Feb. 5, 1938

THE NEW YORKER

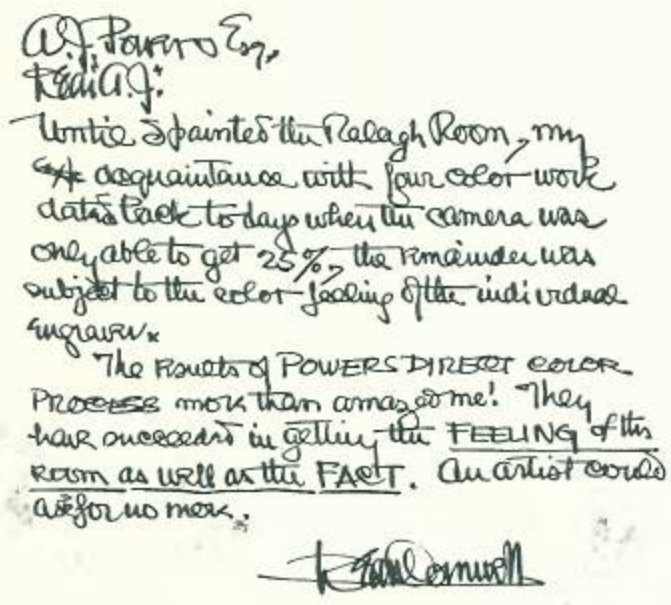
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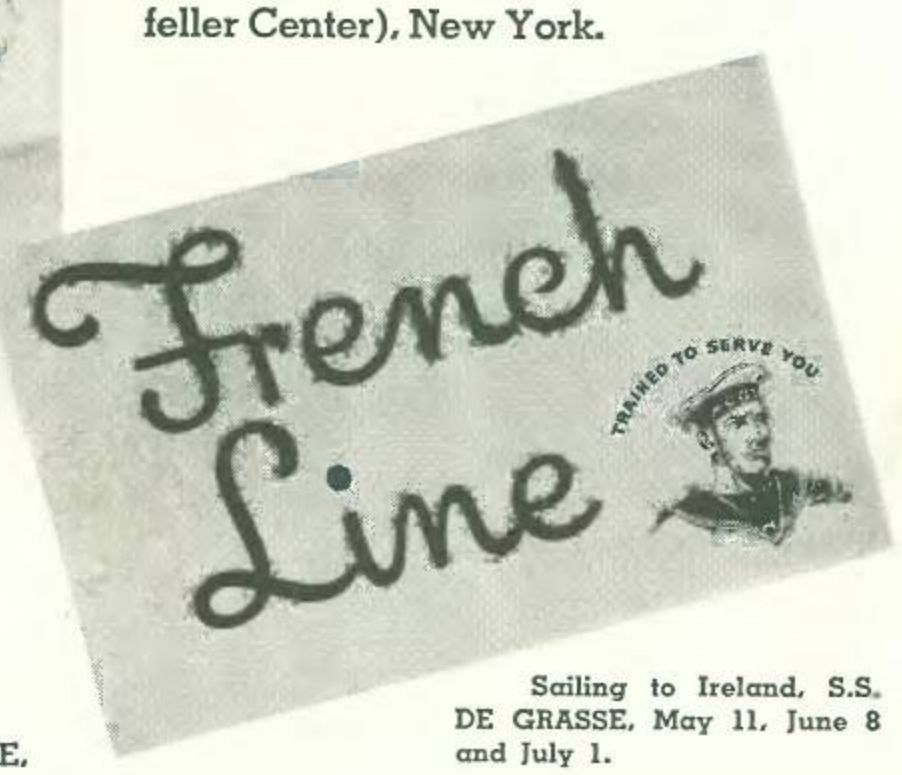
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.]

THE THEATRE

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

PLAYS

ALL THAT GLITTERS—A parlor wag introduces a bordellist into society as a countess. An old story but pleasantly done. Allyn Joslyn, Arlene Francis, Royal Beal, Edith Van Cleve, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

AMPHITRYON 38—The gods mixing it up with mortals in the best French bedroom-farce manner, very amusing and high-class, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990. Mat. Thurs.)

BACHELOR BORN—A nice little story of three girls in an English boys' school. Awfully British, but you soon get used to that. Frederick Leister, Peggy Simpson, Aubrey Mather, Phoebe Foster, and others. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6230.)

BROTHER RAT—Rather large boys frolicking through Virginia Military Institute. Second year. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. 8:45 P.M.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Ruth Gordon making a new Nora of Ibsen's heroine, supported by a fine cast that includes Dennis King, Paul Lukas, and Sam Jaffe. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CIrcle 6-6699.)

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE—A highly satisfactory comedy of sheer sentiment, dealing with a priest who managed to get a dance hall shifted from one place to another, God knows how. Al Shean is the priest. (St. James, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4664.)

GOLDEN BOY—Clifford Odets has written a good regulation drama about a prizefighter who gets what he wanted and then doesn't want it, without terrific social implications. What Mr. Odets can't hide is the fact that he writes beautifully at times. Luther Adler, Frances Farmer, and others. (Belasco, 44, E. BRyant 9-5100. Mat. Thurs.)

JULIUS CAESAR—Done in modern military uniforms and, under Orson Welles' aegis, a thrilling experiment. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220. Performances Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Feb. 3, 4, 10, and 11, at 9; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 3, 10, and 12, at 3.)

MANY MANSIONS—Alexander Kirkland in a play about the clergy which might make you think about the clergy, for a change. (44th Street, 44, W. LAckawanna 4-4337. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

OF MICE AND MEN—The author of the book of the same name wrote this play, and made it just like the book, which is about as good as you'll get. Wallace Ford, Broderick Crawford, and Claire Luce. (Music Box, 45, W. CIrcle 6-4636. Mat. Thurs.)

ROOM SERVICE—This farce about a bankrupt theatrical troupe is still around and still one of the funniest things in town. The cast includes Sam Levene, Philip Loeb, Teddy Hart, and Eddie Albert. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M.)

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE—A beautiful play from Ireland which, for all its symbolism, is a beautiful play about a little slavey whose religion is too strong for the Church and State. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Julie Haydon, Lloyd Gough, Sara Allgood, and others. (Golden, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6740.)

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY—Elizabethan romping done with a spirit and skill which make it worth anybody's while. Another Mercury Theatre triumph. (National, 41, W. PEnnsylvania 6-8220. Performances Sat., Mon., Tues., Wed., and Sat. Eves., Feb. 5, 7, 8, 9, and 12, at 9; Mats. Sat. and Wed. Afts., Feb. 5 and 9, at 3.)

THE STAR-WAGON—Maxwell Anderson tinkers with Mr. Wells' old Time Machine without improving it especially. Lillian Gish and Burgess Meredith grow younger gracefully enough. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9540.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Gertrude Lawrence in Rachel Crothers' comedy about a lady Buchmanite. Enthusiastically recommended. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156.)

TIME AND THE CONWAYS—One member of a large English family looks into the future and sees what they'll all be doing then. Depressing, but interesting in a clinical way. (Ritz, 48, W. CIrcle 6-0480.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Fifth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CIrcle 6-8870. 8:45 P.M.)

THE WOMEN—Although no men appear in this large cast, they cause trouble enough and quite a lot of nasty temper. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—What happens when you get a whole family crazy and put them, with crazy friends, into one house. Henry Travers, Josephine Hull, and others. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

SUNUP TO SUNDOWN—A play by Francis Edwards Faragoh, with Percy Kilbride, Florence McGee, Walter Greaza, and others. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582.)

WITH MUSIC

BETWEEN THE DEVIL—Musical comedy of the old school, done with enough entertaining features, such as score, dancing, and performers (Jack Buchanan, Evelyn Laye, and Adele Dixon) to make it pleasant. (Imperial, 45, W. COlumbus 5-7889.)

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK—Steeltown, U.S.A., shown in the throes of a labor war in a stark but forceful opera with no scenery. Much better than it sounds. (Windsor, 48, E. BRyant 9-0178. 8:50.)

HOORAY FOR WHAT!—Ed Wynn being just as you have been hoping he would be again. Jack Whiting and others assist. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT—A fairly glorified Gridiron Club skit poking pleasant fun at the New Deal, with the enormous aid of George M. Cohan. (Alvin, 52, W. COlumbus 5-4114.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—What started out to be just a little revue by garment workers has turned into a Broadway musical success, all because it is both amusing and tuneful. (Labor Stage, 39, E. BRyant 9-1163.)

THREE WALTZES—An elaborate regulation operetta of the Strauss-waltz school, old-fashioned to the point of being charming. Kitty Carlisle, Michael Bartlett, Glenn Anders, and others. (Majestic, 44, W. CIrcle 6-0730. 8:30 P.M. Mats. 2:30 P.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

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

ON BORROWED TIME—A fantasy by Paul Osborn, adapted from Lawrence Edward Watkin's novel, with Dudley Digges, Dorothy Stickney, Frank Conroy, and others. Opens Thurs., Feb. 3. (Longacre, 48, W. CIrcle 6-6454. 8:45 P.M.)

OUR TOWN—Jed Harris's production of a play by Thornton Wilder, with Frank Craven, Evelyn Varden, Jay Fassett, and others. Opens Fri., Feb. 4. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970.)

HOW TO GET TOUGH ABOUT IT—Guthrie McClintic's production of a play by Robert Ardrey, with Katherine Locke, José Ferrer, Millard Mitchell, Myron McCormick, and Kent Smith. Opens Tues., Feb. 8. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6363. 8:30 P.M.)

JUNE NIGHT—A play by Kenyon Nicholson, with Ray Parker, Barbara Brown, and others. Opens Wed., Feb. 9. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:45 P.M.)

ROOSTY—A play by Martin Berkeley, with William Harrigan, James McCallion, Katherine Emery, Mary Morris, and others. Opens Thurs., Feb. 10. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

MISCELLANY

THE FIREMAN'S FLAME—The place where you can have a drink while you hiss the villain. Probably just the thing for your simple-minded moments. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PLaza 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company from Paris in "Fantasio," by Alfred de Musset: Mon. through Fri., Feb. 7-11, at 8:30 P.M.; and Wed. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 9 and 12, at 2:30. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CIrcle 7-7000.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—The American Actors Company's presentation of Euripides' play in a translation by Edith Hamilton: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Feb. 3 and 4, at 9; and Sat. Aft., Feb. 5, at 2:30. (Roerich Institute Theatre, Riverside Dr. at 103. ACademy 4-1700.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"One-Third of a Nation," the Living Newspaper's effective presentation of the housing problem. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays, except Mon., 8:40 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.) . . . "Power," two-week return engagement of another Living Newspaper production. (49th Street, 49, W. COlumbus 7-9754. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M., starting Mon., Feb. 7.) . . . New York State Federal Theatre repertory—"Coriolanus": Feb. 3, 4, 5, and 12. "Pygmalion": Feb. 8 and 9. "No More Peace": Feb. 10. "Captain Jinks": Feb. 11. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Sat. 2:40 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—"Hänsel and Gretel": Sat. Aft., Feb. 5, at 3. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. STerling 3-6700.)

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

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays in the Trianon Room; songs by Adelaide Moffet and dances by the Vernons. 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)—The Salle Tropicale offers Maurice La Porte'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 Rudolf Friml, Jr., and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park; also Arthur Murray's Big Apple Dancers.

LA CONGA, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757)—George Olsen's orchestra and La Conga Cuban rumba band are the attractions at this popular spot.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VOlunteer 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Joseph Smith's orchestras play for dancing.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BUtterfield 8-2345)—This agreeable and conveniently located uptown spot has music by Hal Saunders' orchestra.

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

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PLaza 3-1740)—The charming Persian Room offers music by Pancho and his orchestra, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. 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 Raye and Naldi, dancers; Afrique, impersonator; and Eleanor Sheridan, singer. Music by Ruby Newman's and Don De Vodi's orchestras. Formal dress required after 10 P.M. . . . Bert Block's orchestra plays in the adjoining and informal Rainbow Grill; dances by Theodore and Denesha.

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 Fawn and Jordon.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PLaza 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has Emil Coleman and his orchestra. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The Maisonette Russe, downstairs, offers "Le Bal Tabarin Cabaret," with Joyce Cole and Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Dress preferred.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-2600)—Gerry Morton leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge. Hene Damur entertains at midnight.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PLaza 3-0200)—Meyer Da-

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; P. D. Hoyt, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XIII, No. 51. February 5, 1938. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by the F-R Publishing Corporation in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

old reliable goes Berserk



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STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular before- and after-theatre rendezvous. Music by Bobby Parks and Nilo Menendez.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PLaza 8-0310)—Where Broadway meets Park Avenue. Entertainment by Phil Regan and others; music by Larry Siry's and Gus Martel's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The handsome Sert Room offers music by Leo Reisman's and Xavier Cugat's orchestras. Impersonations by Sheila Barrett and dances by Gower and Jeanne. Must dress. . . . The informal Lounge Restaurant has music by Mischa Borr. . . . Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only in the Empire Room.

WEYLIN, Madison at 54 (PLaza 3-9100)—The Caprice Room is open for dinner dancing only. Mario di Polo's orchestra.

MISCELLANEOUS—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (VAnderbilt 3-9200). . . . 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. . . . Bob Crosby's orchestra plays in the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PEnnsylvania 6-5000). . . . Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey are at the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (VAnderbilt 3-6000).

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.; Mon Paris, 142 E. 53; Le Mirage, 125 E. 54; Armando's, 54 E. 55; Elysée Monkey Bar, 56 E. 54; Bill's Gay Nineties Bar. 57 E. 54; Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55; Trouville, 112 E. 52; Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Le Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56; Merry-Go-Round Bar, 49 E. 54; and Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), offers a revue, Yascha Bunchuk's and Gene Fosdick's orchestras, and other attractions. . . . Billy Rose's Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has an elaborate show called "Let's Play Fair," with Oscar Shaw, Dr. Rockwell, Sally Rand, and others. Abe Lyman's orchestra. . . . Another place with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080).

Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. . . . Jack White and Gordon Andrews' orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858).

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 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 John Kirby's band and Maxine Sullivan; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CIrcle 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's Chicagoans; and the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9543), with Louis Prima's orchestra.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has music by the Four Senators, and other entertainment. . . . Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (ALgonquin 4-1414), is a lively late spot if you're in a carefree mood.

HARLEM—The Plantation, Lenox Ave. at 142 (AUdubon 3-9613), has a fast show and Ovie Alston's band. . . . You can watch the dancing and hear Willie Bryant's and Teddy Hill's orchestras at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (EDgecombe 4-0271). . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (Tillinghast 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Club Yumuri, 1678 B'way at 52 (CIrcle 7-6269). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GRamercy 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: Valhalla, 141 W. 54 (CIrcle 7-9821); and Garbo, 148 E. 48 (ELdorado 5-9623). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CHelsea 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GRamercy 7-4833).

ART

AMERICAN LANDSCAPES—"A Century of American Landscape Painting, 1800-1900." A comprehensive and highly interesting show: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

AMERICANS—A picture apiece by Dehn, Sternberg, Eilshemius, Hartley, and seventeen others of this gallery's "regulars": Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

BEAL—Circus and seaside scenes, among others, by Gifford Beal: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

BECKMANN—Vigorous paintings by a German artist: Buchholz, 3 W. 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

CHINESE ART—Loan show of rare paintings, carvings, and objets d'art. Admission one dollar, for the benefit of civilian war victims in China: Arden, 460 Park. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 26.

CIKOVSKY—Slightly "usual" but solidly handled oils and water colors: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

DI GIOIA—Water colors of lower East Side tenement and street scenes: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 19.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.]

DUFY—"Castles of the Loire," by this master watercolorist, vivacious and charming as usual: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

DUTCH—Paintings by Denys van Aalslot, Pietr Huys, etc.: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

EARLY AMERICAN—Amusing genre subjects by early nineteenth-century artists: American Folk Art Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

FRENCH—"Fleurs et Fruits," by Utrillo, Kisling, Braque, Vlaminck, etc.: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 26. . . . Selected paintings by Derain, Utrillo, Vlaminck; water colors by Dufy and Chagall: French Art Galleries, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

LORRAIN—Important loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by Claude Lorrain: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

MODERN MUSEUM—"The Making of a Contemporary Film," material assembled by the Museum's Film Library; and new acquisitions of the Museum's permanent collection, chiefly paintings and sculpture: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . Also, through Mar. 1, "A New House by Frank Lloyd Wright."

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY—Oils and water colors by pupils of the Annot-Jacobi school and others, all rather better than previous shows here: 3 E. 67. Open daily (except Mon.) 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 13.

O'KEEFFE—Twenty-seven new paintings—New Mexico, shells, flowers, etc.—by Georgia O'Keeffe: An American Place, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

OLSON—Paintings of Mayan temples and other Central American scenes, by Olaf Olson: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 12.

PETTIT—Sensitive landscapes and figures by Genoi Pettit; through Feb. 5. Also, group show of selected paintings by American artists; through Feb. 24: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.

TSCHACBASOV—Blocky-looking, but strongly conceived work by a "proletarian" artist: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

WHISTLER—Loan show of pastels and water colors, all looking a little dim with the years: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

WPA—Large exhibition of prints and color lithographs, all astonishingly competent: WPA Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sat. 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; Wed. Eve. 7:30 to 11 P.M.; through Feb. 9.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified—Paintings and drawings by Daniel Garber: Tricker, 19 W. 57; through Feb. 10. . . . Paintings by Leonid; and Romances Captionnées by Halicka: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57; through Feb. 19. . . . Paintings by Martin Rosenthal: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Feb. 12. . . . Paintings by James Lechay: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 14. . . . Abstractions in plaster by John Ferren; Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 19. . . . Paintings by Jacob Getlar Smith: Midtown, 605 Madison; through Feb. 5. . . . Steel sculpture by Daniel Smith: East River Galleries, 358 E. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 5. . . . Paintings by Margaret Cooper: Milch, 108 W. 57; through Feb. 5. . . . Oils by Quita Brodhead: Morgan, 106 E. 57; through Feb. 15. . . . Water colors by Alfrida Storm: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Feb. 12. . . . Work by Mary Drake Coles, Peri-Umaña, and others: Delphic Studios, 44 W. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 12. . . . Paintings by Helena Sturtevant: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 19. . . . Forty-eight color reproductions of old and modern masters, sponsored by the National Committee for Art Appreciation: F.A.R. Gallery, 19 E. 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 26. . . . Etchings by Kerr Eby: Keppel, 71 E. 57; through Feb. 19. . . . Small oils, gouaches, and drawings by contemporary Americans: Associated American Artists, 420 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 8. . . . Paintings by Alice Tenney: Passedoit, 121 E. 57; through Feb. 18. . . . Water colors by Nelda Audibert and Mary Keating: Argent, 42 W. 57; through Feb. 5. . . . Lithographs by the late Bolton Brown: Kleemann, 38 E. 57; through Feb. 26. . . . Caricatures and humorous drawings by Rowlandson: Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington, at 30; through Feb. 26. . . . Paintings by Carlo Carrà and Filippo de Pisis: Comet, 10 E. 52; through Feb. 15. . . . Arrangements of pictures and art objects by Wildenstein & Co. and Isabella Barclay, Inc.: Decorators Picture Gallery, 554 Madison, at 55; through Feb. 9.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

MARGARETE MATZENAUER—Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 4.

POVLA FRIJSH—Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 4.

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Continuing series of Chopin programs: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 5; and Sat. Eve., Feb. 12.

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 6.

ELSIE HOUSTON—Soprano who specializes in South American music: Guild Theatre, 52, W. of B'way, Sun. Aft., Feb. 6, at 3:30.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Ria Ginster and Gordon String Quartet: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 6, at 5:30.

NEW MASSES CONCERT—Contemporaries from stage, radio, opera, and other fields: 46th Street Theatre, 46, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 6.

AMPARO AND JOSÉ ITURBI—Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 7.

HEPHZIBAH AND YEHUDI MENUHIN—Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:15.

WEBSTER AITKEN—Schubert sonatas for piano: New School, 66 W. 12, Tues. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45.

SIMON GOLDBERG—Début of Polish violinist: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 9.

PAULINE PIERCE—Mezzo-soprano, winner of Naumburg Award: Town Hall, Thurs. Aft., Feb. 10.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Enesco conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:45 (soloist, Rudolf Serkin); Fri. Aft., Feb. 4, at 2:30 (soloist, Rudolf Serkin); Sat. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:45 (soloist, Joseph Schuster); Sun. Aft., Feb. 6 (soloist, Rudolf Serkin). Barbirolli conducting: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:45 (soloist, Kirsten Flagstad); Fri. Aft., Feb. 11, at 2:30 (soloist, Kirsten Flagstad). Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting: Sat. Morn., Feb. 12, at 11.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 5, at 2:30 (soloist, Emanuel Feuermann).

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Benefit concert, Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:45 (Schola Cantorum chorus; soloists, Bovy, Thorborg, Peerce, and Pinza).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 10. At Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:45; and Sat. Aft., Feb. 12, at 2:30.

WPA MUSIC—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54, 8:45 P.M.—Russian Opera Concert, Greenwich Orchestra and soloists: Fri. Eve., Feb. 4. . . . New York Civic Orchestra, Plotnikoff conducting: Sun. Eve., Feb. 6; and Fri. Eve., Feb. 11. . . . Composers' Forum-Laboratory: Wed. Eve., Feb. 9.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Tannhäuser," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 3, at 1:45; "Le Coq d'Or" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8; "Salomé," preceded by the ballet "Apollon Musagete," Fri. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:15; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Aft., Feb. 5, at 2; "Otello," Sat. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Feb. 6; "Manon," Mon. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:15; "Das Rheingold," Wed. Aft., Feb. 9, at 2:30; "Don Giovanni," Wed. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:15; "La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 10; "The Barber of Seville," special benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Feb. 11, at 2; "Die Meistersinger," Fri. Eve., Feb. 11, at 7:45; "Otello," Sat. Aft., Feb. 12, at 2; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8.

HIPPODROME—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:15; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8:15.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Fred Apostoli vs. Glen Lee, Fri. Eve., Feb. 4; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: C.C.N.Y. vs. Fordham, and N.Y.U. vs. St. John's, Wed. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30.

FENCING—Foils, Women's Junior Championship, Individual: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Tues. Eve., Feb. 8, at 7:30.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:45 P.M.: Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 3; Rangers vs. Detroit, Sun. Eve., Feb. 6; Americans vs. Montreal, Tues. Eve., Feb. 8. . . . Amateur games: Sun. Afts. at 2.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Feb. 5: Squadron A vs. Squadron C, at 8:30; N.Y.A.C. vs. 1st Division, at 9:30.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn—Sat. Eve., Feb. 5: game to be an-

nounced, at 8:30; Boulder Brook vs. Evergreen Farms, at 9:30.

SQUASH RACQUETS—Open Doubles Tournament: The Heights Casino, Brooklyn, starting Fri., Feb. 4, at 5 P.M., and continuing Sat. and Sun. Morns. and Afts., Feb. 5 and 6.

TRACK—Millrose A.A. Meet: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Feb 5, at 8.... 7th Regt. Open Meet: Armory, Park at 66, Fri. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

DOG SHOWS—Associated Terrier Clubs Specialty Show: Port Authority Bldg., 8 Ave. at 15. Wed., Feb. 9. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.... Annual Westminster Kennel Club Show: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49, Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 10-12. Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

BURTON HOLMES—"Touring Picturesque Germany": Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of 8 Ave., Thurs., Feb. 3, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., Feb. 6, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.

PUBLIC BALLS—Bill Robinson's Harlem Grand Ball, for the benefit of President Roosevelt's Infantile Paralysis Fund: Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140, Tues. Eve., Feb. 8.... Manhattan Ball, for the benefit of the Art Students' League scholarship fund: Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Eve., Feb. 11.

PLANETARIUM—The February lecture at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81, is "The Changing Calendar." Weekdays, except Sat., at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Old and modern paintings, by sixteenth- to twentieth-century masters: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:15.... European arms and armor, Part II of the late Theodore Offerman collection; together with American and European firearms, collected by Joseph H. Gest: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 4-5, at 2.... Books and autographs: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 9-10, at 2.... Early American pewter, furniture, and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 11-12, at 2.

At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—French period furniture, tapestries, rare textiles, silver, and rugs, the property of Irving Brokaw and others: Sat. Aft., Feb. 5, at 2.... First editions, library sets, and autographs: Fri. Aft., Feb. 11, at 2.

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 to 7:30 P.M.; 8:30 to 11 P.M.

ON THE AIR

BOXING—Fred Apostoli vs. Glen Lee, from the Garden: Fri. Eve., Feb. 4, at 10, WJZ.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Der Rosenkavalier," with Lehmann, Thorborg, Fisher, and Pinza: Sat. Aft., Feb. 5, at 2, WJZ.

TRACK—Two of the feature events at the Millrose A. A. Meet, from the Garden: Sat. Eve., Feb. 5, at 10, WOR.

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Soloist with the Ford Symphony: Sun. Eve., Feb. 6, at 9, WABC.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Message to the Boy Scouts of America: Mon. Eve., Feb. 7, at 6:45, WEAF, WABC, and WOR.

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

THURSDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2, WEAF. Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. March of Time, 8, WJZ. "Good News of 1938," 9, WEAF. 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, WABC.

FRIDAY—Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour, 2, WEAF-WJZ. Hammerstein Music Hall, 8, WABC. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. Bamberger Symphony, 9:30, WOR.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. Abram Chasins, 12 noon, WEAF. Saturday Night Swing Club, 7, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WEAF-WJZ.

SUNDAY—Gotham String Quartet, 1:30, WOR. Magic Key of R.C.A., 2, WJZ. Philharmonic-Symphony, Enesco conducting, 3, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, 5, WJZ. Mickey Mouse and His Gang, 5:30, WEAF. Jeanette MacDonald, 7, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Tyrone Power, Jr., 9, WJZ.

MONDAY—Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting, 3, WJZ. Coolidge String Quartet, 3, WABC. Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Richard Crooks, 8:30, WEAF. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy 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 and WHN. Benny Goodman, 10, WABC. Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, 10:30, WOR.

WEDNESDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 3:45, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Eddie Cantor, 8:30, WABC. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Lawrence Tibbett, Deems Taylor, and André Kostelanetz, 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—Eddie Cantor's idea of the New Deal, colored up a bit with the Arabian Nights. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4.)

ANGEL—Marlene Dietrich, escorted by Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas, bolts through a series of light and wicked Lubitsch fandangos. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., Feb. 4-8.... Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 8-10.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH—The custody of the dog and other grave issues of divorce seem quite funny here. With Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Thurs., Feb. 3.... Stoddard, B'way at 90; Fri. through Tues., Feb. 4-8.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Sat., Feb. 8-12.)

CLUB DE FEMMES—Danielle Darrieux and a number of charming ladies in a tender (and censored) French film. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7.)

CONQUEST—Garbo as the Countess Walewska of Napoleon's love life, with Charles Boyer as the Emperor. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 9-10.)

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—Fred Astaire's superb comedy (with music and dancing, of course). Among those assisting are Burns and Allen, Reginald Gardiner, Constance Collier, and Joan Fontaine. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 8-10.)

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Mae West, Edmund Lowe, and the older set in a study of New York life when Rector's was the place to go. (Paramount, B'way at 43; continuous from 9 A.M.)

THE FIREFLY—Those fine old Friml tunes of the prewar days, with Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones to sing them. Be prepared for much too much plot. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 4-6.)

FIRST LADY—Kay Francis, Verree Teasdale, and Walter Connolly hold the mirror up to Washington. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Thurs., Feb. 3.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Rio, B'way at 160; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 8-10.)

HITTING A NEW HIGH—So-so antics, with Lily Pons, Jack Oakie, and Edward Everett Horton. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 9-10.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Thurs., Feb. 10.)

THE HURRICANE—Mary Astor, Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour, South Sea natives, and Sam Goldwyn's big cyclone. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; continuous from 10 A.M.)

IN OLD CHICAGO—Alice Brady, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Jr., Don Ameche, and Mrs. O'Leary's cow. The fire is worth running for, and much else is good too. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE LAST GANGSTER—In the old-fashioned style of underworld films, with Edward G. Robinson as young as ever. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Tues., Feb. 4-8.... Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7.)

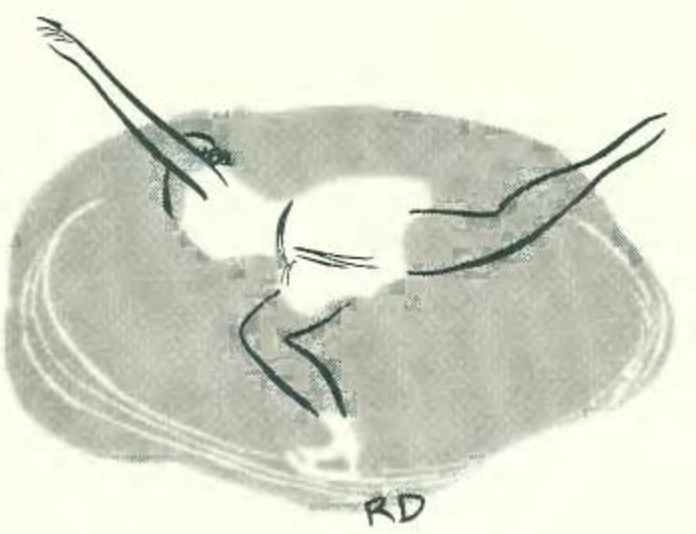
THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN—A dignified film for musical students and such. With Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Fri. Aft., Feb. 4.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—An exciting and superior film, with Paul Muni as the novelist. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Thurs., Feb. 3.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 6-8.)

LIVE, LOVE, AND LEARN—Farcical comedy about artistic people, with Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, Helen Vinson, and Robert Benchley. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Wed. and Thurs., Feb. 9-10.)

MAYERLING—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in a completely charming story of love and tragedy in royal circles. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:52, 4:44, 6:36, 8:28, and 10:20 P.M.)

NOTHING SACRED—On the silly side of Manhattan life and occasionally quite funny. With Carole Lombard, Fredric March, and Walter Connolly. (Lincoln Square, B'way at 66; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Fri., Feb. 11.)



PETER THE FIRST—A Soviet sketch of a czar, and unexpectedly to the point. (Cameo, 42, E. of B'way; continuous from 10 A.M.)

THE RIVER—The Mississippi Valley and what has gone on there. Pare Lorentz's eloquent and distinguished documentary short film. (Criterion, B'way at 44; Fri. through Thurs., Feb. 4-10.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—The grown-ups crowd in to see this beautiful Disney so, the children hardly get a chance to see it. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Feb. 9; continuous from 11:15 A.M.)

STAND-IN—Hollywood nonsense and Leslie Howard. Fair to middling. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 4-6.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 5-7.)

TOVARICH—Mild comedy devised from the play about Russian exiles for Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer. (Palace, B'way at 47; and RKO-81st Street, B'way at 81; Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9.... RKO 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; RKO 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7.)

TRUE CONFESSION—A funny murder trial and other very laughable stuff, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 10-12.)

NOTES—"The New Audioscopiks," a trick absurdity to tickle your optic nerves, just runs a minute but is fun. It may be seen at the Capitol, B'way at 51; Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9.... The new March of Time, "Inside Nazi Germany—1938," is at the Olympia, B'way at 107, through Thurs., Feb. 3; and at the Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Wed., Feb. 4-9.

REVIVALS

BRITISH AGENT (1934)—Leslie Howard and Kay Francis. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., Feb. 4-5.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Ronald Colman, Margo, and Edward Everett Horton. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 7-9.)

THE NEW GULLIVER (1936)—The Soviet film with a cast of 3,000 puppets. (World, 49, E. of B'way; through Thurs., Feb. 10.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Thurs., Feb. 3.)

SCARFACE (1932)—Paul Muni and George Raft. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Mon. and Tues., Feb. 7-8.)

SHANGHAI EXPRESS (1932)—Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 5-7.)

NOTE—The first program of a series of showings of old films, "The Nickelodeon Era," including a W. S. Hart feature and "Glimpses of the Past," will be presented Sat., Feb. 5, at the Union M.E. Church, 229 W. 48; continuous from 2:30 P.M.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

BOXING—Joe Louis vs. Nathan Mann, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 23.

MUSIC—Orchestras (at Carnegie Hall): Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through May 1. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Feb. 15 and Mar. 8. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Mar. 10 and 12.... Important recitals at Carnegie Hall: John Charles Thomas, Feb. 16; Guila Bustabo, Feb. 18; Gorodnitzki, Feb. 21; George Copeland, Feb. 22; Joseph Szigeti, Feb. 23; Toscha Seidel, Feb. 26 (Aft.). At Town Hall: Gregor Piatigorsky, Feb. 13 (Aft.); Bauer, Spalding, and Cassado, Feb. 16; Brailowsky, Feb. 19 and 26 (Afts.); Dalies Frantz, Feb. 27 (Aft.); Enesco, Mar. 9.... Metropolitan Opera season continues through Mar. 19.

RACING—Hialeah Park, Fla., through Mar. 5.... Santa Anita Park, Cal., through Mar. 12 (Santa Anita Derby, Feb. 22; Santa Anita Handicap, Mar. 5).... Tropical Park, Fla., Mar. 7-Apr. 9.

TENNIS—National Indoor Championships, 7th Regt. Armory, Feb. 26-Mar. 5.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Once Is Enough," a comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, with Ina Claire: Henry Miller, Feb. 15.... "Wine of Choice," by S. N. Behrman, with Leslie Banks, Claudia Morgan, and Alexander Woollcott: Guild, Feb. 21.... "Casey Jones," by Robert Ardrey, produced by the Group Theatre, with Charles Bickford: about Feb. 22.... "Save Me the Waltz," by Katharine Dayton, with Laura Hope Crews, Jane Wyatt, Leo G. Carroll, and Arnold Korff: about Feb. 28.

TRACK—At Madison Square Garden: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Feb. 19; National A.A.U. Meet, Feb. 26; Intercollegiate A.A.A.A., Mar. 5; K. of C. Meet, Mar. 12.

WINTER SPORTS—Twenty-Eighth Annual Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Hanover, N.H., Feb. 11-12.... Sixth Annual Princeton Ice Carnival, Princeton, N. J., Feb. 19.

OTHER DATES—National Sportsmen's Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 18-26.... Press Photographers' Ball, Hotel Commodore, Feb. 18.... Ash Wednesday, begins Lent, Mar. 2.... International Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, Mar. 14-19.... Ice Carnival, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 23, 25, 26, and 28.... Easter Sunday is Apr. 17.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURS., FEB. 3, THROUGH WED., FEB. 9

[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 5, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CIrcle 6-4642)—**"In Old Chicago,"** Tyrone Power, Jr., Alice Faye, Don Ameche. (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)—Opening Thurs., Feb. 3: "The Bad Man of Brimstone," Wallace Beery.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (MEdallion 3-5020)—Thurs., Feb. 3: "Lady Behave," Sally Eilers, Neil Hamilton. . . . Opening Fri., Feb. 4: "Scandal Street," Lew Ayres, Louise Campbell; also **"The River,"** the Pare Lorentz documentary film.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CIrcle 6-0800)—Thurs., Feb. 3: "Boy of the Streets," Jackie Cooper. . . . Opening Sat., Feb. 5: "The Black Doll," Nan Grey, Donald Woods.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CHickering 4-7022)—**"Every Day's a Holiday,"** Mae West.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-6535)—Through Wed., Feb. 9: **"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,"** Walt Disney full-length feature.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WIsconsin 7-0206)—Opening Thurs., Feb. 3: "The Jury's Secret," Fay Wray, Kent Taylor.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1633)—**"The Hurricane,"** Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6000)—"Happy Landing," Sonja Henie, Don Ameche.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CIrcle 7-5900)—Through Tues., Feb. 8: "Swing Your Lady," Humphrey Bogart, Louise Fazenda, Frank McHugh. . . . Opening Wed., Feb. 9: "The Kid Comes Back," Wayne Morris, June Travis.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way (BRyant 9-0156)—Through Mon., Feb. 7: "Karl Fredrik Reigns," Swedish picture, Gertrud Wettergren, Sigurd Wallen. . . . Opening Tues., Feb. 8: "Russia Marches On," Soviet film.

CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way (WIsconsin 7-1789)—**"Peter the First,"** Soviet picture.

CINEMA DE PARIS, 5 Ave. at 12 (ALgonquin 4-7661)—"Hélène," French film, Madeleine Renaud.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (COlumbus 5-0425)—Through Fri. Aft., Feb. 4: **"The Life and Loves of Beethoven,"** French film, Harry Baur. . . . Opening Fri. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30: "The Affairs of Maupassant," French film.

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

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CIrcle 7-1294)—Usually good pictures, but management doesn't make up its mind very far in advance. Better phone.

SQUIRE, 8 Ave. at 44 (COlumbus 5-1686)—"Kathleen," Irish picture, Tom Burke, Sally O'Neil.

WORLD, 49, E. of B'way (CIrcle 7-5747)—**"The New Gulliver,"** revival, Soviet film; also "Poil de Carotte," revival, French film, Harry Baur. . . . (Note: Special children's programs Sat. at 11 A.M., and Sun. at noon; feature picture not shown until 5 P.M.)

EAST SIDE

JEFFERSON, 3 Ave. at 14 (GRamercy 7-6320)—Thurs., Feb. 3: "Trouble at Midnight," Noah Beery, Jr.; also "The Duke Comes Back," Allan Lane, Heather Angel. . . . Fri. through Sun., Feb. 4-6: **"Stand-In,"** Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell; also "Navy Blue and Gold," Robert Young, Florence Rice, James Stewart. . . . Mon. and Tues., Feb. 7-8: **"Scarface,"** revival, Paul Muni; also "Breach of Promise," revival, Mae Clarke. . . . From Wed., Feb. 9: "Blossoms on Broadway," Edward Arnold; also "Here's Flash Casey," Eric Linden.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GRamercy 5-1660)—Thurs., Feb. 3: **"The Private Life of Henry VIII,"** revival, Charles Laughton; also "Heidi," Shirley Temple. . . . Fri. through Sun., Feb. 4-6: **"The Firefly,"** Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones; and March of Time, "Inside Nazi Germany—1938." . . . Mon. through Wed., Feb. 7-9: **"Lost Horizon,"** revival, Ronald Colman, Margo; and March of Time, "Inside Nazi Germany—1938."

