April 16, 1938

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 23.]

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 THE LIVING—Life, from the doctors' point of view, in a state asylum for the insane. An absorbing play if you don't object to such things, and who are you to object? The cast includes Sanford Meisner, Leif Erickson, and Elizabeth Young. (Fulton, 46, W. CIrcle 6-6380.)

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. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546. Extra Mat. Mon., Apr. 18.)

BROTHER RAT—Rather large boys frolicking through Virginia Military Institute. Second year on Broadway. (Ambassador, 49, W. COlumbus 5-7057. 8:45 P.M. Extra Mat. Thurs., Apr. 21.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE—Ruth Gordon making a new Nora of Ibsen's heroine, supported by a fine cast that includes Kent Smith and Sam Jaffe. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CIrcle 6-6699. Extra Mat. Mon., Apr. 18. Closes Sat., Apr. 23.)

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. Extra Mats. Mon. and Wed., Apr. 18 and 20.)

JULIUS CAESAR—Done in modern military uniforms and, under Orson Welles' aegis, a thrilling experiment. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. Performances Eves. of Apr. 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, and 23, at 9; Afts. of Apr. 16, 18, 20, and 23, at 3.)

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, Claire Luce, and others. (Music Box, 45, W. CIrcle 6-4636. Mat. Thurs.)

ON BORROWED TIME—A tender and appealing comedy about Death, in which a grandpa and a grandson carry out their mutual adoration to a showdown. Dudley Digges, Peter Holden, Frank Conroy, and others. (Longacre, 48, W. CIrcle 6-6454. 8:45 P.M. Extra Mats. Mon. and Thurs., Apr. 18 and 21.)

ONCE IS ENOUGH—This Lonsdale comedy is indistinguishable from other Lonsdale comedies about aristocratic infidelity, but there is Ina Claire, which makes everything all right. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BRyant 9-3970. Mat. Thurs. Extra Mat. Wed., Apr. 20.)

OUR TOWN—Thornton Wilder's beautifully written daybook of life in a New England town, including love and death, but no scenery. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, John Craven, and others. (Morosco, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6230. Extra Mat. Mon., Apr. 18.)

ROOM SERVICE—This farce about a bankrupt theatrical troupe is still around and still one of the funniest things in town. The cast includes Walter N. Greaza, Philip Loeb, Teddy Hart, and Eddie Albert. (Cort, 48, E. BRyant 9-0046. 8:45 P.M. Extra Mat. Mon., Apr. 18.)

SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE LOT—Another farcical crack at Hollywood, this time based on the baby star and her intramural education. Very funny in spots for the layman, pretty consistently funny for those "in the know." (Ritz, 48, W. CIrcle 6-0480. No performance Mon. Eve. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Apr. 17.)

THE SEA GULL—An expert revival of the Chekhov drama. Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Richard Whorf, Uta Hagen, Margaret Webster, and others. (Shubert, 44, W. CIrcle 6-5990. Mat. Thurs. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Apr. 24, for the Stage Relief Fund. Engagement ends Sat., Apr. 30.)

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE—Paul Vincent Carroll's play, which, for all its symbolism, is a beautiful play about a little slavey whose religion is too strong for Church and State. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Julie Haydon, Lloyd Gough, Sara Allgood, and others. (Golden, 45, W. CIrcle 6-6740. Extra Mat. Mon., Apr. 18.)

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY—Elizabethan romping done with a spirit and skill which make it worth anybody's while. Another Mercury Theatre triumph. (Mercury, 41, E. BRyant 9-3688. Performances Wed. through Fri., Apr. 20-22, at 9 P.M.)

SUSAN AND GOD—Gertrude Lawrence in Rachel Crothers' comedy about a lady Buchmanite. Enthusiastically recommended. (Plymouth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-9156. No performance Mon. Eve.; Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

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

WHITEOAKS—Ethel Barrymore made up as a matriarch of 101 and loving it. The audience does, too. (Hudson, 44, E. BRyant 9-5582. Mat. Thurs. Extra Mats. Mon. and Wed., Apr. 18 and 20.)

THE WOMEN—Although no men appear in this large cast, they cause trouble enough and quite a lot of nasty temper. Second year. Margalo Gillmore, Ilka Chase, and others. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-0390. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 22. Closes Sat., Apr. 23.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—This has been running so long now that you can tell *us* about it. All that we remember is that it is funny. (Booth, 45, W. CIrcle 6-5969. Extra Mat. Mon., Apr. 18.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

WHAT A LIFE—George Abbott's production of a comedy of high-school life by Clifford Goldsmith, with Ezra Stone, Betty Field, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CIrcle 6-9353. Mat. Thurs. Extra Mat. Wed., Apr. 20.)

WITH MUSIC

HOORAY FOR WHAT!—Ed Wynn being just as funny as you have been hoping he would be again. Paul Haakon, Dorothy Stone, and others assist. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CIrcle 7-5161. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:30 P.M.)

I'D RATHER BE RIGHT—George M. Cohan in a show that lampoons the present administration in friendly terms and still sells tickets. (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.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—Shakespeare's play, with Estelle Winwood, Effie Shannon, Louis Lytton, Albert Carroll, and others. Opens Thurs., Apr. 14. (Empire, B'way at 40. PEnnsylvania 6-9540. 8:30 P.M.)

THE WILD DUCK—A revival of the Ibsen play, with Arlene Haber, William Challee, Jane Lyon, and others. Opens Fri., Apr. 15. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE CIRCLE—William A. Brady's revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy, with Grace George, Tallulah Bankhead, Dennis Hoey, John Emery, Bramwell Fletcher, and others. Opens Mon., Apr. 18. (Playhouse, 48, E. BRyant 9-2628. 8:40 P.M.)

