listed, but the encores probably will make up almost another concert: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Dec. 7, at 8:45.

ROSALYN TURECK—The penultimate recital in this fine young artist's series of unarranged Bach at the piano: Town Hall, Wed. Aft., Dec. 8.

MARIA CARRERAS—A distinguished artist returns for an evening of piano music: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Dec. 8.

SAMUEL DUSHKIN—Interesting violin music by an able fiddler: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 10.

WAGNERIAN FESTIVAL SINGERS—Five of them, all good, directed by Richard Hageman in a Wagner program: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 11, at 2:30.

GUIOMAR NOVAES—If you overlooked the matter, there are some piano recitals this week. Mme. Novaes should be one of the best: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Dec. 11.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 3, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 5; Thurs. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 10, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:45.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Rhodes conducting: McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Dec. 11.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Greenfield conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 11.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54, 8:45 P.M.—Federal Symphony, Plotnikoff conducting: Fri. Eve., Dec. 3.... New York Civic

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DR. ALEXIS CARREL,

who this week addresses a group of life-insurance presidents on the prolongation of life. He has kept a chicken's heart beating in a test tube up at the Rockefeller Institute for twenty-five years, and he worked out with Colonel Lindbergh the mechanical heart. His book, "Man, the Unknown," has sold 100,000 copies. So certain is his surgeon's touch that he can take stitches in a piece of paper with needle and thread and never pierce the sheet.

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET WEST

Orchestra, Schenkman conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 5. . . . Madrigal Singers, Engel conducting: Wed. Eve., Dec. 8.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Aïda," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 2, at 8:15; "Siegfried," Fri. Eve., Dec. 3, at 7:45; "Manon," Sat. Aft., Dec. 4, at 2; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 5; "La Bohème," Mon. Eve., Dec. 6; "Samson et Dalila," Wed., Dec. 8; "Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 9, at 8; "Tristan und Isolde," Fri. Aft., Dec. 10, at 1:45; "Manon," Fri. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:15; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Dec. 11, at 2; "Norma," Sat. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:15.

HIPPODROME—"Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Dec. 4, at 8:15; "Carmen," Sat. Eve., Dec. 11, at 8:15.

SPORTS

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden: Rangers vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Dec. 5, at 8:45.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Dec. 4: Boulder Brook vs. Squadron A, at 8:30; N.Y.A.C. vs. Squadron A, at 9:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At Polo Grounds: N.Y. Giants vs. Washington, Sun. Aft., Dec. 5, at 2. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; or 8 Ave. subway.)

OTHER EVENTS

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—Last three days: Madison Square Garden, through Sat. Eve., Dec. 4.

WINTER SPORTS SHOW—Annual Winter Sports Exhibition and International Ski Meet: Madison Square Garden, starting Tues., Dec. 7 at 8:30 P.M.; daily thereafter at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11. . . . In the Exposition Hall, downstairs, there's a display of winter-sports equipment, open 12:30 to 11:30 P.M., Dec. 7-11.

CAMERA SHOW—The first Metropolitan Camera Show: Mecca Temple Casino, 135 W. 55, starting Sun., Dec. 5, at 6 P.M.; daily thereafter, 12 noon to 11 P.M.; through Dec. 10.

CHEMICAL SHOW—Chemical Industries Exposition: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Mon. through Sat., Dec. 6-11, 12 noon to 10:30 P.M.

CROCHET EXHIBITION—Public showing of all entries in the First National Crochet Contest, including prizewinning pieces: Ballroom, A.W.A. Clubhouse, 353 W. 57. Open Dec. 2 and 3, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Dec. 4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

RUGS AND CARPETS—An international exhibition of contemporary industrial art: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 5.

BOOKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS—First editions, original drawings, autograph manuscripts, and related documents by English writers and illustrators of the nineteenth century: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Open weekdays 10 A.M to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

RUSSIAN JEWELRY—An exhibition of the works of the Russian Court jeweller, Carl Fabergé: Hammer Galleries, 682 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 22.

MASK AND WIG SHOW—"Fifty-Fifty," the golden-jubilee production of the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania: Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49, Sat., Dec. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30.

PUBLIC BALLS—Allaverdy Ball, sponsored by the Caucasian Society Allaverdy: Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Dec. 3. . . . Annual New Masses Ball: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Dec. 3. . . . Seventh Regiment Military Ball, "Mexican Fiesta": Armory, Park at 66, Sat. Eve., Dec. 4. . . . The Fireman's Ball, gala costume party for the benefit of the Stage Relief Fund: American Music Hall, 141 E. 55, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 9. . . . Miami Biltmore Fashion Show and Supper Dance: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Dec. 10.

LAMBS GAMBOL—Annual banquet and entertainment: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Dec. 4.

PLANETARIUM—The lecture for December at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "The Star of Bethlehem." Daily at 2, 3, 4, and 8:30 P.M.; also Sat. and Sun. at 5 P.M., and Sat. at 11 A.M. and 1 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Etchings and engravings by old and modern masters: Fri. Eve., Dec. 3, at 8:15. . . . First editions of English and American authors, the collection of Dr. William C. Braislin: Tues. and Wed. Eves., Dec. 7-8, at 8:15, and Wed. Aft., Dec. 8, at 2. . . . English and Italian period furniture and decorations, from various owners: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Dec. 10-11, at 2.

On the premises, Strawberry Hill, S. B'way, Irvington-on-Hudson—The property of Mr. and Mrs. John Bolles, real estate, furniture, paintings, etc.: Mon. through Sat. Afts., Dec. 6-11, at 1:30.

NOTE—The skating pond in Rockefeller Plaza is open daily 10:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; 2 to 4:30 P.M.; 5:30 to 7:30 P.M.; and 8:30 to 11 P.M.

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Manon," with Sayao, Bodanya, Crooks, Brownlee, and others: Sat. Aft., Dec. 4, at 2, WJZ.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT—Singing with the Ford Symphony and Chorus, Ormandy conducting: Sun. Eve., Dec. 5, at 9, WABC.

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD—Guest soloist with André Kostelanetz' orchestra; commentary by Deems Taylor: Wed. Eve., Dec. 8, at 9, WABC.

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

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. Leo Reisman, 7:30, WEAF. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. March of Time, 8:30, WJZ. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 9:30, WOR. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. "Essays in Music," Bay conducting, 10:30, WABC.

FRIDAY—Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour, 2, WEAF-WJZ. Margaret Daum, 6, WABC. Hammerstein Music Hall, 8, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. Kitty Carlisle, 10, WABC. Dorothy Thompson, 10:45, WEAF.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. Coolidge String Quartet, 5:45, WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 7, WABC. Jack Haley, 8:30, WEAF. N.B.C. Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, 10, WEAF-WJZ.

SUNDAY—Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. "Silver Theatre," 5, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, 5, WJZ. Sheila Barrett, 5:30, WEAF. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Jeanette MacDonald, 7, WABC. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Nelson Eddy and Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. General Motors Concert, 8, WJZ. Tyrone Power, Jr., 9, WJZ.

MONDAY—Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting, 3, WJZ. Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Richard Crooks, 8:30, WEAF. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, 9, WJZ.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Lanny Ross and Charles Butterworth, 9:30, WEAF. Benny Goodman, 10, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 4, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Eddy Duchin, 8, WJZ. Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.]

MOTION PICTURES

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—Eddie Cantor in a lively film, half Arabian Nights and half New Deal. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Dec. 2. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 3-9. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 6-7. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 9-10.)

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—Astaire's very absurd and funny new film. With Burns and Allen, Reginald Gardiner, Constance Collier, and that pretty Joan Fontaine one is hearing about. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

DEAD END—The six boys of the stage production, along with Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart, and Joel McCrea, help to make this a fine film of New York street life. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 4-6.)

THE FIREFLY—Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones, and delightful old-time Friml songs, but much too much plot nonsense. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Dec. 8; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE GOOD EARTH—Luise Rainer and Paul Muni in the Pearl Buck story of northern China. An astonishing and magnificent film. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Thurs., Dec. 2. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 8-9.)

THE GREAT GARRICK—Very mild antics, but polite, trim, and well costumed, with Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland. (RKO 23rd Street, 23, E. of 7 Ave.; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Thurs., Dec. 2. . . . RKO 81st Street, B'way at 81; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 3-7. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 9-10.)

HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME—The Pennsylvania oil fields are the slightly surprised background for this musical film. Jerome Kern's music, Rouben Mamoulian's direction. (Rio, B'way at 160; through Thurs., Dec. 2. . . . Lincoln Square, B'way at 66; Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 8-9.)

THE HURRICANE—The Goldwyn storm is on the big scale, but the South Sea story is the old stuff again. With Mary Astor, Jon Hall, and a number of natives. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

LANCER SPY—Berlin, the War, and spies. Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, and Joseph Schildkraut are in it. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Dec. 2. . . . RKO 23rd Street, 23, E. of 7 Ave.; RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Thurs., Dec. 2. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN—A dignified picture for musical students and such. With Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Paul Muni's triumphant sketch of the author, in an exciting and finely managed movie which covers the high moments of the Dreyfus Case. (Strand, B'way at 47; continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

LOST HORIZON—Beautiful mountain scenery, but the story of the lamasery in Tibet seems pretty long. With Ronald Colman and Margo. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 3-5. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Tues., Dec. 3-7. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 4-6.)

MAYERLING—Royal, romantic, and tragic love, with Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:52, 4:44, 6:36, 8:28, and 10:20 P.M.)

NOTHING SACRED—Ben Hecht's satire on the kind and foolish hearts of New York. With Fredric March, Carole Lombard, and Walter Connolly. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Dec. 8; continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Madeleine Carroll in a showy version of the old claptrap. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 3-9.)

THE ROAD BACK—An ambitious and at times successful effort to transfer the Remarque novel of postwar Germany to the screen. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 2-3.)

STAGE DOOR—Bright and expansive adaptation of the Kaufman-Ferber play, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 2-8. . . . Olympia, B'way at 107; Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 3-9.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—A handsome and worthy affair, suitable to its subject matter, with Anna Neagle as the Queen and Anton Walbrook as the Consort. (Palace, B'way at 47; Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 3-9.)

REVIVALS

BERKELEY SQUARE (1933)—The play well screened, with Leslie Howard in his famous rôle. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 3-4.)

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (1936)—Chinamen and blondes, Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll, and pretty exciting. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

THE LITTLE GIANT (1933)—Edward G. Robinson's picture of the bootlegger who wanted to get into society. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 3-4.)

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (1932)—The superior German film of girls at school. (World, 49, E. of B'way; through Mon., Dec. 6.)

MAYTIME (1937)—The old operetta, with lots of singing by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and an occasional John Barrymore scowl. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 3-4.)

NIGHT MUST FALL (1937)—A murder sketch, with Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin and Dame May Whitty as a victim. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

SIX OF A KIND (1934)—A giddy item, with W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, Mary Boland, and Charles Ruggles. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—A strenuous and surprising little mystery, with Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23; through Thurs., Dec. 2.)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO (1933)—The Sergei Eisenstein-Upton Sinclair film about Mexico. Some excellent photography. (World, 49, E. of B'way; through Mon., Dec. 6.)

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden, Dec. 13 and 17.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden, Dec. 18, 27, 29, Jan. 5, 8, 14, and 22.

DANCE RECITALS—Dance International's "Evening of Ballet," Center Theatre, Dec. 12. . . . Shan-Kar, Town Hall, Dec. 15. . . . Angna Enters. Alvin Theatre, Dec. 19, 26, and Jan. 2.

MUSIC—Orchestras at Carnegie Hall: Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting through Jan. 2; Enesco, Jan. 5-30. Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Dec. 14. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 6 and 8. . . . Important recitals at Town Hall: New English Singers, Dec. 12 and 19 (Afts.); Kerstin Thorborg, Dec. 12; Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin, Dec. 26, and Jan. 22; Gertrude Wettergren, Jan. 5. At Carnegie Hall: Josef Lhevinne, Jan. 15; Artur Schnabel, Jan. 26.

RACING—Tropical Park, Fla., Dec. 20-Jan. 11. . . . Hialeah Park, Fla., Jan. 12-Mar. 5. . . . Santa Anita, Cal., Dec. 25-Mar. 12.

OTHER DATES—Quarterly federal income-tax payments are due Dec. 15. . . . "Ice Follies," Madison Square Garden, Dec. 20-24. . . . Greenwich Village Ball, Webster Hall, Dec. 31. . . . National Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 7-15.

KORET'S

"Casual" is its name and simple are its lines ...but magnificent is its size and stunning is its effect! For this Koret Original has that "dress-makery" distinction that is achieved only by the very finest of hand-work. In designing "Casual," for daytime and evening, Koret has selected superb materials and folded them over and over again...squandered them lavishly to create the most striking gift bag of the season.

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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

THURS., DEC. 2, THROUGH WED., DEC. 8

[THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CIrcle 6-4642)—**"The Hurricane,"** Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour. (Daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (COlumbus 5-1250)—Through Wed., Dec. 8: **"The Firefly,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (MEdallion 3-5020)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "The Barrier," Leo Carrillo, Jean Parker. . . . Opening Fri., Dec. 3: "Blossoms on Broadway," Edward Arnold.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CIrcle 6-0800)—Through Fri., Dec. 3: "Non-Stop New York," Anna Lee, John Loder. . . . Opening Sat., Dec. 4: "Paid to Dance," Don Terry, Jacqueline Wells.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CHickering 4-7022)—Through Tues., Dec. 7: "Ebb Tide," Frances Farmer, Oscar Homolka. . . . Opening Wed., Dec. 8: "Thrill of a Lifetime," Yacht Club Boys.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-6535)—Through Wed., Dec. 8: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WIsconsin 7-0206)—Opening Thurs., Dec. 2: "Portia on Trial," Frieda Inescort, Walter Abel.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1633)—**"A Damsel in Distress,"** Fred Astaire, Burns and Allen, Joan Fontaine.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6000)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," Bert Lahr, Alice Brady, Joy Hodges. . . . Opening Fri., Dec. 3: "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CIrcle 7-5900)—**"The Life of Emile Zola,"** Paul Muni.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way (BRyant 9-0156)—Opening Fri., Dec. 3: "Love or a Kingdom," Polish film.

CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way (WIsconsin 7-1789)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "Conquerors of the North," Soviet picture. . . . Opening Fri., Dec. 3: "The Jester," Yiddish picture.

CINEMA DE PARIS, 5 Ave. at 12 (ALgonquin 4-7661)—"Meet Miss Mozart," French film, Danielle Darrieux.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (COlumbus 5-0425)—**"The Life and Loves of Beethoven,"** French film, Harry Baur.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (CIrcle 7-6591)—**"Mayerling,"** French film, Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CIrcle 7-1294)—Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 2-8: **"Stage Door,"** Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou.

SQUIRE, 8 Ave. at 44 (COlumbus 5-1686)—"The Inspector General," Czechoslovakian picture, Vlasta Burian.

WORLD CINEMA, 49, E. of B'way (CIrcle 7-5747)—Through Mon., Dec. 6: **"Thunder Over Mexico,"** revival, Sergei Eisenstein picture; also **"Maedchen in Uniform,"** revival, German picture, Hertha Thiele. (Special children's program Sat., Dec. 4, starting at 11 A.M.; feature pictures not shown until 5 P.M.)

EAST SIDE

JEFFERSON, 3 Ave. at 14 (GRamercy 7-6320)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "Sophie Lang Goes West," Gertrude Michael, Larry Crabbe; also "Outlaws of the Orient," Jack Holt. . . . Fri. through Sun., Dec. 3-5: **"Lost Horizon,"** Ronald Colman, Margo; also "This Way Please," Buddy Rogers. . . . Mon. and Tues., Dec. 6-7: "Soup to Nuts," revival, Ted Healy; also "Go Into Your Dance," revival, Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler. . . . From Wed., Dec. 8: "Man in Blue," Robert Wilcox; also "A Dangerous Adventure," Don Terry, Rosalind Keith.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23 (GRamercy 5-1660)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"The 39 Steps,"** revival, Robert Donat, Madeleine Carroll; also "That Girl from Paris," revival, Lily Pons. . . . Fri. and Sat., Dec. 3-4: **"Maytime,"** revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. . . . Sun. and Mon., Dec. 5-6: "Life Begins in College," Ritz Brothers. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec 7-8: **"Night Must Fall,"** revival, Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell; also "My Man Godfrey," revival, William Powell, Carole Lombard.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (ASh-land 4-4865)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "The Perfect Specimen," Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell; also "Murder in Greenwich Village," Richard Arlen, Fay Wray. . . . Fri. through Sun., Dec. 3-5: "Double Wedding," William Powell, Myrna Loy; also "The Wrong Road," Richard Cromwell. . . . Mon. and Tues., Dec. 6-7: **"Ali Baba Goes to Town,"** Eddie Cantor; also "Breakfast for Two," Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Wed., Dec. 8: "Partners in Crime," Lynne Overman, Roscoe Karns; also "Dark Journey," Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PLaza 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft; also "Night Club Scandal," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "Trapped by G-Men," Jack Holt; also "Westbound Limited," Lyle Talbot.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PLaza 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 2-3: **"The Road Back,"** John King, Richard Cromwell; also "Metropolitan," revival, Lawrence Tibbett. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 4-6: **"Dead End,"** Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart; also "Wings Over Honolulu," Ray Milland, Wendy Barrie. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: **"The General Died at Dawn,"** revival, Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll; also "The Lady Escapes," Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-3577)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"The Great Garrick,"** Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland; also **"Lancer Spy,"** George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6: "It's Love I'm After," Leslie Howard, Bette Davis; also "Dangerously Yours," Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "Fit for a King," Joe E. Brown; also "The Lady Fights Back," Irene Hervey, Kent Taylor.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VOlunteer 5-3320)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "The Perfect Specimen," Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell. . . . Fri. through Tues., Dec. 3-7: **"Lost Horizon,"** Ronald Colman, Margo. . . . From Wed., Dec. 8: **"High, Wide, and Handsome,"** Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (REgent 4-0302)—Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 2-3: "Michael and Mary," revival, Herbert Marshall, Edna Best. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 4-6: "Beethoven Concerto," Soviet film, Vladimir Gardin. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: **"Six of a Kind,"** revival, W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BUtterfield 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft; also "Night Club Scandal," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "Trapped by G-Men," Jack Holt; also "Westbound Limited," Lyle Talbot.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BUtterfield 8-9009)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"The Good Earth,"** Paul Muni, Luise Rainer; also "The Man Who Cried Wolf," Lewis Stone. . . . Fri. and Sat., Dec. 3-4: **"The Little Giant,"** revival, Edward G. Robinson; also "The Working Man," revival, George Arliss, Bette Davis. . . . Sun. and Mon., Dec. 5-6: "Artists and Models," Jack Benny; also "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back," John Barrymore. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "Life of the Party," Joe Penner, Gene Raymond, Harriet Hilliard; also "The St. Louis Kid," revival, James Cagney.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (ATwater 9-8900)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"The Great Garrick,"** Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland; also **"Lancer Spy,"** George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6: "It's Love I'm After," Leslie Howard, Bette Davis; also "Dangerously Yours," Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "Fit for a King," Joe E. Brown; also "The Lady Fights Back," Irene Hervey, Kent Taylor.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 2-3: "The Perfect Specimen," Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell; also "Breakfast for Two," Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall. . . . Sat. through Mon., Dec. 4-6: **"Lost Horizon,"** Ronald Colman, Margo; also "This Way Please," Buddy Rogers. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "The Man in Blue," Robert Wilcox; also "Small Town Boy," Stuart Erwin.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: "Double Wedding," William Powell, Myrna Loy; also "The Wrong Road," Richard Cromwell. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "Partners in Crime," Lynne Overman, Roscoe Karns; also "Dark Journey," Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GRamercy 7-7874)—Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 2-5: "The Perfect Specimen," Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell. . . . Mon. and Tues., Dec. 6-7: "Music for Madame," Nino Martini. . . . From Wed., Dec. 8: "Borneo," Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: "Double Wedding," William Powell, Myrna Loy; also "The Wrong Road," Richard Cromwell. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "Partners in Crime," Lynne Overman, Roscoe Karns; also "Dark Journey," Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-3350)—Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 2-5: "Life Begins in College," Ritz Brothers; also "Hot Water," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington. . . . From Mon., Dec. 6: not announced.

RKO 23RD STREET, 23, E. of 7 Ave. (CHelsea 3-2766)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"The Great Garrick,"** Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland; also **"Lancer Spy,"** George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6: "It's Love I'm After," Leslie Howard, Bette Davis; also "Dangerously Yours," Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "Fit for a King," Joe E. Brown; also "The Lady Fights Back," Irene Hervey, Kent Taylor.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CHelsea 3-0960)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "Alcatraz Island," John Litel, Ann Sheridan. . . . Fri. and Sat., Dec. 3-4: **"Berkeley Square,"** revival, Leslie Howard. . . . Sun. through Tues., Dec. 5-7: "Life Begins in College," Ritz Brothers. . . . From Wed., Dec. 8: **"The Good Earth,"** Paul Muni, Luise Rainer.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BRyant 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 2-8: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BRyant 9-4300)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"Ali Baba Goes to Town,"** Eddie Cantor; also **"Lancer Spy,"** George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre. . . . From Fri., Dec. 3: **"Victoria the Great,"** Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook; also "It's Love I'm After," Leslie Howard, Bette Davis.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CIrcle 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft; also "Night Club Scandal," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "Trapped by G-Men," Jack Holt; also "Westbound Limited," Lyle Talbot.

LINCOLN SQUARE, B'way at 66 (TRafalgar 7-8692)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: **"High, Wide, and Handsome,"** Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott; also "Hold 'Em Navy!," Lew Ayres, Mary Carlisle. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "Murder in Greenwich Village," Richard Arlen, Fay Wray; also "The Hoosier Schoolboy," Mickey Rooney.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TRafalgar 7-6160)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "West of Shanghai," Boris Karloff; also "Fit for a King," Joe E. Brown. . . . Fri. through Tues., Dec. 3-7: **"The Great Garrick,"** Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland; also "Over the Goal," June Travis, Johnnie Davis. . . . From Wed., Dec. 8: "Meet the Boy Friend," Warren Hymer; also "Carnival Queen," Dorothea Kent, Robert Wilcox.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TRafalgar 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Dec. 2-8: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft; also "Night Club Scandal," John Barrymore.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SChuyler 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: **"Lancer Spy,"** George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre; also "Dangerously Yours," Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "The Californian," Ricardo Cortez; also "Love Is On the Air," Ronald Regan, June Travis.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (ACademy 4-0750)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "The Women Men Marry," George Murphy, Josephine Hutchinson; also "Racketeers in Exile," George Bancroft. . . . From Fri., Dec. 3: **"The Prisoner of Zenda,"** Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll; also **"Ali Baba Goes to Town,"** Eddie Cantor.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (ACademy 2-1019)—Thurs., Dec. 2: "Alcatraz Island," John Litel, Ann Sheridan; also "Two Minutes to Play," Eddie Nugent, Red Grange. . . . From Fri., Dec. 3: **"Stage Door,"** Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou; also "The Westland Case," Preston Foster.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (EDgecombe 4-0287)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"The Great Garrick,"** Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland; also **"Lancer Spy,"** George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6: "It's Love I'm After," Leslie Howard, Bette Davis; also "Dangerously Yours," Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "Fit for a King," Joe E. Brown; also "The Lady Fights Back," Irene Hervey, Kent Taylor.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WAshington Heights 7-1135)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"High, Wide, and Handsome,"** Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott; also "Hold 'Em Navy!," Lew Ayres, Mary Carlisle. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6: "Double Wedding," William Powell, Myrna Loy; also "The Wrong Road," Richard Cromwell. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "The Perfect Specimen," Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell; also "Breakfast for Two," Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WAshington Heights 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Dec. 2-6: "Souls at Sea," Gary Cooper, George Raft; also "Night Club Scandal," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8: "Trapped by G-Men," Jack Holt; also "Westbound Limited," Lyle Talbot.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WAdsworth 7-7200)—Thurs., Dec. 2: **"The Great Garrick,"** Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland; also **"Lancer Spy,"** George Sanders, Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre. . . . Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6: "It's Love I'm After," Leslie Howard, Bette Davis; also "Dangerously Yours," Cesar Romero, Phyllis Brooks. . . . From Tues., Dec. 7: "Fit for a King," Joe E. Brown; also "The Lady Fights Back," Irene Hervey, Kent Taylor.

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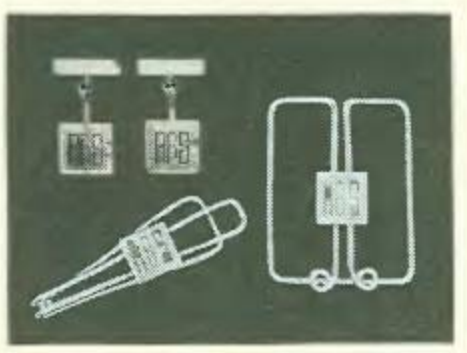

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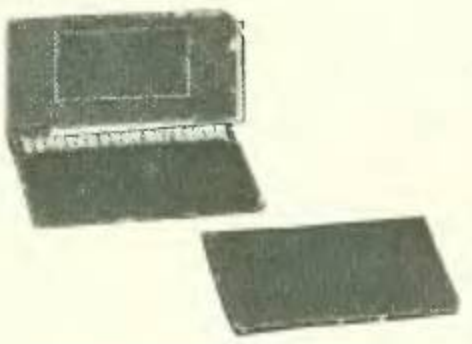

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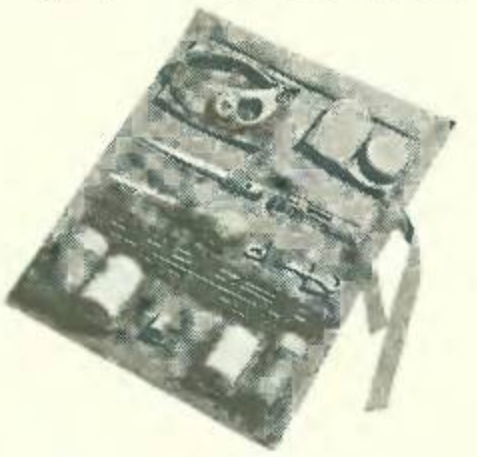

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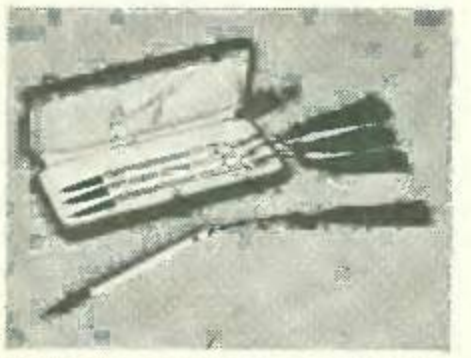

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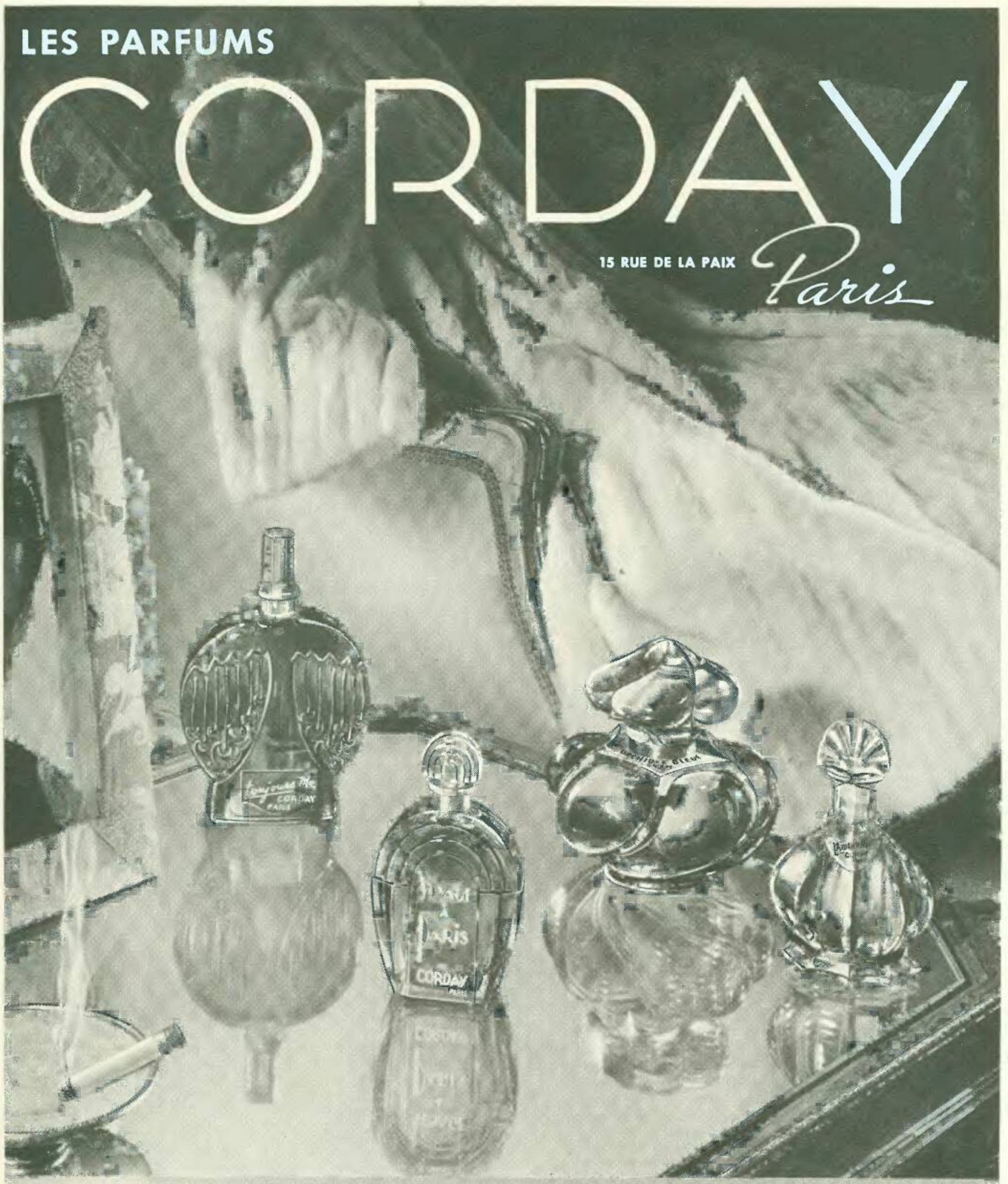

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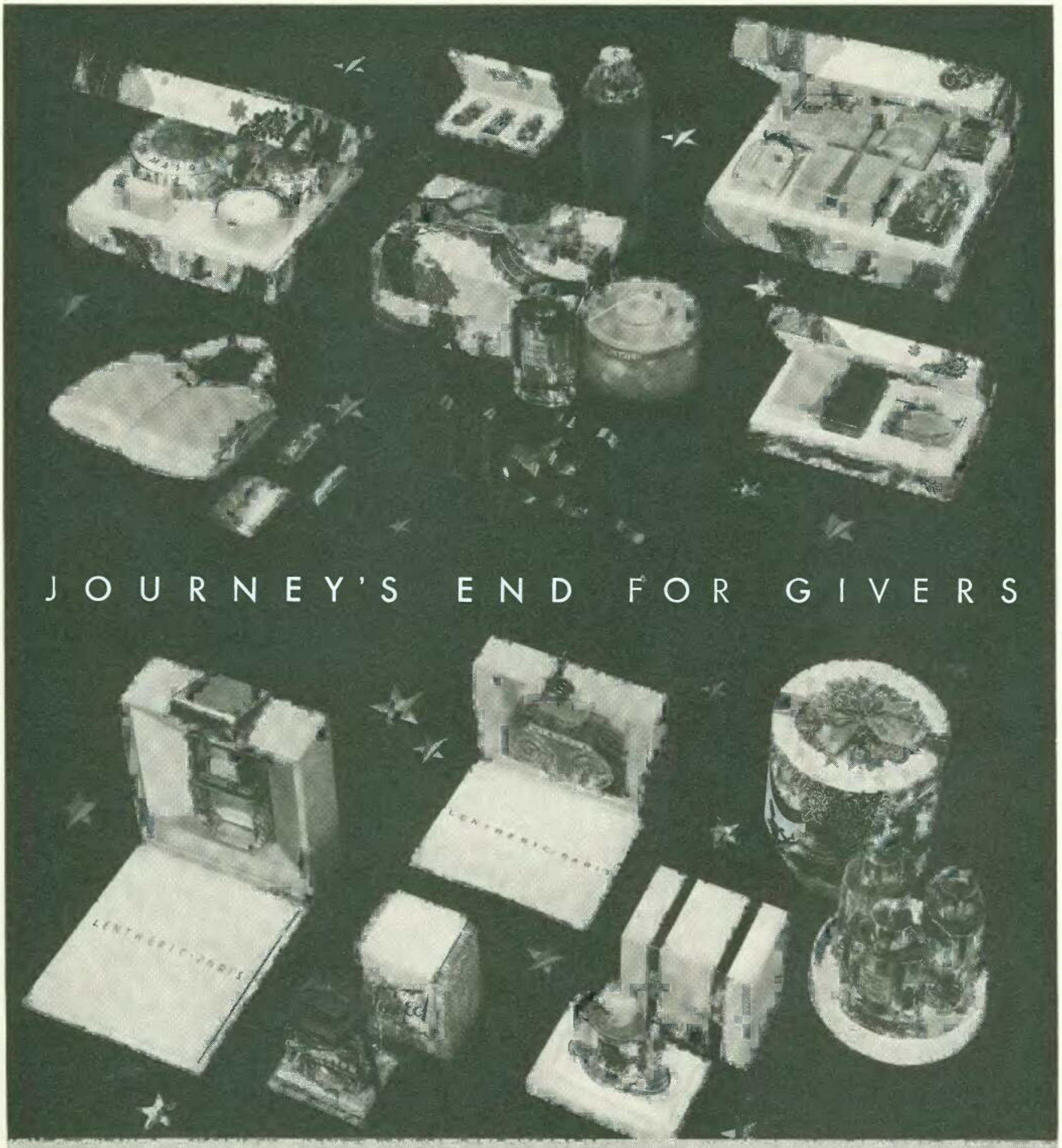

TOP ROW—*Left to Right:*

Bal Masqué Gift Presentation, Bath Powder, Face Powder and black-and-gold, or ivory-and-gold finish Vanity and Lipstick. **$4.50**

Perfume Trio Presentation, 1-dram petit flacons, parfums Tweed, Shanghai, and Numéro 12..... **$4.25**

Frosted Fluted Flask, Bouquet Lenthéric au parfum Tweed. 16-oz..... **$4.00**

Tweed Ensemble, ½-oz. parfum, 4-oz. flacon Bouquet, Face Powder, Bath Powder, Soap and Sachet..... **$10.00**

MIDDLE ROW—*Left to Right:*

"Formalité" Evening Bag, in Black or White Satin; fitted with parfum Anticipation; Streamline Double Vanity (medium rouge), and matching Lipstick.... **$20.00**

Gift Presentation (closed), of Bath Torpedoes and 4-oz. flacon, Bouquet au parfum Tweed, Miracle, or Shanghai..... **$3.50**

Gift Presentation of 1-oz. parfum, and de luxe Face Powder, both in Miracle, Tweed, or Gardenia de Tahiti..... **$5.50**

BOTTOM ROW—*Left to Right:*

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Parfum Miracle, 2-oz..... **$12.50**
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"Bouquet Trio", 4-oz. flacons, Tweed, Shanghai, and Miracle or Numéro 12. **$3.00**

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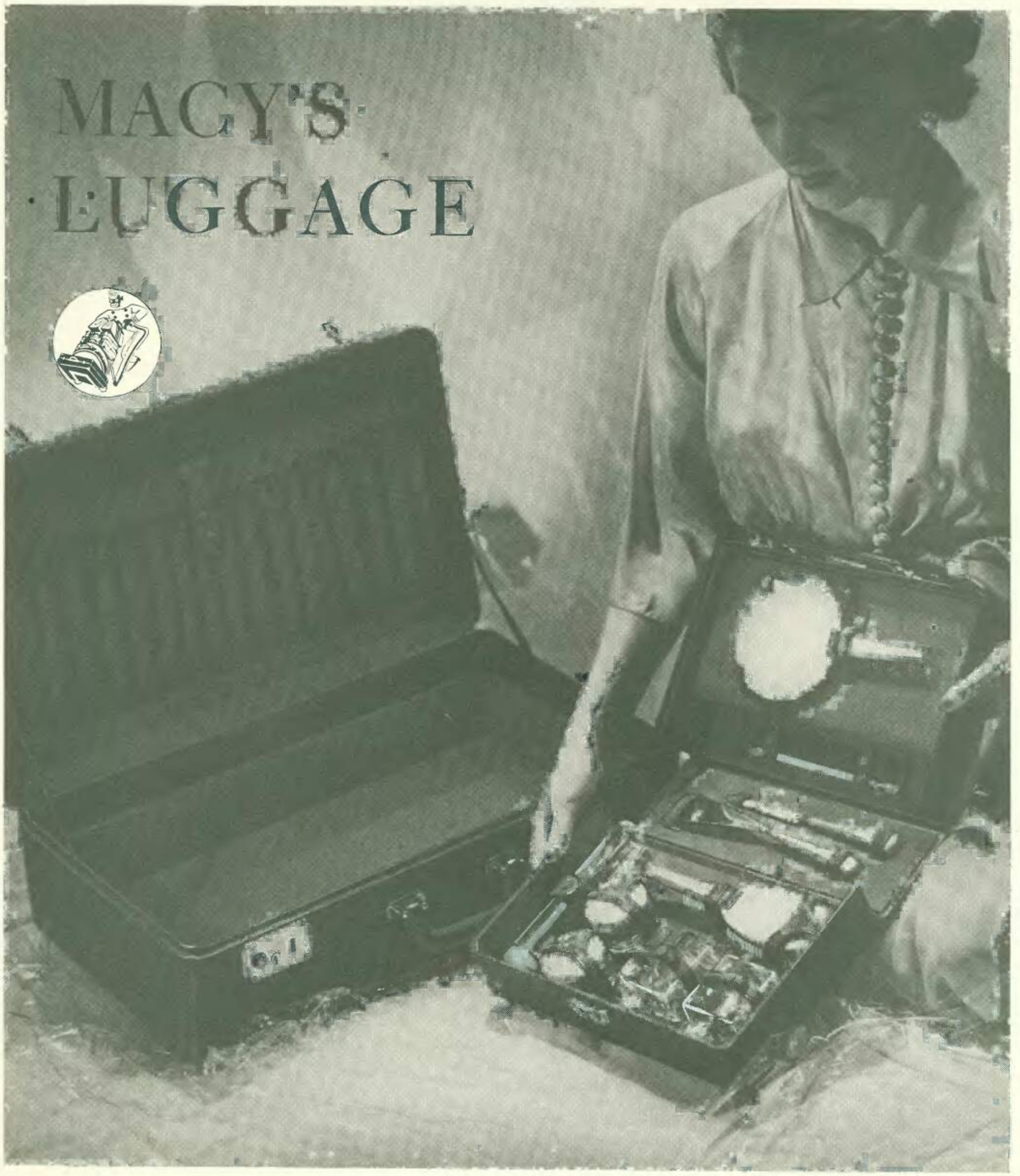
UP-TO-THE-MINUTE AS NEXT WEEK END!



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The Polo Robe woven of Du Pont Spun Rayon. The great love of the season. Five colors—**19.95**

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Du Pont Rayon belongs to the modern woman. For its charms are as versatile as her own. Observe, for instance, the Polo Robe opposite. This fabric is a bonbon fluff—soft as an infant dove. A perfect bathrobe, but how beautiful! For contrast, see the array of rayon velvet hostess gowns. If they fall like chiffon . . . seem dyed with a jeweled essence . . . almost invariably, you will find, they are woven of Du Pont's luxuriously lovely rayon yarns.

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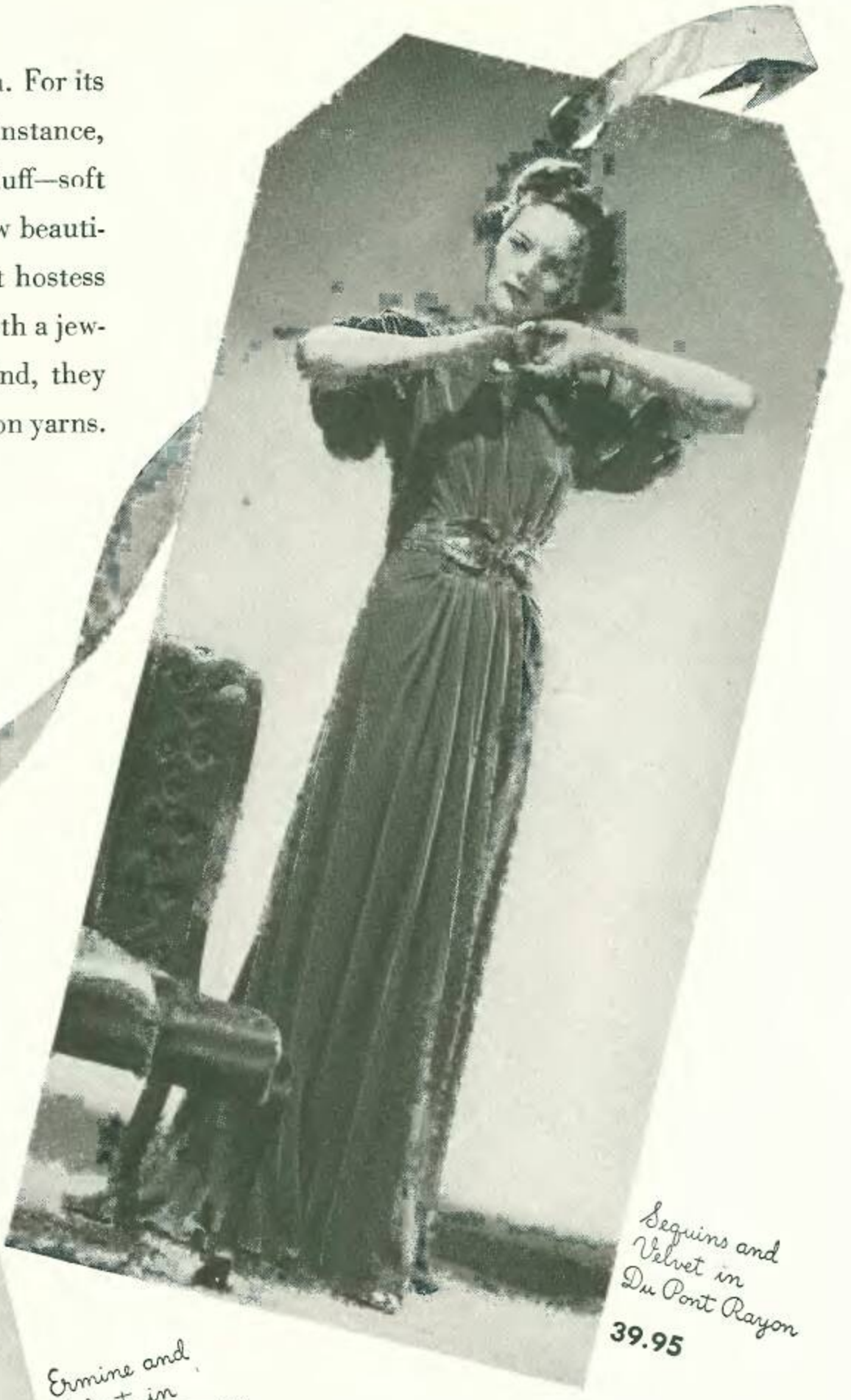

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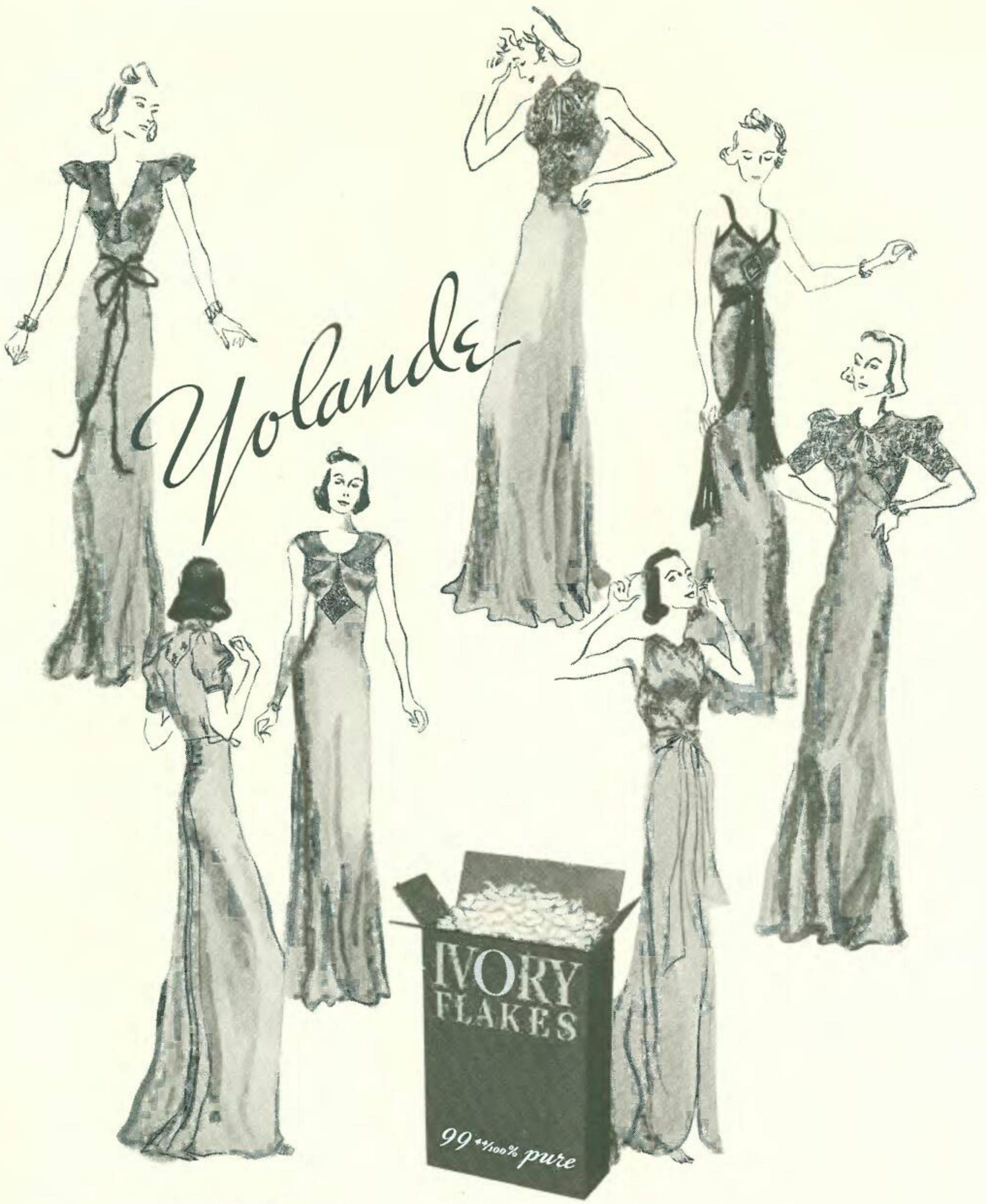

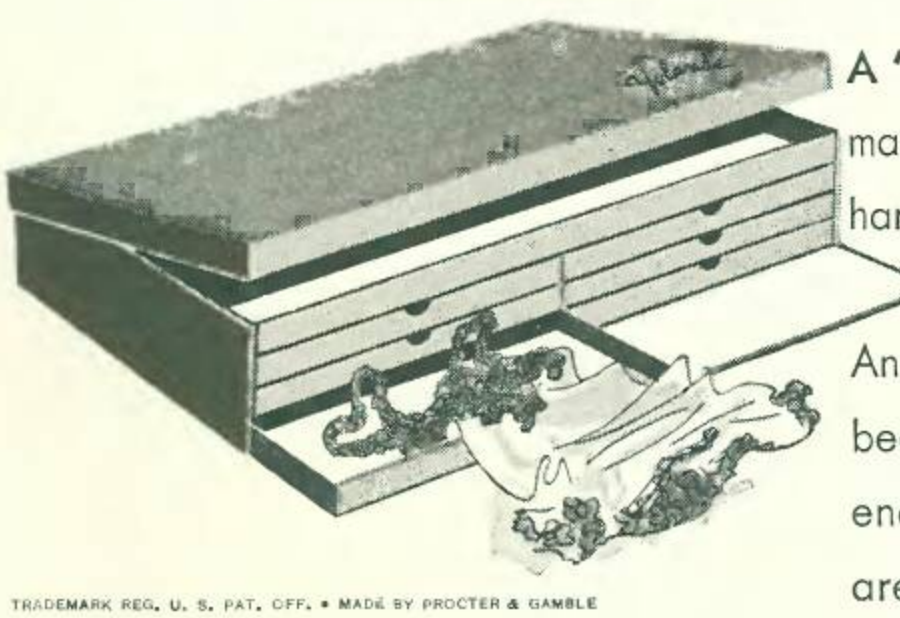

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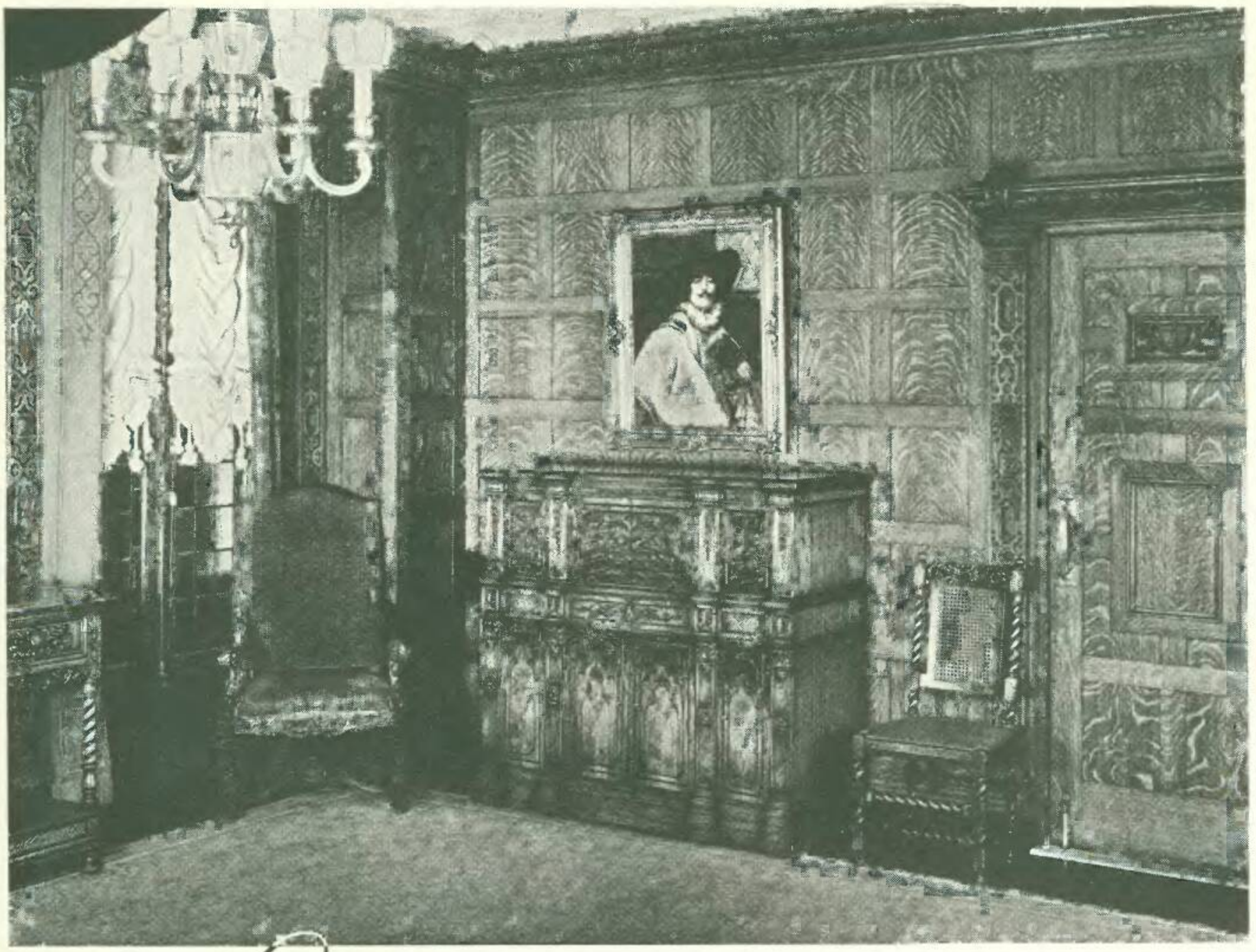

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THE EMPIRE, illustrated here, is but one of the beautiful and authentic cabinet stylings available.

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CONTRIBUTING TO THE ART OF HOSPITALITY AND HAPPY LIVING IN THE FINER HOMES

we know ski jackets . . . they're one of our enthusiasms. Swiss imports, and our own excellent copies . . . edited by Katharine Peckett, of Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill, and guiding spirit of the Altman ski shop. Three favorites, each 14.95. ski-shop . . . third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

INDECISIVE NOTE: La Crémaillère restaurant, up near the Plaza, calls itself La Crémaillère on its right-hand sign and La Crèmaillére on its left-hand one.

ON Lenox Avenue the other night the riot squads were called out to quiet twenty-seven Chinamen who were making a racket playing dominoes. A little later, on the lower East Side, a man was caught shaving himself in a telephone booth and was, of course, arrested. Saturday a policeman swooned during some name-calling at the counting of the Proportional Representation ballots, and that same afternoon a taxi-driver, in the course of a discussion about sports, said to us, "You know, what I've always really wanted is a house with a bowling alley in the basement." Twenty-seven Chinamen raising hell at dominoes, a man stealthily shaving in a telephone booth, a policeman swooning in the face of tough talk while a

taxi-driver dreams of owning his own bowling alley—New York, we love you.

IN defence of dominoes and Chinamen we should like to quote a recent decision handed down by Magistrate Sylvester F. Sabbatino. In refusing to jail or fine some young people who had kept their neighbors in Brooklyn awake by loud talk and singing, Magistrate Sabbatino said, "If the people of Brooklyn can't stand noise, let them move up to Westchester or out to Montauk Point. The noise in a city of nine million people cannot be stopped." Here at last, among the clashing decibels, is the voice of a realist. By the way, whatever became of the anti-noise people?

WITH so much tough dialect being written these days by stark authors, we feel obliged to complain

about one word which appears frequently and which always stops us dead. The word is "oncet," which is supposed to be tough for "once" but which we invariably pronounce "onset," thus throwing ourself off. If writers want to use the tough spelling for "once," why can't they figure out a spelling which will give the reader some general idea of the way the word sounds: "wunst," or "wunct." Nobody knows how discouraged we get reading sentences like "Butch felt O.K. oncet [onset] he was inside the jirnt."

AN ornithologist we know told us the gulls that follow the Queen of Bermuda out to sea don't go all the way, but pick up the Monarch of Bermuda around the halfway mark and come back with her. We passed this information along to an acquaintance of ours in the shipping business, who nodded and remarked that the Furness Line has sent the Monarch to England for one of her periodic inspections. We've been thinking ever since how silly those gulls are going to feel when they find themselves at sea with no choice except to go on with the Queen or come back with a cheap boat inferior in cuisine.

IN the course of our duties, which are sometimes more peculiar than you'd imagine, we happened some weeks ago to stumble upon one of the more impressive human rituals—the taking of a group photograph of the entire staff of *Fortune*. We joined our fellow-journalists instinctively, but stayed on the fringe, out of the camera's range, we hope. Some three-score persons responded to a photographer's "Steady, please!" Each made his peace with himself as best he could. Each summoned to his face the expression he felt most suited his inner being, for his identification and preservation among his fellows. It was, for just that instant, an awesome

thing for a spectator—a starkly alien group, their souls suddenly in their eyes.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The opinion is prevalent among Elks, Legionnaires, and members of the Regular Army that the secret identification mark used by Communists in this country is the sign you sometimes see pasted on the rear window of an automobile—the sign which reads "WALTHAM WATCHES." The Waltham Watch people maintain that the sign just means "Waltham Watches." They say they pay seven cents for every sticker pasted on.

An ice-cream parlor in San Francisco offers on its menu a Noel Coward Special: vanilla and chocolate ice cream,

"We say 'recession' here—not 'depression,' Miss Apgar."

• •

lemon-drop sherbet, peppermint-stick ice cream, peppermint cream sauce, candy sprinkle, whipped cream, garnishing. Forty-five cents.

Down on Boston's historic waterfront, a yachting-supply firm has in its window a display of books intended for the practical use of mariners. Standing in between Bowditch's "New American Practical Navigator" and Dutton's "Navigation and Nautical Astronomy" is Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind."

Dr. Ball

USUALLY our attitude about dentists is that socially we can take them or leave them alone, but we must confess that we have been fascinated by a dentist named Dr. Louise Ball. We first heard about Dr. Ball from one of her patients, who showed us a postcard the lady had sent him from Egypt: "Wish you could ride a camel with me. How about paying the rest of your bill?" We then and there made a mental note to interview Dr. Ball when she got back from Egypt. She's a gray-haired, gusty lady with offices up near Carl Schurz Park, where she serves tea to late-afternoon patients. There's no electric drill in the office (Dr. Ball prefers the old-time method of using chisels), but, as a compensating novelty, there is a time clock. It is Dr. Ball's practice to stamp, on a billhead, the time she begins work on a patient and the time she stops. This alone would be enough to render Dr. Ball unique among dentists, but she has another distinction: she's the only dentist directly related to the family of George Washington's mother, Mary Ball Washington. She is licenced to teach both general and dental roentgenology, and she holds additional licences permitting her to teach art in the evening high schools of New York, to instruct foreigners in English, to give teachers' courses in basket-weaving, and to operate a motion-picture projector in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Hers is a full life.

Dr. Ball got her A.B. at Hunter and her D.D.S. at Columbia. She was then appointed dental clinician at Bellevue—the first time such a job had ever been given a woman. In 1918 she scored perfect marks in the Civil Service examination for state dental inspector, but was refused the appointment on the incontrovertible ground that she was a woman. This made her one of the martyrs championed by the Women's Civil Service Alliance and the National Woman's Party, which resulted in all sorts of prominence. Since then, Dr. Ball has been a staunch fighter for women's rights, a cause to which she gives as much time as she does the promotion of dental hygiene. She's the originator of the word "denticuring," which means taking care of your toofies so you won't have to go to the dentist. In 1928, backed by an anonymous philanthropist, she distributed among New York school children 1,496,845 bulletins on the care of the teeth.

Dr. Ball's social life is so extensive that it takes up two full afternoons a week. She's a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the D.A.R., the Dixie Club, the National Council of Women, and dozens of other organizations, the only other one of which worth mentioning by name is the Society of Virginia Women in New York. As president of the Society, Dr. Ball sent this cablegram to the Duchess of Windsor some weeks ago: "ELIGIBLE THROUGH YOUR DISTINGUISHED MATERNAL VIRGINIAN ANCESTRY THE SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA WOMEN IN NEW YORK ELECTED YOU TODAY AN ACTIVE MEMBER AND EXTEND TO YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND ITS WARM VIRGINIAN HOSPITALITY." The Duchess replied, somewhat more economically, "DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR DEEPLY APPRECIATE SOCIETY'S GESTURE." Dr. Ball is sure that when the Windsors finally arrive, the Duchess will attend a meeting.

Disqualified

A YOUNG actor has told us about trying out for a part in a show that was being prepared by Norman Bel Geddes. He turned up bright and early at the Belasco Theatre on the appointed day, and was taken to the casting director, who gave him a script to read from. When the reading was over, the director was undecided; said he wanted to get the opinion of Mr. Geddes himself. Mr. Geddes was summoned to the stage, and immediately took charge of things. "Walk upstage," he directed the young actor; then, "Walk downstage." Next Mr. Geddes had the stagehands stretch a rope across the stage and turn on a battery of floodlights. "Go up to the rope and push," he directed the youngster. He did. "Look fierce," said Mr. Geddes. The actor looked fierce. "Not *quite* so fierce," Mr. Geddes said, and the candidate modified his expression. "Now, keep looking fierce, and *pull* the

rope," Mr. Geddes told him. This went on for quite a while, until Mr. Geddes suddenly said, "Sorry, but I'm afraid we can't use you." "Why not?" asked the actor, breathing heavily. "Wrong bone structure," said Mr. Geddes.

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THE only first-hand news we have from Paris this week is about a sign in a haberdasher's shop, on a man's suit—this sign:

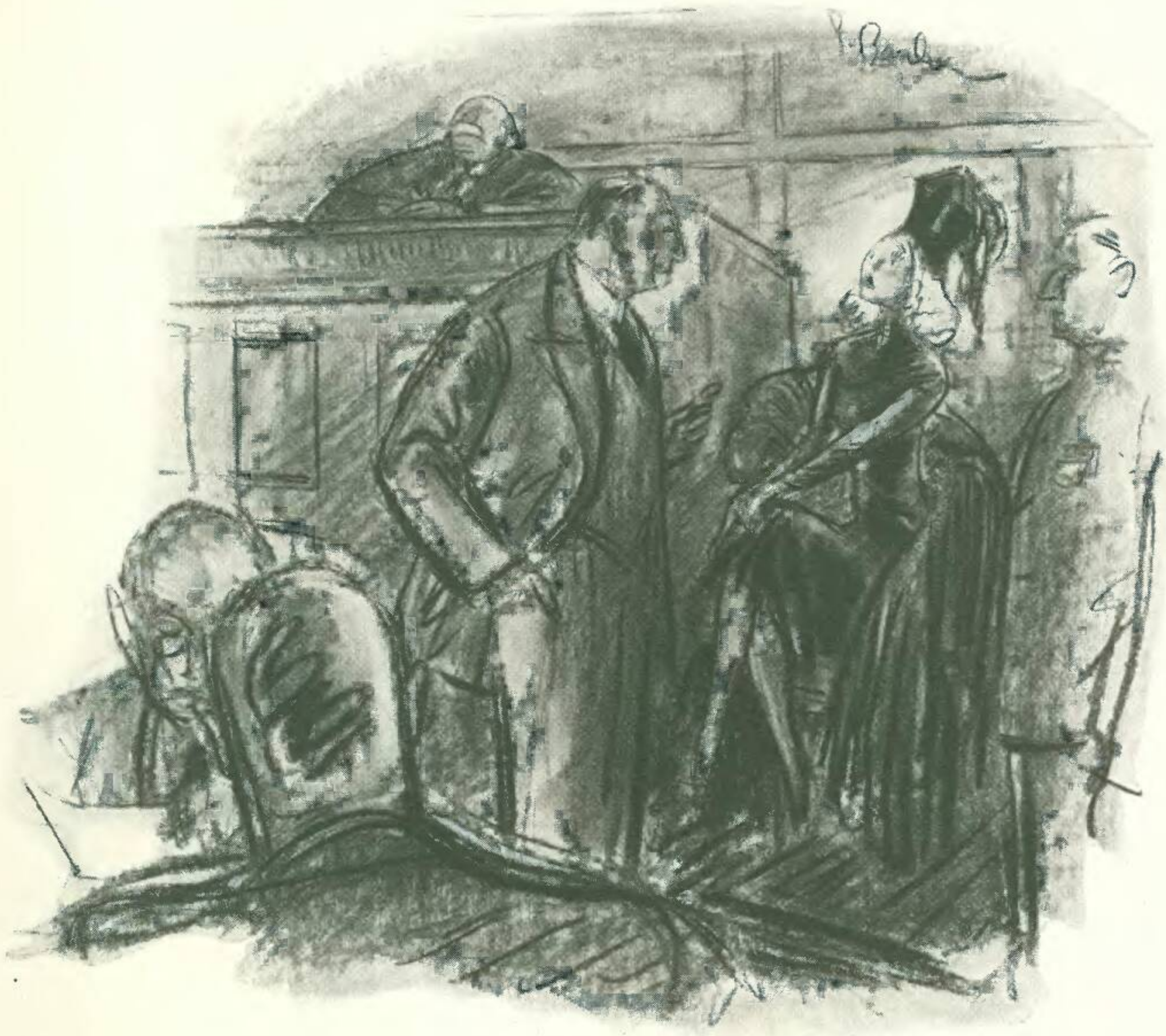
TRÈS CHIC, TRÈS ENGLISH
TRÈS SNOB—PRESQUE CAD

City Purchases

ONE of the junior members of the City Club has passed on to us what he calls the frivolous by-product of recent civic work he has been doing as a member of a sub-committee of the club investigating certain phases of municipal expenditures. It's a marked-up copy of a late report of the Department of Purchase, with some puzzling purchases checked. Such as: 200 lbs. wild-cherry bark @ 9½c, 112 vigorous rhesus monkeys @ $4.95, 7,400 tons inorganic dust @ $5.39 a ton. Well, the explanation is that the wild-cherry bark is made into cough medicine to be handed out at free medical clinics, the monkeys are used by the Department of Health in infantile-paralysis research, and the inorganic dust is something that goes into asphalt paving.

The city bought 135,000 diverse items last year, our City Club man tells us, at a cost of about twenty-five million. They included, to go further down the list, 200 yards of moleskin (for binding books at the Hall of Records), four completely dressed dummies at $50 each (for the firemen to rescue), 47,500 mice (for anti-pneumonia and obstetrical work in hospitals), and 108 handsaws. This last didn't seem such an odd item until the City Club began investigating it and found that the purchase was made for the Bronx Terminal Market. This was certainly peculiar on the face of it, but the explanation proved the purchase quite legitimate and, in fact, ingenious and praiseworthy. There were two million pounds of fish at the market for distribution to people on home relief. The fish were large, frozen solid, packed in ice, tightly crated, and highly perishable. The trick was to dispose of them in usable portions and avoid spoilage. Somebody thought of handsaws; the purchase was approved and men went to work slicing up the crates, ice, and fish all at once. The poor people went off with chunks of fish in ice-and-wood frames and not a complaint was received.

The city is very cautious in the matter



"Monday, I think it was—yes, a Monday, because I helped Ma with the wash."

of buying such things as bulbs and flower seeds, our man reports. It takes nothing for granted. No pay without results. If the Parks Department buys a couple of thousand bulbs for fall planting, the bill is held up until the following spring, when an inspector goes around and counts shoots, making sure also that the plants are what they were represented to be and no onions among them. One item the Department of Purchase wasn't able to handle had to do with the entertainment of Mrs. Roosevelt. She was to preside at a park opening last spring, and one of the deputies thought she should be presented with some flowers. He rushed into the florist shop in the Savoy-Plaza and after some fast talking got two dozen American Beauty roses, $24, charged to the city. The bill was sent to the Parks Department, which O.K.'d it and passed it along the line. At the Comptroller's office it was disapproved as contrary to Sec. 39 of the city ordinances, which says that all expenses of municipal celebrations or ceremonies must be authorized by a three-fourths vote of the Board of Aldermen. In the end, the deputy made good, after some heated correspondence.