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AShland 4-4865)—Thurs., Feb. 3: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . Fri. through Tues., Feb. 4-8: **"The Last Gangster,"** Edward G. Robinson; also **"Angel,"** Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Wed., Feb. 9: **"Hitting a New High,"** Lily Pons, Jack Oakie; also "Thank You, Mr. Moto," Peter Lorre.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PLaza 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: "Rosalie," Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell; also "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Paid to Dance," Don Terry, Rita Hayworth; also "Love on Toast," John Payne, Stella Ardler.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PLaza 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4: **"Ali Baba Goes to Town,"** Eddie Cantor; also "I Was a Spy," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Herbert Marshall. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 5-7: "The Bride Wore Red," Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone; also **"Shanghai Express,"** revival, Marlene Dietrich. . . . From Tues., Feb. 8: not announced.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: **"Tovarich,"** Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer; also "City Girl," Phyllis Brooks, Ricardo Cortez. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Tarzan's Revenge," Eleanor Holm, Glenn Morris; also "Quick Money," Fred Stone.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VOlunteer 5-3320)—Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4: **"Conquest,"** Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 5-7: **"Stand-In,"** Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell. . . . From Tues., Feb. 8: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (REgent 4-0302)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: **"The Life of Emile Zola,"** Paul Muni. . . . From Tues., Feb. 8: **"The Awful Truth,"** Irene Dunne, Cary Grant. . . . (Note: Special children's program Sat. at 1 P.M.; feature picture not shown until 3 P.M.)

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BUtterfield 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: "Rosalie," Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell; also "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Paid to Dance," Don Terry, Rita Hayworth; also "Love on Toast," John Payne, Stella Ardler.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BUtterfield 8-9009)—Thurs., Feb. 3: **"The Life of Emile Zola,"** Paul Muni; also "This Way Please," Buddy Rogers. . . . Fri. and Sat., Feb. 4-5: "Second Honeymoon," Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, Jr.; also "Murder in Greenwich Village," Richard Arlen, Fay Wray. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 6-7: "Times Square Lady," revival, Robert Taylor, Virginia Bruce; co-feature not announced. . . . From Tues., Feb. 8: **"A Damsel in Distress,"** Fred Astaire, Burns and Allen; also "The Game That Kills," Charles Quigley.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (ATwater 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: **"Tovarich,"** Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer; also "City Girl," Phyllis Brooks, Ricardo Cortez. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Tarzan's Revenge," Eleanor Holm, Glenn Morris; also "Quick Money," Fred Stone.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 3-4: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 5-7: **"Stand-In,"** Leslie Howard, Joan Blondell; also "Navy Blue and Gold," Robert Young, Florence Rice, James Stewart. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Blossoms on Broadway," Edward Arnold; also "Here's Flash Casey," Eric Linden.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-4607)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9: **"The Last Gangster,"** Edward G. Robinson; also **"Angel,"** Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GRamercy 7-7874)—Thurs., Feb. 3: "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly. . . . Tues and Wed., Feb. 8-9: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-2166)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9: **"The Last Gangster,"** Edward G. Robinson; also **"Angel,"** Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-3350)—Thurs., Feb. 3: "Splendor," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea; also "A Man's Castle," revival, Loretta Young, Spencer Tracy. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7: **"Club de Femmes,"** French film, Danielle Darrieux, Else Argal. . . . From Tues., Feb. 8: "You're a Sweetheart," Alice Faye, George Murphy; also "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, Alice Brady.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CHelsea 3-0960)—Thurs., Feb. 3: **"The Awful Truth,"** Irene Dunne, Cary Grant; also "The Legion of Missing Men," Ralph Forbes. . . . Fri. and Sat., Feb. 4-5: **"British Agent,"** revival, Leslie Howard; also "The Richest Girl in the World," revival, Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea. . . . Sun. through Tues., Feb. 6-8: **"The Life of Emile Zola,"** Paul Muni; also "45 Fathers," Jane Withers. . . . From Wed., Feb. 9: **"Conquest,"** Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer; also **"Live, Love, and Learn,"** Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Robert Benchley.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BRyant 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9: "Rosalie," Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BRyant 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9: **"Tovarich,"** Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer; also "City Girl," Phyllis Brooks, Ricardo Cortez.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CIrcle 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: "Rosalie," Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell; also "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Paid to Dance," Don Terry, Rita Hayworth; also "Love on Toast," John Payne, Stella Ardler.

LINCOLN SQUARE, B'way at 66 (TRafalgar 7-8692)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: **"Nothing Sacred,"** Carole Lombard, Fredric March; also "The Girl Said No," Irene Hervey, Robert Armstrong. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Daughter of Shanghai," Anna May Wong, Charles Bickford; also "Prescription for Romance," Mischa Auer, Wendy Barrie.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TRafalgar 7-6160)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9: **"Tovarich,"** Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer; also "Quick Money," Fred Stone.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TRafalgar 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 3-9: "Rosalie," Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell; also "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge," John Barrymore.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SChuyler 4-0460)—Thurs., Feb. 3: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "It Happened in Hollywood," Richard Dix. . . . Fri. through Tues., Feb. 4-8: **"The Awful Truth,"** Irene Dunne, Cary Grant; also "City Girl," Phyllis Brooks, Ricardo Cortez. . . . From Wed., Feb. 9: "Beg, Borrow, or Steal," Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, John Beal; also "Sea Racketeers," Weldon Heyburn.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (ACademy 4-0750)—Thurs., Feb. 3: "Partners in Crime," Lynne Overman, Roscoe Karns; also "Speed to Spare," Charles Quigley. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7: **"Lost Horizon,"** revival, Ronald Colman, Margo; also "Small Town Boy," Stuart Erwin. . . . From Tues., Feb. 8: "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon; also "Dinner at the Ritz," Annabella, Paul Lukas.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (ACademy 2-1019)—Thurs., Feb. 3: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also "It Happened in Hollywood," Richard Dix; and March of Time, "Inside Nazi Germany—1938." . . . Fri. through Tues., Feb. 4-8: "Submarine D-1," Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Doris Weston; also "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, Alice Brady. . . . From Wed., Feb. 9: "Dr. Syn," George Arliss; also "Life Begins With Love," Jean Parker, Douglass Montgomery.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (EDgecombe 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: **"Tovarich,"** Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer; also "Tarzan's Revenge," Eleanor Holm, Glenn Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "City Girl," Phyllis Brooks, Ricardo Cortez; also "Quick Money," Fred Stone.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WAshington Heights 7-1135)—Thurs., Feb. 3: "Submarine D-1," Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Doris Weston; also "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," Bert Lahr, Jimmie Savo, Alice Brady. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 4-7: **"The Last Gangster,"** Edward G. Robinson; also "Love and Hisses," Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie, Simone Simon. . . . From Tues., Feb. 8: **"First Lady,"** Kay Francis, Walter Connolly; also **"Angel,"** Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WAshington Heights 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: "Rosalie," Nelson Eddy, Eleanor Powell; also "Bulldog Drummond's Revenge," John Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "Paid to Dance," Don Terry, Rita Hayworth; also "Love on Toast," John Payne, Stella Ardler.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WAdsworth 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 3-7: **"Tovarich,"** Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer; also "Tarzan's Revenge," Eleanor Holm, Glenn Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 8-9: "City Girl," Phyllis Brooks, Ricardo Cortez; also "Quick Money," Fred Stone.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"PEACEFUL is morning in the shrine garden," wrote the Japanese Emperor in a two-line poem of pearly grace. Peaceful, too, are mornings in the Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin. And peaceful the early day in the bailiwick of the Duce, as he bids farewell to his son Bruno, leaving by plane for Rio de Janeiro. Morning is indeed a time of peace in the throne rooms and shrine gardens of the world, the air



drenched with the scent of narcissus; peace hovering over the concentration camp, where life goes on quietly and one day is much the same as another; peace in the government-controlled newspaper office, where the event is shaped beforehand and needs no reporting; peace in the mind of the writer, saying "Be still, my thoughts!"; peace in the market place, where only the pure of blood may make a profit. Truly there is peace all over the world today, and the earth is an immense shrine garden, and the time is morning.

In the Embassy Theatre, watching the March of Time film about Germany, we felt anew the oppressive quality of this pervasive peace. Millions of free people will, we hope, see this great motion picture, the cautious Warner Brothers notwithstanding. Millions will see clearly what they have heretofore only felt vaguely: the implications of despotism. Having seen, they will find it easier to answer, each for himself, the question which the picture asks. Nothing one-half as eloquent has been spoken recently in behalf of democracy.

RELIGION, we are pleased to report, is keeping in full stride with science. Edward F. Caldwell & Co., of 38 West Fifteenth Street, are exhibiting the first heated baptismal font in history; an enterprising merchant in Atlanta, Georgia, is conducting a special sale of streamlined crucifixes.

ON the day President Conant observed, a little guardedly, that perhaps too many young men got to college and that a more rigid intellectual standard for admission might be a good thing, we saw another item in the news to the effect that the students at Harvard were planning a "title bout" to settle the ice-cream-eating championship of the University. Up to now the champion, Homer Peabody, has eaten nineteen plates at one sitting; the



challenger, David Mitchell, has eaten eighteen. May the better man win, and the hell with the higher education.

LATELY, as you may have noticed, there has been a growing revolt of the theatrical producers against the critics. It is a puzzling controversy, the issues obscured by rhetoric, truth stirring only faintly at the bottom of her well. The producers, speaking with the fury of the libelled artist, say that most of the critics are either irresponsible or incompetent. They are merry assassins who would butcher the tenderest playwright just to write a funny review or else to display their own proud culture; they are hopeless illiterates with no constant standards or predictable reactions. As far as we can tell, however, there is no real complaint that authentic masterpieces are driven off the stage by critical incompetence or brutality, or that any conspicuous horrors have been lifted out of oblivion. The trouble lies somewhere



in the bloody middle ground, where the frail, pleasant plays are stoned and die. In this it seems to us that the producers are guilty of a strange inconsistency. They ask for better critics, by which presumably they mean more intelligent ones, but by some peculiar reasoning they expect these superior critics to have lower standards than the bad ones they object to, so that they will be lenient with mediocre plays. There is some disingenuousness here, and perhaps we are justified in suspecting that the producers don't especially care what kind of critics they get as long as they like their plays.

The producers' complaint, we imagine, originated in a perfectly comprehensible envy of the moving pictures, which, outside the big cities, where it doesn't matter much anyway, enjoy either a subsidized criticism or else a vulgar criticism which can be relied on to like anything. The legitimate producers, it appears, are simply unwilling to face the penalties of excellence which the first man incurred when he came down out of his tree.

The fact of the whole matter may conceivably be that any art attracts a level of criticism exactly commensurate with its own level as an art. The solution, if there is one, lies in getting the reputable producers somehow to contrive to so elevate and purify the theatre



"Does the 'Times' say anything about this ground hog in New Jersey that came out of his hole and climbed a tree?"

that it would automatically demand a higher standard of criticism. The catch, of course, is that the austere critic would be contented only with austere art, and everybody would be just where they started, with the borderline plays still taking a beating. Our realistic if non-austere advice to the producers is to let well enough alone.

•

PHARMACEUTICAL INTELLIGENCE: The Bar Pharmacy, 41 West Forty-third Street, now operates exclusively as a luncheonette and has nothing pharmaceutical in stock. The proprietor, Mr. B. Teitlebaum, several months ago discontinued his prescription department and his line of patent medicines as being a drain on the other business.

A drugstore over on Third Avenue has been advertising in its show window a sale of drugs and cosmetics "Cheaper than Cut-rate."

Liggett's is selling "On Our Way," by Franklin D. Roosevelt, and "The Challenge to Liberty," by Herbert Hoover, for 19¢ each. They'll give you bicarbonate of soda for nothing.

Haven

WE have always thought that naming a hundred-room, seven-million-dollar house built on Long Island Idlehour had some special significance in American civilization; last week, when we read the place had been sold to the Royal Fraternity of Master Metaphysicians, we didn't know *what* to think, so we went out to Oakdale to see Idlehour, which Mr. William K. Vanderbilt built more than thirty years ago. It will be renamed Peace Haven when the metaphysicians move in next June. It's a red-brick-and-marble structure of three stories built entirely around a formal Italian garden, now gone to weeds. A ruddy man named Tom Linskey, the caretaker, escorted us through the place, beginning with the dining hall, which is done in French walnut and green Italian marble, with a statue of Diana over the fireplace and a profusion of glittering fixtures. "Gold?" we asked. "Well," said Mr. Linskey, "I'm thinking it's not brass." We asked him right away about the famous glass-enclosed tennis court, but he said we'd have to wait, it was three blocks away. We reached it an hour or two later and found it in good condition, although it hadn't been played on for nearly twenty years. A lone tennis ball was lying on the court, and Mr. Linskey said he'd found it lately in the vines growing on the walls and demonstrated how well it would still bounce. We also saw the squash court, done in red cherry wood; some of the eighteen master bedrooms; many of the thirty-eight fireplaces, no two alike; the wine cellar, that once held $75,000 worth of liquids; the library, in carved English oak; the Gold Room, with $25,000 worth of gold leaf on its walls; the half-ton doors of the vaults where the silver used to be kept; and the music room. Here a player organ, worked by pedals, had been built into the fireplace, and upstairs, in a dusty closet, Mr. Linskey showed us some old music rolls: "Mississippi Mamie," "My Carolina Caroline," "Ma Tiger Lily," and the "New York Seventh Regiment March."

Mr. Linskey and his wife have occupied two of the hundred and ten rooms for the last couple of years, living a happy and ghost-free existence. The original furnishings were auctioned off years ago except for a few tapestries and some couches, one of them a twelve-footer. Mr. Linskey told us the metaphysicians have turned out very nice. "They come in here and laugh and joke just like anybody else," he said.

Encouraged by this, we called on Mr. James B. Schafer, M.M. (Master Metaphysician), at the fraternity's headquarters in Steinway Hall, where we were informed that the R.F.M.M. dates back to the Magi and the birth of Christ, and that Peace Haven will be operated as a club, with rates as low as a dollar a day. Some of the rooms will be set aside for study and meditation on Truth, Love, and other subjects metaphysicians regard as important. The tennis court will be converted into a swimming pool and an auditorium. God knows what will become of "Mississippi Mamie." We asked Mr. Schafer bluntly where the metaphysicians got the $350,000 that Idlehour cost. "Truth students," he chided us gently, "never lack anything." Well, for one thing, they'll lack wine in their new wine cellar, for drinking will be against the rules at Peace Haven, and so will smoking.

One Woman's Nurse

A LADY who recently gave birth in one of our very nicest hospitals says that everything is perfectly fine in the maternity department except that during the dull watches of the night the nurses get together in the kitchen for a chat. The chat rises to pandemonium proportions almost every night, awaking the patients, so this lady finally told her night nurse, a charming little thing from Alabama, that she'd like her door closed. "Oh, sho'ly," the girl said. "Glad to. And if Ah fo'get, you jus' ring that ol' bell. You know how it is—Ah get shoutin'."

Herz's Secret

CONNOISSEURS of art have been somewhat stirred up lately by the arrival on these shores of Dr. Friedrich Herz, who has developed what he claims is a new and absolutely infallible method of verifying the authenticity of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century paintings. Dr. Herz arrived here a few weeks ago and expects to be here another three or four months, testing paintings for museums, dealers, and private collectors. We looked him up at his hotel the other day, with some idea of finding out about this method of his, but weren't entirely successful. The Herr Doktor, a mild-mannered gent in his late forties, explained (with occasional interpretive assistance from Captain Ralph Suppance, his American representative) that it was partly a secret. The whole thing is based on Dr. Herz's belief that most of the great painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries signed their canvases before they started their pictures—either they'd paint their name, or dab on some paint and then scratch their name in with a brush handle. This, he says, was a custom of the artists' guild in those days and may have been a secret precaution against forgery. These signatures aren't revealed under X-rays, and, short of scratching the painting, there seemed to be no way of getting at them until Dr. Herz came along. Briefly, this is how he goes to work: First, he sprinkles a powder (secret formula) over the painting; then he flattens out a sheet of wax with a rolling pin and applies the sheet to the surface of the painting; the sheet of wax is then removed and pressed against wet plaster; the plaster mold is baked several times, then carefully rubbed, and —presto!—the signature appears on it.

Dr. Herz (an honorary degree was awarded him in 1935 by the University of Madrid for authenticating a Velasquez) is a native of Cologne, but departed four years ago to live in Lisbon. "You understand how it was," he told us. It's interesting, and probably significant, that the first ten years of his life were passed in complete blindness. His sight is quite normal now, and he thinks his sense of touch is acuter than that of most people. Dr. Herz worked on his method for fifteen years and in 1935 obtained a patent—No. 410454, if you're taking notes—from the Belgian government. Since then he has romped all over Europe, changed the attribution of some fifty paintings, and been rewarded according to the circumstances of the owners and the new value his findings have put on the pictures. Once he got 150,000 Belgian francs for a week's work; that's about $5,510.

Dr. Herz begged us earnestly not to print the name of his ho-



"Then it must be that one."

tel. "All day long people would come with pictures and say please Doctor do it," he explained. In New York, his principal amusement is walking up and down Fifty-seventh Street, looking into the windows of art dealers and laughing coarsely. Just one wrong attribution after another. Even museums aren't free of error, says Dr. Herz. Unless he misses his guess, the Metropolitan Museum is going to wake up some fine morning and find that, under another and lesser name, it has been harboring a fine Rembrandt. We spoke to the people up at the Museum about this and they didn't appear the least bit curious—just said they'd never heard of Dr. Herz or his process. We'll bet they're checking over their inventory, though.

Idea

AN exiled friend in Hollywood has just sent us a note he found pencilled on the back of a menu in a restaurant favored by screen writers:

Imitation corn cob—
Metal spikes with wires leading to battery inside—
Popping-corn stuck on spikes—
Contact—
Excelsior!

Ad Caps

SOMETIMES we fear our readers hear so much about Pittsburgh and Detroit and such places that they are likely to forget New York is still the biggest manufacturing centre in this or any other country, making all sorts of odd things. Such as the flimsy cloth hats decorated with slogans and firms' names which mechanics, grocers' delivery boys, and painters wear. These are turned out by the New York Advertising Cap Company, of 96 Spring Street, which is a direct descendant of the first makers of these advertising caps in America. We heard something about this company and sought out Mr. H. N. Kirschner, present head of the concern, to learn more. He took over the business about fifteen years ago from the founders, two brothers named Rosenbluth, who in 1876 had started in the apron-and-cap business above a livery stable on Clinton Street. They sold aprons to grocers and butchers for their own use and black, visored caps to grocery stores in railroad centres in the Middle West. The stores gave them away to the railroad men among their customers. The very next year a grocer in Evansville, Indiana, inquired unobtrusively if he could have his name printed on a quantity of hats, and instantly a great idea dawned on the Rosenbluths. They wrote out to their salesmen and got plenty of customers right off. The Devoe & Raynolds Paint Company ("The Oldest Paint Concern in the World") has the distinction of having placed the first solicited order. Coca-Cola ("Drink Coca-Cola") and Arm & Hammer brand washing soda (with its muscular arm and hammer) were in on the thing early, as was the Capewell Horse Nail Company of Hartford, Connecticut, which is still, Mr. Kirschner tells us, a regular customer.

The advertising-cap business has gone far beyond its early scope, of course. Mr. Kirschner offers more than a hundred styles now, at from three to five cents—a variety extending from tennis visors to Indian bonnets. He sells about four million caps a year, of which sixty thousand go to Harry M. Stevens, the ball-ground and race-track concessionaire. Last fall he put out a large order reading "FRED WARING & HIS PENNSYLVANIANS in *The Varsity Show*." The caps were given to small boys attending movie houses Saturday mornings, as a reward for their enterprise. This winter he forwarded a shipment of three thousand caps, with an inscription in Hebrew, to Palestine. They were to be distributed among the bakers of Tel Aviv to further the sale of flour made by General Mills, U.S.A. Once Mr. Kirschner shipped advertising caps to China with an ad printed in Chinese for a mineral oil. Mostly, however, the advertising-cap business is domestic. A Presidential-campaign year is always a good one. In 1924, for instance, the Democratic committee ordered fifty thousand caps mentioning Mr. John W. Davis. These were designed to swing the collarless vote in the Bronx, but as Mr. Kirschner reflects today, the Republican myth was then existent and they didn't do much good. Down on the East Side, though, about the same time, the caps on occasion got conspicuous results. A Mr. Bernstein opened a Turkish bath at Chrystie and Delancey Streets and ordered twenty-five thousand for publicity purposes. When they were printed, he sent his chauffeur out in his new Cadillac to pass them around. Word of the free headgear spread so rapidly that the street was jammed with people after the first distribution and the car never moved until police came to the rescue. The windshield was broken and the chauffeur, when rescued, had not only got rid of all his hats but his coat and pants, too. The distribution seemed to be effective, however; the caps were seen on the East Side for months afterward, occasionally in Mr. Bernstein's Turkish bath.

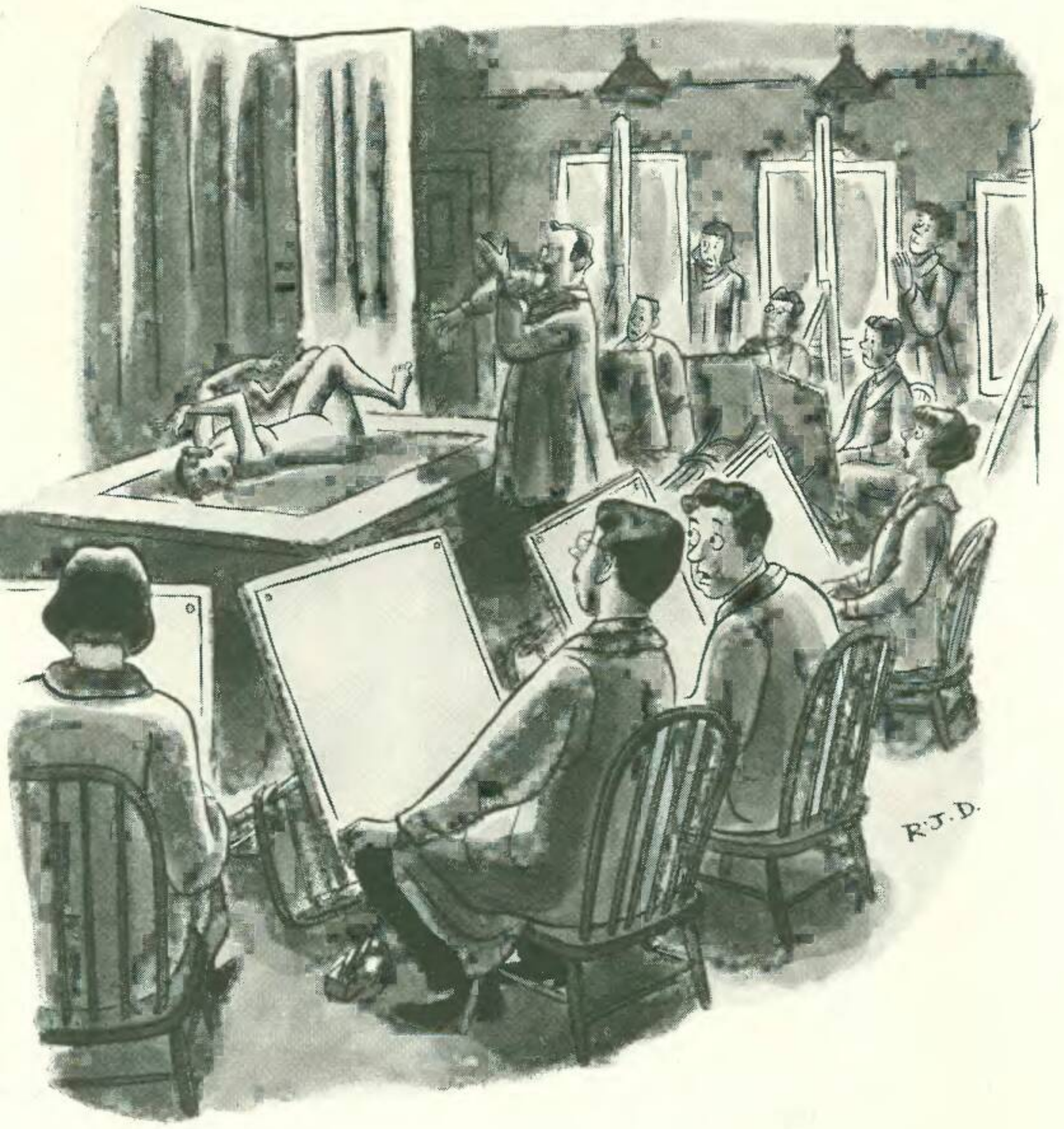


Carroll's Ennui

HEARING John Charles Thomas sing recently at the Met reminded us of a faintly amusing story in which he figures. When Albert Carroll, who makes us all laugh with his female impersonations, was playing young Osric last season in Leslie Howard's "Hamlet," Thomas came around backstage one evening to offer his congratulations. Carroll was resting in his dressing room, somewhat bemused, when his dresser (or maybe it was Mr. Howard's dresser) came in and said, "John Charles Thomas to see you, sir." "Goodness!" cried Mr. Carroll. "I'm *much* too tired to see people. Tell them to go away."

Staple

BREASTING, through the years, competition from the stereoscope and the magic lantern, illustrated-song singers, English novelists, the silents, the talkies, the radio, and picture magazines, Burton Holmes has continued to succeed in his modest way as an American industry. Last month, inaugurating his forty-fifth annual lecture season, he followed Lowell Thomas and newsreels of the Panay bombing into town without misgiving, two of his characteristic offerings being "Through Brightest South Africa" and "Picturesque Germany." These are more than vaguely suggestive of the titles of two of his lectures in 1894; for instance, "Through the Heart of the Moorish Empire" and "Picturesque Oases in Algeria." Moreover, Mr. Holmes' talks of today are more than vaguely suggestive of those of some decades ago, and the truth is he has concluded that his public demands of him comfortable, distant dreamlands, free from violence, controversy, and all but the most colorful squalor. He accedes to these requirements with conscientiousness, which is one of his con-



"Old Morel certainly likes to make it tough for us."

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spicuous qualities. Only once in all his years of lecturing has he cancelled an engagement. That was in March, during his season three years ago, when he flew over the Southwestern "dust bowl" and landed at Wichita with a bronchial infection. Nothing serious, except that it broke his record.

Last year, too, Mr. Holmes broke another record, and he will undoubtedly never do that again. He introduced a lecture with topical interest and havoc in it, as provided by eight hundred feet of Spanish war scenes which he interspersed with his typical slides of blue skies and movies of native marriages and fiestas. It was called "Spain—Now and Then." His managers thought it would be surefire. It drew fifty per cent less business than the average Holmes lecture. The effect of the experiment perhaps was best illustrated by the actions of a Westchester lady who rushed into the Martin Beck Theatre, a-patter because she was late. When she read that the lecture was to be on Spain, she slowed down and became thoughtful, and then said she guessed she'd try a matinée. She said that to judge from the newspapers, Spain didn't seem nice.

We had the opportunity of talking to Mr. Holmes the other day and he told us that he has had the most remarkable lack of experiences of any cameraman alive. To pioneer spirits chained at home, this might seem remarkable, but uneventfulness is natural to him after fifty years of globe-trotting. This summer, for instance, he travelled six thousand miles through what is sometimes called the heart of darkest Africa and came upon not one spot where he felt justified in unfurling his Explorers Club flag (flown to indicate that a white man is in virgin territory). In 1901, he and Mrs. Holmes crossed Siberia before the Trans-Siberian railway was completed, without incident. In the summer of 1918 he photographed the Western Front from one end to the other and didn't see one combatant killed or even wounded. The nearest he ever got to a thrill, he says, was in 1895, when he and Mrs. Holmes were making the first cycling tour through Corsica. The roads were *terribly* rocky and rather dangerous.

Mr. Holmes is brisk and snappy still and has no desire for retirement. Letters like one he received from Chicago recently encourage him to hold his genteel family together. "We think my youngest grandchild, aged nine," the letter said, "will be old enough to attend you this season and I want you to know that three generations of us will be faithfully at your lectures." Mr. Holmes thinks the secret of his permanence may lie in one of his rules: Always try to be intelligent, but not *too* deep.

Proper Tense

WE'VE just heard a moving story about a little girl named Joan, the daughter of a country gentlewoman we know. Joan had long been a staunch friend and admirer of the local garageman, a Mr. Foster, who let her play with the gasoline pumps. Joan talked about Mr. Foster all the time, much as other young ladies have been known to talk about Robert Taylor. Joan's mother therefore felt very badly indeed when she learned the other day that Mr. Foster had died of a heart attack. Thinking to keep the news from her child as long as possible, she transferred her trade to another garage. Joan happened to be in the car when her mother made a stop for gas at the new place, and announced that she didn't think much of it. "It's only got one pump," she said. "Mr. Foster has two pumps." Deciding that since the matter had come up, Joan might as well be told the sad news, the lady braced herself and said, "Joan, I'm terribly sorry to have to tell you this, and I hope you won't feel too badly, but Mr. Foster is dead." Joan sighed the sigh of an often-corrected child. "All right," she said, "Mr. Foster *had* two pumps."



"It's so hard to tell whether people will mix or not."

SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC

THAT Sunday afternoon we sat with the Swedish girl in the big café in Valencia. We had vermouth in thick goblets, each with a cube of honeycombed gray ice in it. The waiter was so proud of that ice he could hardly bear to leave the glasses on the table, and thus part from it forever. He went to his duty—all over the room they were clapping their hands and hissing to draw his attention—but he looked back over his shoulder.

It was dark outside, the quick, new dark that leaps down without dusk on the day; but, because there were no lights in the streets, it seemed as set and as old as midnight. So you wondered that all the babies were still up. There were babies everywhere in the café, babies serious without solemnity and interested in a tolerant way in their surroundings.

At the table next ours, there was a notably small one; maybe six months old. Its father, a little man in a big uniform that dragged his shoulders down, held it carefully on his knee. It was doing nothing whatever, yet he and his thin young wife, whose belly was already big again under her sleazy dress, sat watching it in a sort of ecstasy of admiration, while their coffee cooled in front of them. The baby was in Sunday white; its dress was patched so delicately that you would have thought the fabric whole had not the patches varied in their shades of whiteness. In its hair was a bow of new blue ribbon, tied with absolute balance of loops and ends. The ribbon was of no use; there was not enough hair to require restraint. The bow was sheerly an adornment, a calculated bit of dash.

"Oh, for God's sake, stop that!" I said to myself. "All right, so it's got a piece of blue ribbon on its hair. All right, so its mother went without eating so it could look pretty when its father came home on leave. All right, so it's her business, and none of yours. All right, so what have you got to cry about?"

THE big, dim room was crowded and lively. That morning there had been a bombing from the air, the more horrible for broad daylight. But nobody in the café sat tense and strained, nobody desperately forced forgetfulness. They drank coffee or bottled lemonade, in the pleasant, earned ease of Sunday afternoon, chatting of small, gay matters, all talking at once, all hearing and answering.

There were many soldiers in the room, in what appeared to be the uniforms of twenty different armies until you saw that the variety lay in the differing ways the cloth had worn or faded. Only a few of them had been wounded; here and there you saw one stepping gingerly, leaning on a crutch or two canes, but so far on toward recovery that his face had color. There were many men, too, in civilian clothes —some of them soldiers home on leave, some of them governmental workers, some of them anybody's guess. There were plump, comfortable wives, active with paper fans, and old women as quiet as their grandchildren. There were many pretty girls and some beauties, of whom you did not remark, "There's a charming Spanish type," but said, "What a beautiful girl!" The women's clothes were not new, and their material was too humble ever to have warranted skillful cutting.

"It's funny," I said to the Swedish girl, "how when nobody in a place is best-dressed, you don't notice that everybody isn't."

"Please?" the Swedish girl said.

No one, save an occasional soldier, wore a hat. When we had first come to Valencia, I lived in a state of puzzled pain as to why everybody on the streets laughed at me. It was not because "West End Avenue" was writ across my face as if left there by a customs officer's chalked scrawl. They like Americans in Valencia, where they have seen good ones—the doctors who left their practices and came to help, the calm young nurses, the men of the International Brigade. But when I walked forth, men and women courteously laid their hands across their splitting faces and little children, too innocent for dissembling, doubled with glee and pointed and cried, *"Olé!"* Then, pretty late, I made my discovery, and left my hat off; and there was laughter no longer. It was not one of those comic hats, either; it was just a hat.

The café filled to overflow, and I left our table to speak to a friend across the room. When I came back to the table, six soldiers were sitting there. They were crowded in, and I scraped past them to my chair. They looked tired and dusty and little, the way that the newly dead look little, and the first things you saw about them were the tendons in their necks. I felt like a prize sow.

They were all in conversation with the Swedish girl. She has Spanish, French, German, anything in Scandinavian, Italian, and English. When she has a moment for regret, she sighs that her Dutch is so rusty she can no longer speak it, only read it, and the same is true of her Rumanian.

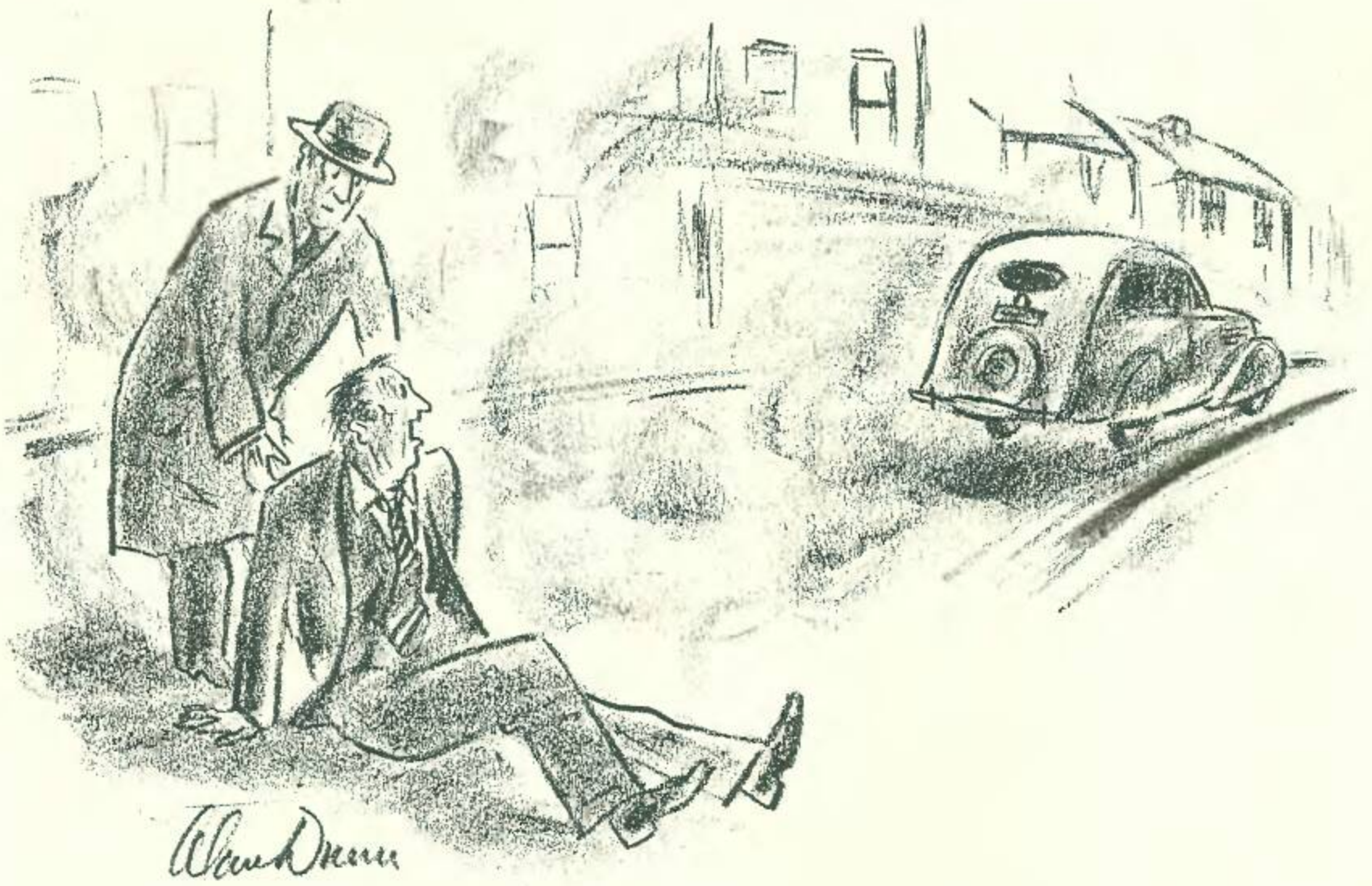
They had told her, she told us, that they were at the end of forty-eight hours' leave from the trenches, and, for their holiday, they had all pooled their money for cigarettes, and something had gone wrong, and the cigarettes had never come through to them. I had a pack of American cigarettes—in Spain rubies are as nothing to them—and I brought it out, and by nods and smiles and a sort of breast stroke, made it understood that I was offering it to those six men yearning for tobacco. When they saw what I meant, each one of them rose and shook my hand. Darling of me to share my cigarettes with the men on their way back to the trenches. Little Lady Bountiful. The prize sow.

Each one lit his cigarette with a contrivance of yellow rope that stank when afire and was also used, the Swedish girl translated, for igniting grenades. Each one received what he had ordered, a glass of coffee, and each one murmured appreciatively over the tiny cornucopia of coarse sugar that accompanied it. Then they talked.

They talked through the Swedish girl, but they did to us that thing we all do when we speak our own language to one who has no knowledge of it. They looked us square in the face, and spoke slowly, and pronounced their words with elaborate movements of their lips. Then, as their stories came, they poured them at us so vehemently, so emphatically that they were sure we must understand. They were so convinced we would understand that we were ashamed for not understanding.

But the Swedish girl told us. They were all farmers and farmers' sons, from a district so poor that you try not to remember there is that kind of poverty. Their village was next that one where the old men and the sick men and the women and children had gone, on a holiday, to the bullring; and the planes had come over and dropped bombs on the bullring, and the old men and the sick men and the women and the children were more than two hundred.