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.)

CECILIA LOFTUS—Continuing her Sunday recitals of impersonations and sketches: Sun. Eve., Apr. 17, at 9. (Lyceum, 45, E. BRyant 9-0546.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Prologue to Glory," Lincoln's young-manhood in dignified and decent play form, with Stephen Courtleigh as Lincoln. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CHickering 4-5714. Weekdays, except Mon., at 8:40 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:40 P.M.)... "Haiti," colored actors in a real melodrama dealing with the "Black Napoleon" and Haiti's fight for freedom. Worth the trip to Harlem. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TIllinghast 5-1424. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M.)... "One-Third of a Nation," an effective Living Newspaper presentation of the housing problem. (Adelphi, 54, E. CIrcle 7-7582. Weekdays, except Mon., at 8:40 P.M.; Mat. Sat. 2:40 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Peter Rabbit in Mr. McGregor's Garden": Sat. Aft., Apr. 16, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116. UNiversity 4-3200.)... "Pinocchio," a narrative ballet, with Edwin Strawbridge and Frances Rands: Tues. Aft., Apr. 19, at 2:30. (Mecca Auditorium, 133 W. 55. CIrcle 7-0578.)... "The Golden Cage," presented by the King-Coit Children's Theatre: Tues. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 19 and 23, at 4. (135 E. 40. CAledonia 5-8995.)... WPA Children's Festival; "Pierre Patelin," "Folk Dances of All Nations," and "The Birthday Party": Tues. through Fri. Afts., Apr. 19-22, at 2:30. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. MUrray Hill 2-6900.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WIckersham 2-1000)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Maya's Cuban band play in the Trianon Room; songs by Adelaide Moffett; dances by Beauvell and Tova. 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 George Sterney's orchestra and the Hawaiian Serenaders.

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

ESSEX CASINO, 160 Central Pk. S. (CIrcle 7-0300)—You'll find Charles Baum and his orchestra in this room which looks out on Central Park.

LA CONGA, 57 W. 57 (PLaza 5-5757)—Enric Madriguera'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. Songs by Graziella Parraga at supper.

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 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 Paul Draper. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza (CIrcle 6-1400)—The current show here features Raye and Naldi, dancers, and Rosita Rios, singer. Music by Ruby Newman's and Eddie Le Baron's orchestras. Formal dress required after 10 P.M. ... Bert Block's orchestra plays in the informal Rainbow Grill; dances by Marlynn and Michael.

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. Dances by Mario and Floria. Formal dress required on the dance floor.... The Maisonette

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
AT THE MOVIE HOUSES	8
BOOKS	79
COURT GAMES	56
THE CURRENT CINEMA	72
INDOOR POLO	70
LETTER FROM PARIS	74
MUSICAL EVENTS	77
OF ALL THINGS	31
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
THIS AND THAT	44
AS TO MEN	46
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS	32
PROFILES	21
THE RACE TRACK	58
A REPORTER AT LARGE	60
THE THEATRE	28

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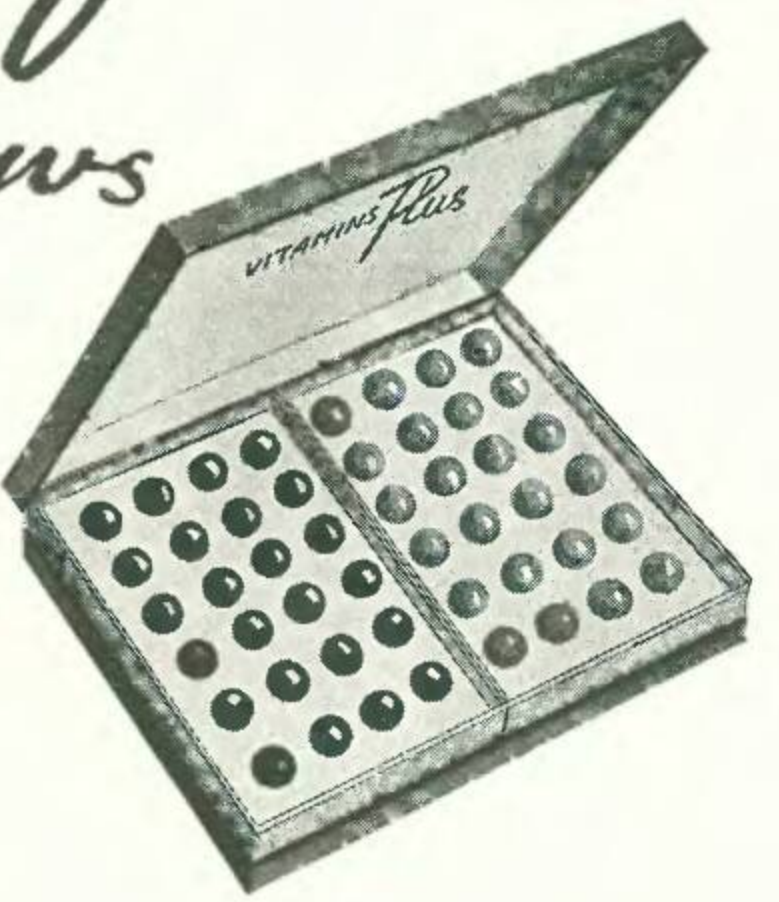

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Russe, downstairs, offers "Le Bal Musette" 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. Dwight Fiske sings his merry songs at midnight.

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

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PLaza 3-1940)—Popular 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 Willie and Eugene Howard, and others; music by Maximilian Bergère's and Gus Martel's orchestras.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (ELdorado 5-3000)—The Sert Room reopens Sat. Eve., Apr. 16, with Leo Reisman's orchestra, songs by Eve Symington, and dances by Paul Haakon. Must dress. . . . Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays for dinner dancing only in the informal Empire Room. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for supper dancing in the informal Lounge Restaurant; songs by Carmen Castillo.