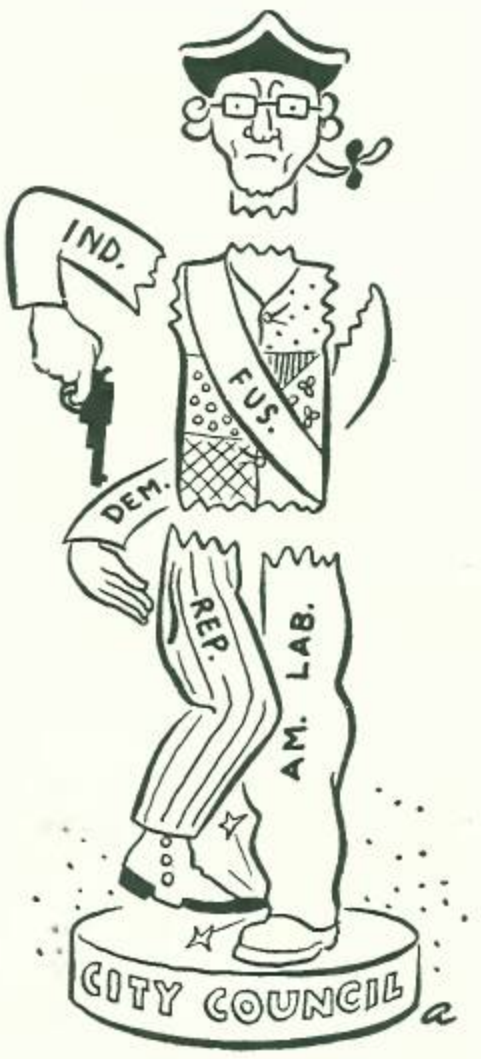
Discreet

A TEACHER in one of the primary grades at P.S. 110, down at the corner of Broome and Cannon Streets, decided the other day that an interesting discussion period could be whipped up by having each of the children tell what his father did for a living. Finally it was the turn of a stern-looking little Italian boy, who said he didn't know what his father did. "Isn't he working?" the teacher asked sympathetically. "Oh, he works, all right," said the lad, managing to look a bit like George Raft, "but I ain't never asked what he does. I mind my own business."

Crania

ONCE we printed an item on a silk-hat manufacturer who had made silk hats for a number of Presidents and had kept track of their head sizes, but the information we had then isn't a patch on what we got recently from Mr. G. F. Parker of the Knox Company's Fifth Avenue store. For many years the Knox people have been using a French apparatus called a conformateur to measure the sizes and contours of heads. It is placed on your head and little keys pop out, touching every nook and cranny of your scalp. We won't go into the mechanical details further, but the result is that a pattern of your head is produced. Recently Mr. J. Edgar Hoover bought a conformateur so that his G-men may study head shapes in relation to criminality. Mr. Parker is quite dubious about this idea. After studying thousands of patterns over many years, he has been unable to make any generalizations on nationality, intelligence, criminality, etc., although he says that not enough Knox customers have gone wrong to make his figures as to criminality as conclusive as he'd like them.

The average head size in men, Mr. Parker told us, is 7⅛. Ten per cent of the Knox customers have long heads —i.e., from front to back—and five per cent wide heads, or "square," as the trade calls them. The rest are simply known as regular. In a general way, it may be said that senators and judges have smaller heads than financiers, prizefighters, and policemen. Senatorial heads, however, are likely to be regular, while the judicial crania tend toward the wide. In size, Senator Wagner and James J. Walker are a little under normal. They both take a 7 1/16 hat. Walker's head is long. Governor Lehman, 7⅛, and Al Smith, 7¼, have regular-shaped heads. The missing Justice Crater wore a 6⅝, the smallest hat Knox carries in stock. His head was large, though, compared to those of Benjamin Altman, Howard Gould, and the former King of Siam—all 6⅜, and tied for the smallest head size in the Knox records, barring midgets. The Astor family runs to regular-shaped heads, while the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers lean toward the long. President Roosevelt's pattern, or conform, shows a regular but slightly pear-shaped head, similar to those of Secretary of War Dern, Harry K. Thaw, and Jim Jeffries. A pear-shaped head is a little smaller in front than behind, and is common. Christy Mathewson, like Fred W. Vanderbilt, was pronouncedly dolichocephalic; his head was almost twice as long as it was wide. Mr. Parker once had a customer whose skull was wider at both ends than it was in the middle. His conform looked like a footprint. As for wide heads, the record was held by Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, until Max Schmeling dropped in one day and tied him; their conforms show crania practically round. The late J. P. Morgan took a 7⅝ hat, which was large, but Max Baer topped him with 7 15/16. The largest head in the Knox files was that of Frank Farrell, once president of the New York Yankees. When he started buying hats, he took a 7¾, which was nothing very unusual, but his head kept growing until he took a 9.



Home Defence

LUNCHING in a men's grill the other day, we heard a couple of young fellows discussing war, pacifism, and the like. "I'm against war," one of them said at last, "but if the enemy ever got anywhere near where I live, I'd certainly defend myself." "What good would *that* do?" the other said, witheringly. "Before you could do anything, the enemy would have gone right through the Bronx." They both brooded for a while, then started talking about hockey.

Middle Man

THE principal way stop of a play between Broadway and Hollywood's hungry maw is a law office at 220 West Forty-second Street. Mr. Sidney R. Fleisher holds forth there as Negotiator under the Minimum Basic Agreement of the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America, hereinafter known as Fleisher. No playwright sells his dramatic rights to a movie company unless Fleisher approves of the deal, and this goes for Eugene O'Neill and everybody else, because the dramatists have a closed shop. Just a few months ago Fleisher stopped the young authors of "Room Service" from

selling their play to Warner Brothers for $250,000 and made them sell it to R.K.O. for $255,000. They had gone ahead without knowing that Fleisher had been receiving bids from several companies. When he heard of this boyishness, he called for a redeal.

Before 1926, movie companies buying plays used to send one check to the author and another to the producer, and not infrequently these chaps looked at each other with suspicion ever afterward. In that year, the Minimum Basic Agreement between the Guild and the theatrical producers was drawn up and Joseph P. Bickerton, Jr., was chosen Arbiter, to act for all parties. When he died last year, Fleisher, who had been his partner, was chosen in his stead (and the title changed to "Negotiator"). For his services, he is allowed to deduct three and a half per cent as he collects for the plays and divides the proceeds, but everything over $15,000 eventually goes to the producers and authors. The latter, especially when young, are inclined to grab hastily at fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, without thinking. Fleisher holds them back until all the companies have had a chance to bid and such things as the television rights are straightened out.

A large part of the Fleisher job is keeping peace between producers and authors, and this job is often complicated when a play has been backed by movie money. Sometimes a Hollywood company will put up capital openly, and sometimes secretly and slyly. In either event, the producer might be suspected of favoritism. In such cases the procedure is a conference with the author and producer, then Fleisher and the author set a price which the producer must either agree to or raise. If the film company doesn't accept the offer within forty-eight hours, the play goes on the open market. On the other hand, there have been extremely simple propositions such as "Abie's Irish Rose," of which Miss Nichols was both author and producer. Took hardly any negotiation to accept the highest bid for it, reputedly $300,000. The division of proceeds is usually author sixty per cent, producer forty, but occasionally there is considerable bookkeeping, because payments are made in installments, sometimes on a royalty or profit-splitting basis. "Gay Divorce," for example, brought in checks ranging from $56,000 to $16. Fleisher deposits these and sends out checks for the split-up. Last season he divided $1,700,000 this way.

Fleisher has been a theatrical lawyer for eighteen years, but he's a quiet fellow. He avoids openings and usually gets around to a new play three weeks after it comes to town, that being the period a producer must run a show before he shares in the movie rights. He just buys a ticket at the box office and goes in, probably having no trouble about it at all, because among his many clients is the theatrical Treasurers' Club and he knows most of the box-office men. He's seen every New York "Hamlet" in the last thirty years; doesn't have to worry about that one. His clients require advice night and day, and sometimes it's unusual. One midnight he was awakened by the telephone: "Can a judge send a jury back and tell them to reconsider after they bring in a verdict of not guilty in a murder case?" "My God, no!" said Fleisher, landing on the floor. "What judge was it?" "I was just trying to work out a second act," said the voice.

Reassurance

DISCOVERING a minor flaw in bathroom plumbing, a matron we know telephoned her plumber, a Mr. Abrams, asking him to come around and make repairs. Nothing happened for two days. The morning of the third day she received a postcard:

I am not forgetting the Bath Room.
In haste,
ABRAMS

"Dear no, Miss Mayberry—just the head."

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO LITTLE

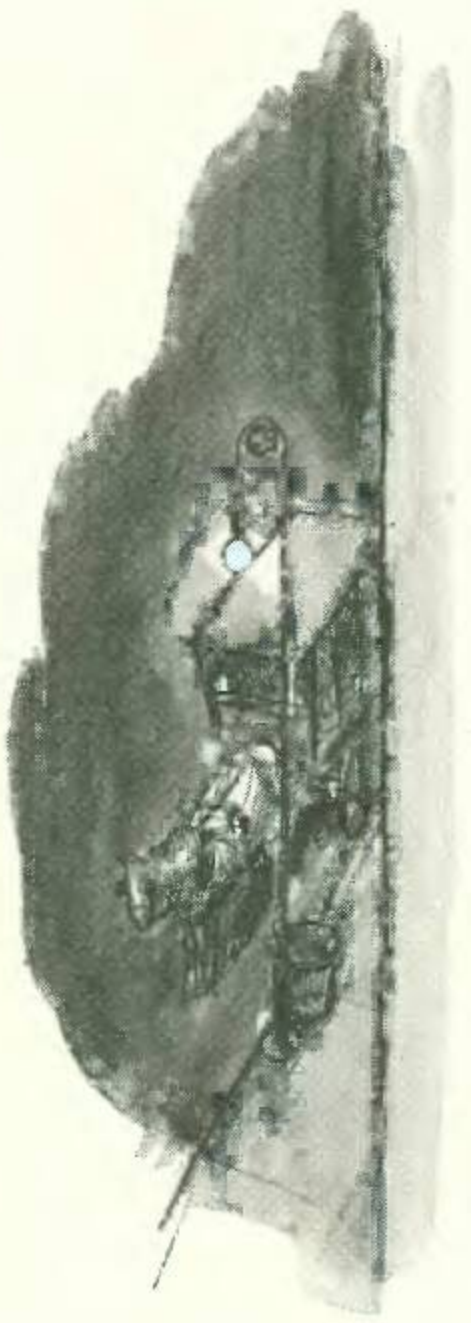
THE man in the Café de Flore with the raincoat and the tired, worried look came over to our table. I had noticed him several times before, as one habitué of a café notices another. It was late and we had been there a long time. "May I sit down?" he asked, and I stood up and said "Certainly." He sat down and I looked at him and my wife looked at me. "This is my wife," I said finally. He nodded. I asked him if he would have a drink and he said he would take coffee. I ordered coffee for him and a couple more of those *quarts* of champagne so popular in Paris cafés now, for Marion and myself. "I want to put up a problem to you," the man said, after he had got his coffee. "I have selected you to put this problem to because I have no friends in Paris. I have seen you here several times and I have figured you as a man who would not belong to a secret organization." "Why wouldn't he?" asked my wife. The man did not smile as he said, "Your husband, Madam, is bewildered, perhaps, but not apprehensive. I have gathered that his major problems grow out of a magnification of the inconsiderable, and sometimes of the unreal." My wife nodded, as if she followed all this. "That's right," she said. I adjusted my tie. "I belong to a college fraternity," I said.

"I mean a secret *political* organization," our guest said. "The kind of organization I belong to. I belong to such an organization." "What organization is it?" my wife asked. "I don't know," said the man. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. What I want is a fresh viewpoint, an outside viewpoint." "Have some brandy," I said. The man nodded and I ordered brandy and two more V.P.'s, as they call those little quarter-bottles of champagne. "Begin wherever you think you ought to," I said. The man studied his coffee cup, twisting the cup around in the saucer. "Some months ago," he began, "some months ago I became a member of this secret organization. The way those things happen, I suppose, in Paris. A man accosted me in a café, as I am accosting you." "My husband does not want to belong to a secret organization," said my wife. "He's too busy; he's too nervous, too." The man waved this aside. "This man did not speak to me," he said. "He simply summoned me. I followed him outside. I followed him into the Métro and we got off at La Motte-Picquet station and I followed him to a basement room in a building in some street around there. There was a table in the room and about ten or fifteen men were sitting around it. They seemed like conspirators. There was something on foot." "Frenchmen?" I asked. "I don't know," said the man. "They spoke a language with which I am not familiar. It sounded to me as if it might have been made up, a code language or something. They spoke very low and very fast. The only word I really got sounded like 'Xingu' or 'window;' they kept repeating that. They always keep repeating that. I have been to a great many of their meetings." We had finished our drinks and I ordered brandy this time all the way around. "I've got to get out of this!" the man exclaimed suddenly. "But I don't know how." There was a long silence; we were all thinking.

"Why don't you lay low?" asked my wife. We both looked at her. "They always lay low," she said. "Hide?" asked the man. "Disappear? They'd track me down. They might kill me. You can't get out of secret organizations that way." "What do you say to them? What do they say to you?" I asked. "They never say anything to me and I never say anything, either," he said. "They don't seem to notice me—even when they deal the cards. I'm just there. No matter where I am on meeting nights, some man comes and summons me. Once he was in my room when I got back to my hotel. He just beckons." "Are you an American?" my wife asked. He just said, "I have lived in Paris a great many years." "How about brandy?" I asked. We all had more brandy.

"Couldn't you just refuse to follow this man?" I asked. "Oh," he said, "I'm past that point. I can't do that now. You Middle Westerners—you are from the Middle West, aren't you?—are always for beginning all over again." "They'd kill him," my wife said to me, "because he knows too much." "All he knows," I said, "is Xingu or window. That isn't too much." The man was toying with a cuff link; he looked very worried. "I've got to get out of this," he said. "Can't you make out whether they're trying to get somebody, or overthrow something, or what?" I said. He shrugged. "They deal out cards once in a while," he said. "Each of us gets a card. You know what that means, in stories about such things, in fiction of the sort." "If you get the ace of spades you have to kill somebody. Or sometimes you have to kill yourself," said my wife. "A brother officer leaves a gun in the room and goes away." She ordered the drinks this time. "Nonsense," I said. "Nonsense," said my wife. "You listen to *us*. Why don't you ask them in Frenglish what it's all about?" Her eyes opened wide and bright as she said this. "Maybe they speak Frenglish," she said.

"You must try to let me tell the story," said the man, patiently. "It is hard to know what anybody in Paris who meets in secret with anybody else is up to. Since General de Miller disappeared and then General Skoblin, the police have made discoveries which connect practically everybody with practically everybody else. They have seized papers in the apartment of a Russian named Bogovond in the Rue de la Pompe which are said to show a relationship between the kidnapping of the two generals, the theft of documents from Leon Trotsky, the suicide of Ivar Kreuger, the Stavisky affair, the slaying of Dmitri Novachin, and the murder of the secret agent Reiss in Switzerland. God knows what else. I may be mixed up in all that." My wife leaned forward. "I know a man," she said, "who was suspected of being a spy for a country he can never remember. You tell them at the next meeting that you are not cut out for whatever it is. Tell them they're getting the wrong class of people."

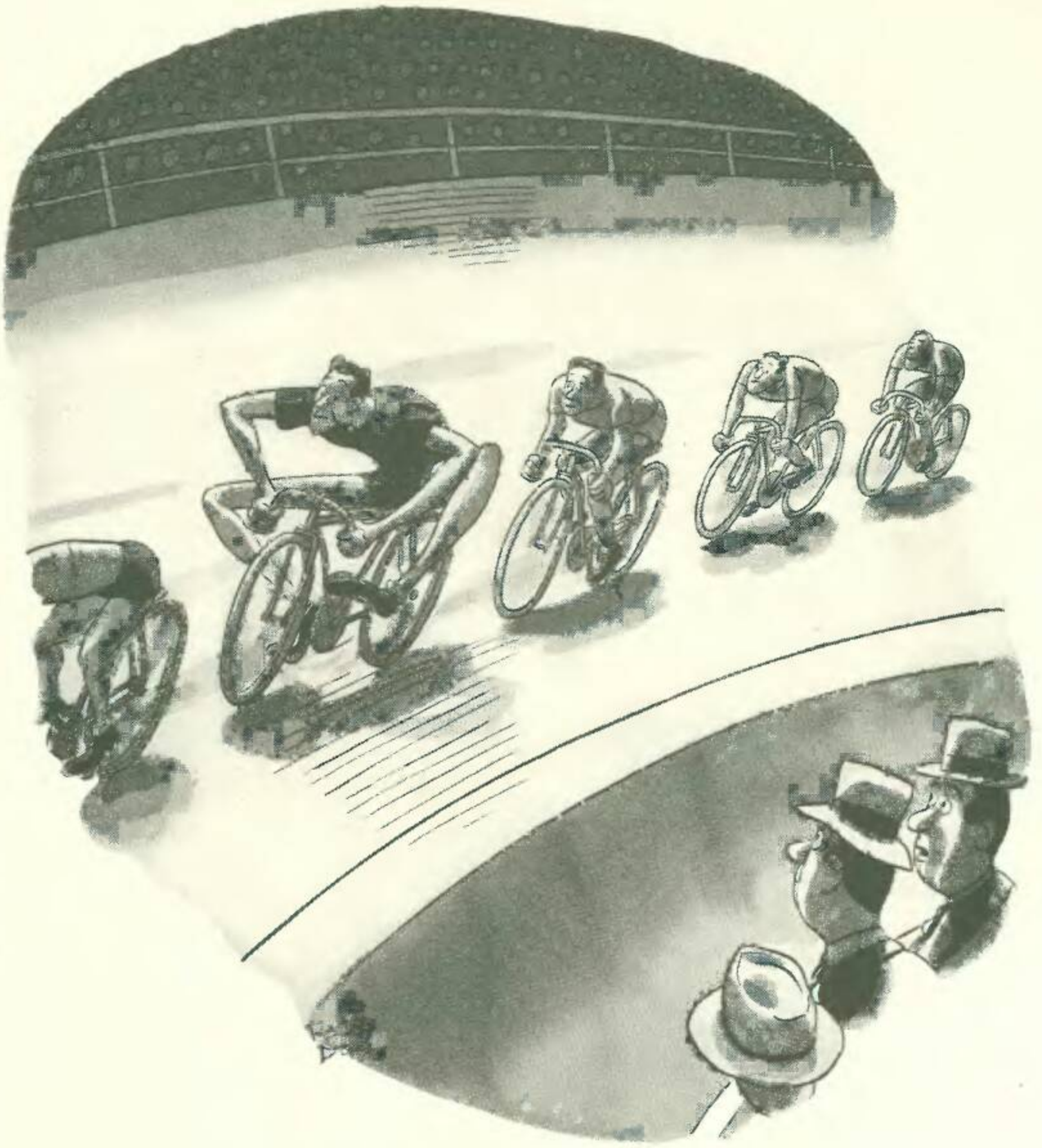


"Look," I said, trying to bring it all back to some simple statement, "they must know you haven't understood a word. They must know you don't know

too much. It's some monstrous mistake, it's some monstrous deception. Simply refuse to follow this man next time. Say '*Non compris*' to him, say 'Don't understand.'" "Get policemen, too," said my wife. The man in the raincoat sighed. "It's always this way," he said, "whenever I put the problem up to anybody." He finished his brandy and stood up. "Nobody has a way out." I stood up, too. "I'm sorry," I said. "But it isn't so easy, you know, offhand. Maybe if you gave us a little time." "Some other time, maybe," said Marion. The man put out his hand. "You will never see me again," he said. "I have troubled you enough. Pray forget about this. I thank you for your tolerance and for the coffee and brandy." He walked over to the door and went out.

I was surprised a few minutes later when he came back into the café and walked over to us again. I was paying the bill and my wife was leaning under the table hunting for a glove. "I not only don't know what they talk about," he said. "I also, I forgot to say, do not know who the men are. I mean I couldn't identify any of them." "Are they masked?" I asked. "No, it isn't that," he said, "it isn't that. You see, *they are never the same crowd of men.*" He walked over to the door and went out again into the night. I saw him turn up the collar of his raincoat and pull down his hat. It was raining, I figured. My wife came up from under the table with the dusty glove. "What did the man want?" she asked. "I don't know," I said. "Maybe I don't speak any known language, or something." "I like people that speak known languages," said Marion. "All *my* family speak known languages." She had the look that means she wants an argument. It was too late for that; it was terribly late. We went back to the hotel, but not in the rain. It wasn't raining.

—James Thurber



"I should think Murillo would be happier in some other line."

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POLITE THIEVERY

Incidents Recently Reported in the Press that Indicate the Existence of a Spirit of Thoughtfulness and Consideration in the Nation's Criminals

Locales	Incidents
Oklahoma City	When Mrs. W. A. Schubert fainted at the sight of robbers ransacking her house, they obligingly revived her before going on with their work.
Waterloo, Iowa	The man who robbed the Home Park Grocery Store of $6.38 thoughtfully rang up this sum on the cash register as "Paid Out."
Chicago	Burglars who held up Edward Erickson and looted the tavern of which he was watchman presented him with a $20 bill as a Christmas present when they left.
Cincinnati	Thieves who looted the New Thought Temple's safe helpfully left behind the burglary-insurance policy which they found in it.
Buffalo	The burglar who stole some clothing from the automobile of George Washington Kenmore returned the property the next night. A note explained that he had read his victim's name in a newspaper and could not bear to think he had robbed a man with so famous a name.

—W. E. Farbstein

THE TIME I COULDN'T SEE MRS. FISKE

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE was playing that season in "Ladies of the Jury," which I'd seen and enjoyed very much. Her absence of beauty was a positive asset in the performance she gave—that extraordinary face so pointed with intelligence, those eyes so luminous and yet remote (the effect of the cloudy coiffure over her brows, I suppose, à la Bernhardt), the misty suggestion of musing on her thin little mouth, with its cat's delicacy. All these things made her expression one of hilarious wisdom. Add to it her voice, with its tones etched by some acidulous irony, and you have a few of the elements which made her the greatest comedienne of her epoch. She not only impersonated the intellectual likeness of her characters, she managed at the same time to share with the audience a most flatteringly sharp *opinion* of that likeness. Like all the great theatre people, she instantly conveyed to the audience what it must think.

At that time I was trying to write a play. Every biography I read suggested to me a theatrical narrative of the most majestic proportions. It was a pity that every living person I saw did not do the same for me. Anyway, I had read Miss Katharine Anthony's delectable book about Catherine the Great of Russia, and had written a play about the inexhaustible Empress. It was an ironic comedy, I thought. I thought that a play with both an occasional warmth and a great deal of brisk smartness in the dialogue, which had, to boot, an empress for its heroine, could only be a triumph. Like all tyros in this intoxicating profession, I spent much time casting my play with the great actors and actresses I had seen, even down to the court flunkies and minor prelates. Mrs. Fiske was to play the Empress.

How to proceed?

That winter I was in New York for Christmas, on vacation from my school job in Roswell, New Mexico.

"Why not let's get an appointment with Mrs. Fiske and talk this play over with her," I asked my agent.

"Do you know her?" she asked.

"No. I spoke to her backstage once in Rochester, and the other night I went back after 'Ladies of the Jury' and was privileged to say something through a crack in the door of her dressing room. But—"

"We might as well try," said my agent, with some hardiness.

The next day she told me that we had an appointment to call on Mrs. Fiske in the dressing room after her performance that evening at the Erlanger Theatre.

I reread the play that afternoon and "saw" Mrs. Fiske doing it, very vividly—a great performance.

In the evening, my agent and I were to meet in front of the Erlanger Theatre just before the play was out. It was a rainy night. The clock I was going by had a certain malice. I had been at a party. I was late. My taxi was like a sewing machine, spending most of its energy in remaining stationary with its machinery running. The traffic was lovely to look at, all glistening and rainy, but so slow that when I reached the Erlanger, my agent was there alone. The theatre crowd had gone.

"I'm afraid we are too late," she said.

"Let us try, anyway. Here, this alley leads up to the stage door."

The street was almost deserted.

Faint rain, gold reflections of light, and here this velvety tunnel of an alley. We started up it. It had fire escapes with iron ladders, making angular compositions like constructivist scenery. Halfway up the alley, a single electric light burned above an exit door that was locked from the inside.

Out of the shadows through which we were hopefully going there came two small figures, walking with short steps, alert and modest.

We passed each other.

The single exit-door light saved us.

"It is Mrs. Fiske," I whispered, like a courtier. "Come!"—the accent of intrigue in Molière.

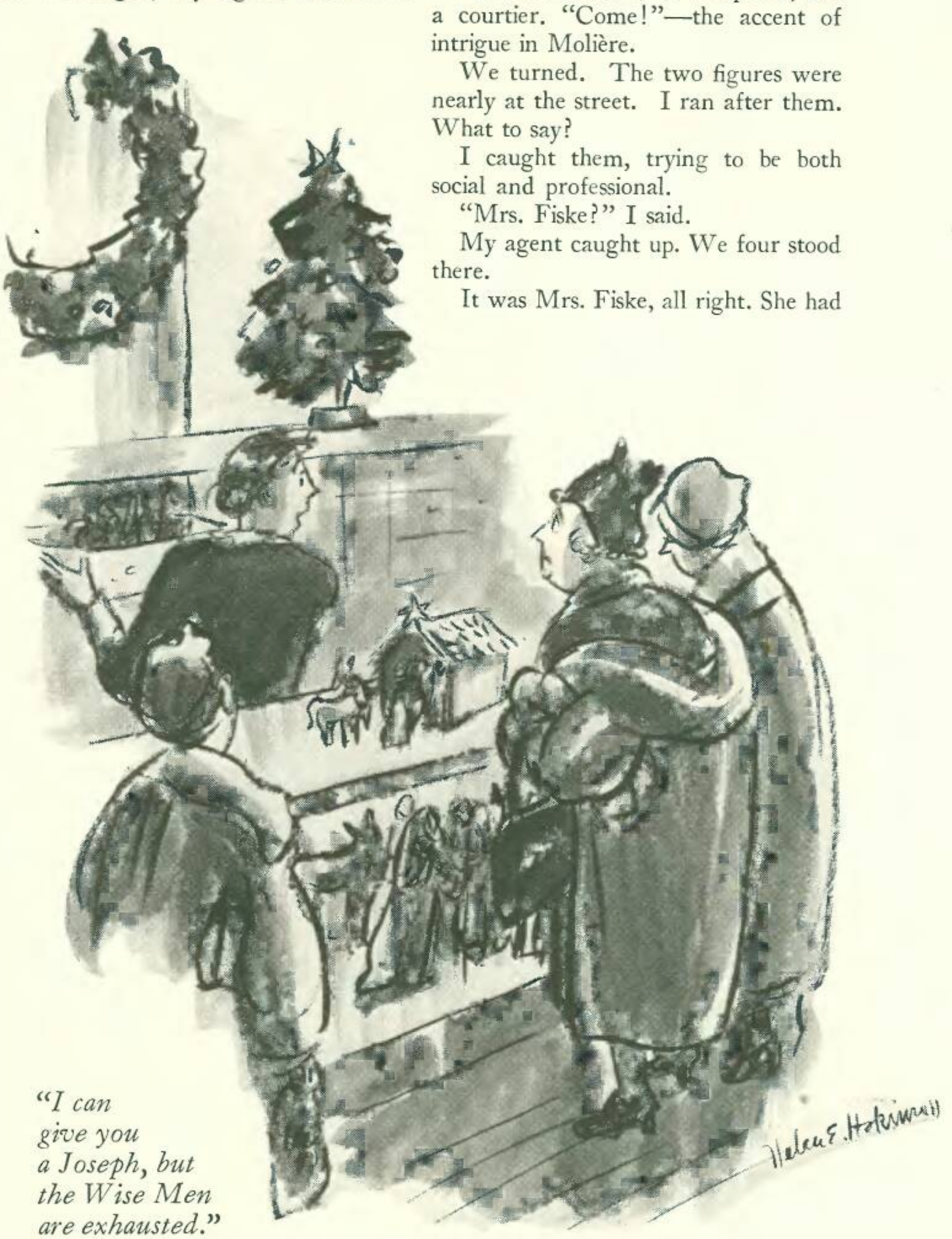
We turned. The two figures were nearly at the street. I ran after them. What to say?

I caught them, trying to be both social and professional.

"Mrs. Fiske?" I said.

My agent caught up. We four stood there.

It was Mrs. Fiske, all right. She had



"I can give you a Joseph, but the Wise Men are exhausted."

on a hat and a veil tied under her chin, like a Christy Motoring Girl of 1904. She wore a heavy cloth coat. Her hands were in her coat pockets. She was so very small and bundled-looking that she didn't seem at all the astonishing presence of the stage. She looked straight at me, and the street light shone past her veil, which left a triangle of face showing. Oh, yes, it was she.

"Mrs. Fiske?" I asked again.

The woman with her, a taller, hovering guardian, said, "I am sorry, Mrs. Fiske can see no one. Can you give me the message? I am Miss McCarthy" (or McNulty—some such name), "her secretary."

I felt like saying, "But she *is* seeing me!" but instead I said to Miss McNulty, "I am Mr. Horgan, to whom you gave an appointment for tonight. I am sorry we were delayed—"

My agent took over Miss McNulty at this point.

"It is about the play, Mr. Horgan's play, which Mrs. Fiske agreed to consider, and we—"

"Yes, I remember," said Miss McNulty. "But Mrs. Fiske cannot possibly see anyone now."

Mrs. Fiske and I were looking at each other. I wanted to burst out laughing. So did she, I will swear it. Her triangle of face, with the brilliant, mischievous eyes, was full of comedy. In the next few minutes, she gave the most adroit, exquisitely sharp scene I ever saw her do. She preserved her official incognito—nay, her *established absence* —and while my agent charmingly wangled Miss McNulty, and while Miss McNulty ingeniously answered, Mrs. Fiske made silent comments upon this elaborate exchange of news which was intended for her, and my, ears. She would nod tinily but sharply at a word of Miss McNulty's, close her eyes with the effect of a gasp at a proposal of my agent's, cock her head as if to "consider," shrug at me as if to say, "You see, we are both helpless. The affairs of the world run right past us."

"If we could see Mrs. Fiske for perhaps only five minutes, if not this evening, then tomorrow?" murmured my agent.

("What, more appointments?" "went" Mrs. Fiske.)

"I don't know," said Miss McNulty. "We are so very much engaged these days."

("Oh, frightfully!" Mrs. Fiske shrugged, silently.)

"Mr. Horgan won't be in town longer than a few days. He returns to New Mexico . . ."

("New Mexico! *Tiens!*")

"I could ask Mrs. Fiske tomorrow, and phone you."

("How sensible!")

"Perhaps we could ask her—now?"

"Oh, no, I *am* sorry, Mrs. Fiske can see no one."

("You see," "went" Mrs. Fiske, "it can't be helped. McNultyism triumphant," staring at me with inexpressible drollery.)

They say she always had the power to make everyone else act, too. I found myself doing it all: the shrug, the uprolled eye, the noiseless gasp—every means but sound and open recognition to exchange thoughts and conduct; in effect, a conversation. I have never had such a keen sense of communication with anyone, and I have never seen such eloquent merriment at the foibles and pomposities of human affairs as she had sparkling in her little, old, wise face where it lurked within the triangle frame of that ridiculous veil and the wide-brimmed hat hauled down by it.

It was finally arranged that the play should be sent to Miss McNulty, who would give it to Mrs. Fiske the very first chance there was, and there would be a reading, and then a report, with best wishes.

We left it at that.

As if she had personally guided the conference to its eminently sensible conclusion, Mrs. Fiske nodded and all but dusted off her hands and sighed with a sense of accomplishment. So, in silent quotation marks, she did the sentiment of decision and farewell, and the last diamondlike flash of style was the glance she gave me as she and Miss McNulty tapped hastily along to enter their limousine. It was a whole anthology of opinions, that glance, each one of which was as clear as possible, and they had to do with kindness, fatigue, infinite amusement, modesty, relentless cleverness, penetration, and a lifetime's accumulation of attitudes meaning "goodbye." In other words, the great powers of art, revealed by a past mistress.

THE next day, Catherine the Great went to Miss McNulty.

Several weeks later, Mrs. Fiske wrote a mysterious and fascinating letter from New York, on stationery belonging to the Hotel Kimball in Springfield, Massachusetts, which had much more style, somehow, than the "swank" paper a lesser star would have to use. The letter said, in part:

I have always been immensely interested in Catherine, but for several reasons I have always feared her as a heroine of a play. If your representative will call upon me some evening after the play during my present engagement at the Erlanger Theatre, I will explain to her just what I mean.

We never found out what the reasons were, but I imagine one of them, and the best one, was a tactful kindliness deserved by neither the Czarina nor myself. —PAUL HORGAN

1937

Russet, or washed with gold,
The leaves this autumn fall:
Death in the windy cold,
Certain and seasonal.

We know this fall of the leaf.
This death, this common thing,
No longer moves to grief;
We see, beyond it, spring.

But what crazed spring will follow
The season that in Spain
Spills over hill and hollow
The wild blood of the slain?

What wounded spring will break
In China on her hills?
What shape will blossoms take
When what they feed on kills?

What bladed flower will leap
Armored from the clay?
What hues of death and sleep?
What perfume of decay?

Stiff in the bitter frost,
Their futile hands outspread,
How many springs will they cost—
Those frozen and blinded dead?

How many springs to destroy
The brotherhood of our blood?
O leaders, how long to deploy
Through the ultimate rain and mud

Those armies left in the world:
The children still in the womb?
Then say on what star shall be furled
Your flags when earth is a tomb.

—HAROLD LEWIS COOK

FUTCHIN IN THE BRONX

THE bell rang just as Mrs. Gross was transferring a hairpin from her mouth to the switch which crowned her head. She hastily disposed of the remaining pins by scattering them in her hair in pincushion fashion. She ran her hand against her corseted side to straighten her dress, and then waddled down the hallway in response to the second ring.

She quickly dropped the smile she carried with her when she saw it was only Mrs. Perlberg, her "next-door-keh."

"I was just now gung pest," her neighbor started to explain. "So I said to myself—" She stopped, her eye riveted on Mrs. Gross's tightly tucked figure. "What'sa metta the gorset you got on?" she wanted to know.

"Is coming company," explained Mrs. Gross.

"Aha! I know awready," declared her neighbor without a moment's hesitation. "So is coming here your dutter, Bella, her fella."

"Nah!" Mrs. Gross replied. "Is coming a man."

"A man? So what kind man?" Mrs. Perlberg's voice was flaked with irritation. "Fomm the family he is, udder fomm the lodge a brudder, udder—"

"A man!" Mrs. Gross insisted. Then, because she felt she had nursed the information long enough, she added, "I was today bime futchin-tella."

"Bime futchin-tella?" Her guest pulled up a chair and deposited herself on it. "Aha! I know awready," she stated, omnisciently. "On the Heights she lives. She tells futchins fomm the tea leafs in a teacup."

"Tea leafs!" Mrs. Gross echoed, derisively. "Who beliefs in tea leafs?" Before Mrs. Perlberg could defend the tea leaves, she said, "No, donntonn she lives, the futchin-tella. And her futchin-telling comes strictly fomm cotts."

"Britch cotts udder pinochle cotts?"

"Pinochle-shminochle—plain cotts!"

"Plain cotts?" Mrs. Perlberg shook her head from side to side, amazed and incredulous. "Go on!"

"Positively!" affirmed Mrs. Gross. "Mrs. Shapiro, she recommended me the lady. She says, 'Mrs. Gross, is in Pitt Stritt a futchin-tellakeh, foist-cless she is!' 'So how much she chonges?' I esk her. 'Fifdy cents she chonges,' Mrs. Shapiro, she says. So I figger to myself, 'Listen, fa fifdy cents and ten cents' carfare donntonn, it don't pay awready.' So I say to Mrs. Shapiro, 'Excuse me, but fa fifdy cents it don't pay me. Fa fifdy cents I can buy better something fa the house, udder maybe a nice piece material fa a blouse. Fifdy cents,' I say to her, 'is awready by me an expense.' So she says to me, 'Listen, Mrs. Gross. Two, maybe three, yirrs ago I went donntonn to the futchin-tella and she looks on the cotts and she says to me, "Mrs. Shapiro, you got a dutter who is single, udder not?"' "

"Kitty!" Mrs. Perlberg exclaimed.

"Sure is Kitty. So the futchin-tella she says to Mrs. Shapiro, 'Believe me, you shouldn't worry on account your dutter. Is gung to be O. K. She is gung to find a nice boy, a fine boy, a high-cless fella.' You hear, Mrs. Poilboik? Two yirrs ago the futchin-tella, she say this. And now look. Kitty is engaged to a fine boy, Docteh Rappaport, the denttist."

"Dijja ever!" The fascinated Mrs. Perlberg kept shaking her head from side to side.

"So listen. So fife-six wikks ago Mrs. Shapiro, she got by her on the side a

"Don't be silly—Menjou is old enough to be your father."

The You'll-Never-See-Me-Again Tactics

pain. So she figger, why should she spend two-three dolless fa a docteh? Fa fifdy cents, she figgers, she can go to the futchin-tella, the lady should tell her what is with her."

"So she went donntonn?"

"Uf cuss! And the futchin-tella lady she tells her right away is somebody in house got a sickness."

"Tchk, tchk, tchk! You must have a talent to know such a thing."

"So listen. So Mrs. Shapiro she says to the lady, 'You think maybe I should go to a docteh?' So the lady looks in the cotts and she says to her, 'Docteh-schmocteh! Save better the couple dolless. The sickness is gung to go away without the docteh.' "

"Is true?" Mrs. Perlberg asked eagerly.

"Positively! Mrs. Shapiro, she goes home, she takes one, maybe two, ass-prins, she takes a hot compress, she stays in bed a whole day, and the next day she's filling fresh like a kiddie. Is gone away by her the sickness! Fa fifdy cents and carfare!"

"You went donntonn like she said?"

"What then? This morning, after I finndished clinning op the breakfist dishes, I take the sobway and I changed over to the Elevator and I go to Pitt Stritt. So I walk to a bobbershop, and donnstairs fomm the bobbershop is a basement. I go donnstairs in the basement, and believe me, Mrs. Poilboik, I get so scairt. Is so dark in the basement. *Nu,* I knock on the door and I go inside and is a big room with koitains henging op in the middle the room. So is coming out a lady she got on her head a red henchakiff. 'Hoddeya do?' she says to me, and I say, 'You the futchin-tella?' and she says, 'That's right. Come in the beck.' "

"An American-born lady?" Mrs. Perlberg asked.

"Nah! A Joosh woman she is. So I go with her in the beck and I sit donn next a table, and she takes fomm the table a peck bicycle cotts. 'How much is gung to cust the futchin?' I esk the lady. 'Is a boggin, don't worry,' she says, the futchin-tellakeh. So I say to her, 'How much is by you a boggin?' 'You my foist customer today. You bring me luck, so just fa you, special alone, is a dolleh.' A dolleh! You hear, Mrs. Poilboik?"

"Dijja ever!" The indignant Mrs. Perlberg slapped the table with the palm of her hand. "Some noive she got, believe me!"

"So I say to her, 'Mrs. Shapiro fomm the Bronx pays oney fifdy cents, and fa me, special alone, is a dolleh. Some boggin!' 'Excuse me, excuse me,' she says. 'A dolleh is by me the regella price, but fa my friends is oney fifdy cents.' 'So O.K.,' I say to her."

"*Nu?* What heppened by her, the futchin-tellakeh?" The other woman could hardly control her curiosity.

"She looks on the cotts, and she says right away, 'Is a long place fomm here where you live. In the Bronx, no?' One-two-three, she knows awready!"

"'Tchk, tchk," Mrs. Perlberg tchked. "Let you udder me do such a thing with cotts. No!"

"Next she says to me, 'You got a married dutter,' and I say, 'Should oney be so! No, I got it a son who is married.' So she says, 'That's right. But you got it a dutter, too. And the dutter, she's not married yet. But don't worry,' she says. 'She's still a kiddie yet. She's not gung to stick single. Is no hurry,' she says."

"How a person can know such a thing!" said the amazed Mrs. Perlberg.

"*Nu,*" Mrs. Gross went on. "She talks fomm this and she talks fomm that, and evveything she says is true like anything. Then I say to her, 'What is with my Mister?' So she says, 'He's woiking, no?' I say, 'He's a bushelman fa a depottment store.' So she looks on the cotts and she says, 'Your Mister is gung to have good luck in business.' 'Maybe more money in pay chick?' 'More money in pay chick positively!' she says. 'But something more better yet. I don't know what is gung to be, but fomm good it is, I guarantee you!' "

"But fomm the man who is coming here? The company you expecting—fomm him what is?"

"Is fine!" Mrs. Gross again tugged at the folds in her dress. " 'Is coming a man,' she says. Who he is, where he is coming fomm where, what he got —fomm this she don't know. But he is bringing here something fine, something special, something good."

"Today he's coming?"

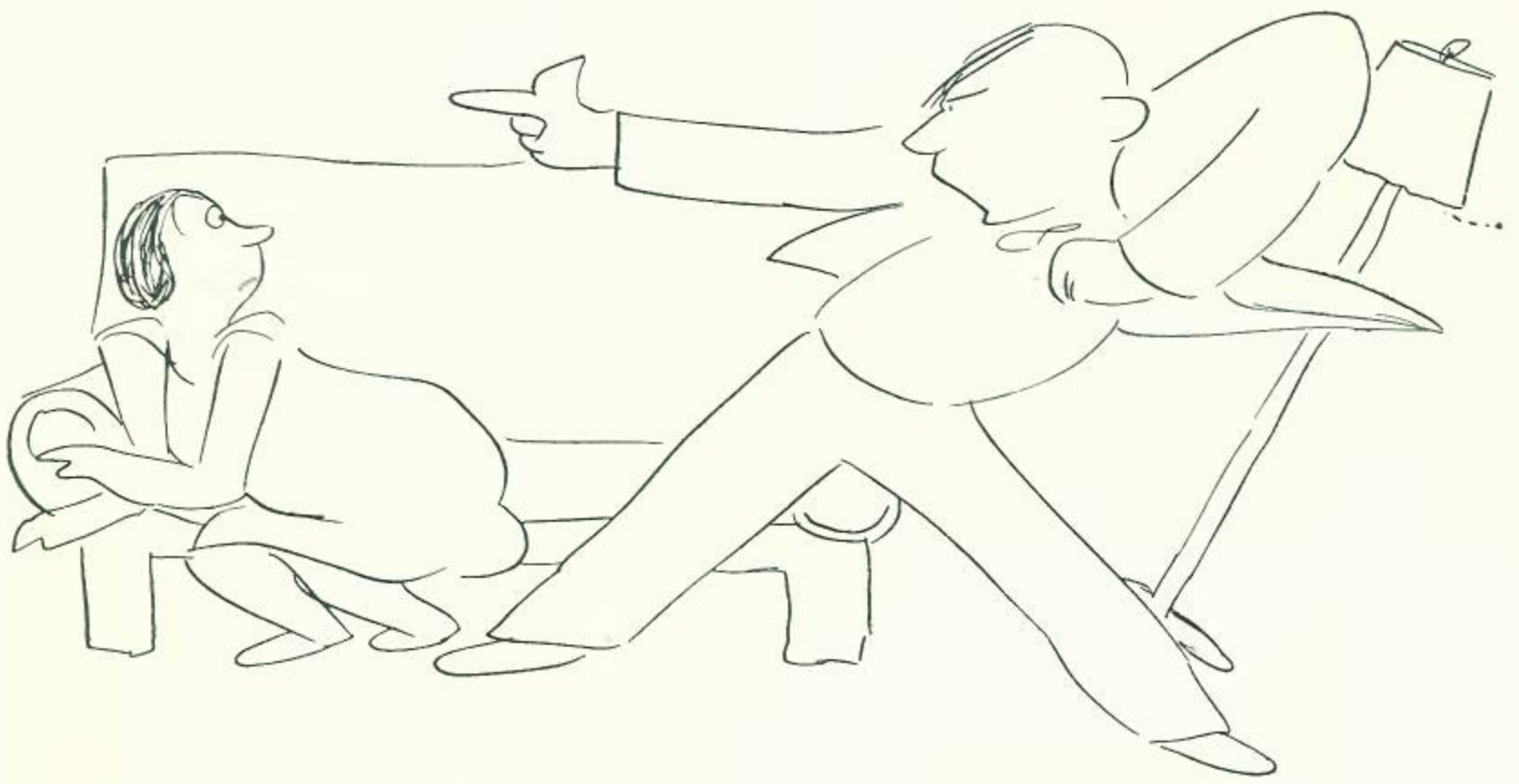
"Sure is coming today. That's why I put on by me the gorset. Listen, I should look like a slop fa a stranger? Would be a shame. I figger—"

Through the window a radio voice was heard intonating, "The musical chimes indicate that the time is exactly four o'clock."

Mrs. Perlberg jumped to her feet. "Four o'clock! Look at me, *shmoosing* when I must fix my Mister his soppur. Please, Mrs. Gross," she pleaded, "tell me what heppens with the man when he comes. If it heppens good, you'll give me the name fomm futchin-tella in Pitt Stritt, ha? Say, fa fifdy cents it pays awready if it comes in a little luck."

MRS. GROSS waited for her visitor to leave before going to the bureau drawer to get a heavily fringed tablecloth. She removed the oilcloth covering from the dining-room table and replaced it with the white, fringed

APPROACH



The Heroic, or Dangers-I-Have-Known, Method

The Let-'Em-Wait-and-Wonder Plan

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one she used only on special occasions.

She heard someone at the door but didn't bother to look up; she recognized the heavy footsteps of her husband.

Pa Gross entered, said "Hello," somewhat sadly, and then stared at his wife in surprise. He, too, noticed her corseted figure. His gaze shifted from her to the white and unfamiliar tablecloth.

"What kind holiday is today?" he sang out. "Is maybe *Pesach?* Is maybe *Simcha Torah?* Look, look how she's dressed op, Mrs. Stylish Lady! Look the fency-schmency tablecloth!"

"Sha, sha!" shouted his wife, excitedly. "I got special a sprize fa you. I was today in Pitt Stritt bime futchin-tella and is coming in all kinds good things today. Is coming—"

"*Gotteneu!*" Pa Gross ejaculated, slapping his head with his hands. "Futchin-tellas in Pitt Stritt she's gung to! Train rides in sobways she's taking! Money she's throwing away in the stritts!" His eyes blazed with anger. "Mrs. *Meshugineh*, you losing the mind udder what?"

"It din cust so much the futchin-telling," Ma said apologetically. "Oney fifdy cents."

"You hear?" exclaimed her husband, addressing no one. "Oney fifdy cents! And fifdy cents is by you nothing? Fifdy cents is by you like a piece paper, you can tear it op, ha?"

"Mr. Spich-Maker, hold better the tongue! He talks and talks, and he don't know yet what is. Listen what is coming. Foist," she chanted, "you gung to get a raise in pay chick. You—"

"A raise in pay chick!" he mimicked. "Listen, Mrs. Crazy Lady, you know what today is? Today is Wenceday. You know what time it is?" He consulted his enormous timepiece. "Is ten pest four. So on Wencedays ten pest four I'm awways in shop. Esk me why I'm here and not in shop. *Nu?* Esk me!"

Mrs. Gross's thoughts had been on her early visit downtown. It hadn't occurred to her that Pa's presence at this hour was unusual. She knew now that something was wrong.

"You know why I'm here, Mrs. Know-Fomm-Evveything? Because I got the seck! Because the foreman, Mr. Peroni—he should oney drop dead this minute!—laid me off, that's why! So what you say now, ha?"

"Impossible!" His wife's voice, however, lacked conviction. "The futchin-tellakeh in Pitt Stritt said—"

"She said!" he scoffed. "If she such an A-1 futchin-tellakeh, why she is living in Pitt Stritt and not on the Concuss? Why she din know is slow in shop and three hends they laid off, me in the middle? That doity, rotten Peroni!" He shuffled off toward the bedroom muttering, "Fifdy cents she throws away yet! Plenty money she got, she can affudder to spend on foolishness!" He paused at the door. "Mrs. Dope! This maybe is a lesson to you!"

Mrs. Gross peeled the white, fringed tablecloth, and replaced it with the old one. She shook her head and sighed. "Say, maybe the futchin-tellakeh made a mistake with the pay chick," she said to herself. "I think I'll leave on the gorset. Maybe the man will come yet with the good news."

—Arthur Kober

INCONSIDERATE MR. AND MRS. VANCE

WE were waiting for the homecoming school buses which roll majestically down Park Avenue on school-day afternoons. It was raining and the rain had started after nine o'clock, so I was clutching a small pair of rubbers and a raincoat as well as my own umbrella. Also waiting on my corner was a firm-faced, rosy-cheeked lady in splendid British tweeds. She eyed me. I guessed that she was a nurse, and it was obvious that she thought I was one, too. I felt sure, however, that she must have put me in a very inferior category among nurses. My tweed suit was not only domestic but rain-spotted.

"Waiting for the buses?" she inquired.

I admitted that I was.

"Which bus?"

I told her.

"Oh," she said. "That one. *My* girl goes to Miss Weston's." There was a pause and then she added, "Of course." The "of course" interested me. It sounded as if she might have a contract: "All female children to go only to Miss Weston's."

"I very seldom wait on this corner," she continued. "Ordinarily she comes home by motor."

I said that must be very nice and that *I* waited on the corner quite often.

"How many children have you got?" she inquired.

Slightly startled, I said I had three. Two big ones, and one who was coming now on the primary bus.

"Three!" she said incredulously. "Don't you find that a great many?"

I said I did sometimes. "I have only two," she said, but added gloomily, "Pretty soon I'll have three, too. An imposition, that's what *I* call it. How long have you been on this job?"

"About fifteen years," I said, somewhat self-consciously.

"Fifteen *years!*" She was startled this time. "Well, that *is* a long while! They must treat you pretty well."

I said on the whole I was pretty well treated.

"Do you have a radio in your room?" Visions of what would happen if I suddenly told my husband I wanted a radio by my bedside came to my mind. I said no, I was not on any account allowed to have a radio in my room, but there was a small radio in the living room, and I was allowed to listen to that.

"Selfish pigs," she remarked succinctly. "I suppose no private sitting room, either?" I admitted that such indeed was the case. Miserable existence. No radio, no sitting room. What if I should tell her no days off?

"Your umbrella is very small," she said suddenly. "The water seems to be dripping on your hat." I was reminded by her tone of "Pride and Prejudice" and Lady Catherine de Bourgh saying to Mrs. Bennet, "You have a very *small* park here." My umbrella came from Paris and until that moment I had thought it quite attractive. I firmly said that I liked small umbrellas, and she remarked as firmly, "Well, the water does seem to be dripping on your hat."

There was a pause. Then she began again. "Do you knit?"

Somewhat baffled, I said that I used to knit sweaters for the children when they were little, but that I hadn't done much knitting lately.

"That's right," she said, approving for the first time. "No knitting from five on, I always say. It takes too long. Except an occasional sock." I worked over this complicated statement for a moment and the conversation languished. The buses were certainly unusually late.

After a moment she burst forth again. "This place of mine used to be as nice a one as you could ask for. An ideal situation, you might say. Two children, boy and girl. Twelve and ten. Old enough to behave. Europe in summer, and long walks in the Park in winter. And then what do they do? *Then* what happens? They go and start to have this baby! A baby!" The scorn in her voice was indescribable. I suddenly imagined her employers' breach of faith—never even asking her if she minded.

"Well, how did *you* feel when you heard you were going to have three?" she demanded.

I thought of my youngest daughter, about to arrive on her bus, and admitted meekly that I had been pleased.

"Well, *that* will never get you anywhere," she reproved me. "Now, I've warned Mrs. Vance, if it cries, I will

"When I open my eyes, I expect you both to be gone."

"You're a mystic, Mr. Ryan. All Irishmen are mystics."

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have to leave. I must have my sleep —and no diapers *of course*." I thought of the youngest Vance being informed definitely at the age of two weeks that Nannie would stand for neither crying nor diapers, and no nonsense about it, either.

"And the way they go on about it!" she continued indignantly. "The *way* they go on about that baby. You'd think it was going to be their first child. At their age, too! Well, it just shows you never can count on anything. But I certainly never thought it of Mr. and Mrs. Vance!"

The buses were coming at last, mine approaching, as was seemly, a few yards behind hers. I gathered up my child and fled, in my excitement forgetting to say goodbye.

In the next issue of *Vogue*, in that list devoted to distinguished births, I read that Mr. and Mrs. John Frelinghuysen Vance announced the birth of a daughter to be called Ann Frelinghuysen Vance. Their third child, I could have added. —ROSEMARY BENÉT

THE THEATRE

PATHOS AND PROBLEMS

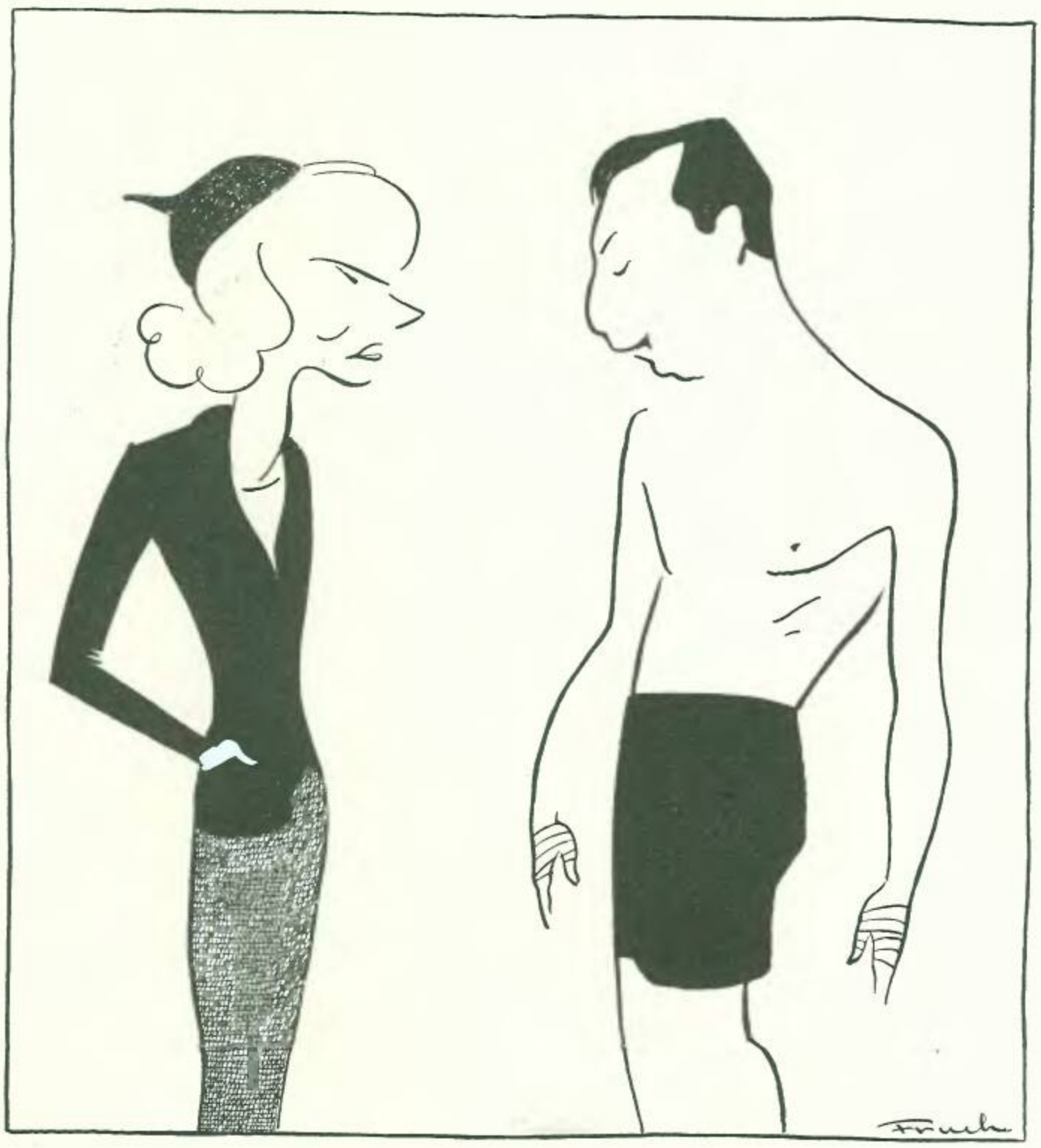
THE only trouble with "Of Mice and Men" is that in spots it gets so good you can't bear it. This, of course, was true of the Steinbeck book also, and since Mr. Steinbeck wrote the play as well, we can't hurt his feelings when we say that the play has even more such poignant moments, probably because we can see Lennie and can hear George. Whatever the reason, Forty-fifth Street seems like a different thoroughfare when you come out into it from "Of Mice and Men."

It didn't seem possible that a play could be made from the book which could capture so much of its feeling. The difficulty in the choice of two actors to play the leading rôles also added nothing to the preliminary stock of confidence in Mr. Harris's venture, for it looked as if he had two Scarlett O'Haras on his hands instead of one.

Well, all that worry is over now. Messrs. Wallace Ford and Broderick Crawford, as George and Lennie, respectively, apparently descended from Heaven (with possibly some assistance from George S. Kaufman, who staged the play with great skill) and there they are, George and Lennie on the stage of the Music Box Theatre, tearing your heart out. Mr. Crawford is a slightly younger Lennie than I had imagined, but I see now that I was wrong, and Mr. Ford makes George practically flawless by his dynamic yet inexpressibly gentle performance.

As Curley's wife, Miss Claire Luce has come a long way since, on this same stage, she enlivened "The Music Box Revue" with her dancing, but she still manages to lend a touch of the old-time color in addition to her acting. The rest of the familiar characters in the book come duly to life, and Donald Oenslager's settings help make the whole thing more vivid than many a plodding reader was able to do for himself.

"Of Mice and Men" definitely makes the season worth while, and it looks as if Mr. Ford would have to be wearing that motorman's haircut around town for his art until long after the crocuses are up.



"GOLDEN BOY"

Frances Farmer agreeing with Luther Adler that he should have stuck to the violin. At the Belasco.

WHEN a playwright deliberately writes a play about dull people, he runs the risk of having them sound just dull. It must be almost as discouraging for Mr. Sidney Howard, who, in "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle," has deliberately written a play about honest but confused liberals (and a very timely theme it is, too), for he is told that his play is honest but confused. As I understand it, this was Mr. Howard's point.

Most of the people in this new Theatre Guild play are anti-war, and genuinely so, but when the next war comes, they find themselves faced with certain practical difficulties in living up to their beliefs. Now, there *are* pacifists who are strong enough to ignore these practical difficulties, and there are people to whom a war presents no difficulties at all, but there are also a great many people who, like Mr. Howard's Garrison family, don't know what the hell to do. That there is confusion in "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle" might well be because it is a drama *about* confusion. However, that was the risk the author ran. The fact that he didn't quite seem to have everything in apple-pie order in his own mind involved another risk.

The news value of "The Ghost of Yankee Doodle" is that it brings Ethel Barrymore back to the theatre, and at her best since "The Constant Wife." This is enough for any show. In addition, there are Frank Conroy, Eliot Cabot, Dudley Digges, and others, all under the expert direction of John Cromwell, back from Hollywood for the occasion, and a general feeling of a smooth production. It may not settle the war problem, but it settles the problem of where to spend one evening in the theatre without wincing.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

MY MOTHER'S MARCH OF TIME

MY mother is an insatiable newspaper-clipper; I seldom get a letter from her without an accompanying sheaf of cuttings. Since she lives in Montreal and reads only British periodicals, and since she clips from these only such items as appeal to her own highly original fancy, her offerings are usually as entertaining as they are diverse.

Each collection contains, first of all, a number of pictures of fashion models or titled ladies dressed to kill, selected by my mother because something about them reminds her of me. Willy-nilly, this something must be to my advantage. When she is with me, my mother is a casual parent, too essentially English to embarrass herself or me with demonstrations of affection. But give her a pair of scissors and a periodical, and she becomes fiercely maternal, seeing in every photographed female some obscure threat to my superiority which she does not intend to take lying down.

The batch in her last letter, for example, contains a picture of the Duchess of Kent caught by some uncivil fellow with a candid camera; Her Highness's dress is being blown awry and her hair for the moment looks positively untidy. The royal discomfiture apparently afforded my mother considerable pleasure, and she wrote on the margin, "The Duchess of Kent is supposed to be very smart, but *you* always look better turned-out than this."

While I am deriving what satisfaction I can from poor Marina's plight, I turn to the next clipping, which shows several charming Canadian débutantes in their coming-out frocks. My mother has picked the most girlish of these dresses for the comment that it would be becoming to me. I am, of course, touched by my mother's inability to remember my age, but prudently decide to hide the clipping from my son, who would certainly be startled into a frank expression of opinion.

The matter of my somewhat singular *chic* being now firmly established, my mother turns to the news of the world. "A Bit of Old England That Is Doomed" is the caption for the next, and I look on the melancholy spectacle of a row of cottages five centuries old, which are to be torn down when a new motor highway is extended through Little Dinghby. Mother, I am glad to find, takes a practical view of the desecration. "Very pretty," she says, "but they probably have *no sanitary facilities*." I look again and decide she is right.

Next comes an item from the island of St. Lucia in the British West Indies. Here, it appears, a new school is to be built from the proceeds of the sale of Coronation stamps. But it is neither the educational nor the philatelic aspect of this news which interests my mother, and her marginal comment introduces an entirely new note.

"Isn't this the island," she asks, "where you got that delicious mango chutney?"

I am accustomed to such veerings, however, and in no time at all I regain my balance and turn to a clipping from the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*. It is a fat one entitled "The Nation's Health." I suspect that my mother skipped a good deal of its contents and I shall do the same, since it is the seventeenth annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health. Births, deaths, and the progress of diseases in Great Britain are efficiently recorded and may be read by those interested. Plainly, what caught my mother's eye was a footnote under the heading of "Beer Dregs."

"Complaint is made," states the report, "of the insanitary conditions under which beer is sold in some public houses. It is alleged that the pipes and pumps are not kept clean but are allowed to become encrusted with slime and filth, that the vessels and filters in which beer is collected and clarified for future consumption are freely exposed to the dust and dirt of cellars, and that leavings from customers' glasses are mixed with the rest of the waste beer and resold over the counter. Waste beer is allowed to stand in open tubs or pails in the cellar exposed to dust and cobwebs and filtered through dirty cloths."

I automatically shake my head in shocked disapproval as I read of this state of affairs in certain British beer-drinking circles. I am ready, at least spiritually, to lend support to any move that the Minister of Health may make to assure hygienic beer to the subjects of King George VI. But I am, I fear, by this attitude merely exposing the anemic viewpoint of my day and age. My mother is far better able to take a few insanitary conditions in her stride. *She* belongs to a sturdier era, and the simplicity of her comment may well give us all pause.

"Dregs or no dregs," she says firmly, "British workmen will never give up their beer."

THE last clipping of all is from the literary page of the Montreal *Star*. This concerns itself with Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Quotations," just being introduced to the Dominions, and is confined to the single critical comment that "among the new modern sentences which Mr. Stevenson seems to think important enough to include is 'Hello, my old potato,' attributed to Al Smith as he joined Franklin D. Roosevelt recently."

This arouses my mother's complete indignation. "They shouldn't allow such things to be printed about the President of the United States!" she says. "Especially Mr. Roosevelt, he is such a gentleman and Al Smith is so *common*. I don't believe he said it anyway, I understand they are not on *very good terms*. At all events, *don't buy this book!*"

—MARION STURGES-JONES

• •

NIGHTMARE, WITH MORAL

I ran downstairs and out the door
Just as the ceiling fell to the floor.

Thunder and earthquake over my shoulder,
The sky grew darker and the air grew colder.

I ran for the harbor, saying, "I guess
Water is safer at a time like this."

But long before I could reach the sea
The earth split wide in front of me.

It is better to die among the wrecks
Of one's own personal effects.

—LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL

ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

THE COMING OF AGE OF APPLIED MYOLOGY

RECENTLY a leading news service flashed to the journals of the nation heartening tidings of corporeal progress in our male population. It was the account of "a study of the measurements of 100,000 Americans between the ages of twenty-five and forty made by Charles Atlas, noted physical culturist," which revealed that "whereas in 1926 the average chest measurement was 34.9, today it is 36.2, or a gain of more than an inch." At the same time it was found that "where the average waist line in 1926 was 32.3 inches, today it is 31.1 inches, or a decrease of 1.2 inches." These figures must be particularly gratifying to Mr. Atlas himself, whose fat scrapbooks hold hundreds of clippings of the article, for he would be justified, it may be allowed, in taking a considerable part of the credit for this amelioration. In the correspondence-course industry devoted to fostering that art of bodily culture whose fruits are prodigious muscles, Charles Atlas, Inc., claims over seventy-five per cent of the annual gross take of some $700,000.

Every month, from one to four thousand yearners after great strength are lured to the Atlas academy through advertising that costs the firm up to $15,000 a month, including that for its year-old London branch. If your periodical taste embraces any of the various romance, movie, mystery, or popular-science magazines, you have seen the stunning full-page advertisements in which Mr. Atlas, his bare and mighty arm describing a scornful arc, shouts "BUNK!" at you for thinking it takes a long time to develop a body like his. The aims of the Atlas academy are set high above such a pedestrian one as toning up the tired businessman. This institution, like the others in its field, is dedicated to the creation of examples of living statuary designed primarily for exhibition on the bathing beach and in the pages of such specialized journals as *The Body Builder* and *Physical Culture*. Of course these specimens are also equipped, more or less incidentally, with superior earning power and personality. In the fourteen years Atlas has been in business, he has attracted about a half-million disciples, and on the evidence of the outstanding ones whose photographs appear in his brochure, "Everlasting Health and Strength," it seems obvious that this reconditioned horde exerts a powerful upward influence on our bodily statistics.

Charles Atlas was declared "America's Most Perfectly Developed Man" at the Physical Culture Exhibition of 1922, held at Madison Square Garden under the auspices of Bernarr Macfadden, and forthwith began sharing with the world those secrets of Dynamic Tension by which he had metamorphosed himself from what his circulars call "a 97-pound weakling who couldn't climb stairs" to the holder of the Macfadden title. Later, in some unrecorded fashion, this title was broadened to "the *World's* Most Perfectly Developed Man." At any rate, his was a development superlative enough to wring from Carl Easton Williams, editor of *Physical Culture*, this eulogy: "More powerful than Hercules, more symmetrical than Apollo, Charles Atlas truly represents a blend between these two. . . . If Charles Atlas had lived in the days of Phidias he would have been proclaimed a national hero and his name and fame would today be found immortalized in marble on the Parthenon." As Mr. Williams went on to suggest, it is indeed fortunate for the contemporary aspirant to muscular supremacy that today Charles Atlas is to be found not on a pediment of the Parthenon but in his extensive suite of offices at 115 East Twenty-third Street, from which his message is disseminated by way of a mail-order system such as the age of Phidias could never have provided. Here he occupies a leather-upholstered swivel chair behind a massive mahogany desk, from which he surveys such satisfying sights as a photograph of his mighty, adolescent son, a certificate of associate membership in the Police Athletic League, several files of fan mail, and a solid safe. In this sanctum he can hear the gladdening clatter of the Addressographs in the mailing room, doing their part in committing to the mails a quantity of literature which calls for $1,000 in postage every week. Certainly no physical-developer of the Golden Age of Greece ever won such earthly rewards as are manifested in Mr. Atlas's possession of "an imposing corner home in Brooklyn, in his own name, and a new Pierce-Arrow convertible, body by LeBaron," as these emoluments are described by Mr. Atlas's business partner, Charles Roman, who drives a new Rolls-Royce convertible coupé himself.

Fully and sleekly clothed, Mr. Atlas strikes one as more like a genial and prosperous Italian restaurant proprietor than the molder of muscles that he is. His offices, were they not enhanced by plaster casts of legendary strong men and photographs of Mr. Atlas swathed in nothing but muscles, a clout of lion-skin, and grease (to point up the highlights), would pass for the quarters of almost any sort of substantial concern. Mr. Atlas's private office adjoins the similarly spacious one of his associate, Mr. Roman, a younger and equally genial gentleman. Mr. Roman is a mine of information for the historian of the strength-begetting profession, whom he is apt to startle with such a statement as "You know, Mr. Atlas predicts that men won't have any feet in centuries to come."

"That's right," Mr. Atlas will elaborate, in a fairly pronounced Italian accent. "The world has been neglecting themselves physically for the past seventy-five years. Nowadays, man wants to go around the corner for a pack of cigarettes, he jumps in his automobile. So I say pretty soon all they'll need's a pair of flippers to work the pedals on their car, same as the horse lost them extra toes they used to have."

The predictions of the newspaper clippings in the Atlas scrapbooks about the physical advance of the American male, most of which are headlined "FORESEES RACE OF SUPERMEN," seem at sharp variance with this gloomy forecast of man's seal-like destiny. But the industry is rife with such innocent contradictions. While Mr. Atlas approvingly prints in his booklets the sentiment of Frederick MacMonnies, one of the several sculptors who have used him as a model, that "Health and strength usually accompany . . . a peaceful disposition," on the other hand one of his favorite arguments for the need of physical improvement is scarcely a pacific one.