They had all, the six of them, been in the war for over a year, and most of that time they had been in the trenches. Four of them were married. One had one child, two had three children, one had five. They had not had word from



"I couldn't get the licence number, but it said something about the New York World's Fair."

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their families since they had left for the front. There had been no communication; two of them had learned to write from men fighting next them in the trench, but they had not dared to write home. They belonged to a union, and union men, of course, are put to death if taken. The village where their families lived had been captured, and if your wife gets a letter from a union man, who knows but they'll shoot her for the connection?

They told about how they had not heard from their families for more than a year. They did not tell it gallantly or whimsically or stoically. They told it as if— Well, look. You have been in the trenches, fighting, for a year. You have heard nothing of your wife and your children. They do not know if you are dead or alive or blinded. You do not know where they are, or if they are. You must talk to somebody. That is the way they told about it.

One of them, some six months before, had heard of his wife and his three children—they had such beautiful eyes, he said—from a brother-in-law in France. They were all alive then, he was told, and had a bowl of beans a day. But his wife had not complained of the food, he heard. What had troubled her was that she had no thread to mend the children's ragged clothes. So that troubled him, too.

"She has no thread," he kept telling us. "My wife has no thread to mend with. No thread."

We sat there, and listened to what the Swedish girl told us they were saying. Suddenly one of them looked at the clock, and then there was excitement. They jumped up, as a man, and there were calls for the waiter and rapid talk with him, and each of them shook the hand of each of us. We went through more swimming motions to explain to them that they were to take the rest of the cigarettes —fourteen cigarettes for six soldiers to take to war—and then they shook our hands again. Then all of us said "*Salud!*" as many times as could be for six of them and three of us, and then they filed out of the café, the six of them, tired and dusty and little, as men of a mighty horde are little.

ONLY the Swedish girl talked, after they had gone. The Swedish girl has been in Spain since the start of the war. She has nursed splintered men, and she has carried stretchers into the trenches and, heavier laden, back to the hospital. She has seen and heard too much to be knocked into silence.

Presently it was time to go, and the Swedish girl raised her hands above her head and clapped them twice together to summon the waiter. He came, but he only shook his head and his hand, and moved away.

The soldiers had paid for our drinks.

—Dorothy Parker

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AFTERNOON CONCERT

The music rises like a waft of honey
As from cut flowers;
In parquet chairs lean, earnestly at ease,
The solid citizens who feel their money
Well spent on hours like these.

The pure cry of the violins, despairing,
On treads of air
Climbs, while with stifled hearts and ruffled scores,
They also climb who only sit here staring
At joy's abandoned shores.

The shrewder will be safe, the concert over,
When they will go
Back to the streets, the rooms they lately crossed
And once possessed. At home they shall recover
What on these heights was lost.

The slender cry is stilled, the monster sorrow
Remains. But not for these,
Who wholly self-possessed now slowly move
Toward the wide doors, the usual tomorrow,
Where all's to spend but love.

—Babette Deutsch

PATRONS FROM THE BRONX

BELLA extracted a pair of wrapped straws from the metal container on the drugstore table, peeled off the paper cover, dug the two yellow stems into her soda, and smiled. Max Fine, sitting opposite her, noticed her smile.

"So what's the big joke, Miss Billie Gross?" he asked.

"Ha?" she said, suddenly coming to.

"Your face had on a smile like you were contemplating something very comical. So let another person know what you were contemplating."

"Oh, nothing," she said. She knew he'd ask again.

"Don't be such a stingy miser," he said. "So tell awready!"

"Oh, I was just contemplating the pickcha we took in tonight. I was just contemplating that Carole Lombard. Say, she's very, very cute, that Carole."

"I'll say," Max heartily agreed. "She got some very cute featchas to her face. And another thing, I like her development. For a girl, she's got a very nice build."

"You would say that!" retorted Bella, feigning jealousy. "You know what I was thinking? I was thinking gee whiz, it's remockable how a girl like that can take off a stenoggapher, just like an expert. You coulda closed your eyes and swear she was just like a stenoggapher. The whole personality, the way she makes with her hands, evveything she got down pat, right down to a T."

"Well, why not?" her companion asked as he stirred his drink. "What's so remockable, fa heaven's sakes?"

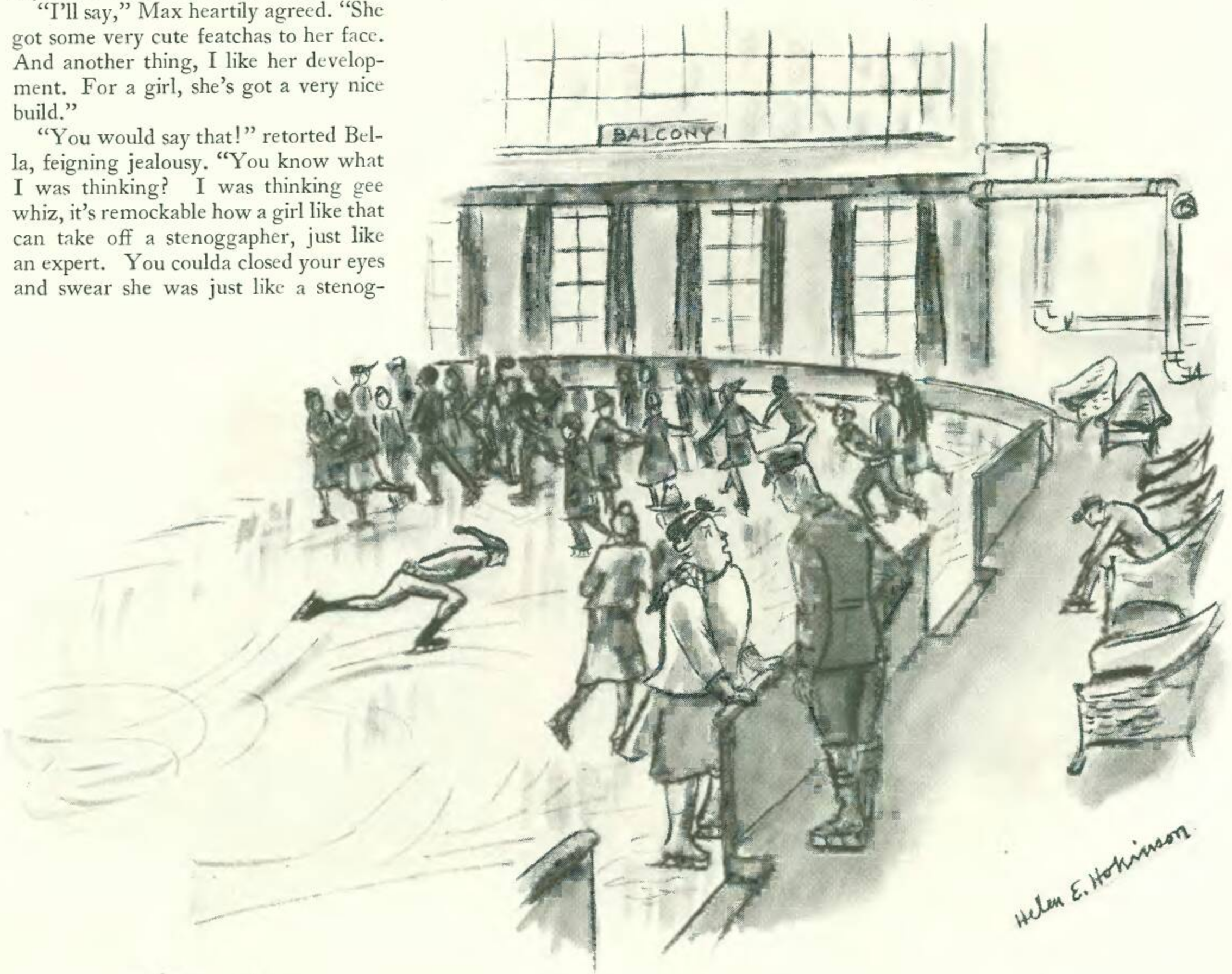
"Huh!" she said, scornfully. "I'd like to see you take it off!"

"Never mind!" he quickly replied. "So you get a notebook and a piece pencil and somebody gives you dictation. So O.K. So when you see the dictation on the screen, it's all a fake. I mean they got holt of a real stenoggapher to put down in the book what Carole Lombard is s'posed to mark down." He eyed her sharply. "I'm supprised you don't know that, Billie, being that you're in the same line."

Bella's head, bent over the straws, suddenly shot upward. "I begya pardon," she said in a voice coated with ice, "but it so happens that my line is not a stenoggapher but a privitt seckatary. It so happens that the oney dictation I take is fomm Mr. Solomon, in person. The salesmen in the awfice, they gotta go to Miss Goldenhorn if they wanna dictate, because she happens to be the stenoggapher, and Carole Lombard happens to be more in her line and not in mine!"

"O.K., O.K., Billie!" Max was surprised at the violence of her outburst. "You don't hafta get so unduly excited."

"Honestly, Mac, how would you like if some Tom, Dick, or Harry came up to you and said, 'Mr. Fine, bookkeeping happens to be in your line'? You'd be the first person to show him that collitch pin." She pointed to his fraternity key, dangling from the chain which spanned his vest. "You'd be the first person to say to him, 'Parm me, but it so happens I'm a collitch grad



"There's a certain party I'd like to see put off the ice."

with the degree of C.P.A., which stands for Certified Public Accountant,' and therefore you are not entitled to be considered like a plain, ordinary bookkeeper. Come on, Mac," she urged, "be frank. Am I correct?"

Max, swept away by her irrefutable logic, quickly agreed. "Of course, Billie. But still and all, what has that got to do with the subjeck under discussion?"

"I begya pardon," she said, "but that happens to be the subjeck under discussion."

"And I beg *your* pardon," replied her escort, equally insistent, "but it seemsta me we were talking apropos Carole Lombard."

"So aw right. So apropos Carole, she's a very unusual type actress. How many people you think can get up there and take off somebody so true to life you don't know where the stenoggapher begins and Carole Lombard leaves off? Believe me, that's a very hard thing to do, Mac," Bella assured him solemnly. "Because I'm a girl and I know whereof I speak."

Mr. Fine pushed his drink aside, the better to address Bella. "Look, Billie. All I'm saying is that a stenoggapher is not a hard part to take off. Now wait," he said, seeing she was going to interrupt. "I mean you take a girl in Carole Lombard's shoes. Aw right. She gets fan mail here, some postal cards and some bills there. A person in her position, she must get lotsa heavy correspondence through the mail."

"Oh, nachelly," Bella agreed.

"That's my point, Billie," Max declared. "Who takes care of those communications? Who answers the phone, it keeps on ringing all day? Who handles all of Carole's dates, social and otherwise? The stenoggapher, of course! Follow me?"

Bella shook her head. "So what?"

"So simply this. What's to prevent Carole fomm studying her own stenoggapher? So when they start the pickcha all Carole's gotta do is remember what her own stenoggapher does, and one, two, three—she's it, right down to a T! And that's s'posed to be hard, huh?"

"It's very obvious there's no use arguing with you." Miss Gross reached for her bag, found the compact, studied her teeth in the mirror, and started to repair her face. "If I say, 'Black is black,' right away you tell me, 'No, it's white!' So if I say, 'White is white,' then you come along to conterdict me it's black. I don't unnastann what pleasure you must get fomm my company because nothing I say is correct. At lease in your estimation!"

"Wait a minute," began the unhappy young man, displeased at the turn the conversation had taken.

"Please pay the check," Bella ordered. "I desire to leave right now."

Max picked up the check, assisted Bella out of her chair, and tried to help her with her coat. "Never mind," she barked. "I don't need any help, although you must think so, mentally and otherwise!"

THE subway ride home would have been spent in sullen silence if the gallant Mr. Fine hadn't taken the initiative.

"Gee whiz, Billie, why can't a person make some innocent comment without giving the impression I'm awways picking on you?"

"I'm sorry, but let two words come fomm my mouth, two measly little words," she said petulantly, "and right away I'm wrong!"

"Honestly, Billie, I din say you were wrong. All I said was I don't think it's such a gigantic miracle to take off a stenoggapher on the screen."

"Yeah?" said Bella. "And who in your eyes is such a gigantic miracle on the screen? I'm very inarrested to find out the type person who overwhelms you so much."

"I din say somebody overwhelms me," Max countered, sparring for time. In his mind he quickly paraded the film stars, hoping to find an actress who could illustrate his point. One such player suddenly occurred to him. "Well, what about Claudette Colbitt?"

"Huh!" Bella snorted. "Where does she come to Carole Lombard? I wouldn't even mention them in the same breadth. I wouldn't—"

"Please, Billie," he snapped back, coldly. "Might I have the privilege of saying just a couple of words without you not letting me make my point?"

"So make your point awready! Who's stopping you—a policeman?"

Max ignored this bit of sarcasm, and continued. "In Claudette Colbitt's last pickcha she was a princess, a Russian princess. Now it's very hard to take off a Russian princess—"



"Who made you such an expert on Russian princess alluva sudden?" she demanded.

"Listen, Billie," he said, now really annoyed. "All I'm saying is how many Russian princess are hanging around a person's home, she can follow them around and make notes? None! In other words, Claudette Colbitt's acting is genuwine A-1 art, based upon herself alone and no copying down what she sees other people doing. All I'm saying is that you certainey got to step on it nowadays to take off royalty."

"Well, Claudette Colbitt's French, so why shouldn't she know how to take off a princess, being she comes fomm Europe?" Bella argued. "That's some gigantic miracle, I must say!"

"Awright," replied her escort, glaring at her. "I'm wrong! You're the oney person that's right. I humbly beg your pardon for conterdicting so wise a person she's got all the knowlitch down to her little fingertips!"

"I take that sarcasm fomm whence it comes!" She shifted away from him and stared stonily into space.

AS the two left the subway and approached Bella's street, she sought for the proper words to express her contempt of her companion.

In the silence Max listened to the clickety-click of her wooden heels hitting the sidewalk and turned to look at her. He started to speak, gulped once or twice, and in a voice freighted with friendliness said, "Gee whiz, Billie, why is it we must awways quarrel when we really are very compatible with each other?"

"Speak for yesself!" she said incisively. "It so happens that I am far fomm compatible with you."

"Aw, Billie, what's it all about?" They were now nearing her apartment house, and he felt he had to speak fast. "So I said I liked Claudette Colbitt and you said you liked Carole Lombard. What's so terrible? So I like veal cutlets and you happen to like hamburger—"

"It so happens I do *not* like hamburger," she said. "I despise hamburger!"

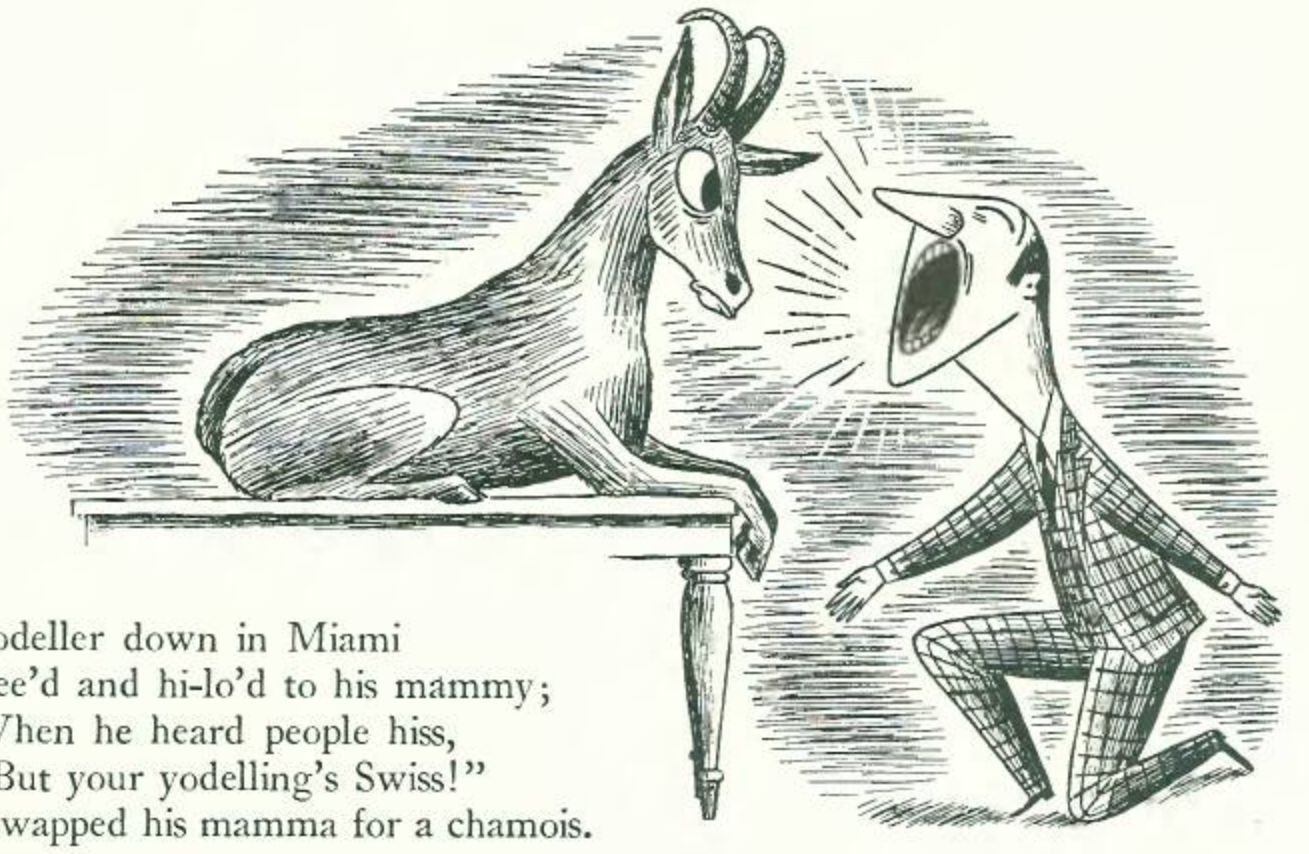
"O.K. So you like something else," he said. "That's no reason to fuss with each other. Fa my part, Billie, you can wrap up Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbitt and give them back to the Indians. I'll take you any day."

They had come to her house, and Bella, interested in this new note in

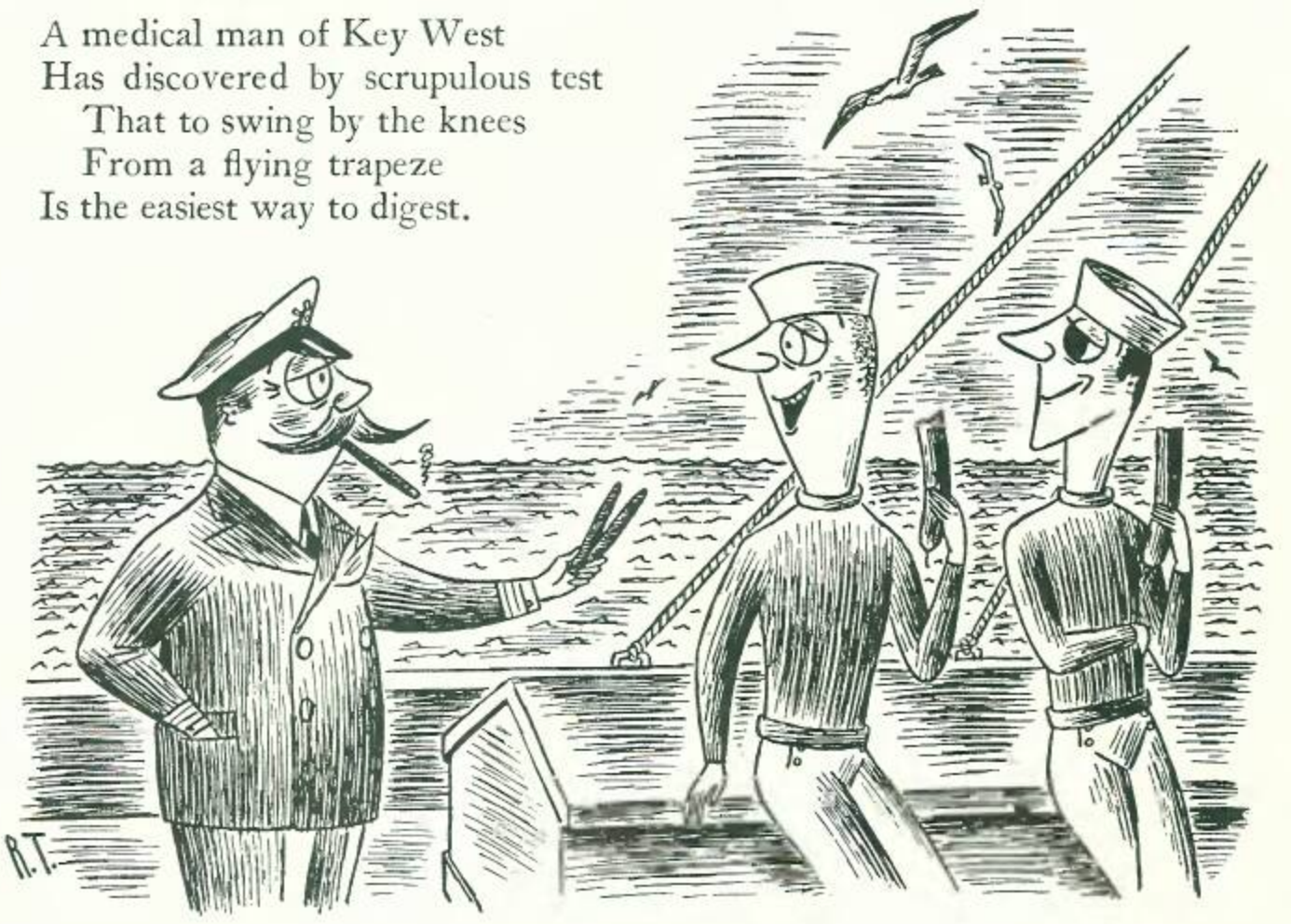
LIMERICKS LONG AFTER LEAR



A medical man of Key West
Has discovered by scrupulous test
That to swing by the knees
From a flying trapeze
Is the easiest way to digest.



A yodeller down in Miami
Hi-lee'd and hi-lo'd to his mammy;
When he heard people hiss,
"But your yodelling's Swiss!"
He swapped his mamma for a chamois.



Said a yachtsman who sailed from Daytona,
"Will you have a Corona Corona?"
"No thanks," said the crew;
"If it's O.K. with you,
We will munch a bologna bologna."

—Morris Bishop

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the conversation, paused at the steps.

"And what makes you think you can have me?" she asked.

"I din infer I could have you," he hastened to explain. "I mean, well, you take the movie stars. I mean, take Carole Lombard. First in one pickcha she got Fred MacMurray making love to her, then in the next pickcha along comes Frederic March and they carry on. And lookit Claudette Colbitt. She's married to a professional man—a doctor. How do you s'pose the doctor feels when his own wife comes home tired after a whole day's lovemaking with that Charles Boyer?"

"It's beyond me how those moom-pickcha people can stand it," said Bella. "I know personally I just couldn't!" She creased her forehead and wrinkled her nose in disgust. "It seems so—so common!"

"I'll *shenk* you Miss Lombard and that ilk! Gimme you anytime, Billie." His eyes met hers and his features broadened into a grin.

"You mean that, Mac?" she said softly.

"You think I'm talking fa my health? Of course I mean it!"

"Well, I just try to be myself," she said simply. "I don't try to take off somebody else be they a stenoggapher or a princess. Maybe that's why you like me, Mac."

"Billie, I like you because—" He paused. She waited breathlessly for him to finish. "Well, because you're you."

The faint chiming of a clock reminded Max Fine of the hour. "Gee, it's late," he said, consulting his wristwatch. "And I gotta be at my awfice pretty early tomorra. Well." He extended his hand, which she took. "You're not sore, are you, Billie?"

"Me, sore?" She tossed her head back and laughed. "My goodness, Mac, if two people can't have a nice talk apropos what they saw together at a pickcha show, then what good is the relationship? Am I right?"

"Positively right!" He squeezed her hand. She allowed him to brush her cheeks with his lips, and then hurried up the steps. She paused at the doorway to shout down, "Oh, thank you for a very nice evening. I enjoyed myself heartily." She meant it.

"Me likewise," he said. He waved his hand and walked briskly away. Bella could hear his whistling as she closed the door.

—Arthur Kober



Charles M. Breder, Jr.

PROFILES

BEHIND THE TANKS

WHEN Charles M. Breder, Jr., orders sea trout (*Salmo trutta*) in a restaurant, he is frequently served a piece of weakfish (*Cynoscion regalis*). He discerns no difference in the taste of the two fish, but instantly detects the imposture because he recognizes the soft, spongy texture of *Cynoscion's* flesh. Filet of sole is apt to prove more amusing to Mr. Breder than sea trout; sole may turn out to be whiting (*Gadus merlangus*), young cod (*Gadus callarias*), flounder (*Flesus flesus*), or even occasionally dogfish (*Scylliorhinus canicula*). Mr. Breder is not an epicure but an ichthyologist. He is a narrow-shouldered man with a thin, youthful face, blue eyes, and yellow hair parted in the middle. His skin is almost translucent. He usually looks preoccupied and slightly worried, and twirls two gold keys about his right forefinger whenever his hands are not employed with some specific task. The keys are emblems of Sigma Psi and Beta Lambda Sigma, honorary fraternities. The impression of youth and fragility is exaggerated for Breder is forty years old and tough enough to survive a tropical expedition that cost the lives of two associates.

Breder became head man at the New York Aquarium last November, on the retirement of Dr. Charles Haskins Townsend, who had been Director for thirty-five years. For fourteen years before his promotion he had served as Aquarist and Assistant Director. In 1926 he won the annual Cressy Morrison medal of the Academy of Sciences for a magisterial work on "The Locomotion of Fishes." This carries with it a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars and a great amount of kudos. Dr. William K. Gregory of Columbia, a distinguished paleontologist, observed after reading Breder's paper that the young man was a genius.

The new chief of the Aquarium does not leave his profession behind him when he goes home at night. He lives in a rustic wood-and-stucco house at Mahwah, in the township of Hohokus, New Jersey. In the back yard of this house he has built a C-shaped fish pond. Last summer he brought to it from the Aquarium a number of *Gasteropelecus*, minute fresh-water flying fish from South America. The *Gasteropelecus* had never flown in the Aquarium; apparently they sensed the danger of crashing into glass. At Mahwah they soared through the air from five to six feet at a time, a great distance in relation to their length, which is two and a half inches. Breder wanted to study this "flight" to see how it differed from the aerial gliding of the oceanic flying fish.

The Breder home is comfortable enough, but hardly a model of decoration. When Breder bought the house two years ago he spent most of his available capital on the fish pond, an excellent darkroom in the basement, and the steel shelving in his study. Suitable furniture will be bought in due time, he says calmly. Breder and his wife own a battered Dodge, but the ichthyologist seldom drives it. When driving a car, he explains, he sometimes begins to meditate about fish; then he bumps something or lands in a ditch. Mrs. Breder often motors to New York and brings him home. She says she isn't interested in fish except for cooking purposes.

On six mornings a week Breder boards the 7:41 train at Mahwah, which is the station this side of Suffern on the Erie. The Erie runs through fairly rugged country within a short distance of New York. This makes the region a favorite with naturalists who have to commute. Gloria Hollister, Dr. William Beebe's assistant, lives at Suffern when she is not under water. Dr. Frank Lutz, the curator of insects at the American Museum of Natural History, gets on at Ramsey, the station after Mahwah on the way to town. Dr. Willis J. Gertsch, the Museum's spider expert, is another Ramsey man. Breder and Lutz generally play chess on a pocket board until the train reaches Jersey City. "A couple of fellows from the Planetarium live out this way too," Breder once remarked, "but of course I don't know any of that crowd."

Breder cannot remember a time in his life when he was not interested in fish. As a boy in Newark he filled the attic of his parents' house with tanks of goldfish, killies, and sticklebacks, and eventually with tropical fish. These last had a budding vogue between 1912 and 1914, but the World War destroyed the fish-importing business. The postwar fad is a revival. The present principal of the Newark Commercial and Technical High School remembers young Breder distinctly as the boy who always drew pictures of fish on the margins of his German compositions. Breder illustrates most of his ichthyological papers with competent sketches, but he has never felt moved to draw anything other than a fish.

THERE is a curious world behind the tanks of the New York Aquarium. The visitor in the centre of the cylindrical old building sees only the glass fronts of the fish tanks, apparently built into a solid wall. But behind the wall, a rather flimsy one, are two tiers of grated catwalks which make a three-quarter circuit of the building. From these catwalks one looks down, instead of forward, into the tanks. Passing along the lower walk, the Aquarium worker strolls over the dorsal fins of barracudas and sharks and the evil heads of morays. The walk has no railing and members of the staff occasionally slip and take a header into the shark tank, frightening the sharks. The upper catwalk circles above the upper tier of tanks, where zebra fish from West Africa and *Astyanax* from Venezuela pop to the surface to look up at the attendants, and blue puffers from Florida spit water a foot into the air. There are tanks on the first floor and the gallery. The executive offices are on the third floor.

Breder moves through this humid environment with a deep understanding of the other inhabitants. He knows the unfortunate penchant of black bass of the same size for trying to swallow

each other, like competing labor unions. After such an attempt one bass is partially swallowed and the other chokes to death. He understands also that while some fish are highly gregarious, others, like the Galápagos Beau Gregory, insist on plenty of room. Each Beau Gregory appropriates a beat like a policeman's and assaults any fish who gets in his way. The little stickleback, friendly enough while a bachelor, becomes a neighborhood terror during the hatching season, when it will not allow any other fish within yards of its nest. The one general diplomatic law among fish is based on priority. The first specimen in a tank will bully a later arrival, even when the second fish is decidedly the larger. The rule is valid even among fish of different species. If, for example, a number of harmless mullet are placed in a tank and a barracuda is later introduced into it, the barracuda will not touch them. It will even try to get away from the mullet, although in a wild state it preys on them.

No one ever adopted a career with less uncertainty than Breder. When he was twenty-one, he introduced himself to J. T. Nichols of the Department of Fishes in the American Museum of Natural History, announcing, "I want to get into ichthyology." (Nichols did not consider this bizarre; he says that every year two or three young men disclose the same ambition.) Nichols suggested the United States Bureau of Fisheries as a good starting point for an ichthyological career. Breder had never had any college training (shortly after graduation from high school he had taken a job as electrical draftsman at the Federal Shipbuilding Company in Jersey City), but he entered a competitive examination for the position of Biologist in the Division of Scientific Inquiry of the Fisheries Bureau. Most of his competitors were Ph.D.'s, but Breder landed the job. He afterward told one of the examiners that he had studied biology in the Newark Public Library. He came to the Aquarium after a couple of years divided between Washington routine and straining the waters of the Atlantic Coast for the eggs of weakfish. Breder and an associate in the Bureau were the first to identify these eggs. The post of Aquarist at the Aquarium carried with it a considerably better salary than his government job.

Breder did not inherit his urge to mess with fish. Charles M. Breder, Sr., who died last summer, was secretary of the Public Service Company of New Jersey, the corporation that controls virtually all Jersey light and power. The elder Breder was an electrical engineer. He had steered his son into the electrical drafting job in the shipyard, thinking that young Charles would eventually enter M.I.T. Breder, Sr., came from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and belonged to a Pennsylvania Dutch family that had not been near the sea or the creatures therein since its ancestors crossed the Atlantic.

WHEN the younger Breder came to the Aquarium, he was entrusted with the duty of keeping the fish alive. The Director, like the captain of a ship, is responsible for the safety



"I thought I'd just drop them at a foreign-language picture and then we can go along to the Rainbow Room."

of his charges, but the chore itself falls on the Aquarist, who corresponds to a first officer. Fish of certain species were kept in non-flow tanks at that time, and they lived only a few weeks. This was because their secretions eventually turned the water acid and it killed them. Breder rigged a device that released minute quantities of bicarbonate of soda into the water at a rate that maintained a constant alkaline balance. It stopped mortality in the non-flow tanks while the Aquarium was building up its present complete setup of separate circulatory systems. None of the fish on exhibition now are in stagnant water. The young man's ingenuity won him the respect of Dr. Townsend, the Director. As a reward, Townsend permitted him to take a six-month leave of absence in 1924 to go on an expedition into the unexplored interior of southern Panama as a representative of the American Museum of Natural History.

The primary purpose of the expedition was commercial rather than scientific. A man named Richard Oglesby Marsh had been employed by the Firestones and Henry Ford to search for suitable rubber lands in Central America. When these industrialists gave up Central America and turned their attention to Liberia for rubber land, Marsh got backing from the du Ponts. He believed there were great tracts suitable for rubber cultivation in Darien, in the southeastern part of Panama. Darien, although lying within a hundred miles of the Canal Zone, had never been explored because it was the home of hostile Indians. Since Marsh did not want the Panamanian officials to know he was looking for rubber land, he called his quest a search for the White Indians of Darien. He invited scientific institutions to send representatives with him at his backer's expense. The Smithsonian Institution and the University of Rochester sent an ethnologist and a geologist respectively. Breder was the expedition's fish-and-reptile man. The party left the Pacific coast of Panama in February and came out on the shore of the Gulf of Darien, on the other side of the Isthmus, three months later.



Dr. J. L. Baer, the ethnologist, died of infected insect bites. Dr. Raoul Brin, a botanist sent with the party by the Panamanian government, succumbed to blackwater fever. Breder was carried aboard a fruit boat on a stretcher, suffering from malaria, but he brought out notes for a scholarly paper on "The Fishes of the Rio Chucunaque Drainage, Eastern Panama." Breder is expert at the arrangement of beasts by class, subclass, order, suborder, family, genus, and species, a pursuit technically known as taxonomy. The discoverer of a new species, when he has placed it in relation to all other known animals, has the privilege of naming it. His own name is then tagged onto the title he has inflicted on his prey; for example, *Rivulus chucunaque chucunaque Breder*, a designation a quarter of an inch longer than the minnow involved. On the Darien expedition Breder added five species to the twenty-two thousand already known to ichthyologists.

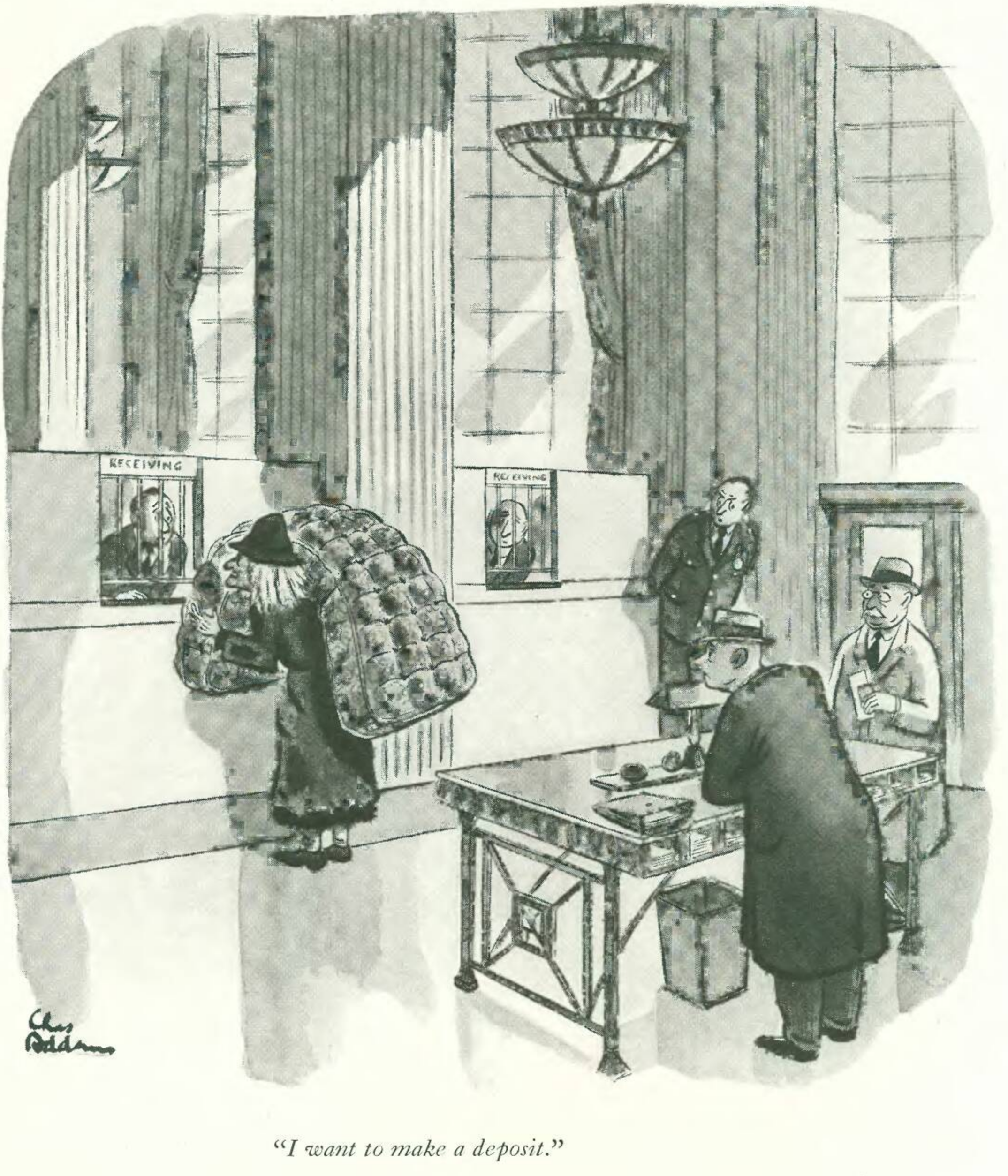
The White Indians, the most publicized quarry of the expedition, turned out to be partial albinos. They were strange creatures with light-brown hair, fish-belly skins, and fluttery eyelids. These whites appear as sports in families of red Indians. The offspring of two White Indians is invariably red. Marsh brought a couple of his White Indians back to the United States to meet President Coolidge. Breder says he saw one of them about six months ago, riding a bicycle near the New York approach to the George Washington Bridge. He didn't get a chance to talk to him, but he says the Indian looked pretty much at home.