MISCELLANEOUS—Orrin Tucker's orchestra plays 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 Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Benny Goodman 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; 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; Salon Royal, 151 E. 57; and Number One Bar, 5 Ave. at 8.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—The International Casino, B'way from 44 to 45 (CHickering 4-2244), offers a revue, Yascha Bunchuk's and Ralph Rotgers' orchestras, and other attractions. . . . Billy Rose's Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (COlumbus 5-7070), has an elaborate show, "Let's Play Fair," with Oscar Shaw, Morton Downey, Dr. Rockwell, Sally Rand, and others; Abe Lyman's orchestra. . . . The Paradise, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1080), has a brisk and colorful show; Bunny Berrigan's orchestra. . . . Jack Dempsey's, 8 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6666), offers dance music by Jan Brunesco's orchestra. . . . Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (ELdorado 5-9858). . . . Inn Braddock's Corner, 157 W. 49, Jimmy Braddock's new restaurant and bar; and Jack Dempsey's Broadway Bar, 1619 B'way (between 49 and 50), opened recently.

The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CIrcle 7-1000), has Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Peg-Leg Bates, the Peters Sisters, Mae Johnson, 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 Stuff Smith and his band; 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 and his orchestra.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 86 University Pl. (STuyvesant 9-0209), has entertainment by Diane Parrish, the Terrace Trio, Marilyn Gaynor, and others. . . . 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 orchestra 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: Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CIrcle 7-3461). . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GRamercy 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (CIrcle 7-0873); 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

ADVERTISING ART—Seventeenth annual Art Directors' Club exhibition of advertising art: Mezzanine Galleries, International Bldg., 630 5 Ave. Open daily 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through Apr. 24.

ARCHITECTURE—Annual show of the Architectural League of New York: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; starting Wed., Apr. 20.

BALTHUS—First one-man New York show by a young Parisian painter of more promise than performance, so far: Pierre Matisse, 51 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 16. Opening Apr. 18: Recent paintings by Joan Miro.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 23.]

BILLINGS—New paintings by a thoughtful and sensitive artist: New Art Circle, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 23.

BOUCHÉ—Pleasantly sympathetic oils: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 23.

CÉZANNE—Loan exhibition of paintings, mainly minor works, but interesting. Admission one dollar, for the benefit of Hope Farm: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 16.

DE BRUNHOFF—Memorial show of sketches by the creator of the Babar books: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 30.

DICKINSON—Memorial show of pastels by a late master of that medium: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 23.

DOVE—New paintings and water colors, many of them swell: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 10.

DUVENECK—Big show of paintings by a nineteenth-century "Munich School" American: Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

GABO—"Constructivist" abstract sculpture, ingenious and highly decorative: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 30.

HOUSING—"Roofs for Forty Million," an exhibition on housing presented by An American Group, Inc.: 7th floor, La Maison Française, 610 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 1.

KLEE—Excellent retrospective show of works by this most sensitive and original painter: Buchholz, 3 W. 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 23.

MACIVER—Semi-abstractions, slightly "literary" and almost always gracefully handled. Also, paintings by Hans Reichel: East River Gallery, 358 E. 57. Open 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 16.

MASTERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Mixed assortment of French, German, and American moderns: Westermann, 20 W. 48. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Apr. 30.

MODERN MUSEUM—Furniture and architecture by Alvar Aalto, of Finland. Also, drawings of the war in Spain by Luis Quintanilla: Temporary Galleries, 14 W. 49. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 18.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH—Examples by Cézanne, Corot, Degas, Gauguin, Pissarro, and Renoir: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 30.

NORDFELDT—Landscapes, a little too turgid, but full of vigor and movement: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 16.

O'HARA—Water colors, done in a style undistinguishable from poster art: Argent, 42 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 16.

PARIS PRIMITIVES—Naive paintings—many of them quite charming—by a bus-driver, a mailman, and others: Perls, 32 E. 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 30.

PICKEN—Slightly glum, but soundly constructed paintings of city and country scenes: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 16.

RAEBURN—Loan show of portraits by the English master: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 16.

RICHARDSON—American landscapes, illustrating, quite unintentionally, how close the completely conventional can come to surrealism: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Open 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 15.

SPRING 1938—Varied show of paintings by Brook, Kantor, Mattson, Miller, and others of this gallery's group: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 30.

TIEPOLO—Paintings and drawings by Tiepolo and his contemporaries: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 24.

VENETIAN—Loan exhibition of Venetian paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 30.

WHORF—Attractive, if almost too expert, water colors: Milch, 108 W. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 23.