"Look at Mussolini," Mr. Atlas bids one. "He takes a young boy seven years old, makes him exercise, jump around, march, sing songs—makes big chest development, strong diaphragm. You

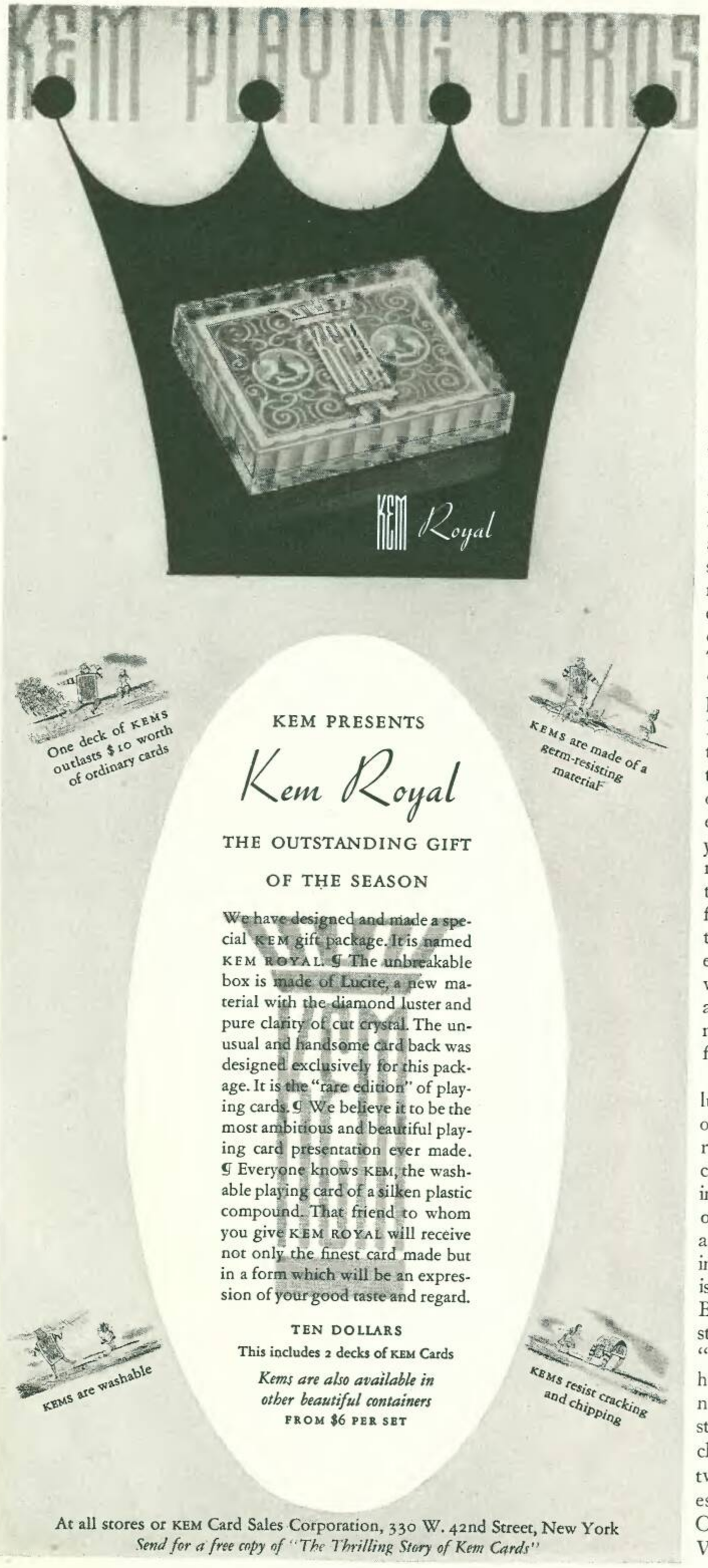
GIFTS BY GUERLAIN

VOL DE NUIT, *perfume of the elegante, from* **$10.00 . . . . . SHALIMAR,** *for headlong romance, from* **$10.00**

L'HEURE BLEUE, *witchery of twilight, from* **$6.50 . . . . . SOUS LE VENT,** *Guerlain's newest perfume, from* **$10.00**

GUERLAIN

PARFUMEUR PARIS



know, you can't take a fella with a puny chest an' put him behind a gun. Gun goes off, it knocks him over on his back. For a strong nation, gotta have strong men."

THE Atlas system attracts more converts in the summer than at any other time, for during the bathing season most men become piteously aware that they are in no shape to pass the sort of inspection illustrated in "Everlasting Health and Strength" by a photograph of Mr. Atlas, in swimming trunks, having his biceps fingered by an incredulous bathing beauty.

"Have you felt Mr. Atlas's muscle?" Mr. Roman likes to ask the visitor to the Atlas salons. It is the signal for the World's Most Perfectly Developed Man to step forward and quietly, pridefully tender his flexed right arm, which has the feel of a large smoked ham. Mr. Atlas boasts that his muscles are "the most supplest" because he has used no apparatus in their cultivation. His system, called Dynamic Tension, is built on the principle of "pitting each muscle against each other, like the animals do," as he explains it. His advertising includes humorous cartoons in which misguided physical culturists are shown dropping dumbbells on their toes and being assaulted by elastic exercisers gone wild. For when you tense yourself dynamically, you may stage a tug of war between your two hands, or you may bend down and flatten your palms against the floor over the protest of your stiff knees and inelastic back, or thrust your head backward with your neck muscles while your arms strain to pull it forward, but you must never, never force your sinews to fight a manufactured opposition.

Mr. Atlas seems to be the only absolute opponent of apparatus in the field of super-strength development. His relatively obscure competitors all include weight-lifting and such devices in their instructions. But he is not the only one to draw lessons from the animal kingdom. In two installments in the October and November, 1936, issues of *Strength & Health*, its editor, Bob Hoffman, published a scholarly study in comparative myology entitled "How Strong Is a Gorilla?" Treating his subject in a calm, scare-free manner that Arthur Brisbane might have studied with profit, Mr. Hoffman included in his essay a comparison between the measurements of the largest mounted gorilla (known as the Old Male of Karasimbi), a postulated World's Largest Gorilla, and those of

Is there a Low-Level Airway through Southern Sunshine *TO CALIFORNIA?*

There is ONE low-level airway to California. Nature designed it. And only American Airlines uses it.

American's route turns immediately south out of New York . . . Touches Washington . . . Arrives quickly in Tennessee's friendly temperature . . . Continues south to sunny Texas . . . And then follows the plains and deserts of the Southwest to California.

The Southern Route to the Sun Country

Call it the low-level route—call it the sunshine route...or the greater-comfort route—the fact is that this one nature-favored airway is the best route from New York to the Pacific Coast any week of the year.

FLAGSHIP SKYSLEEPERS OVERNIGHT TO CALIFORNIA. The American "Mercury" Skysleeper leaves Newark Airport at 5:10 pm, arrives in Los Angeles 8:30 am.

The "Southerner" leaves Newark at 9:00 pm, arrives Los Angeles at 12:59 pm.

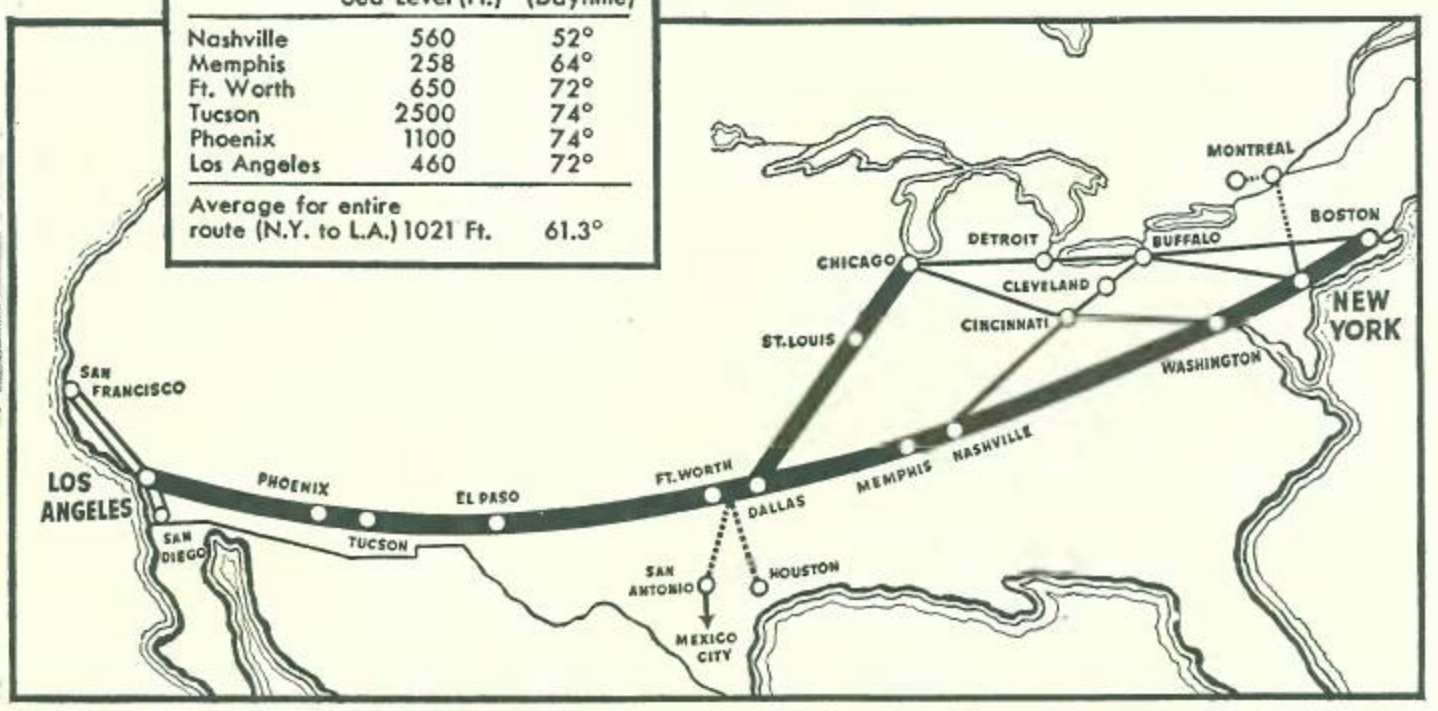
These are the only complete sleeper planes through to Los Angeles. No change of planes. Limited stops. Berths, as large as twin beds, for every passenger. Stewardess service on all trips. Unexcelled hot meals served without charge.

From Chicago, Boston, Detroit and other major cities also, American passengers enjoy overnight Skysleeper Service to California.

Quick Facts About American's Southern Sunshine Route

	Altitude Above Sea Level (Ft.)	Av. Winter Temper. (Daytime)
Nashville	560	52°
Memphis	258	64°
Ft. Worth	650	72°
Tucson	2500	74°
Phoenix	1100	74°
Los Angeles	460	72°
Average for entire route (N.Y. to L.A.)	1021 Ft.	61.3°

For Reservations Call Your Travel Agent— or American Airlines



AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

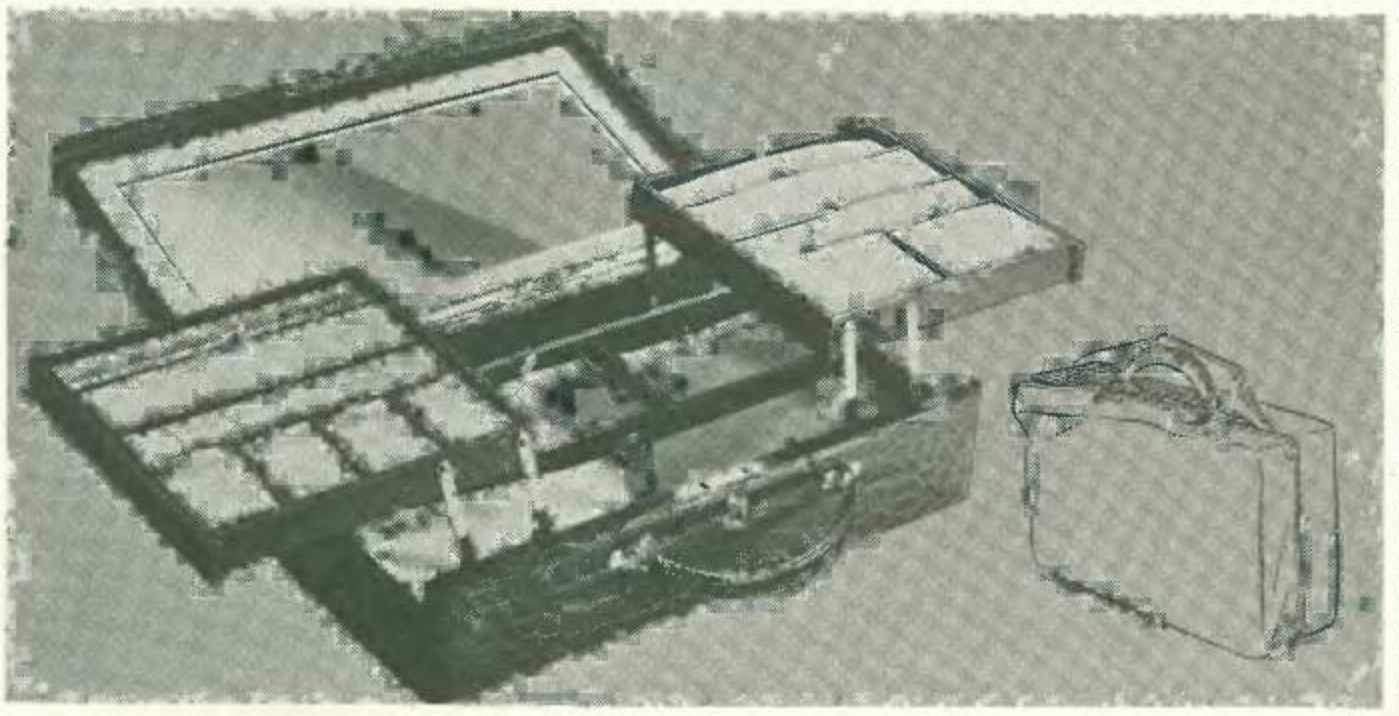
A *Truly* *Unusual* Fruit

The unusual hostess recognizes St. Francis Fancy Peeled Nectarines at once as an opportunity to serve something "different." Too deliciously delicate and fragile to ship fresh so they come only in tins. Try them—the only peeled nectarines on the market.

Get them at—*New York:* Gristede Bros., Inc.; Sheffield Farms ★ *Chicago:* Centrella Food Stores; O'Donnell's ★ *Evanston, Ill.:* Smithfield Foods ★ *Philadelphia:* Thomas C. Fluke Company ★ *Los Angeles:* The Gotham; Young's Market Co.; Albert T. Balzer Co., Ltd. ★ *Pasadena:* The Model Grocery Co. ★ *San Francisco:* L. D. McLean Co.; Simon Bros. ★ *Seattle:* Frederick & Nelson and at other fine stores. If *St. Francis Nectarines* are not available in your locality, send $4.25 for a case of 12 large 2½ size tins, postpaid—*H. C. Merritt, Jr., Tagus Ranch, Tulare, California.*

St. Francis FANCY PEELED
NECTARINES
from California's world famous
TAGUS RANCH

TO A LADY BEARING JEWELS



Cartier INC.

Cartier has created this Crocodile Traveling Jewel Bag especially for the lady of today. It has been designed particularly for the new, heavy, gold jewelry popular right now, as well as for older valued pieces. The two upper trays pivot up and out, making an extended tray and revealing a larger tray in the bottom of the case. This case, priced at **$190** (others from $65 to $190), is exclusive with Cartier. It exemplifies the unusual kind of gifts to be found at this establishment. Even more commonplace articles here are distinguished by the Cartier tradition of original craftsmanship. No Cartier creation is ever duplicated by us.

LONDON • FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PARIS

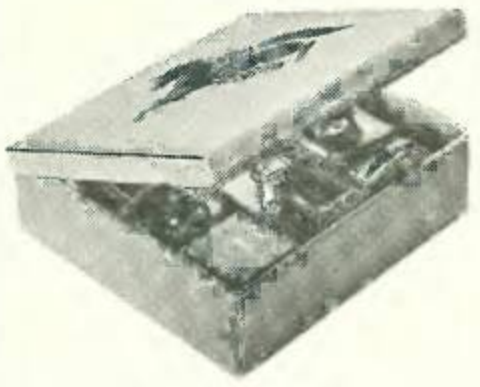
Bill Good, who is said to have lifted greater weights than any other strong man in America. For his poundage, estimated as half that of the Old Male and a third that of the World's Largest, Bill has comparatively superior chest and arm circumferences, and while Mr. Hoffman conceded that it would be "reasonable to believe that a gorilla three times as large as Bill would be several times as strong," he found comfort in the fact that "it wouldn't have three times Bill's ability to put 360 pounds to arm's length overhead. . . . For the gorilla would be trained to lift from the ground, rather than overhead." Mr. Hoffman concluded that the gorilla comes by his enormous chest largely through pounding it, and he left his readers with a paragraph which is passed along with the recommendation that you take a deep breath before embarking on its second sentence:

I hope that this comparison of the strength of men and gorillas has been interesting and perhaps has carried a lesson. That developing the chest to barrel like proportions through heavy exercise and deep breathing immediately afterwards while the body has an insatiable craving for more and more air development aided by weight training while practicing heavy breathing, will make men larger, stronger and better developed too.

Mr. Hoffman is one of the most ardent advocates of apparatus in the field, and the advertising space of his magazine is almost completely occupied by the York Barbell Company, in whose pie he seems to have most of his fingers. The sort of competition which is said to be the lifeblood of industry is constantly being waged between Charles Atlas, Inc., and such dumbbell-and-elastic-cable boosters as Mr. Hoffman. In his advertisements, Mr. Atlas asks his prospective students to "Give me just 7 days! I'll PROVE to you that I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN," without the use of "mechanical contraptions to strain your heart and other organs;" and the York Barbell Company's advertisements counter with such lines as "We have never blatantly announced

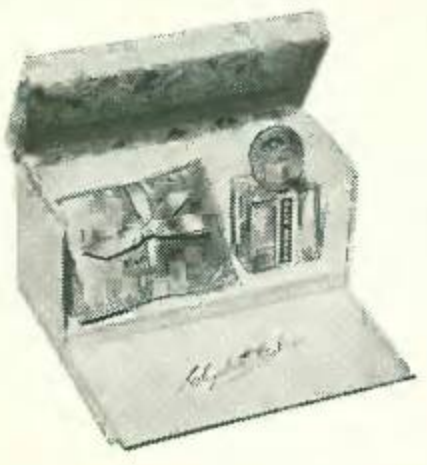
Gifts in Blue Grass

A Blue Grass Trio . . . including $12.50 bottle of Blue Grass, Travel Atomizer, Jeweled Looking-Glass Lipstick . . $25.00



The Entire Blue Grass Sequence in a Pink Satin Box $40.00

Eau de Toilette in Blue Grass . . . the handsomest modern design $10.00



Blue Grass Sachet and Perfume ensemble $7.50

Blue Grass Perfume . . . $3.75 . $6.00, $12.00 . $20.00 . $32.50 and $60.00

Blue Grass Bath Luxury Box . . . Eau de Toilette, Hand Soap, concentrated Bath Salts and Dusting Powder . . . $11.00

Blue Grass Bath Box . . . Blue Grass Hand Soap, Dusting Powder and concentrated Bath Salts $9.00

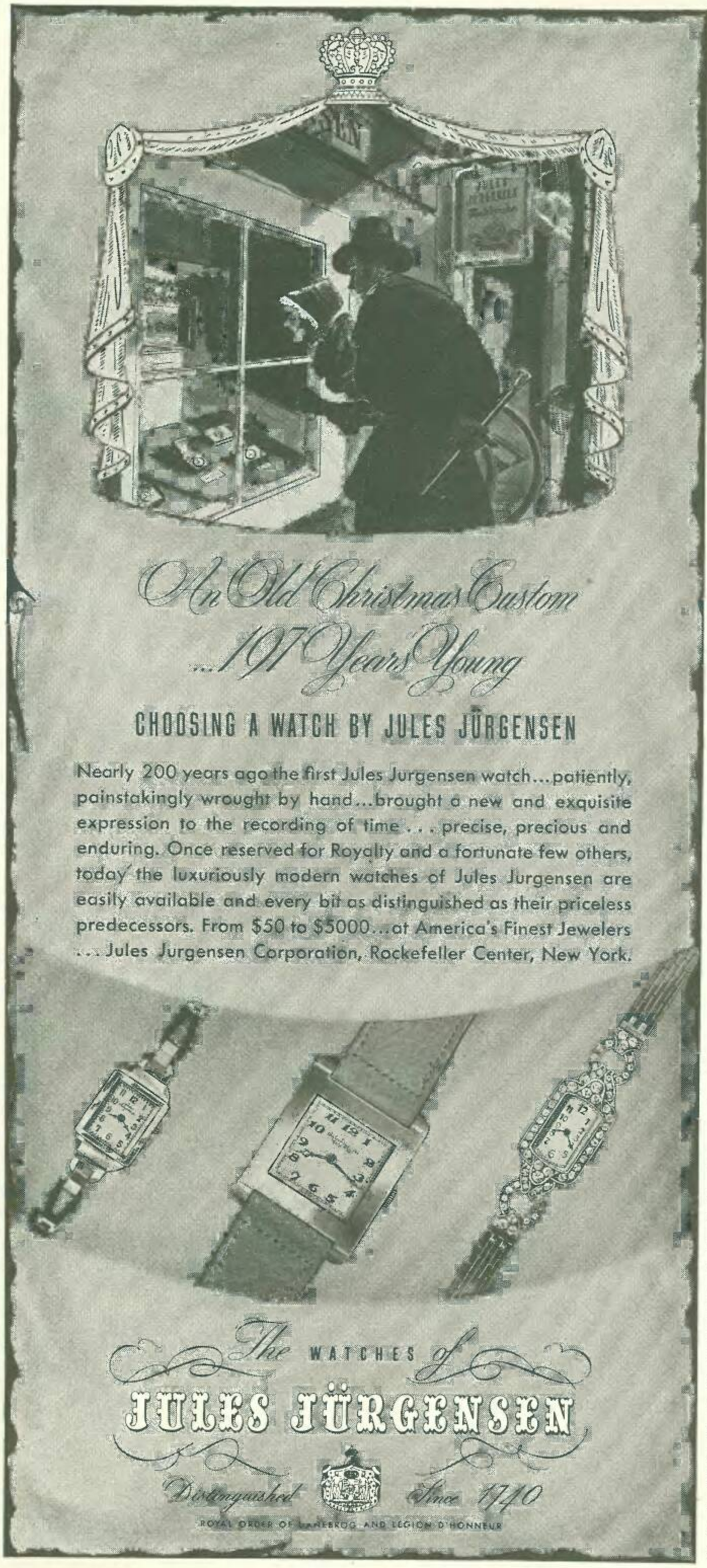
Blue Grass Perfume and Make-Up Set, including Illusion and Cameo Powders, Cream Rouge, Blue Grass Scented Lipstick, $9.75

Blue Grass Eau de Toilette in a cut glass bottle $4.50

AT SMART SHOPS EVERYWHERE

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

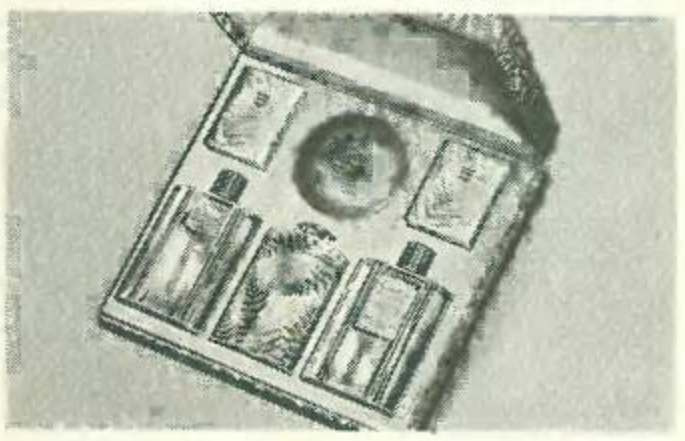


that in 'so many days we will put so many inches on your body.' Common sense tells you that it is pure hokum." The York Barbell Company sings praises of such articles as the Giant Crusher Grip, a steel-spring device to develop the "crushing, heaving and pushing muscles," and the Head Gear, which enables the athlete to suspend weights from his head and thus produce a neck whose owner "is quickly recognized as a powerful, virile man."

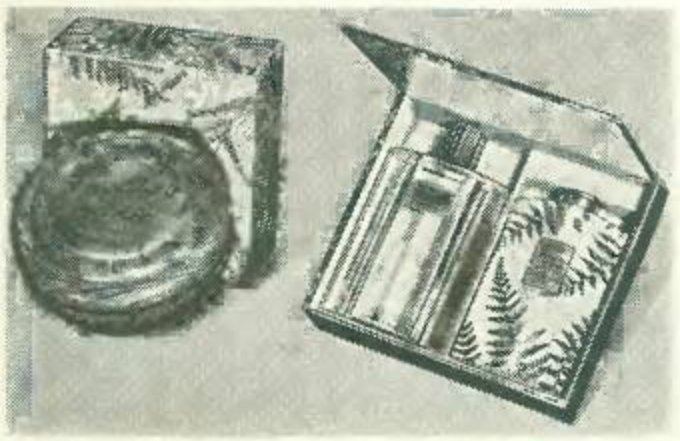
Last winter the competition grew so hot that it came under the scrutiny of the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Atlas complained that Mr. Hoffman had called him names and published untruths about him in his magazine, *Strength & Health*, and otherwise violated the spirit of fair competition. *Time*, the weekly news magazine, thought the matter sufficiently quixotic to report at length in its department on business and finance. Mr. Hoffman, *Time* alleged, appeared before the Commission in Washington with a troupe of bounding heavyweights and personally stood on his thumbs. Impressed but not convinced, the F.T.C. reserved decision.

As Mr. Roman points out, the Atlas promise of quick development *has* to be a valid one. The student pays for and receives the course in installments, and if the first lessons didn't convince him that he was on the right track to massive muscles, he would very likely fail to keep up his payments. The regular price of $25 ($3 down) includes a ten-volume "Encyclopedia of Sex Information," consultation privileges, and a chance at one of the four sterling-silver loving cups awarded every year to the students showing the greatest physical improvement. If the quarry is not bagged with the first few prospectuses, the fee is gradually reduced, in "follow-up" communications, to $12.50, and, finally, $5, though at the latter price the pupil receives all the lessons at once and apparently forgoes the opportunities of adding to his sexual knowledge and his mantel decorations. According to Mr. Roman, no pupil has ever applied for a refund of his payment under the terms of Charles Atlas's Money-Back Agreement. On the contrary, hundreds of ecstatic graduates of the school flock to the mecca of physical culture on East Twenty-third Street to see the Master in the flesh, and one ardent devotee hitchhiked from San Francisco just to tell Charles Atlas how much he appreciated what he had done for him. Another young Westerner, in compendious bi-weekly letters, ad-

Give him Luxury



Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $5.00. Contains Shaving Cream in smart Plastic Bowl . . . After Shaving Lotion . . . Talcum Powder . . . Hair Lotion . . . and two Cakes of famous Fougère Royale Soap.



LEFT: Famous Fougère Royale Shaving Bowl of wood . . . . . $1.00 A luxury gift at a low cost.

RIGHT: Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $1.50. Contains After Shaving Lotion and Talcum Powder. The twin shaving luxuries that are necessities.

THIS CHRISTMAS give him something extravagantly luxurious at moderate cost—*a Fougère Royale Gift Set.*

★

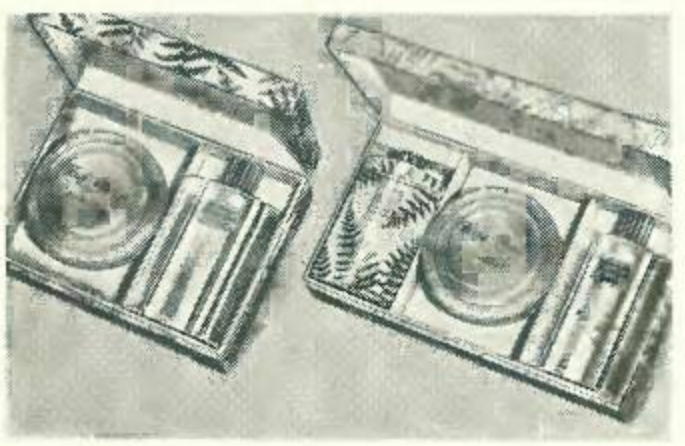
The cult of the Fougère Royale shave began with After-Shave Lotion, that cocktail for the face, with the woodsy fragrance of the Royal Fern.

Next came the *Fougère Royale* Shaving Bowl—six months of miraculous shaves in a wooden bowl. Then—*Fougère Royale* After-Shave Talcum in *masculine* skin tones. And finally, *Fougère Royale Hair Lotion* with a tingle for your scalp and strict orders for your hair to behave.

★

The big idea of *Fougère Royale* is simple—*superlative quality*. We promise you that any man will be all in a lather about it.

Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $3.75. Contains Shaving Cream . . . After Shaving Lotion . . . Talcum Powder . . . Hair Lotion . . . Face Soap.



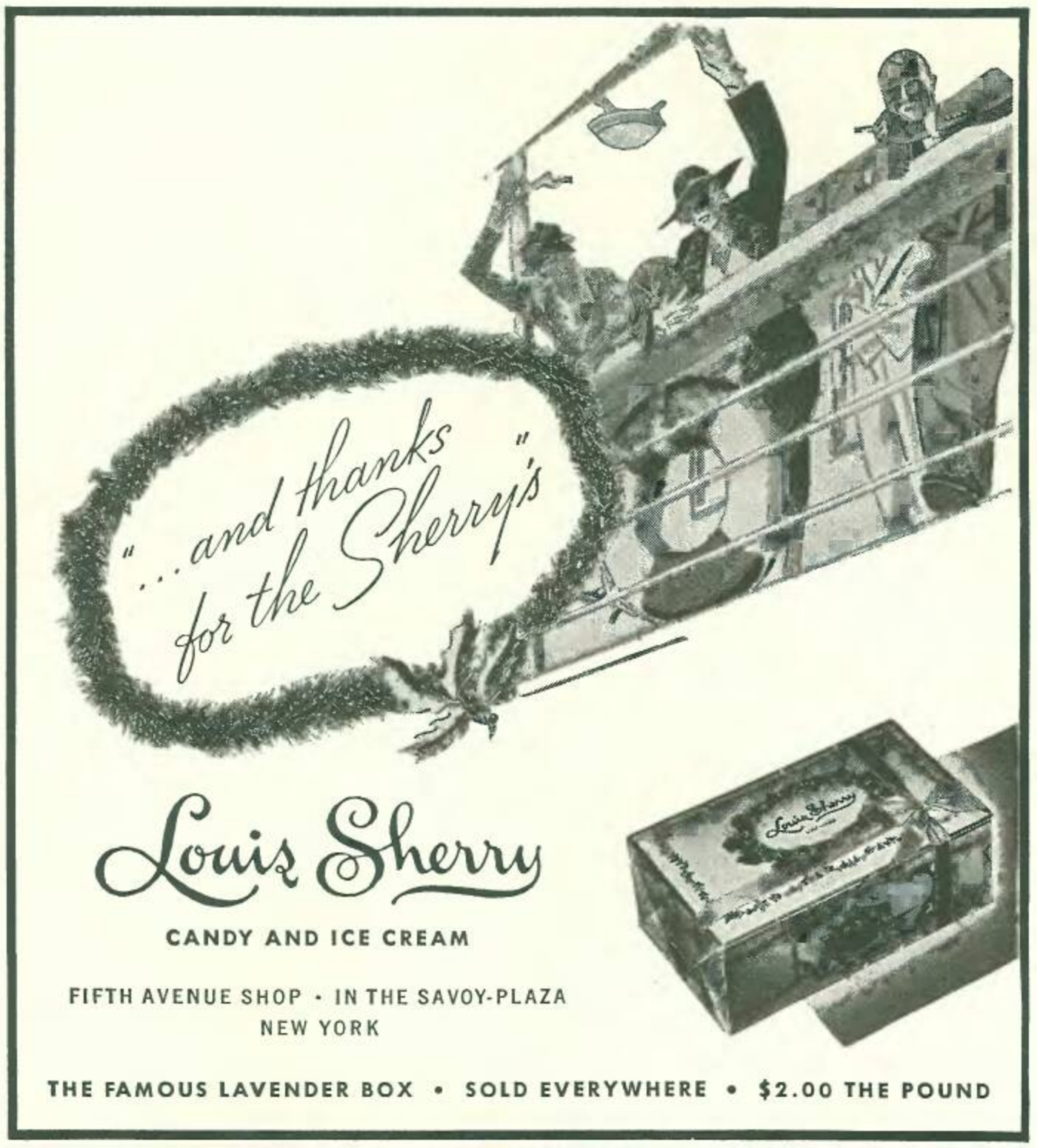
LEFT: Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $2.00. Contains Wooden Shaving Bowl . . . and After Shaving Lotion. A gift no man can fail to appreciate.

RIGHT: Fougère Royale Gift Set . . . $2.75. Contains Wooden Bowl of Shaving Soap . . . After Shaving Lotion . . . and Talcum Powder.

FOUGERE ROYALE

Pronounced Foo-air Roy-al (Royal Fern)

by HOUBIGANT



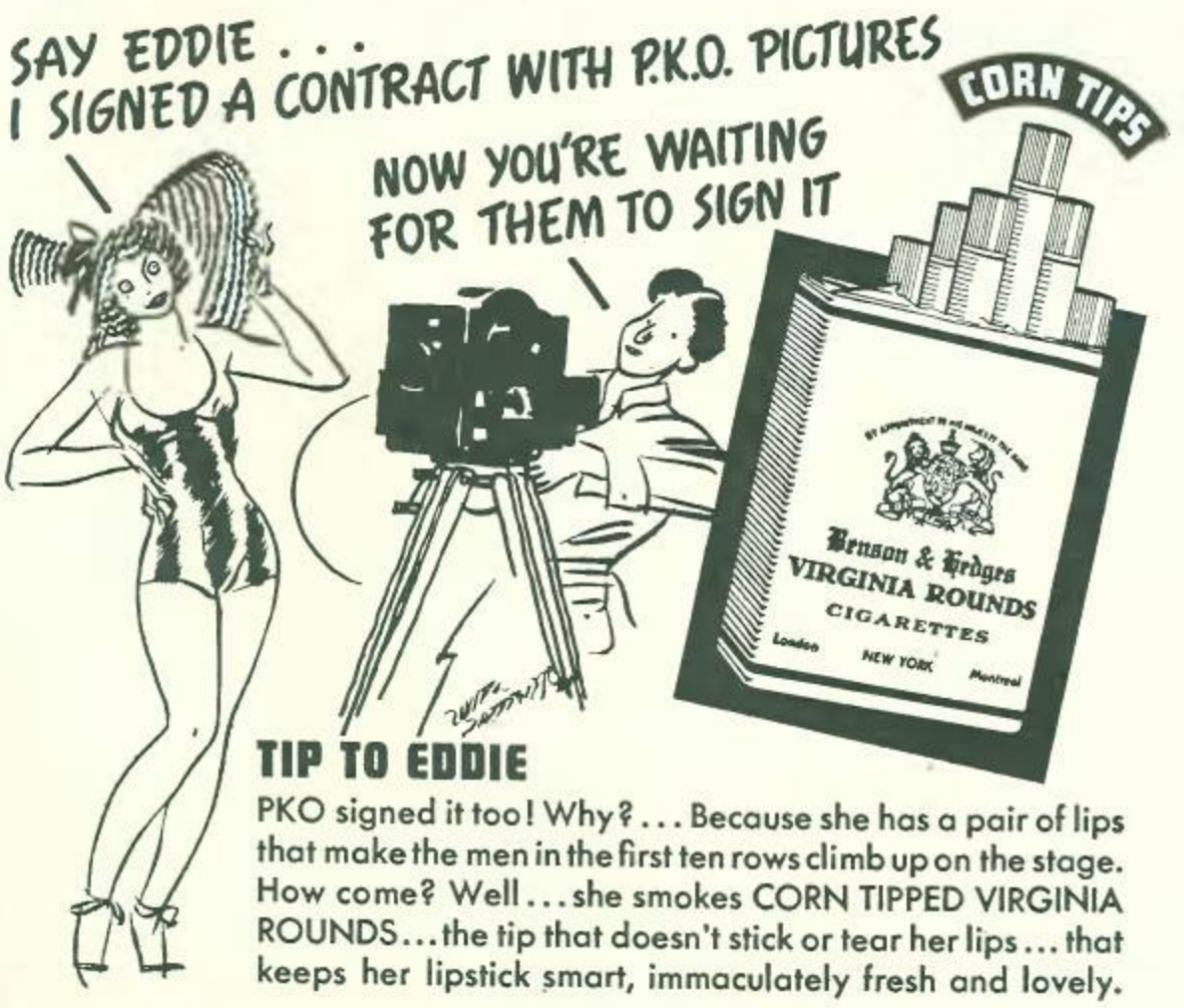
Louis Sherry

CANDY AND ICE CREAM

FIFTH AVENUE SHOP · IN THE SAVOY-PLAZA
NEW YORK

THE FAMOUS LAVENDER BOX • SOLD EVERYWHERE • $2.00 THE POUND

AROUND THE TOWN WITH
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
by RUSSELL PATTERSON



TIP TO EDDIE

PKO signed it too! Why? . . . Because she has a pair of lips that make the men in the first ten rows climb up on the stage. How come? Well . . . she smokes CORN TIPPED VIRGINIA ROUNDS . . . the tip that doesn't stick or tear her lips . . . that keeps her lipstick smart, immaculately fresh and lovely.

FREE—Every Week 5 Walnut Cigarette Humidors—monogram—and 200 Virginia Rounds are given away to the writers of the 5 funniest 'GAGS' (this ad is an example). Ask your dealer for Free Entry Blank or write us.
435 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LONDON • MONTREAL BENSON & HEDGES NEW YORK • NEWPORT

dresses his idol as "Dear Dad," and signs "Your fond Son;" the burden of these latter messages, apart from the painstaking chronicle of the young man's daily doings, is that he won't be happy until Mr. Atlas sanctions some sort of spiritual father-and-son relationship between them. Mr. Atlas is punctilious about replying to any letter concerning a pupil's physical progress, but he hasn't got around to framing an answer to this particular correspondence.

IT is with a sigh of relief that the spectator of the apparatus-versus-Dynamic-Tension controversy comes upon Mr. Joe Bonomo, an eminent leader in the bicep-building profession who has taken the middle way. His $5 course includes the Bonomo Progressive Exerciser and Bone-Crusher Hand Grips, but he recommends nothing more elaborate than those. His $1 "Mr. & Mrs. Row-Away Exerciser" will "reduce the family waist" by pitting wife and husband against one another with a simple strip of canvas between them, and his twenty-five-cent journals, "Beautify Your Figure" (female) and "The Best That's in You" (male), recommend the use of not a single device apart from the innocuous skipping rope and the homely chair.

In October, 1921, Joe Bonomo won the title of the Modern Apollo in a competition conducted under the joint aegis of the *Daily News* and Hope Hampton Productions, Inc., and with it a movie contract. After the statue of the Apollo of the Belvedere had been scaled down, it was discovered, by some obscure system of journalistic calculation, that Joe's neck was a quarter inch smaller than that of the hypothetical flesh-and-blood Apollo; his biceps, relaxed, and his wrist, thigh, and height the same; his forearm an inch smaller and his reach an inch shorter; his waist an inch larger; and his calf a half-inch smaller. Joe appeared in such films as "The Chinatown Mystery," "Beasts of Paradise," and "The Sea Tiger." In "The Island of Lost Souls," his superior physique earned him the rôle of the fang-toothed Lion Man. He prospered under the unofficial, billboard titles of Hercules of the Screen, World's Most Perfect Strong Man, and World's Strongest Human, although his right to this last was contested by other strong men. Having started life as a weakling (as did every other strength promoter whose history is available), Joe decided to impart his wisdom to the world via the correspondence course. For a number of years he operated from Hollywood, but

"DON'T LOOK NOW—BUT THAT'S WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"

Give her a Hoover and you give her the best

Nearly 700,000 husbands have given the Hoover for Christmas

It's the all 'round gift for all the year 'round to make cleaning easier for every woman who owns it. This Christmas there's a Hoover Cleaning Ensemble for every house and housewife. It is the new idea in cleaning—a rug and furniture cleaner in one ensemble. ***Saves her strength*** —easy to use—made lighter with magnesium. ***Saves her time*** — converts instantly from rug to furniture cleaner. Convenient rug adjustment. Handy Cleaning Kit. Electric Dirt Finder. ***Saves rugs***— Hoover's exclusive, patented Positive Agitation removes nap-cutting embedded grit. ***Thrills her***—with the beauty of its new streamline design by Henry Dreyfuss.

THE HOOVER IS NOT EXPENSIVE

Here are the three Hoover models—each a great value in its field. Choose the one that suits your needs.

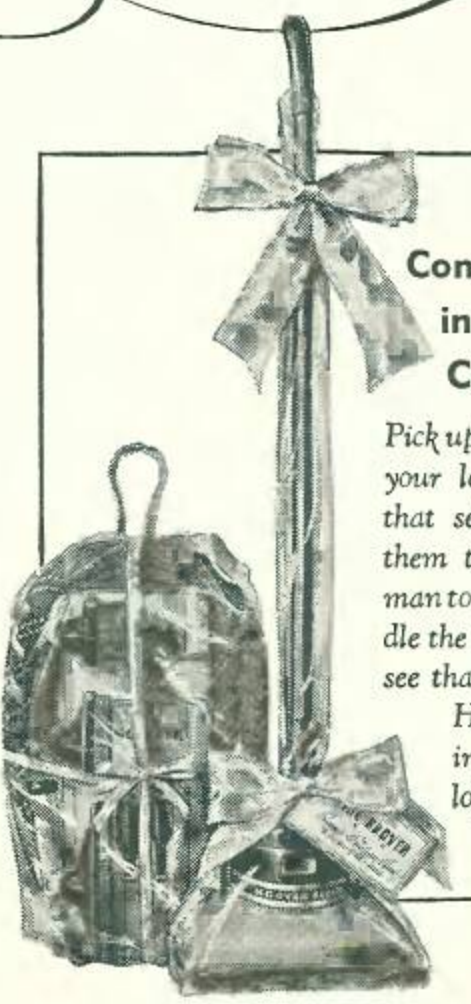
Hoover Cleaning Ensembles
(30th Anniversary Hoovers with Positive Agitation)

New Hoover Model 25 Cleaning Ensemble at a new low price, illustrated.
Cleaner only **$65.00**
Cleaning Tools **$14.50**

Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble with automatic rug adjuster, time-to-empty signal, two speeds.
Cleaner only **$79.50**
Cleaning Tools **$16.50**

Also the low-priced Hoover "300", full size, quality built. Cleaner ... **$49.75**
Cleaning Tools **$14.50**

You can buy a Hoover for as little as $1.00 a week, payable monthly. There is a small carrying charge on extended payments.



Comes Wrapped in Christmas Cellophane

Pick up your phone—call your leading local store that sells Hoovers. Tell them to send a Hoover man to see you. He'll handle the whole thing—and see that your Christmas Hoover is delivered in a handsome cellophane package.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS AT BROOKS BROTHERS

English Foulard Handkerchiefs, $1.75 to $9

Fitted Dressing Cases, $16 to $275

English Pipes, $6.50 to $16

Tobacco Pouches, $3 to $4.50

Dressing Gowns, $8 to $90

Neckties, $1.75 to $5.75

Sweaters from Scotland, $10 to $35

Gloves, $2 to $25

Chamois Shirts, $22 to $26

Sporting Crystal Jewelry, $28 to $58

Matched Studs, Cuff Links
and Waistcoat Buttons, $25 to $150

English Wool Socks, $1.25 to $5.50

Brooks Luggage, $28 to $90

Peal Luggage, $52 to $260

Travelling Clocks, $21 to $38

Mufflers, $3.25 to $18

Brooks Christmas Gifts can be purchased in our New York store, our Wall Street branch, our Boston branch, from our travelling representatives now visiting fifty-one cities from coast to coast—or by mail. Write for the special Christmas Number of BROOKS-Illustrated *and* CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS, *a convenient checking list of several hundred gifts, grouped in price classifications ranging from "$50 and More" down to "Less than $5."*

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. · NEW YORK
NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET · BOSTON
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET · NEW YORK

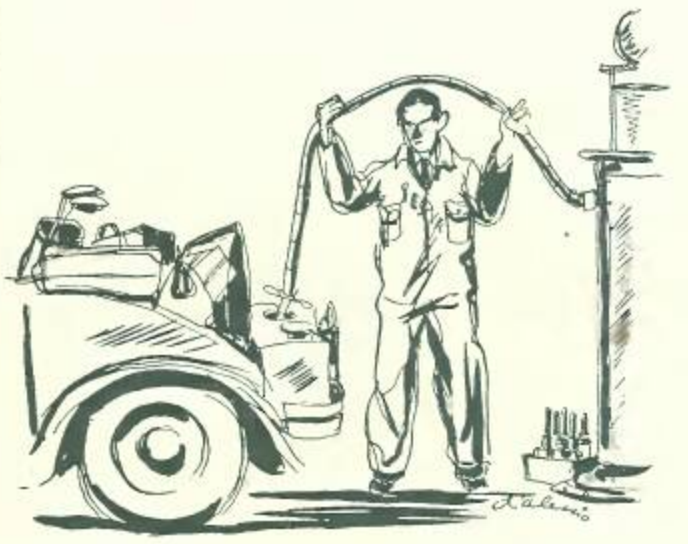
he has recently moved to Brooklyn, where he has taken on the position of sales manager of the Bonomo Candy & Nut Corporation, a concern founded by his father, which produces, among many other confections, Hercules Peanuts.

In the saccharine air of the "Bonomo Building," as the factory is termed in the literature of Joe's muscle-making course, one may pore over a scrapbook which contains such autobiographical fragments as this, winnowed from a newspaper interview after he had wrestled a man in a Kansas City arena:

> "I was brought up on candy from my papa's candy factory," he said, flexing his terrible biceps. "Jelly beans, candy corn, licorice whips, jawbreakers and chocolate made a man of me. I used to be an anemic little newsboy before papa went into the candy business."

This may seem like a contradiction when placed alongside the admonition, in "The Best That's in You," to "go easy on sweets." But this sort of thing is readily forgiven in a man who has been written of as both an "anemic little newsboy" and "the son of the millionaire candy merchant." As his chronicle is unfolded in the diverse clippings in his albums, he appears as a three-letter high-school athlete who, apparently after the movies had claimed him, found time to win the same three letters at Columbia and/or West Point.

Joe has given up the annual motion-picture contest which he used to conduct among his students, affording the winner a free trip to Hollywood and introductions to movie studios ("I hadda give 'em something to pin their hopes on"). He will sell his $19 course in muscle development for $5 now, and he has stopped advertising it. Joe's old "personal instruction" system is looking for an angel. His ghost-writer has prepared "A History and a Presentation of the Bonomo Physical Culture School," a typewritten prospectus designed to lure a backer, which puts forth the claim that a monthly advertising appropriation of $7,000, lavished on the Bonomo concern, would return a net profit of



FRISKO

The greatest Game on Earth!

The Roaring Game of the Barbary Coast

HERE'S a dice game that's more exciting than your first circus. Duck soup to learn. Even slow pokes catch on in a minute or two. Then, before you know it, there's a riot in full swing. And even stuffy Mrs. Whosis is acting perfectly human. Down comes her hair, and whoops!... another inhibition flits out the window. ¶ Yes, the Whosises are staying the evening...you can make a side bet on that. But, who cares?

Let 'em stay all night. FRISKO'S such fun you'll never want to quit. ¶ FRISKO is a snooty looking job with everything for two or a crowd. A paradise for plungers and a raft of fun for little money. Expensive looking betting tiles, deeply embossed and beautifully enamelled. Three dice, dice cup and a slew of chips... the works impressively packaged in cork. A GIFT at $2. Slightly more in the West.

Featured in these and many other fine stores everywhere

NEW YORK CITY

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
Gimbel Brothers, Inc.
Hearn Department Stores, Inc.
Schultz, 122 Nassau Street
F. A. O. Schwarz
A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Stern Brothers
Spiegel Novelty Co., 17 Ann St.

BROOKLYN

Abraham & Straus, Inc.
Frederick Loeser & Co.
The Namm Store

CONNECTICUT

Mead Stationery Co., Greenwich

NEW JERSEY

L. Bamberger & Co., Newark
Hahne & Company, Newark
Kresge Dept. Store, Newark
Tepper Brothers, Plainfield
East Orange Toy Shop, East Orange
Levy Brothers, Elizabeth
Meyer Brothers, Paterson
S. Goldstein, Jersey City

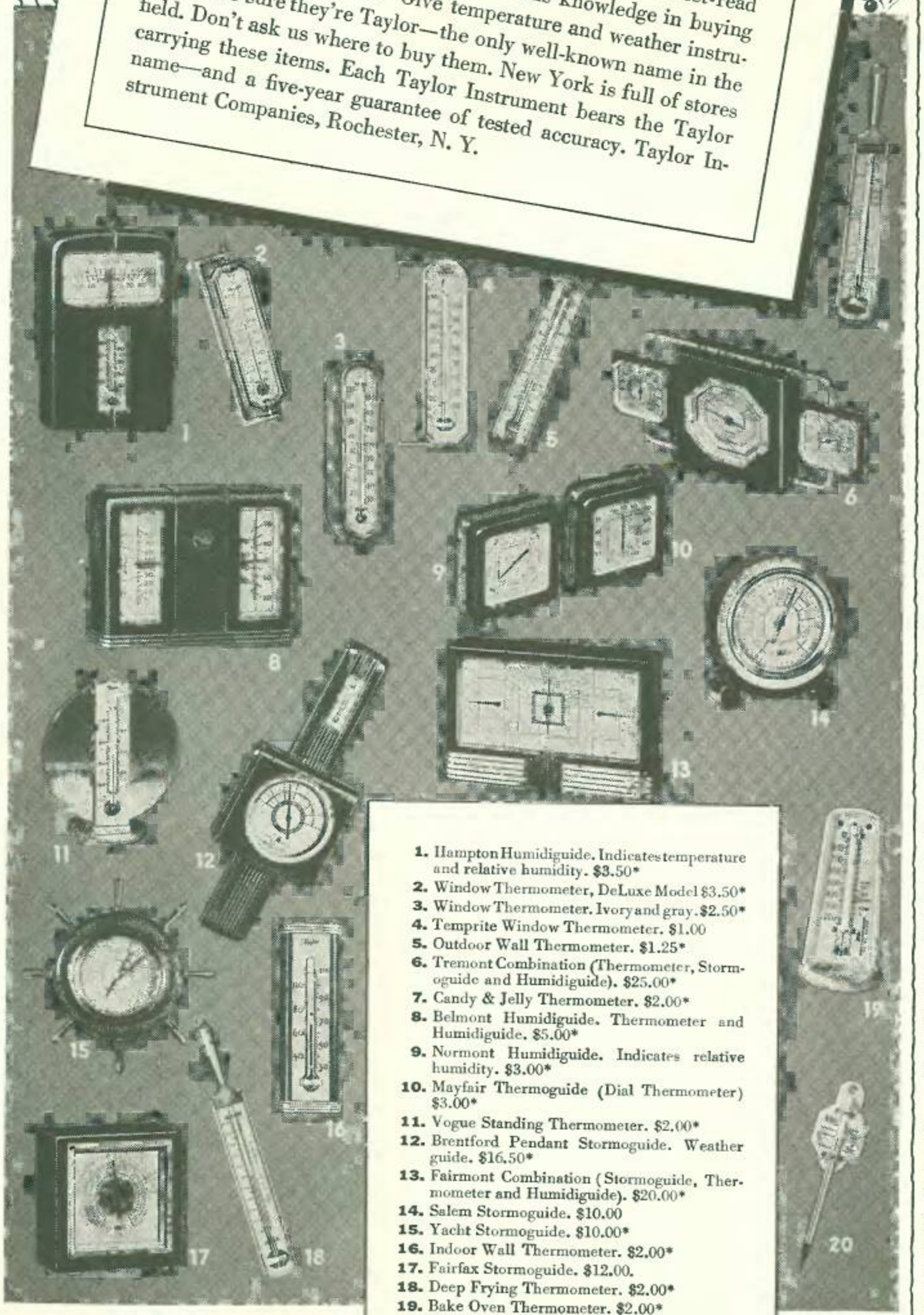
If dealer can't supply, send $2.25 for FRISKO, special delivery prepaid—The EMBOSSING COMPANY, Albany, N. Y

20 WAYS TO SAY—

Merry Christmas

. . . and be a little different this year

A recent survey showed that Weather is just about the best-read thing in your newspaper. Why not use this knowledge in buying Christmas Gifts this year? Give temperature and weather instruments. Be sure they're Taylor—the only well-known name in the field. Don't ask us where to buy them. New York is full of stores carrying these items. Each Taylor Instrument bears the Taylor name—and a five-year guarantee of tested accuracy. Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y.



1. Hampton Humidiguide. Indicates temperature and relative humidity. $3.50*
2. Window Thermometer, DeLuxe Model $3.50*
3. Window Thermometer. Ivory and gray. $2.50*
4. Temprite Window Thermometer. $1.00
5. Outdoor Wall Thermometer. $1.25*
6. Tremont Combination (Thermometer, Stormoguide and Humidiguide). $25.00*
7. Candy & Jelly Thermometer. $2.00*
8. Belmont Humidiguide. Thermometer and Humidiguide. $5.00*
9. Normont Humidiguide. Indicates relative humidity. $3.00*
10. Mayfair Thermoguide (Dial Thermometer) $3.00*
11. Vogue Standing Thermometer. $2.00*
12. Brentford Pendant Stormoguide. Weather guide. $16.50*
13. Fairmont Combination (Stormoguide, Thermometer and Humidiguide). $20.00*
14. Salem Stormoguide. $10.00
15. Yacht Stormoguide. $10.00*
16. Indoor Wall Thermometer. $2.00*
17. Fairfax Stormoguide. $12.00.
18. Deep Frying Thermometer. $2.00*
19. Bake Oven Thermometer. $2.00*
20. Roast Meat Thermometer. $1.50*

Taylor **INSTRUMENTS**

**Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi and in Canada.*

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

over $7,500 a month, since "the volume of business possible in a school of this type depends wholly on the advertising and promotional activities expended."

Despite the fortunes evidently to be made in it, conditions in the muscle industry seem somewhat unsettled just now. Perhaps it is because in America, as George F. Jowett of the Jowett Institute of Physical Culture, Inc., privately laments, "this science is not accepted in the true sense of the word. We are handicapped by medical prejudice. . . ." Mr. Jowett's $37 Complete Health and Muscle Building Course is advertised with no great fervor these days, and seems to have given way in popularity to Mr. Jowett's twenty-five-cent booklets on the various subdivisions of muscle culture. Earle Liederman's nude and mighty torso no longer beckons to strength-seekers from the advertising pages of our journals. (Charles Roman says he now recites poetry for an Atlantic City radio station.) The renowned Lionel Strongfort, whose redundant patronymic was once a synonym for all physical developers, has, according to the Bonomo prospectus, "retired to his vast estates in Germany," and such erstwhile fountainheads of the Higher Physical Culture as Titus and Breitbart have passed away. Bob Hoffman, not content with editing a magazine and manufacturing barbells on the side, has become half-owner of an oil-burner company and now dissipates his matchless energy in the presumably sedentary duties of president, which must leave him little time for standing on his thumbs. In view of these evidences of crisis in the industry, it would seem incumbent on every sincere body-builder to be in there fighting, for the inspiration of the students of the art of body-building must be the example of the leaders in it. The business opportunist who makes it possible for Joe Bonomo to resume his postal professorship of the Higher Physical Culture will be doing the industry as well as flaccid mankind a service.

Joe echoes the conviction of his confreres in his private boast that "I can do anything I tell you I can if you'll do as I tell you. If I was to say to you, 'You pull these cables so many times a day,' and you did like I said, pretty soon your collar would be too tight, your coat would bulge out, and you'd have just the kind of muscles you ordered off me." Courses like Joe's have culled from the archives of familiar calisthenics the exercises designed to build great strength, and, if they are diligently pursued, there seems to be

MARTELL
COGNAC *Brandy*

Favorite Holiday Recipes

requiring Cognac Brandy, each one of which is at its best when the Cognac Brandy is MARTELL

Cocktails

The Side Car—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ Curacao (white), few drops lime juice. Ice and shake well.

Brandy Old Fashioned—Dissolve one lump of sugar in a few drops of water. Add one drink of MARTELL, dash of bitters and ice. Add half-slice of orange and a cherry.

Brandy Alexander—⅓ MARTELL, ⅓ Creme de Cacao, ⅓ cream. Ice and shake well.

After Dinner

MARTELL Cognac Brandy has been the favorite after-dinner liqueur for generation after generation of connoisseurs. Serve with the "demi-tasse".

Stinger—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ white Creme de Menthe. Ice, shake well and serve in cocktail glass.

For All Occasions

Brandy-and-Soda—1 drink of MARTELL in tall glass, add ice and soda-water. The favorite highball of the Continent.

Brandy Egg-Nogg—1 drink of MARTELL, ½ pint of milk, 1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar, 1 egg. Shake well, strain into tall tumbler, grate nutmeg on top.

Hot Brandy Toddy—1 teaspoonful of sugar dissolved in boiling water, 1 wine-glass of MARTELL. Fill tumbler ⅔ with boiling water. Grate nutmeg on top.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDIES include MARTELL "Three Star", MARTELL 20-year old, MARTELL Cordon Bleu, and MARTELL Cordon Argent. *(80 Proof)*

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

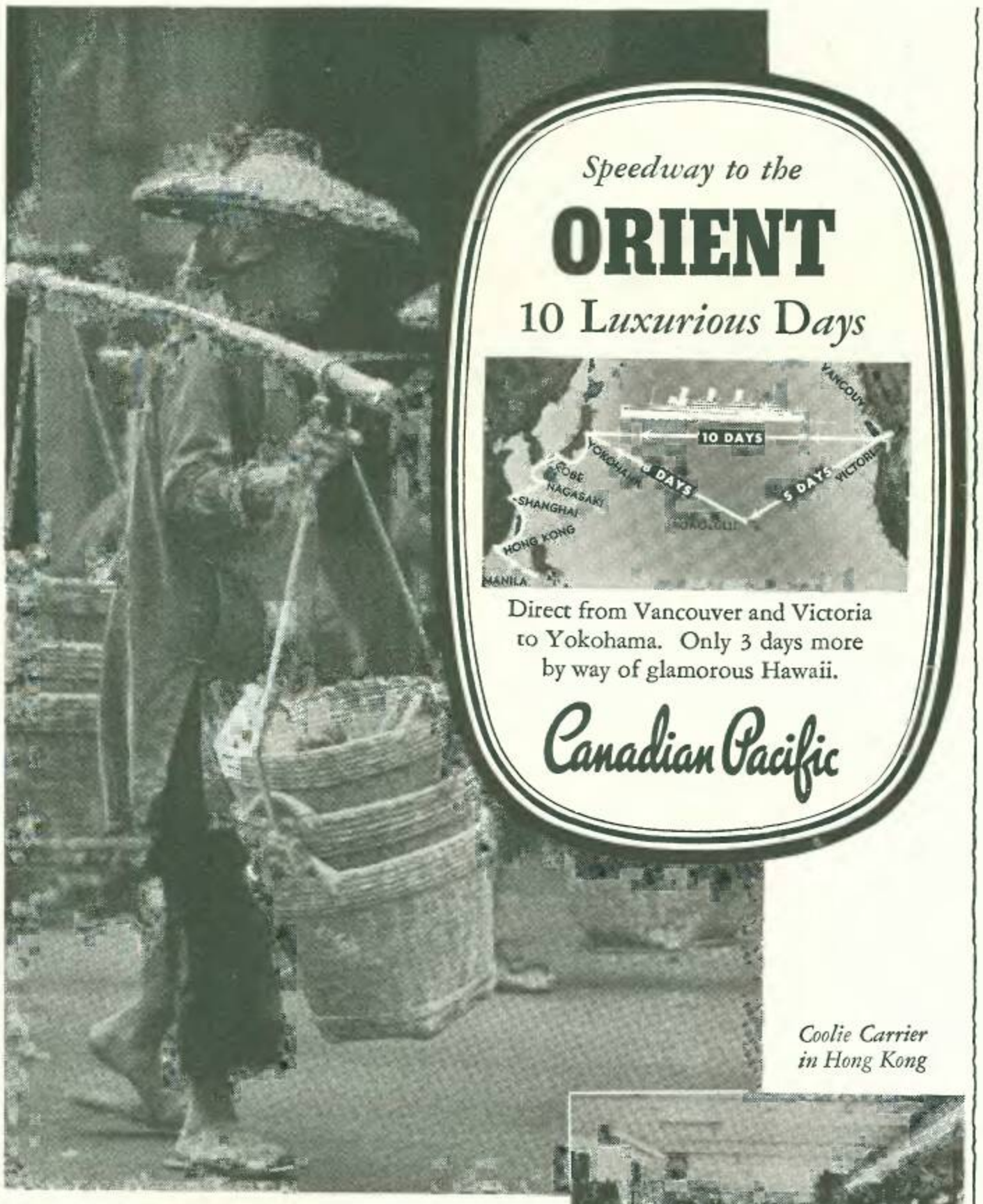
Bottled in Cognac, France since 1715

For over 222 years, the pre-eminent gift of France to the World's Holiday Festivities.

—the traditional gift to those who appreciate the BEST in Cognac Brandy.

84 PROOF

Imported Exclusively by **PARK & TILFORD** *Import Corp., New York, N. Y.*



nothing to stop their followers from attaining almost any degree of muscular development short of that of the Old Male of Karasimbi. As in any art, self-discipline and continued application are essential if the practitioner would achieve the summit of muscular creation. Given the desire—and what could better stimulate it than modern, compelling advertising?—today's weakling has an unprecedented opportunity to mold himself into a man of might. In the privacy of his home, by devoting as little time as twenty minutes a day to progressively strenuous exercises—with or without paraphernalia, let it be said impartially—he can develop himself to the point where, either professionally or for the amazement of his friends, he can perform such feats as those George F. Jowett tantalizingly dangles before the eyes of his prospective pupils:

1. Lift a man of your own body weight overhead with one hand.
2. Lift 1500 lbs. to a ton of weight.
3. Tear a deck of cards or a telephone book into halves.
4. Walk with a couple of hundred pounds in each hand.
5. Bend spikes with two or with one hand.
6. Break spikes with the hands or jaw.

—Carlton Brown

•

PERSHING SQUARE

I know these feet have crossed it,
That strange, elusive place;
I've glimpsed it, then I've lost it—
Dissolved without a trace.

For who can rightly bound it,
What citizen can swear
That he has walked around it?
Oh, where is Pershing Square!

Its neighborhood is reckoned
(Topographers remark)
The street called Forty-second,
The avenue called Park.

I note its name, but never
Can follow to its lair
That bourne of vain endeavor.
Oh, where is Pershing Square!

What bard shall sing its glories
And wonders manifold,
Its piles of countless stories
With battlements of gold,

With trellises of roses
And fountains bright and fair?
Its secret none discloses.
Oh, where is Pershing Square!

—Arthur Guiterman

PANTRY-SNATCHERS' DELIGHT

WISE PICKLE-PILFERERS, THESE! Caught in the act, they confess that the temptation held by a jar of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle has overwhelmed them. They know Mother won't check it against their pre-Christmas behavior records, for these crunchy slices of jade are as good for them as a green salad!

PICKLE DISHES REAPPEAR once more on smart dinner tables. They're crystal now, instead of cut-glass, but the pickle is the same as of old! For it's Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle—the re-creation of a taste America couldn't forget!

"LAND SAKES!" When Grandmother first tasted Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle, she said, "I make them that way myself." And so she does!

SOMNAMBULISTS head straight for the refrigerator when there's a jar of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle inside! And midnight snackateers declare that before retiring, a sandwich of this delicacy—crisp, flavorful, not-sweet-not-sour—is perfection in gustatory nightcaps!

A CRUNCHY HUNCH for lunch or dinner, as this young lady knows, is "Keep a dish of Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle within reach of everyone!" Use it to garnish meats—as a sandwich filler—with canapés. And partake of it liberally to revive lagging appetites between meals.

HOME PICKLES MADE BY HEINZ

57

You'd naturally expect Heinz—in making Fresh Cucumber Pickle—to give typical attention to all the nice, "homey" little details. We follow conscientiously a dear old Grandmother's recipe! And we adhere also to Heinz rigid quality standards by using a special strain of pedigreed cucumbers—Heinz pure distilled White Vinegar—rare oriental spices.

Equally toothsome and home-tasting are Heinz Sweet Gherkins, Heinz Chow Chow Pickle, Heinz Dill Pickles. Remember—they are all members of the 57 Varieties!

for keen appreciation WISS GIFT SETS

No. 14 *(below)*—Every woman who loves smart things will appreciate the style and beauty of this compact manicure kit. Set contains complete cutlery equipment, gold-plated. Genuine leather: Red with Pure Irish Linen Lining; Green with Polar Green Lining; or Blue with Nattier Blue Lining. $5.95.

No. 17 BZ *(above)* — One of the finest men's cases we have ever produced. Best imported pigskin lined with real doe-suede in rich shades of claret and brown. Genuine Pigskin with Claret Doe Suede Lining or Genuine Pigskin—Cocoa Brown Doe Suede Lining. $7.00.

No. 12Z *(left)*—A beautiful manicure set small enough to be tucked into the handbag or week-end kit. Scissors and implements are gold-plated. Burgundy Celanese with Blue Blossom Lining; White Washable Leather with Burgoyne Red Lining; Regal Blue Leather with Rose Beige Lining; or Black Leather with Vieux Rose Lining. $4.95.

Make someone happy this Christmas with one of these smart and useful gifts. As appropriate for a man as for a woman, and bound to please. Sent prepaid on receipt of price *if your dealer doesn't carry them.* J. WISS & SONS CO., Dept. O-127, Newark, N. J.

WISS SCISSOR GIFT SETS

Made in Newark since 1848, by the makers of the famous Pinking Shears, $4.95; and Kitchen Shears, $1.25. (Slightly higher in Canada).

No. 2Z *(above)* — Genuine leather and new color combinations make this a gift that will surely please. Nickel or gold handles — 7" and 3½" scissors.

Rust with Rose Beige Lining; Black with Tea Rose Lining; or Green with Lamplight Lining. Gold—$5.95; Nickel — $4.95.

No. 3Z *(right)*—This lovely new zipper case is convenient either for home use or when traveling. Contains three pairs of scissors — 3½", 5" and 7" with gold handles or fully chrome-plated. Brown with Old Gold Lining; Burgundy with Moonstone Lining or Regal Blue with Tea Rose Lining. $7.50.

OF ALL THINGS

THE President and Congress have now agreed to take steps to promote a business revival. The government will not let us have a new depression until we have made a few payments on the old one.

•

Utility magnates are suspicious of the President's peace overtures. They are evidently afraid that the eminent quarterback is trying to draw them into a mousetrap play.

•

The crop-control bill, ninety-seven pages of abstruse mathematics, will certainly cure agricultural unrest. When it was read to the Senate, there was not an open eye in the place.

•

German army chaplains report that the religious controversy has divided the population into two equal parts. Hitler and God were running neck and neck the last time they counted.

•

In the Rand case at New Haven, the judge scored the prosecutor for "attempting to create an atmosphere prejudicial to the defence." We laymen always thought that was why lawyers were born.

•

We are all glad to hear that the social position of the Windsors is showing signs of improvement. They are now allowed to spend money at church bazaars.

•

College fraternities meeting here last week declared that the Social Security Act should not apply to them. They hold that their chapter houses are educational institutions, or reasonably accurate facsimiles.