MOST laymen believe that a fish swims by means of its fins, as a bird flies with its wings or a man swims with his arms and legs. They seldom give much thought to the subject. Breder, observing his charges in the Aquarium, found that fish deprived of some or all of their fins showed no appreciable loss of speed, although they maneuvered awkwardly in turning, rising, or diving. The vertical, unpaired fins on the backs and bellies were evidently used as keels for balance, the paired breast fins as ailerons in changing depth and direction or for slow locomotion in close quarters. Only in a few specialized sorts, such as the sea horse, do the fins provide the chief motive power. Breder then felt a need to know what did push fish through the water. He determined finally that the swimming of most fish was a combination of two movements: a tail swing from side to side and a contraction of the muscle flakes, or muscular casing of the fish's body. Fast-swimming fish like the mackerel perform these movements so rapidly that they seem one continuous motion. To the human eye it appears that the fish darts forward in a straight line, but in fact it swings from side to side in a short arc as it advances. Breder's detailed work on this subject induced Cambridge University to send Dr. J. E. Harris, a physicist, here in 1934 to work with him. Harris remained in New York for three years, translating Breder's work into terms of aerodynamics. In this form the fish researches had an immediate and considerable influence on British airplane design, and later on airplane design in general.

While Harris worked up his data and flew plastic models of fish through the wind tunnel at New York University, Breder had become preoccupied with some fish of a marine species that he had found living in fresh water on Andros Island in the Bahamas. The water, although devoid of salt, had a high chalk content because Andros is a coral island. Breder placed sea fish of the same species in his sea-water tanks at the Aquarium and gradually drew off sea water, replacing it with fresh water containing calcium. Finally he had his subjects living in fresh water. It was hard water, however, like that in parts of the central United States. In these hard-water regions fish survive which are closely related to prehistoric marine species. Relatives isolated in soft-water lakes and river systems at the emergence of the land mass must have disappeared several hundreds of thousands of years ago. Breder's modern fish on Andros helped explain the anachronistic fish of Arkansas.

This apparently undirected curiosity



"I want to make a deposit."

• •

of Breder's has at times been a little hard to explain to the trustees of the New York Zoological Society, the conservative organization which operates the Aquarium and the Bronx Zoo and contributes about twenty-five per cent of their support. The Society, as stated on the title page of its annual report, was "founded in 1895 for the establishment of the Zoological Park; conservation of the animal life of the world —fishes, mammals, birds; promotion of zoology through exploration and publication; and in 1900 the direction of the New York Aquarium in Battery Park." While "publication" certainly implies at least some preliminary observation, the amateur animal lovers who constitute most of the Society's membership are more apt to be impressed by adventures in a bathysphere or *safaris* in Africa than by experiments on the renal tissues of lungfish.

Dr. Townsend always believed that the primary purpose of the Aquarium was to edify the public with plenty of sea lions and alligators. But his Aquarist

showed such unremitting diligence in routine work that Townsend first tolerated Breder's researches and then protected them. He never was enthusiastic about the research phase of Breder's character, but the two men functioned well as a team.

BREDER arrives at the Aquarium at 8:55 every morning nowadays and goes to his office on the third floor. The vast Director's office, the shape of half a pie, dwarfs him. Surrounded by its mahogany furniture and portraits in oil of eminent defunct zoologists, he appears a little like a minnow in a strange tank. He escapes as soon as he can to the Aquarist's room on the same floor, a sunny place filled with jars of deceased fish pickled in formaldehyde. There he consults with his subordinates, Christopher W. Coates, the new Aquarist, and Dr. Ross Nigrelli. Coates for seven years before his and Breder's promotion had charge of the tropical-fish collection on the second floor. After his talk with Coates and Nigrelli, Breder starts on his tour of the tanks.

The Aquarium has three main circulatory systems. One carries pure sea water, which has been brought from beyond Ambrose Channel in a tank boat. This water is stored under the Aquarium lawn. A second system uses harbor water pumped from under the Battery sea wall for the less fastidious salt-water creatures. The third has New York City water. In each system there are several loops of pipes, each serving a group of tanks with inhabitants who need water at the same temperature. The sea turtles in their floor pool swim in tepid bay water; the horseshoe crabs and killifish take bay water *au naturel*; the alligators and penguins have warm fresh water; and the pelicans have cold Croton. Other exhibits need temperatures of from forty degrees, for the brook trout, to ninety for the lungfish. The highly publicized electric eel must have his water at not less than eighty degrees or more than eighty-five. A fish in too cold water falls a speedy victim to parasites. Electric pumps drive the water through the loops, and each loop has its own electric heater and its own filter system. Temperature is regulated by thermostats. If the power should fail, a supplementary system of pneumatic pumps would shoot air through the water, maintaining the oxygen supply but not the temperature. Some exhibits might last twenty-four hours under such conditions. Others would die in three or four. Most of the Aquarium's small tropical fish swim in water imported with them, which is guarded like good wine. Within the Aquarium are fish living in Ganges, Nile, and Amazon water. As there is barely enough for the fish in one or two minuscular tanks, each brand is kept constantly flowing through miniature filters. Clogging must be detected instantly if the fish are to survive.

Problems of feeding are complex, but seldom so urgent as those of circulation. If a fish will eat only live tubifex worms and none are immediately available, it usually can get along for a few days without eating. The African lungfish can go without food for four or five years, and frequently does.



"Did you ring, sire?"

HIS tour of inspection finished, Breder goes to pursue his ichthyological investigations at lunch. Usually he eats in the basement of the Whitehall Building. Since his interest is not limited strictly to vertebrates, he sometimes orders scallops. If the scallop flesh has a horizontal grain he knows it is a scallop. If the grain is parallel with the axis of the cylinder, he knows that the scallop has been punched from the wing of a skate. Although it is sometimes said that scallops are made from shark meat, Breder has never found any that were.

Afternoons vary more than mornings. Often Breder receives foreign ichthyologists from the aquaria in London, Paris, or Göteborg, the Marine Institute at Tel-Aviv, or the Australian Museum at Sydney. He must be a diplo-

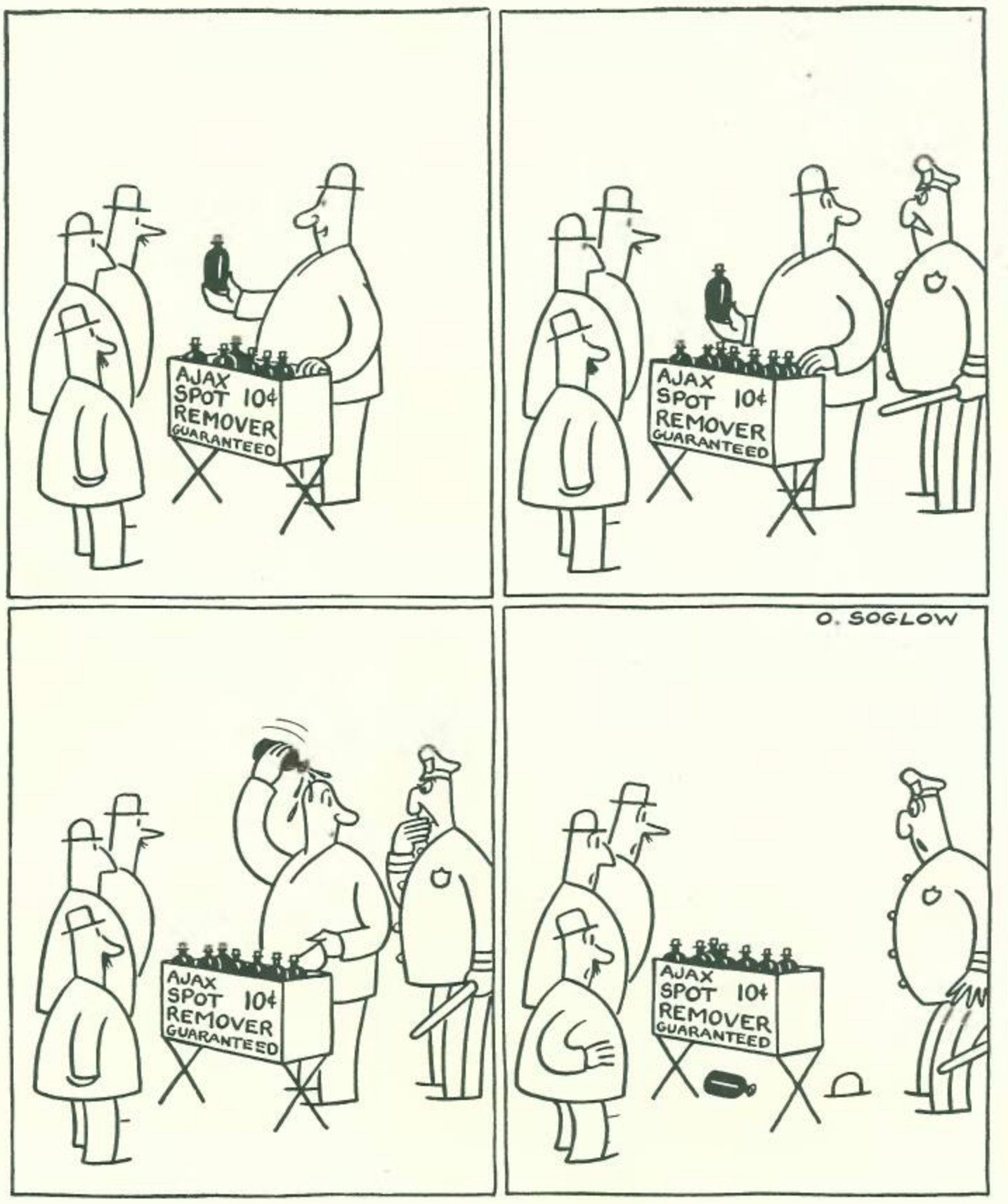
mat, since there may be an opportunity to swap two shark suckers for a scorpion fish, or a batch of horseshoe crabs (common here but unknown in Europe) for some luminous sea anemones. The late Prince of Monaco, a renowned aquarist, was a passionate amateur of horseshoe crabs. Breder also is asked to criticize plans for projected aquaria in other cities. One is now building at Colombo, in Ceylon.

The business of getting new specimens takes up considerable time. The Aquarium buys in the open market only as a last resort. Its funds for the purchase of new fish are limited to the receipts from the sale of mounted seahorses, picture postcards, and books of photographs, never more than a couple of thousand dollars a year. To this is added an annuity of five hundred dollars from an endowment fund. To get cheap fish, Coates and Breder cultivate relations with wireless operators on freighters. They pay these operators a few dollars for transporting specimens. The operators carry trade goods for the natives who catch the fish. An old man in Beira, Mozambique, receives a fifth of Scotch every time one American ship touches there. He provides magnificent zebra fish. The radio men also carry bundles of Breder's, Coates', and Nigrelli's castoff clothes and trade them to St. Helena boys for live fish.

The Aquarium, which had 2,700,000 visitors in 1936, a few thousand more than the Zoo and more than twice as many as the Metropolitan Museum, operated that year on a budget of $87,000. The city contributed $68,000 of this, the Zoological Society the rest. Since the salaries of a staff of forty-two persons as well as maintenance, repairs, and heating must come out of this total, the administrative head has to do some close figuring.

DURING Breder's evenings at Mahwah he works on two books. One is a definitive treatise on oceanic flying fish. The other is an encyclopedia of the reproduction of fish. Breder is not a fluent writer like Beebe or Ditmars, but his thoughts have considerable sweep. In the first part of the book on reproduction he says, "What an animal does is equally as important as what it has." He says he means that in the survival of a species, reproductive methods may be as significant as anatomic details. The dinosaur may have been a languid lover. The uxorious stickleback is a good bet to outlast man.

—A. J. LIEBLING



INCREDIBLE COINCIDENCES

A Listing of a Few of the More Unlikely Turns of Fate Reported by the Daily Press in Recent Months

LOCALES	CIRCUMSTANCES	COINCIDENCES
Jacksonville	Mrs. Della Weeks was introduced to Mrs. Della Weeks, a total stranger.	They found they had the same birthday—October 6, 1884.
New York City	Phillip Morris of Centerville, Iowa, met Phillip Morris of New York—no relative.	They also found they had the same birthday, and that each had two boys and three girls, including a son named Harold and a daughter named Marjorie.
Lake Worth, Florida	A youngster named L. D. Wright plucked a floating bottle from the ocean.	It contained a note signed by a New Yorker named L. D. Wright.
Derry Township, Pennsylvania	Gertrude Ballantyne has four living aunts, one residing with her, one in Niagara Falls, and two in Detroit.	All four aunts were incapacitated at the same time with fractured hips.
Paterson	Mrs. Frank Rogers was taken to Room 711 in St. Joseph's Hospital.	She gave birth to a girl at 7:11 P.M., and the infant weighed 7 pounds and 11 ounces.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

THE THEATRE

REAL SUBSTANCE

A BEAUTIFUL play has come to town and it is acted with becoming tenderness. It comes from Ireland, the land of beautiful plays, and is called "Shadow and Substance." You owe it to yourself to see it.

Paul Vincent Carroll, the author, has admitted symbolism in his story of the little slavey who subdues the proud man of the Church and the fiery radical of the school, but don't let the threat of symbolism frighten you. It is always a safe bet that in any plays out of Ireland there will be one character who represents Mavourneen or the Heart of the Irish People. "Shadow and Substance," even if it had implications of the struggle between Church and State in Latvia, would still be a beautiful play as Mr. Carroll has written it and as Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Julie Haydon perform it.

For the first time in this country, Cedric Hardwicke has been given something really to do, and his Very Reverend Thomas Canon Skerritt is a memorable characterization. The author has said in an interview that he wanted in this character to resurrect Dean Swift and "make him not only a Catholic, but a learned interpreter of Catholicism, and throw him into the modern mental turmoil in Ireland." I still insist that, Swift or no Swift, Canon Skerritt is somebody to go a long way to the theatre to see. He has been written with distinction and humor, and Sir Cedric plays him with both.

It is difficult to write of Miss Haydon's performance without sounding mawkish, which is exactly what Miss Haydon's Brigid is not. "Sensitive," "tender," "beautiful" are all overworked words, so I will work them just once more. Possibly all that needs to be said is that Miss Haydon can make me believe in her St. Brigid any day, in spite of all the Canon Skerritts and Schoolmaster O'Flingsleys in the world.

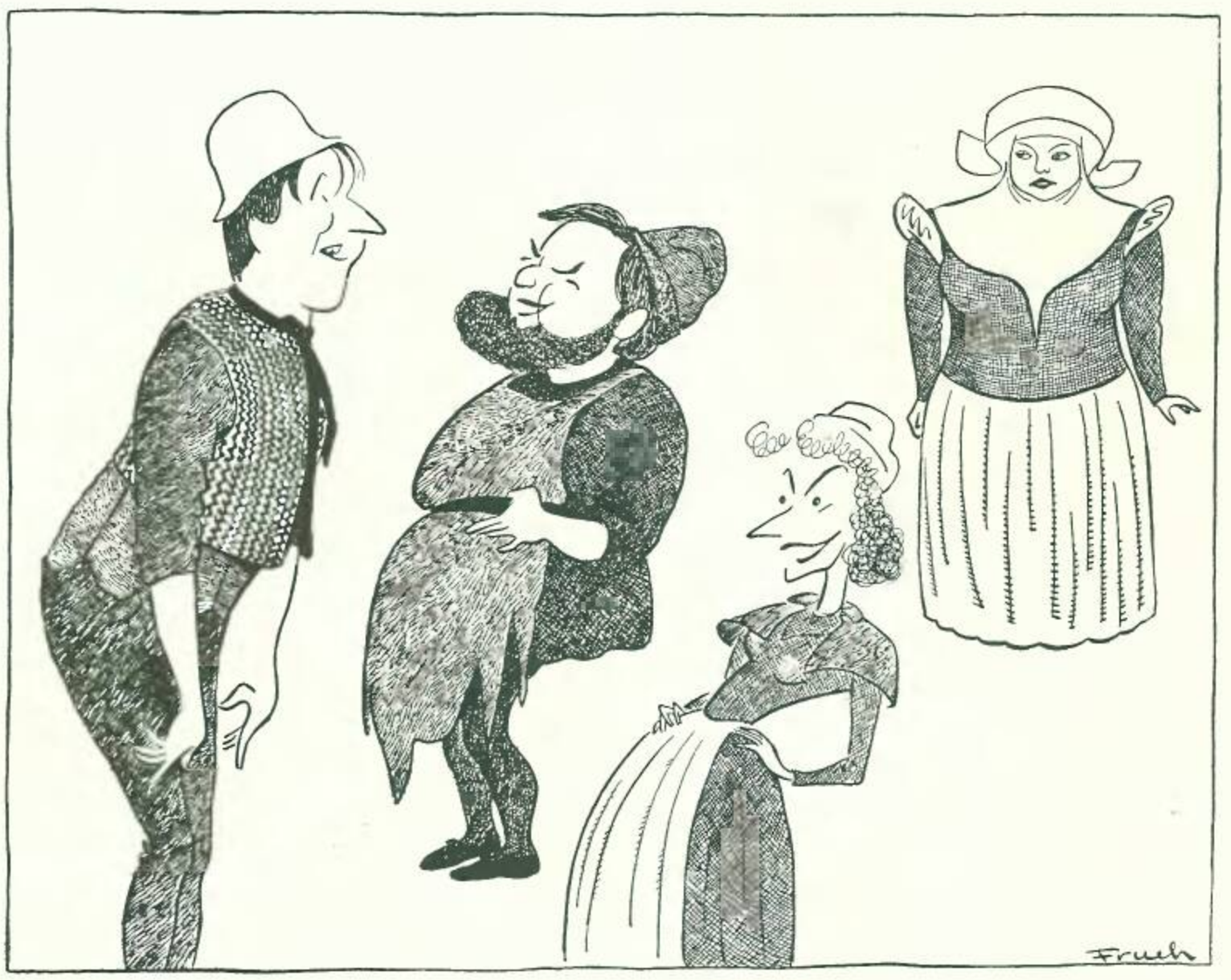
For a protagonist of such an important cause, O'Flingsley, as played by Lloyd Gough, has been given surprisingly little to do by the author, but perhaps this makes his outburst in the last act all the more effective. The rest of the cast, including our old friend Sara Allgood, whatever they may be supposed to stand for in the *res publica* of Ireland, are also good, substantial theatrical types.

We have Mr. Eddie Dowling again to thank for bringing real substance to another season devoted in the main to shadows.

MERELY in passing, and with no idea of quibbling, I wish that Irish playwrights could devise some other tragic end for their heroes and heroines than to have them brought in to die on a couch from brickbat wounds inflicted by an offstage mob. Granted that this is a popular way of dying in Ireland, it has come, through many repetitions, to be something less than a startling theatrical device. In "Shadow and Substance," although it is both logical and effective, it detracts just a bit from the poignancy of Brigid's death scene by reminding us that we have already seen this before somewhere. Certainly we have never seen any of the rest of the play before, nor are we likely to see its brand again for some time.

IF "Shadow and Substance" is all Irish, "Bachelor Born" is 100-per-cent English. Not that the cast is 100-per-cent English, or that its problems are foreign to those of boys' schools in this country, but the pace and bounce and general heartiness of the action give an atmosphere of intense glandular activity which only the mists of Albion seem to stir up among young people.

The English are supposed to be a phlegmatic race who take their pleasures sadly, and in comparison with American plays, theirs are known as sedate and leisurely. But they must acquire their phlegm and leisure after maturity, for in all the plays that we see dealing with the English young folk, there is an almost demoniac whirl of animal spirits, accompanied by an excessive enjoyment of the



"THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY"

The shoemakers take a holiday, with Hiram Sherman, on the left, leading the clowning and Whitford Kane, Edith Barrett, and Marian Warring-Manley standing around in the order named. At the National.

HOW AIR TURNS FACE POWDER INTO A *Beauty Treatment*



"Air-Spun" Powder is actually softening to your skin texture... acts like a beauty treatment on your face!

This amazing result is due to the new technique, by which Coty uses racing streams of air to blend and refine face powder. Beneficial new ingredients—that could never be used successfully in face powder before—are now spun into the powder by air action!

You note the difference in a new softness. A new texture of balm-like freshness. Shades are warmer, younger... "Air-Spun" is, indeed, "flattering as a facial."

Coty offers "Air-Spun" in fourteen shades... in such precious odeurs as L'Aimant, L'Origan, "Paris," and the popular Emeraude scent, now especially packaged in a new Persian-green box. $1.

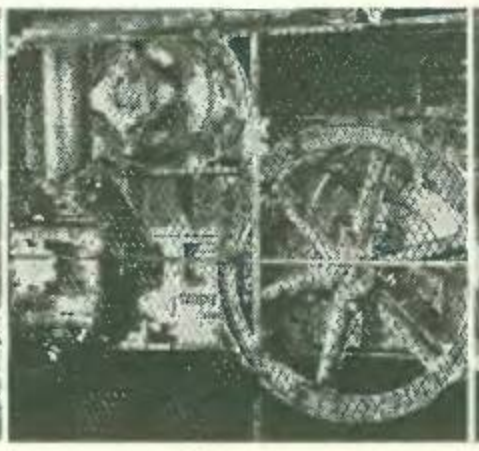
IN WIND.. POTENTIAL BEAUTY

All nature testifies to the power of wind! If this force could be applied to face powder—what smoothness might result! This idea led to "Air-Spun."



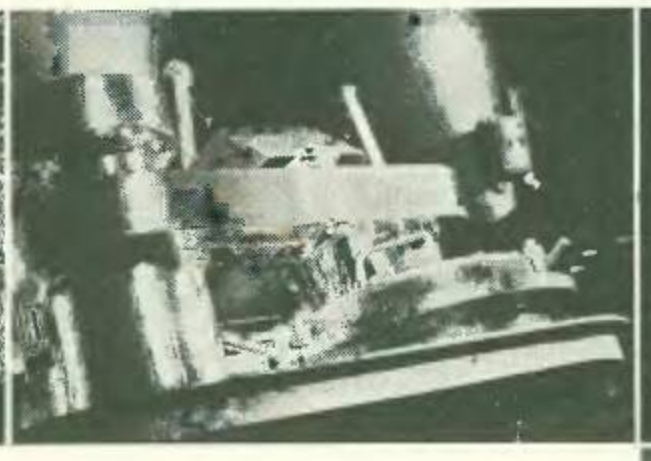
LEASHED POWER OF CYCLONES

Thundering Coty "air machines" compress air to the force of cyclones! The turn of a dial releases this giant force—to create a new world of beauty!



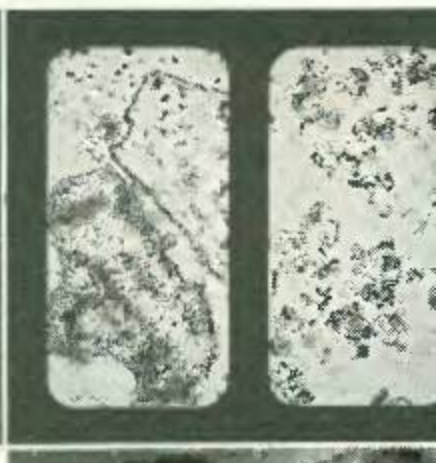
WHERE POWDER MEETS CYCLONE!

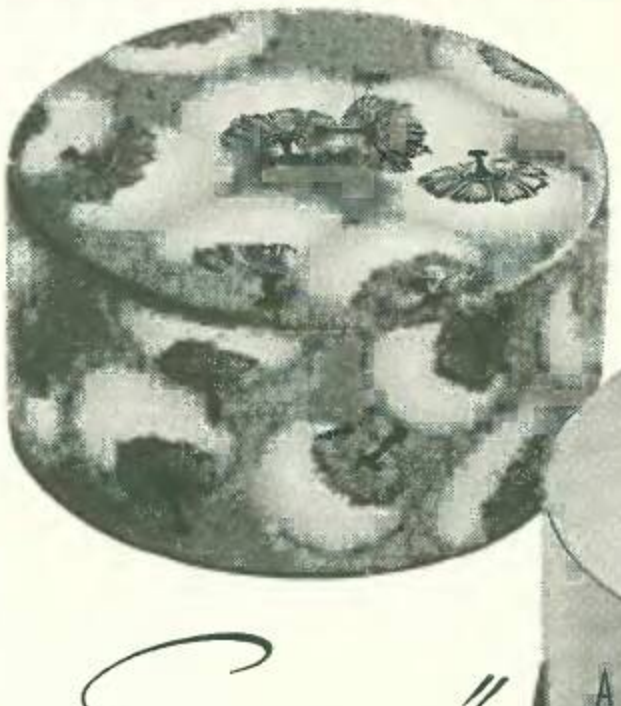
In chambers of steel, the powder is swirled at 1250 miles an hour. Each tiny particle is buffed to new softness! And a new beneficial ingredient is spun into the powder, to protect the skin against drying.



OUT OF AIR.. NEW TEXTURE!

Compare the smooth uniform particles of "Air-Spun" (at right) with powder untreated by the Coty process (left) "Air-Spun" Powder hugs the skin.









FLATTERING AS A FACIAL!

After using "Air-Spun," your skin looks soft as after a "facial." "Air-Spun" leaves no feeling of dryness... and its warmer tints make you look younger.

"Air-Spun" A NEW KIND OF FACE POWDER BY COTY

for your russian mood —
the stately st. regis offers...

ONE-TIME CHEF TO THE CZAR—Spiridon Ignatovitch. His *Côtelette de Volaille Kiev* is a favorite. Plump slices of breast of chicken which are rolled into a hollow egg-shape; then stuffed with hard butter, dipped into a spicy egg mixture, and deep-fried to a crisp brown.

THEATER DINNER—All play-goers—and long-suffering producers—are grateful to the St. Regis genius who introduced the "quick dinner." Special menus display the dinner on one side and on the other, a list of current plays and their curtain-risings.

(left) "NIGHTS NEAR KAZBEK" group. By pantomime, by song, by dance, these distinguished artists tell the story of legendary Queen Tamara—"a cruel enchantress of the Twelfth Century who lured travelers to their doom." The playlet is accompanied by the airs of Codolban's Tzigane orchestra. His other orchestra is "sweet," with a most danceable rhythm.

THE CLIENTELE reads like a register of who's who in America's social life. Park Avenue...foreign titles...stage and screen stars! In their "Russian mood," these people laugh more, dance more, smoke more... and, as August says, "They smoke more Camels than any other cigarette." "Turn to Camels—they never jangle your nerves!" is the advice of this gay supper-club world! For famous restaurants of New York report: "Camels are preferred."

A fine restaurant, where the food is superb. So are the favorite cigarettes... being Camels

AN evening at La Maisonette Russe is paradoxical in its pleasures. Here, your imagination being willing, you can re-create for yourself the glamour of Imperial Russia. But—despite red and gold decor and Russian melodies—it is quite impossible to forget that you are in one of New York's smartest supper clubs. Right, a typical scene. *Shashlik Caucasien*—and Camels—being served. The waiter, wearing the uniform of a Crimean Tartar, holds aloft "flaming swords" on which are impaled pieces of milk-fed lamb that have absorbed a ravishing flavor from the burning liquid below. As for Camel's delicate flavor, real mildness, and intriguing taste... just consider the meaning behind this simple but important fact:

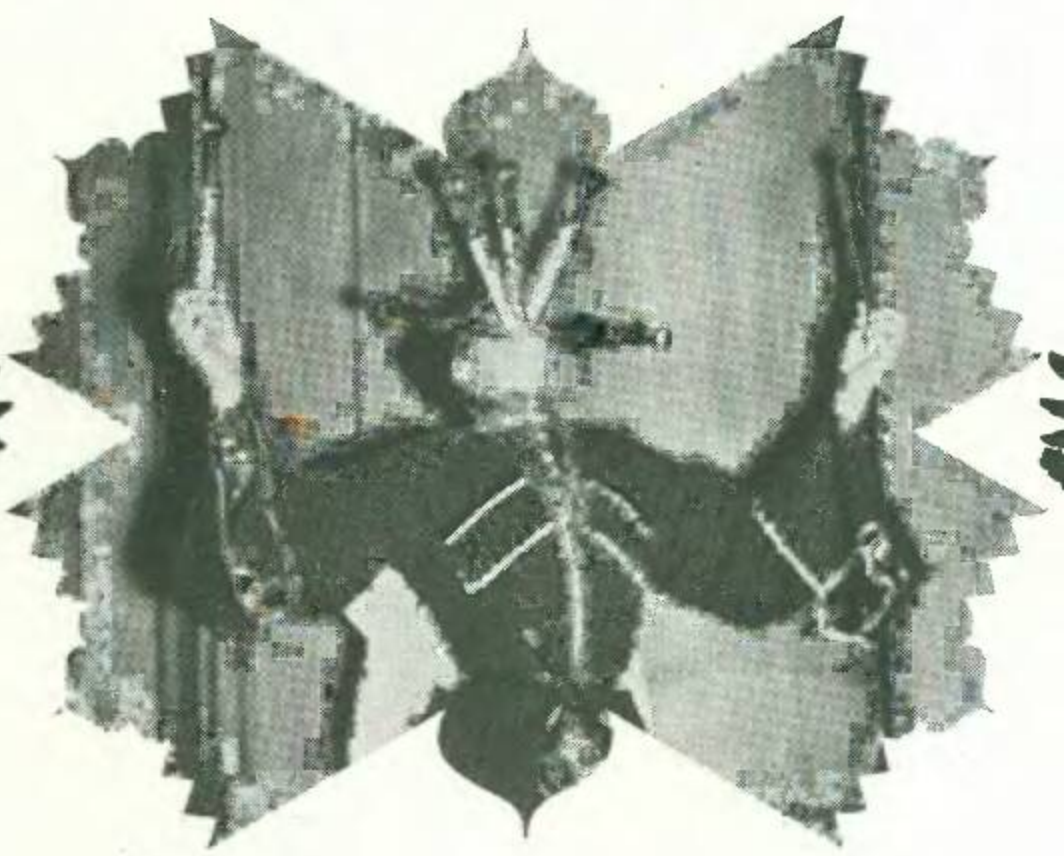
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic.



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AUGUST, Maître d'Hôtel, has been identified with the room from its beginning, three seasons ago. Thoroughly familiar with the tastes of the guests, he says: "Camels are the favorite cigarette here. A glance at the tables and what do I see? — Camel packages everywhere!"



"DANCE OF THE FLAMING DAGGERS" by Nikogossoff. For a few stirring moments, you are once again in Old Russia... throbbing to the rhythm of husky shouts and sliding staccato steps. The knives are thrown, their light fades, the mood is over. Have a Camel!



YOU CAN *taste* THE DIFFERENCE!

There really is a big difference in tomato juice. Campbell's is the one with the true fresh-tomato flavor. Have you tasted it?





America's largest-selling tomato juice

minor pleasures, which would indicate that England must be just about the most exciting place in the world in which to bring up a child, as well as the noisiest.

"Bachelor Born" (already a big hit in London under the name "Housemaster") reverses the old sweet story of the three middle-aged bachelors who adopt a young girl and gives us three young girls taken over by one middle-aged bachelor. After the first act, when the craving to assassinate at least one of the girls has died down a little, the comedy hits a pleasant stride and continues from then on to entertain if not to stimulate. Mr. Ian Hay has written some lines of that very nice brand of humor which also, in all fairness, must be designated as indigenous to England (a boat crew is described as "eight men in an insecure boat, looking one way and progressing in another") and soon the spirit of good-natured sentimentality begins to creep over you and you realize that all that cheerio in the first act was not as dangerous as it sounded.

Much of the charm of "Bachelor Born" comes from the mellow performance of Frederick Leister as the housemaster, and he is ably assisted in his school duties by Aubrey Mather, Gavin Muir, and others, while Phoebe Foster, as the aunt, serves to bring up the storm troops in the persons of the three young ladies, of whom Helen Trenholme is the best-behaved besides being extremely well-favored. Philip Tonge is a sinister headmaster, which is as it should be, and the boys are all credits to the English public-school system. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

An item in a recent issue of the Sentinel should have read that a son had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Fabian of Middle Granville. A typographical error resulted in the name appearing Sabin. Lester Sabin and Mrs. Thelma McDonough are not married.—*Granville (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

You might at least leave Mrs. McDonough out of this!

•

MAYOR FLYNN SPEAKS OUT

[*From the Chicago Tribune*]

Mayor James F. Flynn of Champaign ... expressed resentment that his city should be singled out in the Daily Illini's drive to close all houses of prostitution and gambling.

"Personally I know of only one disorderly house in Champaign," said Mayor Flynn. "But on general information I would say five is a more likely number than fourteen."

OF ALL THINGS

NO matter how much we spend on our Navy, it is always inadequate. Sometimes we almost feel like asking, "What did you do with that billion we gave you last Saturday?"

•

The head men of five railroads declare that the recession is broken and the future looks rosy. Anyway, they've got us on the upturntable.

•

The White House mail clerks have been struggling with a mountain of ten-cent contributions to the anti-paralysis campaign. Nobody dreamed that the United States still had so many brothers who could spare a dime.

•

Washington was surprised and perplexed by the resignation of Senator Steiwer of Oregon. Probably he wanted to get into private life, where a man can meet some nice Republicans.

•

Paul van Zeeland, Belgian economist, believes the nations can abolish trade barriers and live together in prosperity and peace. That's a nice world if you can get it, Mr. Z.

•

New York was astonished by the spectacle of thousands of high-school youths storming a movie theatre in the early morning to hear a swing band. What mysterious force is this that will make kids voluntarily get out of bed in the chilly dawn?

•

Our city magistrates are turning over a new leaf and ending the practice of fixing tickets for traffic offenders. We don't know yet what the district leaders will do with their afternoons.

•

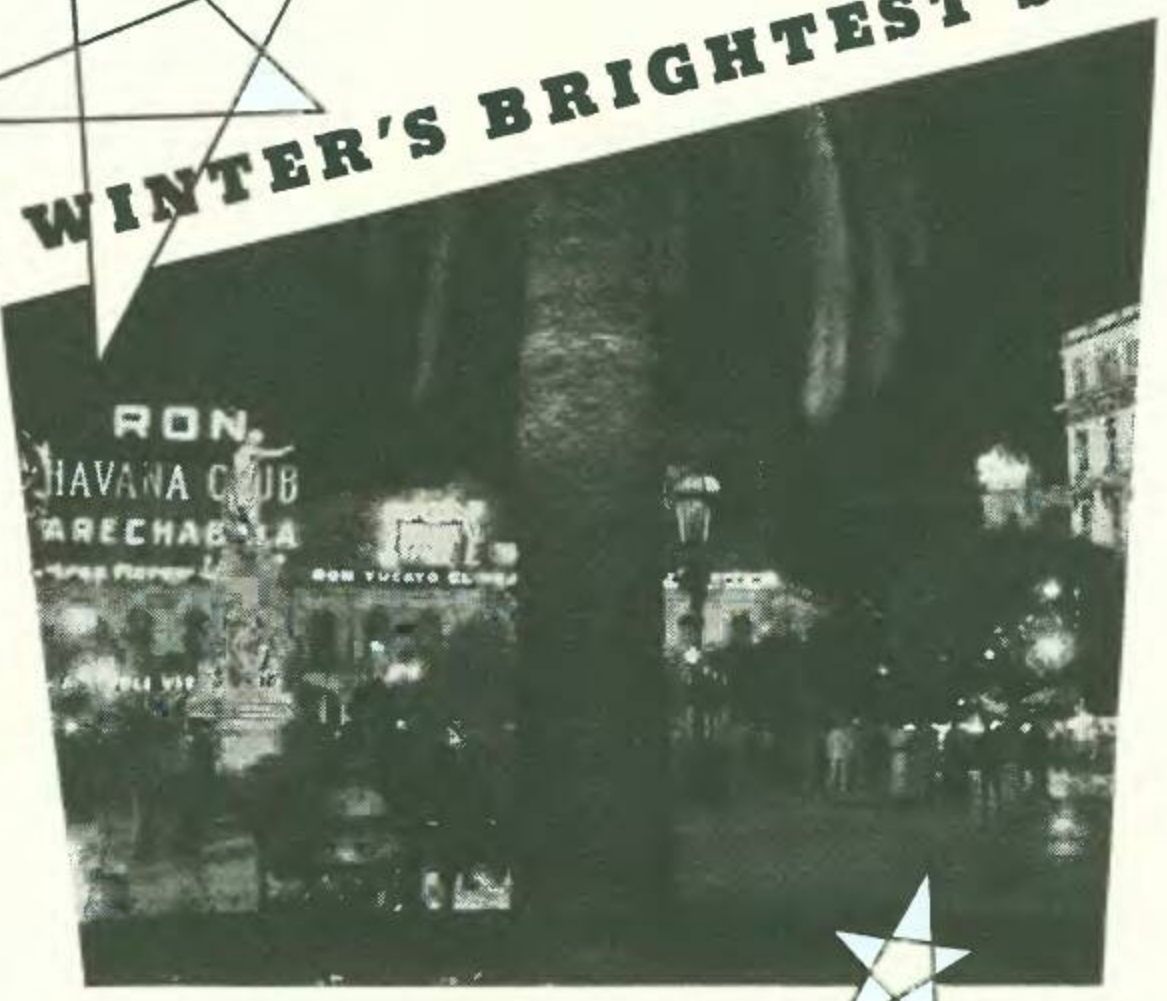
Dame Sybil Thorndike, British actress, believes that artists should be given a chance to run the world. They could not do a worse job than the politicians but they would try their best.

•

The Curtis Publishing Company fears that Pennsylvania taxes are so high it may have to go somewhere else. The New York Stock Exchange always says that New Jersey is a lovely state to threaten to move to.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

STARS ON WINTER'S BRIGHTEST STAGE



CUNARD WHITE STAR

SUNSHINE CRUISES

TO THE WEST INDIES

Yonder, where the sun shines warmest . . . where palms against a blue sky shade smooth beaches . . . where Nature's lavish charms are enhanced by a variety of foreign peoples and cities and shops, by temptingly exotic sights and sounds and food and drink — there, in the West Indies, the cruising liners of Cunard White Star gleam again! Sunshine cruises to suit any winter plans . . . each distinguished by that genius for suave service and brilliant entertainment which is part of the British tradition. Book through your local agent or Cunard White Star, 25 Broadway and 638 Fifth Ave., New York.