WPA SCULPTURE—Work by Project artists, some of it excellent, and all well displayed: WPA Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; Thurs. 7:30 to 11 P.M.; through Apr. 16.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified—"Horses and Horsemen by Alfred de Dreux and his French Contemporaries": Seligmann, Rey & Co., 11 E. 52; through Apr. 30. . . . Sculpture by Cornelia Van A. Chapin: Fifteen Gallery, 37 W. 57; through Apr. 16. . . . Paintings and gouaches by Emil Ganso: Weyhe, 794 Lexington; through Apr. 16. . . . Gouaches by Max Jacob, and drawings by Jean Cocteau: Mrs. C. J. Sullivan, 460 Park; through Apr. 30. . . . Paintings by Mané-Katz: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64; through Apr. 23. . . . Paintings and portraits by Henriette Wyeth: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave.; through Apr. 16. . . . Paintings by Edwin W. Dickinson: Passedoit, 121 E. 57; through Apr. 30. . . . Ceramics by Russell Barnett Aitken: Walker, 108 E. 57; through Apr. 16. . . . Photographs by Berenice Abbott: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57; through Apr. 30. . . . Photographs of New York by Eliot Elisofon: New School, 66 W. 12. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 4 P.M.; through Apr. 21. . . . Water colors and drawings by Mary Cassatt: Harlow, 16 W. 50; through Apr. 30. . . . Water colors of North Country fishing scenes: Sporting Gallery and Bookshop, 38 E. 52; through Apr. 30. . . . Oils and water colors by Bernard Klonis: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Apr. 30. . . . Annual exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Miniature Painters: National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk.; through Apr. 29. . . . Prints by Marius Bauer: Mayer, 41 E. 57; through Apr. 30. . . . Paintings by Revington Arthur: Montross, 785 5 Ave.; through Apr. 23. . . . Oils and water colors by Frank Wallis: Morton, 130 W. 57; through Apr. 23. . . . Water colors by Phil Dike: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Apr. 23. . . . "Collectors of American Art", monthly show of paintings: 5 E. 57; through May 4. . . . Color lithographs by members of the Artist Color Proof Associates: Morgan, 106 E. 57; through Apr. 30. . . . Original etchings and lithographs in color by Marie Laurencin: F.A.R. Gallery, 19 E. 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 30. . . . Paintings by Ben Benn: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 10 P.M.; through Apr. 18. . . . Oils by Frederic Taubes: Midtown, 605 Madison; through Apr. 30. . . . Flower paintings: Uptown, 249 West End Ave. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Apr. 29. . . . Paintings by Geraldine Wright and M. S. Clinedinst: Studio Guild, 730 5 Ave. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 16. . . . Paintings by William C. Seitz: Arista, 30 Lexington. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Apr. 30. . . . Paintings by Francesco di Cocco: Comet, 10 E. 52; through Apr. 23. . . . Caricatures by Aline Fruhauf: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8; through Apr. 23. . . . Paintings by contemporary Ohio artists: Macbeth, 11 E. 57; through Apr. 25. . . . Illuminated manuscripts, drawings, and works of art of the ninth to the seventeenth centuries, illustrating

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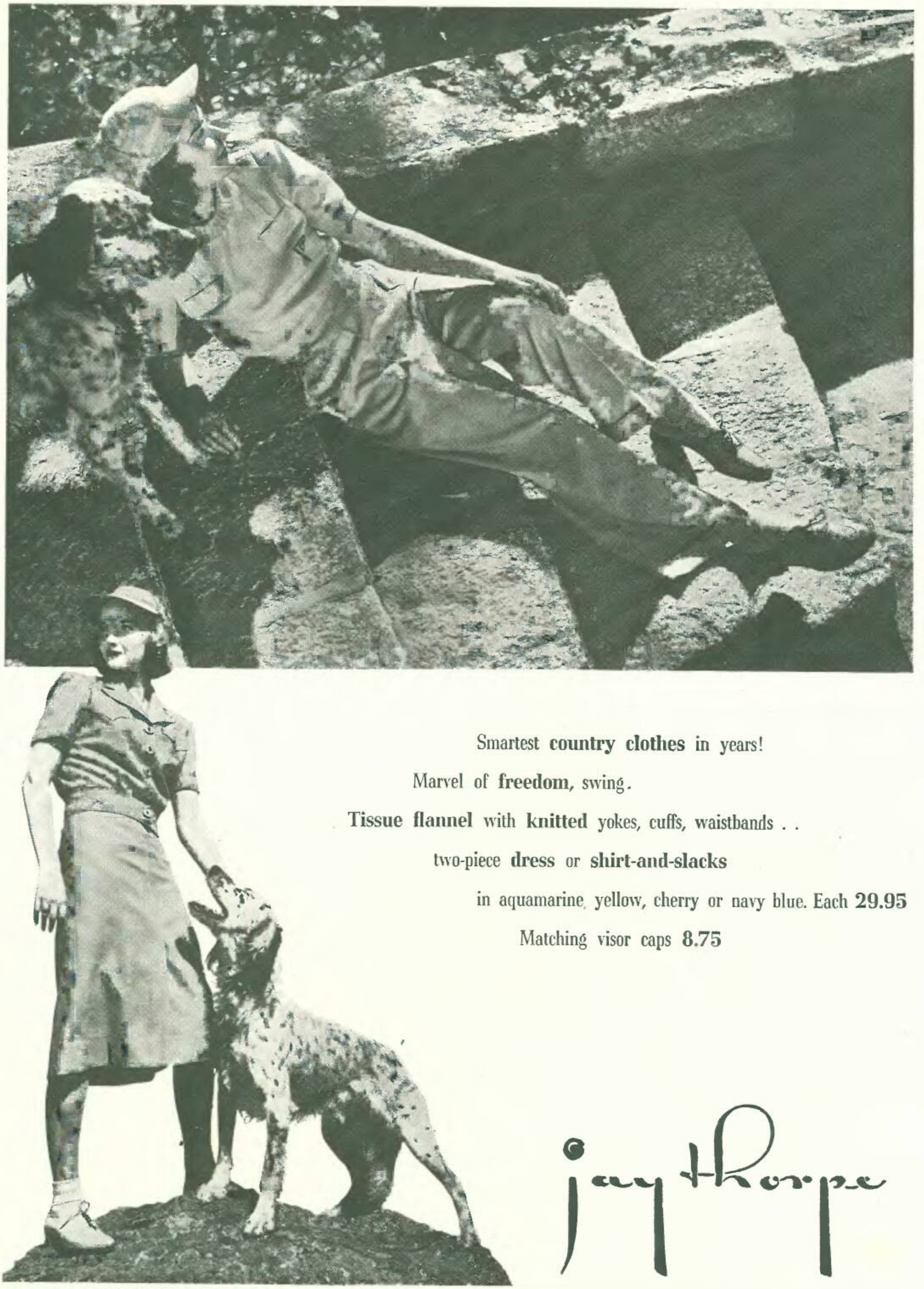
GARGANTUA THE GREAT,

seven years ago a practically unknown gorilla on the coast of the Belgian Congo, and now the featured attraction of this year's circus. Gargantua eats a vast amount, including vegetables, fruit, and raisin bread, at a cost of $10 a day, and lives in a glass-enclosed, air-conditioned cage at a temperature of 74 degrees Fahrenheit. The snake is the only thing at the Garden that scares him.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 23.]