•

Wall Street may be a business barometer, but Senator Thomas is much more dependable. At the first sign of trouble, he comes out and starts to monkey with the dollar.

•

Hundreds of government employees are now tabulating the cards sent in by the jobless. By January we should know how many people are unemployed and what at.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

DON'T SET THE BRAKES!

TWENTY years ago the United States government took over the American railroads as a war measure.

It gave those roads back to their owners in 1920—on the eve of a depression.

And it gave them back with operating costs thrown all out of balance with income under a law which put rigid limits on earnings but made no provision for future losses.

Then started an uphill job. Stretching ahead of railroad men and management were such tough problems as these:

They had to find ways to meet greatly increased operating costs with lagging revenues.

They had to repair and replace war-worn equipment.

They had to face new forms of competition.

They had to serve a nation increasing in population—extending its industrial frontiers—demanding better transportation than ever before.

And they had to operate under rules, regulations and restrictions more complex and bewildering than those imposed on any other business in America.

It was a job to test courage and challenge enterprise—but the railroads started the long slow climb.

Let us look now at the progress they have made: Great new locomotives have been developed—twice as able as the engines of 17 years ago.

Freight moves today 50% faster than in 1922.

Curves have been straightened — stronger bridges built — thousands of miles of heavier rails laid to make safe speed possible.

Safety has steadily advanced — for passengers and railroad employes — and the magnificent safety record of the railroads has won universal recognition.

Everyone is familiar with the streamlined trains, air conditioning, and all the other improvements pioneered for passenger comfort.

And the American railroads pay a tax bill of close to a million dollars a day.

When you sum up the record of American railroad progress in the face of all obstacles, it packs into this:

They deliver the finest railroad service in the world—so fine that delegations from foreign countries regularly visit America to study their methods.

They haul freight at the lowest railroad rates in the world—moving a ton a mile for an average revenue of less than one cent. Today's average freight revenue is 23½% lower than the peak of 1921, shortly after Government operation ended.

And with all this, *they pay the highest railroad wages in the world.*

Meanwhile the mountain of regulation has piled steadily higher—under state law as well as federal.

An immediate threat is the TRAIN-LIMIT-BILL in Congress — a bill to put an arbitrary limit on the length of freight trains and so to force the railroads to run more trains than are needed to handle the Nation's business. This "make-work" bill is proposed under the pretext of safety.

In face of the fact that the American railroads have reduced accidents to employes by three-fourths in the past fifteen years, the same years in which the railroads developed longer and faster trains for better service—

In face of the fact that the more trains you run the *greater* the chances of accident, especially at grade crossings—

In face of the fact that this one law would add more per year to the cost of railroad operation than the *total* cost of all air conditioning to date—*this bill has already passed the Senate.*

The harm of this legislation is measured in more than money-cost, great as that will be. It wipes out the major benefits of the fine new equipment, tracks and terminals the railroads have developed for handling freight today—*but more important still it stymies progress, and hamstrings future initiative, enterprise and invention.*

Do you want the advancement of the nation's basic transportation system brought to a standstill? If not—it's up to you!

Don't set the brakes on railroad progress!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

It's the Gift

EVERY SPORTS FAN WANTS

CASTLE FILMS

"FOOTBALL"

16 MM MOVIES 8 MM

One of the most thrilling of the Castle Films Sport Parades... a stirring, fast-action review and permanent record of the gridiron classics of the season... prize, professional shots of the tensest moments of the most talked-of games of the year edited into one roll of film ...a gift no sport fan will ever forget.

TWO OTHER GREAT CASTLE FILMS FOR XMAS GIVING

"YESTERDAY LIVES AGAIN"—an Old Time Movie—world personalities and events—from original negatives made 30 years ago.

"NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR"—a year's front page news of the world you will always remember—a living record of history in action.

A fine, entirely different gift every one can afford . . . $1.75 and $5.50 for 8 mm sizes; $3.50 and $8.75 for 16 mm sizes; De Luxe Sound, $17.50.

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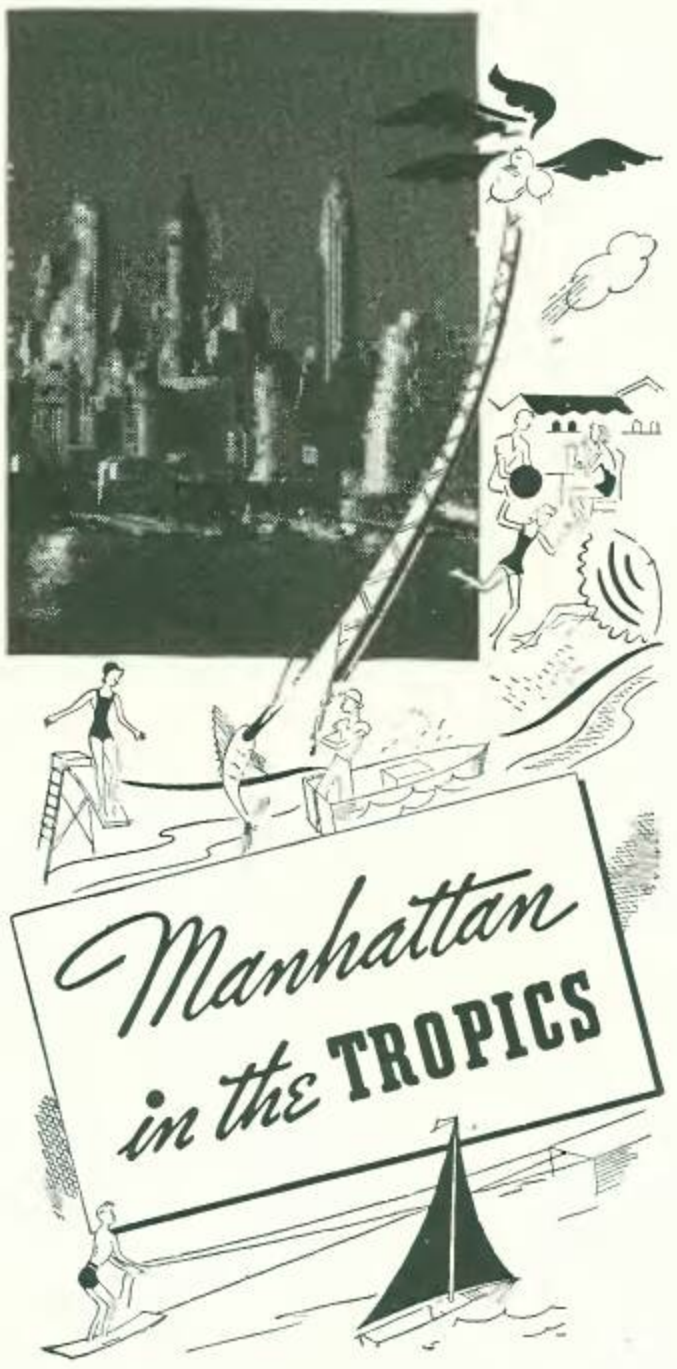
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 24

THE King and Queen's appearance at the Palladium Music Hall's charity Royal Command performance made it the biggest vaudeville night in the year not only for those who attended but also for those who didn't. As usual, ten million radio listeners sat at home hearing the show broadcast and movies all over the island suffered the usual £100,000 slump, which is their annual sacrifice to the stage. Two years ago, movie men bought up the rights to the broadcast and suppressed it; this year they decided it was cheaper to listen in, like everybody else. These Royal Command performances can make a new performer and remake an old one; the bill is the pick of the top of the tree and the performance the peak of the vaudeville artist's career. The English music hall is a unique survival; it combines the exalted-star ritual of the Keith and Pantages days with the comforting low laughter of the old American burlesque. The Palladium's prize act this season featured the male Crazy Gang, impersonating the elderly female flower-sellers around the Eros statue in Piccadilly Circus. An English music hall is no place to take your aunt, unless she's English.

In each new reign, the incoming Court's standard—whether stiff or sociable—is a matter of interest to theatre managers in general. At the Command show, the performers claimed they didn't pull their punches—much. In their beflowered box, Their Majesties and the Duke and Duchess of Kent laughed as loudly as anybody, the royal brothers smoked cigarettes, the royal ladies helped themselves to chocolates, and all four joined Gracie Fields in singing the chorus of "Sally."

It's proof of the high degree of literacy sporadic on both the New York and London stages today that dramas in verse are now offered by commercial producers in their right minds. The importance of fine poetry in the theatre has just been demonstrated here at the St. James's by Mr. Gilbert Miller's production of "The Silent Knight," rewritten from the Hungarian by the English poet Humbert Wolfe. It is his poetry, more than the quaint fifteenth-century Italianate plot notion, that makes the play—his lovely, choice verbs and nouns,



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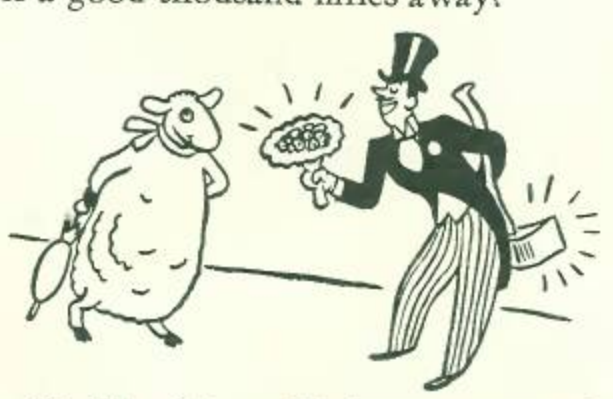

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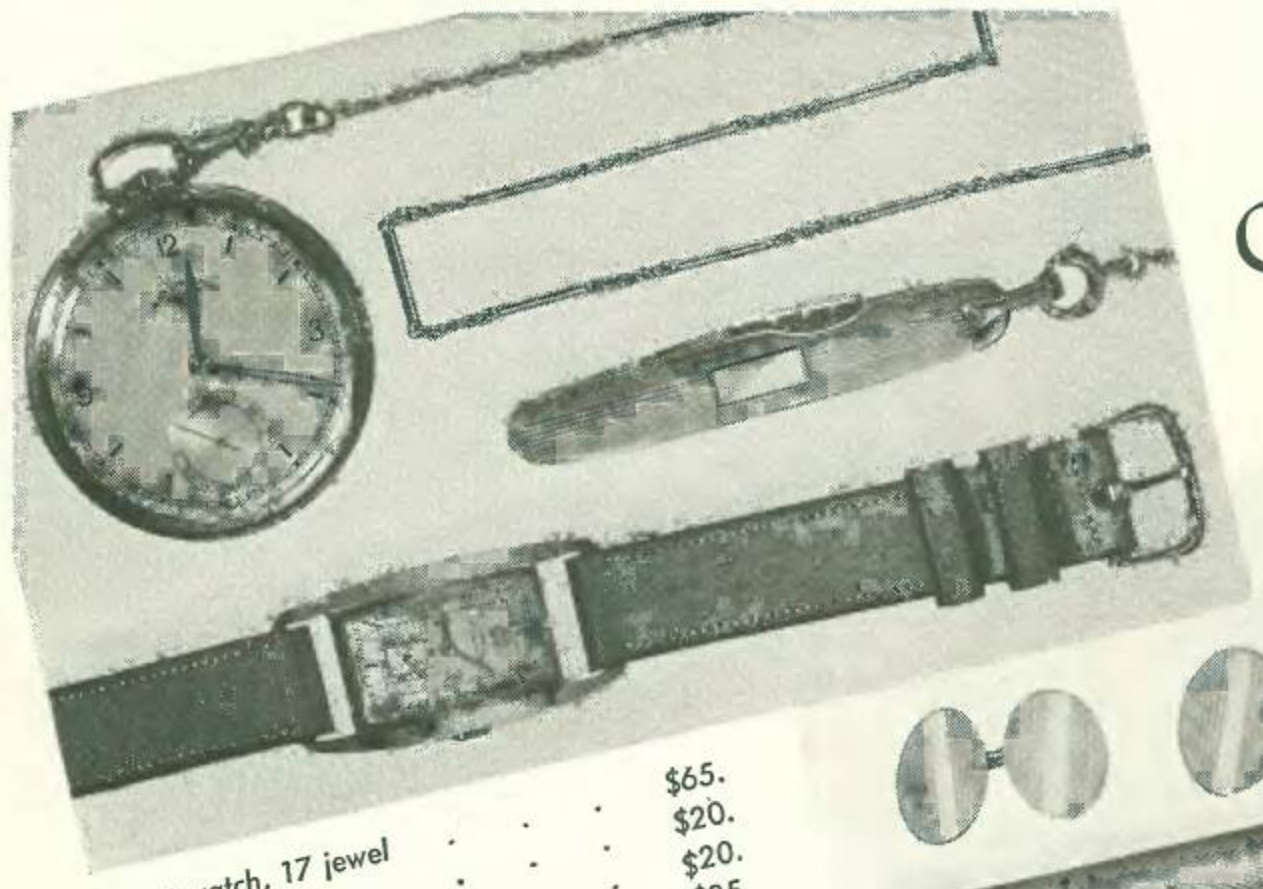
his varied vocabulary, and his rhymes, some as graceful and dry as Pope, some as funny and spotty as "The Ingoldsby Legends." Even if we could read Hungarian, we'd expect only to find proof that Mr. Wolfe had borrowed nothing from the Danube. Like the unbeatable seventeenth-century English translators before him, his fitness lies in his being only original. "The Silent Knight's" plot concerns a lovesick Hungarian warrior who, after his lady's first kiss, vows to be dumb for a period of three years —later reduced to eighteen months, though sometimes still feeling like three years, owing to monotonous scenery and medieval singing that retard the speedy finale, a dialogue with an executioner and a wedding on a revolving stage. Admirers of Miss Diana Wynyard feel that this new leading rôle of cruel coquette is not her style. To give the play its morbid, romantic fillip, a long-familiar pair like the New York Lunts or the Paris Tessier-Jouvet team would probably be the proper caper.

THE extraordinary popularity of Damon Runyon's Broadway-jungle short stories, now appearing in the *Evening Standard*, has annoyed certain of the English more than somewhat. Readers, pro and con, have become writers to the editor to express their violent views. One correspondent, who signed himself Schoolboy, proclaimed, "I appreciate the sentiments of those whose reverence for the English Tongue has been outraged." A Mrs. Scratchley wrote in to say she couldn't imagine how cultured people can read "such coarse, common, revolting rubbish" and is sure that people in Washington and Boston don't. A Mrs. Moggridge of Wellington Square stated she was filled with "nausea, repulsion, and irritation." On the other hand, a Mr. Smith of South Norwood thinks Runyon's "claim to literary eminence is the beauty of his style;" other, more temperate gentlemen have called the knocks "classical baloney," recalled that Dickens was slanged for his cockney works, and asked how about a big hello for humor that is international. To encourage internationalists, the *Evening Standard* has opened a competition for the best original short stories written in Runyonese, with, as the announcement states, prizes of from "twenty-five potatoes" on down. However, in an effort to placate the readers who find Runyon "un-English, revoltingly transatlantic, and like an unpleasant noise," the paper has just printed a true-blue English author's story that contains the line "Get

FOR A MAN'S CHRISTMAS



Pocket watch, 17 jewel . . . . $65.
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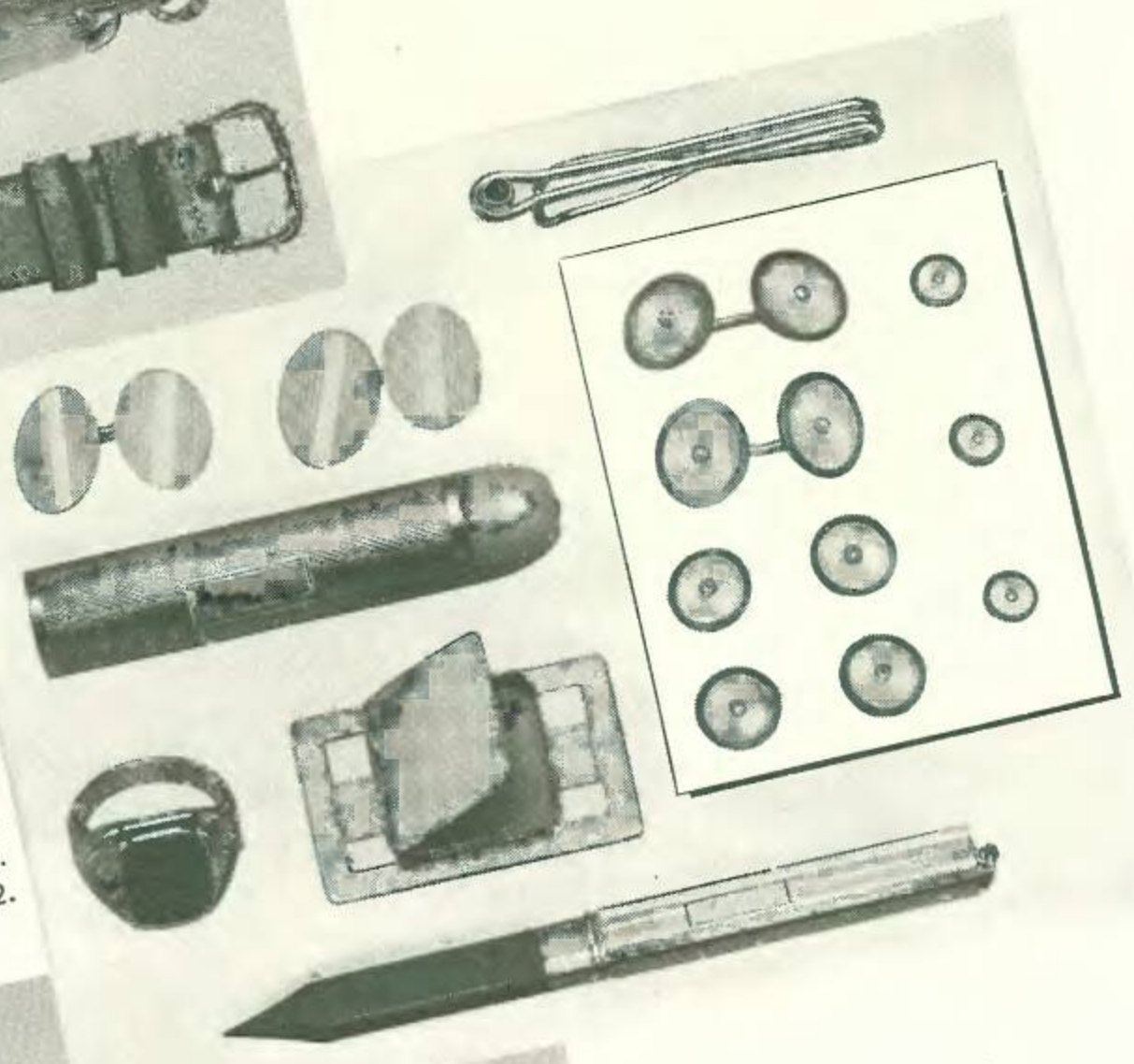

Dress set, mother-of-pearl and platinum, pearl centers. Complete . . $65.
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Signet ring with bloodstone . . . $35.
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(All except dress set, 14k. gold)

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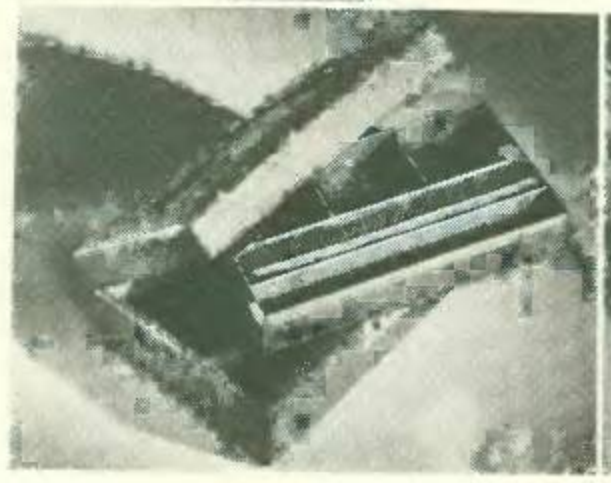

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a bit of a belch off your stomach, like." Now, there's a pleasant noise.

PUNCH may be the ancestor of them both, but Eustace Tilley of *The New Yorker* is at least an uncle of Slingsby of *Night and Day*, the English weekly which for some months now has been tending to the Manhattanization of London. The title, *Night and Day*, was suggested by a garage sign that said "Day and Night;" while the magazine was still in the unnamed, dummy stage, an anonymous well-wisher kept telegraphing to advise calling it *Piccadilly*, and hasn't telegraphed since; the magazine sells best in London, Scotland, New York, and the Riviera, and never in Dublin. The weekly not only has been a surprise to bohemian intellectual and county-society readers, who either call it a Tory back-scratcher or else plain rude; it has also been a surprise to its editors, who thought that in England finding good writing would be as easy as finding bad drawings. The opposite has been the case. Only about four per cent of the manuscripts sent in are accepted, the four per cent coming principally, and secretly, from staid writers on the *Times*, glad of a chance to relax. Slingsby, who does *Night and Day's* "Minutes of the Week" (equivalent to *The New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town"), is really the travel-book best-seller, Peter Fleming—which nobody is supposed to know and several seem to. The co-editors, both Oxford men, are John Marks, translator of Céline, and Graham Greene, who, as the magazine's cinema critic, so thoroughly criticized Miss Shirley Temple that she's now suing him, the magazine, the publishers, the printer, and the distributor for libel, libel being a comprehensive affair in England. Evelyn Waugh does book reviews, Elizabeth Bowen the theatre. The publishers are Chatto & Windus, who, when publishers of Mark Twain, had a special room for him in their old office. The most special use he ever put the room to was to say in it, "The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated." —GENÊT

•

A young man playing tennis with a young girl a generation ago would have been forced patiently to toss her gentle balls and keep his boredom to himself, or he would have held her chin in his hand, while he himself stood shivering in three feet of water, and tried his best to disguise his opinions as to the hopelessness of her ever learning to swim.—*From "Etiquette," by Emily Post.*

And getting his stringing all damp, too.

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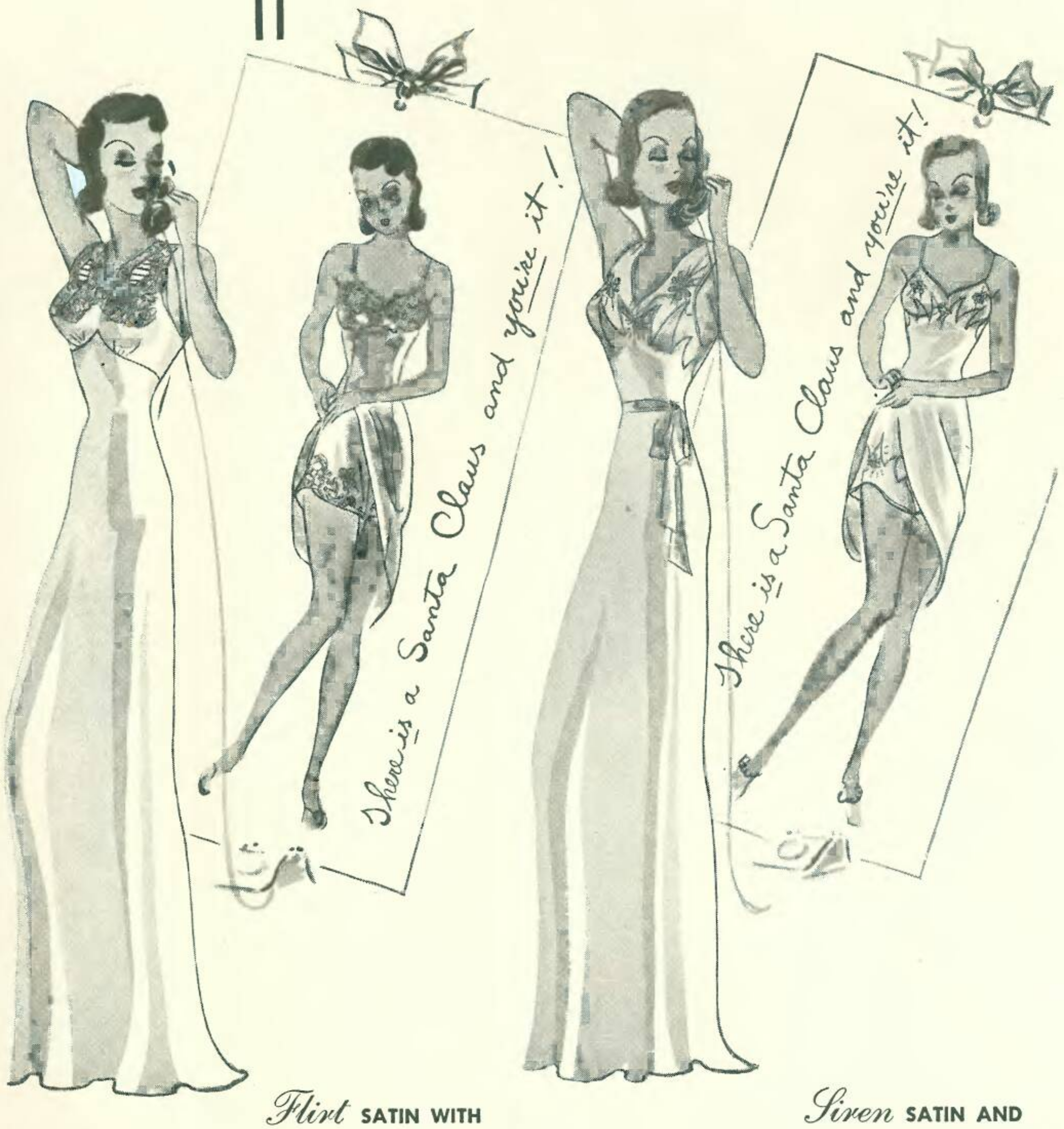

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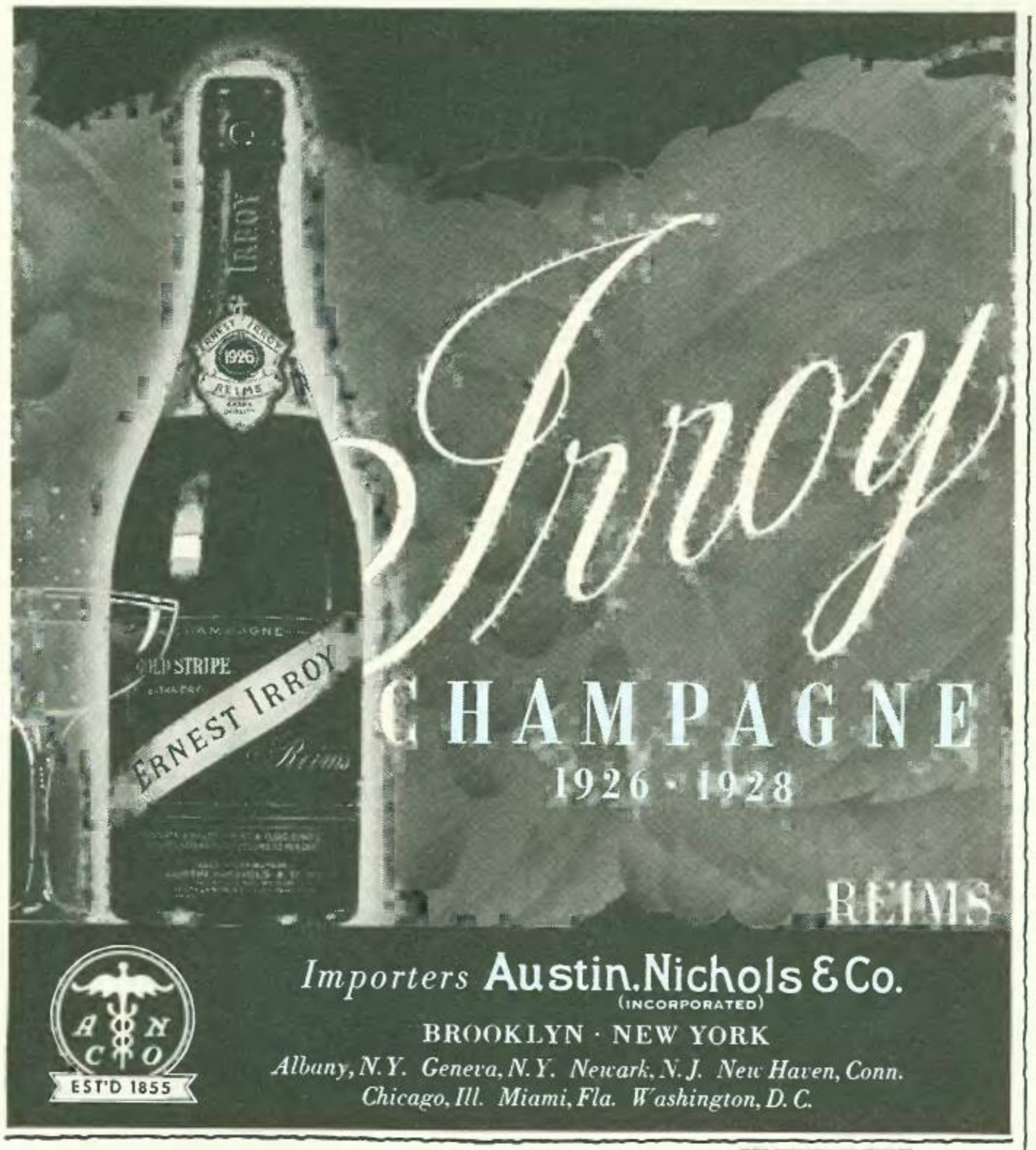

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Send me the New butter dish. I enclose $1. West of Mississippi 10c extra.

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SHIP DAY

AT seven o'clock or a little after, John Moran was awakened by the black children who always raced along the road to town at that hour on ship days. They were noisy children, and he cursed them for being noisy, and also for being black. Then he cursed the morning, reflectively. This was, of course, little more than routine, and was done with less than half a heart. John Moran got up from the floor on which he had been sleeping for five hours. He poured some water in the bucket and splashed with his hands. He did not wet his face. His hair, growing sparse and wiry, did not need combing.

He ate an orange, and wiped his mouth carefully; he found one cigarette in the right-hand pocket of his dirty linen coat, and smoked it as he walked along the narrow road and over the banana-car tracks to the waterfront.

The pier was all of two hundred yards long. It stretched, an uncertain finger, across the shallow water of the small inner bay and was without any shelter. John Moran, his feet in sand, lifted his head and watched the sun multiply on the wrinkled blue water.

"Oh, my sweet Jesus, so hot!" he said.

He pushed through the Negroes at the land end of the jetty and walked on the broken, uneven wood toward the ship at the other end. He was acutely conscious of bodily discomfort. His head hurt, there was nausea in his stomach, and his feet hurt. Why not? The early sun was very hot; his shoes were not his shoes, but some other man's, some smaller man's, and they had been thrown away by that other man when the first ragged holes appeared in their bottoms. The shoes were not important, John Moran understood. There were other shoes in the world. But his head. He should like to go where there was no sun, where it was always dark. Someday, he told himself, he would go into a cellar and live there forever after, emerging only to take in the milk and the morning paper.

A Negro in a torn shirt knew him. "Good morning, Mr. Moran."

"Good morning."

The ship, John Moran observed, was the Sandonie. From New York; cruise ship. With a great belly of a hold that the company would fill with bananas so that people in Boston and Philadelphia might temper their cereals with something more palatable. The passengers—and there would probably

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EVER since skiing swirled into the foreground as America's major winter sport, Macy's has been "Ski Centre" for the widest collection of smart professional clothes and equipment to be found in town . . . There are dozens of soundly specialized types of skis and shoes and poles and shirts and clothes and accoutrements in the Ski Shop on the 2nd floor (low for cash); a blizzard of women's ski suits, socks and caps, gaiters and shirts, mittens and shoes in the Snow Shop on the 3rd (low for cash); a magnificent collection of boys' and girls' skithings on the 4th (low for cash). The man's outfit above, for instance—sailcloth gaiters and mittens, wool flannel shirt, wool gabardine knickers, Austrian cotton wind-jacket, wool socks, wool gabardine cap—set him back only 31.82. The girl twin's outfit—double-breasted wool and cotton gabardine ski suit lined with cotton poplin, wool flannel shirt, cotton poplin mittens and cotton gaiters—is only 34.19. *Professional* things, *smart* as a perfect telemark, *low for cash,* at 34th Street and Broadway.

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be no less than a hundred—were now at breakfast, or preparing to go to breakfast. Then they would flow down the gangplank, a spendthrift people, eager to see what sights there were in this raw village. John Moran sat for a few minutes on the stringpiece in the shadow of the ship's bow. He would be waiting for them.

For John Moran knew himself to be one of the port's principal sights. He was a figure of unusual interest. He had been photographed at least a thousand times, he reminded himself; that made him fully as much photographed as the ill-proportioned Church of San Fernando and its baroque *convento*, and put him well ahead of the market place and the excellent line of palm trees behind the curving beach. While he sat he turned over slowly in his mind the story he would tell the passengers who, today, would question him and photograph him and, ultimately, pay him. No aching head could destroy the artist in John Moran. Beyond everything else, he detested the obvious. The moldy tale of the rejected lover renouncing the world for poverty and forgetfulness in a moribund fever port would never issue from his thin lips, nor would he ever recount, even to the dullest of tourists, the legend of the skilled surgeon hiding away from some honest but awful operating-room error. He was, John Moran thought, perfectly capable of releasing the torrent of his imagination upon these stories and converting them into credible personal records. He could rebuild them, he knew, into stories that would, under the spell of his telling, ring true, drawing to him the sympathies, and dollars, of his listeners. But it was not John Moran's purpose specifically to defraud. Not entirely; in a sense, he wanted to give the tourists their money's worth. Sometimes he thought he gave them a lot more than their money's worth.

Occasionally he repeated himself, but he tried to avoid this. To him, telling a story twice was like reading a story twice; if it was very good it would bear repetition, but the quality of freshness was of first importance.

TODAY, he decided suddenly, he would be the anthropologist deserted by his sponsors, his museum. It was a dignified rôle, and one which could be counted upon to command respect, perhaps even awe. He had considered it lightly for several months, but had never really given it close attention. He leaned back, stretching his long legs to the most comfortable position, and ex-

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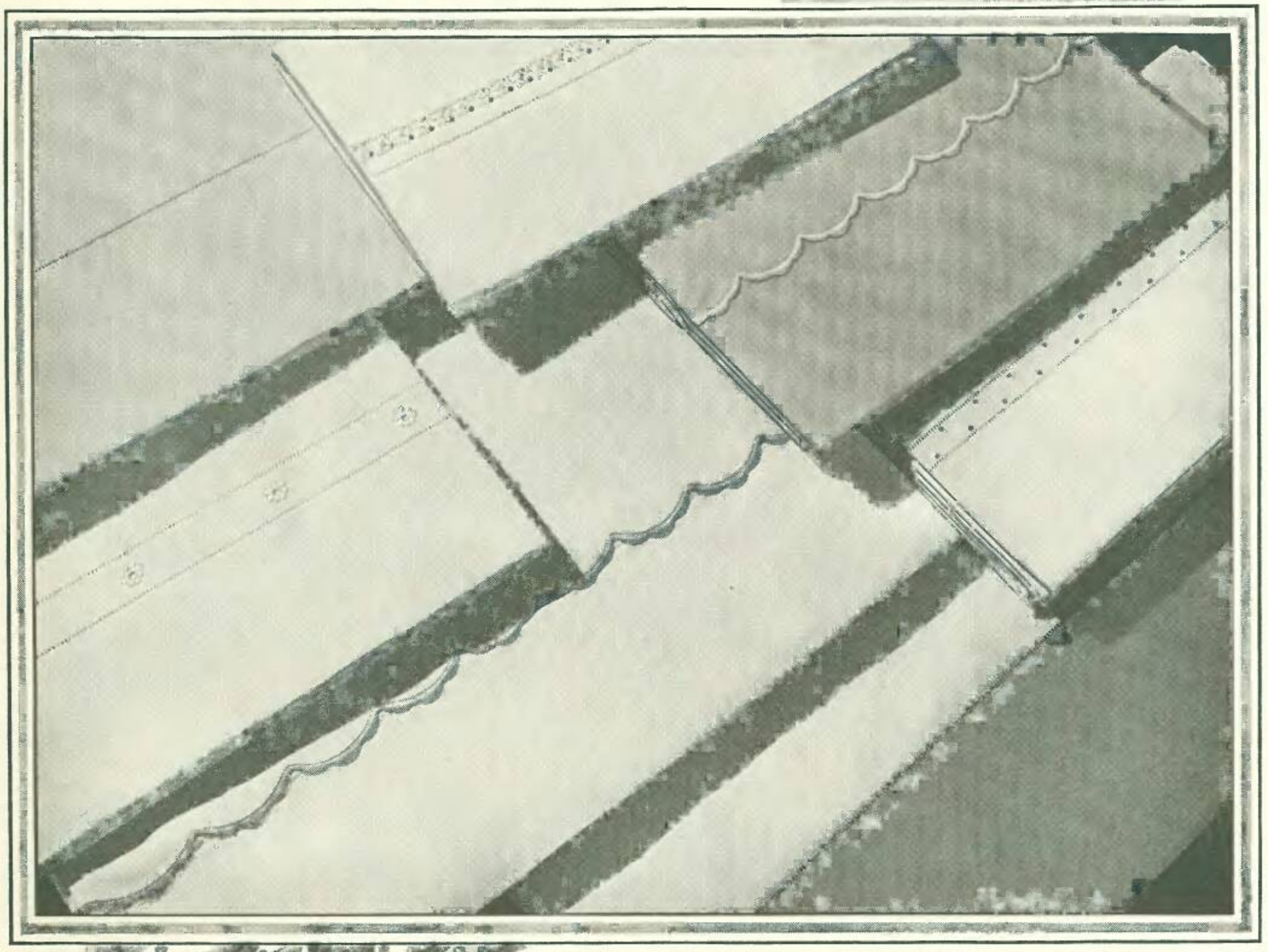

Here are a few of the Wamsutta Christmas sets. They include a variety of solid colors, colored hems, multiple rows of hemstitching, hand-drawn work, scalloped and embroidered patterns, etc.

For

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commodores...

the navigator's

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Good gift for any man who sails—or any man who'd like to—this handsome tip-top bridge table with the official navigation chart top. Maps of New York Harbor and Long Island waters. Choice of 4 designs. 10.50
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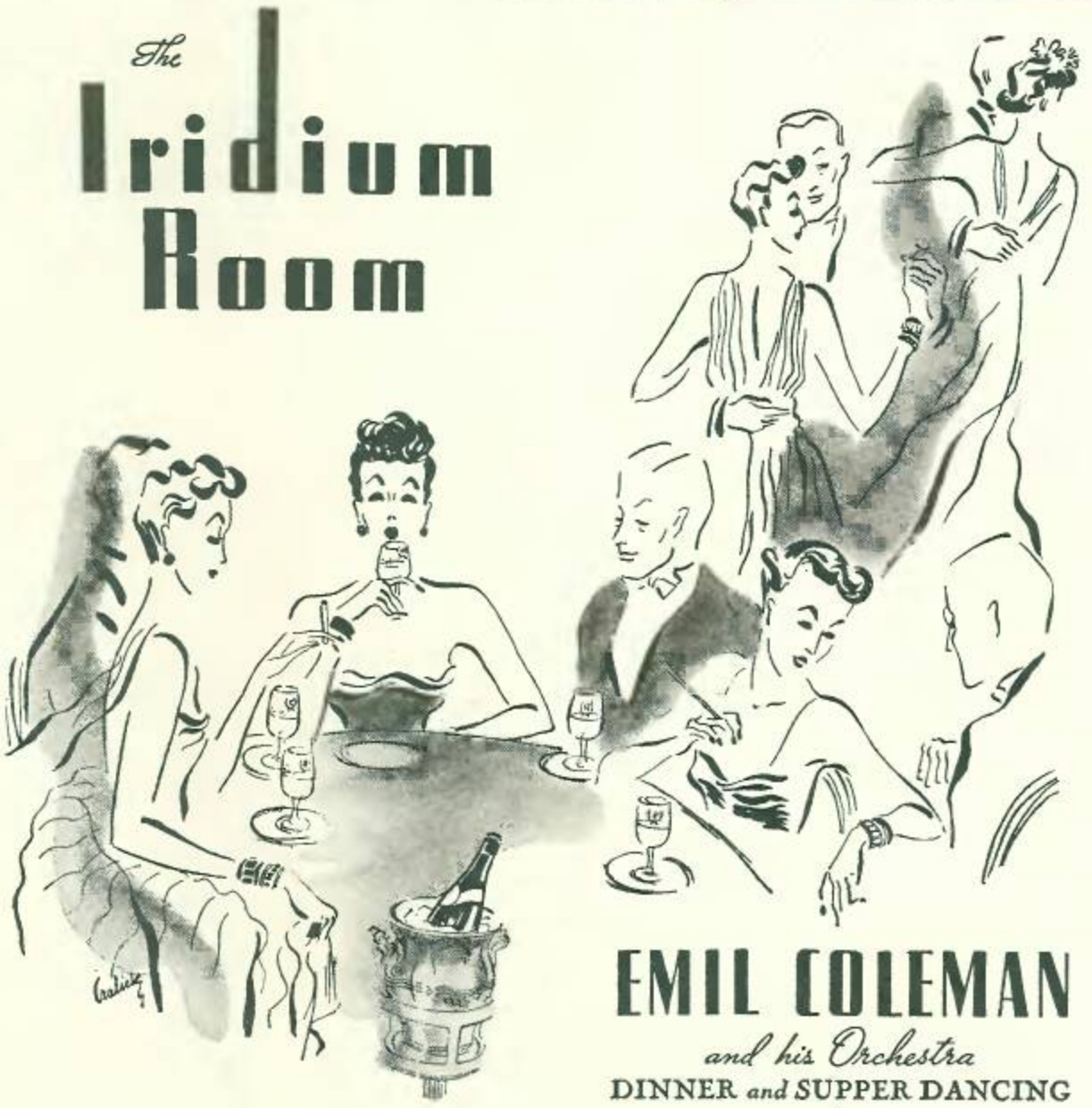

EMIL COLEMAN
and his Orchestra
DINNER and SUPPER DANCING
•
At Luncheon: JULES LANDÉ
and his ORCHESTRA

St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET

amined the details that leaped to his mind.

Critically, he rejected many; the essence of the story must be that alone, without funds, almost without food, he was laboring for science, a seeker of Truth. It was unlikely that any passenger would know more about anthropology than he himself did. It was, he felt, generally accepted that wherever people lived without automobiles and refrigerators, *there* was a fertile field for the anthropologist. There knowledge was to be found, truths which would somehow enrich the lives of those who did have cars and refrigerators. It was a noble work. John Moran gave himself to the subject, recalling, though sometimes vaguely, such terms as "primate," "dolichocephalic," and "Boskop men," with which he would sprinkle his conversation. There must also be reference to a university; he thought instantly of Yale, discarded it, and selected the University of Virginia. The Old South; that too had its appeal.

John Moran did not lack confidence. He could carry it off.

ABOVE his head and astern, near the gangplank, passengers were gathering at the rail in groups, talking quite loud, calling to one another. Then one party, the first ashore, stepped with cautious attention down the steep incline to the pier. There were two men, similarly paunchy and heavily built, and two women who were unquestionably their wives. A boy of perhaps fifteen followed them. One of the women—John Moran admired the cool pattern of her linen dress—held by the hand a long-haired little girl, a child of no more than five years, wearing a broad yellow hat to keep the sun from her pointed face. They stared about them, down the long pier and at the blue water washing the beach. The two women and the child stepped in front, the men fell behind, and the boy trailed them, watching the water. John Moran rose from the stringpiece. Before any of the others, the girl, the child in the yellow hat, saw him. He smiled at her and approached. The child screamed.

Her voice was shrill, a little girl's wail. She clutched violently at the woman who held her hand. The men were startled. They looked at the child, and at John Moran.

"See here," one of the men said. "What the hell do you mean, frightening this kiddie? What do you want?"

The child was crying now, gripping the woman's skirt. John Moran was

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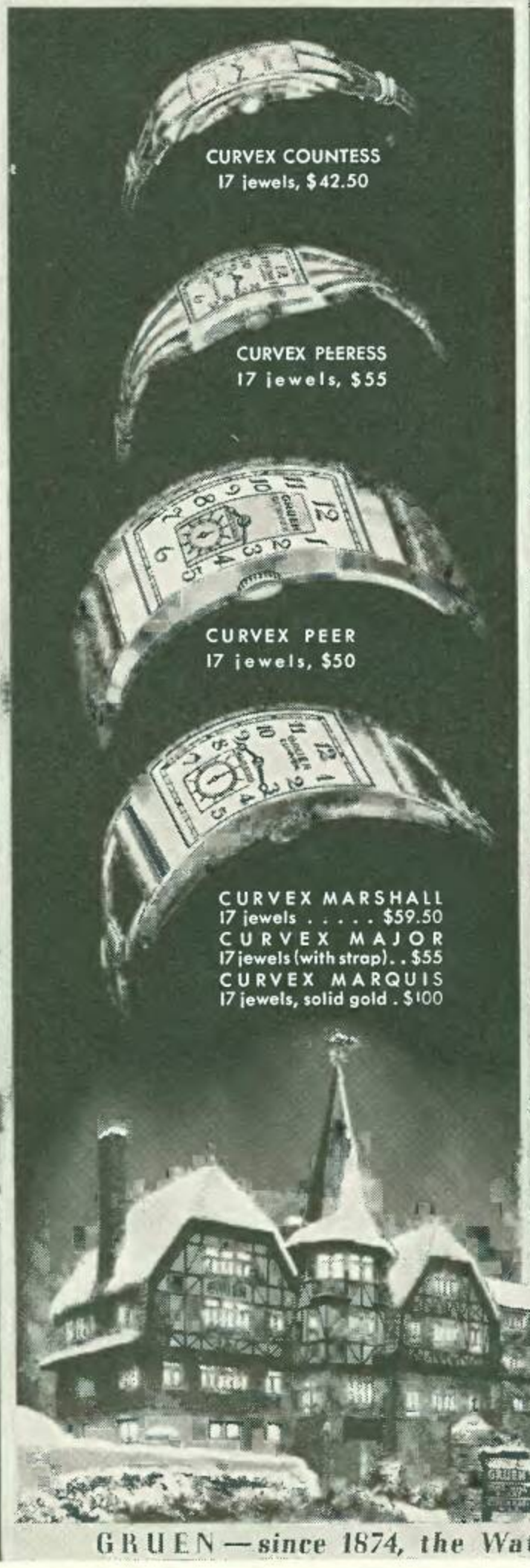
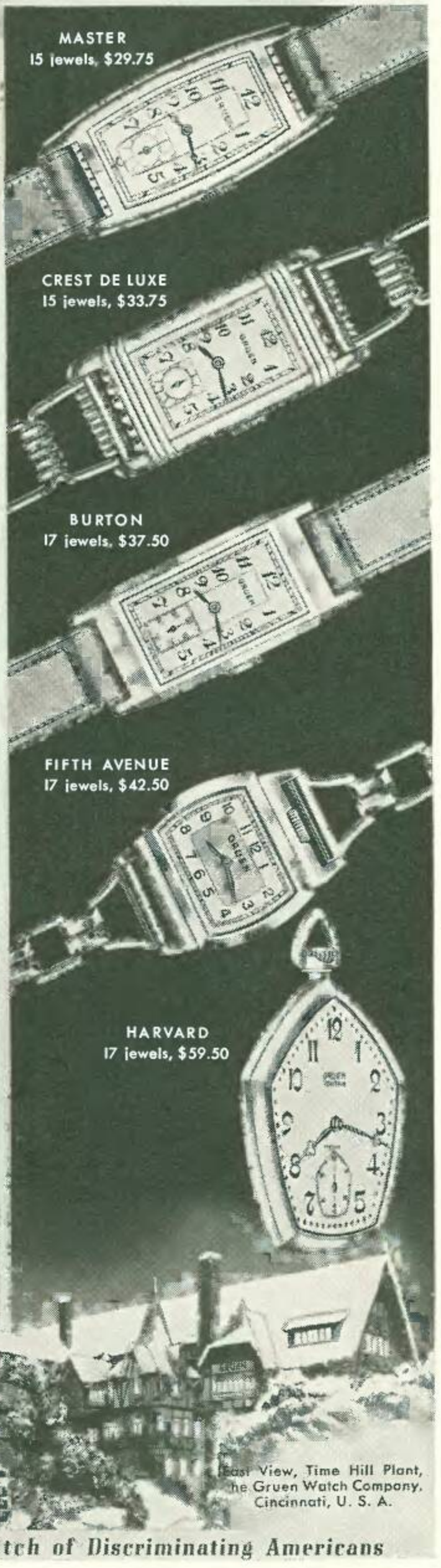
Rugged improved Gruen Curvex movement.

THE OLD WAY
Small flat movement in curved case

* Trade Mark reg. U. S. patent office. No other manufacturer is permitted to make the Curvex or to use the name.

Patented. U. S. Patents No. 1855952 Re. 20480





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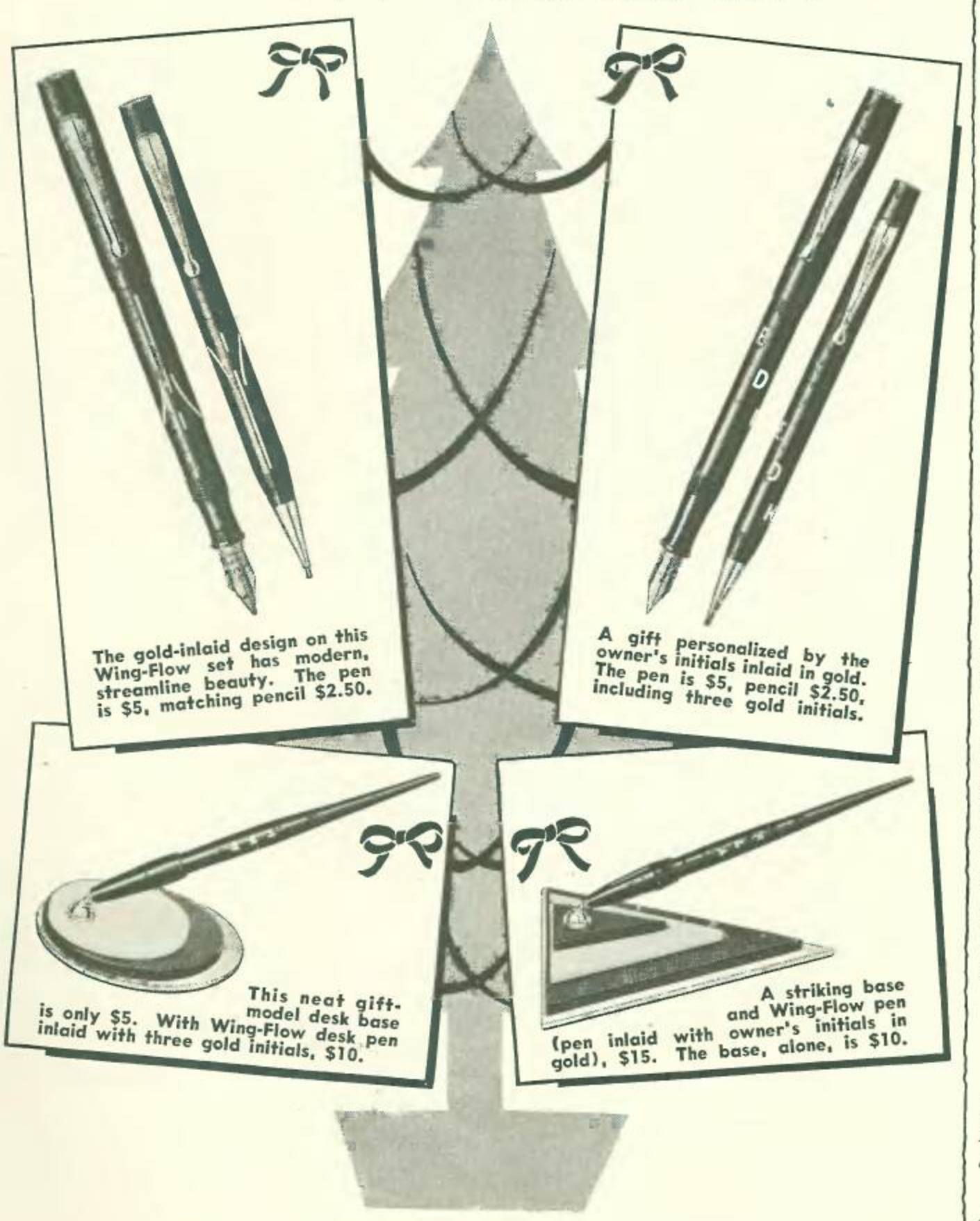
East View, Time Hill Plant, The Gruen Watch Company, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

GRUEN—since 1874, the Watch of Discriminating Americans

"Anyhow, my Chilton Wing-flow is safe. It has my initials inlaid in gold"

YOUR INITIALS INLAID IN GOLD REMIND BORROWERS THAT THE SPIRIT OF GIVING DOESN'T INCLUDE YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN. THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE SOME ONE GIVES THEM CHILTONS OF THEIR OWN. WHY DON'T YOU BE THE SANTA CLAUS?

Pens and pencils in lustrous black, bright red, royal blue, or rich coronation red with three gold-*inlaid*★ initials, $5 to $7.50. Matching pencils, $2.50. Pens and pencils with gold-*inlaid* initials plus *design*, $1 extra. Also handsome desk bases with pens to match (follow the ribbons from the tree). At all good pen counters. If, however, your dealer can't supply you, write The Chilton Pen Co., Inc., Dept. B, 10-20 51st Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y.



The gold-inlaid design on this Wing-Flow set has modern, streamline beauty. The pen is $5, matching pencil $2.50.

A gift personalized by the owner's initials inlaid in gold. The pen is $5, pencil $2.50, including three gold initials.

This neat gift-model desk base is only $5. With Wing-Flow desk pen inlaid with three gold initials, $10.

A striking base and Wing-Flow pen (pen inlaid with owner's initials in gold), $15. The base, alone, is $10.

★INITIALS, CLIPS, DESIGNS ARE 1/20 14-kt. GOLD-FILLED

Copyright 1937 by The Chilton Pen Co., Inc.

CHILTON Wing-flow PEN

PERMANENTLY *INLAID* GOLD INITIALS ARE EXCLUSIVELY CHILTON

amazed. For an instant he refused to admit the possibility of any relation between the crying and himself, but then it was evident.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Naturally I didn't mean to frighten the little girl. I don't understand."

The woman in linen took the child by the shoulders, seeking to calm her. But the man spoke again, insistently. "You rushed at her. What do you want?"

"I'm an American, living here," John Moran said rapidly. "Working here. It occurred to me that I might be of service to tourists from the ship. As a guide, perhaps. I know the town well, you see. And I don't meet many Americans. It's pleasant to speak to Americans again."

Those were not the right phrases, he realized. They put him on the offensive, made him force the approach.

"Do you want a guide?" the man said, turning to the other man.

"No," he said. "What do we want a guide for?"

The first man nodded emphatically. "We don't need any guide," he told John Moran. "If we wanted one, we'd ask the ship's officers. It so happens that we don't trust strangers. Do you get the idea?"

They were looking at his soiled clothing without evolving any romantic notion, John Moran knew. It was the child's fault, with her crying. He felt a compulsion to speak, to purge himself of his confusion. This was not the way things should be. "I only wanted," he began.

"No," the first man said. It was a dismissal, in the tone you'd use to a Negro. There was, of course, no avenue for response. John Moran turned and walked back to sit on the stringpiece. He must consider this situation carefully. It must never be permitted to happen again. He stayed in the shadow, on the stringpiece, as other groups of passengers walked by him toward the beach. Very few of them chanced to notice him. —WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Digest of Interpretations of Regulation No. 5, Treasury Dept., Federal Alcoholic Administration Division*]

Whether or not a straight whiskey should be designated as "Kentucky Straight Whiskey" or "Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey" depends upon whether such product conforms to the standard of identity for straight whiskey or straight bourbon whiskey and, in addition, whether it is produced in the State of Kentucky.

For so many lucky ones... *this is sure to be a Ciné-Kodak Christmas*

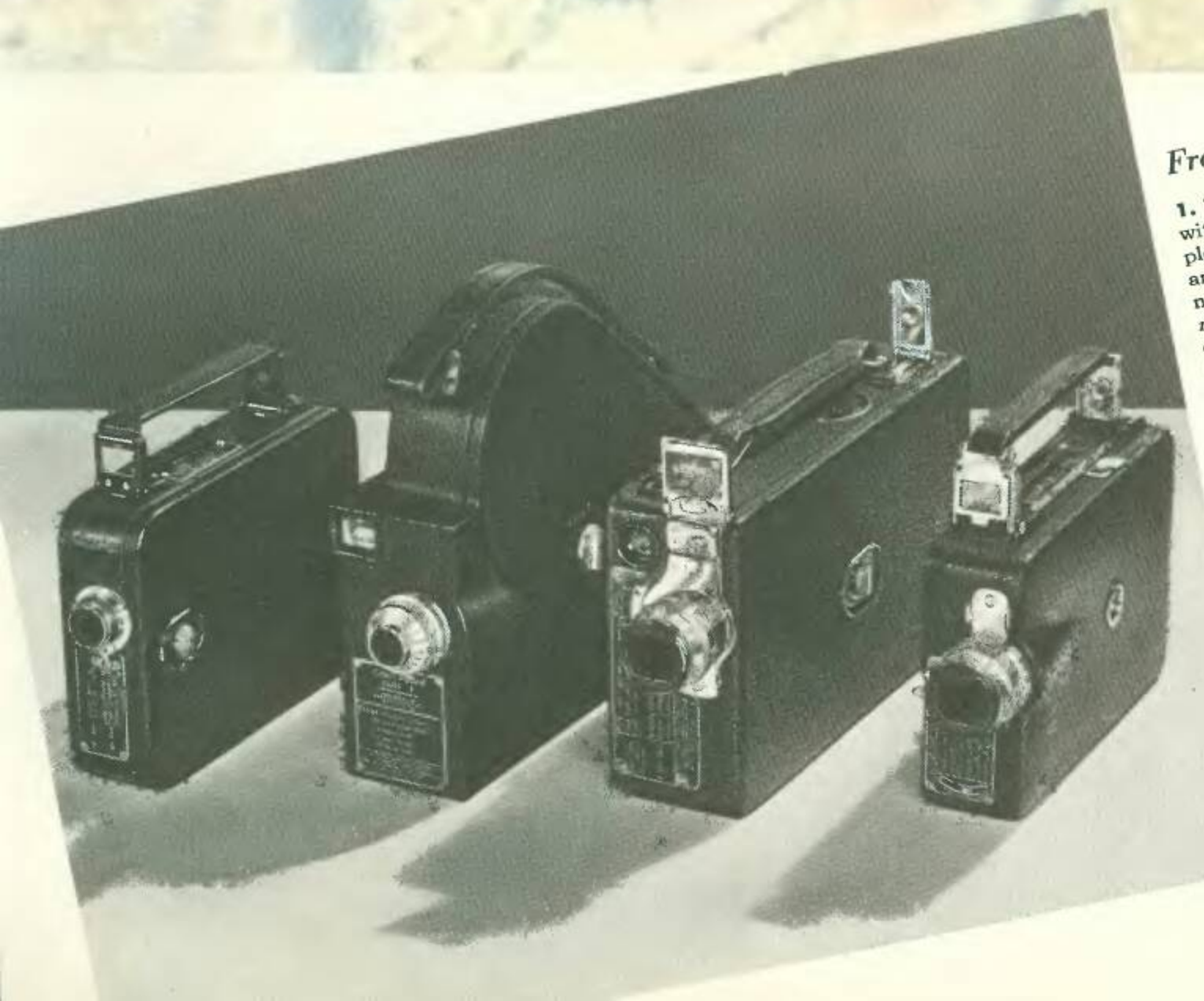
IT'S A LANDSLIDE YEAR for home movies. By thousands—by tens of thousands—people are discovering the charm, the thrill, the excitement of taking their own personal movies and showing them on their own home screen.

Every member of the family, and everybody else, enjoys them. They're so real. You renew experiences you've all had together. You see yourselves—your friends—just as in life. You relive treasured moments.

FULL-COLOR KODACHROME

Have the breath-taking experience of seeing your home movies in brilliant, natural color. These home movie cameras give you either black-and-white or color. For full color—load with Kodachrome, Eastman's new color film. No extra equipment, simple as black-and-white.

Make this a Ciné-Kodak Christmas—with any of the four movie cameras shown below. See them at your dealer's... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



From left to right—

1. THE ECONOMY MOVIE MAKER—brings home movies within the reach of almost every one. Exceedingly simple, dependable, easy to carry. Gives you 20 to 30 black-and-white movie scenes—each as long as the average newsreel scene—on a roll of film costing $2.25, *finished, ready to show*. Also makes movies in gorgeous, living color with the remarkable new Kodachrome Film. CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT—$34.50.

2. EASTMAN'S LOW-COST 16 mm. MOVIE CAMERA—with famous precision-made Kodak Anastigmat *f*.3.5 lens—triple-speed device—supplementary footage scale at the side of the finder image, so that you can gauge scene length and film supply as you sight and shoot. Simplified gate greatly facilitates loading. Takes all 50- or 100-foot 16 mm. films. CINÉ-KODAK "E"—$48.50.

3. THE WORLD'S MOST WIDELY USED 16 mm. HOME MOVIE CAMERA—it's so simple, yet so fine. You get clear, brilliant movies at touch of a lever. Performs beautifully for the beginner, and as skill increases, responds to every demand. Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. With *f*.1.9 lens. CINÉ-KODAK "K"—$88.50.

4. REMARKABLE 16 mm. POCKET-SIZE MOVIE CAMERA—loads in three seconds. You don't touch the film—it comes in a magazine. Slip magazine into place, close camera cover, and shoot. Switch films any time—the magazine keeps out light. Effortless loading is only one of six new features. With fast Kodak Anastigmat *f*.1.9 lens. MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK—$125. Including combination carrying case—$137.50.

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OLD GRAND-DAD — a patriarch among Kentucky bourbons

OLD OVERHOLT — 127 years famous for its rich, robust rye taste

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OURMOST WHISKIES*

HERE are four whiskies great by any standard you may use to gauge their quality.

Each bears a name respected for generations.

Each deserves an honored place in any list of whiskies that have built America's reputation for fine distillation.

Each is bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision—and full 100 proof.

Each has an individuality and carefully guarded character of its own—but all four are further distinguished by the seal of National Distillers.

We invite you to make your choice from this illustrious list, secure in the knowledge that no finer whiskey is produced anywhere in the world.

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* Bottled in Bond

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YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

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A GIFT OF NATURAL DISTINCTION

Pall Mall's new 15-cent cigarette fits the finest tradition of Christmas giving with quality and distinction.

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A NEW YORK ADOLESCENCE

TENNIS, QUADRATIC EQUATIONS, AND LOVE

TOWARD the end of the first decade of the century, the horizons of New York visibly widened for me. My main activities ceased to be bounded by my neighborhood. Up to that time, one could be identified by the block one lived on. West Ninety-fourth Street boys were quite different in manner and social outlook and the ability to play one-old-cat from West Ninety-first Street boys, who were sissies, and we all would shrink into areaways or dive behind the portals of our apartment houses when the Ninety-eighth Street gang, tough, dirty, brutal, appeared on the scene. Occasionally friendships would break across block lines, but only rarely did they span a distance of more than a couple of blocks. It was like living in a walled town.

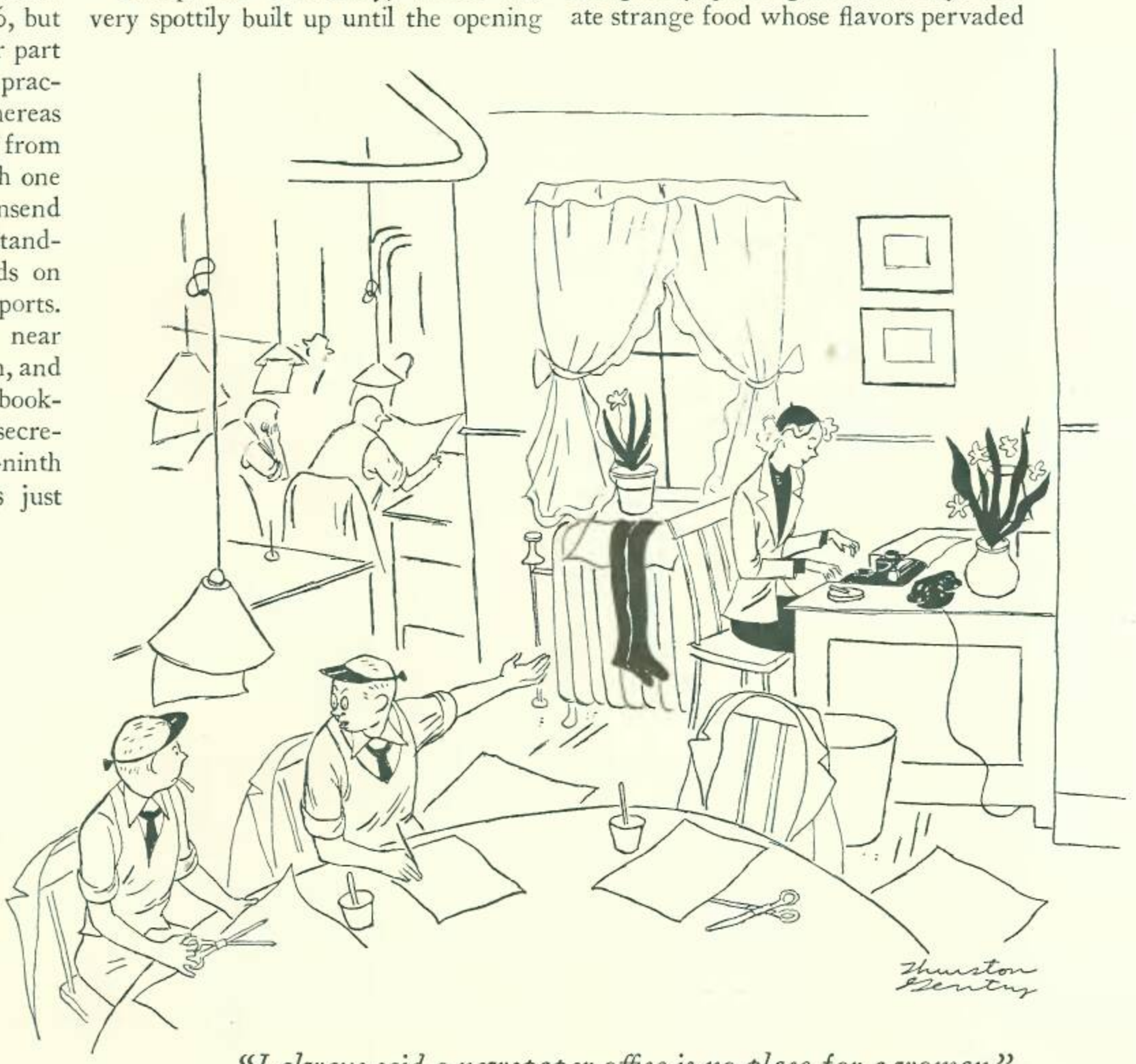
Adolescence and high school advanced together, although I don't think my voice broke or my legs became gangly till at least a year after I had left grammar school. When I was graduated from grammar school, we had sung a song at commencement about our eternal loyalty to dear old 166, but in our hearts we knew that in our part of the West Side one school was practically identical with another, whereas the high schools we had to choose from had names, not numbers, and each one had a collective character. Townsend Harris was almost collegiate in its standards, but, despite its playing fields on Convent Avenue, was terrible in sports. Commerce, at Sixty-fifth Street near Broadway, had a fine baseball team, and it turned out fellows who became bookkeepers, accountants, and male secretaries. De Witt Clinton, at Fifty-ninth Street near Tenth Avenue, was just literary, while Stuyvesant, which had a good basketball team and a new building, prepared people for engineering.