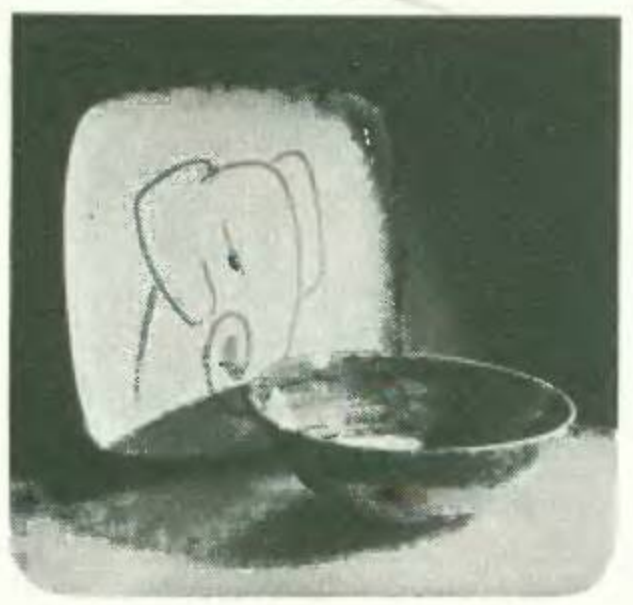
FROM N.Y.	SHIP	ITINERARY	DAYS	MIN. RATE
Feb. 5	Carinthia	Nassau	6	$75.00*
Feb. 12	Carinthia	Nassau	6	75.00*
Feb. 16	Georgic	West Indies, South America	18	225.00
Feb. 17	Aquitania	South America	33	415.00
Feb. 19	Carinthia	Nassau	6	75.00*
Feb. 26	Britannic	West Indies, South America	18	225.00
Feb. 26	Carinthia	Nassau	6	75.00*
Mar. 5	Carinthia	Nassau	6	75.00*
Mar. 9	Georgic	West Indies, South America	14	180.00
Mar. 12	Carinthia	Nassau	6	75.00*
Mar. 19	Britannic	West Indies, South America	12	157.50
Mar. 19	Carinthia	Nassau	6	75.00*
Mar. 26	Carinthia	Nassau	6	75.00*
Apr. 2	Britannic	Havana, Nassau	8	105.00

*One-way fare, from $65 . . . Round-trip fare with stop-over privilege, from $95.

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● Like a preview of Spring for February tables—this new California oven-proof pottery! Sun-mellow colors such as chartreuse, delft blue, sand, olive, Dubonnet. Shapes with all the interesting variations of inspired hand molding. And for decoration, free-as-the-wind sketches of elephants, dodo birds, pelicans, fruits, flowers, or a simple band. You can jumble colors and designs, or match them. Salad bowl, $4.50. Chop plate, $6.50. Dinner plate, $3.25. Salad plate, $1.60. Butter plate, $.75. Cup and saucer, $1.35. Covered soup cup, $1.35.

Bar Shop, Street Floor

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · NEW YORK

A FOOTNOTE TO EULOGY

WHILE a great many critics have called Walt Disney's "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" the greatest moving picture of all time (even Westbrook Pegler, the *World-Telegram's* notorious little sourpuss, described it as "the happiest thing that has happened in this world since the Armistice"), none of them, as far as I know, has said anything about the performances of the individual actors. This is a striking injustice to a group of talented people who, though anonymous, deserve at least some public recognition of their art. The situation calls for redress and, to the best of my ability, I intend to make it.

Snow White herself, it seems to me, is badly miscast. By accepted cinema standards, of course, she is pretty, but it is the empty prettiness that animates the young women in the soap advertisements, a matter of temporary vivacity and bloom, sculptured by no fine bony structure, lit by no inward flame. The same quality may often be observed in very young children and kittens, and it is invariably trying to the judicious. The unfortunate vulgarity of her appearance* is emphasized by the script, which invites direct comparison with the Wicked Queen, who has the authentic though menacing beauty of Catherine de' Medici. When the Queen cries, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, whose is the fairest face of all?" and the apparition in the mirror casts its vote for Snow's bisque vacuity, I can only conclude that it is supernaturally deficient in taste. To the man of discernment, it is obvious that when she is as old as the Queen, Miss White will be a faded and simpering horror.

Furthermore, I am afraid that Mr. Disney's heroine has another quality which would have dismayed the Grimms. In everything she does there is a sly and deliberate sensuality. When she walks or dances, it is with the provocative lope of a dance-hall hostess. Her voice is a negligible tinkle, but it holds a disturbing promise. Her final capitulation to the Prince is not so much a maidenly surrender as a hungry pounce. In fact, it is possible to suspect that the dwarfs themselves are able to remain virtuous only because there are so many of them and they are prudent enough to stick together. None of this must be taken to mean that Miss White is not a gifted actress—she would, I think, have been superb as the abominable Mildred in "Of Human Bondage"—but in Mr. Disney's sunlit woodland, as bright and innocent as Eden, she is an anomaly. It is a tribute to the enormous charm of the film that her interpretation of the leading rôle is only an embarrassment and not a disaster.

The Wicked Queen, as I have said, I admire passionately. In addition to her frail and deadly loveliness, she is an actress of extraordinary emotional range. For all its cold-blooded ferocity, there is a sort of pathos in her jealousy of the younger woman, and a graveyard humor in her impersonation of the witch. I have faint misgivings about her acting in the final third of the picture, feeling that here and there it trespasses just over that fine hairline which divides the sinister from the merely grotesque. However, taken altogether, she is incomparable, and I am seriously inclined to recommend her to the New York Film Critics for the finest performance of 1938.

It is charitable to dismiss the Prince as briefly as possible. Beautiful and vacant, he fulfills, I suppose, a great national demand for just these qualities in our film stars. The part, mercifully, is brief, but how he was able to memorize even the few lines that are entrusted to him must remain an imposing mystery. It can probably be safely said that he is a perfect mate for the aphrodisiac Snow; to say that he is an actor would be a cruel libel on an illustrious profession.

The dwarfs are so overburdened with putty noses, crêpe hair, and other comic accoutrements as to be practically indistinguishable. Without the special moonstruck insanity of the Marx Brothers, they have nevertheless a pleasant flair for lusty comedy. If I wanted to quarrel with any of them it would be with Dopey, who, deriving only too obviously from the reticent Harpo, adds to his silent posturings a psychopathic note which must be distasteful to the fastidious.

As usual in Mr. Disney's films, the animals are handled with humor and exquisite sympathy. It is perhaps to be deplored that the Turtle is allowed to repeat certain comic routines which I seem to have seen before, but the others are all miraculous. One small, embarrassed raccoon, in particular, stole the picture whenever he appeared.

The Queen's bloody henchman is only adequate. —W. G.

*Throughout this article, of course, I refer only to the *apparent* likeness and the *apparent* conduct of the characters as they are visible on the screen. I am convinced that in private life they are all delightful.

THIS IS PERHAPS THE ONE COFFEE YOU HAVEN'T TASTED BEFORE...

"Strange phenomenon this, gentlemen. There's a *bouquet* rising from this demi-tasse. The first time I've met coffee with an aroma that could assert itself in the presence of brandy." (Explanation: Café Rico is a *liqueur* coffee. The gentlemen will also find its flavor and bouquet blend in the tasting.)





"It isn't at all like other coffees. At first sip I thought I'd have to cultivate a taste for it. But suddenly it left such a glowing, exhilarating after-taste I was completely captured. It must be the connoisseur in me."

"It has such a romantic history. There's Puerto Rico, all sorts of kings and connoisseurs in its past. It was always served black ... always in demi-tasse. Café Rico is really the only *liqueur* after-dinner coffee."



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See how your skin responds to this skilful new treatment! For "Golden Facial" includes the use of Daggett & Ramsdell's famous *Golden Cleansing Cream* (containing colloidal gold), and also Perfect Tissue Cream and Perfect Skin Tonic . . . followed by a make-up exactly suited to your individual coloring!

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OUT OF TOWN

The Snowy Slopes

AT the rate skiing continues to be taken up, it seems likely that by next winter every Austrian and Scandinavian who has ever seen snow will be in this country running a ski school, and every open hillside in the North will have its ski tow and its quota of people falling down. Even this winter there are so many good places to stay within reasonable distance of adequate slopes that the problem is one of selection only, and not, as it was a few years ago, of desperate search. Of all the many organizations in town which can help you with information, perhaps the most completely equipped is the Winter Sports Bureau at 730 Fifth Avenue. It began as a promotion department of the Tyrol Ski Equipment Corporation and is now a sort of super travel and information bureau. It supplements the official weather bulletins with short-wave reports on out-of-town snow conditions transmitted daily by amateur radio operators, so at any time it can tell you what to expect almost anywhere. It maintains a large group of expert instructors, which it supplies to various hotels, ski schools, and snow trains, and every now and then it organizes an excursion of its own. One of these has been scheduled for the Washington's Birthday weekend. A special train will leave for Quebec Friday evening, February 18th, and will be back on the morning of the 23rd. Canadian headquarters will be at the Chateau Frontenac, but the skiing will be done at Lac Beauport, about twenty minutes from the hotel by car, where there is a natural bare slope, Valcartier, which Mr. Franz Mayer of the Bureau says is the best downhill country he has seen in the East. Tractor sleighs similar to those in use at Sun Valley will take the skiers to the top. Miss Mickey Pembaur, the Canadian champion who was mentioned here a few weeks ago as being in the Laurentians, is now the instructress at Lac Beauport. Incidentally, one section of the holiday train will go to the Laurentians for the skiing there.

In case you want to go off on your own, here is a selection of places you possibly haven't heard about: Up near North River, N.Y., at Big Shanty on Thirteenth Lake, is the Log House, which was built on the site of an abandoned garnet mine. It has an immense rustic living room and comfortable chambers, and stands at the top of various short ski runs. Nearby is a slope for experts, and four miles away, cross-country, are the Gore Mountain Ski Trails. The instructor is François Bertrand, one of Otto Schniebs' assistants. The nearest station is at North Creek, N.Y., ten miles off. You will be met there by car.



At Lake George, there is Top o' the World Lodge, a modernized farmhouse with a superb view of the lake and the surrounding hills from an altitude of 1,200 feet. It's a small and unpretentious place, and you'll be left pretty much on your own as far as skiing goes. There are good slopes and trails in the neighborhood. Another quiet establishment is the Shattuck Inn, one mile from the village of Jaffrey, N.H., at the foot of Mt. Monadnock. The main house, though steam-heated, has about thirty open fireplaces. There are accommodations for skating, tobogganing, coasting, and sleighing as well as for skiing. The regular station is East Jaffrey, but by arrangement you may be met at Worcester, Winchendon, or Keene.

Charles Proctor, one of the best-known of the ski experts, has his school at New Hampton, N.H., where a take-off has been built and a ski tow is maintained. Nearby is the Mansion, a converted early-nineteenth-century private house. The railroad station most accessible from New York is at Danbury, N.H., which is reached via White River Junction, Vt. At North Conway, N.H., the old Randall House has been taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey D. Gibson and renamed Eastern Slope Inn. It has complete sporting facilities and is attracting a rather social clientele. Much nearer at hand, on the shore of Lake Waramaug at New Preston, Conn., are an inn and group of cottages known as Pinnacle Valley. It offers neither a ski tow nor instruction, but the terrain is good and the skating is excellent. In what they call The Barn is a big library and game room. It's on Route 25 out of New Milford, Conn., its railroad station. Another small place, on the Mohawk Trail at Charlemont, Mass., is Chickley Alp, an old farmhouse run by a Swiss woman and noted for its food. Nearby is the Hans Thorner ski school, with a 1,400-foot ski tow and plenty of open slopes. There's opportunity for

Here you are... **THE SAME FINE BEER THEY SERVE AT THE CLUB**



In bottles, in cans or on draught

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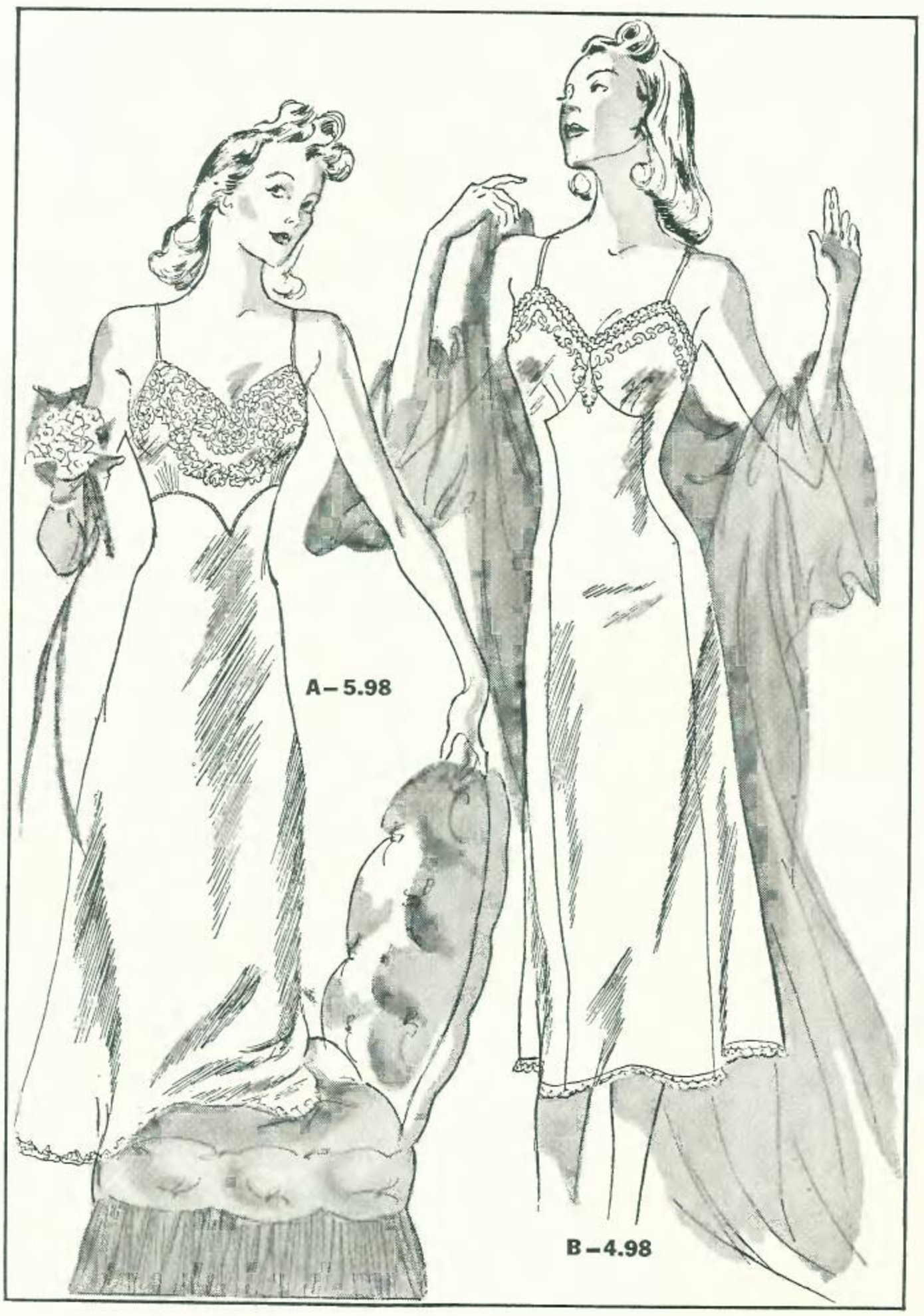


TUNE IN . . . every Thursday to the Schaefer Revue featuring Leo Reisman and Company. **WEAF . . . 7:30 P.M.**

Schaefer

OUR HAND HAS NEVER LOST ITS SKILL

"IRRESISTIBLE"



AN EXCLUSIVE MACY FIRST...PURE SILK SATIN

SLIPS WITH PATENTED FEATURES

in cafe-au-lait, bridal pink, white

The glow, the candle-light loveliness of the fabric . . . the exquisite dressmaker details . . . the wisely chosen Alencon laces . . . the low Macy prices will compel you to buy these "Irresistible" slips. But you'll wear them and favor them above all your other slips because of their superb cut and fit, the result of certain patented features. In two exclusive versions of the 4-gore* and bodice top* slip. Both models come tailored and lace-trimmed. In regular sizes 32 to 44; shorter lengths, 31 to 39. Priced 3.98, 4.98 and 5.98. *Slips, 2nd Floor.*

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MACY'S

sleighing, too, and a place for skating three miles away. Timber Trails, on Route 37 at Sherman, Conn., twelve miles north of Brewster, is an own-your-own-lodge colony, but the inn is open for winter sports; it provides runs and snowshoe trails, a ski jump, a bob-sled and toboggan slide, and day and night skating.

Two places which get a youthful crowd because of their locations are the Northfield, at East Northfield, Mass., and the Hanover Inn, Hanover, N.H. The Northfield has just about everything you could ask for in the way of skiing equipment and accommodations, and it's only thirteen miles from Brattleboro, where winter sports are highly organized. The Hanover Inn is right on the Dartmouth campus, and the college's sporting equipment, for the most part available to guests of the inn, is notably fine. Don't go during Dartmouth's Winter Carnival, February 11th and 12th; the town is booked far in advance.

FARTHER SOUTH: The Greene Line Steamers, one of the old-time companies which used to operate the Mississippi boats, are putting one of their newer vessels into service for a trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans to visit the Mardi Gras. The boat will leave Cincinnati on February 20th and make stops at Louisville, Evansville, Paducah, Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge, reaching New Orleans on February 26th. The Mardi Gras itself is held on March 1st. While in New Orleans, you will live on the boat, but take all your meals except breakfast ashore. The return trip starts on March 2nd, and on the way back the same stops will be made, with the addition of Natchez and Helena. You will arrive at Cincinnati on March 12th. The passenger list will be limited to a hundred and fifty people, and you'll have to bring your own drinks. New York reservations are being handled by the A. T. Henderson Company, 551 Fifth Avenue. —S. R. W.

•

The second concert of the season of the New York Women's Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Antonia Brico, will feature in its program at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, January 18th, Bach's Concerto for four pianos, originally written for four violins by Vivaldi, but for which Miss Brico will use four harpsichords, instead.—*Publicity release from a press agent.*

Catch a woman letting herself be bound by tradition!

ANNALS OF CRIME

AMERICAN IN PARIS

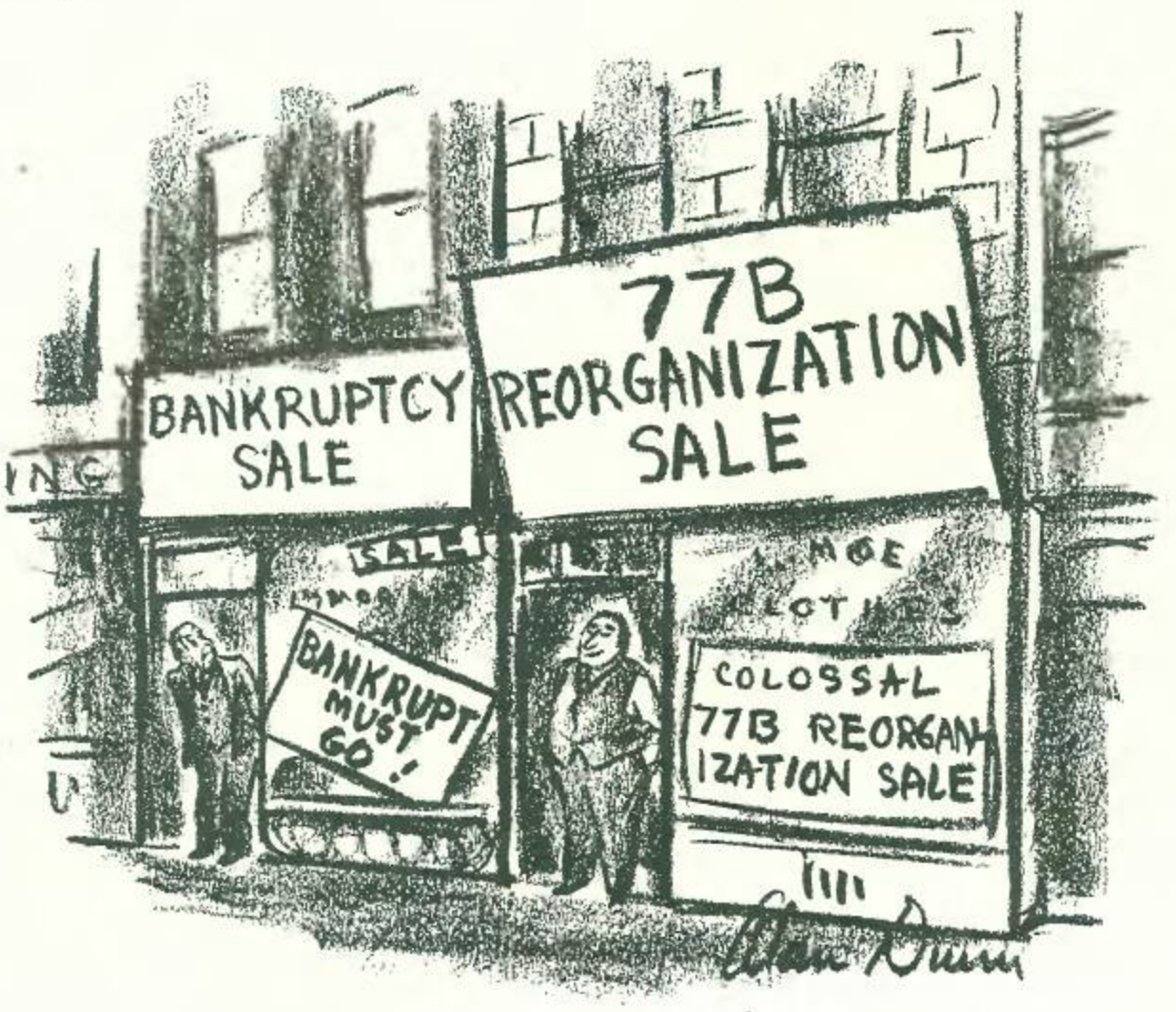
THE late Miss Jean De Koven was an average American tourist in Paris but for two exceptions. She never set foot in the Opéra, and she was murdered. In the first four July days of her initial visit to the capital of France, her routine had been classic: she had settled in a quaint little Left Bank hotel near the Place Saint-Germain-des-Prés, she had seen the boulevards by night, had attended the Folies-Bergère, admired the Louvre, and bought a ticket, ironically enough, for Dukas's "Ariadne and Bluebeard." But when the opera's red-and-gold curtain rose, her seat was empty—for she was dead and probably already buried under the front porch of a cottage in Saint-Cloud.

The relation of the murdered and the murderer is the base of any assassination. The relations between Jean De Koven, professional dancer from Brooklyn, and Eugen Weidmann, practiced criminal from Frankfurt am Main, were merely social. Sociability with strangers was her personal weakness and his professional stock in trade. Urbanity (until it was interrupted by her strangulation) marked both their brief meetings—the first at the Hôtel Ambassador, when Weidmann, presenting himself with what Miss De Koven's aunt, Miss Ida Sackheim, afterward described as the most gracious smile she ever saw, offered to interpret for the two ladies, who were with difficulty trying to locate a friend in the building. "I have just met a charming German of keen intelligence who calls himself Siegfried," Miss De Koven wrote that day to an American friend (though to the aunt, anyhow, he had called himself plain Bobby). "Perhaps I am going to another Wagnerian rôle—who knows? I am going to visit him tomorrow at his villa in a beautiful place near a famous mansion that Napoleon gave Josephine."

While Miss De Koven must have been disappointed historically in the villa—French house agents' standard euphemism for three rooms without bath—the Bonapartian and Wagnerian talk probably satisfied. Her Siegfried was well-read, having been prison librarian at Saarbrücken while serving five years for robbery. He loved "The Ring," and in the weeks after she had gone used to leave his house (over her buried corpse) to go to his next-door neighbor's and listen to Wagner on the radio. In the quick quarter-hour with him before Miss De Koven went to her new operatic rôle, sheer sociality reigned; they smoked, she took pictures of him with her nice new camera, he kindly refreshed her with a glass of milk. When, five months later, his unfortunate guest was disinterred, she still summed up (except for the murderous cord tight around her throat and the awful action of time) the sartorial elements of the sociable summer tourist. She was still wearing her cute brown sports hat, her gloves, her blue dress with its red Scotch plaid top, her new patent-leather shoes—still had with her her white handbag (empty of $430 in American Express checks and about 300 francs cash), still had at her side her nice new camera containing snapshots of her murderer.

The De Koven case started the next morning when her aunt received a telegram stating that all was well and not to worry (which she had done all night). That evening a letter came, mentioning "Chikago" gangster methods but assuring her that the girl was sound and safe, kidnapped, and held for ransom $500, the Teutonic phrasing and spelling being illustrated by the Gothic shaped "j"s, the triangular "t"s, and the general Nordic slant of the handwriting. Miss Sackheim went immediately to the American Consulate and the police. But the case didn't get seriously under way, owing to the constabulary's cynical laughter. One of the rare gaieties of the Sûreté Nationale in Paris is provided by the missing Americans and English who later turn up, abashed, repentant, or still dazed after their first foolish fling in gay Paree. Furthermore, as the police pointed out, Miss De Koven was twenty-two years old; she was (the aunt had shown the police an overflattering press photo of the dancer) beautiful; she had departed voluntarily with a man whom the aunt described as handsome and Swiss; her disappearance was probably a publicity scheme; the kidnapping was an American *truc* that couldn't happen in France, and anyhow Saint-Cloud (if she'd really gone there, which she probably hadn't, since her aunt had heard her say she would) was lovely in summer *pour un beau couple d'amoureux*. Still smirking, the police nevertheless kept an official eye on the contact messages which the aunt, at the kidnapper's request, was running in English in the agony column of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*: "Jean, please come back." "Jean, everything ready. Why did you not answer?" "Jean, do not understand your way of acting. Want proposition immediately." The police also had their eye on the two rendezvous mentioned in notes from the kidnapper. One was the Luxembourg Gardens, where the password was to be "Jean," spoken three times; the other was in Saint-Sulpice Church, where the word was to be simply "Baby." Indeed, the police kept such an obvious gaze fixed on these places that the kidnapper never turned up, sending instead a final angry ungrammatical postcard. "Remind," he said on it (though he meant "remember"), "the least sign we have of the police and we don't send nobody to get the money."

It was money that finally sobered the French Sûreté, for the girl's $10 American Express checks began coming in, execrably forged. Honest voyagers like you and me may



JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
IN
4 ACTS
ACT 1



TIME: *Before dinner*

1st CANAPE: Hm-m! This should be some dinner—serving *you* first.

DRY SACK: Well, if I do say so, I'm acknowledged everywhere to be "THE superior medium dry sherry."

2nd CANAPE: From your manner the host is serving you slightly chilled.

DRY SACK: Sure, my fine anchovy, that's the *new* way. But my mellow "nutty" flavour makes friends at room temperature, too!

1st CANAPE: Lay off! HE has a right to brag. He's from the royal house of Williams & Humbert.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK
SHERRY



Alcohol 20½% by volume

have difficulties in cashing our modest traveller's checks, aided by our proper passports, our unimpeachable calligraphy, our respectable faces, and the backing of bourgeois friends. With perfect ease, $240 worth of Miss De Koven's checks had been cashed by what, judging by various cashiers' descriptions, was a motley pair of men, one big and maybe Austrian, one little and French, and, apparently, two local women, one blonde, one dark. These four had between them one passport—Miss De Koven's. The most respectable Parisian houses were accepting the forged paper—Guerlain's perfumery, two French banks, Lancel's leather shop on the Place de l'Opéra, and the French Bureau de Tourisme. When the Trocadéro gateman of the Paris Exposition turned in a forged De Koven check, the police changed their tactics and the De Koven "kidnapping" (the sarcastic quotation marks are the Paris *Herald Tribune's*) was for the first time made public on August 7th, fifteen days after the American girl's "disappearance."

THE reaction was immediate and twofold. No more checks were cashed, and Jean De Koven, once her photograph was published, was reported as being seen all over France. A sharp-eyed M. Poo, headwaiter at the roguish Réserve at Saint-Cloud, saw her lunching on his terrace *en flirt* with a handsome French athlete; a taxi-driver named Ceci said she had screamed, in his taxi, to be taken to the American Embassy but that her two gentlemen escorts had preferred he deposit them all at the Closerie-des-Lilas café in Montparnasse; a fortune-teller in Nancy saw her in a trance, by the ocean somewhere; a cruel M. Tarashkoff telephoned five times in one afternoon to the aunt's hotel to give his name and announce "in a frightful voice" that the girl was dead; some crooks offered to sell clues to her whereabouts for $600. On August 16th, Henry De Koven, brother of the girl, arrived in Paris, made a touching, dignified statement that "in our modest family my sister is considered a serious-minded girl, incapable of the acts which have been insinuated, either any escapade or publicity stunts," and offered in the name of his father, Abraham De Koven, a 10,000-franc reward. The brother was convinced that his sister was dead and so were the police.

The faithful aunt, "Sacky," as the niece always called her (the kidnapper's first telegram had been oddly addressed to "Secky," which had convinced her that the criminal was that smiling Swiss

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
ACT 2



TIME: *With dinner*

ROAST: Chanson Sparkling Burgundy, eh? That's a "rare" break for me. Guests always say your full flavour makes any roast more delicious.

CHANSON: As the "sparkling" member of the Chanson family I assure you that's one reason Burgundy is known as the King of Wines.

ROAST: Yours is a two-century claim to royalty. . . . Chanson has meant glorious Burgundy since 1750.

CHANSON: Yes, Chanson ships only great Vintage Burgundies. I'm the magnificent 1926 vintage. If I say so myself I'm a "grape" success!

CHANSON
STILL AND SPARKLING
GREEN SEAL VINTAGE BURGUNDIES



Made and bottled in France

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
ACT 3



TIME: *After coffee*

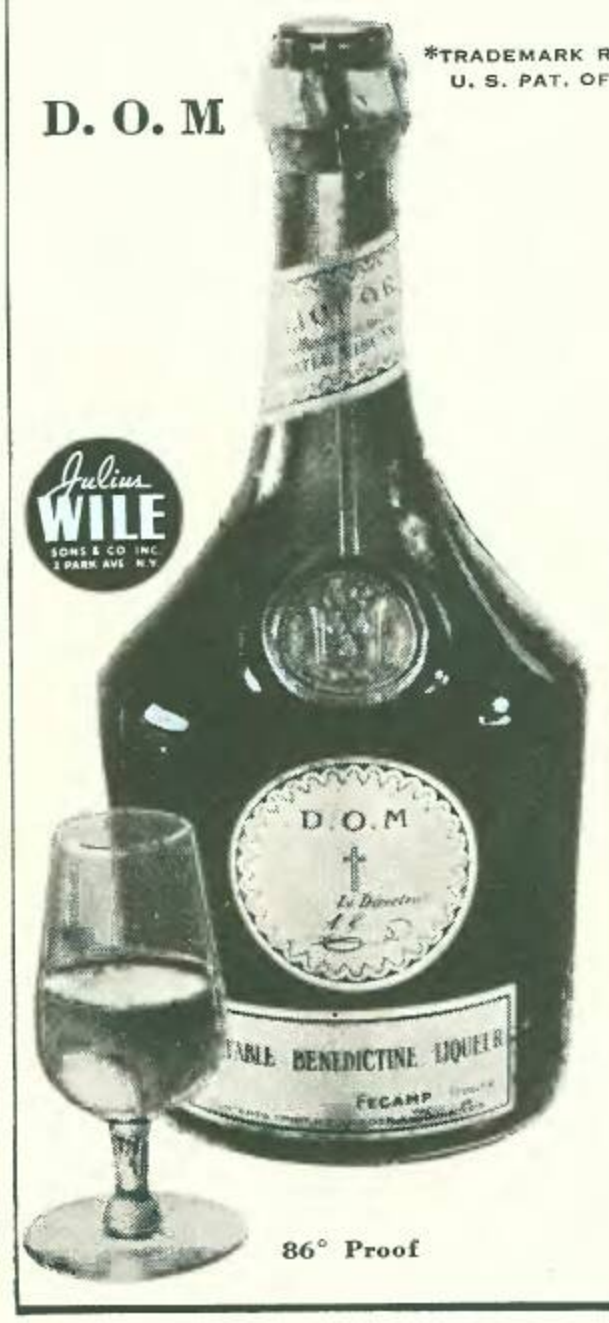
COFFEE: So you're the chap whose name is always linked with mine. Tell me, what's the secret of your success?

BENEDICTINE: My secret formula . . . my unique flavour. I was first made by a Bénédictine monk in 1510—over four hundred years ago.

COFFEE: Whew-w! And during all those years you've never been imitated?

BENEDICTINE: No! Lots of people have tried to imitate my flavour, but it can't be done. I'm the one and *only* Bénédictine.

After Coffee a
BENEDICTINE*
*TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
D. O. M



86° Proof

"Bobby" she had met), was too loving to believe the girl had been done away with, too sensible not to know that tragedy of some sort seemed affirmed though it could not be defined. Despairing, she and the brother sailed for home on September 18th. By the Sûreté Nationale of Paris, by the French Police de l'Etat, by the American Embassy, by the American Consulate in Paris, by Secretary Cordell Hull, who had been appealed to for G-men's aid, by Governor Lehman of New York, by all on both sides of the Atlantic who had by this time been drawn into the unprofitable search, the De Koven case was considered closed, unsolved.

As a matter of fact it was just beginning to open. Unfortunately, it needed five more murders to be complete. On September 7th, a Parisian chauffeur named Couffy was found dead, robbed of 2,500 francs and his car, and with a bullet in the nape of his neck, in a forest near Tours. He was driver-owner of a luxurious limousine, ordinarily stationed for hire near the Opéra, and had started in it for Cannes with a client who was Anglo-Saxon, or at any rate spoke English perfectly. He was a cool client. When a passing Touraine peasant named Blé saw, just after lunch, a rotund recumbent figure on the grass with a newspaper over its face, he called to the stranger sitting nearby and whistling, "Aren't you afraid you'll wake your friend?" and received the reply, "No danger. He's sleeping soundly." This was true. Beneath the newspaper covering his bloody face, Couffy was sleeping the sleep of the dead. On October 3rd, though the police did not then know it, a Strasbourg cook, Mme. Jasmine Keller, come to Paris in response to a help-wanted ad, had been killed in the Fontainebleau Forest by a bullet in the nape of her neck, and robbed of 1,400 francs and a pitiful little diamond ring. On October 16th, opposite the cemetery of Neuilly, a parked car was discovered to contain the corpse of M. Roger Leblond, who had been shot, robbed of 5,000 francs, and then wrapped in a green-and-brown curtain laundry-marked M.B. Leblond's latest mistress said he was a press agent, that he had gone to meet a business-advertisement correspondent named Pradier about a new cinema agency. The seven hundred Pradier families of France were vainly questioned by the police, and three hundred Parisian laundries were vainly consulted about the M.B. tag. On November 22nd, though again the police were not then aware of it, a German-Jewish

JULIUS WILE
PRESENTS
"AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT"
ACT 4



TIME: *Throughout evening*

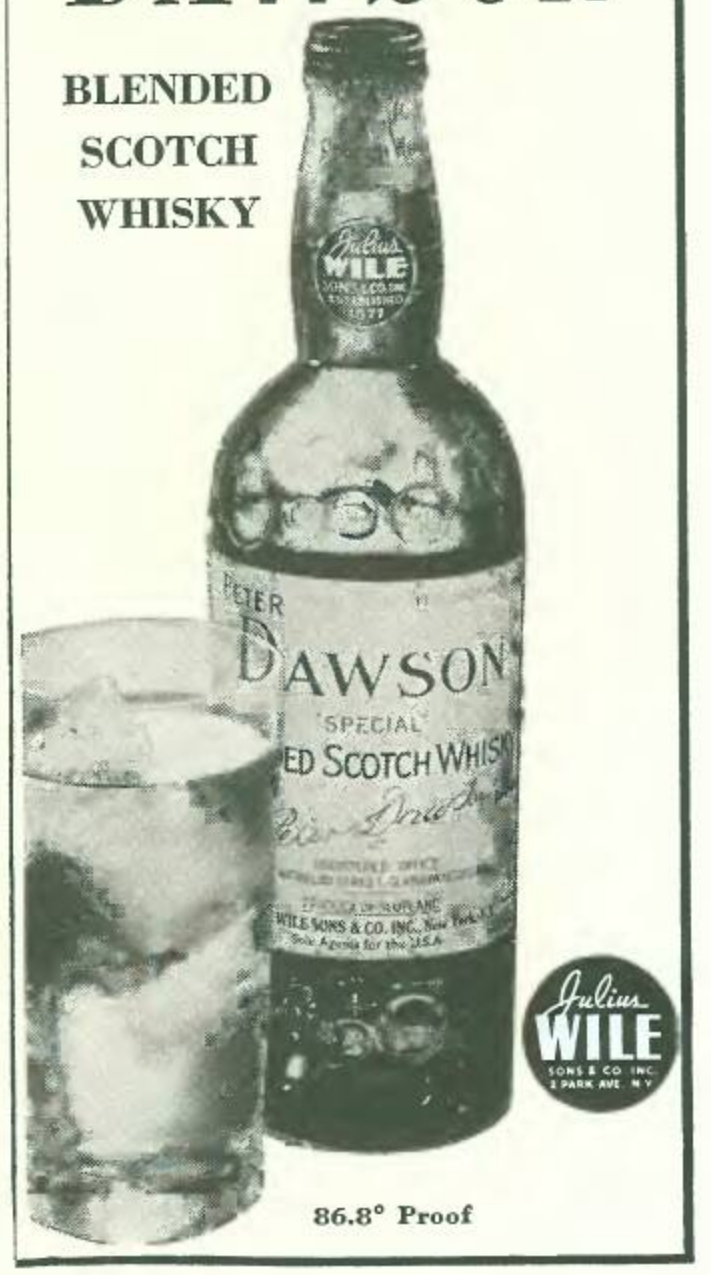
SODA: So *you're* the famous light Scotch all New York is talking about! Going places, aren't you?

PETER DAWSON: Why not? Folks these days prefer a Scotch like me—pleasantly light in body yet satisfyingly rich in flavour.

SODA: Well, choosing you is certainly the way to start a party off *light!* But how will you mix with me?