the Passion and the Resurrection: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Apr. 30. . . . Outdoor exhibition of contemporary American sculpture, sponsored by the Sculptors Guild: N.E. corner of Park and 39. Open daily 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.

MUSIC

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—"Appalachia," by Delius, and "Parsifal," Act I, with Richard Bonelli, Norman Condon, and chorus, Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8:45; and Sun. Aft., Apr. 17, at 3, Barbirolli conducting: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 21, at 8:45; and Fri. Aft., Apr. 22, at 2:30. Eugene List, piano soloist, Barbirolli conducting: Sat. Eve., Apr. 23, at 8:45.

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Boepple conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 19, at 8:30.

FREDERICK BRISTOL—Piano recital: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 20, at 8:30.

WPA—At the WPA Theatre of Music, 254 W. 54—Brahms' Requiem, Greenwich Orchestra, soloists, and chorus, Littau conducting: Fri. Eve., Apr. 15, at 8:45. Brahms program, Federal Symphony, Clifton conducting: Sun. Aft., Apr. 17, at 1:30. Tchaikovsky program, New York Civic Orchestra, Plotnikoff conducting: Sun. Eve., Apr. 17, at 8:45. . . . At Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, 154 W. 57—Composers' Forum-Laboratory: Wed. Eve., Apr. 20, at 8:45.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—Special post-season performances, with Flagstad and Melchior: "Parsifal," Fri. Aft., Apr. 15, at 1; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Apr. 16, at 1:45.

HIPPODROME—"Aida," Sat. Eve., Apr. 16, at 8:15; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Eve., Apr. 17, at 8:15; "Hänsel und Gretel," Mon. Aft., Apr. 18, at 2:45; "The Barber of Seville," Fri. Eve., Apr. 22, at 8:15; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Aft., Apr. 23, at 2:45.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Local season opens—At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 19-21, at 3:15 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri., Apr. 22, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Apr. 23-24, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Jerome Ave. subway.)

CREW—Columbia-Rutgers-Manhattan, Harlem River, Sat. Aft., Apr. 16. 150-lb. freshman race (Manhattan-Columbia only) at 2; freshman at 2:30; junior varsity at 3; varsity at 3:30. . . . Navy-Princeton, Annapolis, Md., Sat. Aft., Apr. 16. Junior varsity race at 4:30; varsity at 5. . . . Columbia-Navy, Harlem River, Sat. Aft., Apr. 23. Freshman race at 1; junior varsity at 1:30; varsity at 2.

HORSE SHOWS—Metropolitan Equestrian Club, Scarsdale, N.Y., Sat., Apr. 16. . . . Squadron A Spring Horse Show, Armory, Madison at 94, Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Apr. 21-23, at 8; and Sat. Aft., Apr. 23, at 2.

HUNT RACES—Grand National Point-to-Point and the Churchville Cup, Hereford Farm, Md., Sat. Aft., Apr. 23, at 4.

RACING—Local season opens—Jamaica, L.I.: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M.; starting Sat., Apr. 16. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

CIRCUS—Annual visit of the big show: Madison Square Garden, 8 Ave. at 49. Performances daily at 2 and 8 P.M.; through May 8.

ANTIQUES SHOW—Annual Antiques Exposition: Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42. Open Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sat., Apr. 16, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL SHOW—Annual show of the Architectural League of New York: 215 W. 57. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; Starting Wed., Apr. 20.

PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW—First International Photographic Exposition. Photographs of all kinds, cameras, accessories, demonstrations, lectures, etc.: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, opening Mon., Apr. 18, 2 to 10:30 P.M.; weekdays thereafter 12:30 to 10:30 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 7 P.M.; through Apr. 24.

PUBLIC BALL—Annual Front Page Ball of the New York Newspaper Women's Club: Astor Roof, B'way at 44, Fri. Eve., Apr. 22.

BENEFITS—Annual Spring Dance, for the benefit of Hamilton House: Hotel Pierre, Sat. Eve., Apr. 16. . . . Easter Bonnet and Top Hat Luncheon, for the benefit of the Stage Relief Fund: Hotel Sherry Netherland, Sun. Aft., Apr. 17, at 1.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—Colonial furniture and decorations, from the Nantucket residence of the late Peter Weld Stevens, and other sources: Thurs. Aft., Apr. 14, at 2. . . . Historical and literary autographs, from the collections of Bernhard Benson, the late L. V. Case, and others: Mon. and Tues. Afts., Apr. 18-19, at 2. . . . Paintings, tapestries, rugs, furniture, silver, glass, porcelains, etc., from the collections of the late Musa Bence Liggett and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 22-23, at 2.