At the time the choice came to me, I was making clumsy models of airplanes on the lines of the Wright plane—models that would never fly in the air and would hardly even stay glued together in repose on my bedroom table. With the help of an old instrument-maker to whom Dr. Phillips, our family doctor, had introduced me, I had begun to rig up feeble little wireless sets with which I purposed to communicate with another ingenious lad in the next block, if either of us ever had the patience to master the Morse code. So I chose Stuyvesant. I think the good basketball team erased any lingering doubts I may have had about it.

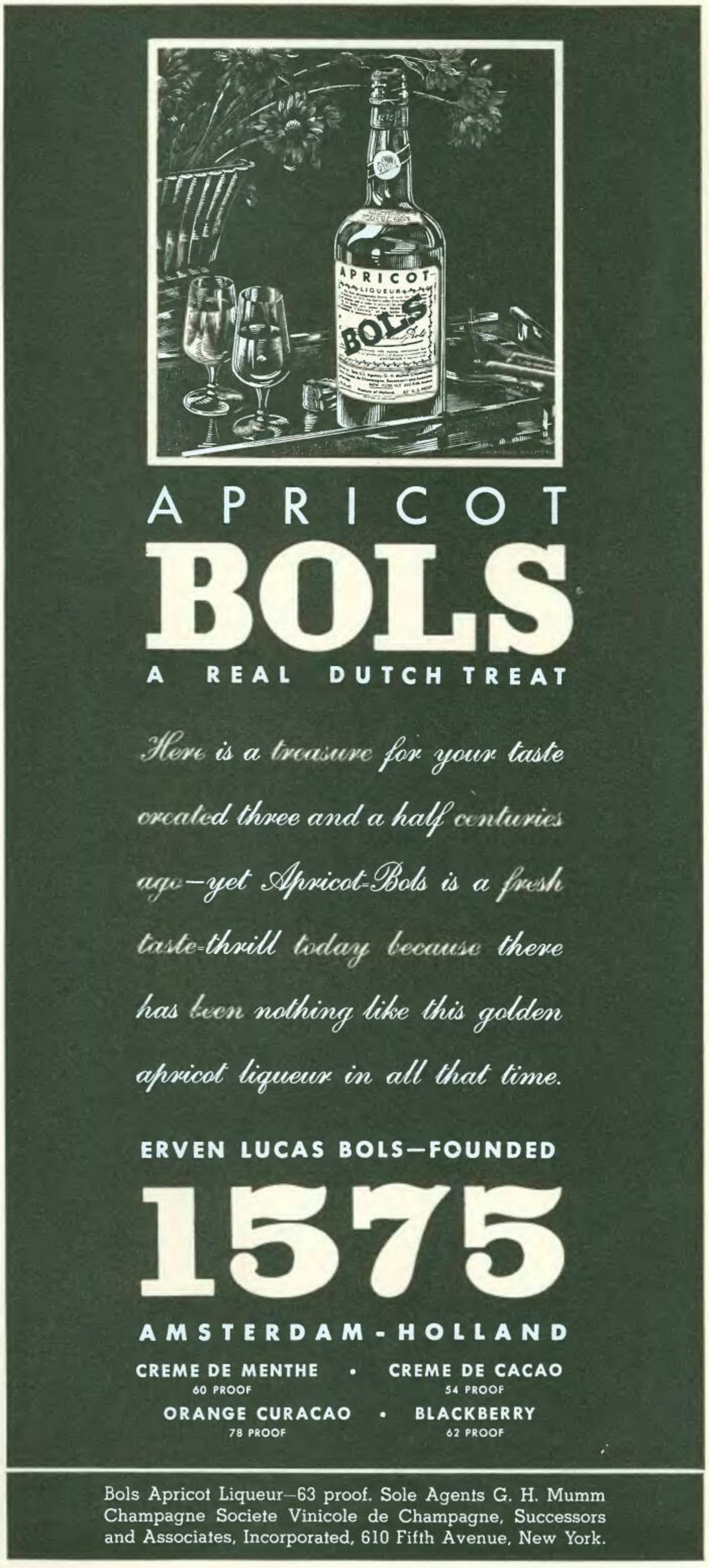
Emerson used to say that the essence of a college education was having a room of one's own, with a fire, in a strange city. Going to high school on East Fifteenth Street, between Stuyvesant Square and First Avenue, gave me essentially the same sort of shock. In those days, the upper West Side had a fairly homogeneous population; there was the typical New York mixture of German and Irish stocks, interspersed with older branches of the American. Our fathers and mothers, at least, had usually been born in the United States, and in a class of forty boys, only eight or ten would be even identifiably Jewish, while the newer Russo-Polish migration was so sparsely represented that I can still remember the name of Malatzky, the bright, beady-eyed son of a glazier on Columbus Avenue.

Except for Broadway, which was very spottily built up until the opening of the subway in 1904 defined its new character, this part of the West Side had taken shape in the late eighties and nineties. The poorer classes lived on Amsterdam and Columbus Avenues: the cabmen and the clerks and the mechanics and the minor city employees. The rich lived in the big apartments on Central Park West or in the heavy, stone-encrusted mansions on Riverside Drive; between them, on the cross streets, and more sumptuously on West End Avenue, was the connecting tissue of the bourgeoisie, in brownstone rows whose dinginess was sometimes graced by some of the lighter-yellow, brick-and-limestone houses designed by Stanford White and his imitators. A boy growing up in such a neighborhood took middle-class comfort to be the dominant pattern of life, and except for an occasional twist of Irish, everyone spoke plain Manhattanese.

Suddenly I was thrown into a remote quarter of the city, and surrounded by a group of boys with foreign faces and uncouth, almost undecipherable accents and grubby, pushing manners: boys who ate strange food whose flavors pervaded



"I always said a newspaper office is no place for a woman."



their breath and seemed to hang about their clothes; boys whose aggressive vitality left me feeling like a sick goldfinch among a flock of greedy sparrows. One had to fend for oneself among people who had learned the art of survival in a far more difficult environment than I had come from, and in the lunch hour I would inevitably find myself near the tag end of the line that filed past the cafeteria counter, never capable of making decisions fast enough to get what I wanted before I was pushed beyond reach.

My school comrades were mostly the second generation of the great Russian and Polish Jewish immigration that had swept into the East Side after the assassination of Czar Alexander II. They had names like Moscowitz and Lefkowitz and Pinsky, and they had not merely learned in the settlement houses how to play circles round most of us in basketball or track sports, but they had an equally strenuous grip on the academic subjects. Indeed, most of them also excelled in the use of their hands, not having had so many of their manual opportunities shorn from them by solicitous parents and nursemaids. All in all, these boys were good stuff, but for one who had lived a more pallid existence, they were, during the first year, a little overwhelming.

My new schoolfellows brought the raw facts of life home to me with a rush. My own family knew the pinch of genteel poverty, but here was poverty on a grand scale, massive, extensive, blighting vast neighborhoods, altering the whole character of life, a poverty that, instead of shrinking submissively behind a false front, reached out into the city, creating its own forms, demanding, arguing, asserting, claiming its own, now busy with schemes for making money, now whispering the strange word Socialism as a key that would open the door. My political views were extremely conservative in those days; the rights of property seemed axiomatic; and I remember how shocked I was when I found out that one of my pals named Stamer, whose father was a Greenpoint cigarmaker of the old '48 German stock, was a Socialist. Stamer jarred my middle-class complacency with his scornful descriptions of what had hitherto seemed a reasonable and well-balanced world, and I was gradually unsettled in all my views, not so much through the strength of his arguments as through the obvious feebleness of my replies. Even a couple of teachers, quiet, upright men, were Socialists and would occasionally explain

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Only **WILSON & CO.** *makes*
Tender Made Ham
"THE HAM YOU CUT WITH A FORK"
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The Wilson label protects your table

their views in class. I might have lived and died in my part of the upper West Side without realizing that neither the Democratic nor the Republican Party had ever recognized the Class Struggle.

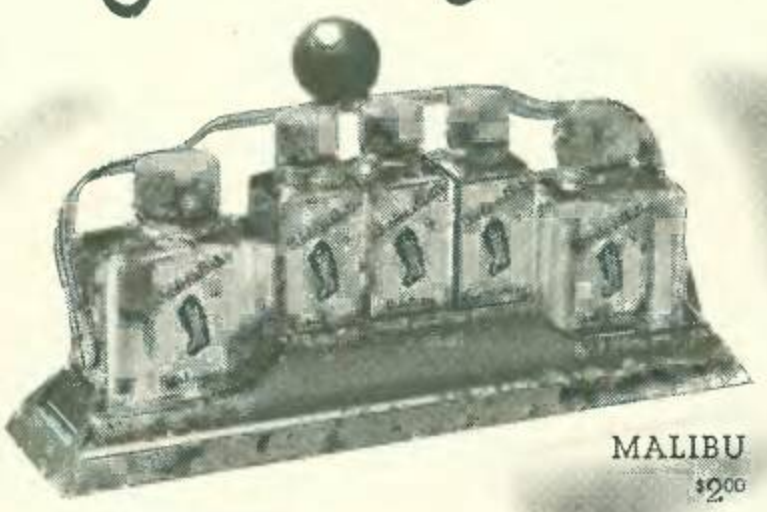
Fourteenth Street, too, was something of an education for a provincial West Side boy. Tammany Hall still reigned in its dingy building near Third Avenue, embracing the old Tony Pastor's theatre, and almost across the way was Tom Sharkey's saloon, with a wide glass front, and the Dewey Theatre, painted white, where lurid posters of obese beauties, who did the belly dances that preceded strip tease, were spread before our gaze. "Don't do that dance I tell you Sadie, that ain't no business for a lady" was one of the popular songs of the period, and all of us knew, at least at second hand, how much farther Fourteenth Street went than Broadway's Sadie. My usual route to school was through Irving Place and along Fifteenth Street, because I discovered in my second year that a beautiful girl with austere white cheeks and black hair would pass me almost every morning on her way to the Quaker school at the corner of Stuyvesant Square. I can still see her graceful figure, in a blue serge dress, topped by a black hat with a jaunty feather, her poised, unhurried walk, and her slightly archaic inward smile, which was at once impenetrable and yet not indifferent, and I wonder now if I played anything of the part in her secret dream life that she did in mine.

When school was out, one would encounter in the same street, nearer Third Avenue, white-faced and heavily rouged prostitutes, no longer young, already on patrol. We knew what these ladies were, in a vague way; some of the boys, who lived on Forsythe or Chrystie Street, had even encountered them closer at hand in the halls of their own tenements; and we held a certain resentment against them because they were mainly responsible for the fact that we were not permitted to go out on the streets for lunch, but had to remain cooped in our building. The year after I was graduated, however, a new social ferment began to work in school. A group of boys rushed the teacher who was guarding the main door and broke for liberty during the lunch hour; this precipitated a school strike, and when the matter was settled the boys had won the right to eat outdoors. The squirrels in Stuyvesant Square benefited more by this arrangement, I am sure, than the painted ladies.

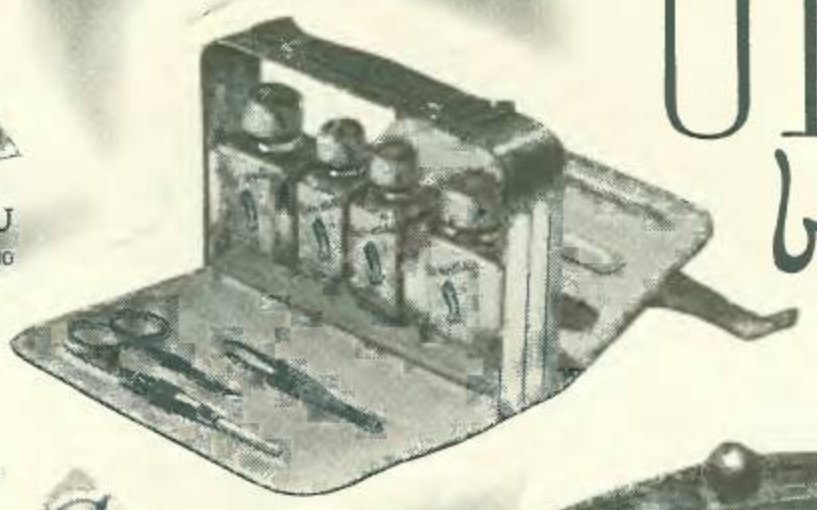
Often I preferred to spend my car-

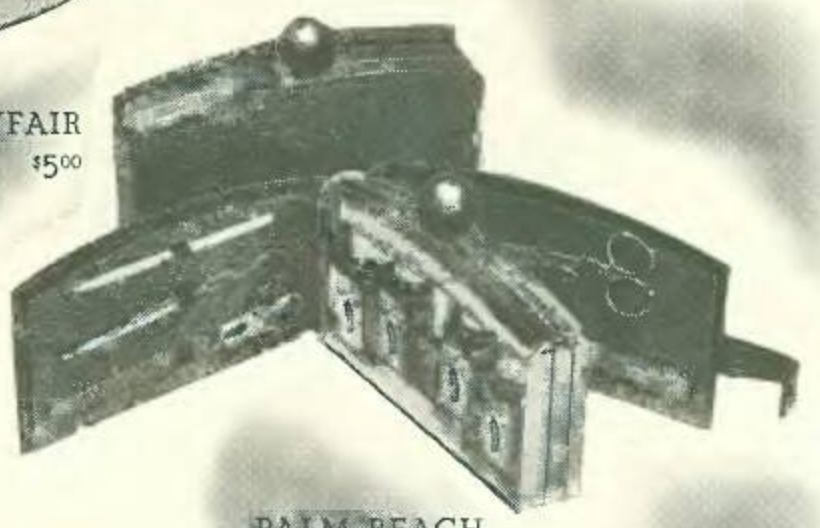
for pampered hands

GIFTS by B.B.



MALIBU
$2.00





MAYFAIR
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PALM BEACH
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BIARRITZ
$12.50

THE MALE BOX
$10.00

To rout a woman's chill toward an unwanted gift, a wise choice is some glamorous practicality. One perfect, exquisitely appointed basic manicure set, as beautifully made and assembled as a jewel . . . . something she'll covet, and adore. One of Barbara Bates' famous hand beauty combinations, with its cargo of fingertip necessities . . . . manicure exclusives she'll never find elsewhere. Something to live long after December 25th.

"MALIBU"—Flip back the bar—a daily touch-up! *Two* shades of Pliant Liquid Polish—Rose Mist and Pastel Rose; Lubricant Polish Remover; Cuticle Beauty Oil; and Hand Beauty Lotion. Silvery sea-green, oyster white, or black *untippable* stand, only $2.00.

"MAYFAIR"—Complete enough for professionals. Contains Rose Mist Pliant Liquid Polish, Lubricant Polish Remover, Cuticle Beauty Oil, Hand Beauty Lotion. Also *exclusive* Zephyr Nail File, Crystolive Stick, Smoothie, Tweezers, Ivoree Manicure Stick, and Scissors. Fine red, black or tan leather, or stunning luggage linen . . . remarkable for $5.00.

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"BIARRITZ"—Craftsman's dream . . . Superbly appointed. Fifteen accessories—Rose Mist Pliant Liquid Polish, Lubricant Polish Remover, Cuticle Beauty Oil and Cream, Hand Beauty Lotion, Powder Polish Stick, Nail Polish Cream, Ball Handle Buffer, Crystolive Stick, Smoothie, Zephyr Nail File, Ivoree Manicure Stick, Nailwhite Pencil, Tweezers, and Cuticle Scissors. $12.50.

"THE MALE BOX"—For that certain man in your life. Like his tailor-made luggage, a stunning genuine leather portable set—well laden for well-groomed fingernails. Sturdy nail clippers, cuticle scissors, and eight other necessities. $10.00.

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Barbara Bates

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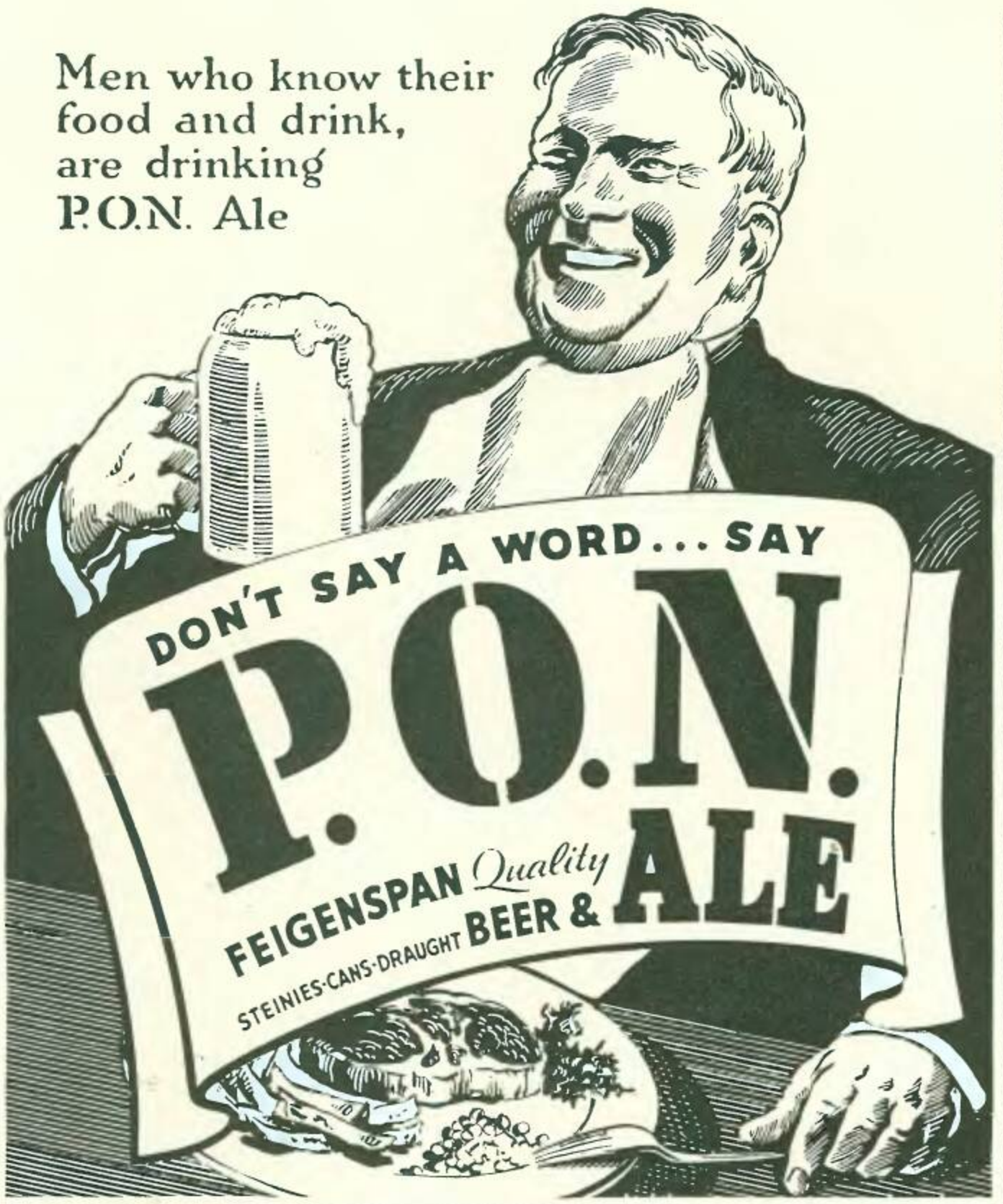

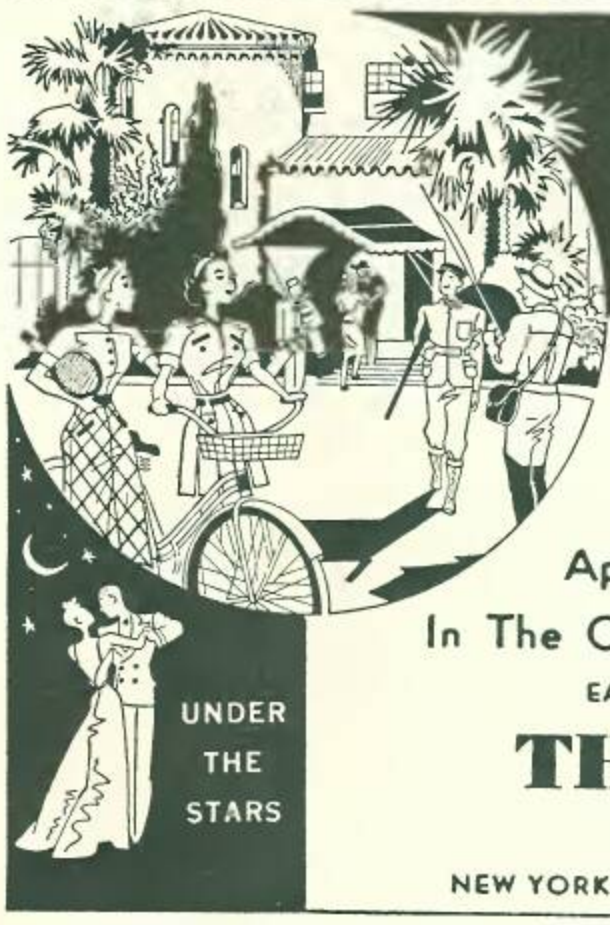

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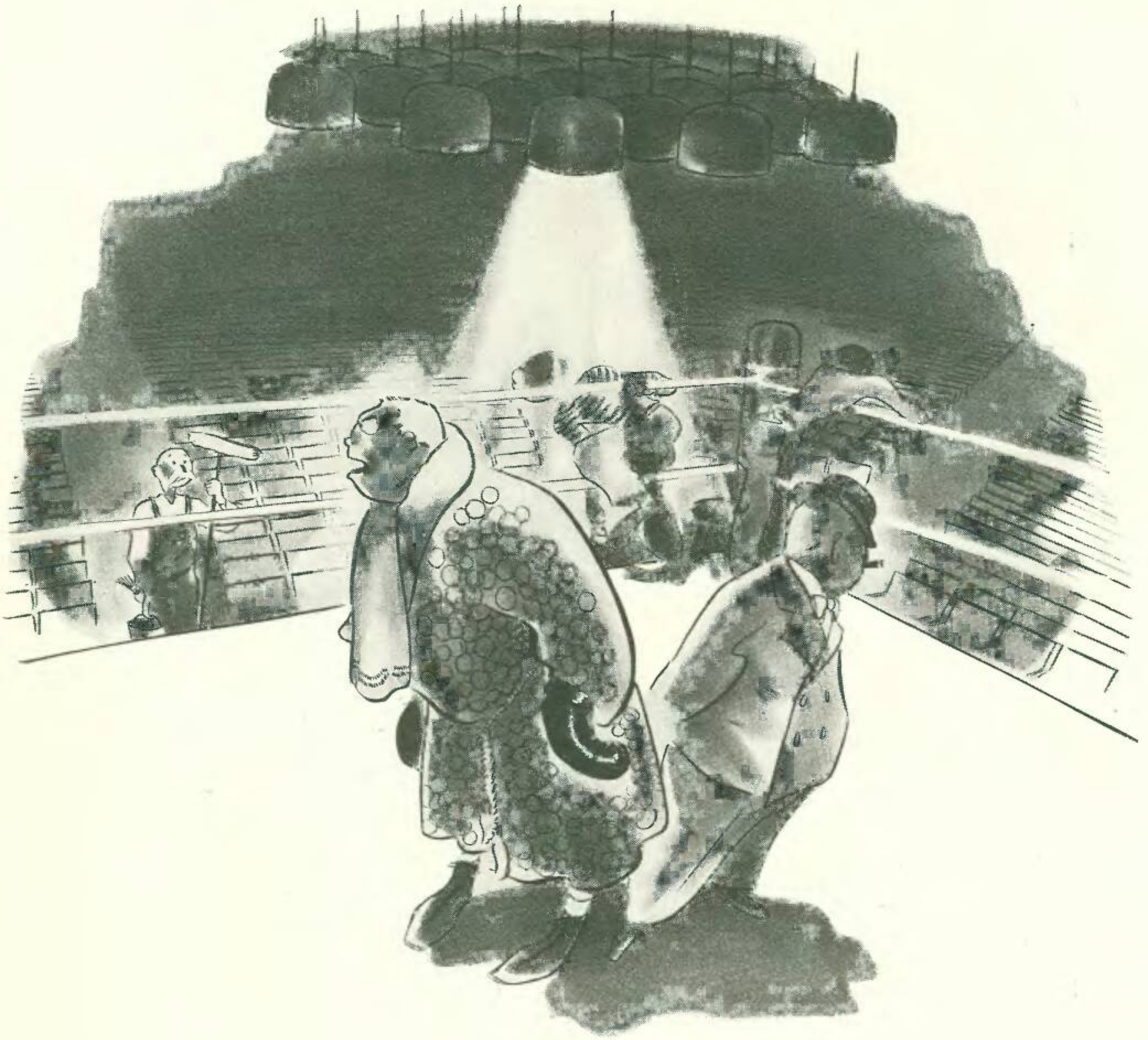
fare on candy and walked home, usually with a couple of other lads. The path led diagonally across the city, sometimes up Broadway, sometimes around the open New York Central yards and across to Central Park. I watched the Public Library and the Grand Central Terminal during their building, and remember parts of Fifth Avenue below Fifty-ninth that were still lined with brownstone dwellings and plushy-looking mansions before which victorias and hansoms would stop, and the stages—as my mother still calls the buses—would roll by. Yet visually these walks remain dim, because so much of them, particularly when a sallow, evangelical boy named George Lush was along, was spent in talks about God and immortality and True Christianity. The openness of the midtown district then, its low buildings and the vast unbuilt spaces on Park Avenue, of course remain with me, for they were still visible when the Shelton was erected as late as 1924, but I dearly wish some heavenly stenographer would transcribe one of those theological debates for me. Both Lush and I were still pious lads. Could it be that we spent all those hours comparing the practices of the Baptists and the Episcopalians? Or were we battling with the Higher Criticism? I can't remember.

In grammar school, most of the male teachers were aged men, who had grown old in a profession they conducted with dignity untouched by inspiration—men who could remember the draft riots, or the black-walled city that celebrated Lincoln's funeral. In high school, there were a lot of young teachers who brought into the place the contemporary flavor of Cornell, Chicago, or Wisconsin, as well as nearer universities, people who were stirred up over their subjects and who would break into their routine demonstrations in physics with hints of exciting scientific news that would not for a decade



"Sumpin' tells me this is all for naught."

PITY McGonigle. His handlers worked on him for months. His footwork would make Nijinsky look like a third-grade plainclothesman. His timing would put a stop-watch to shame. He's got a left hook that would dent a battleship and a right-cross that could be the last word of the evening. In other words, he's in swell shape—but the wrong place.

Sometimes that happens to an advertising campaign. An idea—basically sound, cleverly conceived, polished to a needle-point of effectiveness—misses its Big Chance. The maximum of advertising accomplishment requires the right medium. Such a medium, for example, as The Sun. Read by New York families with willingness and ability to buy, The Sun is a "place" that can lift a campaign to the heights of its purpose.

The Sun
NEW YORK

or more penetrate the textbooks—Einstein's first theory of relativity, or the electronic theory of matter, which made the old-fashioned doctrine of the indivisible atom look silly except as a convenience in writing chemical equations. Our principal, a sweet, portly man with a gray Vandyke beard and a bald head, was excited about science, too; he kept a class in physics for himself all through his principalship, and he would beam on us when he had made a good demonstration. Some of the more menial subjects in engineering, like mechanical drawing, seemed to attract routineers, but to make up for it, there were teachers in pattern-making or metal-turning who had worked with the Yale & Towne lock company or in the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and who were not tethered to the profession of teaching out of mere ineptitude for worldly tasks or for the sake of premature repose. As for the man who taught us forging, he was a German blacksmith of the old school, and his iron roses and scrolly leaves were our envy.

That a school so strenuously dedicated to science and the mechanical arts should have had a good English department was extremely fortunate for a lad whose mathematical aptitude waned shortly after he wrote his first love letter. The English teachers worked against odds, too, because the Board of Regents had chosen a lot of pretty stale literature for our edification, and it didn't help matters that, by some oversight, we had already gone through "The Lady of the Lake" and "Julius Caesar" in grammar school. But my teacher in freshman English, a rapt, brooding young man with a freckled face and a huge mop of carroty hair, encouraged a group of us to write a play, and from his lips I first heard the name of Bernard Shaw. That was what was important, as one looks back on it, in all the classes. Not the lesson itself, but the overflow—a hint, a pat on the shoulder, the confession of a secret ambition, a fragment of unposed life as someone had actually lived it.

I hated quadratic equations and I wasn't overly fond of geometry, but high school had none of the close-packed boredom that remains the chief impress of my earlier education. It was a big chunk of life to swallow, and maybe we were stretched a little too hard at study during a period when our bodies demanded a larger share of idleness and relaxation than we gave them. But there was no lack of intellectual stimulus in this new milieu. By the time we had visited foundries on

the East River, practiced tennis on courts in Staten Island, travelling two hours for the sake of playing one, cheered baseball games in the Bronx, and dickered with one-horse job printers on John Street, we knew our way about the city and we knew a lot about what life had to offer ourselves and our fellows.

When I left high school, however, my ambitions had changed. I wanted to be a newspaperman as a first step toward becoming a novelist. Shep Friedman was then the city editor of the *Morning Telegraph*, and since he was a friend of the family, I kept on politely nagging him for a job for the next year or two. I would usually drop in around 6 P.M., before he had started the heavy business or the heavy drinking of the day, and although I was palpably a callow and ratty adolescent, he was always decent enough to drag me down to the corner bar for a friendly beer. After this he would give me a note of introduction to the most recent occupant of the *Evening Journal's* city desk. Being idiotic as well as honorable, I never examined these notes. I suspect now that they said, "For God's sake dump this kid somewhere or drown him." At the end of six months I compromised with my ambitions and went on the *Evening Telegram* as copy boy for the lobster trick. My feelings were a little like those of a broken-down gentleman I once knew who was finally reduced to taking a job as dishwasher in a big hotel. But, he proudly explained to his friends, he was not an ordinary dishwasher; he washed only the dishes of the guests who were served privately in their rooms. It was understood that I was to become a cub reporter the first time someone moved up or out.

The job forced me to get up at 2:50 A.M., make my own breakfast, and catch a Sixth Avenue "L" to Herald Square. The back of our flat faced Columbus Avenue, and I could tell by leaning out the kitchen window and noting whether the passing train had green or white lights how much time I had left for finishing my cocoa. It made one feel slightly superior to be abroad in the city at that hour, before the milkman started on his rounds. The cold white flare of the arc lights intensified one's feeling of aloofness, and an occasional light in the bedroom of an otherwise darkened tenement house might even add a touch of mystery, hinting of someone in pain, someone quarrelling, someone dying or being born. But often I would be oblivious of the sleeping city because I was read-

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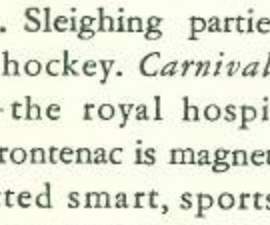

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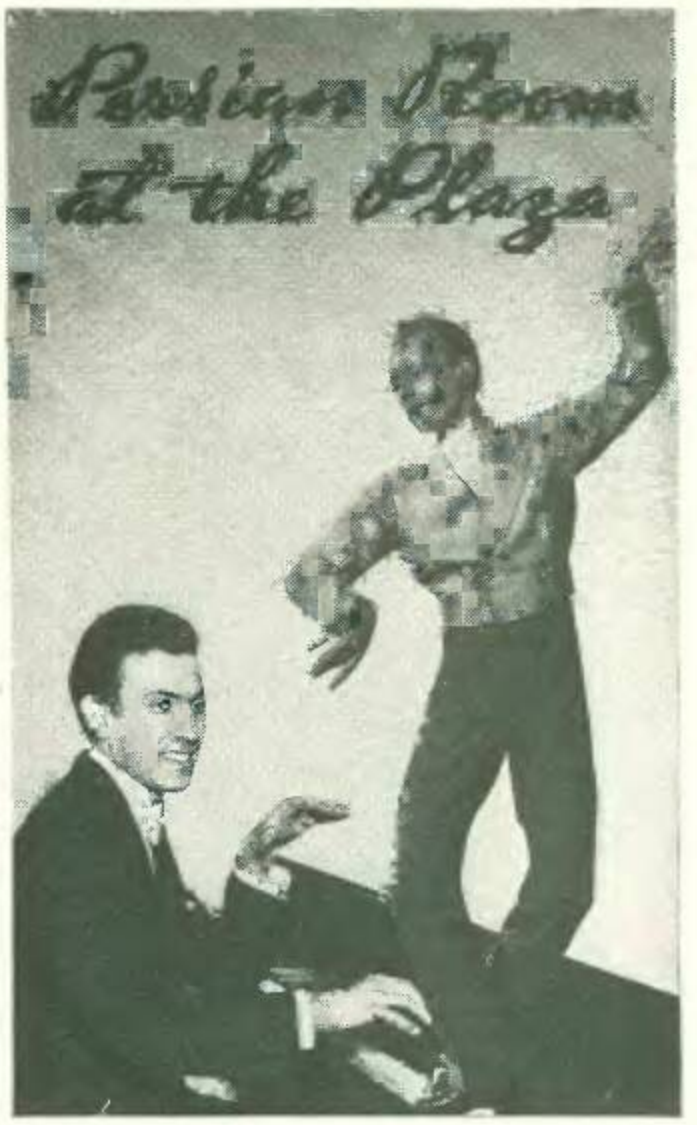
ing, with an indescribable priggish elation, a few pages in Plato or William James. Reading "A Pluralistic Universe" at 3:25 in the morning almost wiped away the humiliation of sweeping the floor and setting out the flimsy in the stale air of the city room half an hour later. If I happened to catch a train ten minutes earlier, I would encounter the last of the reporters, winding up their poker game in a corner of our common city room.

The *Telegram* was even in 1913 a pretty seedy sheet, but James Gordon Bennett was still alive, and some faint, ridiculous spark of his vindictive energy would cause an editor or a reporter suddenly to jump out of his skin. (Bennett was the same insolent devil who offered Stanley his old job on the *Herald* after he had found Livingstone and made himself famous.) At this time, the name Roosevelt was taboo; he could be referred to only as the Third Termer. Among other examples of Bennett's crotchets, there was an ice chest in one corner of the city room, which was duly filled with ice every day, supposedly because the Old Boy himself might suddenly appear and want ice for his champagne. Bennett's alpaca coat, too, hung on a hook in his private office, waiting. I rushed the beer and sandwiches and coffee while the night city editor was marking up the morning papers for the rewrite men. Even at that hour, the saloon on the northeast corner of Thirty-fifth Street would have a few stragglers in it. The rewrite men, who averaged around thirty-five dollars a week then—the night city editor got only fifty—used to tip me, too, even if I did read William James and sometimes do a stick or two of rewrite myself when one of the men got in late. If any small story broke in the neighborhood, I would be sent out to cover it, but a sewer explosion and a burning mattress were about all that came my way, and my pride suffered as my boredom grew, so I chucked the job after a couple of months. It was a cheap and harmless inoculation. I never looked for Life in newspaper offices any more, and thenceforward I read newspapers with a scorn and a skepticism born of intimacy. Had I not, when a freighter without a wireless sank near Halifax, seen a big front-page story manufactured in three-quarters of an hour out of a rewrite man's stinking clay pipe and his otherwise unaided imagination?

ALL this time, and for the next few years, I was studying at City College at night, from 7:30 to



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10:20. In every way that was a remarkable experience, and one that only New York could have offered. Even New York could offer it only once, for the college I knew, with some five hundred students and a close, intimate life, disappeared—under mere pressure of congestion—within half a dozen years after its inception. It was one of those important experiments that the City College began before it went the way of other metropolitan institutions by succumbing to giantism. Dr. Stephen Duggan was the director and Dr. Frederick B. Robinson (he of umbrella memory) was then his assistant, an affable, clever man who was yet to disclose his remarkable talent for disingenuously setting a whole institution by the ears.

The students were mostly mature men, and they spoiled me for any other kind of undergraduate. One of them was a well-established maritime lawyer, with an argumentative Scotch tongue; another was a South American consul; and there were doctors, brokers, accountants, engineers, as well as people almost as infirmly established as myself. Being under no obligations to regularity, I took my college education backward, skipping most of the freshman subjects and plunging into junior and senior courses in politics, philosophy, and English. In all the new plans for revising curricula that I have examined, not even Dr. Hutchins seems to have hit on this particular dodge, but perhaps it would work no worse for others than it did for me.

There is something amoeboid about the ordinary undergraduate, but we night students had a shape and a backbone and a definite point of view. Our discussions were battles, and though we often lived to change sides, there was nothing tentative or hesitating in our espousals; we did not suffer from the academic disease of evasive "open-mindedness." Our professors were men of character—men like Morris Cohen, who thought and taught out of a passion for things of the mind as pure as that of a Socrates or a Spinoza. There was Alfred Compton, a slim, sardonic gentleman with a touch of Robert Louis Stevenson about him. There was John Pickett Turner, a handsome man with a massive dark head, a wart on his cheek, and shoulders of Platonic dimensions; he spoke with a Southern deliberation and enlivened his course on psychology with case histories drawn undisguised from his own life and marital experience. Even-handed and tolerant, he didn't quiver a hairbreadth when a sharp little Rumanian, Jallyer, in the ethics

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class, declared that the *summum bonum* would be to die at the height of an orgasm in the arms of a beautiful woman. There was J. Salwyn Schapiro, one of J. H. Robinson's brilliant disciples, who filled the air with epigrams and paradoxes, one of which seems even more startling in 1937 than it did in 1913—"The Constitution might be overthrown, but it could not be amended." And then there was Earle Palmer, a little man with a drawn white face, hunched shoulders, and dark eyes that smoldered behind his glasses. He took us through Pancoast's anthology of poetry, living and enacting the poems, with an acrid humor in commentary that sprang out of passion rather than bitterness—a frail but ageless figure, half pixie, half demon, with the sudden dark touch of one who had not lightly triumphed over terror and wrath and pain. My Harvard friends have overfilled me with tales about their famous Copey, but none of them has ever made me feel the least regretful that I missed the histrionic Harvard professor. One touch of Palmer's ruthless sincerity was at least half a college education.

The Trustees of City College had chosen a grand site for their new buildings when the college moved up from Twenty-third Street, and the architecture had a powerful effect when one climbed the hill past the Hebrew Orphan Asylum through the deepening October twilight and saw the college buildings, in their dark stone masses and white terra-cotta quoins and moldings, rising like a collection of crystals out of the formless rocks on the crest. Below, the plain of Harlem spread, a vapor of light beneath the twinkle and flood of a large beer sign. In the afterglow, or on a dark night, these buildings could awaken nostalgic memory as easily as those of Brasenose or Magdalen. Often we

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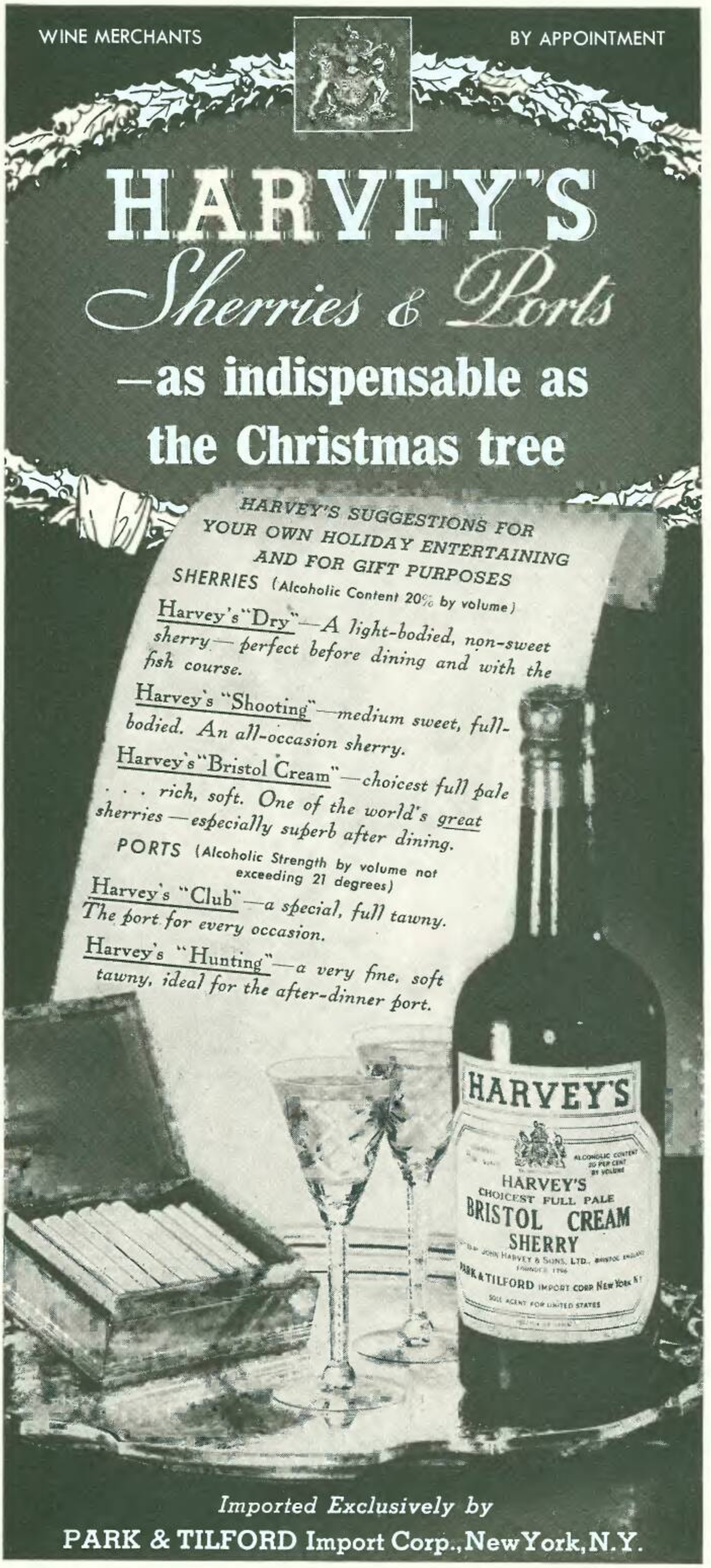
would accompany one of our professors to his home, along Convent Avenue or Broadway, or sometimes a group of us, heady with the discussions started in the classroom, would stalk down Riverside Drive, matching outrageous puns, arguing about free will and determinism, bursting into irrelevant song. It had the intimacy that only a small college can give, plus the variety and intensity of stimulus that come in a great city.

THE other part of my adolescence, particularly in the earlier years, centred chiefly around the old tennis courts in Central Park on the south side of the transverse at Ninety-sixth Street. The courts were then covered with grass, and the most popular court, half-denuded by constant playing, was called the dirt court. An aged keeper, with a gray beard spattered with tobacco juice, had charge of the marking of the courts and the stowing away of the nets. He was probably one of those Civil War pensioners who were still favored on the public payrolls, and we called him "Captain," but he had a vile temper and carried on an uncivil war of his own with most of the people who played there. He was often drunk, and the white lines he marked with his sprinkler showed no disposition to follow the straight and narrow path, but this crusty character gave the place a certain flavor which contrasts with the colorless, antiseptic courtesy of today. We couldn't start playing till the Captain raised the flag on the flagpole.

It was a queer gang that hung around the courts in those days—a few newspaper reporters on the *American* and the *Press*; a theatrical agent whom we called Ted; a little hunchback with no visible occupation, whom we called Dirty Ferdie; a few semi-professional loafers who used to play for stakes; and a handful of young women who were usually attached to the older men, ancients who might be at least thirty years old, as well as a few boys of my own age who took tennis very seriously. Day after day through the muggy summer we would lounge around on the hill behind the dirt court, and play, and lounge, and play again till we could scarcely drag our feet around the court. This was a complete, self-contained world; even on a rainy day, we would come over to the courts with our racquets, sprawling on benches beneath the trees toward the reservoir, speculating on the weather. When the males were alone, the conversation would often descend to basement level, and I would go home with new words I



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couldn't find in the ten-volume Century Dictionary, sometimes with lickerish hints about aspects of life I hadn't the faintest clue to till I studied abnormal psychology. On the whole, perhaps it was a good thing we played so much tennis.

I don't know if I can convey the precise flavor of the city that one inhaled on those Central Park courts in my day. It was perhaps closest to what one feels on a clean, sunny beach onto which the ocean periodically washes stale watermelon rinds, mildewed oranges, and discarded paper boxes. There was nothing particular in my immediate life to make me look naturally for meanness or sordidness or dishonesty, but constant hints of these things seeped in from the world around me. By the time I was fifteen, I had acquired a layer of protective cynicism that would have honored the proverbial cub reporter, and my tennis coach in high school, an excellent English teacher named Quimby, once said in perfectly justifiable horror, "You talk like a disillusioned man of sixty." Yet with all my early knowingness, I went through the first experience of being in love at fifteen—with Sybil, a girl I met at the tennis courts—as if all my life had been spent among the innocents of Arcadia. The other day I attended a singing festival given by the girls in one of our municipal colleges, a charming mass of hussies whose dance routines would have done credit to Broadway. In the very alluring performance they put on, in the songs they had made up, I detected the same combination of virginity and cynicism, of chastity and shamelessness—the curious patina of hardness that forms over youth in the big city. They were exquisitely young and fresh, yet already they were a little cheapened, a little soiled.

My own girl was one of those ruthless beauties who are never at ease unless they put five or six men simultaneously in a state of torture. With one, she danced for tango prizes in the footsteps of Irene Castle; with another, she swam; with another, she went to football games. She had us all, in fact, pretty well specialized and subordinated, and it was usually for one of the older lads that she reserved her emotional complications. If I began earlier and remained on the scene longer than any of her other young admirers, it was because I served as a sort of fixed spar to mark the height of the incoming or the ebbing tide. Every once in a while she would cling to me to get her bearings. My specialty was playing tennis

on the courts near Morningside Park, a few blocks from her apartment, at six in the morning, before she started her day as artist's model. It was perhaps the only time in my life, except in the Navy, that I visibly profited by my gift of waking up easily.

I can't pretend that there was anything very typical of New York in this relationship. The closest it came to taking on the color of the city was one hot summer night, on a street swarming with children and inundated by a hurdy-gurdy thumping out "Cavalleria Rusticana," when I told her I wanted to marry her. She was very self-possessed about that. She sent me round the corner for some ice cream, which the dealers then used to heap up in flimsy paper boxes, and then she took me up to the roof of her apartment house, a flight higher than the elevator went, so that we could talk matters over while we dipped, turn and turn, into the ice-cream box. The thick summer sky flared to the east with the lights of Harlem, and on this high roof one had a sense of separation from the rest of the world one usually doesn't achieve in Nature at a level lower than five thousand feet. But nobody ever succeeded in making love convincingly when his hands were all sticky from ice cream. Perhaps Sybil knew that when she complained about the heat. On her telling me what good friends we would always be—pals, in fact—I abruptly left her, and went down onto the steamy pavement, on which big raindrops were beginning to spatter, feeling dramatically solemn. The same tune—probably from the same hand organ—was still clanging in the distance. And I was already sketching in my mind the first act of a play to be called "Love on Morningside Heights."

—Lewis Mumford

•

Trailer sleep has a completely different quality about it than house sleep or even apartment sleep. It is deeper and wider and is trimmed with blue velvet.—*Automobile section of the Times.*

Go on—you've got us yawning already.

•

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[*From the San Francisco Examiner*]

Two backs, Captain Clint Frank and Al Wilson, led a powerful Yale football team to a 27 to 7 victory today over the University of Pennsylvania in the Yale Bowl.

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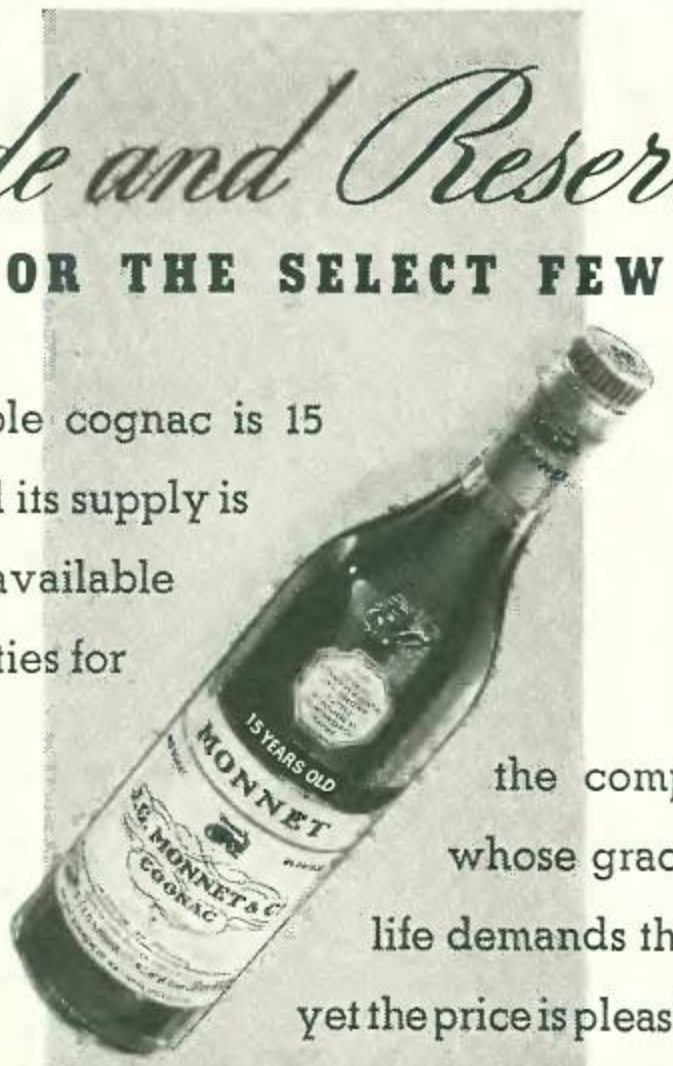

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FOOTBALL

The Red Badge of Courage

MOST of the people who usually stay at home and listen to football games on the radio probably wondered what the radio announcer was talking about on Thanksgiving Day when he remarked that Red Friesell was doing a fine job of refereeing in the Pennsylvania-Cornell game at Philadelphia. An official is rarely mentioned by name, and more infrequently with favor, which is only natural, considering the quality of workmanship we've been getting. Few of those spectators who know that there are such things as officials can tell who they are—even a regular, like William Henderson Friesell of Princeton, whose bright shock of hair explains his nickname. Friesell finished up a busy weekend by refereeing the Columbia-Stanford game in New York. Although he's not a man to overlook the unpleasanter infractions of football rules—last week he penalized Pennsylvania once and Stanford twice for unnecessary roughness—his assignment book is full of important events. This season, for instance, his dozen affairs included the Yale-Harvard, Dartmouth-Harvard, Army-Columbia, Navy-Columbia, and Army-Notre Dame games. His most unusual job this year was the Princeton-Chicago game. It's obviously not customary for officials to work in games played by their alma maters, but Princeton and Chicago decided before their game that they'd try having the officiating done by two Princetonians and two Chicagoans. The experiment was considered a success; not a single angry old grad wrote in demanding that the game be replayed under a neutral aegis. Friesell's busiest day was Thanksgiving, what with five Cornell and three Penn touchdowns.

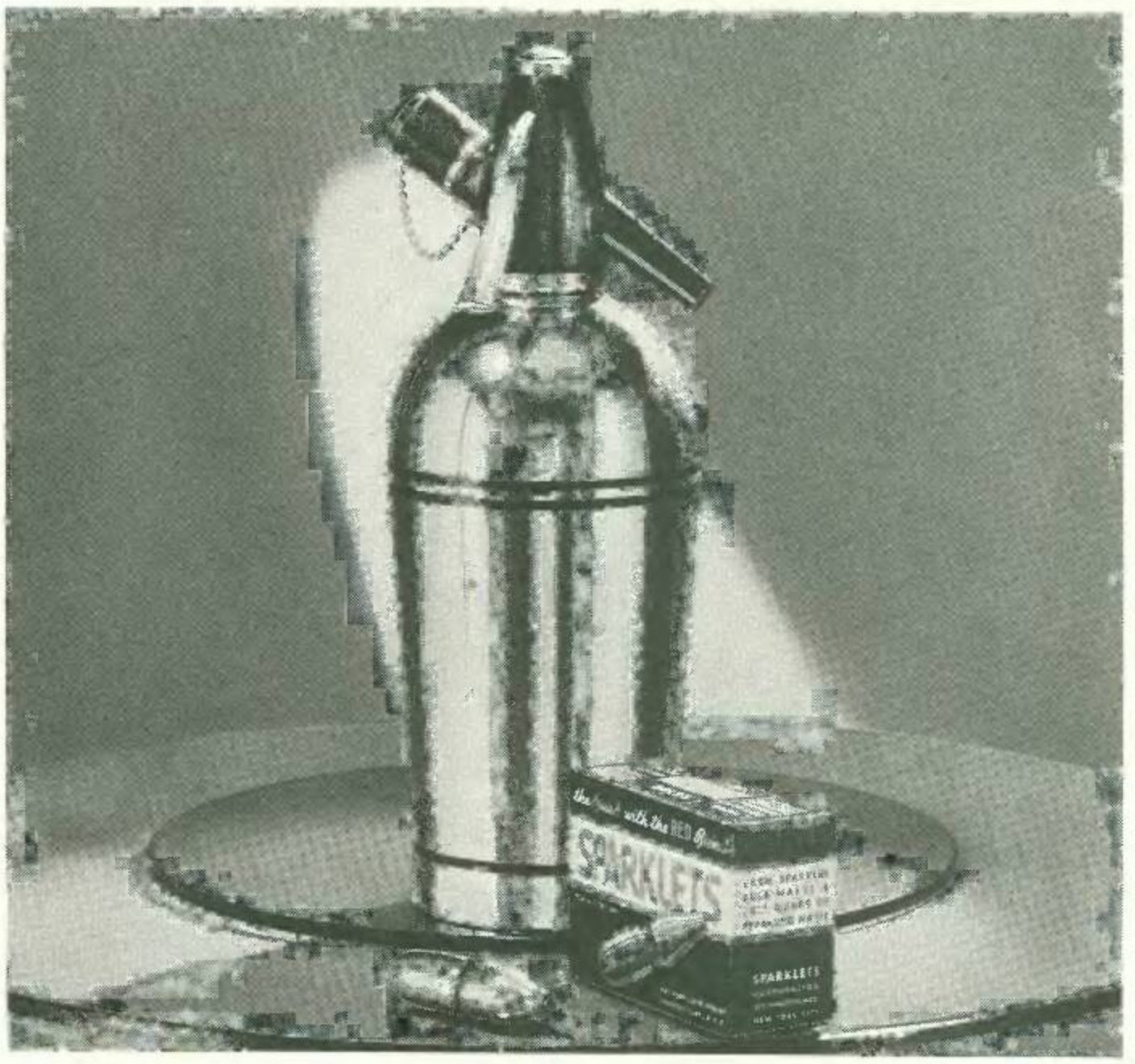
The referee's main duty is determining precisely where the ball is dead after each play, which is pretty important; an error of a yard or so sometimes makes the difference between winning and losing a game. Most referees are too old and broken-winded to keep up with the ballcarrier, but Friesell, a good athlete in his day, can follow the dizziest reverse or end-around play. When the attacking team is near the defender's goal, Friesell, instead of taking a general's post well to the rear,

lines up as offensive wingback just outside the defending end, but facing inward so he can see what's coming. It's a tough spot if the play goes around his end, but if it goes through the middle of the line, he doesn't have to guess how far the ballcarrier gets. It's good technique, but you have to be spry. W. G. Crowell, who refereed the Army-Navy game, spoiled Navy's only chance of tying up the game when he wouldn't get out of the way of Wood's end sweep in the third quarter. He stood still, apparently paralyzed, blocking the hole through which Wood was trying to go, and Wood had to cut back —into the hands of three Army men.

Although Friesell is forty-three and has been out of college for twenty years, he's just about as fast and light as he was in his prep-school days. He stands only five foot two and weighs but a hundred and thirty-eight pounds. In fact, he's livelier and not much older than several promising sophomore football players we've seen this fall. He showed how fast he can run when he chased George Peck of Cornell on a very deceptive reverse play in the fourth quarter of the Penn game. (You remember George Peck, who two months ago wasn't ever going to play football again because he took a lot of bumping about in the Princeton game.) Peck, on this particular play, darted out of the Cornell backfield and streaked for one corner of the Penn goal line. Two Penn tacklers caught him a yard or so short of the goal and brought him down hard. Peck just managed to land with the ball square on the chalk line, and looked up to see whether Friesell was going to call it a touchdown. He didn't have to look far. Friesell was astride him, already holding his arms aloft in the traditional signal which indicates that a touchdown has been scored.

FRIESELL's life has always been as active as that. At his prep school, Shady Side Academy, in his home town, Pittsburgh, he was alternately quarterback and end on the football team, left fielder on the baseball team, and a member of the gym team in his spare time. In Pittsburgh, the old men still talk about the time he broke his neck in a spectacular tackle of Dave Herron in a school game. Friesell, although he was unconscious for a fortnight, and an invalid for a long time, recovered sufficiently to be a member of the Princeton swimming team for three years and captain of it for two years, and was the intercollegiate diving champion in 1915 and 1916. Dave

Here's a christmas gift that makes club soda wholesale!



Every lucky man on your list will applaud the Thrifty Ways of the SPARKLET SYPHON

A GIFT of a SPARKLET SYPHON will fortify your fame as a generous giver—even as it adds to the owner's Yuletide cheer. It's the best-looking, smartest-looking syphon that ever graced a highball or a highboy.

And, while its initial cost is moderate for so swank a syphon, its overhead is lower still. SPARKLETS save money every time they serve a drink and cut the cost of soda to a new and pleasing low.

The SPARKLET SYPHON makes its own soda at about 8¢ a quart. It's an excellent soda, too, that bubbles long after you've whooshed it into your glass. And you have no bottles to "take back"—no deposits to pay.

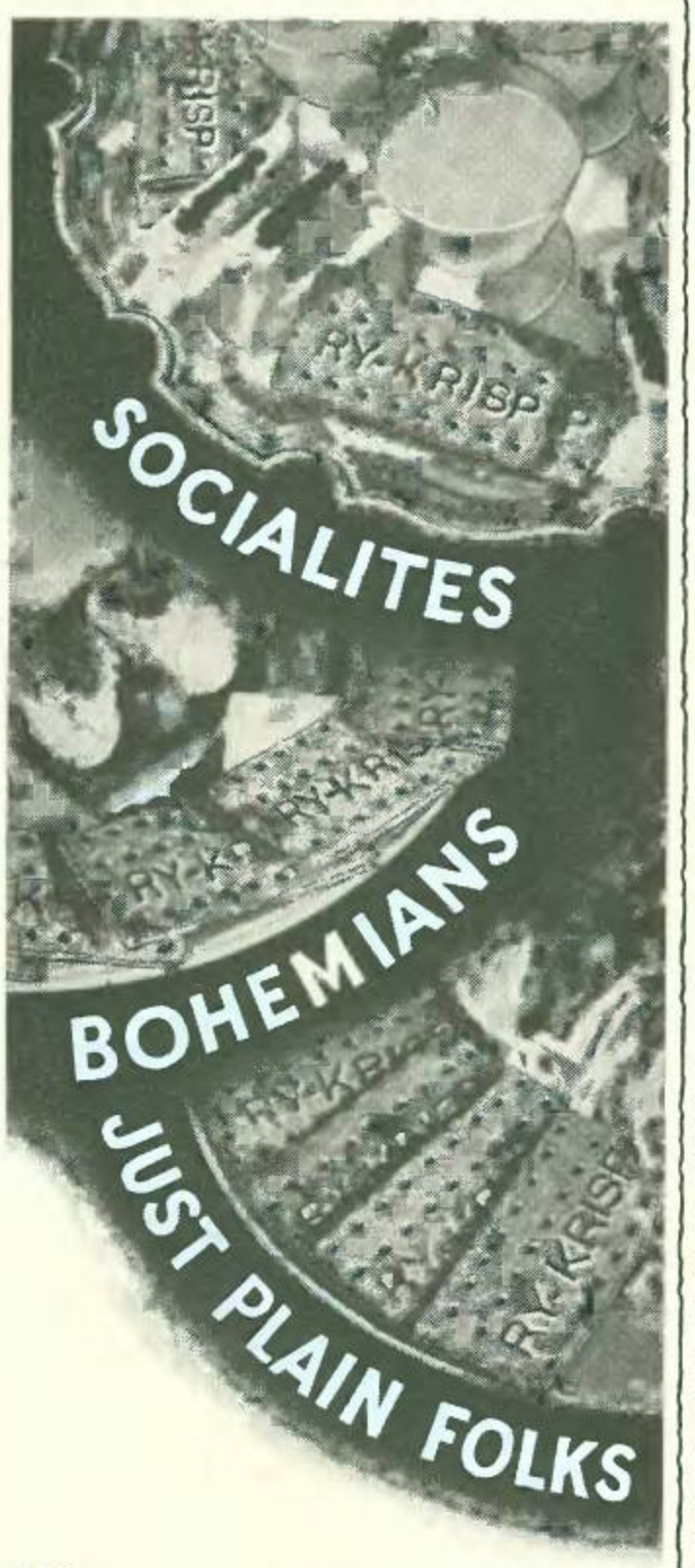
Give a handsome, masculine SPARKLET SYPHON to every male on your list. SPARKLETS are sold at most drug, department and houseware stores, as well as leading specialty shops.

★ ★ ★

New Streamline Syphon with 5 refills: Enamel finish (ivory with black trim, black with red trim, or blue with white trim) $5.95; Chromium finish (black or red trim) or Copper finish with red trim $6.95. Refills for charging the syphon: Box of 5 for 45¢, 10 for 85¢, 25 for $1.95.

The new Streamline
SPARKLET SYPHON
"Highlight of gifts for 1937!"

RY-KRISP has a *Flavor* all appetites remember



WHOEVER you are—wherever you live—whatever your tastes in food—you'll enjoy the enticing flavor and brittle crispness of these whole rye wafers. There's a satisfying goodness about them no appetite can resist. Have a plate of toasted Ry-Krisp on the table morning, noon and night. Have a package handy in the pantry for between meal nibbling. Remember, you can eat Ry-Krisp without fear of losing your schoolgirl slimness because there are just 20 calories in each tasty wafer.

HEAR *Marion Talley* SING

Sunday afternoon, 5:00 PM, EST, NBC Red Network and other stations.

Herron, you may recall, lived to be the amateur golf champion of 1919. Friesell never played football again after making that tackle, which seems reasonable enough. After he graduated from Princeton in 1916, he went overseas as a captain of engineers in the World War. Now he's settled down, if you can call it that, to a job in a big Pittsburgh department store. Friesell doesn't ever have a real vacation. Instead, he takes his time off in driblets during the fall, travelling to and from the games in which he officiates.

When you see him standing around the dressing rooms before a game, you know, from his chunky, well-knit frame and the way everyone says "Hello, Red" to him, that he's an old-time athlete, but there's one thing you—and most of his present associates—would never suspect. Friesell was one of the best-looking girls in the pony ballet of the Princeton Triangle Club musical show when he was an undergraduate. One son, William, is in this year's Triangle Club; the other is in Lawrenceville, presumably getting ready to carry on the family tradition.

THE Army-Navy game was a trifle dismal. The grass of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium, which is dyed green every fall, came off on the players' jerseys occasionally, and the paint on the wooden seats came off on the customers continually. It rained all the time the game was being played, and none of the cops on duty seemed able to tell how to get back to Philadelphia, or, indeed, if there was a Philadelphia. Army was very pleased with itself for showing its best work of the season, and the Marines were pleased with Ulmont I. Whitehead, Jr., an enlisted man who worked his way into Annapolis and onto the varsity. He played a good game last Saturday. We also admired the performances of Charlie Long, who looks like next year's No. 1 Army passer, and of Frank Lynch, who was filling Bergner's place in the Navy line. Lynch is the only Annapolis man ever to win three Navy stars in a year—he played against Army on last year's winning football and basketball teams, and won his event—the discus throw—in the meet at West Point. We were strictly neutral Saturday. We spent the morning talking football with Lieutenant Pirie, a Navy scrub himself not so long ago, at Navy headquarters, and the afternoon sitting on the Army side; and we went to Philadelphia on the Pennsy and came home on the B. & O.

—J. W. L.

MIAMI·BEACH

WE PLANNED for seven years to bring you perfect vacation days. Seven years before ground was broken, the planning of The Whitman began. No wonder the finished work combines the utmost in comfort and luxury. Ideal location on its own beach, two entire floors of public rooms, finest cuisine, excellently trained staff, unobstructed view, all outside rooms, steam heat, baths with both tub and shower—every feature adds to the perfection of vacations "à-la-Whitman". Select clientele.

Illustrated, 32-page booklet.

Advance reservations by letter or wire to:

FATIO DUNHAM, *Manager*

Fanny Farmer
CANDIES

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION, AMPLIFICATION, AND ABUSE

DEAR SIRS:

IN the issue of *The New Yorker* dated October 9, 1937, the following advice was given motorists:

If you're motoring to Princeton for football games, you'll find that the quickest way to get to New Jersey from downtown New York is to use the Twenty-third Street or the Forty-second Street ferry and whip over to Hudson Boulevard, which joins the Pulaski Skyway at Jersey City. (The Holland Tunnel has about reached its saturation point.)

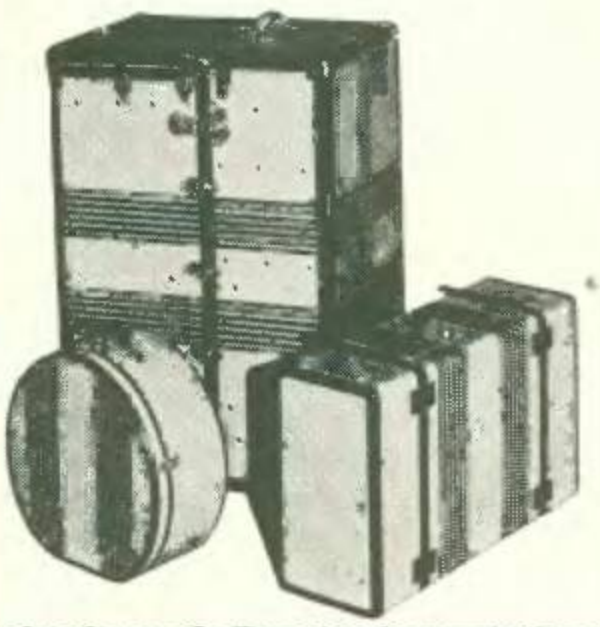
I can't think of a better route to West Point than along the Henry Hudson Parkway to the Saw Mill River Parkway and the Bronx River Parkway Extension. Then you cross the Bear Mountain Bridge over to 9W and the United States Military Academy reservation.

The Port Authority, with the assistance of the WPA, made a check on Saturday morning, October 30th. This was the day of the Princeton-Harvard game. The clocking covered the hours from 10:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M., both at the Holland Tunnel and at the 23rd and 42nd Street ferries.

There was no appreciable delay at the Holland Tunnel. The maximum time consumed in waiting to enter the tunnel was two minutes. Only twenty-three cars out of 5,115 Jersey-bound through the north tube in this 3-hour period were subjected to the two minute delay.

At the 23rd Street ferries, the average wait for the first car in line was eleven minutes. Added to the crossing time of ten minutes, this gave a total of twenty-one minutes from the New York to the New Jersey side of the Hudson River as against four and five, and at the most six minutes through the Holland Tunnel.