PETER DAWSON: Here comes the host. You're about to see that while I'm light in body my rich flavour just hits the spot in soda.

PETER
DAWSON
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SCOTCH
WHISKY



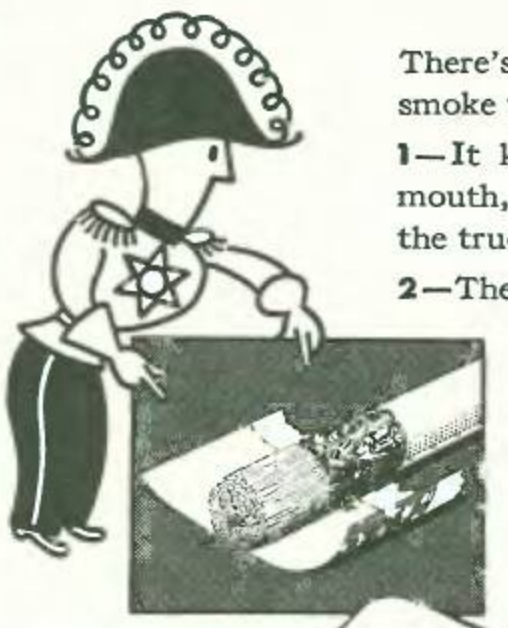
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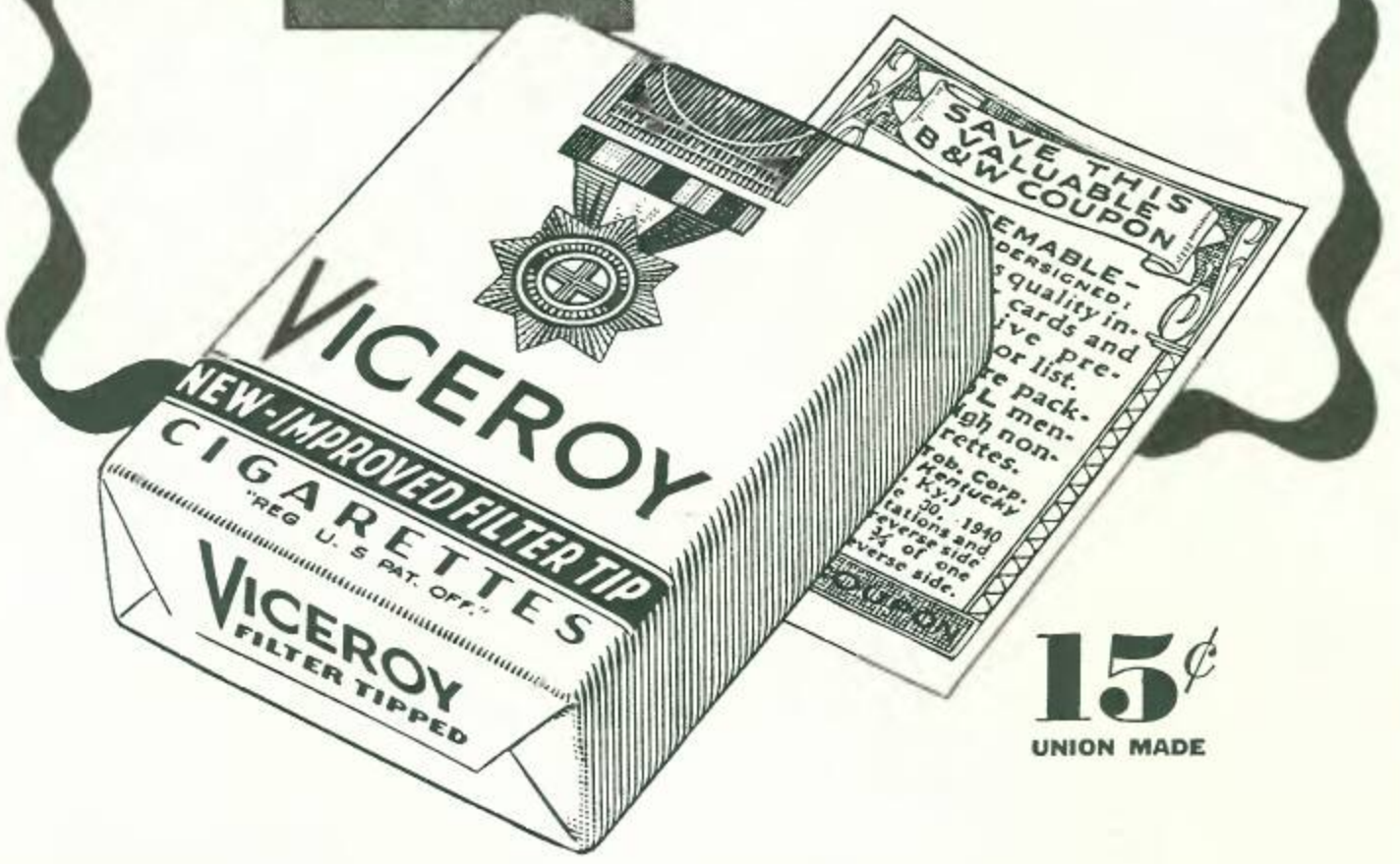
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youth, Frommer, who for his anti-Hitlerian political views had once been incarcerated in the prison at Saarbrücken, was robbed of 300 francs, murdered by a bullet in the nape of the neck, and buried in the basement of a villa near the famous mansion which Napoleon gave Joséphine at Saint-Cloud. On November 27th, only five days later and also at Saint-Cloud, a house agent, Monsieur Lesobre, was robbed of 5,000 francs and murdered by a shot in the nape of the neck by a client with a foreign accent to whom he was showing a three-room villa more than usually euphemistically called Mon Plaisir.

IT was at this point that what began and ended as the De Koven case entered into the peripheries of a master detective story, transferred, for once, from the folly of fiction into grim, real life. It was at this moment that an unusually intelligent and lucky criminal began to be tracked by an unusually intelligent and lucky detective. Into the hands of a Commissaire Primborgne, detective *sous-chef* of the State Police at Versailles, county seat of the Saint-Cloud district, fell a bloody visiting card found beside Lesobre's body. The card was that of Arthur Schott, travelling salesman of the Rue Parc-Impérial of Nice. From Nice the young detective traced Schott to Strasbourg and summoned him to Versailles, only to learn that the cards had been distributed to thousands, including, among six other recent recipients, Schott's nephew Frommer, the young anti-Nazi. Primborgne's search for Miss De Koven now began by his hunting a man he'd never heard of alive and didn't know was dead. All that Frommer's meagre Idéal Hôtel in the Rue Saint-Sébastien knew was that Frommer had walked out on November 22nd, leaving his belongings and no explanation. The municipal registration offices for furnished rooms, for prisons, for hospitals, and for foreigners knew even less. However, in the Ile de la Cité's *carte-d'identité* files the detective discovered that Frommer's application blank gave, as resident reference, one Hugh Weber, 58 Rue de Clichy. Weber had moved, leaving no new address. Through the neighborhood police, the detective discovered he now lived somewhere in the Rue Véron, and there he found Herr Weber—and found, too, that Herr Weber spoke nearly no French. However, the patient Primborgne gleaned that Weber was another of Frommer's uncles and was worried because the youth had failed to appear for the usual family Sunday dinner. He

was even more perturbed at his nephew's occasional luncheons with a criminal compatriot apparently named Sauerbrei, whom Frommer had known in Saarbrücken Prison. Sauerbrei lived, Weber thought, under the name of Karrer in the woods around Saint-Cloud.

Primborgne knew that, wherever Leblond had been murdered by that bullet in the back of the neck, it was near trees, for their leaves were on the soles of the dead man's shoes; he knew also that Lesobre had been killed by the same sort of shot, and, *parbleu*, near trees, since he had been murdered at Saint-Cloud. He was sure that Jean De Koven had also disappeared in Saint-Cloud. The detective was by now nearly sure of certain things but didn't know where in Saint-Cloud to set about searching for them. Inquiring always through house agents and garages (Weber said Frommer said Sauerbrei said he had a car), Primborgne at last located Karrer's landlady, Mme. Marie Brau. Though she didn't yet know that her best green-and-brown curtain, laundry-tagged M.B., was gone from Karrer's cottage, she had another complaint: for all his charming smile, good manners, intelligent air, and excellent neighborhood reputation, Karrer had been late with his October rent—hadn't, indeed, paid it till November 29th. On November 27th, Lesobre had been robbed of 5,000 francs.

Nobody being at home in the Karrer villa, the methodical Primborgne set off to telephone the villa's house agent for further details, leaving two men to watch the house. Within five minutes of his departure, Siegfried-Bobby-Sauerbrei-Karrer-Weidmann walked through his front gate, playing with a neighbor's dog. The watchers, interrogated, said they were tax collectors; were politely requested to show their proofs and showed their police cards. Weidmann's last courtesy consisted in begging them to precede him into his house. Thinking of the backs of their necks, they refused. Weidmann entered first, but once over the threshold wheeled on them and fired three times, wounding them both. Being economically unarmed, as are all French State Police unless they choose to buy guns at their own expense, the men fell on him with their bare hands. One of them, tumbling in their struggle upon a little hammer (Weidmann had been doing some small household repairs), knocked their host unconscious. By the time he came to, in the police station, Couffy's automobile and Lesobre's had been found, neatly parked and with a



One Oyster to Another:

BIG OYSTER: "What's a pun?"

LITTLE OYSTER: "Upon what?"

BIG OYSTER: "I mean a pun upon a word."

LITTLE OYSTER: "Let's ask that Guinness over there."

BIG OYSTER: "Don't go near him! We're liable to be eaten with the Guinness."

LITTLE OYSTER: "You mean Guinness is good with us?"

BIG OYSTER: "Definitely—it's famous the world over with oysters."

LITTLE OYSTER: "But if we're eaten with the Guinness, then when the Guinness is with us he's 'agin' us.'"

BIG OYSTER: "That's the pun of drinking Guinness—it's *always* good with oysters."

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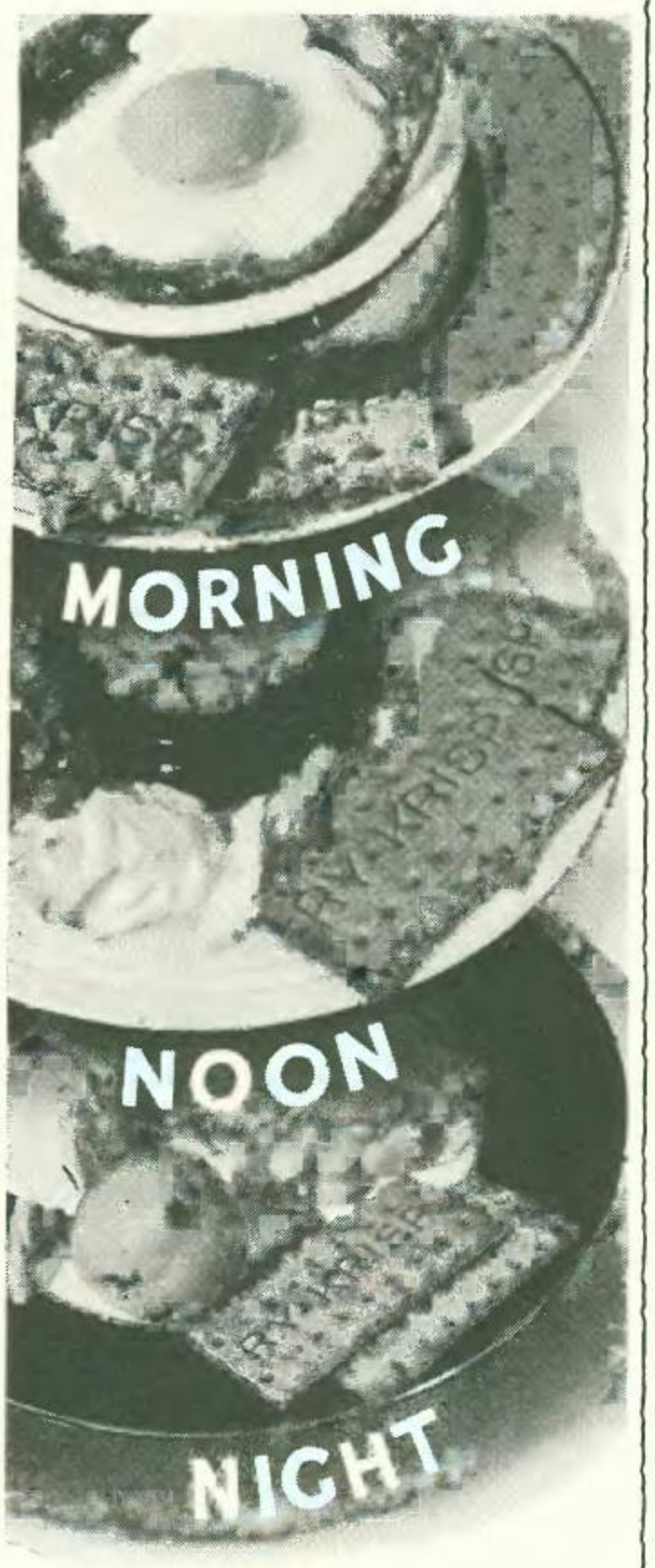
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MARION TALLEY
Sing
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light covering of December snow, in the villa's back yard. The day had been unlucky for two lucky men. The lucky murderer had finally been caught, and the lucky detective had not been present when the capture was made.

Next morning, with a cigarette which the police put into his manacled hands and a brasier which they put at his feet (the French Sûreté believe comfort brings better results than American brutality in grilling), Weidmann started on his orderly confession. Saying that there was one thing he couldn't say, but could write, he wrote down the name Jean De Koven. For her he then shed his only repentant tears. "She was gentle and unsuspecting," he said. "I enjoyed speaking English to her, which I learned in Canada. When I reached out for her throat, she went down like a doll."

EUGEN WEIDMANN was born in Frankfurt, February 15, 1908, of respectable parents—his father is still agent for a small exporting business at Frankfurt, where his son went through grade school. At the age of sixteen, he served time for his first theft and has since been imprisoned for robbery in both Canada and Germany. He was a model prisoner, a favorite with German wardens, who considered him remarkably intellectual and well-read; they have said since that they can hardly believe he has killed five times. He speaks, besides German, fluent English, French, and some Portuguese. Since his last arrest, in France, he has spent his time in his cell reading "Aventures de Télémaque," by Fénelon, and writing his memoirs; has had so little time for working at the regular paid prison labor, brushmaking, that he has lacked the money to pay the prison barber for a shave. Before the investigating magistrates, his uncouth appearance humiliated him, especially the fact that, having caught cold in a chill cell, he had need of a handkerchief, denied him lest he hang himself with it.

Weidmann is an exceptionally handsome male in the medieval manner; his features are those of an etching by Holbein of some German *moyen-âge* merchant, with an alert, inquiring, open, hungry eye, a well-cartilaged nose terminating in a cold, curious ball like that on the end of a thermometer, and a large, amply delineated classical mouth with adequate lips. The hair rolls free from the forehead in untidy artistic confusion. He looks and acts like a man who, if he hadn't had in his makeup the criminal compartment, would have made a good Gothic citizen. He has

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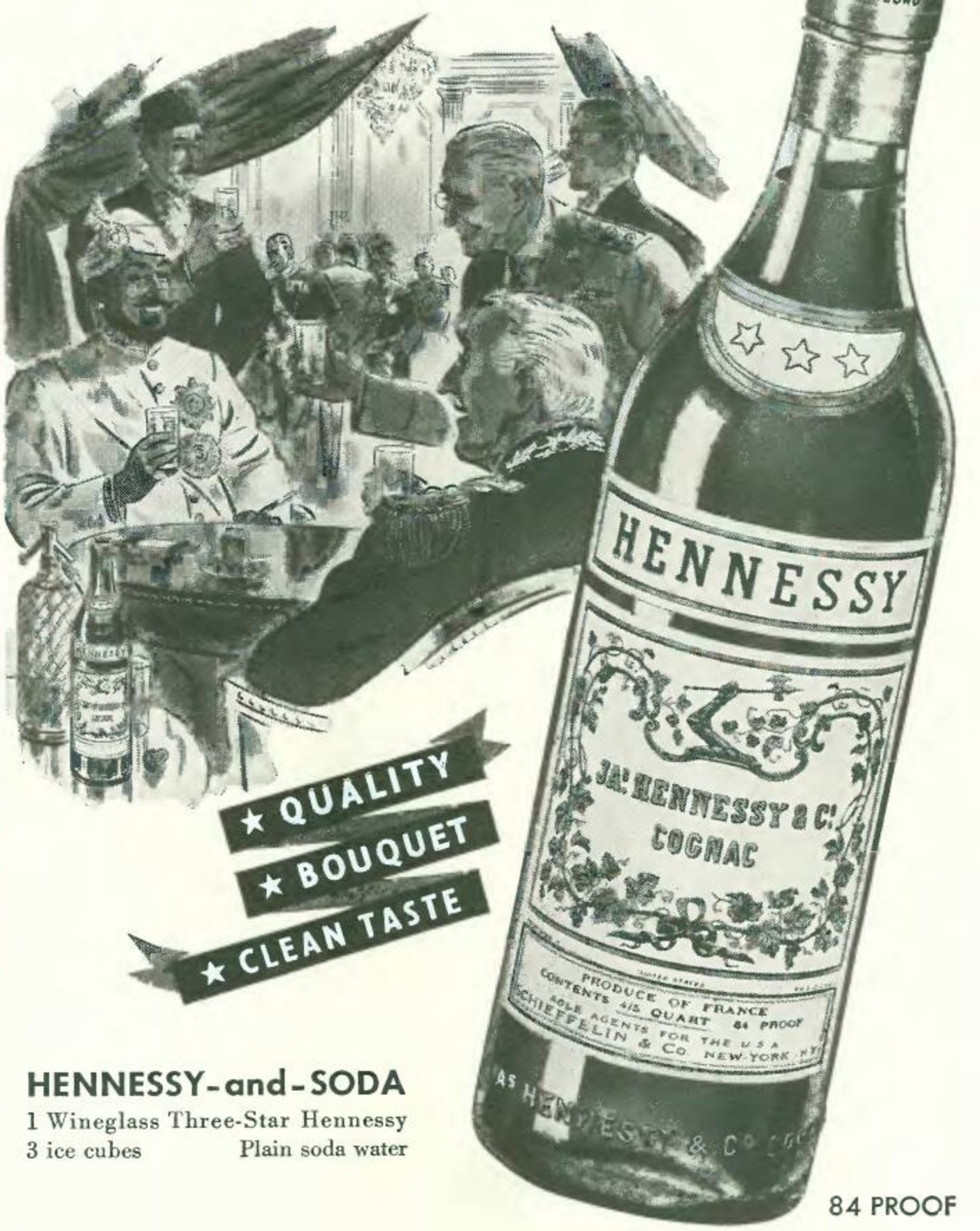
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been scrupulously veracious with the police. "I never lie," he truthfully told them in relating his murder of Leblond, which, on his terms, they could hardly believe. "Here is the proof," he said, and flipped open his coat to show Leblond's suspenders, which he was wearing. He had also saved the press agent's incriminating cigarette lighter, watch, and gold pencil, the baldish Mme. Keller's blonde wigs, and Lesobre's small shoes, which he neatly preserved on shoe trees. He has also been obligingly helpful to the authorities, who otherwise certainly never would have been able to find the grave of Mme. Keller in a subterranean grotto in the Fontainebleau Forest, though he has still failed to explain why on earth his photograph came to be found by her side. Because she was also discovered without her shoes on, the theory of an erotic fetishism was raised, principally in a brilliant article by Mme. Colette in *Le Journal*. Certain of the official investigators have also inclined to a belief that his emotional nature must be peculiar, largely because, outside of his terrible crimes, he seems so sensible. The court interpretress assigned to him—he has fits of saying in German that he's forgotten all his French, and usually consults with his French lawyer only in English—bluntly said she thought, in his collecting instinct, that he was less erotic than plain practical. To Mme. Tricot, mistress of his assistant, a novice French gangster named Million, Weidmann gave Mme. Keller's imitation fur coat and one of her wigs. They were useful when a disguise was needed for check-cashing.

Contrary to his name, Million's part of the four months' swag—including his reward for having practiced up on murder for the first time by killing Lesobre under Weidmann's tutelage with what Weidmann calls "the shot in the back of the neck that never fails"—netted him only a fourth of the paltry 22,000 francs which the six murders brought in from July through November. For there was a fourth in the Weidmann combine—clown-faced Monsieur Jean Blanc, of good middle-class family and with a private income from a doting widowed mother. Last summer Blanc backed Weidmann with 13,000 francs, apparently just for the thrill of being in on big crime. He and Million had already been arrested in Germany for some trifling illicit reichsmark transactions and had indeed first met Weidmann in prison, where they now are again. Probably the most esoteric feature of the whole case is that while hundreds of officials were search-

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Candles in Our CAKE

We're sixteen years old this month . . . WOR is, we mean. It was sixteen years ago, come the 22nd of this month, that a radio station known as WOR went on the air for a half-hour each day and somebody played a piano and people sang songs. It was fun. In many ways, 1922 was our most immemorial year. Plenty of years have had color and pace, but 1922 had greatness. It was the year that we inserted an ad in the Newark Evening News in which we dared listeners to pick us up at a distance of one hundred miles, and a horse called Sally's Alley took the Futurity Stakes at Belmont in 1.11 and an old lady rented a suite in midtown to house herself and two dozen cats. Now, with the Bartlett Expedition assuring us that they listened to us regularly up in the Arctic, we have a tendency to succumb to a blissful daze. Maybe we would, if we weren't so busy selling Ivory Flakes and Ovaltine and Breyer's Ice Cream or what have you over a station that has a headlock on the greatest buying market now extant.

WOR

ing for what they thought was Jean De Koven's coy hiding place, seven people knew she was dead, and where the body was, and never told. Outside of the murderer, the six others, according to the latest reports, were Million, Million's father, Million's father's café boss, and his boss's wife, Million's mistress, Mme. Tricot, and her innocent cuckolded husband, Monsieur Tricot, to whom she told all. Jean Blanc was evidently such a bourgeois boob that he was told little and allowed to pay the big bills. It should be noted that Weidmann gave away none of these accomplices to the police—categorically denied, at first, that anybody had helped him. He admitted they existed only after the police caught them. As the police said, he has been *chic*.

The Weidmann case will be the biggest murder trial in France since Landru, whose cell at Saint-Pierre Prison the German now occupies. Like the other so-called Bluebeard, the new mass murderer will be tried in Versailles. His chief defence lawyer will be Maître Henri Géraud, who failed to save the neck of Gorguloff, the assassin of President Doumer of France; assistant counsel will be a lady lawyer, Maître Renée Jardin, assigned to the case by the Court. The granddaughter of George Sand, the novelist, is the defence's handwriting expert in the affair. Together they will doubtless not be able to save Weidmann's head. The French are still a rational-minded race and their law courts show it. In France there's little legal nonsense such as pleading insanity for a man who has an exceptionally high I.Q., as Weidmann has.

Only a typical Frenchman like Million, accustomed to the old apprentice system and his country's gerontocratic policy, by which the young always work (and at low pay) for their elders, would have participated in such a poor proposition as the Weidmann murders. Only a typical postwar German like Weidmann, unfamiliar with the value of money as the rest of the freer world knows it, would have killed so many people for so little. And only a typical American, like poor Miss De Koven, would have been so sociable, so confidential, or could have seemed so rich. The De Koven case was a small and sinister European entanglement.

—Janet Flanner

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Pianists, and More of Them

PERHAPS the radio and the phonograph have checked the growth of piano playing in the home (which they haven't, from what I hear up my way), but they certainly haven't discouraged pianists from renting concert halls and giving recitals in cycles. Alexander Brailowsky started last week on a set of six Town Hall sessions in which he will play everything that Chopin wrote for solo piano except, I believe, three obscure trifles; and Webster Aitken began a sequence of four evenings at the New School, devoted to Schubert's piano sonatas, with a few four-hand compositions for good measure.



Mr. Brailowsky, whose doings with Chopin have had general approval for about a decade, got under way with his usual brilliance. His first concert started discussions about Mr. Brailowsky's interpretations of one piece or another, which shouldn't dishearten the pianist unduly, since almost everyone who listens to a Chopin concert knows exactly how he or she would play any given Chopin composition if he or she happened to have Mr. Brailowsky's dexterity. It seemed to me that Mr. Brailowsky was trying to get from some of the music more than Chopin had written into it, but my neighbor thought that there was more in the music than the pianist was extracting, and that's the way it is.

Schubert's piano sonatas are discursive affairs in which a genius frequently goes rambling. Mr. Aitken, a remarkably clear-headed musician, models his performances so shrewdly that one is aware principally of the genius and doesn't mind the rambles. Shrewdness, however, is only incidental to Mr. Aitken's unusual pianistic powers, his unaffected musicianship, and his rightly improvisatory manner of playing the sonatas. The attractive auditorium of the New School is a good setting for these concerts. I don't know, though, what conclusion to draw from the presence on the stage of a sign asking people not to smoke.

ARTUR SCHNABEL, who once had a long Beethoven sonata series himself, added a sort of pendant to that cycle by playing Beethoven's thirty-three variations on a waltz by Diabelli at his Carnegie Hall concert on Wednesday evening. The waltz is a silly trifle, but it started Beethoven off on an assortment of transmutations that amaze the student and often are an experience for the listener who just happens to like music. Mr. Schnabel played them like the Beethoven authority that he is, with all of his great pianism and no attempt at arbitrary Readings.

Earlier in the evening he offered one of the finest Bach performances of the season in the D-major toccata, and he also put himself at the service of Weber's E-minor sonata. Apparently one has to have a special taste for this sonata to enjoy it, even when the pianist happens to be Artur Schnabel.

THERE was a new piano concerto last week, the composer being Anis Fuleihan, who played it with the strings of the National Orchestral Association in Carnegie Hall. It's a restrained, atmospheric, unimitative work, with pleasant melodies sounding across an odd but not eccentric harmonic background.

Other recent piano history includes a memorable evening of Chopin by the evidently perennial and perennially absorbing Moriz Rosenthal; a concert by Alec Templeton, the gifted blind musician, whose amusing and musical improvisations are always fascinating; and the Town Hall début of Josef Raieff, who, from what I heard of him, seems to be a pianist of excellent technical accomplishments and—what is not so common nowadays—an ingenious and interesting program-maker.

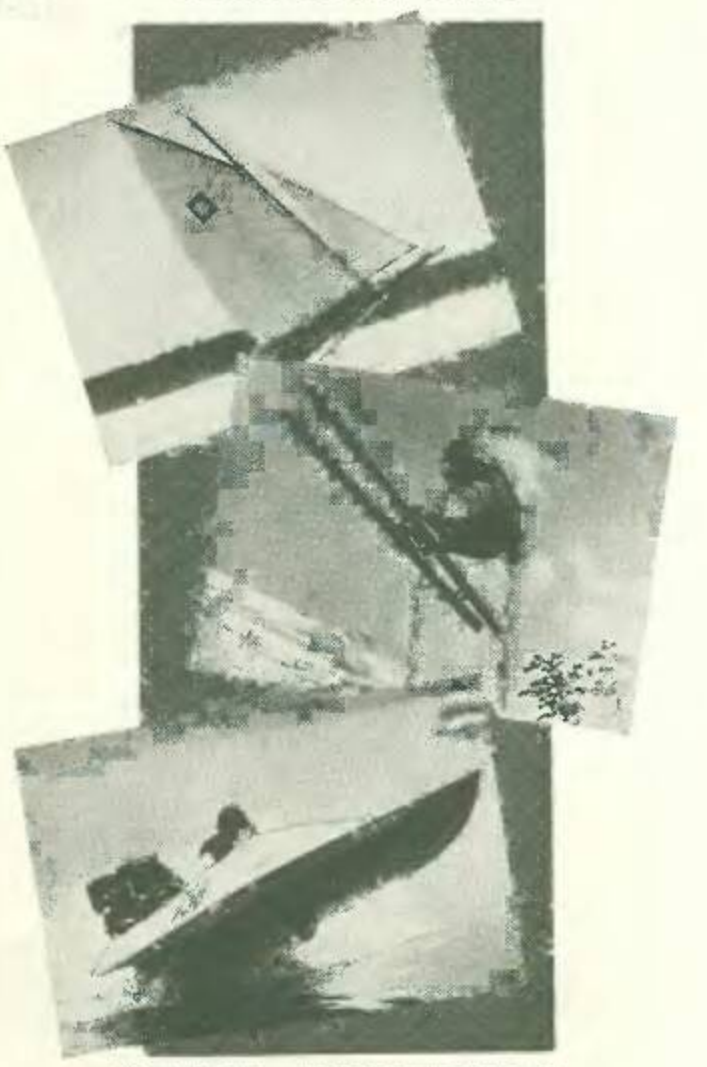
The piano flurry wouldn't have been complete without a boy prodigy, Peter Paul Loyanich, aged ten. He's a gifted kid, already remarkable in short show pieces, and if he isn't pushed into heavy music too industriously, he'll make a career of it.

SCHUMANN'S violin concerto, introduced here by Yehudi Menuhin, had something like a second première at the Philharmonic-Symphony soirée Thursday evening, when Mr. Menuhin played it with orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Menuhin's performance was even better than his previous one and Georges Enesco conducted with even more than his customary devotion, but the applause was for the Messrs. Menuhin and Enesco rather than for Schumann. Later on, the Messrs. Menuhin

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and Enesco kept the right company in a rousing collaboration on the Brahms concerto. —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

At Home at the Waldorf —Opera Gets Swung Hard

A COVER-CHARGELESS half-hour with eminent evening entertainers is provided by Victor album P-1, expansively titled "A Night at the Waldorf." Leo Reisman's orchestra lets loose its various gifts in a slick tango, a "processional," which seems to be a tango on parade, and a roaringly magnificent version of the "St. Louis Blues." There is also a miniature edition of a Strauss waltz, but Strauss waltzes can't be compressed into ten inches of record space without becoming hop-skip-and-jump music, so unless you're an agile hopper and jumper you'd better skip this side.

Mr. Reisman turns in perfect accompaniments for Miss Eve Symington, who indicates her versatility by singing "Black Man's Lullaby" and "La Petite Amie." Miss Symington is a good disceuse, to manufacture a word for a lady with a talent for recording. Your short night is completed by Xavier Cugat's orchestra, which converts "Estrellita" into a sweetly plausible rumba and plays a "congo." A congo sounds like a heated-up rumba, but perhaps there is a subtle nuance that eludes me. The album is a good show on wax, classy without being brassy.

THE notion of Miss Connie Boswell singing the aria "M'appari," from "Martha," is no stranger than its performance on Decca 1600, where the old air and its familiar, flossy English translation, thou's and all, gets swung —and high time, too. Of the various assaults on opera songs this is much the most amusing. On the other side, "Home on the Range" receives a similar workout and it sounds so naturally swingy that one wonders why it hasn't happened before.

That there is a lingering attachment for straight balladry left in the souls of record manufacturers becomes evident on Columbia 4184-M, which displays Michael Bartlett's tenor voice in two ditties from a film, "Lilac Domino." "You Are My Love Song" probably will become a familiar. "My Heart Will Be Dancing," an exercise in a traditional *Zigeuner* style, will please vocalists who wish an alternate for "Play, Gypsies." Mr. Bartlett tears into both

of them with all the conviction that he might put into "Celeste Aïda."

"BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN": It seems that the Andrews Sisters started all this with Decca 1562. If you want to dance to it, take your pick of Guy Lombardo (Victor 25739), Benny Goodman's Quartet (Victor 25751, both sides of it), Russ Morgan (Brunswick 8037), Glen Gray (Decca 1575), and Jerry Blaine (Bluebird B-7344). The Lombardo record contains the least singing, and the Blaine the best, meaning the chorus by Miss Phillis Kenny. No fancy symphonic arrangement has been recorded so far, but there's a magnificently scored variation on the melody conducted by Leopold Stokowski (Victor 7259-60). Listen for it near the end of the second side of the first disc. If you don't buy records by numbers, ask for Salome's Dance from Richard Strauss's "Salome," played by The Philadelphia Orchestra.

MOST of the recent dance stuff is strictly in the groove. In fact, it would be interesting if some of the swingsters got out of the groove sometimes. Anyhow, swing is the bulk of the list, except for the Ambrose and Fields offerings:

BLACK BUTTERFLY and HARMONY IN HARLEM—Duke Ellington and his Orchestra. The "Butterfly" is a pensive study, the "Harmony" is hotly massive, and both are excellent Ellington. (*Brunswick 8044*)

AUTOPSY ON SCHUBERT and TWO DUKES ON A PIER—Larry Wagner and his Rhythmasters. Gay swinging, with a vibraphone doing tricks. The "Two Dukes" involves an autopsy on Anitra's Dance from "Peer Gynt," so the title may be a highbrow pun on "Pier" and "Peer." (*Victor 25723*)

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING and TEN PRETTY GIRLS—Ambrose and his Orchestra. Beautifully played sweets. The new song with the old theme may be a hit any moment. (*Decca 1563*)

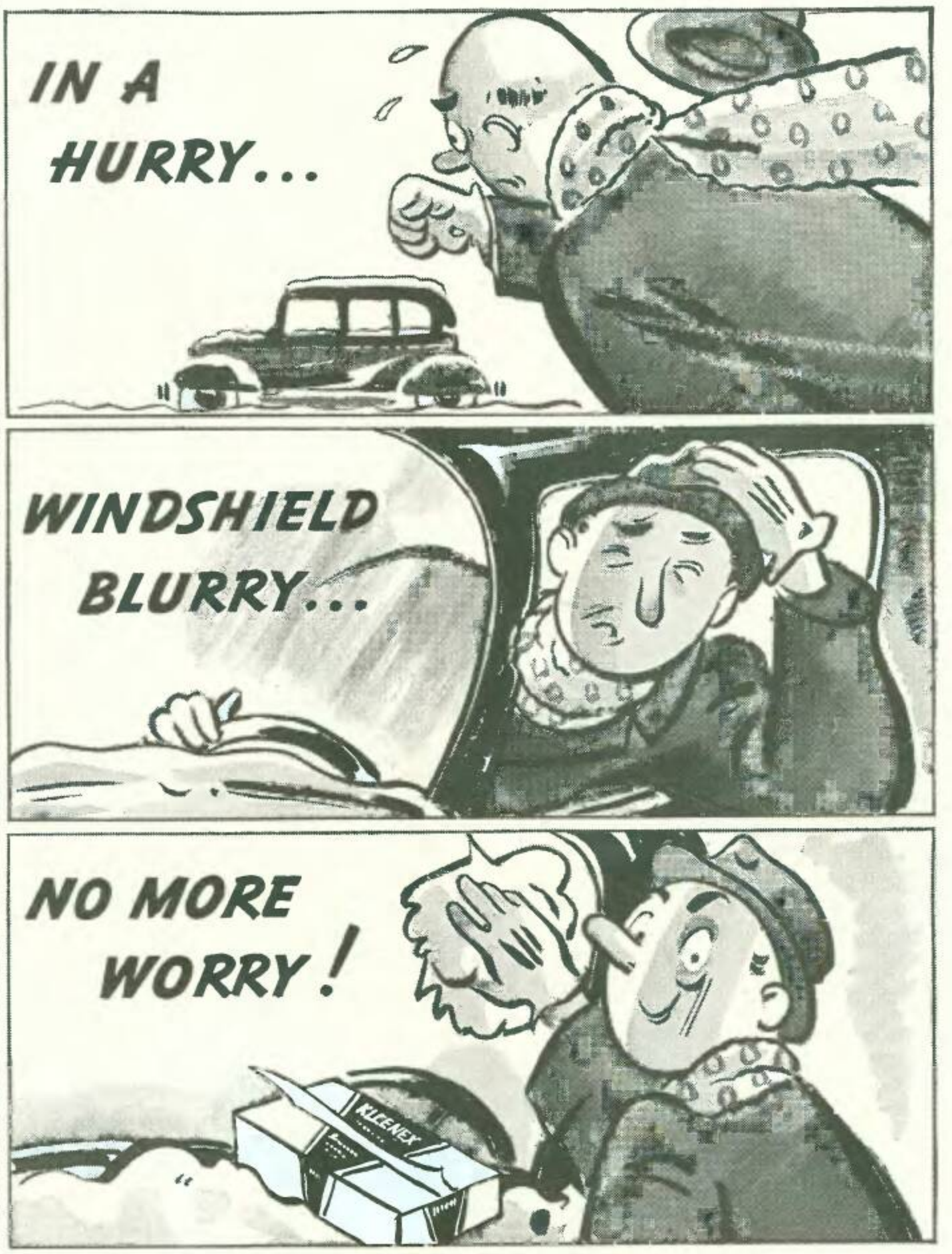
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY and MAMA, THAT MOON IS HERE AGAIN—Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm Orchestra. The Fields bubbles and slides work out gracefully in a record that's easy for dancers and listeners. (*Bluebird B-7318*)

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK and ONE SONG—Art Shaw and his New Music. Two charming tunes from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," dizzied up by adroit swing boys. The vocals are overswung. (*Brunswick 8050*)

WHERE OR WHEN (Benny Goodman Trio) and I'M A DING DONG DADDY (Benny Goodman Quartet)—Carnegie Hall's latest sensation and his *ensembles intimes* doing their characteristic business. "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy" is especially good. (*Victor 25725*)

I KEEP REMEMBERING and OUT THE WINDOW—Count Basie and his Orchestra. More harmonic interest than there usually is in swing, plus the Count's piano playing, which continues to be Something, and sometimes Everything. (*Decca 1581*)

—POP



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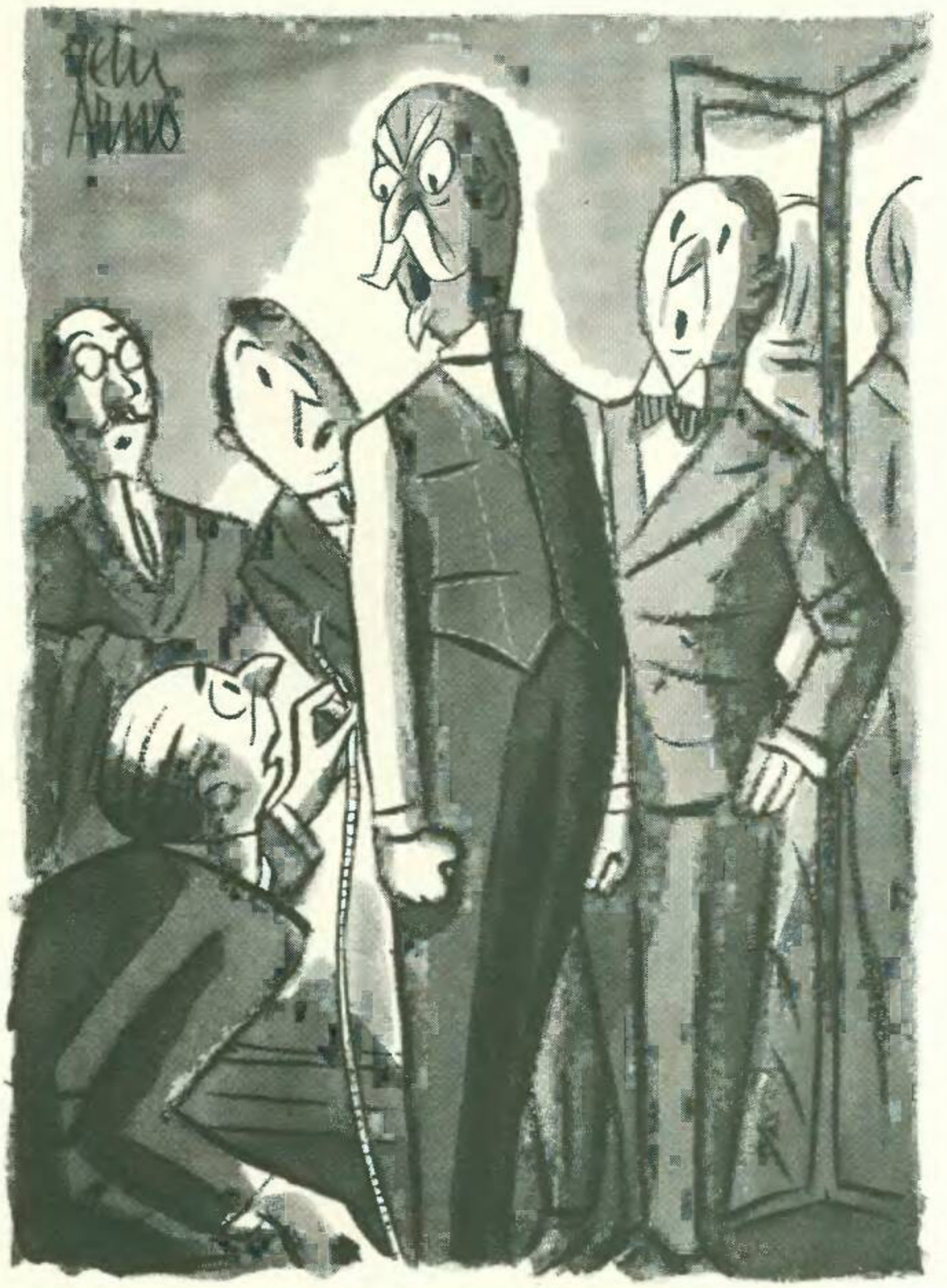
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

WHEN February rounds the corner, there comes to city dwellers a great wave of self-pity, plus the gloomy thought that the mink coat still looks all right, but holy gee, you've been wearing it day in and day out for weeks on end. It is at such times, when women need to freshen the spirit (a word often confused with "wardrobe"), that people like John-Frederics take advantage of their customers' lowered resistance by proffering new spring hats. Mr. John and Mr. Fred are loved by us fashion writers as kings among the mad milliners, so everything that happens is our own fault. For the word "mad," unless used gingerly, has a peculiar effect on those to whom it is regularly applied. They begin to take excessive pride in being Different, and what started as natural gaiety or whimsy (or merely a talking point) becomes a mania for outraging the public. Schiaparelli was a victim of her audience's adoration of her eccentricities for a considerable spell, until she gallantly worked out of it (hats excepted). Mr. John and Mr. Fred should take warning. Bits of curled ostrich fronds, bunches of flowers, hummingbirds, velvet ribbons, veils, and unusual color combinations are fine and brave, but not, for heaven's sake, all on one hat. They are lumped together often enough in the new collection to frighten the laughter right out of me. On a few tiny hats, slapped over one eye, the mass of frivolity looks giddy and charming, but I prefer less confusion. And you can find it, too. Witness the small hats, to brighten up spring suits, that have a bobbing bunch of flowers in front or a long scarf to trail in the wind or loop under the chin. There are some really lovely large hats, too, many of them the mushroom type, such as a red Milan affair with white flowers on each side, tucked under the brim like earmuffs. Other large hats have contrasting bands, with feathers raring up at the side, and they are splendid. Incidentally, there are very few towering hats, unless you count the ones with Mexican crowns. And veils don't dangle all over the place any more; rather, they tend to tie up toward the back. Oh, there are some beauties lurking here and there, but the general impression I carried away was one of bewilderment.