At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—Furniture and decorations from the collections of Mrs. Paul M. Warburg and others: Thurs. Aft., Apr. 14, at 2. . . . Etchings and engravings by old and modern masters: Thurs. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8:15. . . . First editions of English authors, the property of Thomas Hatton: Wed. Eve., Apr. 20, at 8:15. . . . English furniture and decorations, the property of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Underwood Johnson: Fri. Aft., Apr. 22, at 2. . . . Furnishings of Gadsby's Tavern, Alexandria, Va., the property of Mrs. Mark M. Henderson: Sat. Aft., Apr. 23, at 2. . . . On the premises, 7 E. 91—Furnishings of the residence of James A. Burden: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Apr. 20-21, at 2, and Thurs. Morn., Apr. 21, at 10:30.

NOTE—New York's Easter Dawn Service on Sun., Apr. 17, will be held in Central Park Mall, near 72 St. entrance, at 6:45 A.M.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Annual address to the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union: Thurs., Apr. 14, at 12 noon, WABC, WJZ, and WOR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Parsifal": Fri. Aft., Apr. 15, at 1, WJZ. "Tristan und Isolde": Sat. Aft., Apr. 16, at 1:45, WJZ.

BOXING—Description of the Max Schmeling-Steve Dudas bout, from Hamburg, Germany: Sat. Aft., Apr. 16, at 3:45, WEAF.

RACING—The Paumonok Handicap at Jamaica: Sat. Aft., Apr. 16, at 4:15, WABC and WOR.

CREW—Description of the race between California and Washington on Lake Washington: Sat. Eve., Apr. 16, at 7:30, WEAF.

EASTER PROGRAMS—Pope Pius XI: Sun. Morn., Apr. 17, at 6, WABC. Sunrise services from various places, from 7 on, WABC; from 7:30, WEAF-WJZ, WOR, etc. Fifth Avenue Easter Parade, 12:30, WABC and WOR; 1, WEAF.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT—Soloist with the Ford Symphony and Chorus, Iturbi conducting: Sun. Eve., Apr. 17, at 9, WABC.

BASEBALL—Opening game between the Giants and Boston: Tues. Aft., Apr. 19, at 3, 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. March of Time, 8, WJZ. Kate Smith, 8, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8, WOR. "Good News of 1938," 9, WEAF. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. "Music and Ballet," 10, WQXR.

FRIDAY—Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Hollywood Hotel, 9, WABC. George Olsen, 9, WJZ. Bamberger Symphony, 10:30, WOR.

SATURDAY—Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 11 A.M., WABC. "Great Plays" series, 5, WEAF. Saturday Night Swing Club, 8, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Rodzinski (Apr. 16) and Ross (Apr. 23) conducting, 10, WEAF.

SUNDAY—Federal Symphony, Clifton conducting, 1:30, WNYC. Magic Key of R.C.A. Hour, 2, WJZ. Gotham String Quartet, 2:15, WOR. Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, 3, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Phil Baker, 7:30, WABC. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. Tyrone Power, 9, WJZ. Rising Musical Star Program, Smallens conducting, 10, WEAF.

MONDAY—Rochester Civic Orchestra, Harrison conducting, 3, WJZ. Columbia Chamber Orchestra, Herrmann conducting, 4, WABC. Eddie Cantor, 7:30, WABC. Burns and Allen, 8, WEAF. Richard Crooks, 8:30, WEAF. Radio Theatre, 9, WABC.

TUESDAY—N.B.C. Music Guild, 2:30, WJZ. Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 3:45, WABC. Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF. Ben Bernie, 8:30, WABC. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Grace Moore, Deems Taylor, and André Kostelanetz, 9, WABC. Alfred Wallenstein's Symphonic Strings, 10, WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO—"Snookum bears," rattlesnakes, and such odds and ends of Central American life in a pleasant film. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Mon. Aft., Apr. 18.)

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER—The latest version, Technicolored and spirited, with Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis. Among the adults: May Robson as Aunt Polly. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Apr. 15-17. . . . Rio, B'way at 160; Fri. through Mon., Apr. 15-18.)

BRINGING UP BABY—Katharine Hepburn in a free-and-easy mood, escorted by Cary Grant. Quite funny. (Carlton, B'way at 100; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Apr. 15-18. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Apr. 17-19.)

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES—A good musical show. Charlie McCarthy, Adolphe Menjou, Helen Jepson, boys and girls, music, and giddy scenery. (State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 14-20. . . . Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18.)

IN OLD CHICAGO—The stupendous film of the Chicago fire and the glorious days preceding it. With Alice Faye, Alice Brady, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, and mobs. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Thurs., Apr. 21.)

LIFE DANCES ON (UN CARNET DE BAL)—Sad and French and romantic. About a beautiful lady and the varied lives of her girlhood loves. (Belmont, 48, E. of B'way; daily at 12:10, 2:10, 4:10, 6:10, 8:10, and 10:10 P.M.)

THE RIVER—Pare Lorentz's admirable short film of the Mississippi Valley and its problems. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Thurs., Apr. 14.)

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER—Wild and preposterous stuff of gangsters and killers, farcical and thoroughly comic. With Edward G. Robinson. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Rio, B'way at 160; through Thurs., Apr. 14. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., Apr. 15-18.)

STORM IN A TEACUP—Recommended to dog lovers, Scottish people about town, and followers of quaint comedy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Thurs., Apr. 14.)

NOTES—Robert Benchley's short, "A Night at the Movies": Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15; Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23, Sun. through Tues., Apr. 17-19; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Mon., Apr. 19-25. . . . "Audioscopiks," a trick absurdity to tickle your optic nerves: 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68, Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15.

The latest episode of "The Lone Ranger," a deadpan Wild West thriller which will make you laugh and hiss, can be seen every week at the Criterion, B'way at 44. You may also run across it at some neighborhood houses.

REVIVALS

LLOYDS OF LONDON (1936)—Freddie Bartholomew, Tyrone Power, and Madeleine Carroll. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Thurs., Apr. 14.)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER (1937)—The Mauch Twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., Apr. 15-16.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE (1936)—Frank McHugh and Joan Blondell. (Jefferson, 3 Ave. at 14; Mon. and Tues., Apr. 18-19.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—John Barrymore and Carole Lombard. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Fri. and Sat., Apr. 22-23.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT (1937)—Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 16-18.)