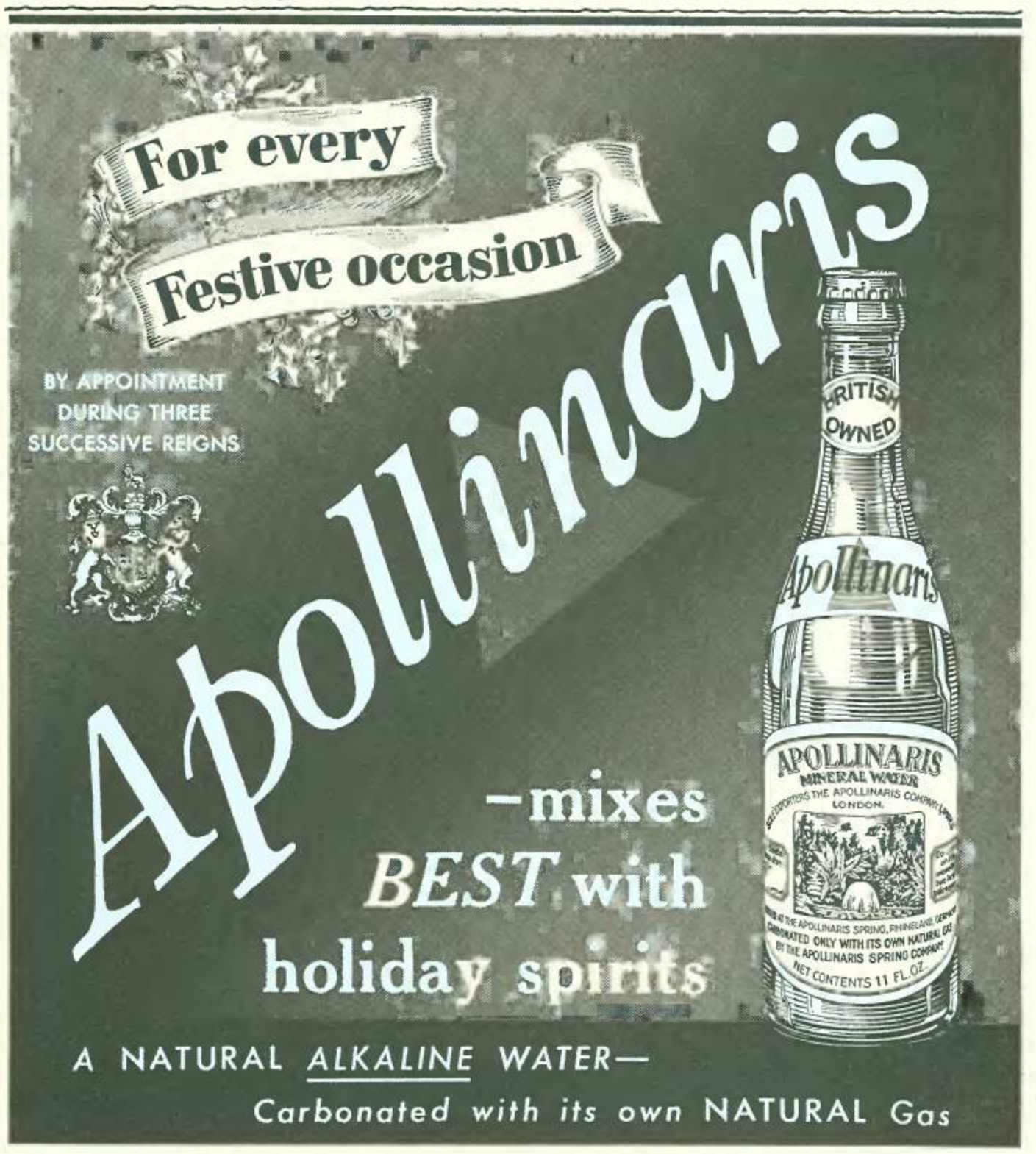
In one instance, the ferry could not accommodate the entire line and there



Don't blame this poor camel for "putting on airs"... Oshkosh luggage seems to have that effect on man or beast.

Nowadays most people who take wardrobe trunks like them big. The Oshkosh "Chief" at left has 16 hangers plus a completely organized drawer section and costs $200. Round hat box for women, $32.50. The third piece with leather straps is a large carry-all case with tray, surprising in capacity, albeit light in weight. $60.

OSHKOSH
TRUNKS AND LUGGAGE
OSHKOSH TRUNKS, INC. 10 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK



BY APPOINTMENT

Burberry Overcoats are sold the world over

THE CHARACTER

and individuality of Burberry Overcoats, apart from their styling and design, lies in that nice balance in appearance between conservatism and smartness.

Burberry weather-proofed Gabardines are made to meet the severest demands of sport, travel and town use.

For the convenience of Burberry patrons, selected dealers are located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. An inquiry to Burberrys Ltd., 12 E. 38th St., New York, will bring prompt response of location and address.

BURBERRYS *Ltd.*
***of* LONDON, ENGLAND**

was a total wait of sixteen minutes for those left over from the previous ferry until the second boat cleared. This made a total crossing time of twenty-six minutes.

At 42nd Street, the average wait in line was six and one-half minutes, making a total of sixteen minutes to cross. The maximum delay was twelve minutes in line or a total of twenty-two minutes to cross.

As for the second paragraph I have quoted from *The New Yorker*, we have no criticism to offer of our competitor, the Bear Mountain Bridge. I would like to whisper to you, however, that the article in *The New Yorker* might have mentioned an eighty-cent toll on the Bear Mountain Bridge, plus ten cents for extra passengers, with a maximum of one dollar, as compared with the fifty-cent flat rate at the George Washington Bridge.

Yours sincerely,
L. J. KEEFE
Secretary,
The Port of New York Authority

TIMES 1, NEW YORKER 0

To the Editors of *The New Yorker,*
SIRS:

PLEASE permit me to direct your attention to a flagrant error on page thirteen of your issue of November 20, 1937. In the item to which I refer it is stated that the *Herald Tribune* printed the scores of 848 football games on Sunday, November 7th, and that *The Times* printed the scores of 549 games. As a matter of fact *The Times* printed the scores of 550 games and the *Tribune* had 427 scores.

In fairness to *The Times* I would greatly appreciate it if you would be kind enough to print with reasonable prominence a correction in your next issue.

Sincerely yours,
RAYMOND J. KELLY
Sports Editor

•

DOG

They say, my dog, your love is pure,
And like my taxes will endure,

That when your eyes with ardor burn,
It is not food for which they yearn

But only recognition, which
Is breath of life to dog or bitch.

Yet am I still uneasy, since
I see a likeness there—and wince.

—VIRGINIA WOODS BELLAMY

ENGLAND'S
"Hangoverless"
Highball

GIN-N-TONIC

The vogue that swept America's smart resorts this summer is on its way to bigger things. For America has discovered that gin-n-tonic is as zestful in short drinks or tall, many or few. Pick the size glass you want. But after the gin and ice be sure you fill it up with genuine

Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE WATER

England's original tonic mixer. Same superb quality that has made Schweppes Soda, Ginger Beer and Ginger Ale world famous through Eight Reigns. Say Schweppes at any bar, or for your home!

Featured in N. Y. by Charles & Co.; Boston, S. S. Pierce Co.; Phila., Thos. C. Fluke Co.; Chicago, Otto Schmidt Wine Co.; Pacific Coast, Tonkin Distributing Co.; (U. S. agents, Maxfield & McLeer, 90 W. Broadway, N. Y.)

O. SOGLOW

JUST ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

WHY not be sensible about Christmas shopping, or perhaps you're one who really likes the excitement of last-minute crowds—the pushing, jostling and irritating errors and delays?

If not, you'd better do something about it right now, otherwise, sure as fate, those emergency errands will catch up with you.

In the spirit of help and cooperation, we have already published many columns of Christmas Gift Suggestions, and may we modestly add that a Gift Subscription to The New Yorker itself would be most acceptable to your choosy and hard-to-please friends. Then—for fifty-two weeks you will have something in common to talk about and laugh about.

Therefore, while there is still a little pre-Christmas composure left, fill in the coupon below. A very attractive four-color gift card will be mailed to each recipient, to arrive about Christmas, announcing the gift and the donor.

Send your complete instructions *now* and we'll do the rest.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

(Effective only until December 31st. Subscriptions placed at these special rates must be the gifts of and paid for by one person.)

One Subscription	$ 5.00	Three Subscriptions	11.00
Two Subscriptions	8.00	Additional Subscriptions, *Each*	3.00

MERRY CHRISTMAS

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

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

Miss / Mrs. / Mr. _____

Address _____

Gift Card should read from—

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Miss / Mrs. / Mr. _____

Address _____

Gift Card should read from—

_____

Donor's Name _____

Address _____

(Canada, 50¢ additional a year for each subscription, Foreign, $1.00 additional.) 12-4

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

LOOKING back, we find that in these lists we have already covered the following:

November 6th . . . Christmas cards, stationery, playing cards, handkerchiefs, gifts to order for the house.
November 13th . . . Lingerie and negligees, odd conceits for women, custom haberdashery, trinkets for men.
November 20th . . . For the house.
November 27th . . . Toys, children's books.

This week we cut loose with:

Women's accessories, below.
Jewelry, page 106.
Brain waves, page 112.

We want to call attention, also, to the notes on prints and paintings for Christmas, on page 117.

Next week, Christmas will break out like a rash all over the magazine, with tips on perfumes and cosmetics, gifts for men, wrappings and trimmings, and with special attention given to Christmas books and music in their respective departments.

Accessories

THERE never is anything banal to a woman about a gift of a handbag, a pair of gloves or stockings, a vanity, or jewelled bits, for no woman can ever have enough of them. This year, some of the accessories, like sequin jackets, have a flashiness which makes them a bit risky as gifts, but otherwise there hasn't been much fundamental change. The best shops are crazy about the handbags of Koret, whose label continues to carry with it a great rightness, and the Marjorie Duntan handbags, which are usually the tailored, daytime type in antelope, and we haven't seen any that weren't in perfect taste. The specialty shops have gone in for antelope daytime bags with "jewellers' tops," which means that the frames are constructed like jewellers' bracelets and pins—metal inset with colored stones, baguettes, and so on. As usual, all the shops will show you evening bags of antique brocades, or of modern brocades with antique clasps. They "go with everything," have a one-of-a-kind, specialized, for-you quality, and can be as costly as you wish. It's a tradition that remains de luxe.

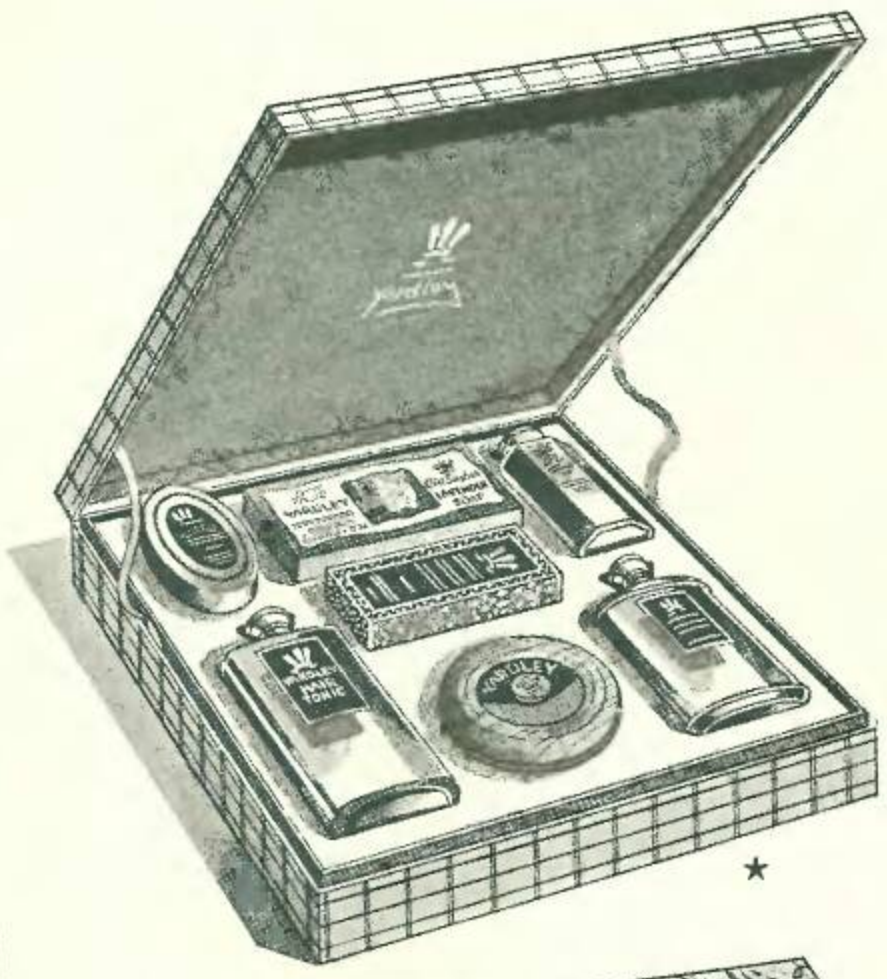
There was a time not so long ago when metal boxes, partitioned for powder, change, a lipstick, cigarettes, and everything, took the place of evening bags. These have disappeared, but tortoise shell, whether real or composition, still makes boxes that are dearly loved by women, great and small. The most popular is a size a bit larger and deeper than a tin of fifty cigarettes, and is partitioned off for the necessities of an evening out, including latchkeys and "mad money." Bewildering note: Macy has genuine ones at from $89.75 to $119; Bergdorf Goodman, superb composition affairs for $18.

With the new flamboyance, no type of costume jewelry seems too barbaric or exaggerated, but of course you must be sure of the recipient's taste before you go in for the exotic. Bergdorf shows many pieces worthy of being in museums which are being bought right and left, though in some cases they cost thousands of dollars. The most notable are huge, elaborate rings. Every shop has a special yen for a certain type of clanking, colorful jewelry—Hungarian, maybe, or Tibetan, or East Indian. In the modern, non-exotic field, glitter is rampant, for the jewellers now seem to have a craze for great hunks of gold with colored stones, and for large rhinestone floral pieces in the form of pins. The double clip pin of rhinestone, incidentally, is still around.

You may have noticed, perhaps with a certain dolor, that women are wearing Things on their heads in the evening. Unless your friend is young and giddy and will try anything once, this type of gift is a risk, though a circular veil with a few spangles on it has the same informal charm in an envelope as the traditional exquisite handkerchief. Sequin boleros, by the same token, are safest when presented to youthful habitués of the Stork Club.

With pretty contrariness, the débutantes love practical things too, like hairy Angora gloves, which they wear with their ermines when they go out in the evening, and mittens are being done up so attractively that any woman would adore them, whether for winter sports or not. For the daytime, there are lots of gay, stubby, squarish suède gloves, many

"Madam's face is too large. We must break it up."



Gifts—

IN THE ROYAL MANNER

To be bestowed like a jewel from the East, or half your kingdom—for these Yardley treasures are to that very manner born.

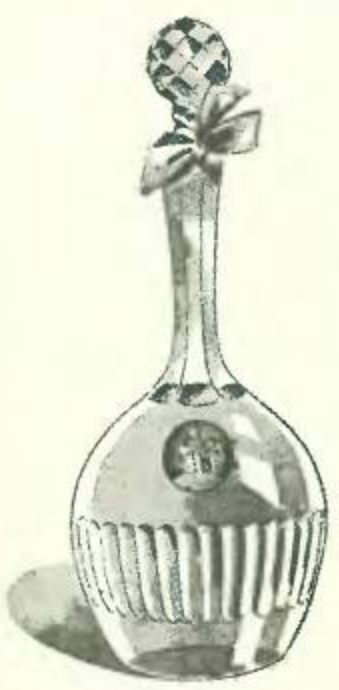
Like jewels and kingdoms, they know no peers in graciousness. And Yardley gifts, like gems, are given in a royal mood. Each one is different—so to our Bond Street lavishness your choice adds the last personal touch of taste and charming thoughtfulness.

No sybarite in the wide world has ever had *enough* Yardley all at one time, so you can fill your entire list in princely ease. Find the aristocratic suggestions on this page—and as many as half a hundred others in original Bond Street wrappings, $1.10 to $35—in any fine Yardley-appointed store. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 620 Fifth Ave., New York; 33 Old Bond St., London.

★★ The first gentlemen of the realm will luxuriate in this complete set of aristocratic masculine toiletries including the renowned Shaving Bowl **$7.00**

★★ Order of the Bath to bestow upon luxury-loving friends: The famous Yardley bath bowl, with English bath brush, exquisite Lavendomeal, and Dusting Powder **$8.50**

★★★ Cabin Case, designed for a duchess, fitted with complete English Complexion means and make-up for dry or normal skins—$11.50. . . . In genuine leather **$16.50**



★★★★ Royal trifles—Yardley's stunning new compacts blazoned with heraldic ermine motifs—$1.85, $2.50, $3.50 and **$3.75**

★★★★★ Yardley's traditional Christmas fragrance, English Lavender, the world's most famous perfume, in cut-glass decanter **$13.20**

★★★★★

★★★★

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

YARDLEY OF LONDON

Guiding Star for Santa...

LOUNGE COATS of NORTH★STAR *Nocturne*

Styled and Tailored by Barbro

Warm as a Christmas glow, soft as a young doe's ear, and light as a snowflake . . . these lounge coats will bring joy to every feminine heart. Tailored with classic perfection from the same flexile, pure fleece-wool fabric as North Star's famous summer blanket, Nocturne. Won't fade or shrink when laundered. Satin-bound edges. The luscious colors match or contrast beautifully with North Star Blankets. Wine, royal blue, rose pink, orchid, leaf green, French blue, deep rose and eggshell.

$14.95

If you cannot find them at your favorite store, *write direct to* NORTH STAR WOOLEN MILLS, *200 Madison Avenue, New York City, or Minneapolis, Minn.*

hand-stitched in contrasting color, and lots of gloves with fur touches. You will find details in the lists that follow:

ALTMAN: Swell fur jacket, waist-length, with a "V" in back like a bellhop's. Made of baranduki (chipmunk); $29.50.... Ski sets, including baby bonnets, scarves, socks, and mittens; $6.95 and $7.50.... Costume jewelry: Chinese-mandarin clips, nicely antiqued; $3. Bracelet of mandarins sitting stiffly erect; $10. Turquoise strands with carnelian clasps make bracelets ($15) and necklaces ($35). Scimitar to pin through a dress—gold with semiprecious stones; $5.... Scotty slipperettes: Frazzled yarn making dogs' faces on knitted squares that encase your feet and keep out the cold. Comfort, and more fun; $1.25.... Huge scarves: Oblong affair with "Peace" written over it in every possible language; $3. Horoscope squares; also gaudy, Paisley types and huge challis things to tie over the head. ... Evening bags: Fat velvet affair with a double embroidery-hoop top; $5. Gold mesh, with tiny round top; $25. Vast calf bag, like a satchel, but lacking that nursemaid look; $25.... Appenzell handkerchief cases for conservative folk; $2.95. Travelling sewing repair kits that roll up; $2.50. Quilted satin lingerie cases; $12.50 a set, including one handkerchief case and two larger cases. Also individual units, for cleansing tissues, gloves, stockings, and such.... Handkerchiefs: Collection of squares with real lace; from $3.50 to $50. Appenzell; $2.95 to $22.50. Monogrammed handkerchiefs—for women, six for $5; for men, six for $7.50.

BENDEL: Crêpe print bathrobe with albatross lining, delicate pinks and blues; $25. Black French flannel Motley housecoat, bound in dusty pink with a satin hem in the same pink and an arrow motif on the breast pocket; $39.75.... Halo, perfectly lovely, made of a stiff veiling with a wired edge. Has two tremendous magenta roses in the centre and magenta velvet headband; $25.... Immense evening bag, a foot long, in velvet or colored lamé, with clip clasps studded in rhinestones; $40. Evening box with compartments for handkerchief, cigarettes, comb, powder, lipstick, perfume bottle, and money. Celluloid composition with an antelope zipper case to cover it; $30.... Purse *flacon* with tiny funnel for filling; $2.75. Filled with a Bendel perfume; $3.75.... Hangers and those new hat stands of printed challis filled with sachet; $10.... The famous floating Bendel soap; $1 a cake. People love it inordinately.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Luxurious handbags—most of them to be found only at Bergdorf—of antique brocades, with brocade linings and exquisite enamel frames, or of French brocades with antique catches. Black bags with those "jewellers' tops," studded with stones, baguettes set like the ones on your best bracelet, etc. A watch bag of antelope with a real tortoise-shell frame; the catch comes over the watch face to obscure it only a little; $115. Marjorie

29.95

HOSTESS GOWNS go gay with color

Brilliant flowers splashed on lamé in a gleaming hostess gown. Colorful as confetti, soft as silk, designed to flatter, priced to soothe tired pocketbooks. 12 to 38. Fourth Floor

Also Saks Fifth Avenue Chicago

Duntan handbags, tailored and the Top; $25.... Collection of bags of Hobé workmanship, with semiprecious stones in mauve, pale blue, pink, and light green, massed together like a large mosaic—vanities, cigarette cases, bracelets, pendants to wear around the neck (or, if you are very chic, on the forehead), and frames for antelope bags; $95 up, and treasures.... Tortoise-shell pencil, as knobby as a shillelagh; adored by men as well as women; $22. Large cylinder of tortoise shell containing compartments for cigarettes, powder, etc.; $65. Copy of that flat box vanity in imitation tortoise shell that all women are crazy about; has three long compartments for powder, cigarettes, change, a place for your lipstick, a comb, and a mirror; $18, and a wonderful buy.... Clocks of antiqued modern glass, one of a kind, with gold numerals on the faces, some in charming curlicues; $65. Modern crystal clocks; $35 up.... De Vilmorin corsage-holder, a huge gilt pin with a loop for your flowers; $8. Also a De Vilmorin pin of porcelain in bowknot design, with two bracelets to match; $25. Imitation ruby pin with three ruby buttons, to go on a plain dress; $40.... Rhinestones: Really vast flowers in pins and clips. An exceptionally good collection. ... Delman Shop: Shoe with a toe that is all bow, of satin striped with sequins, very Gay Nineties and good for boudoir or dance floor; $28.75. 1900 stockings, most of them sheer black, with glittering clocks of colored stones or silver tracery up the front over the instep; $5 and $7. French stockings, with or without clocks; wonderful bargain at $2.95.... Evening veil that is not too-too, a black circle studded with gold stars; $7.50.... Porcelain doorstops of whimsical dogs with faces like pansies, very waggish and charming; around $9. ... The Vab Shop on the fourth floor has treasure trove for travellers. Moiré cases, with every possible kind of compartment, which can be opened flat in bureau drawers; $20. Leak-proof bottle bags, of rubberized moiré; $8. Filled with Mary Chess products, they're $18. Set: Two sheets, a large and small pillowcase, and a silk-covered blanket made of enchanting, sprigged pussy-

Helena Rubinstein wishes you a *Beautiful* **CHRISTMAS**

Top, left. "715" Perfume, named for Helena Rubinstein's luxurious new salon at 715 Fifth Avenue, 4.50, 12.50. Convenient purse size, 2.00.

Top, right. Exhilarating Pasteurized Milk Bath . . . Divine odeurs: Jasmine, Pine, Enchanté. Giant jar, 12.50. Other sizes, at 6.50, 3.50, 2.00.

Center. Exquisite evening bag with double compact, lipstick, perfume, flashlight, mirror and comb. In satin, transparent velvet, or lamé, 27.50. Suede, 29.50. Gold or silver kid or brocade, 32.50.

Lower left. Two charming gifts in one! Four-ounce flaçon of Enchanté Eau de Cologne, three bars of Savon d'Herbes, 2.90.

Lower right. The new Town and Country Week-Ender contains eleven preparations. Black, brown, blue or red pelican-grain Fabrikoid, 5.00.

Christmas Gifts! Can you, mademoiselle, think of anything in the world you would rather have than the gift of silken-soft skin . . . velvet-smooth lips that glow with youth . . . eyes that sparkle like the stars? And can you think of any person of your acquaintance who would not be eternally grateful for these gifts, and for the gift of having the age-telling lines in her face vanish, her "extra chin" disappear, her flabby contour become firm and young-looking? You cannot. That is why Helena Rubinstein, whose mission in life is to make other women beautiful, suggests for your family and your most fastidious friends, gifts of youth and beauty. Pictured on this page are but a few of her enchanting Christmas gift suggestions. These and a wide assortment of other lovely gifts are available at Helena Rubinstein's Salons and all smart stores.

Helena Rubinstein

715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Copr. by Helena Rubinstein, Inc., 1937

SALONS: PARIS • LONDON • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO

Quilted
LUXTONE ROBE
of Enka Rayon

STYLED BY SAYBURY

• Early Christmas morning—snugly warm and lovely to look at in this quilted Luxtone Robe! Talon zipped from throat to ankle for slim lines without a suggestion of bulk. The lovely satin stripe crepe of Enka Rayon is used for the lining also...new note in luxury. A perfect gift—and you'll never be able to resist buying one for yourself, too. Dusty Rose, Copen, Royal and Wine. 12 to 20. Under $13.00

STERN BROTHERS • NEW YORK

L. S. AYRES & CO. . . . . INDIANAPOLIS
COULTER DRY GOODS CO. . . . LOS ANGELES
THE J. L. HUDSON CO. . . . . DETROIT
HIGBEE CO. . . . . CLEVELAND
MARSHALL FIELD & CO. . . . . CHICAGO

AMERICAN ENKA CORPORATION
271 CHURCH STREET • NEW YORK

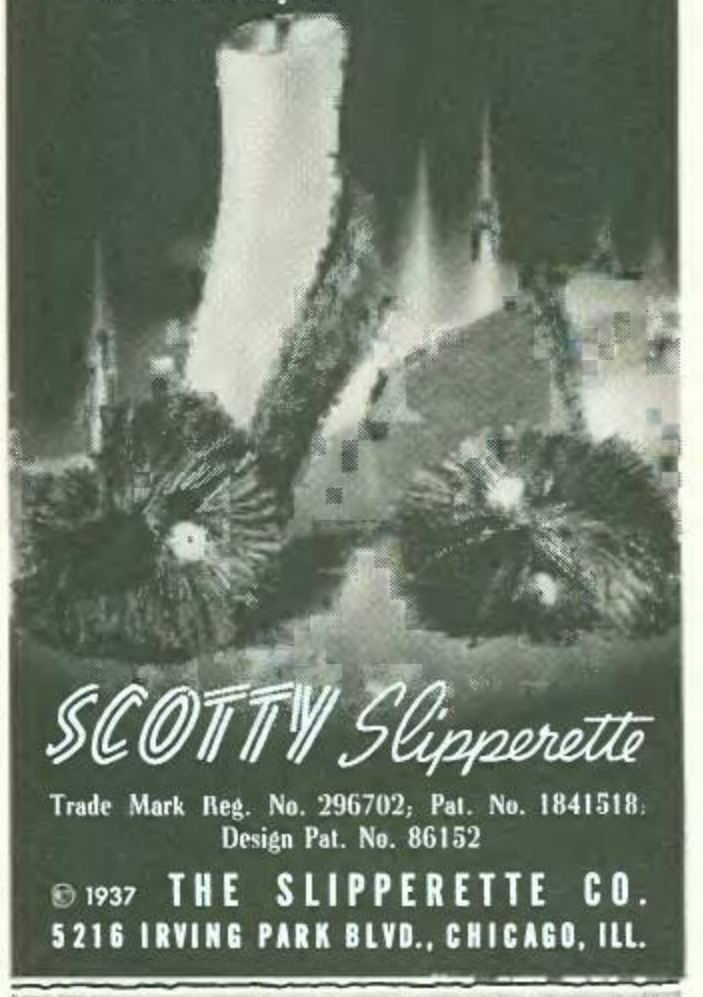
willow stuff and enclosed in a moiré case; $60. Plaid blanket with a taffeta edge and a pillow in a moiré case; $40. ... Men's suspenders of plain moiré with gold clasps and painted initials in maroon, brown, navy, black, and white; $3.10.

BEST: Bedjackets of velvet, draped like featherstitching, pink flowers at neck, extremely lush; $16.95. Of velvet quilted in scrolls, with frog fastenings; cut very square, best in a violent cerise; $16.95. Of velvet, all vertical pleated ruffles; $25. Nightgown with Peter Pan collar edged in Alençon-type lace, short sleeves, and Alençon-edged tab down the front; $5.95. Joyce of Hollywood slippers of brocade or silvery lamé—lamb's-wool sole, fur edge, backless, but otherwise like a shoe; $4.95. Cozettes of velvet with a high back; $3.95. Powder-puff slipper, made of that velvety stuff you associate with powdering your nose; has bunny edge, and a loop in back; $2.95.... Gloves: Débutantes love imported evening ones of Angora, fuzzy as can be, in white; $6. Kislav mitts, hand-stitched, with strings tied around the wrist; $5.50.... Handbags: The inexpensive handbags are utterly wonderful. You can get fat pouches with chain handles of brocade for as little as $2.95. Triangular box of black velvet; $5. One-of-a-kind antique brocades, always surefire; $12.50 and $15. Large assortment of gold and silver kid bags, equally sure; $5. Flat envelope day bag of uncrockable suède with a gold or silver metal band on flap waiting for your name or initials; $10.... Tyrolean sweaters (what, still?), white, with brilliant flowers; $22.95. Of finely striped white woolly stuff with red and green felt applications; $14.95.

BLOOMINGDALE: Lots of amusing, inexpensive watches, two or three of a kind. We liked a chromium globe, very small but showing the continents, that dangles by a chain from a chromium pin; $24.50. Leaf of chromium and pigskin with watch set in bottom of the leaf; $22.50.... "Magic Frame" evening bags from Brussels, in gold paillettes with pearls or multi-colored paillettes, large brass ring handle. When the ring is up, the bag is closed; when down, it is open. Oh, well, it's absurd, but only $4.95. Deep day bags of real snakeskin in bright colors or black and brown, with snakeskin handles; $7.95.... Gloves: Swell long-haired Angora slip-ons, in pastel colors or black; $3.95. Bloomingdale's Aris glove, of black suède, hand-stitched with white silk and square at the fingertips; $4.95.... Czechoslovakian girdles, for a loud laugh. Gilt crochet studded with colored stones; $2.98 to $5.98, according to width.

BONWIT TELLER: Costume jewelry: Beautiful copies of jewelry that is all massed pale-blue moonstones, with rhinestones and black enamel appearing discreetly between—flat collar, double clip pin, long spray pin, bracelet, clip in form of a childish flower. The double clip, to give you a gauge, is $15. A thick, hexagonal ring with a rhinestone-and-enamel top unfolds to make a seven-link bracelet, very gay; $15. Snake jewelry, gold with green stones, sinuous

SCOTTY Slipperettes are as solicitous for your foot comfort as any warm blooded Scottie would be for your personal safety. Slip into a pair and see how they relax muscles tired from shopping. Wear them right through the night . . . they'll woo sweet sleep by hugging your feet to keep them warm. On tour, they ease without complaint into a tiny corner of your overstuffed suitcase. They stand washing without a whimper. See the attractive choice of colors on your next shopping trip. And head your gift-list with Scottys—they spare the embarrassment of asking about size, for one size fits every foot.



SCOTTY Slipperette

Trade Mark Reg. No. 296702; Pat. No. 1841518; Design Pat. No. 86152

© 1937 THE SLIPPERETTE CO.
5216 IRVING PARK BLVD., CHICAGO, ILL.

FRENCH PORCELAIN, bronze mounted, gold roses on turquoise, peach, green or ivory ground.....$12.50
LEAD CRYSTAL, blue white, hand cut.....$12.50
PORCELAIN, with hand painted English Rider..$10.00

Alfred Orlik
395 Madison Avenue at 47th St., N.Y.

Xmas Photos
2 French Etching Photos, 7"x10" $10
Regular Price, $10 each
Miniature Painted in oil $25
Ivory Miniature, Hand Painted $125.
Passport Photos Finished In One Hour

L. Bruel
373 Fifth Ave. (at 35th)
597 Fifth Ave. (at 48th)

as anything. Double chokers and bracelets; $39.50 and $29.50. And there are bags by Koret, shoes, and belts of that gold kid treated like snakeskin.... Watches: They like tiny watches secreted in clips. A large gold one with imitation rubies; $39.50. A gold snail, studded with real rubies; you turn back the fat part of the snail to look at the watch; $175.... Hostess gown, all black sequins, with string belt and short sleeves; $89.75. Ostrich coats, hip-length; $59.75. Tailored robes of ermine crush (crinkly velvet) with wide belt and three-quarters cape sleeve; $69.75. ... For gay young things: Boleros of moleskin, dyed dark red, green, etc.; $69.50, and there are little pillbox hats to go with them, if you like. An infinitesimal bolero of white ermine with short sleeves ($75) has a huge flat muff to match; $59.50.... Evening gadgets: Sequin caps with a veil bordered in sequins; $7.50. Paillette flowers rearing up on Alice-in-Wonderland combs, with a veil over the face. Wide suède sash, studded with nailheads at the ends, to tie around day or evening dresses; $7.50. ... Bedroom slippers: Mules with one suède strap across the toes, and tinkling little sleigh bells; about $12.75. Crusader shoes of perforated suède, up the instep and curled over; $8.75. They come with a flat heel and a back strap, too. Satin shoes with fur edges; $5.75. English moccasins in all kinds of colored leather, lined with gray fur. Also in white with white fur.... Gloves: Lots of imported gloves and faithful copies. Suède with contrasting thumb and stitching; $6.50. Suède with contrasting stitching and short knitted cuff; $10. Suède with contrasting edge and little applied flowers of the Salzburg type. Schiaparelli's evening gloves with black suède palms and fingertips, and a gold kid back; $7.95.... For skiers: Man's shirt of a wind- and waterproof cotton material. Will startle the assembled multitudes in sub-zero weather, for with only one sweater underneath, it will keep you perfectly warm; $10.95. Baby bonnets of suède, all colors; $4.95. With band of fur at the face for extra coyness; $10.95. After-skiing moccasins of suède with white felt over the toes; $2.50. Swell after-skiing Angora sweater, waist-length and tightly fitted, buttoned high across to one side, and made of a fuzzy Angora knit; $35.... Im-

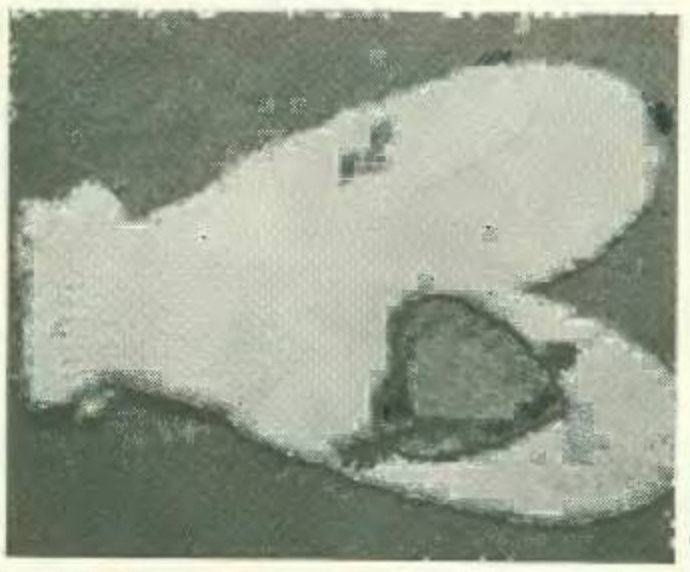
DESIGNED WITH EQUAL LUXURY BY

Marie Earle

Before selecting any gift from $1.50 to fifty dollars (and before placing a judicious hint for yourself) be sure to see the really thrilling gifts designed by Marie Earle. Even her less costly assortments—Bath Sets, Compact Sets, Sachet Sets—have that exquisite smartness which you associate with Marie Earle.

WARM GLOVES

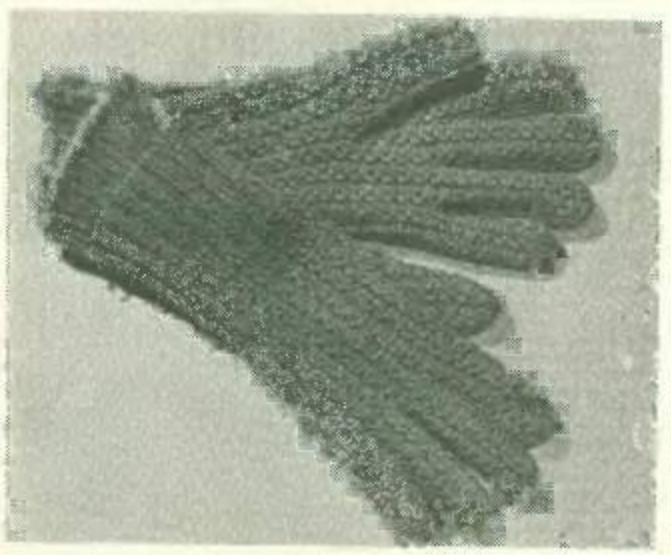
MAKE WELCOME GIFTS



Heart mittens, heavy white wool with red hearts. Handknit and hand embroidered, for women . . **4.95**

Mitts with brown llama fur backs and natural water-repellent horsehide palms. Fleece lined. For children ages 7 to 16 . . . . . **1.25**

Handknit mittens in white, navy, or red, with hand embroidered wool flowers in full color, for women, **8.95**



Women's 2-in-1 gloves, natural string with cashmere-and-wool inner glove. Sizes small, medium, large . . **1.95**

Best & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

MAIL ORDERS FILLED

ported bedside clock set in the top of a pigskin or chromium half-circle blotter; $10 to $15. Wonderful inkwell of Leerdam glass; incredibly thick, with a heavy glass ball at the top, and a decanter—for that man who has Everything; inkwell, $7.50; decanter with six glasses, $15.

HATTIE CARNEGIE: Stunning assortment of cocktail rings, very lavish and convincing. Those tremendous baguette-cut glass rings (like diamonds) and colored stones (like emeralds and sapphires and stuff); from $50. Money clip with applied fish in rhinestone baguettes; $7.50. Composition glass holder for a package of cigarettes; has gold metal at sides and a watch set in the top; $35. Imitation-gold bag, made like a great pouch, with a jewelled top; $65. Silly headdress—a butterfly bow of lace with an outline of the pattern worked in sequins and tiny shots of color; $18.50. Shawl-collared bedjackets, hand-knitted in pastel shades, and luscious as well as warm.... Combinations, which are taking the place of slips now that short skirts are back, include one in a Paisley crêpe; $15.

DE PINNA: There are always good jackets here to brighten up a dress. White fringe on chiffon, with a touch of gold thread, in a fitted jacket with short sleeves and a Peter Pan collar. Also in black with gold; $16.95. Black velvet boleros with gold nailheads; $16.95. Others with beautiful scrolls of gold thread; $30. And the inevitable sequins; $30. Erminpelz evening coats, convincing and lovely stuff. From boleros at $25 through coats trimmed with kolinsky ($85) to white fox ($110), in various lengths.... Evening bags: One-of-a-kind Obi bags made from the brocade sashes of antique Japanese ceremonial robes. Some jade-trimmed frames, others with semiprecious stones; $20 up.... Gloves: White silk string gloves, Angora-lined, for evening; $5.50. Pigskin gauntlet, cashmere-lined, with fur border; $8.50. "Shorties," guaranteed washable and uncrockable, in black or brown suède; $5.50. In pigskin; $3.75. Good fabric gloves for those who like them, with leather inserts between fingers; $2.... Astra stockings, crêpe twist—two-, three-, or four-thread—very sheer in appearance; $1.35 a pair.

FRANKLIN SIMON: Fitted, wallpaper-striped damask housecoats with close-rolled collars, and a skirt slit in front and trailing slightly in back. Particularly nice in wine or Spode blue, and remarkable at $10.95. Taffeta robe with lamb's-wool lining and quilted detail on long sleeves and skirt, convertible Peter Pan collar; $10.95. Chenille bathrobe with patch pockets, all kinds of colors; $14.95.... A good collection of $5 handbags, including a flat black suède envelope affair with a handle and small gold metal bars worked into the front. Spacious compartments. Pigskin pouch, made in Hungary, suède-lined, with self-braided handle; $29.50.... Hugh Parsons scarves, thin wool squares in gay colors; from $3.95. Austrian squares of novelty silk in checks and stripes; from $2.95. Scotch Angora Ascots; $2.95 up.

JAY-THORPE: Vanity, vanity, all is, etc.:

Sportsman's Joy

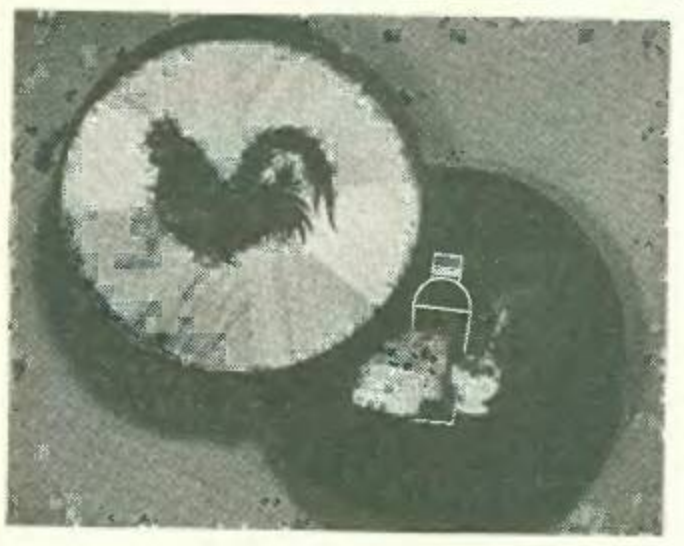
AT CHRISTMAS

What finer Christmas gift could any lover of the outdoors ask, than a Bausch & Lomb Binocular, the instrument endorsed by world famous yachtsmen, hunters, Army and Navy officers, naturalists and sports authorities? *Shown above, 7 power, 35 mm Binocular, $86.*

SEND FOR CATALOG. Describes features of twelve Sport Glass and Binocular models, $16 to $132. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., 517 Lomb Park, Rochester, N. Y.

BAUSCH & LOMB *Binoculars*

THE WORLD'S BEST – BY ANY TEST



IMPORTED STRAW MARQUETRY TRAYS

Diameter, 19¾", $25.00 to $37.50 each

Illustrating two of many designs exclusive with this shop.

JAMES PENDLETON

INCORPORATED

19 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK

SMART THINGS FOR YOUR MOTOR

BE IT FORD OR ROLLS ROYCE

HORN OPERATING RING
1938 La Salle, Buick and Chrysler have them
$3.50

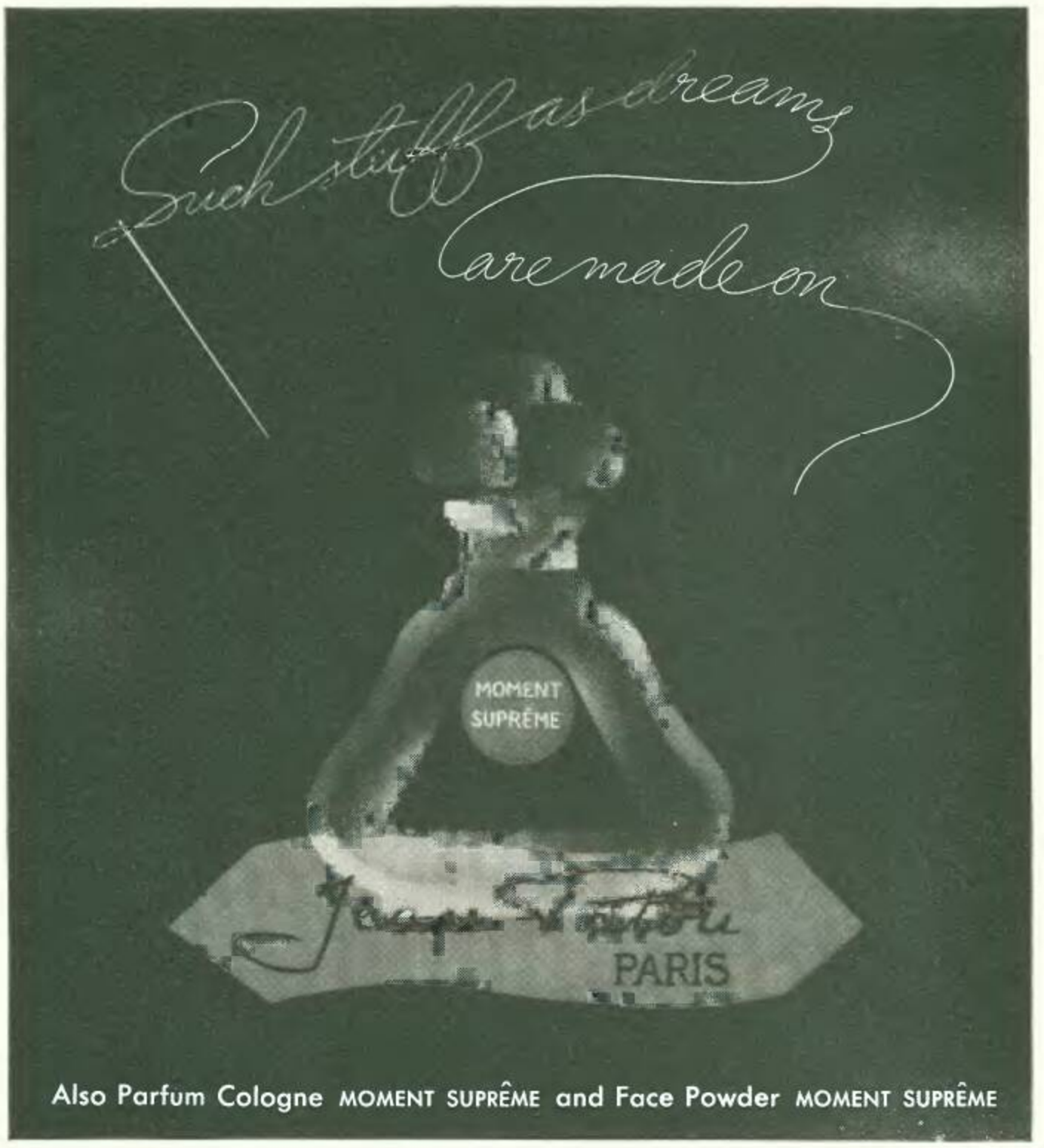
AUTOMARINE "OCEAN LINER" HORN
Sounds a Deep Sonorous Note
From $15

nil melion

WALDORF-ASTORIA · SEND FOR BOOKLET

Gold mosaic on black making square or round powder cases; $25 and $35. Black cigarette case with a gold metal map of the Americas on it; $45. Real tortoise-shell vanity, about five inches long, with two compartments, a place for a lipstick, and a mirror; $75. The newest compacts come in half-circle shapes and are gold with jewelled touches; $5 up. Schiaparelli's powder box in the shape of a leaf; $10, and they have clips and bracelets to go with it. Airplane-glass box to hold a package of popular-priced cigarettes, with a watch set in the top; $35. And they still love those cigarette cases of airplane glass with clocks set in the top.... Costume jewelry: Wide, flexible bracelets of gold metal, with tiny stones set in each of the massed gold units. Some have rhinestone fastenings, but we like them plain; $15. Clips to match; $5.50. Utterly plain rhinestone flexible bracelet that we couldn't tell from the real thing; $65. ... Evening bags: Wonderful gold bags, some of plain kid, some embroidered in amazing ways, such as one with copper, gold, white gold—anyway, there are five golden shades in the embroidery. A cylinder—with the handle on the long side, for a change—that is all gold and silver plaques, and has two huge compartments; $65. The bags range from $18.75 to $95. There's also an elegant imitation-seed-pearl group—plain with a gold metal frame; $35. Filigreed pearls on silver or gold kid boxes; $18.75. ... Nightgown of satin with short sleeves and shirring over the breast, copied from an evening gown; utterly plain and lovely; $16.75. Marabou jackets with edges of crisp feathers; $25.... Sandal stockings for open-toe addicts, very sheer; $1.95. Super-de-luxe French stockings with clocks; $5.50.... Gloves: Long, black suède evening gloves with a bit of Beauvais embroidery; $10. Short suède gloves with a "V" of gold kid at the wrist, hand-whipped; $5.95. Washable doeskin, every possible color; $5.50. ... Gift Shop: Porcelain with a dull vellum finish, in red, white, and blue, is combined with bright gold to make six tortoise-shell ashtrays; $7.50. Hexagonal ashtrays of the same material (some with covers, so you won't have to see those burnt-out cigarettes on your bedside table in the morning); $7.50 for a rack of five. Cigarette boxes, too. Black plates with a white Muse in the centre; $10 each. Glass salad bowl, spoon, and fork; $10. Vase like a glass top hat; $7.50. Glass lattice birdcage over a small vase; $6.75.

Lord & Taylor: In other columns, we have already told you about the combination gift packages here, but another nudge would not be amiss. They are done well, and look so thoughtful. Two hundred types, planned to please every possible person, have been gathered in the Gift Shop on the fourth floor and can be found as well all through the building. Striped, stretchable, sporting belt, and string gloves for horseback riders; $2.75. Monogrammed zephyr sweaters for schoolgirls, with socks to match; $7.50. Bathrobe and towel, both monogrammed, for kids. For men, an octagonal soap that can't slip out of the



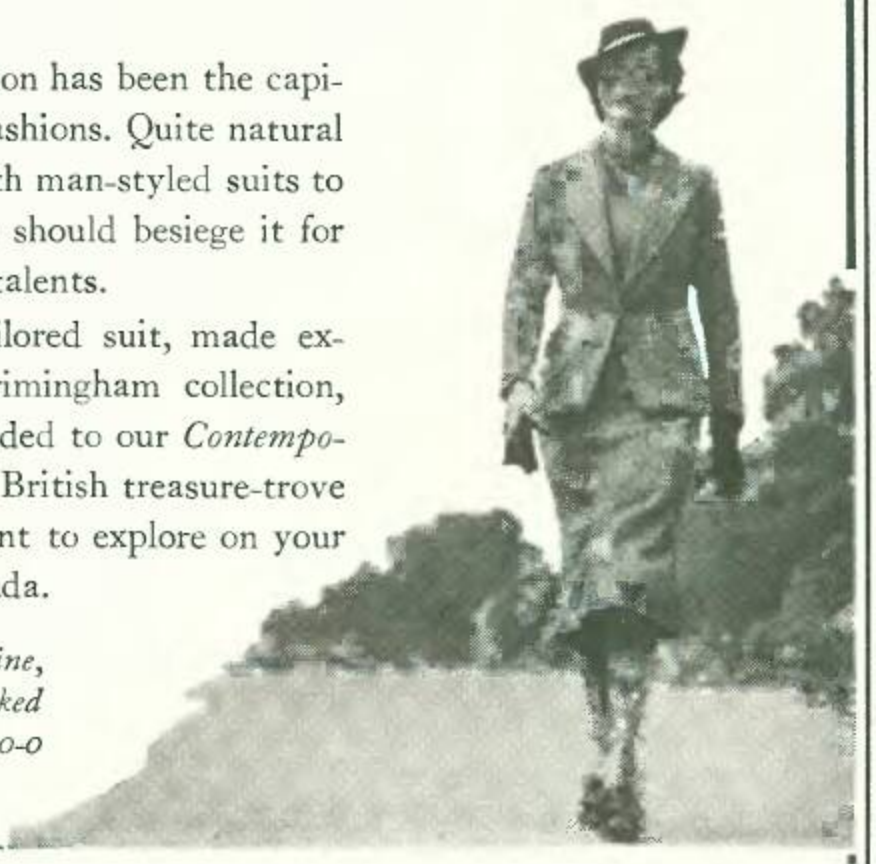
Also Parfum Cologne MOMENT SUPRÊME and Face Powder MOMENT SUPRÊME

THE LADIES
ARE INHERITING LONDON-TOWN

For centuries London has been the capital city of men's fashions. Quite natural it is, then, that with man-styled suits to the fore the ladies should besiege it for their share of its talents.

This London-tailored suit, made expressly for the Trimingham collection, has lately been added to our *Contemporary Classics*—the British treasure-trove which you will want to explore on your first day in Bermuda.

Authentically masculine, tailored of county-checked Munro tweed. £8-10-0



TRIMINGHAM
Established 1844
BERMUDA

FOR CHRISTMAS

Contax

Photo fans have heard and read a lot about this remarkable camera . . . Time and again, they've admired Contax prize-winning fast action shots, news photographs, portraits, candid pictures, etc., in magazines and at exhibitions.

Check up and see if you have a "snapshooter" on your Xmas list . . . or maybe you have a good friend who needs a delightful hobby that will fascinate him from now until Merry Christmas 2000 A.D.

See the Contax and other Zeiss Ikon cameras at your dealer's. 17 models to choose from.

Write for Literature.

CARL ZEISS, INC.
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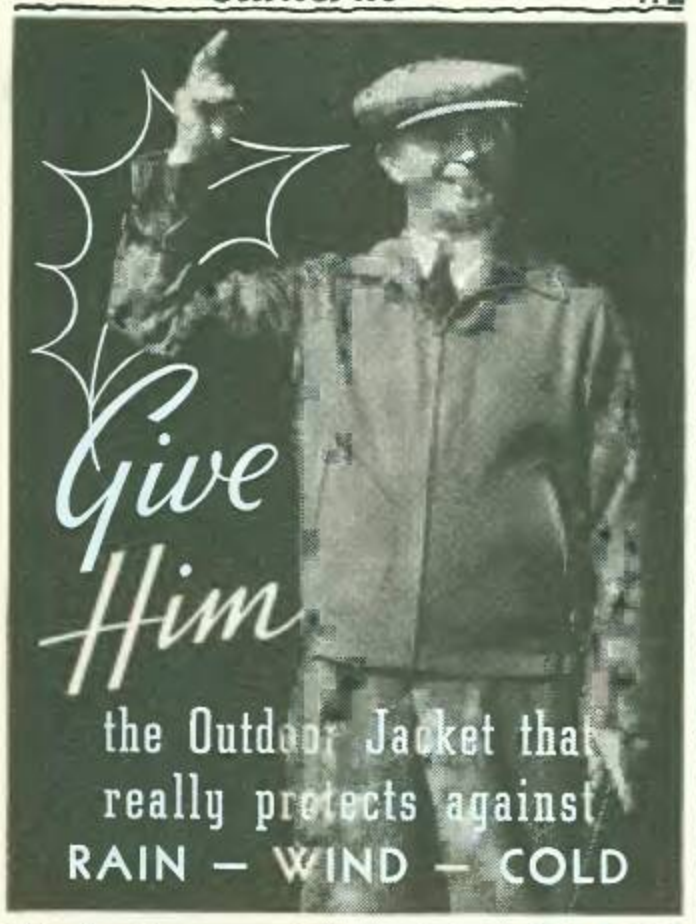
Zeiss Ikon
Cameras



The closely woven virgin wool cloth in Pendleton's outdoor jacket keeps out wind and cold—waterproofing protects against rain. Bellows back for body freedom, zipper front, sleeve and side tabs. A featured gift item by men's shops, department and sporting goods stores. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon.

$12.50

Another Perfect Gift

Pendleton virgin wool shirts are preferred by thousands of sportsmen because of their warmth and comfort. Prices range from $5.50 to $10.00.

PENDLETON
VIRGIN WOOL Shirts

hands under the shower, and a super-rough towel in brown, with white and red stripes; $5.15. Puff-and-bedjacket sets of quilted chintz lined with taffeta; $27.90. Or sprigged-crêpe jackets and blanket covers; $15. Tyrolean Teddy bears with a sweater like the child recipient's; $5.90. A challis compact and comb case to match a challis blouse, for a young girl; $13.90. Sequin evening sets for dancing débutantes. But you get the idea. The place will solve plenty of your problems, if not all of them. . . . Fur-trimmed gloves: Most of these are to order; most orders can be filled in less than a week, but you'd better hurry. Beaver mittens; $35. Suède gloves with small Persian cuffs; $15. Black gloves with skunk cuffs; $12.50. Also with black fox, more expensive. Black cape mittens with a Persian thumb and back, and red insets at the edges; $25. Leopard gloves with cape palms; $25. Some have mink tails down the back ($12.50) or silver-fox cuffs ($18.50). Mittens with the back of a surprisingly good imitation Persian; $5. . . . Handbags: Imported tapestry bags; $7.50 to $40. Black suède evening bag with gold-kid lining; $18.50. Travelling bag with that efficient English-nursemaid look, in brown or black calf; $10.

MACY: We will never be able to do justice to the new Accessory Shop on the second floor, Broadway side. It's leisurely and pleasant to shop in, and the merchandise (most of the things we mention are exclusive) is exceptional. Handbags: There are several nice and crunchy models without frames, with the fabric folded or pleated up to a concealed zipper closing. Folded antelope, $13.98; satin, $17.39. Gold crochet pouch for the evening, with three hunk stones dangling from the bottom corners; $13.98. Also envelopes of gold Lastex kid with bulky raised designs ($36.75), and Vionnet's dunce cap of stitched velour (doesn't make your hands dirty), with a zipper at the wide end. Huge felt or velveteen bags, hand-stitched and made in wonderful colors; $8.94. You can get belts, and scarves, and such to match if you have a mind to. . . . Evening bags de-luxe: Antique brocades with hand-lacquered frames; from $17.39 to $169. One-of-a-kind affairs in Louis XVI brocade, or in a gray-and-pale-gold embroidery massed on a simple envelope, or with topaz jewellers' frames; $44 up. . . . Tortoise shell: A whole series, all of genuine light or dark shell, priced amazingly low. Compacts, cigarette cases, combinations of the two ($26.75), and those wonderful box vanities that every woman craves—a place for a lipstick, three large compartments for change, powder, cigarettes, and stuff, a comb, a place behind a mirror for a handkerchief; $89.75 to $119. . . . Jewelry: Old East Indian silver necklaces and bracelets that jingle like anything—yes, they make your neck black, but they are so pretty—for around $13.98. Hungarian jewelry—coral and turquoise and elaborate gold hunks set in sterling silver. The prices run between $20 and $30. Huge hunks of fake stone, simulating

A Charming and Useful Gift

The Edco Cameo Gift Box pictured above makes a novel Christmas present. It consists of an Edco Fragranceer and Frame, Edco Jardin Fragrance and Cameo filler. Placed in foyers, closets, or in the limousine, it delicately perfumes the atmosphere. Complete in a rich container, $2.50.

At Department Stores

Edco Fragranceers are on sale at all better department stores — or, if your dealer is not as yet supplied, write direct to Ellis Davidson Co., Inc. — 38 West 21st Street, New York City.

Spectra HEADING MANY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LISTS THIS YEAR! . . .
A sensational new design, hand blown and hand cut by famous TIFFIN Craftsmen. See it . . . and your Christmas giving will be simplified!

In department stores and gift shops coast-to-coast

United States Glass Co.
PITTSBURGH . . . PENNSYLVANIA

A Prominent
RADIO STATION
required—a recording—long forgotten. Several Music stores were contacted—with no success. A call to COMMODORE—and "Presto" 10 minutes later this "valuable" record was speeding on its way to the Station.

Faithful Recordings by all the Old Victor Masters and Modern Maestros will be found.

Come in—browse around . . . listen a while you'll be given every courtesy.

Records reviewed in this issue obtainable at Commodore

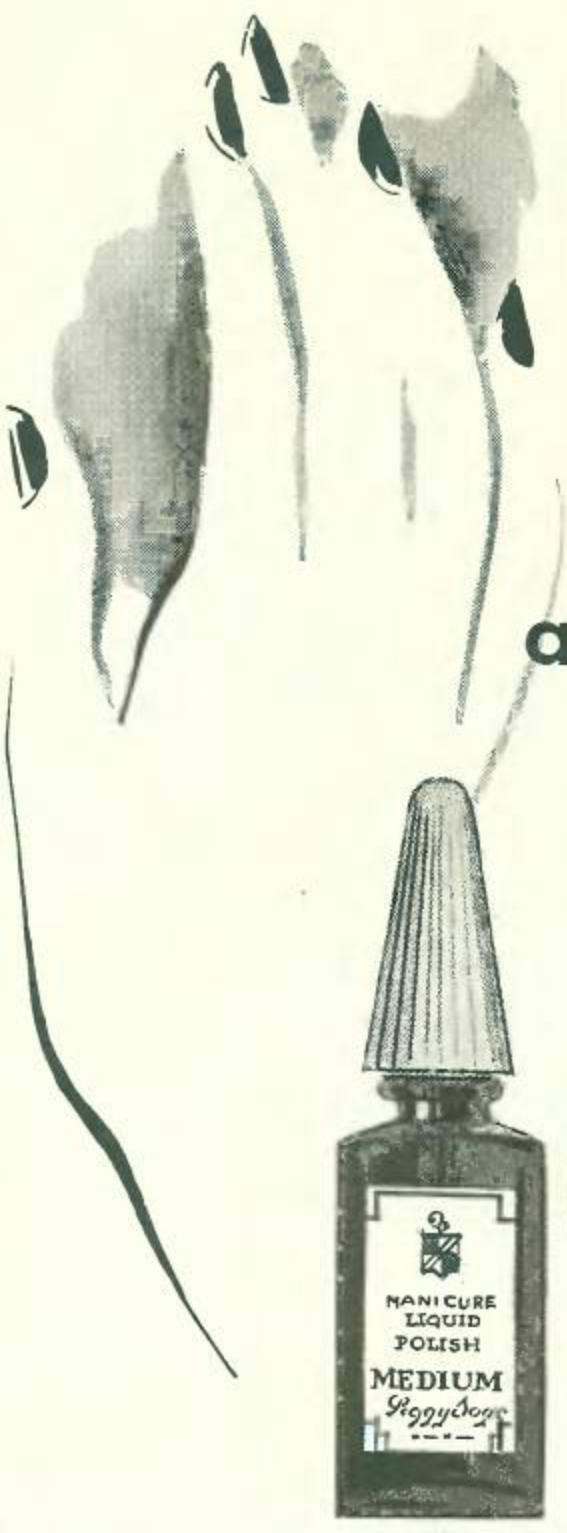
Victor Record's HOT TIP
Loch Lomond.....Benny Goodman's Orch.
Summer Time.....Guy Lombardo's Orch.

Commodore Music Shop
144 East 42nd St.

ruby, topaz, emerald, and such, almost an inch across, set in giant gold metal prongs. Single stone pins, $2.34; bracelets, $9.98. Pinky rings, flexible gold chains studded with tiny colored stones to hook around the finger; $2.77. Bracelets to match; $6.44.... Gloves: Sixteen-button-length suèdes in colors like citron, burnt orange, pale blue, and others; $5.59. Gold-mesh gloves, sheer as stockings; $6.98. Tailored gold-kid gloves; $9.39. Schiaparelli's tomato-colored suède with black whipping and Persian cuffs. Short gloves, hand-whipped, all kinds of colors; $3.69. Mittens with tomato or black suède palms and sheepskin backs; $5.98. Short suède glove with a mink ball at the wristbone; $14.89.... Unusual belts, many of them two-color affairs that come apart to make two belts. For instance, a narrow, black suède one running through linked blue circles, or zigzag felts fitted together.

MILGRIM: New cowboy belts, studded with stones. One has a large star motif in the centre, studded with turquoise-colored stones and brilliants, and tapering toward the back, where the clasp is; $12.75. Lots of mesh handbags, including a particularly fine pouch affair for $95.... Quilted bedjackets in printed celanese, with a zipper all the way up the front; $7.50, which is a ridiculous price. Flexible gold bracelet and clip, studded with tiny star diamonds and a brazen copy of a jeweller's piece; $15 and $5.... Nightgown, bolero laced front and crossed straps in back; $6.95. Dark slips, trimmed in Alençon; $16.50.

PECK & PECK: Hosiery chests for Christmas, white boxes sprinkled with silver stars and tied with a large blue bow. Combinations of those swell Bread and Butter service stockings, either with a new two-thread special called Barelegs or with evening stockings. Prices, naturally, depend on types and numbers of pairs. Colored lisle stockings for the campus, mesh and stripes, brick-beige; $3.25 for three, $1.15 a pair. Visibrella, an umbrella that you can see through, has natural-wood handles in the shape of birds and animals.... Identification-disc slave bracelet, a copy of the one



Get the personal and private ear of Miss Sage herself, on your next visit to her Salon (just redecorated by Elsie de Wolfe). Miss Sage has just returned from her London and Paris salons, with some intriguing new ideas! * * * You'll find that her new polish wears ten days at least—without a mar—

as if it had grown on!

The shades? As unexpected as you'd expect! A brazen PIMENTO . . . THISTLE, full of nuance...an orchidaceous WISTARIA...a silver-veiled purple, CLOVER . . . vixen NASTURTIUM. Manicure, $1; Pedicure, $2.

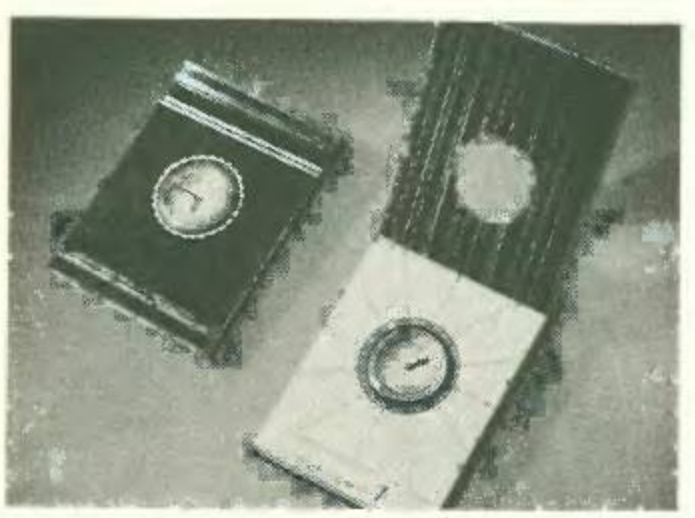
Peggy Sage

Peggy Sage Salon
50 EAST 57TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

★

NO! ALL THE SMART GIFTS

AREN'T GONE . . . IN FACT, WE'VE SNARED THE COMPLETE MARKET, AND HAVE THEM ON DISPLAY FOR YOU



FREE! *This very handsome Gift Book "N" is full of the most clever Christmas ideas in town. Get your copy without delay.*

INTIMATE DRINKING . . . that confines itself to one cocktail each should be handled in this manner. Shaker holds 8 oz.—each of the two glasses holds a 3½ oz. cocktail. Red, Blue or White enameled markings on beautifully clear glass. . . . . Set $3.50

TIME SECRETARY . . . Helps keep on-the-dot appointments. Ideal for busy executives, career women. Light or dark Florentine leather, or rust or ivory leather. As illustrated. $7.50
Other Models . $5.00 to $9.50

HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER

145 EAST 57TH STREET • *Since 1848* • NEW YORK
One block east of Park Avenue

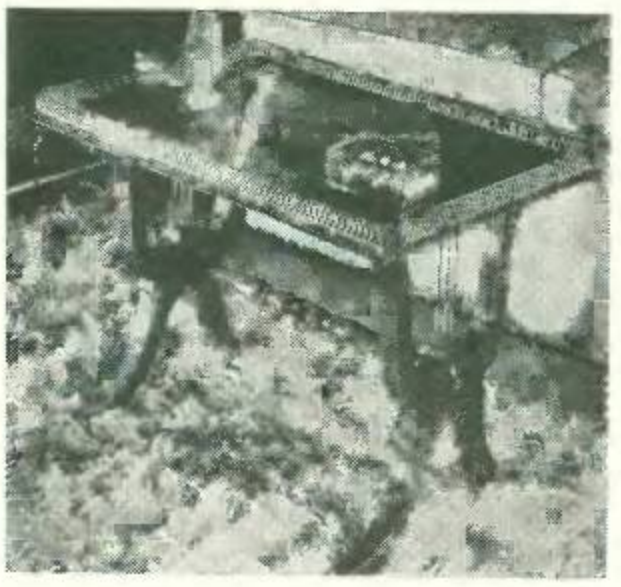
★

☆

TWO to GIVE

☆

★ The image of its distinguished 18th Century ancestor: Master Craftsmen drum table with leather top and handsome brassware. All mahogany—drawer fronts of swirled veneer, $42.50.



★ A coffee table, inspired by the Regency, that will get a welcome home almost anywhere. It's a Sloane Master Craftsmen reproduction, of mahogany with well-done brass gallery, $29.50.