A NEW talent of the saucy school has cropped out in the personable Martha Sleeper, who has a passion for fashioning absurdities of wood. Most of them are carried by Saks-Fifth Avenue. There is a superb necklace of North American Indian masks carved from natural wood and dangling from a gold-metal chain. Single painted masks sporting majestic feather headdresses make effective pin or clip ornaments for that hat which looks too simple all of a sudden, or for coat lapels, or even for the fastenings of belts or suit jackets. Wooden onions, pineapples, and palm trees sprouting gay green feathers are artfully designed for the same purpose. There are owls and ducks, too. The whole office clustered around on an otherwise dull day to laugh and admire, and Saks-Fifth Avenue is similarly merry. The things have originality and charm, and should cure the sourpuss in anybody. The palm trees are $3, a representative price.

IT is an inspiring sight, indeed it is, to watch Mr. Delman come through season after season. His shoes at Bergdorf Goodman are even better than usual, which would seem impossible. My own particular frenzy is for an evening shoe that to the undiscerning eye merely consists of two folds of material which cross on the instep and leave the toes exposed, go back of the heel to cross again, and tie eventually in a casual knot above the front of the ankle. The shoe comes in jersey, challis, India prints, crêpe (either plain, printed, crossed with material contrasting in color, or in some



"Dammit, suh, no Randolph has evah worn zippers!"

fabric like metal kid), everything. It makes your foot and ankle look slim and lovely, and can wrap so tightly that it gives a comfortable feeling of security. In general, I don't like shoes without backs—remember the bustling clack of the heel in last year's models—but Delman has new ones which are perforated and have the backstraps buckled so that the shoes are firm and clatter is well-nigh eliminated. People adore them. He does these in about twenty materials —patent leather, calf, his new pastel pigs, and so on. He dotes on pastel pigs for sports ghillies and walking shoes of the monk type, and for "flats" that are high on the instep (they also come in gold or black mesh, which are enchanting for evening). Then there is a new golf shoe with a simple turnover tongue that is kept from flapping by a band, which also holds your tees. It comes in reverse calf or buckskin. And the pumps are particularly pleasing to those people who love this type of shoe as I do. There are summer-suède ones, round-toed and low-cut, which have tailored, flaring bows and are perforated all over until they approach the back. They have simplicity, a beautiful cut, and a faint hussy touch that is exactly right. In fact, they do the most flattering possible job of shortening the foot without making it stubby. Also, there are tailored walking pumps of calf, with flat bows and a simple cording around the vamp. Another pump triumph has contrasting reptile treatment in a cutout "V" at the top of the vamp and comes in calf, antelope, summer suède, gabardine—I forget what all. There are new colors here, too: suède in Parma violet, pigeon-blood red, new warm browns, and the like.

I'M a fine one to be talking about sensitive skin, for I have weathered experiments with the most alarming goop in the past, but it was sensitive-skin products that brought Charles of the Ritz and me together while old friends hooted at my "discovery" of the man. I was won first because his cleansing cream can be poured; I am not one who believes that a dry skin needs a rich cream. He has a light astringent, too, and a particularly swell "protective" cream which is as good a foundation as I have found. So far I haven't been pried away from them long enough to try the pink cleansing cream or the Skin Tissue Cream Ritz, which I learn have the most passionate addicts among women who usually take nice things for granted. . . . Matchabelli's holiday offerings are always noteworthy. This year's St.

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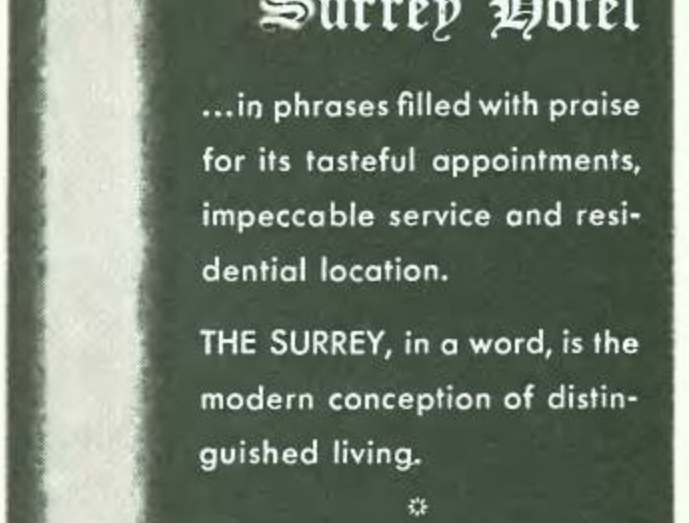
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—L. L.

AS TO MEN

The Complete Figure Skater

SKATERS who are fussy about their shoes might do well to call on Gustavo Stanzione, a little Italian who has a shop at 50 West 56th Street and makes boots for most of the champions. He has definite ideas about his job and his talents. "I'm the best bootmaker in the world," he said to us the other day. "Not only in London, Paris, Berlin—anywhere." All the shoes are designed and made under his supervision. He used to fill every order himself, but business has been so good the last few years that now he has five assistant bootmakers and his three sons working for him. Prices range from $18 for children's skating boots to $45 for a custom-made pair for adults. His most popular model is a boot of white buckskin, which doesn't scuff as easily as kid or suède. Orthopedic shoes are more expensive. He once built some with special ankle supports and charged $75. He will take orders for anything, from slippers to riding boots, and turns out exceptionally good-looking golf shoes for $30. On the whole, his prices are fairly reasonable.

Until he came here from Italy thirty-five years ago, Stanzione had never seen a skater. He made his first skating boots in 1908, quite by accident. He had a small shoe-repairing shop on West 25th Street then, and one morning Belle Butler, a famous skater of those days, stopped in and gave him an order. She was so pleased with his work that she told her friends and business began to pick up. Since then he has made boots for Charlotte, Queen of the Ice, who used to appear at the Hippodrome; Sonja Henie, Maribel Vinson, Karl Schaefer, Irving Brokaw, Norval Baptie, and Vivi-Anne Hulten, the Swedish figure-skating champion who practices on the Rockefeller Plaza pond almost every afternoon. Until a year ago Stanzione had a little shop on an obscure street, and skaters had to wait for



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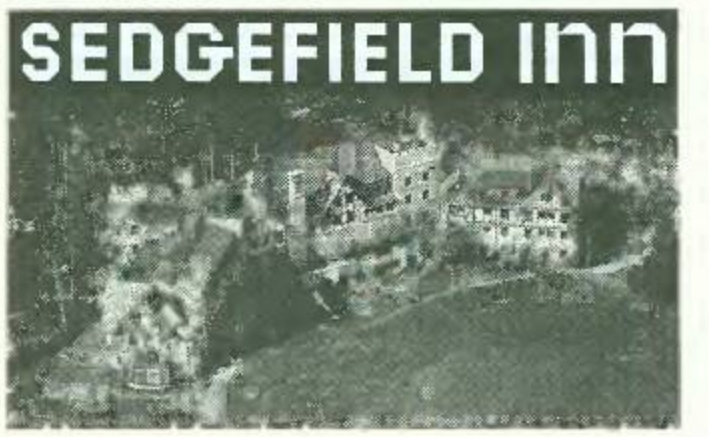
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their fittings while he cobbled half-soles and heels for his neighborhood customers. Now he has blossomed out and receives orders from all over Europe and America. Nearly half his business is done by mail.

Incidentally, he also supplies skates, and favors blades by Strauss of St. Paul, which cost $22.

AS for skating clothes, De Pinna's designer has worked out a pair of breeches of dark-blue gabardine, strapped with leather, which look quite handsome and are $45. A jacket to match, with zipper front and pockets, is $50. Saks-Fifth Avenue prefer midnight-blue serge breeches. They are properly tight at the knee, take about a fortnight to make, and cost $25. For $6, Saks will cut you a pair of black worsted tights. They come without suspender buttons, which tend to pull tights out of shape; instead of using conventional braces, you wear a kind that is equipped with clips. At Alex Taylor, you can get good-looking skating breeches of navy-blue serge for $12 and worsted tights for $8.25.

People who like plenty of warmth and have been wondering what to do since Jaeger's retail store closed and Fortnum & Mason returned to London will be glad to know that Abercrombie & Fitch can outfit anyone in Jaeger's camel's-hair things: sweaters, vests, hose, gloves, and polo coats. The newest item is a scarf five feet long and a foot and a half wide. It is as soft and woolly as can be, costs $12, and would be well worth the price to anyone who is bothered by the cold.

VAN SICKLE, at 681 Fifth Avenue (54th), has brought out a dress waistcoat which he considers the perfect garment for a man with a heavy waistline. It is a cross between a waistcoat and a cummerbund, with the waistcoat part cut low and the cummerbund quite narrow, and has an adjustable elastic strap across the back which gives when one sits down and keeps the front from creasing. A well-known banker thought the thing up and worked out the details with Mr. Van Sickle. It's called the Mer-Van Dress Waistcoat and it sells for $25. The banker-inventor gave away twenty-five at Christmas.

—E. K.

•

YOUR HOME-TOWN PAPER, SIR

Deerfield (Mich.) *Moon.*
Conway (Ark.) *Log Cabin Democrat.*
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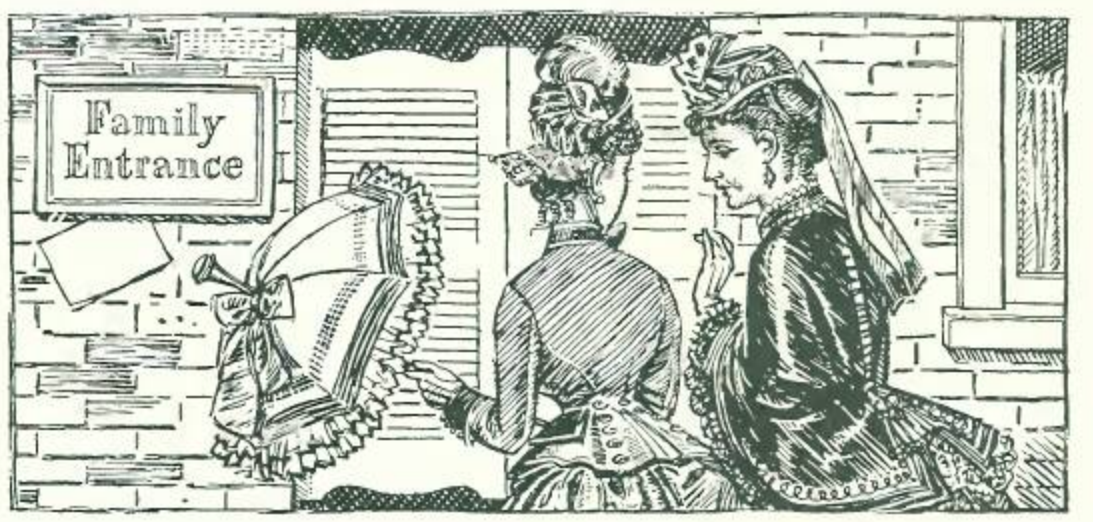
After McGuffey

spär′ kler	tĕn′ der	bôn′ vĭ vänt
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măr′ ry	ché rĭe′	dĭn′ nĕr
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PEGGY GETS HER MAN

1. "Well, Peggy," said Angelica vonder Donck, her dearest friend, "I haven't seen you since you had the Count out to dinner. How did you do?"

2. "Are you blind or haven't you noticed this three-carat sparkler? Indeed, yes, the Count and I are now affianced."



3. "Leave me know how did you do it?"

4. "First I got pa out of the house. Then I made mama promise not to tell about her operation. Well, from a standing start he beat us all to the table. As you know, he is a real *bon vivant*, no matter what Winchell says. But he didn't say a word till they served him Green Giant Brand Peas.

5. "Then he says, 'Ma cherie, Ooh! La! La! ze Pois,* and what ze pois! So gros!** Et so tender! In la belle France we have ze little peas but hard like ze bullet. Zees, what you call Géant Vert!*** Zay aire sweet like heaven—will you marry me? We'll live with your mamá et papá.'."

6. "Lucky Peggy—to win your man with a plate of peas!"

**French for "peas"*
***French for "so big"*
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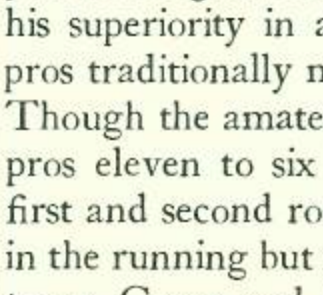


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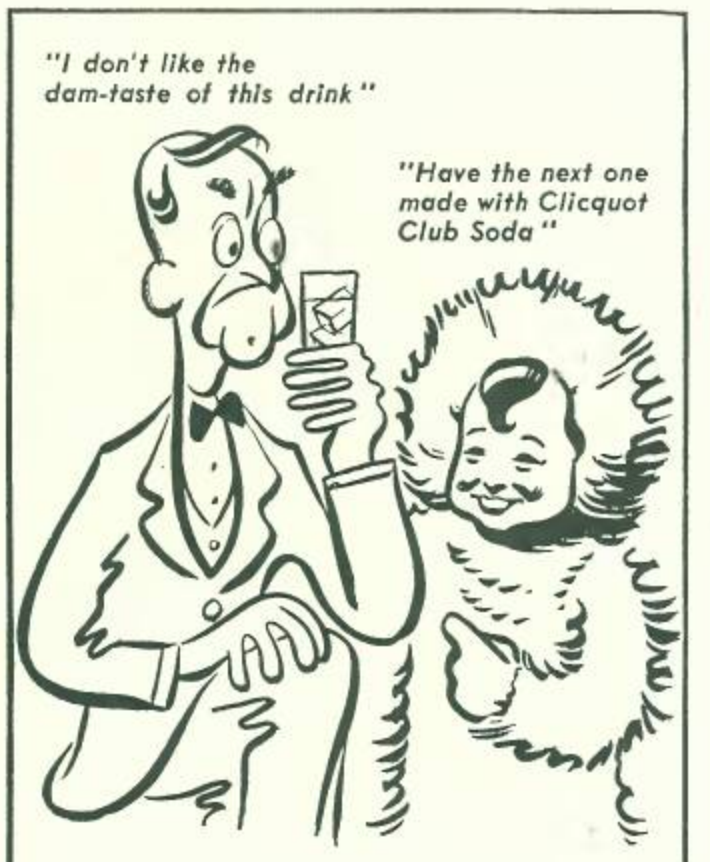
COURT GAMES

A Racquets Open



EXCEPT for Edward Edwards of Philadelphia and Huntington Sheldon of New York, practically every top-notch amateur and professional racquets player in the country entered the open invitation tournament at the Racquet Club last week. This new annual fixture might just as well be called the national open championship, and perhaps will be in the future. In winning it, Robert Grant III, who excels in so many activities that partially informed people have been known to bet on him without having any idea just which game he was playing, showed his superiority in a sport in which the pros traditionally mop up the amateurs. Though the amateurs outnumbered the pros eleven to six last week, after the first and second round all six pros were in the running but only two of the amateurs, Grant and Clarence Pell, were still playing. Pell won easily from R. S. Kearney of Chicago but was defeated in the quarter-final by Tony Bertolotti of the Racquet Club staff, which left Grant the sole amateur in the semi-finals.

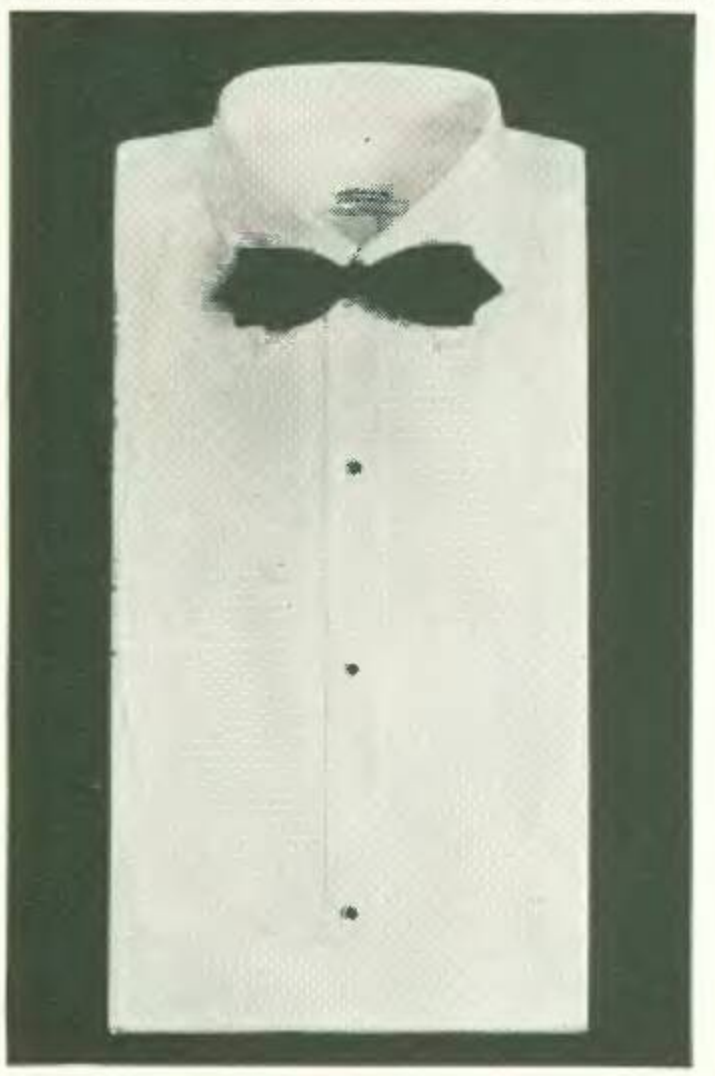
In his match with Kenneth Chantler of the Montreal Racquet Club, Grant came up against a pro who had beaten Norbert Setzler in straight games in an exhibition match at Montreal a few weeks before. After losing the first game to Grant, Chantler got his magnificent service working, took the next game, and went on to a 13–9 lead in the third, only to have Grant tie the score 13–all. At this point, seeing that Grant was about to serve in the right court, where he had been doing badly most of the time, Chantler thoughtfully asked for a set of three points instead of the customary five. This worked out nicely. Chantler aced his return and then served two aces for the game. Grant took the fourth game 15–8, and in the deciding fifth both men put on a stirring show. Grant's rally at the end proved his ability to come up from behind, something which he rarely has a chance to do. Trailing 9–14, he won the serve and scored on two aces. He tied the score with three more points, which followed long, hair-raising rallies, lost the service to Chantler, and successfully defended two more match points before he finally



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regained the service and won—to the relief of his father, who was watching.

The final between Grant and Setzler found the gallery crammed with Pells, Phippses, and Guests, and Eddie Rodgers, the scorer, in excellent voice. His "Play! Play! Play! Play! Play!" gave the event a liturgical atmosphere from which his gray shawl-collar sweater detracted only a little. Sixty or seventy balls were used in less than an hour, and over a hundred dollars' worth of racquets destroyed. Setzler, who had put out Bertolotti in the semifinal, was far from the form he showed when he defeated Chantler in 1936 and David Milford of England in 1937. He lost four games straight, though he got off some astonishingly good rallies at times. In the last game, he pulled up from 5–10 to a 12–10 lead. Grant tied it at 12–all, however, and won the game-set-match-tournament point with an unobtrusive nick shot to the right front corner.

ODDS AND ENDS: Harry Boakes, the Chicago Racquet Club pro who eliminated Frederick F. de Rham, learned his trade from his father, a pioneer racquets-marker in Canada. Boakes, Sr., was still playing the game in his eighties. . . . The Racquet Club elevator which dropped two stories after the Grant-Setzler final, and was saved from disaster only by an emergency cable, proved the tournament's popularity. It had been seriously overcrowded by people leaving the gallery. Coming only a few months after part of the dining-room ceiling fell, the elevator's accident was regarded by several members as a sign that the club is breaking up. . . . A man who has a tea business in India tells us that lawn tennis is getting to be more popular there than racquets. He says the racquets courts are practically deserted. —G. T. H.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the News*]

THE INQUIRING FOTOGRAPHER

THE QUESTION

Of all the peculiar or erroneous beliefs the American people have concerning your country or people, which do you find the most surprising?

THE PLACE

Greenwich Village.

THE ANSWER

Philip Interdonato, Hudson St., proprietor barber shop: "I am surprised to see that the people of the United States so misunderstand our present government. The Italian government of today is a conservative democracy, exactly like that in this country before the present regime."



ARTHUR O'NEILL

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THE RACE TRACK

High Heels—Chilean Champion—Speedster



BECAUSE Wise Prince's best distance is three-quarters of a mile, almost nobody imagined that he could win the Miami Beach Handicap at one mile last Saturday, but he did, and paid $16.40 in the tote. It was then that I remembered his new set of shoes.

Wandering around the stables at Hialeah one morning earlier in the week, I had come upon Hirsch Jacobs supervising the shoeing of Wise Prince. "This horse pulled up a little sore after his last race," he said, "so I'm putting a couple of plates with high heels on him. I think if his heels are raised and his toes are pointed down a little, it may help him." Jacobs believes that correct shoeing is quite as important as training. "One reason a lot of horses I take out of claiming races seem to move up right away," he explained, "is that I always change their shoes. You'd hardly believe it, but lots of horses I claim are wearing roller—what we call smooth—shoes when I get them. You'd almost say the men that trained them wanted to get those horses beat, but they didn't. They just didn't shoe them right." Jacobs spends a lot of his time thinking about the equipment of his horses, which may be why he has been the leading trainer for the last five years.

Obviously, high heels helped Wise Prince in the Miami Beach Handicap. Clocks quickly took the lead and for more than six furlongs seemed about to repeat his victory in the Inaugural Handicap. Then he weakened and Wise Prince slipped past him and went on to beat Mucho Gusto. Wise Prince was tired at the finish, though, for the first quarter of the race was run in 23 1/5 seconds and the last in 26 3/5 seconds.

MY real purpose in visiting Jacobs' stable was to see the new South American horses. Maraton, who won the Chilean Derby and a fantastic number of pesetas last year, is the best of the lot. The others, with the exception of a mare named Izar Zuri—and won't the loudspeaker announcers and the boys in the betting ring have fun with that name—seem to be just useful selling-platers. Maraton, who is in Henry Lustig's Longchamps Farm, is a big, hand-

some colt and reminds you a bit of Whopper, although he's definitely the stayer type. He probably won't race until the last week of the Hialeah meeting, because Jacobs has to teach him to run on our tracks. It seems there are courses for horses as well as horses for courses in Chile—the good horses run clockwise on turf, and the not-so-good ones run counter-clockwise, as horses do everywhere in this country. Maraton never ran on anything but turf, which might be worth remembering the first time he starts here.

The best thing about some of the afternoons at Hialeah is the race over the turf course. It's always a long one. Several have been at a mile and a half, and one was at two miles; all had good fields and close finishes. It's too bad Joe Widener couldn't have a few at Belmont Park.

TOWNSEND MARTIN has a nice colt, if not a positive bargain, in Cravat, whom he bought at Sonny Whitney's sale. Of course Cravat carried only 101 pounds, and it's just as well to reserve judgment until he wins under a higher weight, but I'd rather own him than The Chief or Dauber.

My two-year-old of the week is H. W. Jackson's Ariel Toy, who won his first start in a gallop. He's a lively, well-made fellow, and right now he's my choice for the Nursery Stakes No. 1 on Washington's Birthday. Speaking of two-year-olds, the first world's-record setter of the season was Alfred Vanderbilt's Galley Slave, who ran three furlongs in 32⅘ seconds at Santa Anita the other day. Vanderbilt also owned the previous record-holders at that distance, Airflame and Balking. Galley Slave is by Gino out of Sally's Alley, who won The Futurity and the Pimlico Futurity.

LAGNIAPPE: Overheard in the Hialeah Club—"Sam's downstairs working out his system with his information man." . . . Old-timers trying to remember when there was a dead heat and disqualification in the same race. . . . Colonel Martingale announcing that he is about to unpack his earmuffs and his sun lamp. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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THE ART GALLERIES

Landscapes, Landscapes Everywhere

YOU'D imagine, offhand, that you could hardly think of a duller subject for an exhibition than American landscape painting during the nineteenth century. Yet that is what the Whitney Museum has chosen for its first big show of the year, and surprisingly enough it has managed to make a thoroughly interesting thing of it. It's not what you'd call an exciting show, or even a particularly lively one; there are too many large, dark, meticulously painted examples of the Hudson River school for that. But it is certainly comprehensive—there are eighty-one pictures by forty-seven artists on display—and though the major trends of the period seem to lead largely to mediocrity, there are scattered instances of astonishingly good work.



The scope of the show makes it suggestive historically as well. There is a tendency just now to look down on landscape painting on the ground that it is concerned only with trivia and is prevented by its very nature from expressing the more vital social and philosophic conflicts of the human scene. This idea has always seemed to me too beautifully simple to be strictly true, and I was interested to see how much the Whitney show does to refute it. Certainly there are obvious parallels between the tight little landscapes of the opening of the century and the circumscribed semi-Colonial life of the day, while the grandiose scenes and awesome vistas of the middle eighteen-hundreds are completely in accord with the "expansionist" mood then prevailing. Similarly, the foreign influences of the Barbizon school and the Impressionists, appearing toward the century's close, signalize the entrance of the nation into world affairs, and I feel that the show, though it is made up solely of landscapes, provides an accurate reflection of the chief currents in national life during the hundred years' span it covers.

Perhaps because we are again somewhat isolationist in mood, it is the paintings of the earliest period that are likely now to appeal to us most strongly. Indeed, to my mind almost the best picture in the exhibition is one called "Runaway Horse" (unfortunately the artist is anonymous), which must have been done around the first quarter of the century. It is painted, so to speak, on two planes only, with the black horse running among dark shrubbery in the foreground, set off sharply from the view of river and town in the distance. But the contrasts thus established give it a curiously dreamy, enigmatic quality; the detail is precise and yet vivid, and the whole thing is extremely strong in composition and rich in movement.

There are several other canvases of this general period that are worth noting. John Trumbull's "View of Niagara Falls" is one instance in which a spectacular subject seems to have been completely "realized" by the artist, and Samuel Morse's "View from Apple Hill" has a good sense of space and clarity. But a show like this is almost too big to permit individual mention, and anyway, before you know it, the lightness and simplicity, the slightly naïve painstakingness of the earlier pictures, are gone and you are face to face with the Thomas Coles, the Doughtys, and all the rest of the leafy rubbish of the Hudson River painters.

Works by these men had to be shown, for the object of the exhibition was historical rather than selective, and they dominated American art for the major part of the century. It must be admitted, too, that they served a definite purpose in their day. At a time when travel was difficult and photography unknown, their craggy canvases of mountain and wilderness scenes must have brought to Eastern city dwellers a comfortable assurance of the vastness and ruggedness of the country. Now, however, one can only marvel at the number of leaves they thought it took to make a tree, the number of trees it took to make a forest.

And so on to the Romantics, who, led by George Inness, followed them, and to the Impressionists, who brought the century to a close. These last suffer somewhat from the fact that the show ends with the year 1900, and it was not until after the turn of the century that the Impressionist method was fully digested by American painters, and not till a decade later that it found a truly native expression in the hands of the American realists. Consequently, the two paintings by Maurice Prendergast seem like tentative affairs, and Sloan, Lawson, and Glackens are not represented at all. Of the pictures by strictly nineteenth-century Impressionists—J. Alden Weir, John Twachtman, etc.—only Willard Metcalf's "The

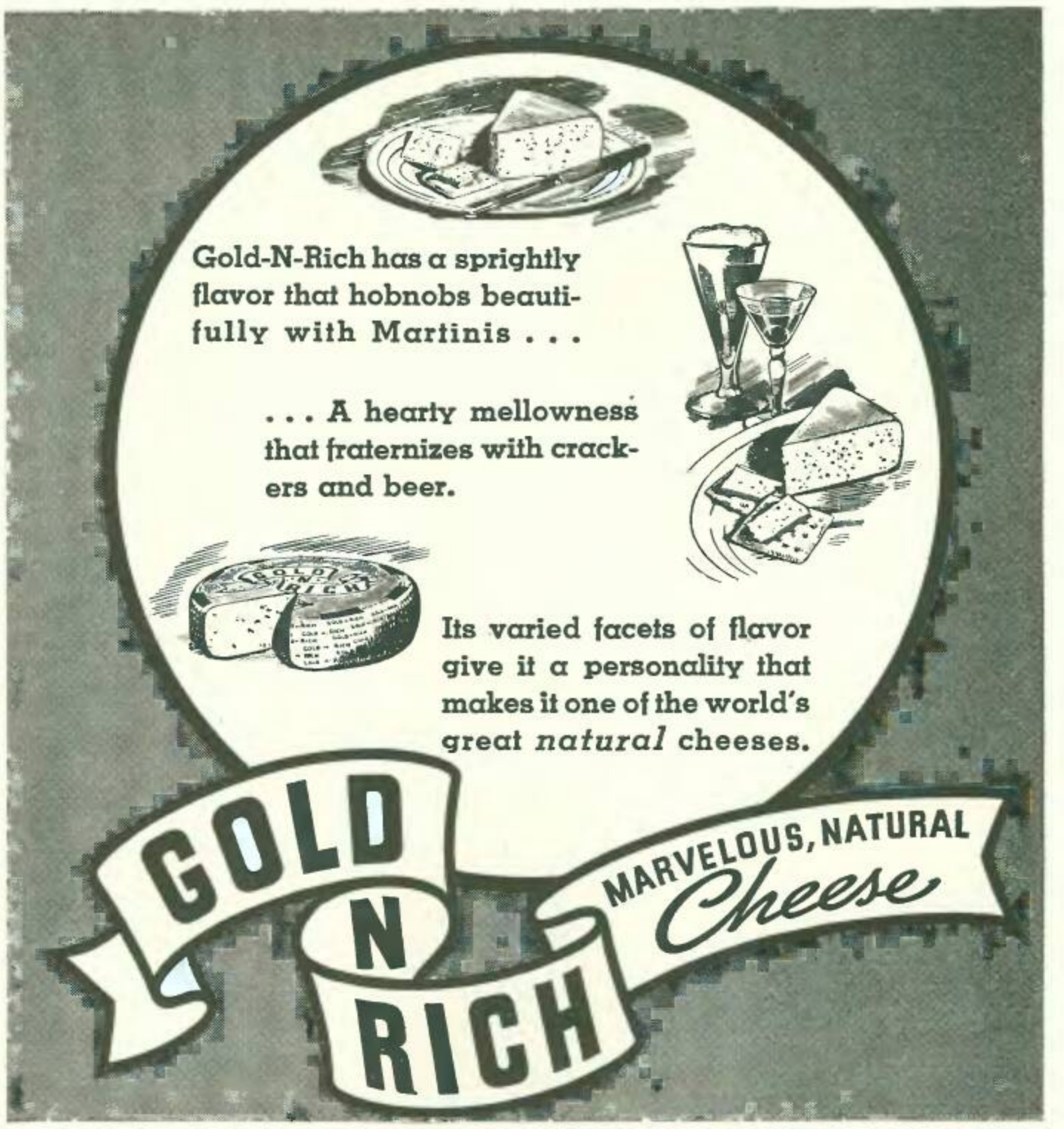
Path" seems fully to accomplish what the artist set out to do.

A number of accepted reputations sustain severe shocks in the show. The three Winslow Homers all look pasty-textured and posterlike. Of the two Whistlers, the carefully painted and fairly pleasant "Old Battersea Bridge" (not the one that caused the row with Ruskin) is countered by his dull and quite untypical "Coast of Brittany," which portrays a solitary fisher maiden brooding uncomfortably amid acres of rocks. The one canvas by Thomas Eakins, "Cowboys in the Bad Lands," is a curiously uneven performance, the two exquisitely painted horsemen in the foreground being so out of key with the dim mountain background that they look almost as if they had been pasted on the canvas.

But against these there are the four Ryders, handsome and impressive in their mood of loneliness, and two splendid Blakelock night scenes, not to mention a scattering of unexpected successes —John La Farge's broad, beautifully lit "Paradise Valley," which made me revise upward my opinion of that artist; Charles Knowles' wintry "Church, Westfield Farms;" Arthur B. Davies' gravely formal "Along the Erie Canal." All in all, I thought the exhibition a very well chosen and honestly presented survey of such talents as the century afforded in American art, and highly instructive for that reason.

ANOTHER landscape show, and one that is distinctly worth seeing, is the exhibition of works by Claude Lorrain at Durlacher Brothers'. This seventeenth-century master was one of the first artists ever to paint landscape for its own sake, studying the problems of light and composition involved in the portrayal of the simple scene as carefully as his contemporaries studied the human figure. Certainly he was the first to see fully and sometimes to express the poetry and imaginative feeling with which natural objects can be endowed. The present show contains nine canvases, all







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loans, and fourteen drawings, and to list one of the paintings would almost require listing every one, for they are all masterpieces. I can't resist mentioning particularly the small and completely idyllic "Landscape with a Mill" and the larger "Mill on the Tiber," with its lakelike expanse of river and its rocky background, and its consummately painted spacious sky. Church, Kensett, Bierstadt, and most of the other Hudson River painters knew and studied Claude Lorrain's work carefully, we are told. But what good did it do them?