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AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20

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

FIRST RUN

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (COlumbus 5-1250)—Opening Thurs., Apr. 14: "The First Hundred Years," Robert Montgomery, Virginia Bruce.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (CIrcle 6-8600)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "The Stadium Murders," Neil Hamilton, Evelyn Venable; also "The Lone Ranger," Episode 11. . . . Opening Fri., Apr. 15: "Sailing Along," Jessie Matthews, Roland Young, Jack Whiting; also "The Lone Ranger," Episode 12.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CIrcle 6-0800)—Through Fri., Apr. 15: "Female Fugitive," Evelyn Venable, Craig Reynolds. . . . Opening Sat., Apr. 16: "Penrod and His Twin Brother," the Mauch Twins.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CHickering 4-7022)—"Her Jungle Love," Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 6-4600)—Through Wed., Apr. 20: "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WIsconsin 7-0206)—Opening Thurs., Apr. 14: "Wide Open Faces," Joe E. Brown.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CIrcle 7-1633)—"The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," Barry Barnes. Sophie Stewart.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CIrcle 7-6000)—**"In Old Chicago,"** Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Alice Brady.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CIrcle 7-5900)—Through Fri., Apr. 15: "Women Are Like That," Kay Francis, Pat O'Brien. . . . Opening Sat., Apr. 16: "Beloved Brat," Dolores Costello, Bonita Granville.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 48, E. of B'way (BRyant 9-0156)—**"Life Dances On,"** French film, Marie Bell, Harry Baur.

CAMEO, 42, E. of B'way (WIsconsin 7-1789)—"Lenin in October," Soviet picture, Boris V. Shchukin.

86TH STREET CASINO, 210 E. 86 (REgent 4-0257)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "The Dog's Muzzle," German picture, Ralph Roberts. . . . Opening Fri., Apr. 15: "The Dock Yard to the Gray Pike," German picture, Marianna Hoppe, Herman Speelmans.

86TH STREET GARDEN, 160 E. 86 (ATwater 9-7720)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "He Who Laughs Last," German film, Joseph Eichheim. . . . Opening Fri., Apr. 15: "Good Fortune Comes From Heaven," German film, Willy Fritsch.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (ALgonquin 4-7661)—"Sun Over Sweden," Swedish picture.

55TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55 (COlumbus 5-0425)—Through Mon. Aft., Apr. 18: **"The Adventures of Chico,"** Mexican film. . . . Opening Mon. Eve., Apr. 18, at 8:30: "Dark Eyes," French film, Simone Simon, Harry Baur.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (CIrcle 7-6591)—"The Pearls of the Crown," French film, Sacha Guitry.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CIrcle 7-1294)—Thurs., Apr. 14: **"Storm in a Teacup,"** British film, Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, Sara Allgood. . . . From Fri., Apr. 15: **"Mayerling,"** French film.

WORLD, 49, E. of B'way (CIrcle 7-7547)—"The Charm of La Bohème," Austrian film in German, Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth.

EAST SIDE

JEFFERSON, 3 Ave. at 14 (GRamercy 7-6320)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "I Met My Love Again," Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda; also "The Black Doll," Donald Woods, Nan Grey; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 5. . . . Fri. through Sun., Apr. 15-17: "The Buccaneer," Fredric March, Franciska Gaal; also "No Time to Marry," Richard Arlen, Mary Astor. . . . Mon. and Tues., Apr. 18-19: **"Three Men on a Horse,"** revival, Frank McHugh, Joan Blondell; also "The Charge of the Light Brigade," revival, Errol Flynn. . . . From Wed., Apr. 20: "The Shadow," Charles Quigley, Rita Hayworth; also "Outside of Paradise," Phil Regan, Penny Singleton; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 6.

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GRamercy 5-1660)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "Mannequin," Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy; also **"The River,"** Pare Lorentz's documentary film. . . . Fri. and Sat., Apr. 15-16: "It's All Yours," Madeleine Carroll, Francis Lederer; also **"The Prince and the Pauper,"** revival, the Mauch Twins. . . . Sun. through Tues., Apr. 17-19: **"Bringing Up Baby,"** Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "A Night at the Movies," Robert Benchley short. . . . From Wed., Apr. 20: "The Bad Man of Brimstone," Wallace Beery; also "Sally, Irene, and Mary," Alice Faye, Tony Martin, Fred Allen.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AShland 4-4865)—Thurs., Apr. 14: **"A Slight Case of Murder,"** Edward G. Robinson; also "Walking Down Broadway," Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen. . . . Fri. through Sun., Apr. 15-17: **"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,"** Tommy Kelly; also "Arsène Lupin Returns," Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce. . . . Mon. and Tues., Apr. 18-19: "Women in Prison." Wyn Cahoon, Scott Colton; also "Forbidden Valley," Noah Beery, Jr. . . . From Wed., Apr. 20: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; also "Radio City Revels," Jack Oakie, Milton Berle.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PLaza 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: **"The Goldwyn Follies,"** Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy, and others; also "The Jury's Secret," Kent Taylor, Fay Wray. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril," John Barrymore; also "Mr. Boggs Steps Out," Stuart Erwin.