W & J

Sloane

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · NEW YORK

the jewellers have gone so gaga over; $5. Also slave link chains, linked to suède tabs; adjustable to the neckline, and fine with sweaters. Fine suit with a box-style jacket in white suède with high sailor pockets and a vent back, piped with the tweed of the skirt; $39.95.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Clogs for tiny girls who want to look tall. Cork heels a good three inches high; soles at the toes a good inch and a half. You tilt forward and totter prettily. Black satin sandal top or suède top for sports. Square-toed "glass slippers" of cellophane, which make dandy mules; $10.75. Satin bedroom slippers with open toe and felt sole for comfort; $4.85.... Imported umbrellas of silverized rubber, with prongs fitting into the silver metal ball top; $10.... Handbags: Bag of suède or calf, gathered on a top that reveals a compact and opens way out; from $10.50. Handbags of India brocade; $15 (you can get shoes to match). Brocade box with handle; $25. It also comes in metallic kids. Huge wooden tops with transparent composition insets and a suède box beneath; $28.50. Antique Hungarian bits: For people who adore small boxes, lots of them with enamel tops and semiprecious stones; from $19.75. There's plenty of silver hunk jewelry, too. Short hand-stitched gloves of box calf in that orange tan which everyone swears is the smartest thing; $7.50.... Suède jackets: Swell straight jackets, below-hip-length, the best of them with fly fronts. Many have belts in back only, leaving the front hanging free, and they come in dusty off colors; $65 and $75.... Saks-Fifth Avenue is also the place to go if your friend is interested in figure skating. They have all kinds of skating dresses, either one- or two-piece, with flaring skirts, and the things that go with them—opera-length stockings, real silk tights, caps, and so on, all very Sonja Henie.

WANAMAKER: The leather sashes, copies of imports, are new and good. One has a multicolor cutout appliqué on the ends, in black suède. And we don't think any bags can beat the Red Leaf Wanamaker leathers for the best type of English chic and for low prices. Since the disappearance of Fortnum & Mason, the fanciers of English leather are all to be found here. Roomy kit bags with a stand-up base come in morocco ($10), lizard ($12.50), and hazel pigskin ($15). All kinds of bill folds, old-fashioned sewing kits, writing cases, etc. Lots of Italian leather, tailored for handbags. For instance, a satchel bag, like a doctor's case, lined in calfskin; $18.50. The new Viennese bags, lined with pigskin, should last a lifetime. Sports gloves of kangaroo leather, with leather thongs woven in to make a basketweave pattern on the palms; $6.95.

Jewellers

WHEN you have finished a tour of the city's jewellers, you have the same feeling of savage frustration as King Midas, surrounded by gold, gold,

Ideas for successful parties

There's loads of hospitality in these popular easy-to-play Milton Bradley games—countless joyful evenings for young and old alike! Something different—something new—for hard-to-entertain guests. These low priced best sellers will guarantee your success as a thoughtful host or hostess.

Charlie Chan . . . $2.00
Thrilling detective mystery game. You gather evidence, solve crimes, score convictions. Large folding board, elaborate counters, etc. 2 to 6 players.

Five Star Final . . $2.00
Sensational newspaper game. Reporters cover front page news — holdups, night court, riots — score scoops. 2 to 6 players.

Easy Money . . $1 and $2
Buy, sell, build, borrow, and bank, with this intriguing game of modern business. Folding board, dice, script money, buildings, etc. 2 to 6 players.

At your Game Dealer, or by mail on receipt of price from Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Massachusetts
In Canada: Somerville Paper Boxes, Ltd., London, Ont.

MILTON BRADLEY GAMES
Make Ideal Christmas Gifts

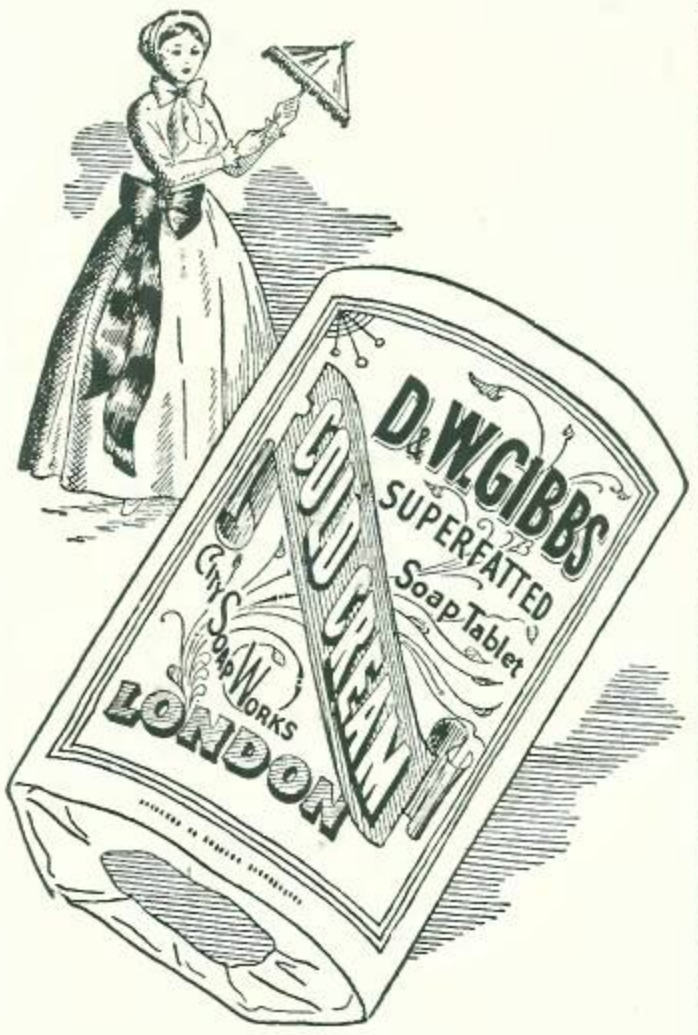
J. MILLER

★ Dance Set ★ ★ ★ ★

One of the many exclusive gifts from our Christmas Corner. Brocade mitten, fur-lined, with ermine-tail cuffs . 5.00
Brocade vanity, complete with silver or gold Volupte compact . . 5.00

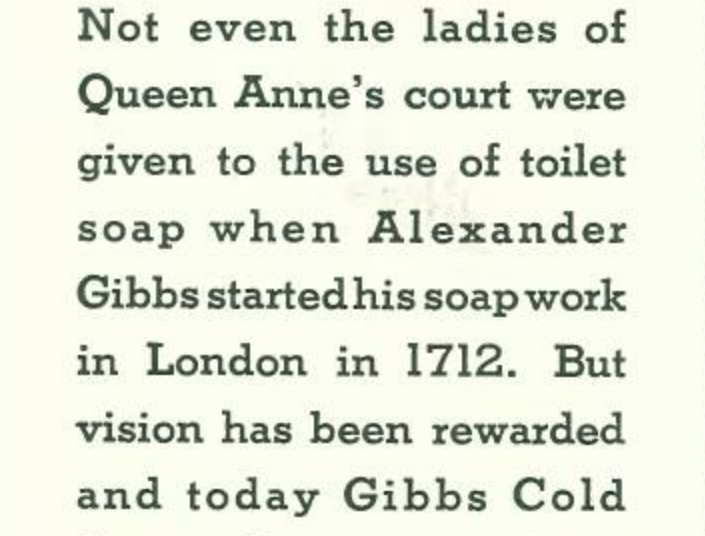
562 FIFTH AVE. 450 FIFTH AVE.
49 W. 34th ST. 1552 B'WAY

386 PARK AVENUE
is the new address of
T. AZEEZ
Jewelers



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.



EST. 1712

25¢ AND 40¢ THE TABLET

gold on every side. Though we are very fond of this metal personally—in fact, some gold is among our best friends—and are convinced that it is here to stay, the present designs remind us a bit of the first modern furniture that came out—bulky, heavy, and overdone. In an effort to be different, they are calling it by all kinds of color names and refer gravely to pink gold, and purple gold, and such, but you'll recognize it. Colored stones are used lavishly in connection with the metal. To us, by far the most effective are alliances either with topaz (which is terrific this year) or with New Zealand jade.

In design, there is little that is new. That terraced business, with everything building up to the centre, is still very much with us. Diamond bracelets with colored stones are increasingly elaborate, suggesting, too often, miniatures of the cocktail bars in fashionable hotels.

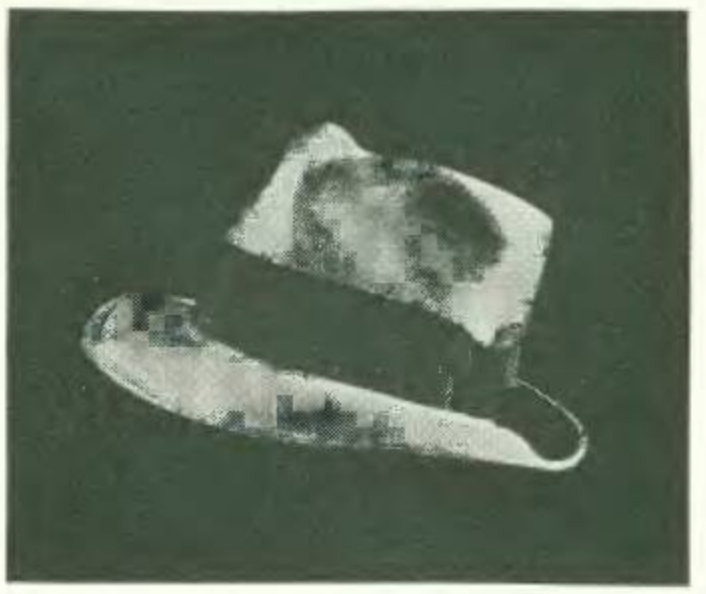
Everywhere you will see topaz in great, lovely hunks. Zircons, in enormous size, are also receiving a fashionable rush. Every single jeweller, too, has amused himself by designing some kind of fish in diamonds with rubies or other precious stones. Those quivering flowers that were such a sensation last year are not much in evidence, but three-dimensional flowers are all around—no orchids, but humble daisies, pansies, lilies of the valley fashioned of real pearls, and the like. Marcus has particularly swell ones.

The jewellers adore, too, rigid bangle bracelets as a foundation for jewelled clips. Some are designed exclusively for a special pair, and some are so arranged that you can clip on whatever jewels you already possess.

You may know that there is a great variation in rubies, even at the best houses; Raymond C. Yard has an exceptional collection. The Roy Johnston group of star sapphires includes one stone of 125 carats which you will covet inordinately. Tiffany, as usual, is a paradise for honest-to-God pearls—you can pay as little as $85 for a small strand and $300,000 or more for Oriental splendor. Frisch has particularly nice, delicate diamond watches with no monkey tricks about them; Edwin H. Tompkins is the boy to consult for gadget watches of every possible type.

We need hardly point out to you bright people that when we mention sapphires or rubies in connection with houses like Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham or Cartier, we are not talking about pretty blue or red stones. We mean sapphires and rubies, and are

ONE GIFT SURE TO PLEASE HIM



THE KNOX
"*King's Ransom*"
$10.00

He's worth a "King's Ransom". He'll approve the fine-textured softness of this hat, he'll like the easy, careless grace of its Knox styling, the lustre of its silky nap, the blending of rich-toned fur strands in its "Foxbrush" Mixture.

Let him choose "King's Ransom" in the color he prefers. Let him find, Christmas morning, the Knox Gift Certificate we provide, in a miniature Presentation Hat Box.

Other Knox Gift Hats
$7.50 to $20.00

KNOX
THE HATTER
Fifth Avenue at 40th Street
Madison Avenue at 45th Street
Broadway at Cortlandt Street
*Trade Mark

HANDBOOK FOR GRACIOUS HOSTS

IN FOUR CHAPTERS

by Julius Wile

CHAPTER I

Be a Good Mixer

"I used to be self-conscious about my Martinis," says A. J. C., Greenwich, Conn. "Guests said 'No, thanks,' too often.

"Then I learned how to be a good mixer—Nicholson's imported Gin for that important ⅔ of a Martini. Now my secret has spread from host to host—they're using Nicholson's."

Only Nicholson's Distilled London Dry Gin has that delicate, smooth imported Nicholson flavour. Try it today.

NICHOLSON

IMPORTED GINS

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole U. S. agents

Nicholson's Distilled London Dry Gin and Distilled Old Tom Gin (slightly sweetened), both 94° proof, and both distilled from grain. Nicholson's Sloe Gin, 57° proof. Nicholson's famous Orange Bitters, 45° proof. Try them all.

merciful, here and there, in not quoting the price. Now for details:

T. Azeez, 386 Park Avenue (53rd): This shop has made great attempts to be a bit subtle in the use of gold, and for this we thank it. Modernistic bowknots with baguette rubies and diamonds unobtrusively placed on the edges ($500) and flexible bracelets in pyramided column motifs have jewels, again, at the sides instead of in the front. Swell earring clips like tiny ruby and diamond fans ($250) or butterflies of baguette and facet diamonds ($1,500). A wonderful butterfly that separates into two wing clips, too. Regal ring in heart shape with a 12-carat diamond as the *pièce de résistance*. There is a great deal of elegance and simplicity here, even with the large pieces. They don't try to combine too many colored stones, and stick pretty closely to diamonds.

Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham: They show a perfectly plain platinum bangle bracelet with a floral clip in canary diamonds, white diamonds, rubies, and emeralds that may be worn either in connection with the bracelet or separately, in traditional clip fashion. A bunch of grapes fashioned of black pearls with baguette stems turns out to be a clip, too. So do the bluest pear-shaped aquamarines you have ever seen, 56 carats, with sapphire and diamond tops. A fan-shaped bangle copied from one at the French Exhibition is made in a combination of satin-finish and polished platinum, with sapphires for the centre of the fan, and lots of baguettes and small diamonds. The nicest combination in gold consists of a bangle bracelet caught with a diamond buckle, and has a cylinder of New Zealand jade. And there is a bridal charm bracelet that should start every marriage off on the right foot, with diamond telephone, engagement ring, wedding ring, bars of the wedding march, and a bouquet for sentiment.

Brand Chatillon: A large, plain platinum band ring has a twelve-diamond centre with baguette diamonds set on each side in such a way as to serve as reflectors, making the centre look as if it were floating on its own power; $675. A necklace of pink gold has half-sphere baubles that are supposed to hide the hollow in your throat, and a melon motif at the sides encrusted with diamonds. It's flexible and fits close to the throat. Gadgets: Gold cocktail picks that look like three-inch daggers, to hang over the side of your cocktail glass; $75 a dozen. Lapis dice with enamelled red dots; $25 a pair. Bamboo pencil with a gold mount; $10.50.

Cartier: As good-looking ear clips as we saw anywhere in town. Like half-inch squares with seven topazes and five diamonds at $375, or pansies with carved ruby centres and petals of diamonds and gold. To go with the latter, large pansy pins with six rubies in which are centred tiny diamonds; $290 each. Wonderful night-owl pin, the owl seated on a branch of black enamel, with body of diamonds. It is all eyes, of course, and cat's-eye makes *them*. A swell gold snake chain bracelet has as its clasp

HANDBOOK FOR GRACIOUS HOSTS

by Julius Wile

CHAPTER II

Flatter Your Guests

"My cocktails were famous, my highballs were fine. But eyebrows were raised when I tried to serve wine," says H. M., New York.

"Then I discovered one wine rule that makes sense... makes friends—world-famous Eschenauer Bordeaux throughout the meal. No matter which I serve I'm in good taste."

Flatter *your* guests with clear, light Clarets, delightful dry Graves and rich, sweet Sauternes from the famous 100 year old Bordeaux house of Eschenauer.

ESCHENAUER

BORD EAUX

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole U. S. agents

Bordeaux wines of Louis Eschenauer, century-old vineyard owner, producer and shipper, include many exclusive Chateau bottlings. A wine for every discriminating taste. Red or white—dry or sweet. Ask for all under the name of Eschenauer.

HANDBOOK FOR GRACIOUS HOSTS

by Julius Wile

CHAPTER III

Be a Cordial Host

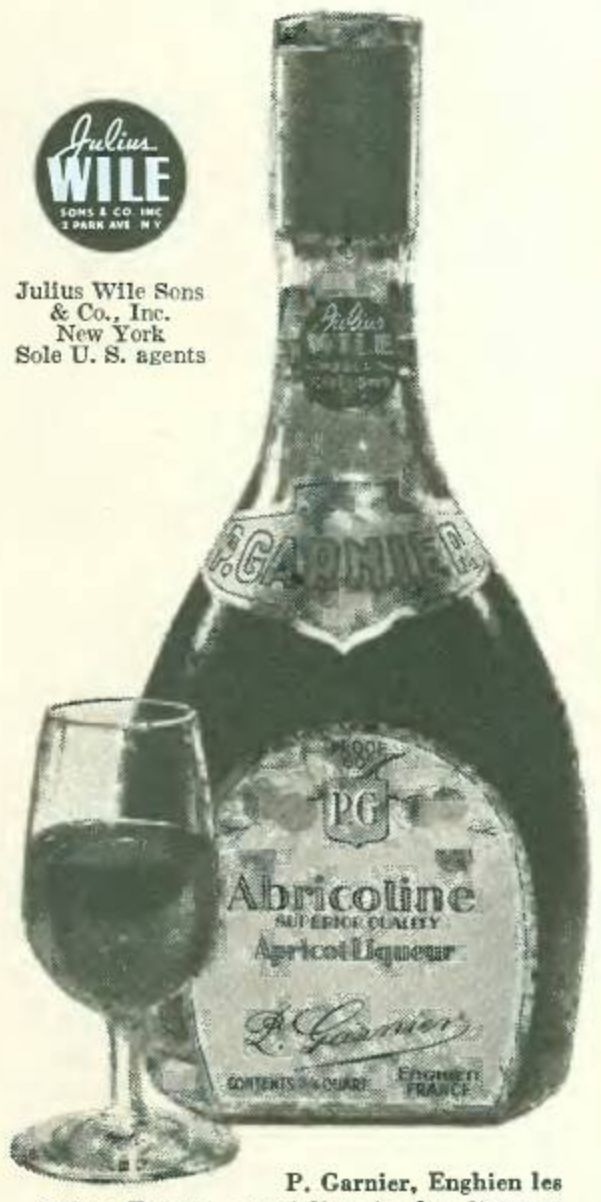
"I used to dread after-dinner 'let-downs,'" says J. M., Montclair, N. J. "Now I offer a choice of four imported Garnier liqueurs. Guests argue happily over their cordial favorites. All *I* do is enjoy my own and take the bows."

Please all tastes with four famous Garnier Imported Liqueurs: Abricotine . . . true apricot flavour, 60° proof. Creme de Menthe, green or white, 60° proof. Creme de Cacao . . . 60° proof. Liqueur d'Or . . . 86° proof.

P. GARNIER

IMPORTED LIQUEURS

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole U. S. agents



P. Garnier, Enghien les Bains, France—specialists in fine liqueurs since 1859. 27 delicious varieties.

flower-carved crystals with ruby centre; $325. For a sequin or velvet dinner jacket, Cartier offers a button of sapphires and diamonds on a platinum ground, shaped in an all-around cornucopia design so that your jewel flashes from every angle. You have, of course, heard of the budget counter here, where silver bits and trinkets are priced as low as $1. Sterling-silver paper-cutters with buffalo nickels mounted in them are $9. Cigarette holders in silver containers, including a trifle to keep the holder clean; $25.

CHARLTON: Sensational ruby-and-diamond necklace which can be broken up into three bracelets and a clip. Two of the bracelets have *pavé* panels of faceted rubies; the pendant, with its tremendous ruby, becomes the clip, and the part of the chain at the back of the neck is diamonds set in tubes, forming the third bracelet. It's an Achievement, even at $30,000. Enchanting clip of gold, draped like a piece of fabric and held at the top by a gold ball studded in stars with tiny rubies; $300. Sprays of gold leaves, studded with tiny rubies and diamonds in stars, range from $125 up. A new and exclusive idea is a plain gold rigid bangle ($55 up) on which they will superimpose diamond charms ($100 up). Then there are stunning modern rings in invisible settings. One is a variation of the old horseshoe nail, with baguette rubies and a triangle diamond; $900.

EDMOND E. FRISCH, 576 Fifth Avenue (47th): Inch-and-a-half head of a race horse in *pavé* diamonds, with perfect detail, even to bit and harness; $575. A bracelet of linked flowers with clustered diamond centres and gold petals, and a pin to match. Magnificent necklace and bracelet, each with huge topazes and cylinders of Chinese jade on snake link double chain, so that the necklace fits the base of the throat. And an exquisite collection of diamond watches; from $250.

E. M. GATTLE: Utterly beautiful and important rings. Tiered diamonds and sapphires, or three half-moons with rubies on the outside and diamond centres. (The latter, $575.) An exclusive clip-bangle, the bangle wrapped around the arm so that the ends do not meet. The clips for this must be made to order. Extremely handsome cut-out gold initials for sleeve buttons; $22.50 a pair.

GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (52nd): That wonderful hand-hammered modern Danish silver. Link bracelets in fan-leaf designs at $45; tiny penny-sized pins at $4; lots of little button earrings. A particularly nice one is an ear-lobe

HANDBOOK FOR GRACIOUS HOSTS

by Julius Wile

CHAPTER IV

"Light" Means Right

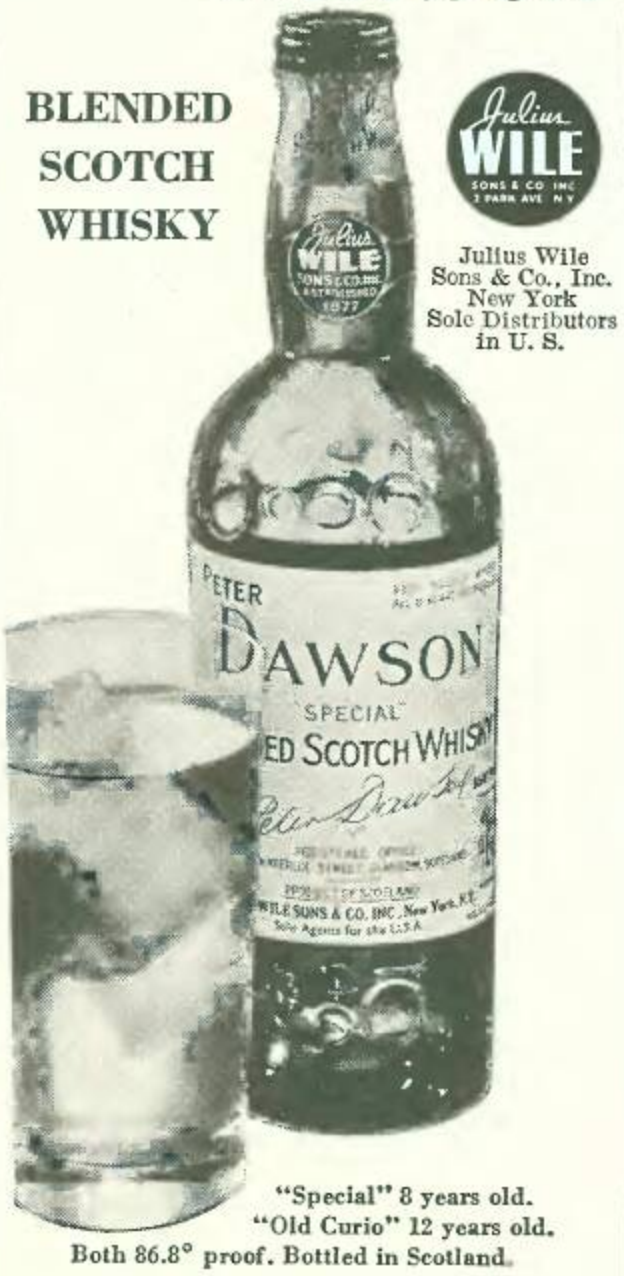
"I stay on the right side of my friends by staying on the light side when I buy Scotch," says B. Y., popular New York host. "I use famous Peter Dawson . . . it's pleasantly light in body yet satisfyingly rich in flavour. And everybody says my highballs are tops."

America is fast discovering that "light" means right . . . and that means Peter Dawson. It makes friends with you . . . makes friends for you. Get light-bodied Peter Dawson today.

PETER DAWSON

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole Distributors in U. S.



"Special" 8 years old.
"Old Curio" 12 years old.
Both 86.8° proof. Bottled in Scotland.

IT'S LIGHT SCOTCH

thing made of tiny leaves shaped to the lobe; another looks like a largish pearl and is shaped like a hot-cross bun.

Roy W. Johnston, Hotel Waldorf-Astoria: A secret watch snuggled into a clip with a marquis diamond and baguettes forming a horseshoe design; a trick latch makes the motif turn on a hinge to reveal the watch face. A truly magnificent collection of star rubies; from $600. Then, for more casual jewelled bits, there are silver cigarette cases checkered with black enamel and having shell ends ($120), mother-of-pearl cigarette case and vanity with inlaid precious stones, necklace of baroque pearls (around $15), and horses' heads, in lapis, onyx, carnelian, and such; $125 up.

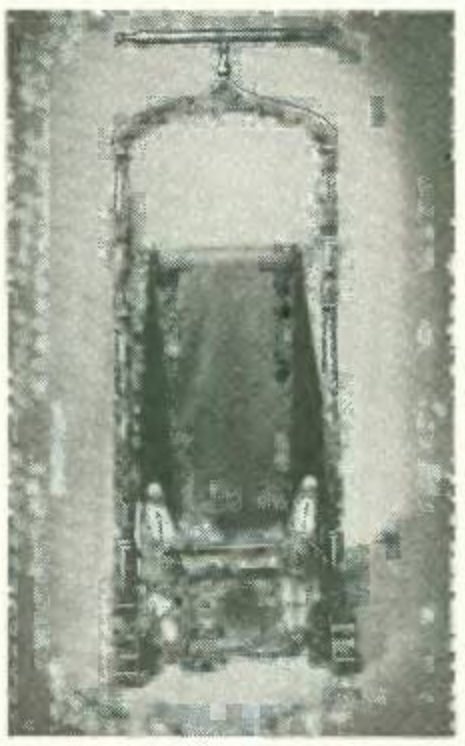
Theodore A. Kohn, 608 Fifth Avenue (49th): Unobtrusive but elegant designs in gold clips set with stones. With sapphire cabochon, two cabochon rubies, large green tourmalines, they are $30 to $37.50. Then, there are round gold wristwatches, one with a cabochon ruby at each end ($68), another a gold watch with a black dial and diamonds at the ends ($75). Stunning buttonhole flower like a morning glory, with agate leaves and topaz flower and bud ($37.50). Another has three flowers of white agate with green onyx leaves ($71). Kohn also will take pearls from old guards and necklaces and fuss them into a new design. He adores doing this.

Lambert Brothers, 767 Lexington Avenue (60th): Good-luck charms of Touchwood with gold tops are $7.50. Three-dimensional flower idea that prevails all over town is made up here in rings, as well as clips and pins, in a daisy design, with tiny diamonds set in the cabochon-ruby centre and circles of diamonds around them. And they like their cocktail ring, composed of three cylinder barrels of *pavé* diamonds; $375.

Marcus: A perfectly wonderful collection of three-dimensional flowers. One of the most magnificent is a rose with stem of green enamel, and flowers of rubies and diamonds. Then, there is a lily-of-the-valley spray with green enamel and real pearls, and double pansies in varied colors, such as different shades of sapphire with a yellow-diamond centre. Handsome large gold link bracelet with an identification disc an inch and a half across, large enough to hold the story of your life; $190. Last year they featured the Trianon ring (three rings in one) of red, yellow, and white gold at $18; this year there is a bracelet to match. And there are utterly gay charms for children, enamelled on both sides, five charms to a chain. Alice in Wonderland and the Mad Queen and Humpty Dumpty—things like that; $35 and $37.

Ross-Pennell, 677 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Engine-turned gold vanity case for loose powder and lipstick in modern design and smooth finish; sapphire and diamond clasps at the side; $600. Green-gold cigarette case, also in modern design, with ruby-and-diamond clasp in the centre. Holds sixteen cigarettes. They tell us that square photograph lockets are coming back, and even that people still go for photographs on gold

Here's the **GIFT** *to save his* **TIME** *and* **TEMPER**



Like a faithful valet it stands ready: coat on hanger, trousers, shorts, and shirt on crossbar, shoes on rack. Saves his temper—aids his grooming—speeds him to his 8:25 train. Mahogany, walnut, or maple finish, $9.85. Chromium . . $24.75

LEWIS & CONGER
New York's Leading Housewares Store
45th St. and 6th Ave., New York
VAnderbilt 3-0571

XMAS GIFTS *marked by distinction*

MATCHED SETS of CUFF LINKS and TIE HOLDERS from $5

Give the jewelry that enhances a man's appearance, lifts him out of the crowd! KREMENTZ Men's Jewelry has been building pride of ownership in its wearers for 71 years . . . At jewelers and better men's shops.

KREMENTZ
MEN'S FINE JEWELRY

WARD and ROME
Decorative Painting
Paper Lampshades
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63 East 57th St. VOlunteer 5-1915

Looka!
Gift Horse!

MACY'S FORWARD HOUSE

French pottery gift horse to be looked in mouth by the best name on your Christmas list. Gray and white; 22 inches from nose to tail **12.97**

... only one of dozens of delightful decorative imports in the Forward House Shop on Macy's ninth floor.

MUSICAL TABLE-TREE STAND

that plays two famous Christmas carols as it twirls. Delightful to own or give. Of polished metal; it will last a lifetime. For use with real or artificial Christmas tree.

Stand only, **$8.50** Postage extra

Folding artificial tree, $1.25

SHACKMAN'S

34th St. & Madison Ave., N. Y.

leaf. The hammered and engine-turned gold ones run from $80.

TIFFANY: $54,200 is a lot of money for anything unobtrusive, but we liked a flexible bracelet made up of 6-carat diamonds, linked together with baguettes. Another has an 8-carat diamond centre and then begins diminishing through three carats to one. It is held together by narrow baguettes, and is very lovely indeed. Tiffany has an elegant pair of clips that, together, give the effect of a sunken garden, with a ruby centre and diamond upper tiers ($2,450, to show we are getting more reasonable). And, for $630, a tiny, old-fashioned bowknot with diamonds—looks very refreshing, somehow. Wonderful collection of modern gold rings with rubies, sapphires, and diamonds; around $100. And, as we mentioned before, pearls.

EDWIN H. TOMPKINS, 1 East 57th Street: He is the American representative for Boucheron of Paris, and has such a yen for trick watches that he seems to have cornered a large part of the market in them. Padlock watches, with the handles to be used as key rings ($21 for men; $25 for a leather-encased version for women). Faceted ball watches for the lapel are $75. Two cherries that hang down by gold chains from a green leather button reveal a barometer as well as a watch; $110. And there is a lovely clip watch, with a beautifully clear ruby or sapphire crystal, surrounded by diamonds; $2,600 and $2,300.

TRABERT & HOEFFER-MAUBOUSSIN, 407 Park Avenue (55th): The gadget craze here is for keys and key cases. Some work like lipsticks, others have bottle-opener tops, still others open like knives; $23 up. They also harbor copies of those super-colossal cocktail rings with modern buckle designs of tiny diamonds and rubies, at $83, and combine red, green, and yellow gold rings into an affair that looks a bit like the old-fashioned quarter-inch wedding ring. A delirious fish clip, with the fin and tail of gold and the scales of the body in faceted rubies; $450. They also have a set consisting of a gold bracelet, clip earrings, and a bowknot pin, with oxblood coral and small diamonds as the decorative motif.

OLGA TRITT, 589 Madison Avenue (57th): She was a pioneer in setting diamonds of old-fashioned cut into hunks of crystal. This year she likes ebony backgrounds for, say, a tremendous faceted topaz on a clip ($175) and a colossal amethyst ring. Another original idea is finding natural formations of baroque pearls and making up the figures they suggest. One charm has the look of the toes of a foot, which is emphasized by her putting a sandal of rose diamonds on it ($125). Another looks like the pants of a football player, and she completes the figure with gold and silver. All her clips have a pin back as well, so that you can pin them if a fold of material is not handy. One is based on the Egyptian nose-clip idea and is a large circle with a ruby cabochon surrounded by small diamonds; $150. You'll like a bracelet of solid New Zealand jade, made flexible by a hinged diamond-and-ruby design

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in front ($1,500) and her three-strand necklace of uncut sapphires and emeralds with diamond rondels connecting them. A great deal of imagination here.

UDALL & BALLOU: Clips that look like pipe organs, in red and green gold with double bands of diamonds across the top, simply and exquisitely wrought; $175. Tuxedo watches, tiny gold squares with black dials and black suède straps, for evening; $65. And an optical-illusion bracelet and ring for people whose seat upon the Wagon is firm and secure, for they are composed of twists of gold in three colors, and give the effect of coming toward you and then receding, in an alarming sort of way. (Ring, $24; bracelet, $165.) Standbys: They have that double gipsy ring, half of sapphires and half of diamonds, blended into a single platinum band in back ($525), and the old-fashioned sunburst pin, with eight kite-shaped topazes for the points and diamond filler-inners ($550). Udall & Ballou also have particularly imaginative diamond pins, like a sailboat with a triangular diamond forming the sail, and emerald and blue enamel for water; a windmill with a diminutive town indicated by diamonds; and a lovely sailfish of diamonds and blue enamel.

RAYMOND C. YARD, 607 Fifth Avenue (49th): To see Mr. Yard caress his incredible collection of rubies is to glimpse pure love. They are cut like diamonds. There is also an utterly lovely collection of star sapphires starting at $400, and a diamond that ambitious girls will want to add to their collection—a 14-carat square one, for $55,000. For laughs, they have imaginative and intricate charms—cowgirls with sapphire chests and gold lariats on diamond backgrounds, and Mrs. Jiggses wielding rolling pins fashioned of sapphires, opals, and diamonds.

Brain Waves

HEREWITH a grab bag of odds and ends which have just come into the shops, too late for orderly inclusion under their respective classifications:

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diapers that tie in front to pink taffeta coat and bonnet; $4. The long-legged rag dolls with wool hair are wonderful for school-age kids. You can trust Mrs. Willey's taste if you want to shop by mail; otherwise she'll call and show samples.

KITCHEN TABLE: Small, but with full cooking equipment, including miniature meat-chopper, whistling teakettle, egg-beater, percolator (they all really work); $9.90. New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th).

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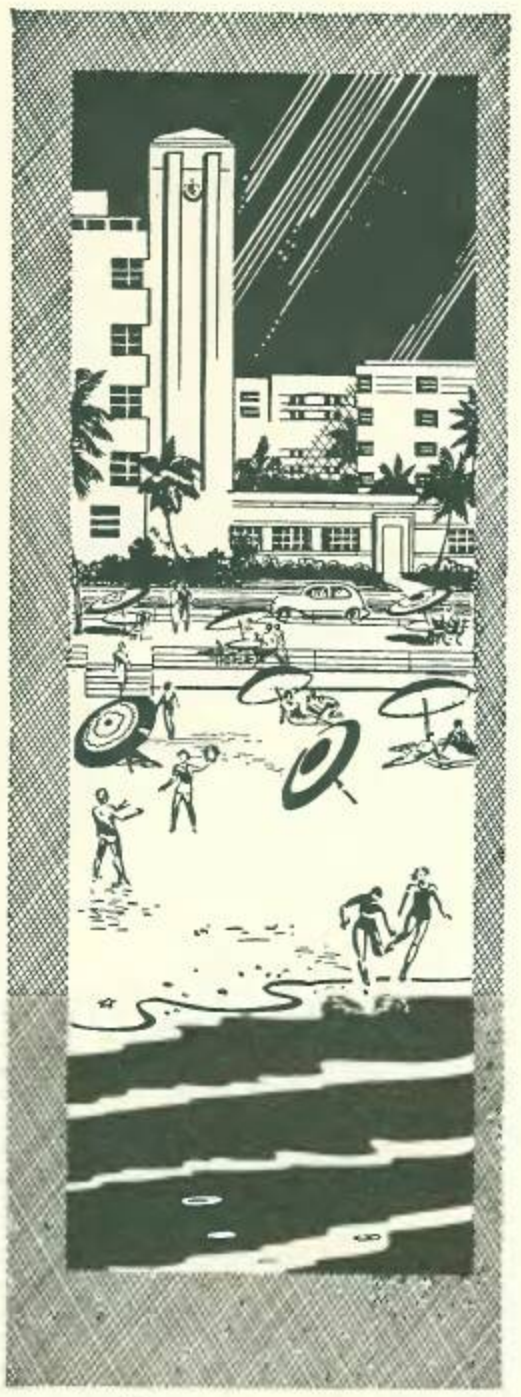

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Bache Collection —Toulouse-Lautrec —And Peter Blume

IT was only a couple of weeks ago that the Jules S. Bache home at 814 Fifth Avenue, with its famous collection of paintings, was converted, by gift to the State of New York, from a quiet private residence into a public museum of art, and things are still in their preliminary, or shake-down, stages there. At present the procedure is as follows: from eleven to four on Museum days—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday—a guard is posted outside the front door and a footman stationed inside it, and a small table is placed in the entrance hall with an attendant to distribute catalogues; Mr. Bache, who is still in residence there, makes himself scarce. Admission is by card (which you get by applying to Mrs. Mary Duggett Benson, Custodian), and the cards specify not only the date but also the hour at which they are valid.

This, though it does put the visitor on his mettle to get there on time, is on the whole a wise precaution, for it permits the directors to control the number of persons present at any one time. Fifty cards an hour is the present schedule. The rooms to which the public has access, and in which the sixty-four paintings of the collection are now concentrated, are the first-floor dining room and hall, the second-floor drawing room and salon, and the third-floor library. Since the rooms are those of a typical town house and are furnished for Mr. Bache's out-of-Museum-hours occupancy, it is difficult to see how a much greater number could be accommodated.

The arrangement, both as to hours and general disposition of things, is avowedly temporary. One can hope that—as was the case with the Frick Collection a year or two ago—when the press of the purely curious diminishes, everything will be much simpler. It is well, too, not to look a gift horse too closely in the mouth, particularly one of such pearly magnificence as this happens to be. But there are certain awkwardnesses about the present

plan that can hardly escape being mentioned.

Mr. Bache, poor man, if he wants to come home during Museum hours, must hide in the upper stories. The visitor, on the other hand, as he wanders about the lower floors, can scarcely avoid a slightly illicit, uncomfortable feeling, inevitable to anyone who finds himself in a stranger's home while its owner is away. The whole thing brings up, all over again, the question of the proper disposal of private collections. Art patrons, who have spent years in getting together their various items, have an understandable reluctance to see them scattered among the thousand other pictures on the walls of the great museums. The Metropolitan, however, the natural depositary of such collections, has a rule—and a wise one, unquestionably, in the long run—forbidding it to accept gifts when collective showing is specified.

The only way out of that impasse, obviously, is the small, semi-private museum. Rome, London, and Florence have a number, and there is a definite charm in the idea of a New York City dotted with similar collections, to which one could repair at will. The trouble is that our very architecture is against it. In foreign cities the great collections are housed in what amount to palaces, in galleries that are easily detached from the life of the household. Here our homes are too compact, too completely residential in character to permit of such an arrangement. The Bache collection, insofar as this argument goes, is a case in point. It is hard to see how Mr. Bache can go on living in the house under present conditions. It is hard to see how the collection can retain much character if he moves out and the residence is devoted solely to its showing. There have been any number of other attempted solutions—for instance, that of the Rockefellers, whose Modern Museum is, so to speak, the public face of their private art interests. Viewed largely, however, the problem looks like an impasse all round—with the Metropolitan, particularly in the case of "period" collections, as the best way out.

Meantime, the paintings at the Bache home, when seen as a group, more than justify the reputation they have long had of forming one of the finest small collections in the world. Though they fall principally into two broad categories, those of the eighteenth-century English and French painters, and of the fifteenth-century Italian, German, and Flemish masters, there are enough ex-

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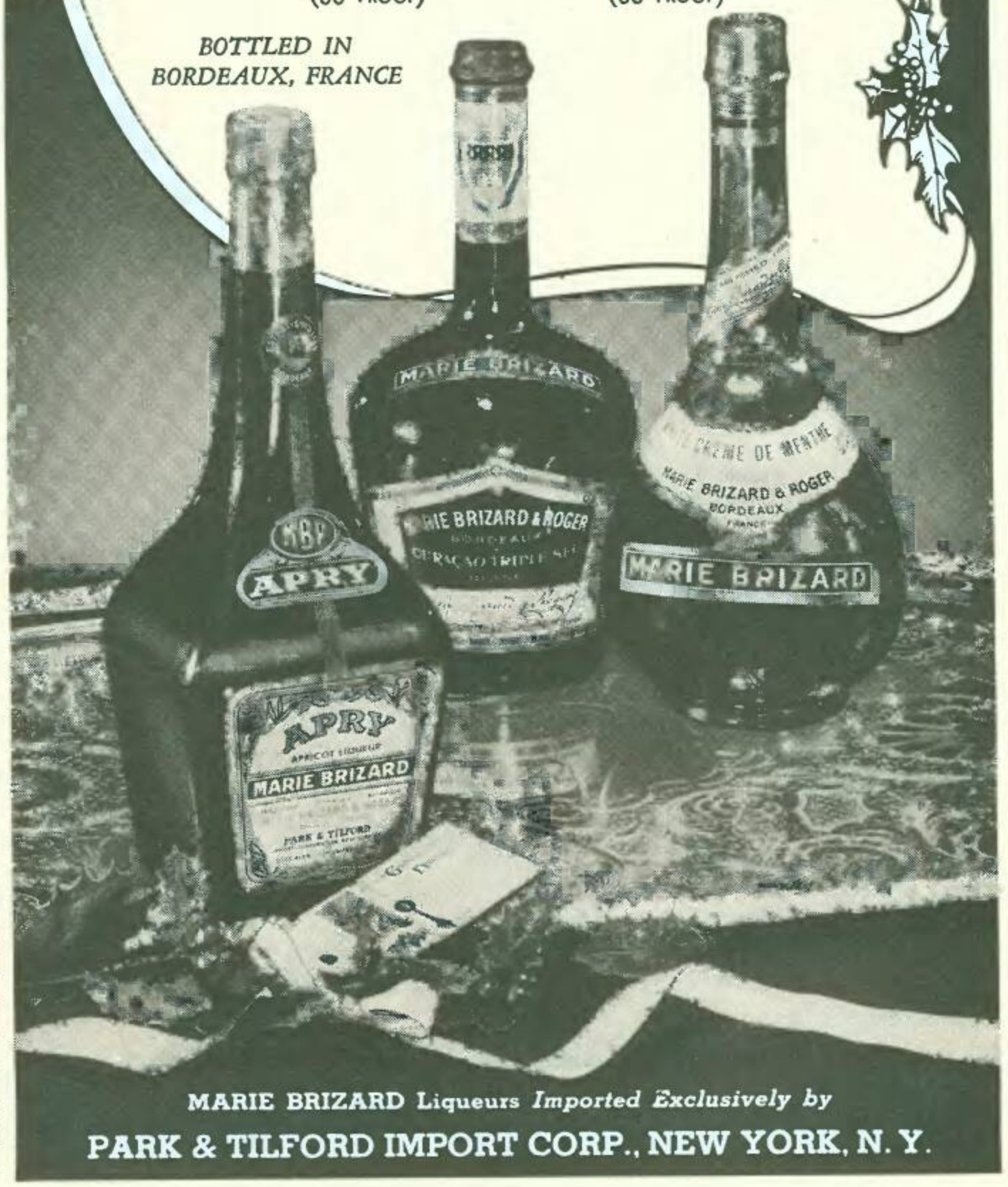

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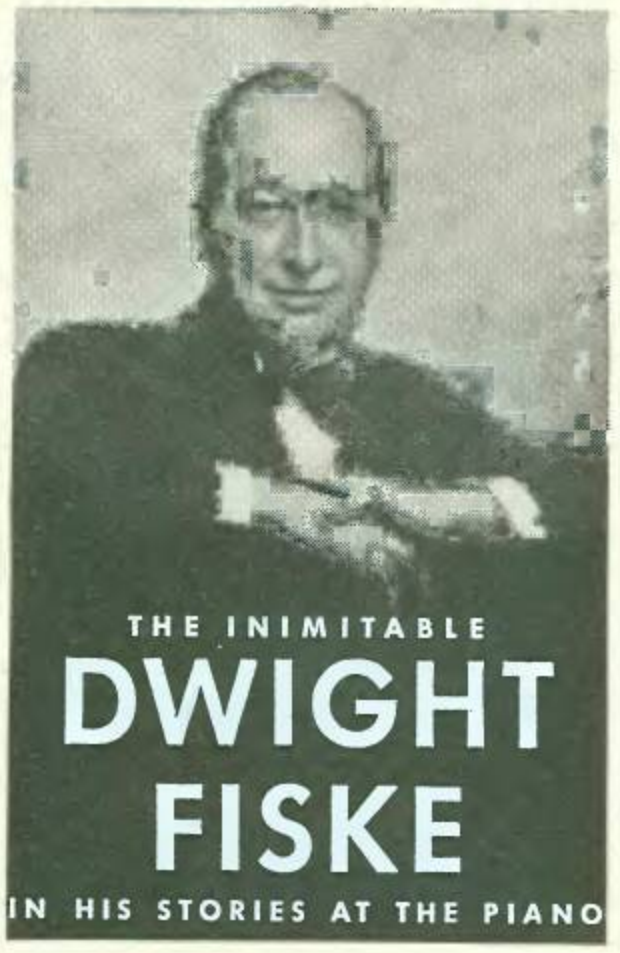

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amples from other great schools to give the collection, for its size, a remarkably well-rounded appearance. There are, for instance, outside the two periods just mentioned, a Goya (this the celebrated full-length portrait of the red-clad boy, Don Manuel Osorio, with his cats and his birdcage and his pet magpie beside him), two paintings by Frans Hals and two by Velásquez, a couple of Rembrandts—but when one says "a couple of Rembrandts" one begins to suggest the richness of the collection.

There are no "duds." Even the English portraitists, such as Romney, Raeburn, and Gainsborough, whose romantic manner has now put them somewhat out of favor, are represented by solidly painted examples. Among the French of the same general era, there are several Fragonards (one, "The Shady Grove," a particularly exquisite little landscape), and a large and unusually dramatic Watteau.

The cream of the collection, however, is the work of the Italian and the Lowlands painters. Those of the first group are hung mainly in the lower hall and the others in the library, and the visitor who would spend his hour to best advantage would do well to linger longest in these two places. The critic can hardly do more than name some of the masterpieces you will see: a Raphael, "Portrait of Giuliano de' Medici," remarkable for its Florentine finesse and dignity; a Carlo Crivelli, "Madonna and Child" (the famous one, with the intricate robe and the festoon of apples and gourds behind her head); a Giorgione and several Bellinis, and a Ghirlandajo, "Portrait of Francesco Sassetti and His Son," that with its two strong figures and grave light and minute distant landscape is to my mind one of the finest pictures in the whole collection; a Botticelli, and a striking Domenico Veneziano—you see how the list runs on. And the paintings in the library are, as a group, even finer. These—the two exquisite Memlings, the superb Gerard David triptych of the Nativity, the Vermeers and the Petrus Christus, the four fine portraits by Holbein the Younger—these, I'm afraid, you must see for yourself.

IF you hurry, you will still be in time to see the Toulouse-Lautrec show at the Knoedler Galleries. This is certainly one of the "musts" of the season so far, for a number of the pictures are from the collection given by the artist's mother to the Museum of Albi, in the south of France, and these have never been shown in this country before.

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Among them are several of the best-known ones, notably "Au Salon," the big, pink-cushioned interior with its ladies lying about in excessively intimate ease, and "L'Anglaise du Star," whose blonde English barmaid commemorates a romantic interlude of Lautrec's at Le Havre. The Art Institute of Chicago has lent "Au Moulin Rouge," with its weird night faces (including the artist's own in the background) and somehow sinister groupings, and there have been enough loans from other quarters to make up a thoroughly comprehensive exhibition—of an artist, incidentally, whose "*mat*" technique and realistic approach to life did more to influence recent painters than is commonly realized.

There is a show of Georges Roualt's paintings, all from the period 1903-18, at the Pierre Matisse Gallery. It contains some interesting nudes, many excellent examples of his paintings of circus subjects, and at least one canvas, "Le Vieux Clown," that is a superlative example of the archaic poignance he sometimes gets in his work. . . . At Durand-Ruel, Thalia Malcolm has an exhibition, mainly of Provençal landscapes and beach scenes. They are unpretentious, but strongly and sympathetically painted.

The Julien Levy Gallery is exhibiting Peter Blume's canvas, "The Eternal City," with a few of the detail drawings for the general design, the whole representing his total output for the past three years. It happens that because of friendship with the artist, I have had a fairly close and constant association with that picture, from its early stages to its final development, and I am in no position now to be dispassionate about it. I can't help feeling, however, that anyone would recognize the maturity of conception, the integrity of craftsmanship, and in particular the adroitness in organization that have gone into its painting. Personally, of course, I think it is swell.

—Robert M. Coates

ART FOR CHRISTMAS

THIS year, there is a more determined drive than ever before, on the part of more galleries, to induce Christmas art-givers to buy originals—etchings, drawings, lithographs, water colors, or even small paintings—instead of reproductions. The movement is certainly one to be encouraged, for though the gift of an original does put the donor's taste on trial to a certain extent, it has a flavor of exclusiveness that the time-honored reproduction

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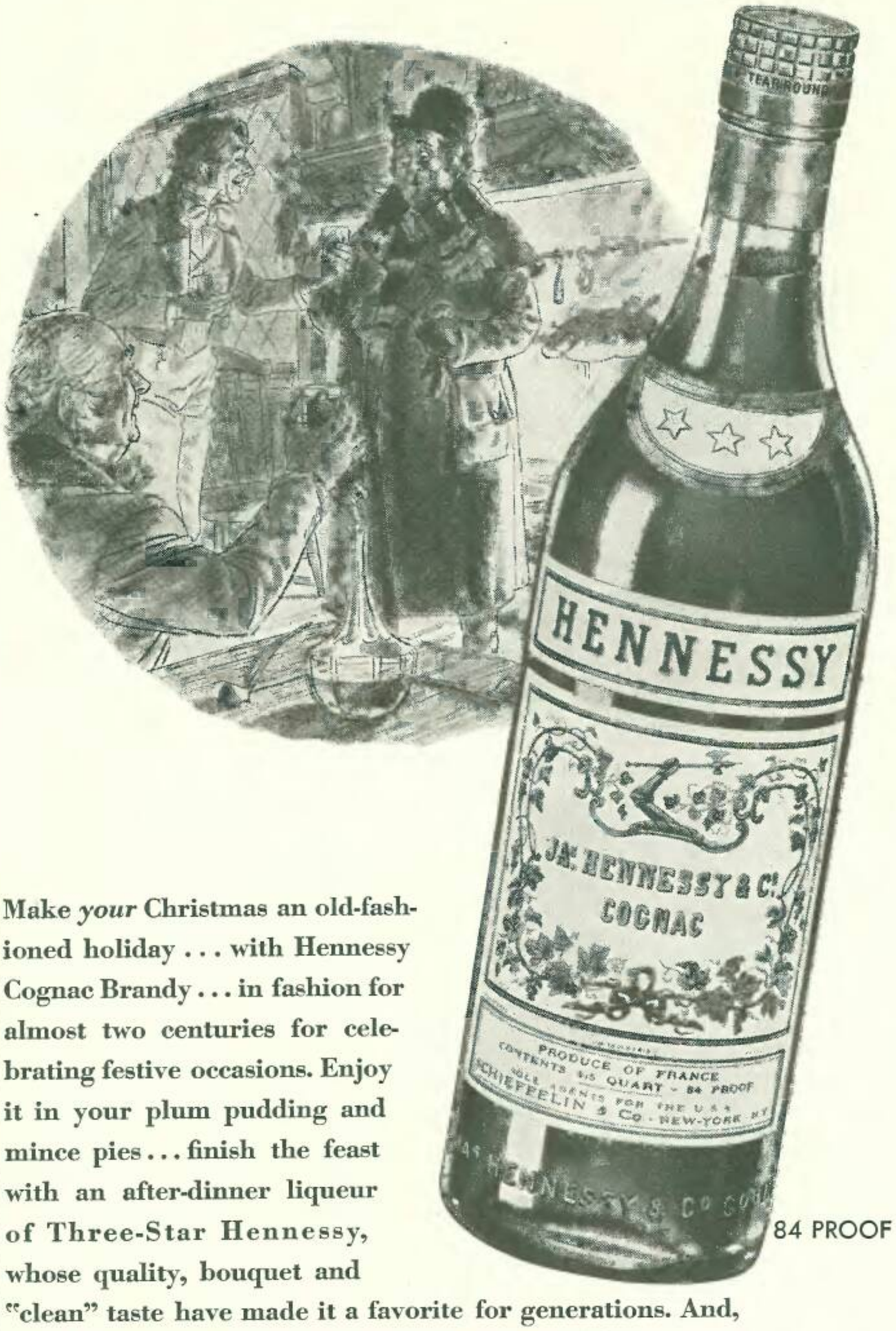

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lacks. In addition, of course, it helps to foster a living art. All dealers, probably, have examples of their artists' work that would come at least within the $100-per-item budget. The galleries listed below are leaders in the drive to attract even slower-paced purses:

DOWNTOWN GALLERY, 113 West 13th Street: Special show, through December, of "small paintings" ($10-$100) by living Americans. Also, ceramics by Carl Walters, and an especially complete collection of Georgia O'Keeffe reproductions.

EAST RIVER GALLERY, 358 East 57th Street: Scattered Americans. "Driftwood objects," semi-surrealist compositions made of beachcombings. Also, quaintly painted oils by contemporary French-Canadian folk artists.

PASSEDOIT GALLERY, 121 East 57th Street: Drawings, water colors, and small oils by modern French artists, all under $100.

PERLS GALLERIES, 32 East 58th Street: Lesser, earlier examples of most of the French moderns. $100 and up.

REHN GALLERIES, 683 Fifth Avenue (54th): Lithographs by Reginald Marsh, Robert Riggs, and others. Through December, a show of Henry Varnum Poor ceramics and drawings, many of them ideally suited for gifts.

As for reproductions (which have, for that matter, their legitimate gift uses too), Fifty-seventh Street and its purlieus are, so to speak, lousy with print shops and printmakers. Outstanding selections are to be found at Raymond & Raymond, 40 East 52nd Street, and at the F.A.R. Gallery, 19 East 61st Street, both of which have excellent color reproductions from every period of painting. Listed below are a few other important dealers in prints:

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Sporting prints and etchings.

BUTLER GALLERY, 126 East 57th Street: Ship and sporting prints.

ARTHUR H. HARLOW, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th): Conservative subjects, including animal and sporting prints.

KENNEDY & Co., 785 Fifth Avenue (59th): Americana and the more orthodox names.

KEPPEL & Co., 71 East 57th Street: Wide range, with particular emphasis on nineteenth-century and later French. Also, excellent engravings of Old Masters.

LIVING AMERICAN ART, INC., 55 Fifth Avenue (13th): Specializes in reproductions of contemporary American painters.

OLD PRINT EXCHANGE, 14 East 48th Street: Ship and sporting prints, Currier & Ives, etc.

OLD PRINT SHOP, 150 Lexington Avenue (30th): Americana.

THE SPORTING GALLERY AND BOOKSHOP, 38 East 52nd Street: Wide selection of sporting subjects.

E. WEYHE, 794 Lexington Avenue (62nd): Fine collection of moderns, American and French. —R. M. C.

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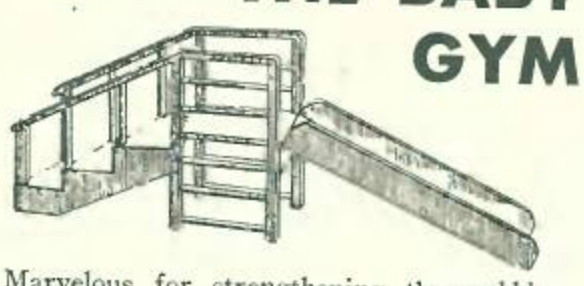

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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A MOST unsentimental sentimental occasion was the golden-jubilee concert of Josef Hofmann in the Metropolitan Opera House Sunday night. The program included some music of chiefly nostalgic value, like the Rubinstein D-minor concerto, but Mr. Hofmann's playing stood, as it always has, on its own amazing qualities. In the best sense of both adjectives, he still is a great young pianist.

His greatness has long since been stipulated. His youthfulness is demonstrated in the apparently perennial freshness of his performances. He may have played the Chopin G-minor ballade several thousand times in his career, but Sunday night he was finding new and fascinating things in it. Next time he plays it, there'll be still another revelation of the music. Mr. Hofmann is the master of "the illusion of the first time," and to create that illusion after more than half a century of music-making is perhaps the ultimate characteristic of a genius.

There were supplementary honors for the augmented Curtis Institute orchestra; Fritz Reiner, who directed it; and a photographer who set a new high in the efficient snapping of an audience that was a story in itself.

IN the week that ended with Mr. Hofmann's festival, the durable concert-goer might have heard almost every sort of pianist, including one who was six years old, one who was eleven, one who played with only the left hand, and one who played until about 2 A.M. This last artist lives near me, and his concert was a public event only because he left his windows open, so we'll overlook the affair, which I wish I could have done when he was playing.

The youngest pianist of the period was Paolo Spagnolo, a *Wunderkind*, as one would have known from his bare legs, black suit, white shawl collar, and longish hair, even if he hadn't bothered to play the piano. Not that there was any bother for Master Spagnolo when it came to playing the piano; he delivered a not too ambitious program with confident fingers, flexible tone, and the repose of an experienced professional. That's about all there was, and perhaps, at six, that ought to be enough. The

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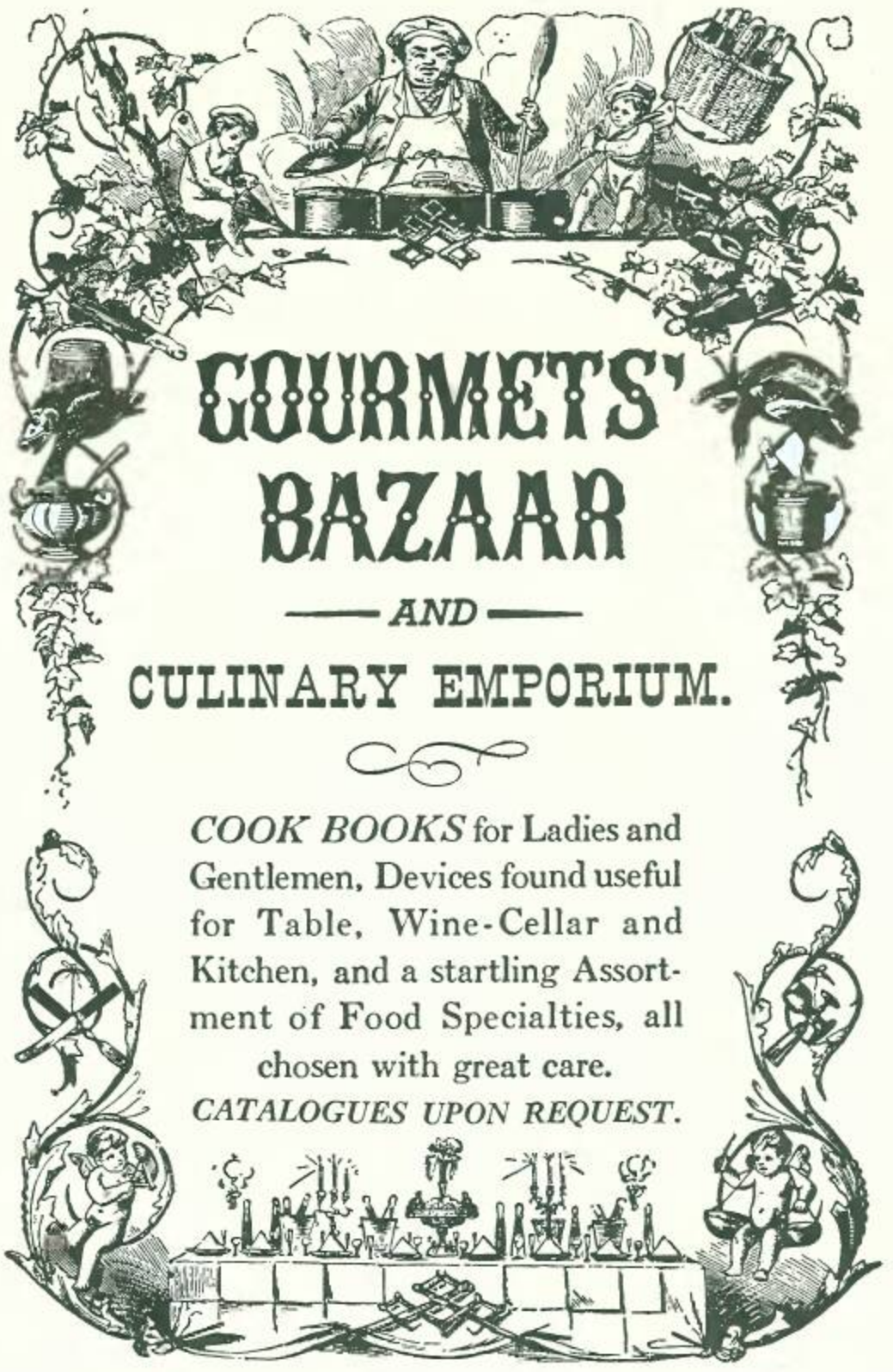

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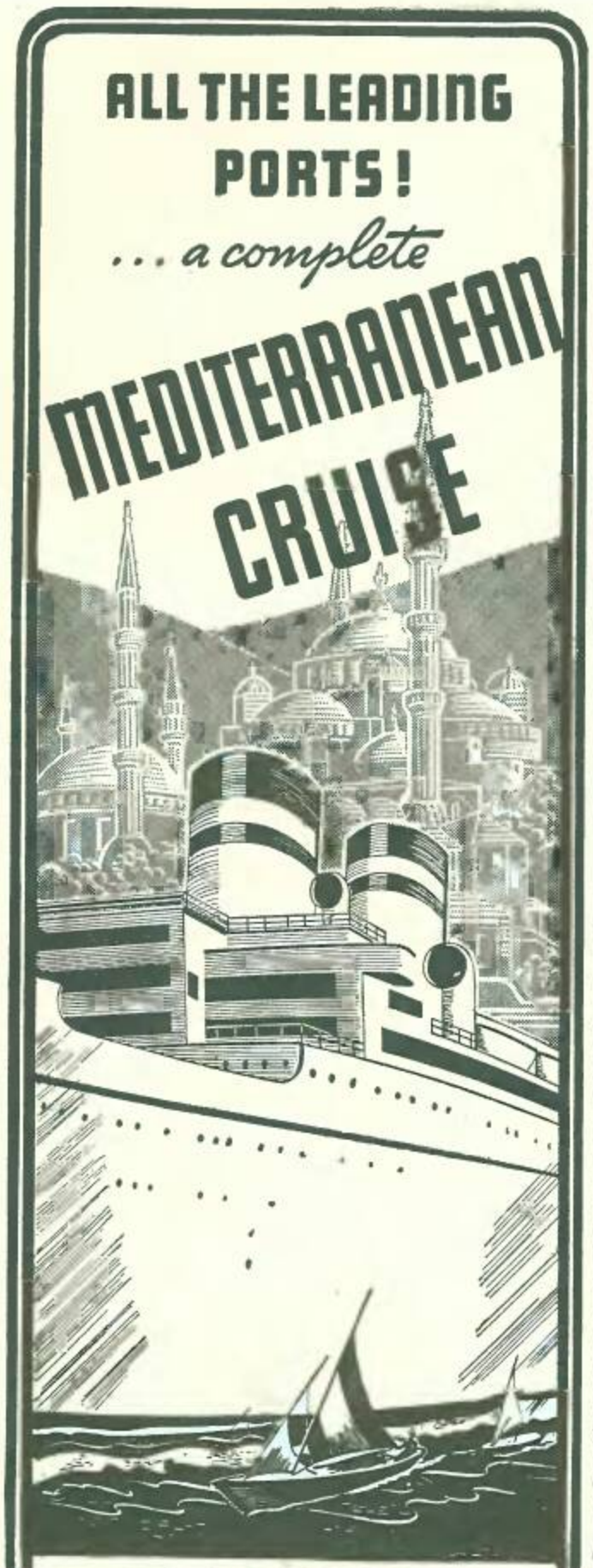

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Town Hall audience doted on him, and even on the curious exaggerations in tempi which were not, I hope, his own ideas.

I didn't hear Master Spagnolo's compositions, as a pianist named Rachmaninoff was playing up in Carnegie Hall that afternoon. When I arrived, Mr. Rachmaninoff, evidently in high good humor, was entertaining a delighted assembly with encores, including his own It, as James Huneker once and forever designated the C-sharp minor prelude, and Liszt's That, which is the A-flat Liebestraum. It takes a great artist like Mr. Rachmaninoff to remind one that the Liebestraum is good piano music and not a meditation in molasses.

MR. BARBIROLLI acted as chaperon for the local début of eleven-year-old Julius Katchen, who first achieved national publicity by showing his wares to Mr. Ormandy at a Philadelphia Orchestra rehearsal much as Deanna Durbin demonstrated her talents to Mr. Stokowski in the film "100 Men and a Girl." Master Katchen, a jolly, curly-haired young fellow, breezed onto the stage, waved to his friends, parked himself at the piano, and, as one is unfortunately tempted to say, pulled out *aplomb*. He went gaily, sure-handedly, and unsensationally through the Mozart D-minor concerto, to the satisfaction of all except those who expected him to be Mozart himself.

With the Boston Symphony, Jacques Février, whose father composed "Monna Vanna," introduced his left hand in Ravel's piano concerto for the left hand, and if Mr. Février's right hand knows as much as his left hand, he's an important addition to the list of excellent pianists. The concerto sounded as it did when Paul Wittgenstein played it here three years ago—clever, effective, and not in the composer's first ten.

THERE were two appearances last week by Mr. Stokowski and The Philadelphia Orchestra. One was in Carnegie Hall, where Mr. Stokowski prefaced Sibelius's fourth symphony with seven short pieces, two of them Stokowski transcriptions, played so magnificently that for the time being all of them seemed like orchestral masterpieces. Mr. Stokowski's scoring of Debussy's "Clair de Lune" is a special arrangement, not simply a Special Arrangement. The audience didn't find the Sibelius symphony as tough as it has been advertised—partly because Mr. Stokowski rarely makes anything sound forbidding, and partly because the sym-

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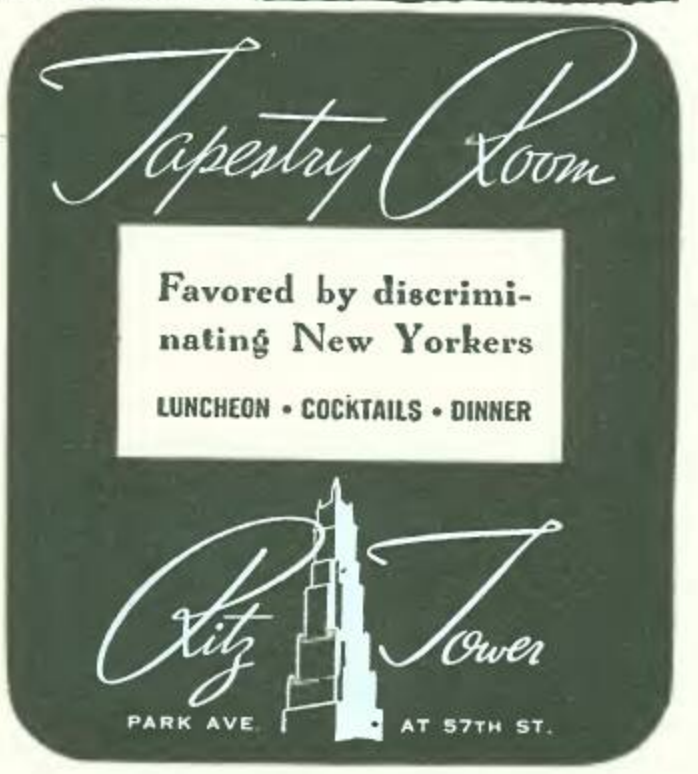


phony becomes less stark, etc., at every hearing. The chances are that Sibelius's austere fourth may, in time, become an old and welcome friend.