THERE are a number of other exhibitions that will repay a visit. The American Folk Art Gallery has a show of genre paintings, pastels, and water colors, dated 1795 to 1887, that supplements the Whitney Museum's display very pleasantly. These are American "primitives," mainly by anonymous artists, and one side of their appeal is the light they throw on the life of the times —women weaving at a homemade loom, farmers gossiping around a kitchen table, a Yankee peddler displaying his wares, and so on. I was particularly interested in a *trompe-l'œil* depicting a letter rack and room keyboard of the type that used to hang in country inns. Painted in 1827 by one Nathaniel Peck, of Flushing, it is done with a deceptive effect of naturalism worthy of Pierre Roy or Harry W. Watrous. . . . Downstairs, at the Downtown Gallery, Nicolai Cikovsky has a show of oils and water colors—all well planned and capably painted, if a little "standard" in conception.

Another excellent show is that of paintings and water colors by Max Beckmann, at the Buchholz Gallery. These are sharp, vigorous compositions, bold both in color and conception. I liked best the "Mountain Lake" (landscapes again!) and the "Firs," a highly stylized canvas, but one that nevertheless has a good deal of authority. . . . The Federal Art Gallery has an exhibition of prints by WPA artists which should not be missed. There are etchings, lithographs, color prints, dry points—one hundred and forty-odd items in all—on view, and the general standard of excellence is so high, the work so solid in technique and execution, that one can't help having a feeling of pride in a national project that has produced such splendid results, and a hope that it will continue. It will, of course, if the Fine Arts Bill, to establish a permanent federal arts commission, goes through Congress. . . . There's a sad little show of Whistler pastels and water colors at Carroll Carstairs which you'll have to hurry to see, for it closes this Saturday. If you do hurry, you'll also see three drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec and a couple of Degas pastels in the back room that are ten times as good as the wistful, watery-looking exhibits in the main gallery. —ROBERT M. COATES

• •

BOY ON EARTH

Out of the early-closed-in winter night,
the boy moved dazedly about his chores,
and saw the frosty breathing of the cows
and his own breath in circled lantern light
strange to his mind, familiar to his eyes,
and gave the final cow a friendly whack
to keep her warm. "All right," his father said,
and sent him on. His mother let him go
half-supperless for once. Mittened, he took
his new mail-order telescope outdoors
and found a brook-edge alder in the meadow,
and propped the glass up in a frozen crotch
so he could turn it as he turned his head.
He had to fit the tunnel to his sight,
he had to fit his breathing to the sky's,
before he caught a single star to watch.
He pulled his mittens off, not letting go
of the shaking world, and, planted in the snow,
he saw what he had thought that he would see,
and wondered dizzily how much of star
burned in the turning earth. Or was Earth only
a darkened globe where even farm lights showing
could never glimmer far, or ever tell
a boy who lived on Earth where he was going?

—FRANCES FROST

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Down the River



THE Administration seems to be very successful with the movies it makes. "The River" is its latest contribution to the art of the cinema, a picture which perhaps exceeds in beauty and force that earlier effort, beautiful and forceful too, which was known to us as "The Plow That Broke the Plains." For both films the government has employed practically the same talent, and has shown itself in so doing as discreet and discriminating as some of the electorate feel it is in everything it handles. Pare Lorentz directed both, and wrote the text for them; Virgil Thomson composed the score in each case, and in both Thomas Chalmers, once of the Metropolitan, recited the Lorentz narrative. In this second production, Alexander Smallens conducted the Thomson music, played by members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society. The cameramen have had expert experience in the past. You can see that there is nothing amateurish or casual about the Administration's interest in the movies. The result testifies to all this care and ability. One's only complaint can be that the picture is too brief, a phenomenal objection in this bustling world, and that the half-hour it runs seems to pass in a jiffy. So swift is the pace and so comprehensive the material that one may feel the effect of the film to be almost brusque.

The river of "The River" is the Mississippi, with its tributaries, its creeks and brooks, which spread out across two-thirds of the continent. The Lorentz objective, and the Administration's, has been to instruct us in the story of this river and its valley, the story of the soil impoverished first by cotton-growers and then by the Civil War, of the floods and famine that have ensued, and of the efforts for recovery now being made. It's a tremendous summary, which takes us from the spruce and pine of the Alleghenies to the mud of the delta; it reports upon the sharecroppers in the Deep South, the ruins of the houses of Natchez, the floods of Louisville and Cincinnati, and the new dams in Tennessee. To have covered so much mileage, to have demonstrated how a century's activities have worked upon the land, to have made so

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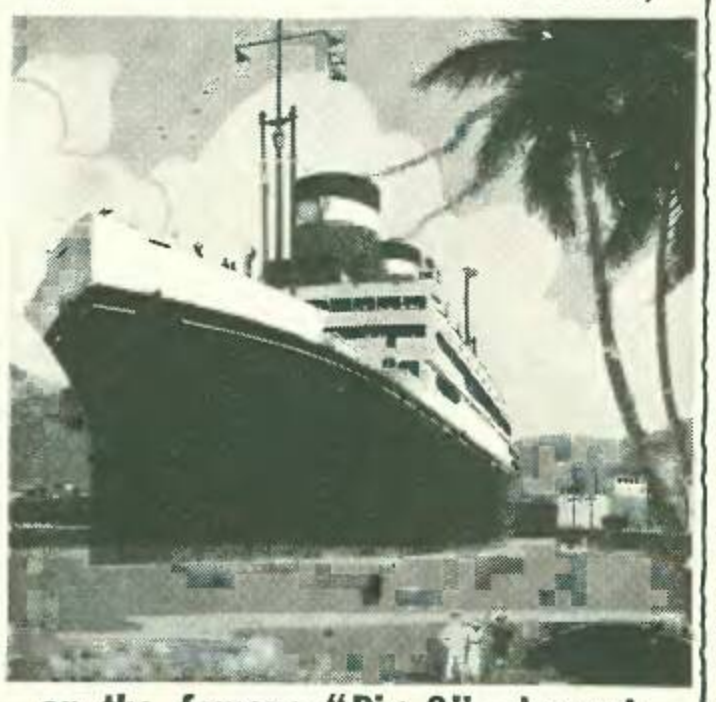
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much material lucid in a half-hour, has required a laboratory exactitude which has been entirely successful. The argument is economic, but it happens to be of pictorial magnificence, which these cameramen have appreciated to the full, just as Mr. Lorentz doubtless realized that a simple listing of the names of rivers, ranges, and towns gave his text a swing and gusto almost poetic.

NOW and then the need for a good, old-fashioned "Western" comes over us, as the studios remember. "The Bad Man of Brimstone" is the latest antidote to effete experience, and aside from technical advances in studio lights and lenses and such things, and possibly a more mature talent on the part of performers, the movie jolts along much in the mood of early cinema thrillers. Wallace Beery as a Trigger Bill is a scandalous old outlaw who holds up stagecoaches, shoots on sight, and wears a breezy sombrero. One perceives the heart of gold in the old scamp and isn't surprised that the young lovers of the piece should owe all to him at last. There's a scene of heartbreak in a saloon when the juvenile throws his watch on the table; it flies open and reveals a fair woman's picture—the juvenile's mother, whom Trigger Bill recognizes at once as the wife he had deserted years ago. There are such persons in the sketch as Eight Ball, Blackjack, Buzz, Vulch, and Loco, and a sweet thing (Virginia Bruce) baptized Loretta.

Busy Swedes have sent us "Karl Fredrik Reigns," with English titles for such of us as don't know their language. It's a desultory story of love and labor problems, with, as suitable occasional tunes, the "Barcarolle" and the "Internationale." How the heir of a great house comes to love the daughter of a labor leader, once a lowly workman on the estate, and the problems such a romance bestir will occupy the audience unless it happens to doze off.

The real bracer of the moment is a trick short item with a big, long name. "The New Audioscopiks," new because there was a preliminary version two years ago, can really startle one with its three-dimensional illusions. You look at these through celluloid glasses, which a gracious management supplies, and they give a sly twist to the optic nerves which does wonders for the brain cells. —JOHN MOSHER

•

Too few people know how to give dogs a bath.—*Albert Payson Terhune in Grit.*

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LOS ANGELES

THIS city is still a boom town, never having caught up with its mushroom growth at the time gold, oil, and climate were discovered in California. The result now is that the city embraces the largest area of any in the country, there being 451 square miles of Los Angeles, 142 more than Greater New York's miserable 309. This means that it is sometimes necessary to travel thirty miles to spend an evening with a friend who lives on the other side of town. What happened was that in Los Angeles building spread out instead of up. The thirty-two-story City Hall is the only structure that has been allowed to rise above 150 feet. An ordinance designed to insure an open-air city keeps the others below this height, and the average tall building rises to only twelve stories. Citizens are made furious by the suggestion that a dash of earthquake fear is also back of the ordinance.

Recognizing that people have difficulty in pronouncing the name of the city correctly, the Los Angeles *Times* prints conveniently on its masthead a phonetic spelling of the name, which reads "Loce Ahng hail ais." This sets everybody right except the Spanish, to whom "Loce Ahng hail ais" may not immediately mean "The Angels."

It is pretty difficult to find a native angel. My landlord came originally from Chicago, my barber from Kentucky. The postman was born in Kansas City, the corner druggist in Oklahoma, the cop on the beat was first a policeman in Minneapolis, and the three garbage-collectors interviewed on this subject said they were not natives.

HERE people can already hear Japanese shells exploding in the streets. They roundly denounce Japan and declare loudly that they will boycott all Japanese business enterprises. However, since the Japanese have most of the good vegetable markets in the city, the professed boycotters sneak around to the Japanese stores when no one is looking.

In the shop of Lung, my Chinese laundryman, there is a small cardboard box over which hangs a sign asking for contributions to provide medical supplies for China. When Lung sees me coming to his place from the vegetable stand of Togo across the street, he puts on his best smile to indicate he means no offence and asks, as if merely curious,



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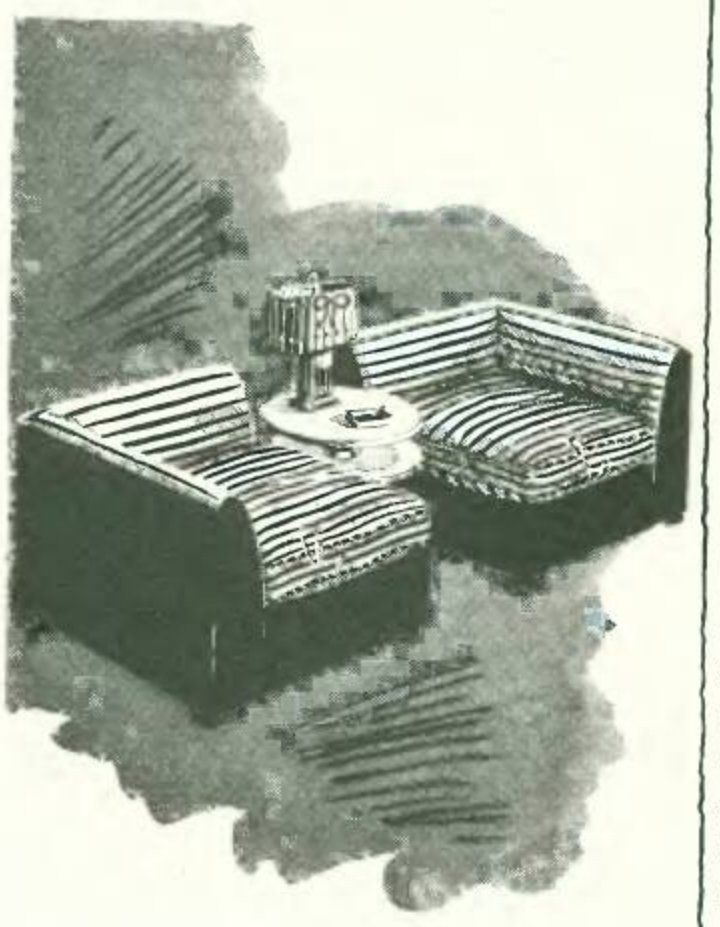
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"You come from there?" At Togo's there is no box asking for war contributions, and Togo's smile is even broader when he sees me coming from Lung's. "You go to there?" he asks politely. Lung, by the way, is married to a red-headed white woman, and their baby, with Oriental features and bright red hair, is a spectacle.

The main boulevards of Los Angeles give the impression that there is a red or blue neon sign to every square yard. At one gasoline station there is an automobile completely outlined with neon lights; at another there is a full-sized out-of-service neon-lighted passenger airplane, with propellers spinning. Newsboys wear neon signs blazoning the names of their papers. Los Angeles proclaims the honesty of its citizens by placing newspapers for sale on many corner stands where there are no attendants but, instead, slots in which you drop your payment. Handout neighborhood newspapers are numerous. Deposited at my door daily are no less than four, which carry a great deal of advertising and a fair amount of local news.

The city is full of queer signs to attract attention, strange religions, and bizarre medical practices. "Quiet—Doll Hospital" is enough to make anyone stop, think, and tread lightly. You wonder about the beliefs of the churches which announce "I Am Class," "Koyasan Daishi," "Pillar of Fire," "Self Realization Fellowship," "Voice of Prophecy," and "The Little Temple of the Hope of Hollywood." In the medical world there are "Naturopathy," which "embraces all the sciences and arts of healing;" "Auto-Condensation," which increases metabolism and body heat and treats leukemia, acidosis, menopause, and insomnia; and "Galvanic-Contractile Currents," which fix up neuritis, Bell's palsy, adhesions, lumbago, fallen arches, and hemorrhoids.

Streamlined trolley cars have been running about the streets of Los Angeles for some time now. But to give you the best idea of what the streets are like it is necessary merely to state that in Los Angeles County there are over a million automobiles. When most of them are in operation at the same time, it isn't difficult to believe that this is nearly one-fortieth of all the automobiles in the entire world.—THEODORE PRATT

•

She has fluffy white hair, is fifty, and has friends in the embassies and good arches.—*Vogue*.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 26

THAT the French public doesn't understand French politics is natural. It was the French politicians' not understanding French politics which made the recent governmental crisis seem so odd. For a Premier who has fallen often enough in the past to know how, Premier Chautemps certainly looked amateurish falling on Friday from a Premiership to which he was forced to return on Tuesday. Léon Blum (who was Sunday's Premier, during the hour it took him to fail to collect a Cabinet) made a novice's error, too, in supposing that his over-intelligent cartel plan for Ministers, starting on the Trade-Union Left and stretching through to the Grand Lama Right, would please either the Muscovites or the Tibetans. Furthermore, part of his party bolted from him in a session that lasted till 5:30 A.M. and was interrupted not only by wild arguments but also by bitter tears, shed by Socialist delegates who for the first time in eighteen years failed to pass a motion for their chief. Though he won in the three-legged race with 4,035 votes, his two rebellious lieutenants polling only 2,659 and 1,496 respectively, the total votes of the two losers (4,155) made them winners according to French Socialism's odd reckoning. The Communist politicians' contribution to the *crise* lay in their mistakenly believing they could forever heckle the Front Populaire as a substitute for holding office in it. Indeed, it was their heckling and Chautemps's reply that caused the whole rumpus. "It would not be noble for a government to lack dignity," he surprisingly stated. "The Communist spokesman has manifested his desire to have his freedom. So far as I'm concerned, I give it to him willingly." This was tantamount to giving the Communists the air and the Front Populaire, France's famous tripartite Left Wing New Deal, the gate. As a matter of fact, the Front Populaire program was pushed into the back yard by Premier Blum months ago, when he was still in a position of such power that he could call the back yard "a period of pause." For the Front Populaire's social reforms were bringing France to the same bankruptcy other governments had brought it to, without reforms. Here, as in America, the capitalists blame the country's condition on the reforms the Left Wingers made, and the workers blame everything on the reforms the Right Wingers failed to make. As you may have gathered, the political crisis in Paris has really been a crisis in public attitudes toward money.



France had four peaceful days in which she had no government at all. Such interregnal days have a special quality, like days on which there's no school. People are getting sick and tired of government and its never being able to govern.

IT is unfortunate that Dr. Céline's new volume, "Bagatelles pour un Massacre," should have appeared the week *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* proclaimed him the French Erskine Caldwell. For the French opus is nothing like anything Mr. Caldwell would write; indeed, it is nothing like what anyone would have thought Dr. Céline could write—in his right mind. Of his book's three hundred and seventy-nine pages, two hundred and ninety-one are devoted to an outburst of anti-Semitism which for inky violence, hate, confusion, and quotations from the Talmud, the less loving Psalms, and the so-called Protocol of Zion, nearly puts Herr Streicher's hysterical writings in the shade. Dr. Céline's first forty-one pages are given over to two strange ballet librettos—one about a Louis XV elf, the other about "Paul and Virginia." There are also some literary cracks at other French writers, whom he designates as Proust-Proust, Paul Cemetery Valéry, the complicated Goncourt babies, and André Gide, the cocoon-spinner. The final pages are devoted to Dr. Céline's recapitulation of the political, racial, and physical dissatisfactions he felt on his recent visit to Soviet Russia. What has happened to the brain that wrote "Voyage au Bout de la Nuit" no one seems to know. Perhaps the physician is in need of healing himself.

THE best exhibition, for showmanship, for humor, for horrors, and for paintings, that the Surrealists have ever given anywhere is being held at the Galerie des Beaux-Arts. The opening was such a success that the police had to restore order. The first of the three departments of the show is the courtyard, which contains a "*Taxi Pluvieux*"—a jalopy which Salvador Dali has filled with two maiden mannequin figures, one clad in cretonne and snails, the other in a chauffeur's cap made out of a dog's skull. Both are seated amidst vegetation



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and falling water. The foyer features a half-dozen other window mannequins, variously dressed by various famous Surrealists with a bird cage, scorpions, dried mushrooms, anything. Dali's, which is arrayed in a cerise mask, tin spoons, and a raw egg, has orange Aztec feathers for her feet and Poe's raven for her hat. The main hall, whose floor is covered with six inches of sand, is unlighted; visitors are given electric torches. It contains several beds, one by a dilapidated pond, all with inelegant bedding. The pictures are placed around the walls or on racks over which, between flashes from one's torch, one stumbles. On the whole the serious, mature quality of the art nearly compensates for the foolish infantilism of the setting. Led by Dali, the Surrealists have now emerged with a regular, school-tie, academic style—a Netherlandish medievalism, both in color and the high finesse of the brushwork, plus the Lowlander's morbid fancy in composition. While it's a wonder that Dali's canvas, No. 43, wasn't seized by the police while they were restoring order, the rest of his works are preponderantly chaste, imaginative, lovely, incalculable, crazy, and a fraction less well painted than before. Tanguy's, which are better painted than formerly, are poetic and rare; his black-and-whites are superb. Max Ernst's canvases are beautiful and dignified; Arp's and Miró's seem passé; Breton's opus is a mere arrangement of arms and legs. The other foreign contributions, excepting those of the romantic Nash, are only gadgety imitations.

The energetic, precocious, and tiring morbidity of the professional Surrealists is, despite the fine painting, what wrecks the show for the rational mind. Also, the rational mind sometimes wishes that the Surrealists, with their candid selection of de Sade as their favorite philosopher and sadism as their pleasant practice, had also heard of Masoch and masochism. If the Surrealists sometimes gave themselves and not others a pain, it would make a nice change. —GENÊT

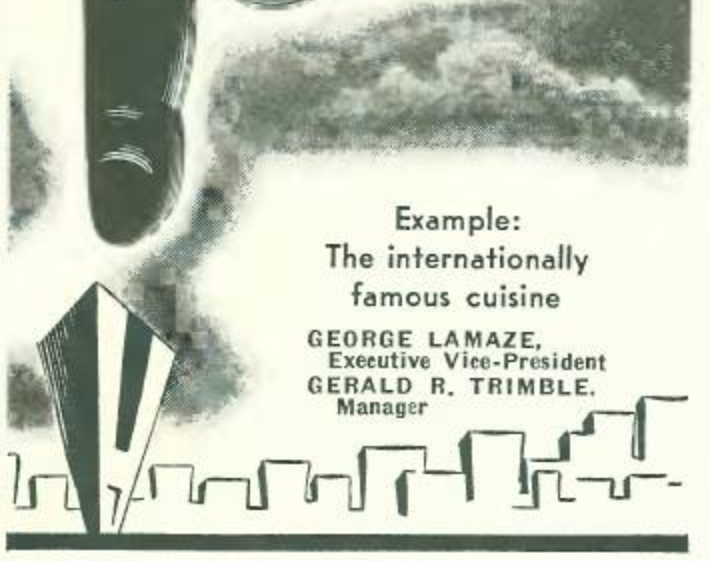
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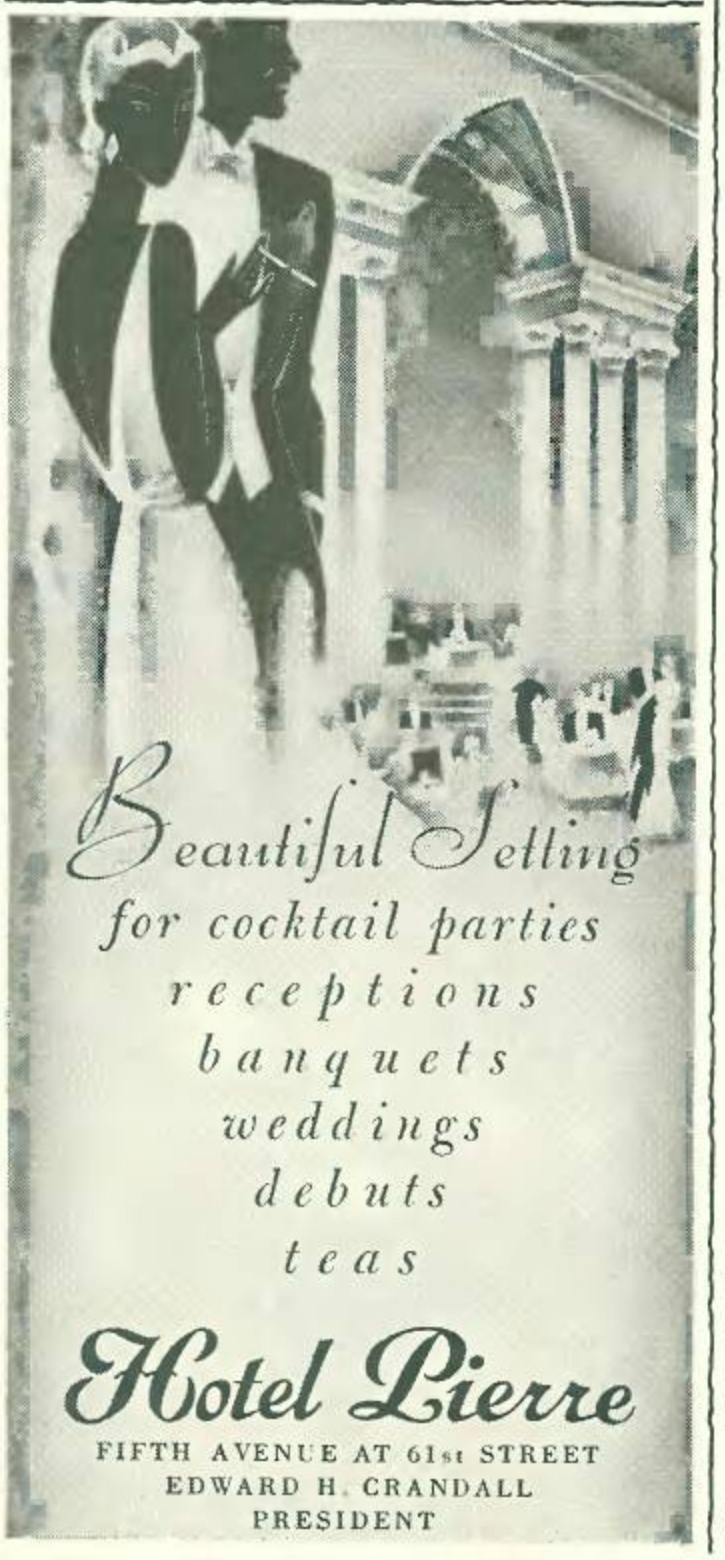
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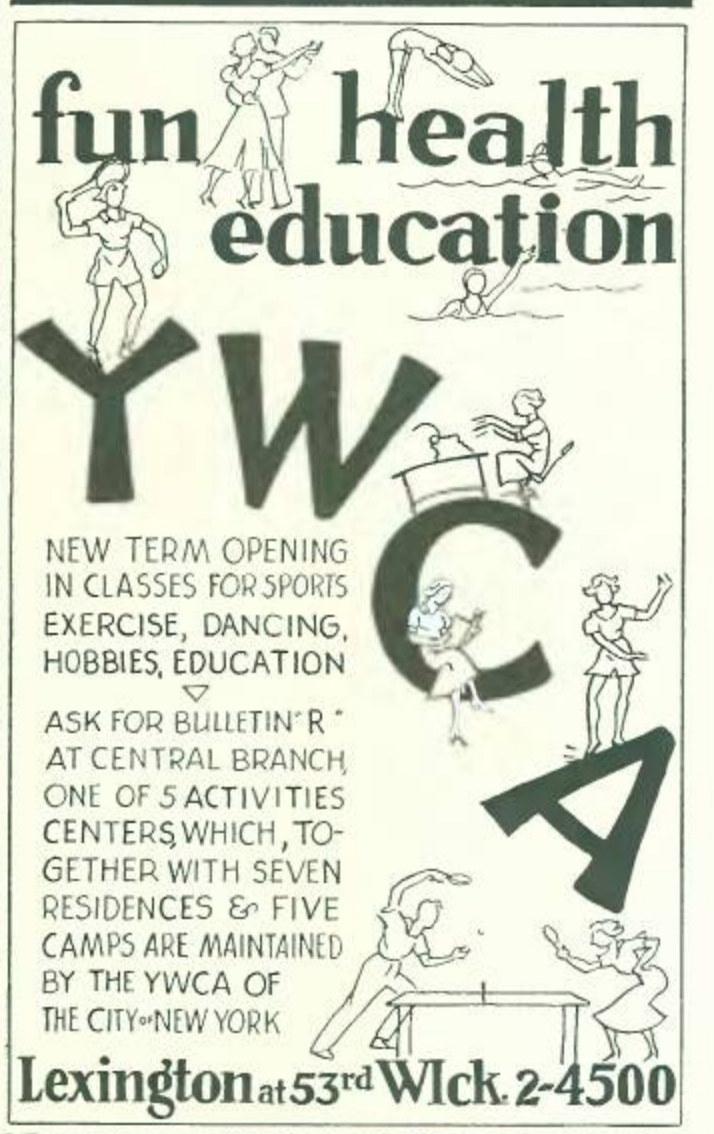
[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Strumming guitars by strolling Hawaiian musicians, waving palm fronds and leis will recreate the glamor and romance of the tropics when the Little Club of Long Beach gives its Hawaiian Night at the Virginia Country Club on November 6.

The Little Club is a philanthropic organization which meets every Monday to sew layettes to be given away.



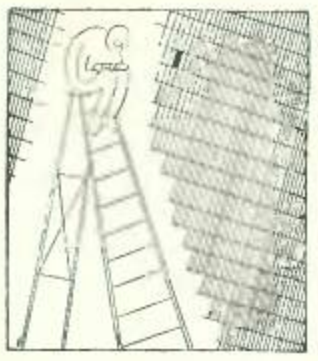






BOOKS

Explaining Josephine Lawrence's Novels



THE novels of Josephine Lawrence are doubtless more readable to some than to others, but in any case they are interesting to ponder over. She is the author of four books—"Years Are So Long," "If I Have Four Apples," "The Sound of Running Feet," and now "Bow Down to Wood and Stone." Her large audience is composed, I should hazard, of people who are not markedly "literary." One gets the impression that she is read with great care and widely discussed. This popularity she does not owe to any considerable literary qualities, or on the other hand to any cheap or sentimental appeal. I do not believe her audience greatly care whether she is a good or a bad writer, or that they pay any attention to the judgments of the reviewers. She is, in a very genuine sense, a popular novelist, communicating directly with a large segment of what more learned journals call the petty bourgeoisie.

One might ascribe her hold on this group largely to the fact that she, perhaps uniquely today, writes old-fashioned problem novels. The problems are always specific, capable of neat, almost mathematical demonstration, and solvable in formular terms. One novel deals with the problem of aging parents and the financial and emotional responsibilities of their children; another with the difficulties and benefits of a family budget; another with the difference that an additional five or ten dollars a week might make in the life of a white-collar American. "Bow Down to Wood and Stone" (Miss Lawrence is as fancy in her titles as she is downright in the novels themselves) has to do with the evil effects of the neurotic tendency to self-sacrifice. These problems are always treated in isolation. They are never considered in relation to the fundamental dilemmas of the class which is worried about them. They are split-off or "fractional" problems. Because they are fractional, they lend themselves to comfortingly precise statement. Because they are fractional, they can give rise among Miss Lawrence's readers to interesting controversy which can never lead deep enough really to trouble or terrify these readers. Finally, because they are fractional, they seem immediately solvable. The reader rises from "Bow Down to Wood and Stone" with the sense that he has learned something useful, something he can apply at once to the conduct of his life.

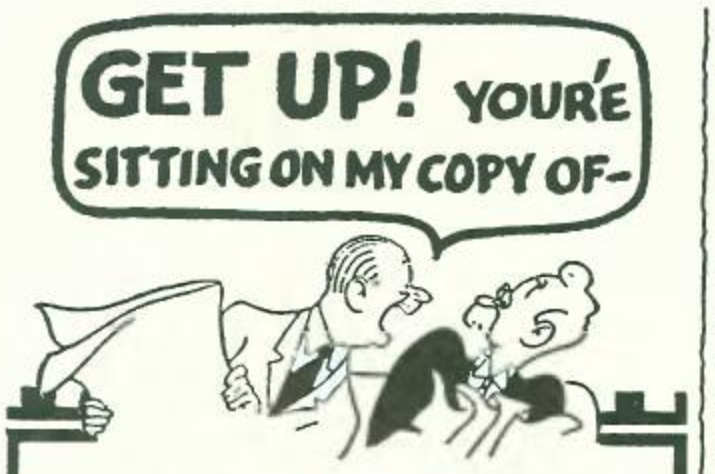
"Bow Down to Wood and Stone" is an excellent example of Miss Lawrence's method. She selects a theme, in this case the question of the value of devotion and self-sacrifice. She is a woman and a woman's writer, hence she thinks of her chief characters as women. What are the three things for which women in the main sacrifice themselves? Husband, children, job. She thereupon constructs three characters, sisters: Brosia, who devotes her life to furthering her husband's medical career; Seneth, who drowns hers in her four children and wears around her neck a gold chain set with their baby teeth; and Gillian, who has married herself to her job in a law office. To act as a kind of lecturer pointing out the folly of excessive self-sacrifice, Miss Lawrence provides Dr. Hugh Kent, Brosia's husband. Then each of the sisters is presented with an opportunity to reconstruct her life anew, and more healthily. Each rejects the opportunity. Each is depicted as becoming more and more unhappy. Brosia is deserted by her husband, Seneth loses the affection of her children, and Gillian, forced to resign her job, pines away because there is nothing left for her to sacrifice herself for. General conclusion: live for yourself, don't be too unselfish, don't try to bribe God with hypocritical good deeds.

All this is worked out with much neatness, economy, and clarity. The book leaves the unquestioning reader satisfied and in a sense enriched, for he seems to have learned something. That is Miss Lawrence's secret. Her readers really do know what her books are about. This is more than they can say of Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, or John Steinbeck. Miss Lawrence, they feel, is "sensible," and in a way she is. She doesn't move, excite, illuminate, inspire; she merely offers in brisk, unimaginative narrative form a superficially well-reasoned piece of advice on a specific problem. Among American novelists she seems to have this particular field all to herself. I wager she'll hold her audience long after most better (and most worse) popular writers of fiction have lost theirs.

STEFAN ZWEIG turns his biographical attention this week to Magellan. It is debatable whether Magellan at this late date stands in crying need of



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a 335-page biography, but he is certainly a more interesting subject than that perennial nuisance, Mary Queen of Scots, or, in my dogged opinion, Marie Antoinette. "As regards boldness, resoluteness, and experience Magellan probably excelled his more famous predecessor, Columbus," thinks Herr Zweig, and makes out a very fair case for the judgment. The results of Magellan's tremendous voyage were of course of no consequence as compared with those of the discoveries of Columbus, but he himself seems to have been of truly heroic cast, without any tincture of brutality and with very little of the animal greed that actuated Cortez and Pizarro.

Herr Zweig has gone to quite a bit of trouble to pad out his story, which is hardly rich or complex enough to bear the weight of a full-dress biography. Also, he talks a great deal about "Destiny," that convenient item of verbal idiocy by the use of which Teutonic biographers live and have their very being. Except for these two flaws, "Conqueror of the Seas" is an acceptable job. You may not know much about Magellan, you may even think he circumnavigated the globe, which he didn't, but once having read Herr Zweig, you'll know everything. Eden and Cedar Paul are responsible for the smooth translation.

—Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Ships in the Sky, by Gunnar Gunnarsson, translated from the Icelandic by E. R. A sensitive autobiographical novel dealing with the first seven years of a child's (presumably the author's) life in the Icelandic back country. It is "The Golden Age" translated into more masculine, Northern, and primitive terms.

Another Ophelia, by Edwin Lanham. Violence and broken lives in a story made real and moving by Mr. Lanham's ability to portray character. His presentation, at the beginning of the book, of Julie, whose life ended when she was twenty although she went on living, is completely admirable. The rest of the dramatic story is subtly told. One of the best, so far, of the tough-and-terrible school of fiction.

A Time to Laugh, by Rhys Davies. A friendly novel on a grim subject—the struggle of the Welsh miners for union recognition in the late eighteen-nineties. Strike riots in those days, with the cudgels of the police against

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the feet, fists, and rocks of the miners, make our present-day riots seem positively dainty.

How Sleeps the Beast, by Don Tracy. A slam-bang story of a lynching on Maryland's Eastern Shore. The victim is a Negro, the crime the assault and murder of a white woman. Mr. Tracy has depicted the nastiness of the mob to the last grim detail. As real as your daily newspaper, and not guaranteed to be any more permanent.

Dream of Freedom, by E. C. Piltine. A first novel, written in a minor key. The love affair of an Austrian doctor, exiled in this country, with the wife of one of his patients. Miss Philtine evidently intended her doctor to be a tragically frustrated figure, but he seems hardly more than ill-tempered, at best pathetic, and a stark and unappealing lover.

GENERAL

Defoe, by James Sutherland. Excellent biography of a genius whose strange life was a perpetual dogfight and whose career has been overshadowed by the success of one of the 250 works credited to him. Illustrated.

Robbery by Mail: The Story of the U.S. Postal Inspectors, by Karl Baarslag. About the many swindles that may victimize us if we make the mistake of opening our mail, and the manner in which Uncle Sam protects us. Photographs.

Literary Opinion in America, edited, with an introduction, by Morton Dauwen Zabel. Fifty essays of the past two decades, by some of the best names in the business, all illustrating "the status, methods, and problems of criticism in the United States since the war."

The Epicure's Companion, by Edward and Lorna Bunyard, with contributions from other hands. Delightful chats about food and drink, snippets of literary allusions, plenty of odd information concerning all kinds of edibles and drinkables. No recipes. Makes grand reading and is pretty useful, too. Illustrated by Frances Bunyard.

The Golfer's Companion, edited by Peter Lawless, illustrated by Harry Rountree. Amusing, semi-literary, semi-technical anthology-symposium, all the contributors being English or Scottish.

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STRONG MAN OF CHINA, by Robert Berkov. The author overestimates Chiang Kai-shek's importance. Nevertheless, an informative journalistic biography. Illustrated.

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U.S. 1, by Muriel Rukeyser. Poems concerned with modern cruelty and injustice, industrial and otherwise. Miss Rukeyser is for the mass as opposed to the individual and offers revolution as a total cure. Although she is capable of fine single images, her manner still tends to obscure her matter, which is a pity, since she is sincere and speaking of important things.

MYSTERIES

DANCE OF DEATH, by Helen McCloy. The New York police summon their psychiatric consultant in the case of a murdered débutante. Even if you're dubious about his theory of "psychic fingerprints," you'll have to admit that the story has more than its quota of new ideas.

DEATH WEARS A WHITE GARDENIA, by Zelda Popkin. All about the murder of the credit manager of a Fifth Avenue store. Not first-rate, but notable as one of the few mysteries with a really convincing department-store background.

THE HOUSE IN THE HILLS, by Laurence W. Meynell. Lots of excitement for those who are addicted to intrigue in mythical Balkan kingdoms. This one just misses the very high mark set by "The Door in the Wall."

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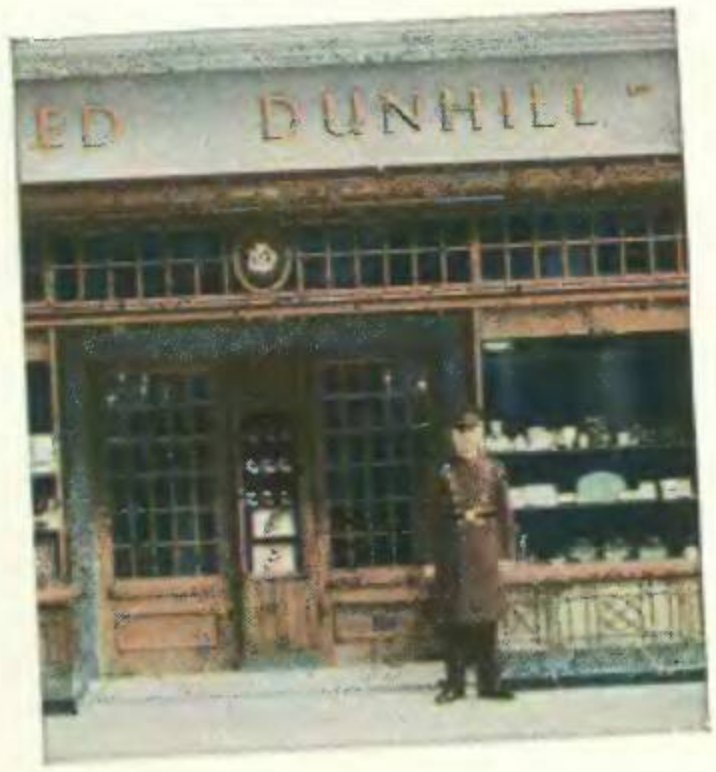
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