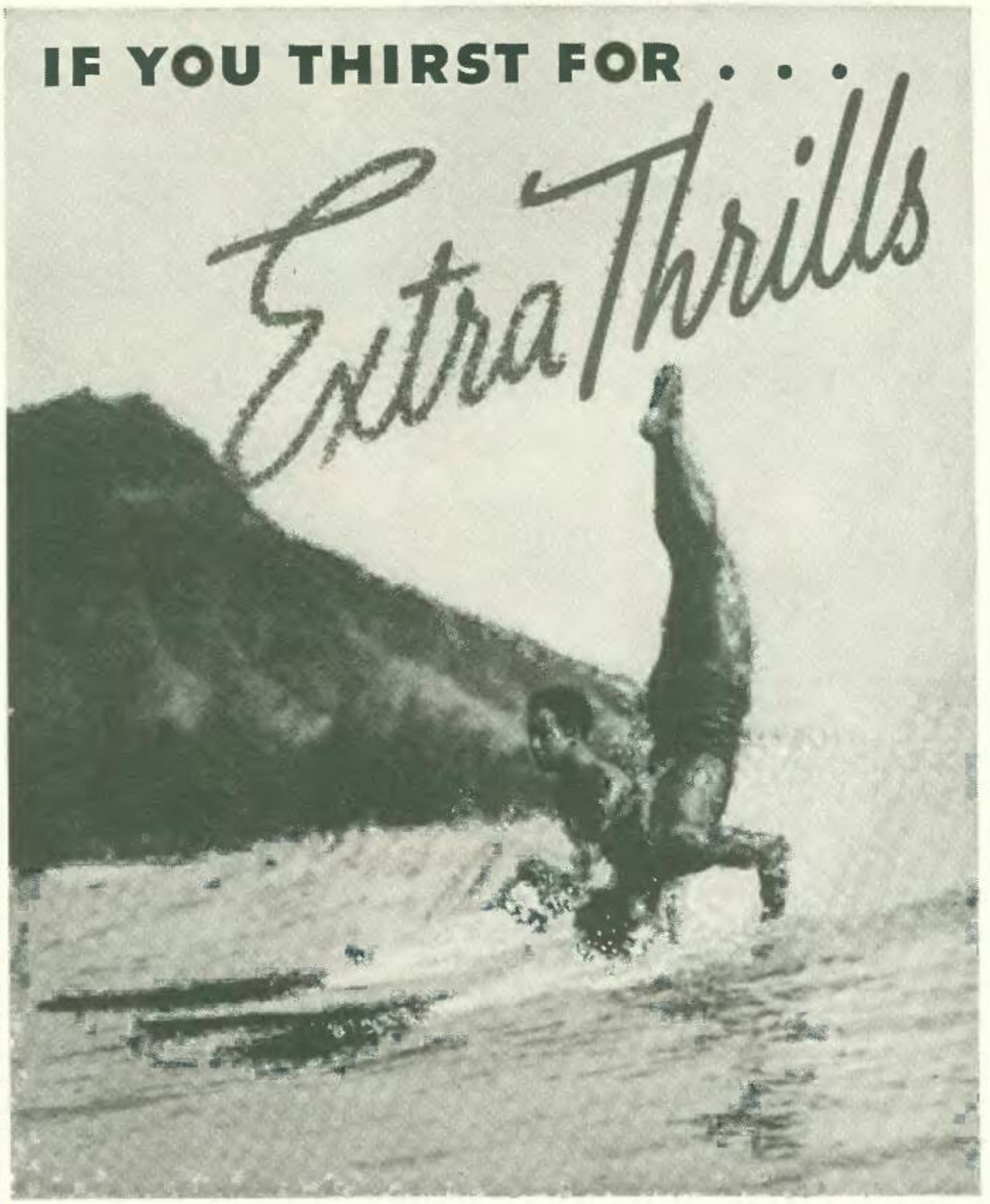
Mr. Stokowski's other ministration was by way of phonograph records at the first performance of the American Negro Ballet in the Lafayette Theatre, where the Philadelphia version of Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" suite was piped into the auditorium while the troupe danced. The new ballet went efficiently and gracefully through the clear and simple choreography which Mr. von Grona had supplied for the dancers.

For "live music," there was the New York Negro Symphony Orchestra, vivaciously led by Wen Talbert, which snapped out music by Forsythe, Ellington, and Handy expertly for the operations of the dancers. The company seems still to be in the training stage, and Mr. von Grona, its director, keeps it pretty well within its current abilities. The result is agreeable, competent business which will seem much more than that to enthusiastic Harlem-goers.

THE reviewers, past and present, of our dailies are publishing books, and it's a pleasure (and a relief) to report that all of them are good. Lawrence Gilman's "Wagner's Operas," with its candid enthusiasm and its equally candid appraisal of the operas, will convert any remaining anti-Wagnerites and restore the faith of any wavering brethren. Pitts Sanborn's "The Metropolitan Book of the Opera," issued with the official blessing of the Metropolitan Opera Association, offers exceptionally accurate and readable stories of opera plots, along with helpful and amusing historical memoranda. Emil Hilb assisted with the convenient short biographical sketches. Oscar Thompson's "Debussy, Man and Artist," is the first American history of the composer—a sound, finely organized, and consistently interesting volume.

Deems Taylor's "Of Men and Music," compiled from his radio talks and other activities, is his first book, a collection of entertaining, charming, unorthodox, and occasionally touching discussions of everything, from child prodigies to Stravinsky and from Bach to people who write letters to radio commentators. For one of the best "popularizations" of music, there is Sigmund Spaeth's "Stories Behind the World's Great Music," which manages to tie up fact, fiction, and scholarship without any doubt as to which is which, and without any effort to be solemnly instructive.

—ROBERT A. SIMON



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THE RACE TRACK

Farewell Blues

ONE guess was just about as bad as the next at Bowie last week. Only ten of the seventy-seven races were won by favorites, which ought to give you a rough idea of the surprises and disappointments.

Even Calumet Dick, who always seems to run best at Bowie, was overlooked in the Thanksgiving Handicap. There were whispers that he hadn't recovered entirely from whatever happened to his legs in the Washington Handicap at Laurel, so people who play horses by ear dashed off and bought tickets on Burning Star, who had finished close to Seabiscuit twice; on Clingendaal; and—of all things—on Unfailing, who had been failing regularly since the afternoon he astonished us by winning the Lawrence Realization Stakes. When it came to racing, there wasn't anything the matter with Calumet Dick's legs, for he whipped around Mucho Gusto easily and won from Masked General by a length or so. Calumet Dick, if such things matter to you, paid a $15.80 mutuel. Also, he has won $62,440 for Mrs. Ella Bryson since she claimed him for $2,500 last year.

Legal Light was one favorite who didn't fail. He won the Endurance Handicap for two-year-olds (I can't help thinking that Bowie in late November is an endurance handicap for horseplayers), and now Ral Parr intends to send him to California for the Santa Anita Derby. Somehow or other, people have come to believe that the winner of the Endurance Handicap should be the early favorite for all of the Derbys the following year, and the superstition continues although a winner of the Endurance Handicap never has won a Derby anywhere.

WELL, here we are at the end of another season, in which there were two superlative horses, at least ten very good ones, and about five thousand who were pretty awful. You may decide for yourself who deserves the overworked designation of champion. Seabiscuit won the most money, but War Admiral was unbeaten, and if you want to make anything out of the fact that they didn't meet, you're welcome. Among the horses I won't forget are

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ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

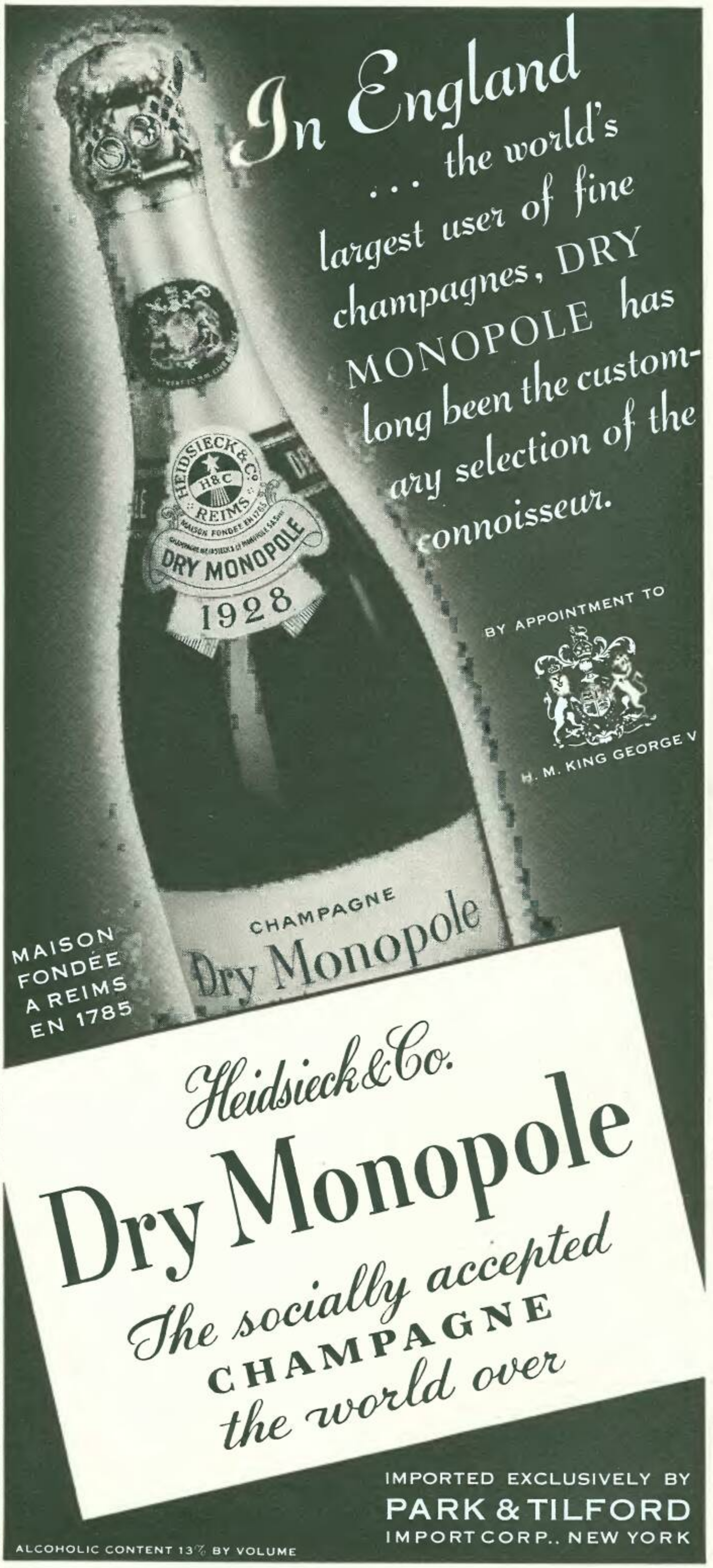
Aneroid, who, if he had been sound, would have made the handicaps more interesting than they were; Esposa and High Fleet, about whom I have always been enthusiastic; Dawn Play, who was next to War Admiral among the three-year-olds; and the unfortunate Sky Larking.

It might divert you to handicap the two-year-olds, who I don't think were the best lot we have ever seen, and then compare your ratings with the weights of Jack Campbell's Experimental Handicap when it is announced at the end of the month. Menow would be first and Tiger would be second on my list, if I made a list. Incidentally, Mr. Vosburgh, who still has a keen eye for a horse, liked Tiger. Nedayr, who popped up at Pimlico, is no better than third in my book. I prefer Stormscud to Fighting Fox, and if Pumpkin and Magic Hour aren't among the top-class sprinters, I'll be surprised. Jacola, Inhale, Creole Maid, and Merry Lassie are the best of the fillies.

Technically, the season isn't over. The Fair Grounds at New Orleans opened last week, and there's racing in California. By the way, did you notice that a horse from Uruguay named Amor Brujo, one of those recent importations from South America, won the Thanksgiving Handicap at San Francisco? And Tropical Park, Bill Dwyer's track in Miami, will open in a fortnight; also, Lou Smith, who did so well at Rockingham Park, will revive racing at Oriental Park, in Havana, which will open around the holidays.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: The Hon. George insists that all the horses in the last three races at Bowie on Saturday needed riding lights. . . . Diogenes Checkpoints, the old paddock snooper, says that horses whose identity is sketchy usually have significant names. Jesting Lady, for example. . . . Warren Wright has christened the colt by Sir Gallahad III, for which he gave $26,000 at Saratoga, Temulac—Calumet, the name of his stable, backward. . . . Mrs. Ethel Mars, whose Milky Way Farm horses led the winning list last season, has won only about a thousand dollars more than C. S. Howard in prize money this year. . . . Price Headley sent his Futurity winner, Menow, a carload of extra-special hay for a present. . . . Colonel Tantivy Martingale is going to curl up in his Bath chair with his new Christmas book, "Jockeys' and Trainers' Alibis."

—AUDAX MINOR



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Purely Profane

IT appears from "Nothing Sacred" that New York, this community of wise and sedate folk, is not immune to the impertinences Hollywood suffered from in "A Star Is Born" and "Stand-In." Ben Hecht has managed a gauzy story, perhaps too gauzy, about us and the oddities he finds in our minds. The picture is one of the droll affairs of the season, yet not, I think (and possibly I am only being loyal to the town) as substantial a piece of folly as the Hollywood satires. The central notion of the Hecht saga is just a bit flimsy for the bulky structure he builds upon it, and here and there it totters a little over our heads. Perhaps I was thrown off the track of real enthusiasm at times by the Technicolor. The whole picture has been dipped in Technicolor, and it happens that the dye is not becoming to Carole Lombard, the important young lady of the story.

Mr. Hecht, as usual, is interested in newspapers and their readers. The reporter of his sketch (Fredric March) is a singularly credulous and ardent soul. Disgraced for one blunder, he tries to reassert his position by a "scoop," and is again a scapegoat. It would seem Mr. Hecht doesn't consider the gentlemen of the press especially astute. This time, a girl in a Vermont town tricks the reporter without any trouble at all. A brief report on the back pages has announced that this girl is dying of radium poisoning; the beautiful creature has only six months to live. The reporter sees the possibilities of the situation, goes to the Vermont town, finds life there very strange indeed, stranger even than New York, and brings back the girl to break the heart of Manhattan. The girl hasn't radium poisoning —her Vermont physician had made a wrong diagnosis—but she does want a trip to the city, and she keeps the secret of her good health to herself. She is portrayed to New Yorkers as a heroine, and there follows a delirious welcome. I think those official welcomes by the mayor, with the keys to the city in his hand and so forth, belong to the days of Grover Whalen and Queen Marie, but perhaps there are some people who still

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VANDERBILT W. 48 St. Evgs. 8:45. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45

JOHN GOLDEN presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in
SUSAN AND GOD
A new Comedy by RACHEL CROTHERS
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MESSRS. SHUBERT present
ED WYNN
In a New Musical
HOORAY FOR WHAT!
By E. Y. Harburg, Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse
with PAUL HAAKON
JUNE CLYDE VIVIAN VANCE
and JACK WHITING
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

ABBEY THEATRE PLAYERS Direct from Dublin
Last Times Dec. 4th—THE NEW GOSSOON
Week Beginning Monday, Dec. 6th
JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK Comedy by SEAN O'CASEY
AMBASSADOR THEA. W. 49th St. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Wednesday & Sat.

LAURENCE RIVERS, Inc. presents
MERELY MURDER
A Comedy by A. E. THOMAS
Based on Georgette Heyer's Novel of the Same Name
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PLAYHOUSE, W. 48 St. Eves. 8.45. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Beat the drums royally over a miracle that works."—Atkinson, Times
FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE
with AL SHEAN
ST. JAMES W. 44 St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
[SEATS 6 WEEKS IN ADVANCE]

JOHN C. WILSON presents
GEORGE and MARGARET
Funniest Comedy in N. Y. by Gerald Savory
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45th St. Cl. 6-6230
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"Glittering, smart, fascinating. Immensely amusing."—*John Anderson, Journal-Amer.*
MAX GORDON presents
THE WOMEN
Comedy Hit by CLARE BOOTHE
CAST OF 40—ALL WOMEN
Ethel Barrymore Th., W. 47 St. Cl. 6-0390
Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURES

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
HELD OVER • SECOND WEEK
CAROLE LOMBARD • FREDRIC MARCH
in "NOTHING SACRED"
with
Charles Winninger Walter Connolly
David O. Selznick's Technicolor Comedy.
GALA STAGE REVUE, SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved COl. 5-6535

ZOLA The Life of Emile
POPULAR PRICES
Mr. PAUL MUNI in
B'way, 47th Strand 25c
open 9:35 a. m.

like to hear about them. A night-club scene, too, is seductive burlesque. Both Charles Winninger and Walter Connolly contribute sound adult humor. There are nice bits in the nonsense, even though at the expense of New York's beautiful soul.

CHILDREN are as tough as can be in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," and I imagine young people will be delighted with the display. Tutors, nursemaids, and governesses will be thoroughly discouraged by the whole exhibition, and parents dismayed. Mickey Rooney appears as a jockey who is persuaded by an unscrupulous father, an underworld parent, to "throw" a race, a filial act which is discovered in due time and which causes him to be barred from the tracks just before the big, critical race of the story. As a solution, a prissy little English boy rises to heights of valiance and rides the horse himself; and youth may note that even this species has his points. Judy Garland is the young miss of the piece and sings on occasion.

THE YUKON AND THE POLE: Both of these spots on the globe are presented in unsensational films. "Conquerors of the Arctic" follows the history of a Soviet North Pole expedition. The Pole, as usual, seemed a disappointment, even though visited by thirteen Bolsheviks. "The Barrier" reveals an Army man who is disconcerted by the lack of correct chaperonage in the Yukon. It is otherwise rather scratchy and vague. —JOHN MOSHER

•

Dr. High, author journalist who supported Roosevelt in the last campaign as head of "The Good Neighbor League," wrote an article for a magazine (The Saturday Evening Post) as "one of the president's close advisers." The article later was repudiated by the president.

Among insects there are "quartenary parasites," namely parasites that live on the parasites of parasites that live on other parasites.—*Galt (Ont.) Daily Reporter.*

Come, come, you're hinting at something. Out with it!

•

The country seems to be faced with the fact that there are likely to be cars on the road that are seven years old, or better, as a regular thing. These older cars are now, and will continue to be, obsolete, so far as current developments are concerned. They constitute in a definite manner a hazard to retail sales and to public safety.—*Boston Transcript.*

In the order named.

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DOROTHY FOX

To the music of **AL DONAHUE** and his orchestra, and to enjoy a new holiday show at New York's famous skyscraper supper club...Now featuring **ALEC TEMPLETON,** with brilliant improvisations and mimicry at the piano... The **VIENNESE COMEDIENNE SINGERS... DOROTHY FOX,** satirist of the dance. **GLOVER & LAMAE**—who appear at the midnight performance. **EDDIE LE BARON'S** famous tango-rhumba band... For reservations, telephone CIrcle 6-1400.

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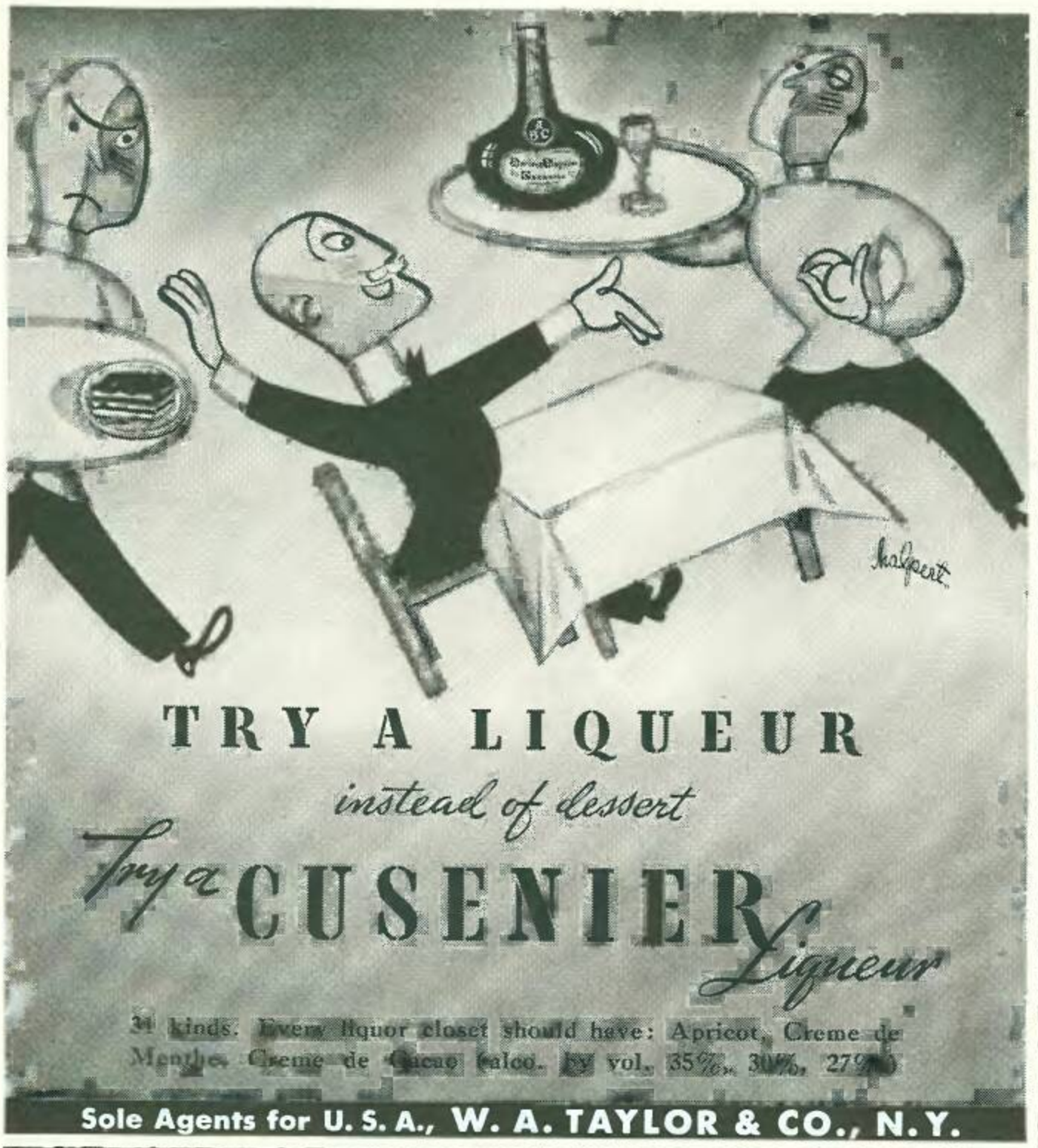

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THE OLD COUNTESS

"SUCH a pity, reahlly," sighed Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

"What?" I asked, following her up the steps of the austere gray-stone house.

"That these wonderful old mansions are all going, my dyah," she said, with just a trace of impatience at my asking.

"Oh," I said.

The house was now on view in order that prospective buyers might inspect its contents. Now that the old Countess had died, none of the heirs wanted to live there, for some reason, so it was to be dismantled and the furnishings soon would be sold at auction. Catalogues were handed us as we entered. I opened mine and began to read a paragraph headed "The Hall":

> A long fibre Mat; an iron Bootscraper; a brush Bootscraper; a large carriage Umbrella.

But my eyes, moving from the printed page, bulged at a vast swirl of green marble, white marble, gold paint, green tapestries, oil paintings in gold frames, ormolu ornaments, vast crystal chandeliers, and pink angels peeping from a sky-blue ceiling.

"My goodness!" I said.

"Isn't it too magnificent?" breathed Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

A rotund, button-eyed matron with a round straw hat quivering on the rear of a tawny pompadour cried, "Sylvia!"

"Jessica, my dyah!" intoned Mrs. Craig-Higgs. It was Lady Widgery. They exchanged starched embraces, and Lady Widgery proposed guiding us through the house. "I came here often as a child," she said, with a small, round smile, and led off into a ground-floor room which my catalogue labelled "The Countess's Boudoir." "Everything is just as it's been always," Lady Widgery said.

"Oh," I said, recoiling from the sight of an avalanche of *Louis Quinze* and *Seize*. *Parqueterie* elbowed *mar-*

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queterie as *commodes*, *fauteuils*, *tables*, *bonheurs-du-jour*, and *étagères* vied for space. Tulipwood and needlepoint triumphed. Seven finely printed pages of the catalogue, spangled with French italics, were devoted to this room, and not one item meant a thing to me till I came to the description of the fireplace, where I happily found this:

A long Poker.

"Every piece here is a collector's piece, Sylvia," said Lady Widgery.

"How marvellous! But how fresh the needlepoint looks, my dyah!"

"Quite. It was always kept under dust sheets."

"I guess the old Countess must have whiled away a lot of time in this boudoir," I put in.

"I've a notion she never entered it," said Lady Widgery. "But all I really know about her last twenty years is that she spent them in her bedroom on the third floor. Shall we go along to the lib'ry? By the way, there's a fabulous suite of inlaid Indian-style furniture in the lib'ry. It's unique, too."

One glance at the library and I went over to a big window looking on Hyde Park, from which point I could alternate the library with clean, cool vistas. My catalogue didn't even try to describe the Indian furniture. It was so unique, it said, that those interested should go to several issues of magazines called *Connoisseur* and *Apollo*. Aside from that, the room was equipped with a dozen or more occasional chairs, several spare tables, two desks, paintings in gold frames against richly patterned wallpaper, a loud Turkey carpet, settees, sofas, Genoese velvet curtains, not to mention several thousand books, all embellished with plenty of goldleaf. Maybe you can imagine my relief when, after a dozen pages, I hit on this:

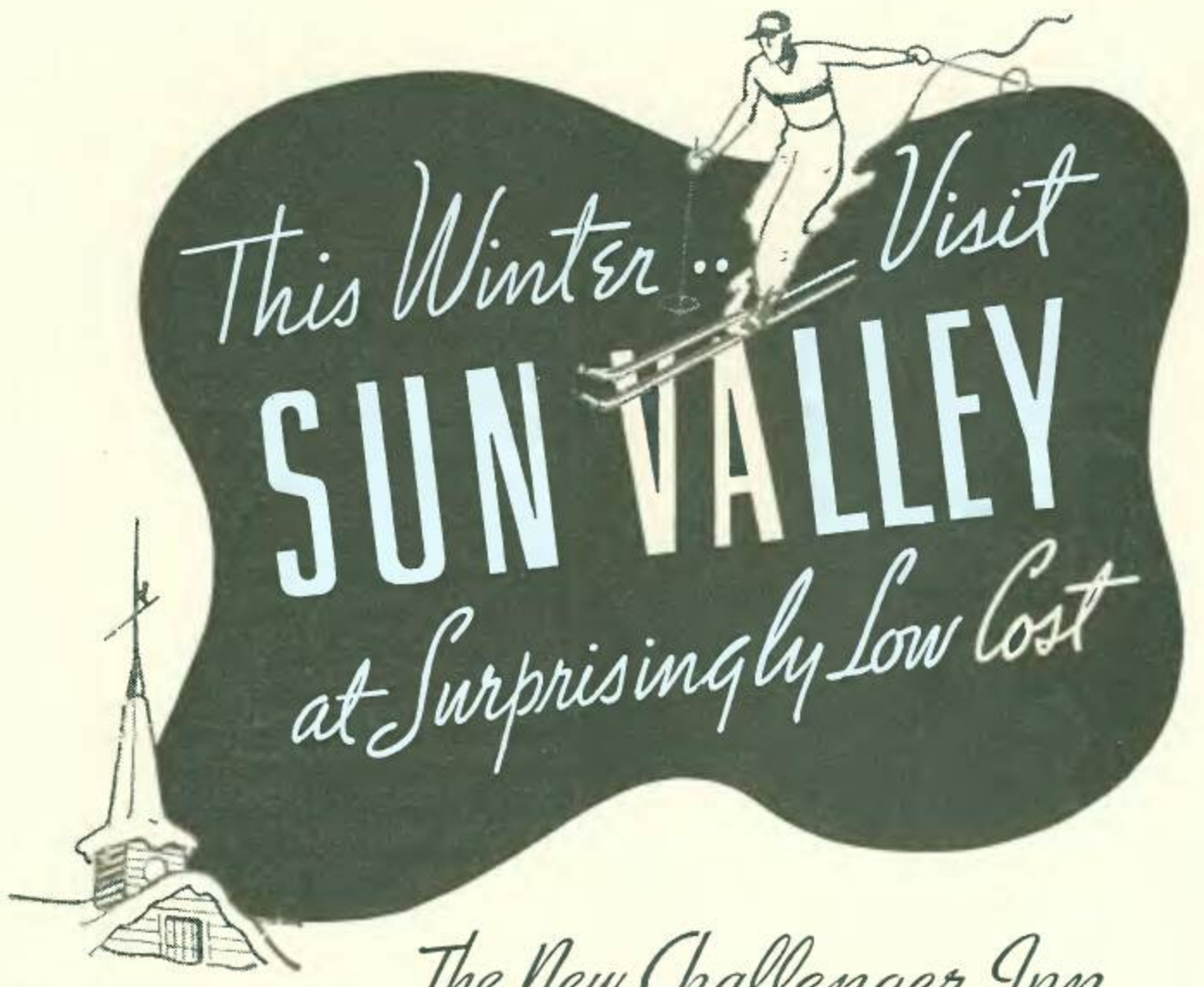
A Pair of white marble Figures, of a Girl with a bird's Nest, and of a Boy with a Dove, both undraped and standing near Tree Stems.

"Even as a child I recall the old Countess's refusing to come into this room, Sylvia. She called it the Earl's Lair."

"It's gorgeous, Jessica. Oh, what a shame! All these matchless things sold off and scattered!"

"Quite. That Indian furniture is bound to go to the States, too. No one in England has money enough to buy it."

"If it does, I hope the boat it goes on sinks," I thought patriotically, but of course didn't say so, and anyhow we



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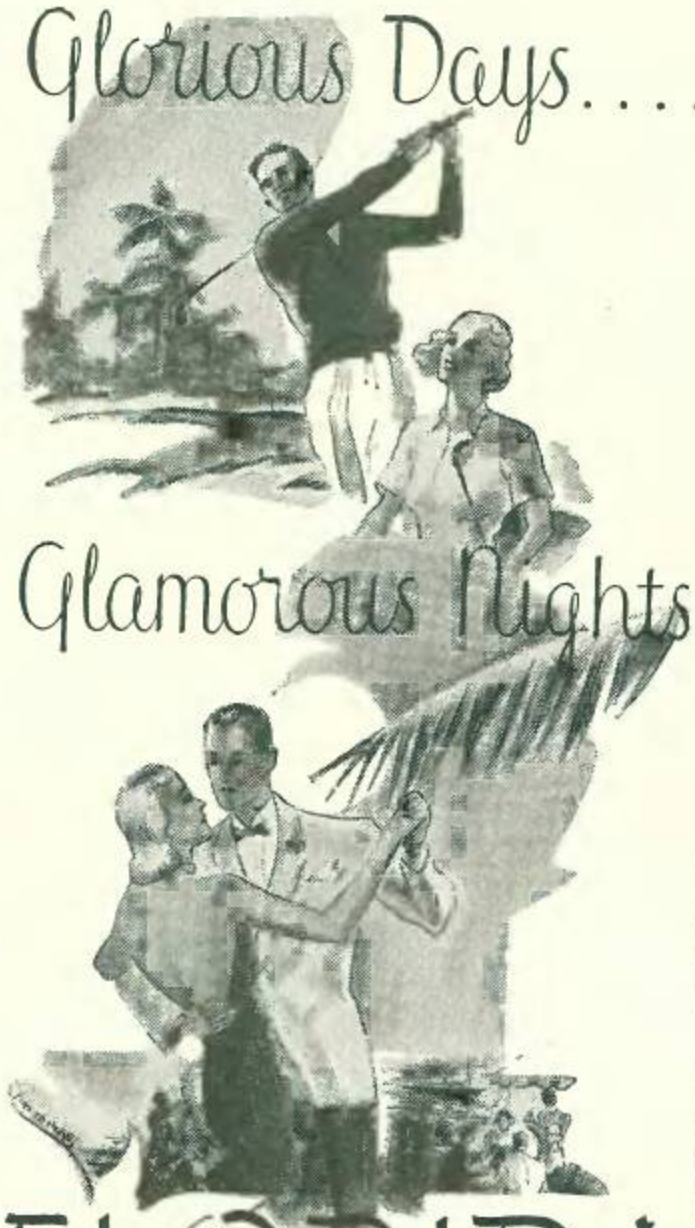

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were now heading into a long corridor toward the main dining room.

"Mind those *chinoiseries*. They're frightfully exciting," said Lady Widgery. I thought so, too, and spotting a plain, normal door standing idly by, I asked where it led. Down some stairs to the kitchens, Lady Widgery said. I figured it might be one way out and persuaded them to see the kitchens, which we discovered to be a labyrinth honeycombing what seemed half the underside of Hyde Park. And while it's lots of fun to find copper saucepans repeating themselves in all sizes, stoves doing the same thing really go too far. They worried me. I got to thinking of the old Countess—alone in this house but for her servants—there in her third-floor bedroom, wanting a boiled egg. "Which saucepan?" one of the cooks would say. "Which stove?" another would inquire. It killed what fight was left in me. I followed meekly after that through dining rooms and sitting rooms and reception rooms and drawing rooms. I was mute in a ballroom which smote the naked eye like the sun. What tapestries had we here, what *chinoiseries*, what needlepoint, what *parqueterie* and *marqueterie*, what pink angels on what pink clouds! I got numb. I was aching when we arrived, finally, in a last swirl of emerald marble and gold paint, at the door of the Countess's bedroom.

Lady Widgery opened the door.

I found the page in the catalogue.

There was only one. It mentioned a bed and, in Georgian-style mahogany, three armchairs, a table, a desk, a bureau. There were white walls and a plain carpet. Anyone sitting in the chintz-covered armchair by the white marble mantel might see the treetops in the park. In the small private bath was a shallow porcelain tub encased in polished yellow oak. She would have been, you'd think, a little woman.

One small, simple Countess

might have stood on her page in the catalogue. But it was not there.

"How extr'ord'n'ry, Jessica! I mean to say, she seems lit'r'lly to have imprisoned herself here—when she had everything. What a pity!" sighed Mrs. Craig-Higgs.

"Quite," agreed Lady Widgery, with her small, round smile.

—Frances Crane

•

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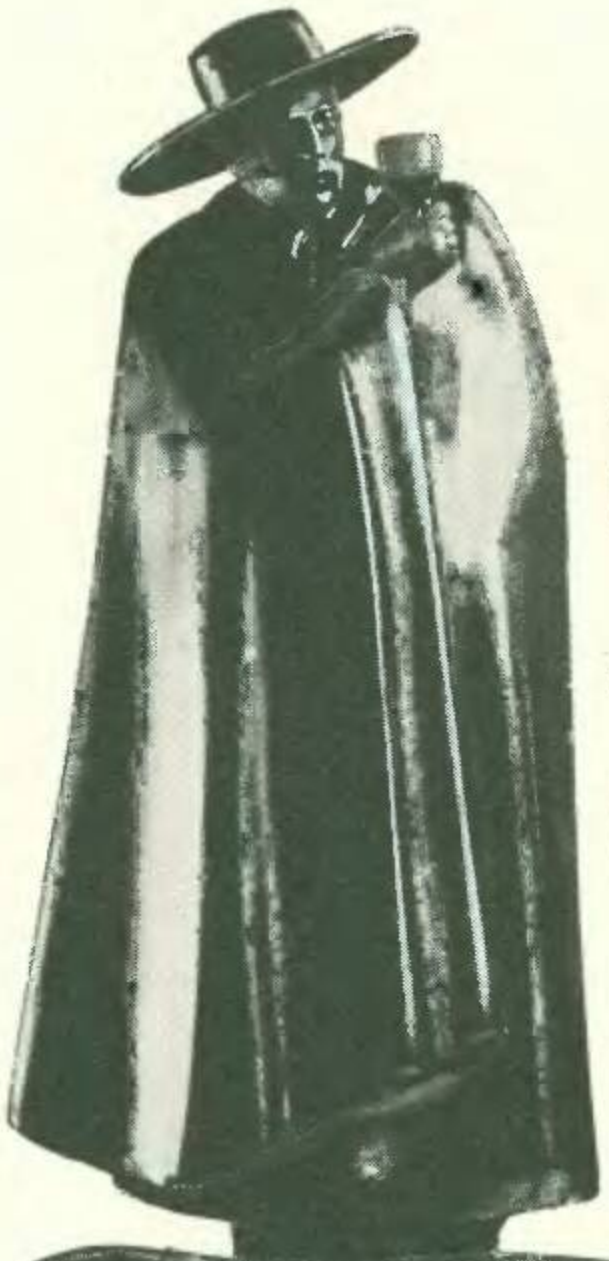
OUT OF TOWN

The Mexican Road And "Lady" Boats

THE Mexican rainy season is over, so from now until May the road from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City, officially known as the Inter-American Highway, will be at its best. With the exception of one short stretch of crushed rock, which is said to be passable even during the summer and fall rains, the Highway is entirely paved. It is well policed, too, so the bandit problem, which arose when the road was opened last year, needn't worry travellers any longer. As yet, not all of the mountain curves have been furnished with guard-rails, but they are being installed as fast as possible. The permanent hazards appear to be roving livestock, which you're likely to encounter on every turn; the heedless pedestrians, who haven't learned that they should walk facing traffic; and the mists and fogs which make the mountain stretches dangerous before mid-morning. All streams have now been bridged and all ferries have been eliminated.

Even taking delays at the border into consideration—and they should be few—it's an easy one-day trip from San Antonio to the bustling but dull industrial city of Monterrey. Most Americans put up at the Ancira, a fairly modern hotel which charges 9 pesos for a single room, 25 to 30 pesos double, European plan. A peso is worth approximately a quarter. It is well to wire or telephone ahead for reservations, either from San Antonio or from Laredo. It is absolutely necessary at Christmas, when all Texans seem to head south. The Hotel Continental, on the Zaragosa Plaza next to the cathedral, is more Mexican in plan and atmosphere than the Ancira. Rates there are about 10 pesos a day for a double room, European plan.

If all goes well, you will need to stop only one night between Monterrey and Mexico City, and it's up to you where you make it—at Victoria, 179 miles from Monterrey; Villa Juarez, 265 miles; Valles, 327 miles; El Banito, 334 miles; or Tamazunchale ("Thomas and Charlie" to all Americans), 394 miles. Just beyond Tamazunchale lies the most mountainous part of the trip, and some people



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The Warwick
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choose that town for their stop, so as to be ready for the climb in the morning. There are auto camps there, including a modern one called D-Z, and hotels of a sort, the Vega, Cabrera, and Gandy, but accommodations are better in Valles. Perhaps the best is the new Gran Hotel Valles, whose rates run from 8 to 12 pesos a day (European). Others are the Casa Grande, Erikson, and American. If you stay at Valles, you are 300 miles from Mexico City, but you can make an earlier start there than at Tamazunchale, for by the time you reach the mountains, the mists should have dispersed. If you want a stop just at the end of the unpaved mountain stretch, Jacala is a good bet, now that a new camp, Simpson's Courts, has been built. Wherever you stay, you might plan to have a meal at Ixmiquilpan, beyond Jacala; there's good food at the Huasteca Gasoline Station.

You no longer have to bond your car in Mexico, but you do have to get a permit, which costs 3 pesos and is good for 180 days. It can be obtained either from the Mexican Automobile Association in Laredo or at the International Bridge. You also have to have a Tourist Card, which costs about a dollar; you can get that from the Association, or from the Mexican Consul in New York before you start. Drink only bottled or distilled water, which you can get on the way, and carry a supply with you in the car. You should also take along a supply of canned food, just in case.

THE road between Mexico City and Veracruz, on the coast, hasn't been completely paved as yet, but it is passable and fair—supposedly, in all weathers. This opens up the possibility of making the tour which is known as the International Circle. You go down with your car by boat to Veracruz, drive to Mexico City, and then continue on home along the Inter-American Highway. The New York & Cuba Mail Steamship Company (formerly the Ward Line) serves Veracruz, and the trip from New York, via Havana and Merida, Yucatan, lasts six days and costs from $95 to $160. Charges for carrying your car are $3.01 per hundred pounds, plus $8.50 for handling at Veracruz. From there, it's a 285-mile drive to Mexico City, which, including stops for meals, should take about eleven hours.

THE so-called "Lady" liners—Lady Nelson, Lady Hawkins, Lady Drake, etc.—which cruise the West Indies aren't as well known here-

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abouts as other ships, but they are great favorites with those who have sailed on them. Operated by Canadian National Steamships, they start from Montreal except in the winter, when they leave from Halifax and Boston, ply around the British islands of the Caribbean, and touch at Bermuda. Because they're semi-freighters and subject to cargo demands, they can't always leave exactly according to the schedule, but they seldom are late enough to cause much inconvenience. In the winter, you can board one at Boston and go to Georgetown, British Guiana, with calls at St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, and Trinidad. You can come back via Bermuda if you wish. Though these are freight-service trips, they are so regular that people use them for cruises. You may have to change ships at some of the islands in order to complete an itinerary you've planned for yourself, but all that can be arranged for ahead of time. Or you can choose a "round-voyage" tour mapped out by the company, in which case hotel accommodations are included in the price of the ticket. A thirty-day round trip to British Guiana at this time of year costs from $205 to $435 per person, for two in a room. A thirty-day trip to Trinidad, still including hotel expenses, is the same; sixteen days to the Leeward Islands, $142 to $225; twenty-five days to Bermuda, Nassau, and Jamaica, $166 to $320. Rates go up the first of the year, but descend during April and May. The ships are unpretentious, but they are spotless and have attractive public rooms. The top-bracket prices are for suites that have twin beds, a hot and cold fresh-water bath, and a hot and cold salt-water shower.

THIS department's recent remark that it isn't feasible to hire a house in Jamaica has been disputed by the Jamaica Tourist Bureau. The statement was made on the advice of people who had recently tried to rent one, and found that, in general, housekeeping was made difficult by the absence of shops and telephones unless the house was right in the heart or the suburbs of some sizable city, such as Kingston. However, the Bureau's New York office, at 230 Park Avenue, points out that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Right Honourable David Lloyd George, and Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim seem to have had no trouble. It stands ready to furnish you with a list of houses available. —S. R. W.

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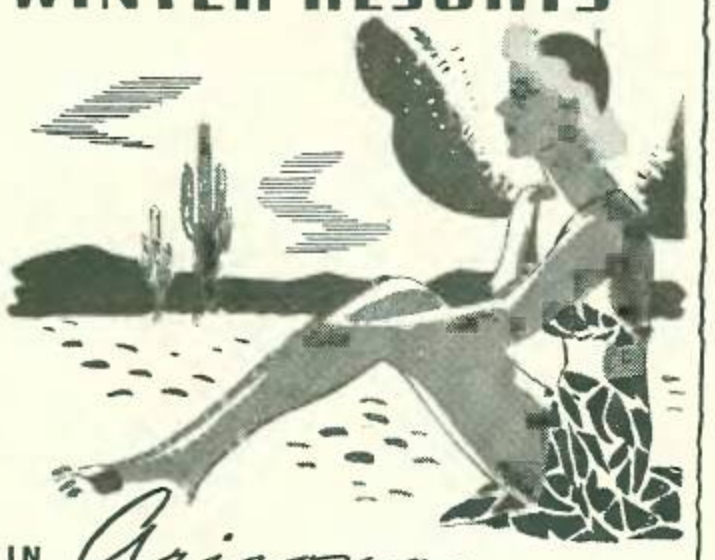

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MAN'S PLACE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

FOR centuries, man has clung to the belief that in some mysterious way he is fundamentally different from and superior to the other animals. Whatever that difference is, it must be very slight, for at the same time that man has been deluding himself in this fashion he has been steadily engaged in charting the various points of resemblance between himself and the birds and beasts and fishes. These resemblances are noted usually in the form of similes, and they cover practically every known human attribute. When you take them all together, you can't help getting the impression that man, far from differing from the other animals, would be at home in any part of the zoo.

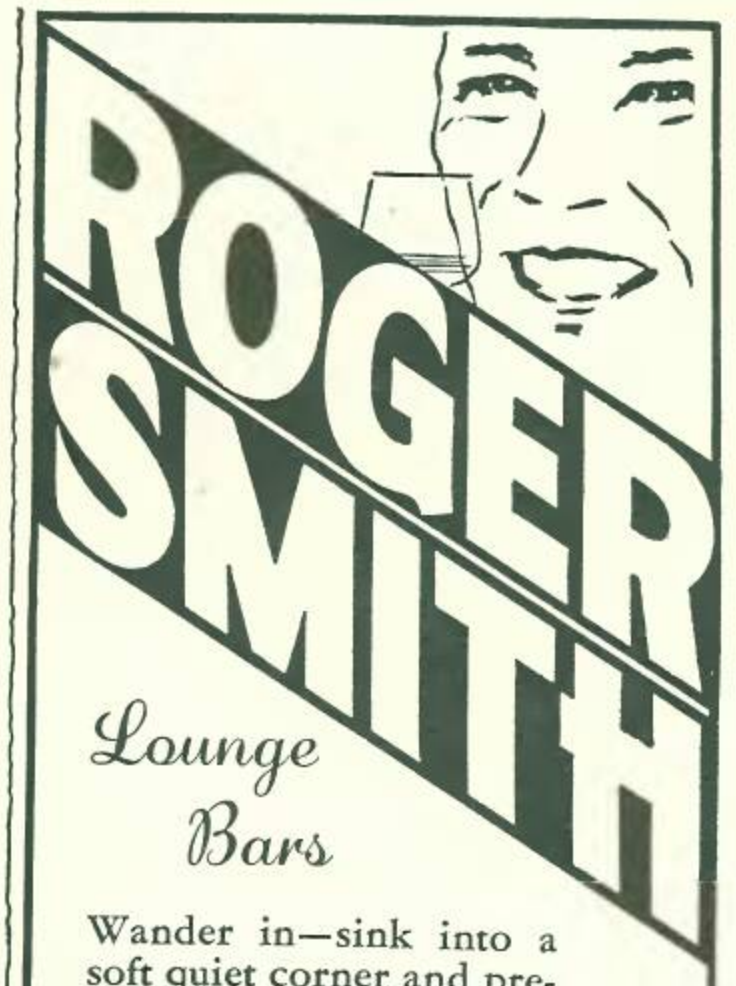
Many of the comparisons are derogatory (to the animals, of course), and some of them are definitely libellous. It is useless to point out, for example, that fish do *not* drink, the water merely entering their mouths to be expelled through the gills in an action, as all experts agree, exactly analogous to our own breathing. When one adds that man has no gills to speak of, and that stronger liquids than water, and ones that would gag a fish, are referred to, we see how absurd the expression "to drink like a fish" really is.

But it still persists, and the fish are not the only sufferers from accusations of inebriety. You can be drunk as a goat, as full as a tick, as boiled as an owl, or as tight as a mink—indeed, it seems that, at least in man's eyes, a good part of the animal kingdom is continually reeling. The only member of the human race considered worthy to be used as a type-figure of intoxication *per se* is, oddly enough, a member of the British nobility; i.e., a lord.

Few of the similes in use are definitely favorable, either to man or to the animals. You can be as graceful as a swan, as gay as a lark, as industrious as a beaver; you can be busy as a bee, lively as a cricket, gentle as a doe, or as faithful as old dog Tray. But that about exhausts the virtues; the rest of the list deals mainly with less estimable traits.

Thus, you can be sly as a fox, slow as a tortoise, mean as a coyote; you can be fat as a pig, crazy as a loon (or as a coot), blind as a bat, shifty as a rat, or silly as a goose. You can be fierce as a lion, ugly as a hyena, slippery as an eel.

It is interesting, too, to note how strict the categories are, so that even the



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sighed the white net dress. "Parties galore ahead, and me hardly able to drag myself around. I'm positively limp!"

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subtlest shades of meaning are sharply defined. You may, for example, be as shy as a deer. Many people are, and take no shame thereby. But if your shyness verges on timidity, then it is to a somewhat less attractive animal, the rabbit, that you are immediately compared. Similarly, if you are vain, it is as the peacock, while pride, a related but perhaps nobler attribute, links you to the turkey-cock. You may be as hungry as a wolf or as greedy as a hog, but never vice versa; in either case, it is like a horse that you will probably eat.

Sometimes, too, in pursuit of the same ideal of absolute exactitude, the broader classifications of the animals themselves are invaded, and certain characteristics are credited to one branch or subdivision of a *genus*, to the exclusion of the others. Thus, you may be quiet as a mouse, any kind of mouse, but you can be poor only as a church mouse —an important distinction. You may be crooked as a snake, without regard to its variety, but you can be treacherous only as a rattlesnake, wicked only as an adder, deadly only as a king cobra.

In the case of goat (drunk as a), as opposed to mountain goat (sure-footed as a), we seem to be facing either a contradiction in terms or a striking dissimilarity between members of the same family, for surely steadiness of tread is seldom compatible with inebriety. The matter is solved, however, when we discover that the two belong to quite different species, so that the debauches of the one (*Capra hircus*) can hardly be expected to affect the agility of the other (*Oreamnos montanus*). Popular nomenclature is here at fault, and not the

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similes themselves. You can be as mad as a wet hen, or wet as a mud hen—which is perhaps more on the order of a tongue-twister than a zoölogical analogy.

To be sure, there are times when a certain confusion steps in, and we find the same characteristic attributed to a number of animals, or, conversely, the same beast figuring in several similes. Thus, if you are strong, it may be as a horse, as an ox, or as a bull; while you may be stubborn, slow, and lazy combined without exhausting your resemblance to a mule. The common house cat, perhaps because historically it seems to have been man's companion longer than any other animal, holds the record for the number of times it is used to describe human qualities. You can be as quick as a cat and also as light-footed, as weak as a sick one and as bedraggled as a wet one. You can be as playful as a kitten, as scrawny as an alley cat, and as cozy as a tabby on the hearth.

But in the main, distinctions are clearly marked and rigidly apportioned. You can be:

as inquisitive as a magpie
sleek as an otter
elusive as a flea
melancholy as a crow
awkward as a colt
annoying as a mosquito
swift as a stag
thrifty as a squirrel
plump as a partridge
ugly as a baboon
docile as a sheep
solemn as an owl
imitative as a parrot
mad as a hornet
clumsy as a bear
nervous as a thoroughbred
cowardly as a jackal
persistent as a gadfly
snug as a bug in a rug.

As you can see, the list is pretty near endless. But one good thing about it is that you can stop any time.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

IN THE REALM OF SCIENCE: TIME, THE GREAT UNKNOWN; CAN IT FLOW BOTH WAYS, LIKE REVERSE MOTION PICTURE?

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COURT GAMES

Baulks and Lets

BY reaching the final of the Princeton Invitation Squash Tennis Tournament without losing a single game, Thomas D. Flynn of the Princeton Club presented a pretty problem to the committee in charge of the Fall Scratch affair which is now getting under way at the Harvard Club. On the strength of his 15–3, 15–4 third-round defeat of Frank Hanson, who ranks No. 5, Flynn should have been seeded near the top of the heap. (Neither Hanson nor Phil Moore, who ranks No. 2, is entering the scratch tournament.) However, on the basis of his national ranking, which is No. 23, Flynn might well have been left among the unseeded. As a compromise, he was finally seeded eighth. Incidentally, a few days after his defeat in the Princeton tournament, Hanson beat Flynn 15–4, 15–5 in interclub play, having by that time correctly gauged Flynn's style. Flynn plays a powerful, hard-hitting game, and always tries to dominate the centre of the court. In the final of the Princeton Invitation, these tactics were met with equal aggressiveness and better strokes by Barry Ryan of the Yale Club, who won the tournament by taking three games straight in thirty-five minutes.

Flynn's tendency to crowd his opponent has come in for a good deal of the sort of gallery criticism that Harry Wolf used to receive in his earlier days. It is doubtful, though, whether properly competitive players can always avoid crowding an opponent. The official squash-tennis rules are realistically flexible on the subject, awarding a let if, in the opinion of the umpire, a player "is interfered with so as to prevent him from making his play." For some reason, the Metropolitan Association squash-racquets rules are more complicated. Not only do they permit lets to be called for a number of subtle reasons involving intent to hinder, which is always hard to prove, but the referee may call a sinister thing known as the baulk, which awards the point to the baulkee. Unnecessary crowding, for instance, may constitute a baulk. The joker is the difficulty the referee is bound to have in deciding when crowding is necessitated by the play of

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the crowder, and when it is intentional. Except in flagrant instances, referees hesitate to call a baulk. The ugly connotations of the word "baulk" have also had a deterring effect on referees —so much so that the governors of the U. S. Squash Racquets Association, when they met in Philadelphia a month or so ago, decided to change the term to something less offensive. Just what their new name for the misdemeanor will be no one knows yet. In New York, the executive council of the Metropolitan Association is still considering the problem, and as we go to press, it looks as though a powerful rose-by-any-other-name bloc would succeed in continuing to have a baulk called a baulk.

In general, squash-racquets people feel that the rule, though seldom enforced, is an instrument of moderation in a game that can be fairly dangerous. A couple of years ago, a man playing the officially baulkless game of squash tennis received a rap on the head from his opponent's bat which fractured his skull. He was dissuaded from suing by friends who pointed out that this would set a churlish precedent in a presumably gentlemanly game. Once started, they said, such suits might become general and soon squash courts all over town would be infested with the kind of racketeers who jump in front of cars, throw their limbs out of joint, and send for their attorneys. The thought of professional self-fracturers playing squash horrified the injured man and he promptly called off his lawyers.

NO bones were broken in the Eastern Squash Racquets Association tournament, but the final between A. H. Barker of Yale and Murray Vernon of the New York A. C. saw enough crowding on the latter's part to produce a good many lets. Vernon, who is big and rather slow, gets in his opponents' way more than most players. Against Barker, however, as in the case of Flynn vs. Ryan, aggressiveness bowed to finesse.

The Eastern Association, which is having remarkable success in organizing teams and tournaments, is still well behind the Metropolitan in calibre of play. Perhaps one reason is that so many college-club players learn the game at their prep schools, while the Eastern Association men, who belong to athletic rather than to college clubs, have mostly taken it up later in life as a means of getting some exercise.

—G. T. H.

BOOKS

Genius Self-Revealed

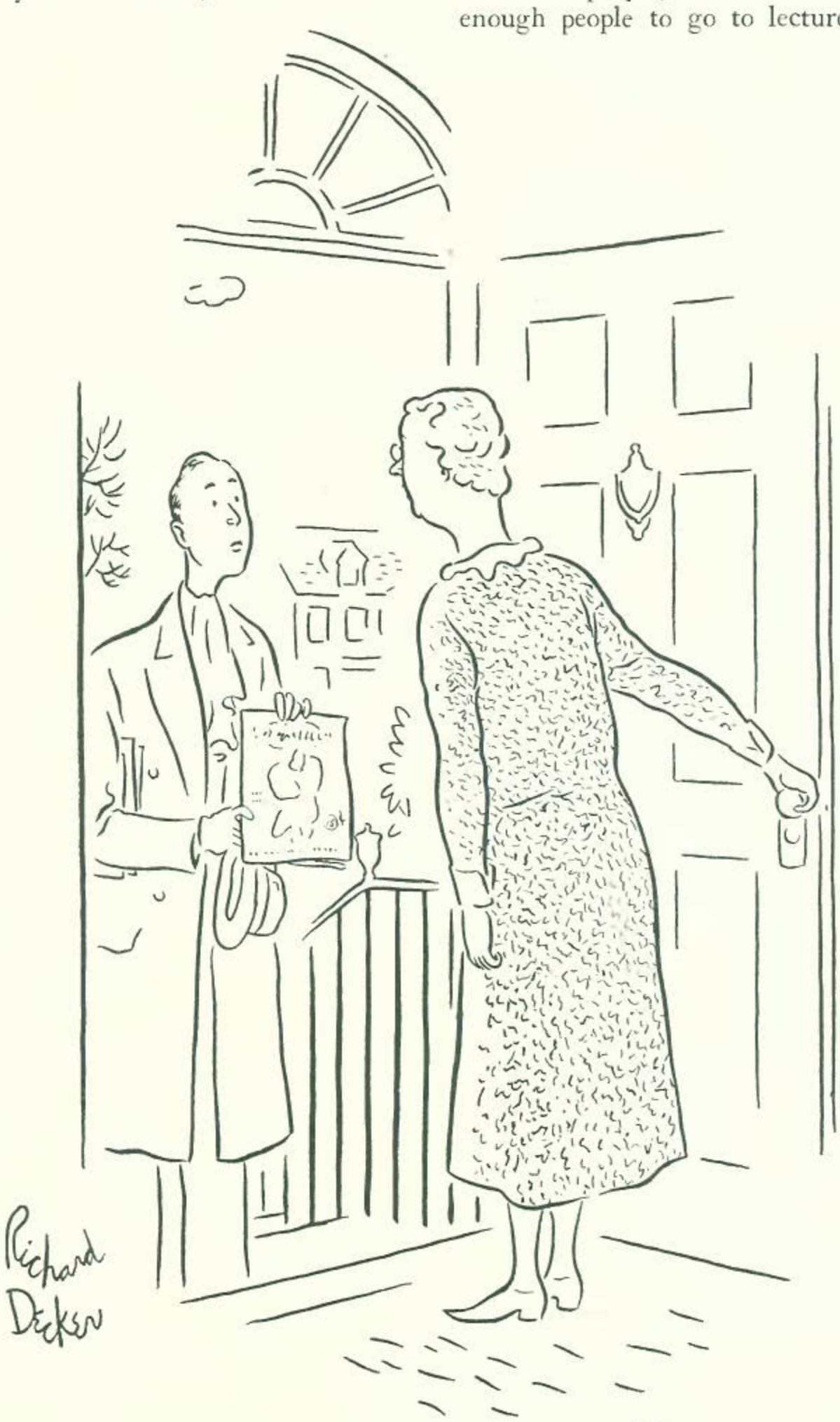
I AWOKE one night from a deep dream of peace and found that unawares I had just finished "Everybody's Autobiography," a new book by Gertrude Stein. Confusedly, I found myself murmuring some lines which I must have made up in my slumber, much as Coleridge did in the case of "Kubla Khan":

According to Bennett Cerf, a valued friend of mine,
Who, over an imprint aptly known as Random House, publishes Gertrude Stein,
This book records "five years of exciting and soul-satisfying
Experiences in France, England and America," making known
What happened to Miss Stein when she decided to stop trying
To live Miss Toklas's life and instead to live her own.

Now, most of this book is about how it feels to be
Simultaneously Gertrude Stein and a celebrity,
And to stay so.
"It is very nice," she says, "being a celebrity a real celebrity who can decide who they want to meet and say so."
But no nicer, perhaps, then being able to assign your pronouns any particular case you fancy.
Even celebrities can't do that;
That's flat.

Well anyway. (As Miss Stein so frequently says in her famous *manière*)
After a few stories left over from Miss Toklas's book, about Picasso and Apollinaire,
For after all, though she has been in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Miss Stein is still a *grande salonnière*,
And after telling us about her difficulties with publishers and lecture agents and about the amounts *they* pay,
And about her Mexican dog Pépé,
Well, after this, she tells us that William Seabrook came to visit her. (Sometimes she spells it Seabrooke; Shakespeare was the same way, he was a whimsical speller too.)
"He said he wanted to see if I was as interesting as my book was. I said I was. He said yes."
Now what do you suppose was meant by Mr. Seabrook?
Or perhaps by Mr. Seabrooke?

Well anyway. After these exciting and soul-satisfying experiences (one year of same)
The Champlain wafted her to America, at reduced rates, for the purser knew her name;
She became a great platform success.
Which proves an earlier showman was right in saying there was one bored every minute. Yes,
Everybody thought that to see a genius in the flesh would be fun.
Now, about genius Miss Stein has several definite ideas, and they are that she is one.
"It's funny this knowing being a genius," says Miss Stein. "It takes a lot of time to be a genius, you have to sit around so much doing nothing," says Miss Stein. "The earth is covered all over with people but geniuses are very few. Interesting if true and it is true," says Miss Stein.
But Miss Stein should remember that if the earth weren't so covered all over with people, there wouldn't be enough people to go to lectures at



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three dollars per to listen to the geniuses who are so very few.
Interesting if true and it is true.

Well anyway. Miss Stein revisits America after a thirty years' run as a transatlantic sibyl,
And she knows exactly what she likes, without hesitation or quibble.
"Windows in a building are the most interesting thing in America," says this fenestral *connaisseuse* who knows what's what.
Not that she didn't like other things, for "The ten-cent stores did disappoint me but the nut stores not."
(Goody, goody, nut stores! Splendid! Fine!
You didn't disappoint Miss Gertrude Stein!
Nut stores, nut stores, tell me true,
Whether Gertrude Stein disappointed you.)

Well anyway. Miss Stein liked college audiences, for "they are inevitably more flattering,"
And she liked Alexander Woollcott and Dashiell Hammett and Thornton Wilder and others who are currently mattering,
But she did not like Adler, Mortimer J.,
I regret to say.
On the other hand, she liked honeydew melon and the Burma Shave highway signs, which must have brought her own prose home to her.
As for the Great Salt Lake, she does not say she liked it but it "satisfied" her, which is something.
Did I mention that she likes new shoes but does not care much for new clothes?
An interesting fact, almost as interesting as windows in a building or what she said about a rose.
There's also a lot in "Everybody's Autobiography" about Hollywood and its many beautiful faces,
But this part, to be frank, is not quite as good as the Abbe children's "Of All Places!"
Though perhaps naïver and more quaintly *enfantine*—
Qualities of which Miss Stein is not precisely what you might call unconscious, if you get what I mean.
Rouben Mamoulian and William Saroyan,
Jean Cocteau and Davidson, Jo,
And many others, including Mr. President Hutchins and Mrs. President Roosevelt,
Must have been enthusiastic over Miss Stein, for "People always had been

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And, of course, the foibles and vanities of New York are roundly hit off by close to fifty artists. One of the reviewer's favorites, however, is not of town but of country: the "atheist" among the hunting pack, who refuses to be blessed with the other dogs on St. Hubert's Day.

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nice to me because I am pleasing," says Miss Stein.
Which is fine.

But do not run away with the impression that for Miss Stein everything is hunky-dory.
There are many saddening details in her story.
For instance, she worries about money being voted by Congress only in round numbers.
And another thing that disturbs her slumbers
Is the fact that the world is so covered all over with people that nobody can get lost any more.
And she broods over revolution and war.
"All the time that I am writing the Spanish revolution obtrudes itself," she says; and it's true.
Go away, you obtrusive Spanish revolution, you!

In general, to say that this sequel is not up to the standard set by its predecessor would be absurd.
And now I think we should allow Miss Stein the, let us hope, final word:
"I have been the creative literary mind of the century,"
"I am the most important writer writing today."
It's down in black-and-white in her autobiography,
And who am I, after all, to answer her neigh?

EMIL LUDWIG has written a life of Cleopatra in which Cleopatra, Antony, Julius Caesar, and Augustus talk, think, and feel precisely as they would have talked, thought, and felt if they had known that Emil Ludwig was going to write a life of Cleopatra. History has a direction, after all.

In addition to this talent for applied teleology, Herr Ludwig displays a theatrical gift of considerable proportions. Very cleverly he works up the stir and bustle of the antique Mediterranean world, making it function as a colorful backdrop against which to project the amorous and political gestures of Cleopatra and her three men. To use the entire Roman and Near Eastern civilization of the time as a mere bit of canvas is no small feat. After a while you begin to believe (well, not *really*, you know) that Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra among them sort of decided the way the world should wag, and that was imperiously that. Ludwig's Caesar is very romantic and *übermenschlich*. Quite a lover too: the fas-

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THE NEW YORKER LISTS A FEW RECENT BOOKS BY ITS OWN INDUSTRIOUS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books was first published in this magazine.)

Academic Procession, by James Reid Parker *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.00)*
Collection of stories, about college professors and their wives. Politics on and off the campus.

Bed of Neuroses, by Wolcott Gibbs *(Dodd, Mead, $2.00)*
Stories, sketches, parodies, profile of a man called Luce. All-around pastiche, decorated by Rea Irvin.

The Education of H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n, by Leonard Q. Ross *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.00)*
Dialect comedy about first-generation immigrant in Americanization class. Thinks opposite of "rich" is "skinny." So on.

Let Your Mind Alone!, by James Thurber *(Harpers, $2.50)*
Thurber attack on mental uplift. Also many stories about this and that. Recklessly illustrated by the author himself.

Life with Mother, by Clarence Day *(Knopf, $2.00)*
More about the Day family, with emphasis this time on Mother. Companion book to "Life with Father."

One to a Customer, by Margaret Fishback *(Dutton, $2.50)*
An omnibus volume of Miss Fishback's cheerful verse, handsomely bound and boxed for the Christmas trade..

The 1937 New Yorker Album, by New Yorker artists *(Random House, $2.50)*
The eighth and largest collection of New Yorker drawings. Chosen from the issues of the past two years.

One More Manhattan, by Phyllis McGinley *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.00)*
Poems, light and medium-dark. Love, war, apples, etc., etc.

Strictly from Hunger, by S. J. Perelman *(Random House, $2.00)*
Twenty-one exercises in free association by an expert in it. Definitive preface by Robert Benchley.

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cinating mature type, with a touch of gray at the temples, and that quiet I-have-had-many-women look. As for Cleopatra, she pretty much recalls Shakespeare's hot-cha serpent of Old Nile, minus the poetry. Speaking of the Nile, that was a great book Herr Ludwig wrote. On the whole one prefers his rivers to his lovers.

THERE is also "Pepita," by V. Sackville-West. These days the best English people seem to be resurrecting old, unseemly far-off things and scandals long ago, hoping to prove that their ancestors were human after all. The first part of this book tells you about Miss Sackville-West's grandmother, who was a beautiful Spanish dancer and who never quite married her grandfather. The second part deals with her mother, a much more amusing character, though not quite as amusing as the author perhaps imagines. (Parts of this appeared recently in *The New Yorker*.) In general, Miss Sackville-West tries, a bit less successfully, to do what Miss Du Maurier did so well in her family portraits.

A CORRECTION: In our last issue, "Letters from Iceland" was reviewed as if it were the work of W. H. Auden alone. This is an error; the book is by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SERENADE, by James M. Cain. Mr. Cain must have lain awake nights figuring out how to concoct a story more sensational than "The Postman." A Mexican harlot who is a fine woman underneath, a baritone whose voice is restored to him by the Effects of Love, carnal scenes in a church of God, a sinister homosexual, a murder—need one go on? Mr. Cain's inside stuff about male singers and music and suchlike is interesting. For the rest, beautifully contrived hokum, guaranteed to thrill.

THE HURRICANE'S CHILDREN: TALES FROM YOUR NECK O' THE WOODS, by Carl Carmer, illustrated by Elizabeth Black Carmer. Mr. Carmer's popular radio stories, all about Ocean-born Mary, Ichabod Paddock, Mike Fink, and the rest of our mythology.

GENERAL

NEW YORK: CITY OF CITIES, by Hulbert Footner, with 45 illustrations in aquatone from photographs by John

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HEROES AND BEASTS OF SPAIN, by Manuel Chaves Nogales, translated by Luis de Baeza. More Goya-esque pictures of the Spanish civil war by a journalist who writes from a plague-on-both-your-houses viewpoint.

UPPER MISSISSIPPI: A WILDERNESS SAGA, by Walter Havighurst, illustrated by David and Lolita Granahan. The second volume in the pleasant "Rivers of America" series tops the first (Mr. Coffin's on the Kennebec), which was good. Fine informal pioneer history and a genuine feeling for the romance and terror of one of the three great legend-laden rivers of the world.

REVELS IN JAMAICA, 1682-1838, by Richardson Wright. An account of colorful high jinks on a Caribbean island which in its heyday must have been a veritable land of Cockaigne. Illustrated.

MYSTERIES

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, by Sir Basil Thomson. You can be sure of the accuracy of every step in the solution of the murder at Scudamore Hall. Sir Basil, formerly of Scotland Yard, uses material from his own experience. Not so exciting, unfortunately, as some mysteries written in ignorance of police methods.

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