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PLaza 3-5520)—Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15: "Happy Landing," Sonja Henie, Don Ameche; also "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back," John Barrymore. . . . Sat. through Mon., Apr. 16-18: "Mannequin," Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy; also "When Thief Meets Thief," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "This Is My Affair," revival, Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck; also "Little Lord Fauntleroy," revival, Freddie Bartholomew.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VOlunteer 5-3577)—Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 14-17: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis. . . . Mon. through Wed., Apr. 18-20: "Mr. Moto's Gamble," Peter Lorre; also "Love on a Budget," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VOlunteer 5-3320)—Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15: "Paradise for Three," Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, Robert Young; also "A Night at the Movies," Robert Benchley short. . . . Sat. through Mon., Apr. 16-18: "The Buccaneer," Fredric March, Franciska Gaal. . . . From Tues., Apr. 19: not announced.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (REgent 4-0302)—Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15: "Dark Journey," Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh; also "Audioscopiks". . . . Sat. through Mon., Apr. 16-18: **"Victoria the Great,"** revival, Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook. . . . From Tues., Apr. 19: not announced.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BUtterfield 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: **"The Goldwyn Follies,"** Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy, and others; also "The Jury's Secret," Kent Taylor, Fay Wray. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril," John Barrymore; also "Mr. Boggs Steps Out," Stuart Erwin.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BUtterfield 8-9009)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "Mannequin," Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy; also "You're Only Young Once," Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker. . . . Fri. and Sat., Apr. 15-16: "Man-Proof," Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone; also "Under Suspicion," Jack Holt. . . . Sun. and Mon., Apr. 17-18: "Captain Blood," revival, Errol Flynn; also "Kansas City Princess," revival, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell. . . . From Tues., Apr. 19: "The Baroness and the Butler," William Powell, Annabella; also "Gold Is Where You Find It," George Brent, Olivia de Havilland.

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (ATwater 9-8900)—Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 14-17: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis. . . . Mon. through Wed., Apr. 18-20: "Mr. Moto's Gamble," Peter Lorre; also "Love on a Budget," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Apr. 14-15: **"A Slight Case of Murder,"** Edward G. Robinson; also "Walking Down Broadway," Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen. . . . Sat. through Mon., Apr. 16-18: "The Buccaneer," Fredric March, Franciska Gaal; also "No Time to Marry," Richard Arlen, Mary Astor. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "The Black Doll," Nan Grey, Donald Woods; also "Wallaby Jim of the Islands," George Houston.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (ATwater 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: **"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,"** Tommy Kelly; also "Arsène Lupin Returns," Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "Women in Prison," Wyn Cahoon, Scott Colton; also "Forbidden Valley," Noah Beery, Jr.; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 7.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GRamercy 7-7874)—Thurs., Apr. 14: **"Lloyds of London,"** revival, Freddie Bartholomew, Tyrone Power. . . . Fri. through Mon., Apr. 15-18: **"A Slight Case of Murder,"** Edward G. Robinson. . . . From Tues., Apr. 19: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; also "A Night at the Movies," Robert Benchley short.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: **"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,"** Tommy Kelly; also "Arsène Lupin Returns," Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "Women in Prison," Wyn Cahoon, Scott Colton; also "Forbidden Valley," Noah Beery, Jr.; and "The Lone Ranger," Episode 7.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WAtkins 9-3350)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "Living on Love," James Dunn, Whitney Bourne; also "Kathleen," Irish picture, Sally O'Neil, Tom Burke. . . . Fri. through Mon., Apr. 15-18: **"Bringing Up Baby,"** Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "She Loved a Fireman," Dick Foran, Ann Sheridan. . . . From Tues., Apr. 19: "Gold Is Where You Find It," George Brent, Olivia de Havilland; also "Change of Heart," Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen.

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CHelsea 3-0960)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "Checkers," Jane Withers; also "She's Got Everything," Gene Raymond, Ann Sothern. . . . Fri. and Sat., Apr. 15-16: "Private Detective 62," revival, William Powell; also "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff. . . . Sun. through Tues., Apr. 17-19: "Happy Landing," Sonja Henie, Don Ameche; also "Double Danger," Preston Foster, Whitney Bourne. . . . From Wed., Apr. 20: "City Girl," Phyllis Brooks, Ricardo Cortez; also "Quick Money," Fred Stone.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BRyant 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 14-20: **"The Goldwyn Follies,"** Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy, and others.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BRyant 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 14-20: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CIrcle 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: **"The Goldwyn Follies,"** Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy, and others; also "The Jury's Secret," Kent Taylor, Fay Wray. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril," John Barrymore; also "The Lone Ranger," Episode 8.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (COlumbus 5-0485)—Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 14-17: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; also "Radio City Revels," Jack Oakie, Milton Berle. . . . Mon. through Wed., Apr. 18-20: "The Invisible Menace," Boris Karloff; also "She Loved a Fireman," Dick Foran, Ann Sheridan; and March of Time.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TRafalgar 7-6160)—Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 14-17: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis. . . . Mon. through Wed., Apr. 18-20: "Mr. Moto's Gamble," Peter Lorre; also "Love on a Budget," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TRafalgar 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Apr. 14-20: **"The Goldwyn Follies,"** Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy, and others; also "The Jury's Secret," Kent Taylor, Fay Wray.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SChuyler 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: "A Yank at Oxford," Robert Taylor; also "Paradise for Three," Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, Robert Young. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "I Met My Love Again," Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda; also "Hawaiian Buckaroo," Smith Ballew.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (ACademy 4-0750)—Thurs., Apr. 14: "Sally, Irene, and Mary," Alice Faye, Tony Martin, Fred Allen; also "Portia on Trial," Walter Abel, Frieda Inescourt. . . . Fri. through Mon., Apr. 15-18: **"Bringing Up Baby,"** Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "The Bad Man of Brimstone," Wallace Beery. . . . From Tues., Apr. 19: "Gold Is Where You Find It," George Brent, Olivia de Havilland; also "It's All Yours," Madeleine Carroll, Francis Lederer.

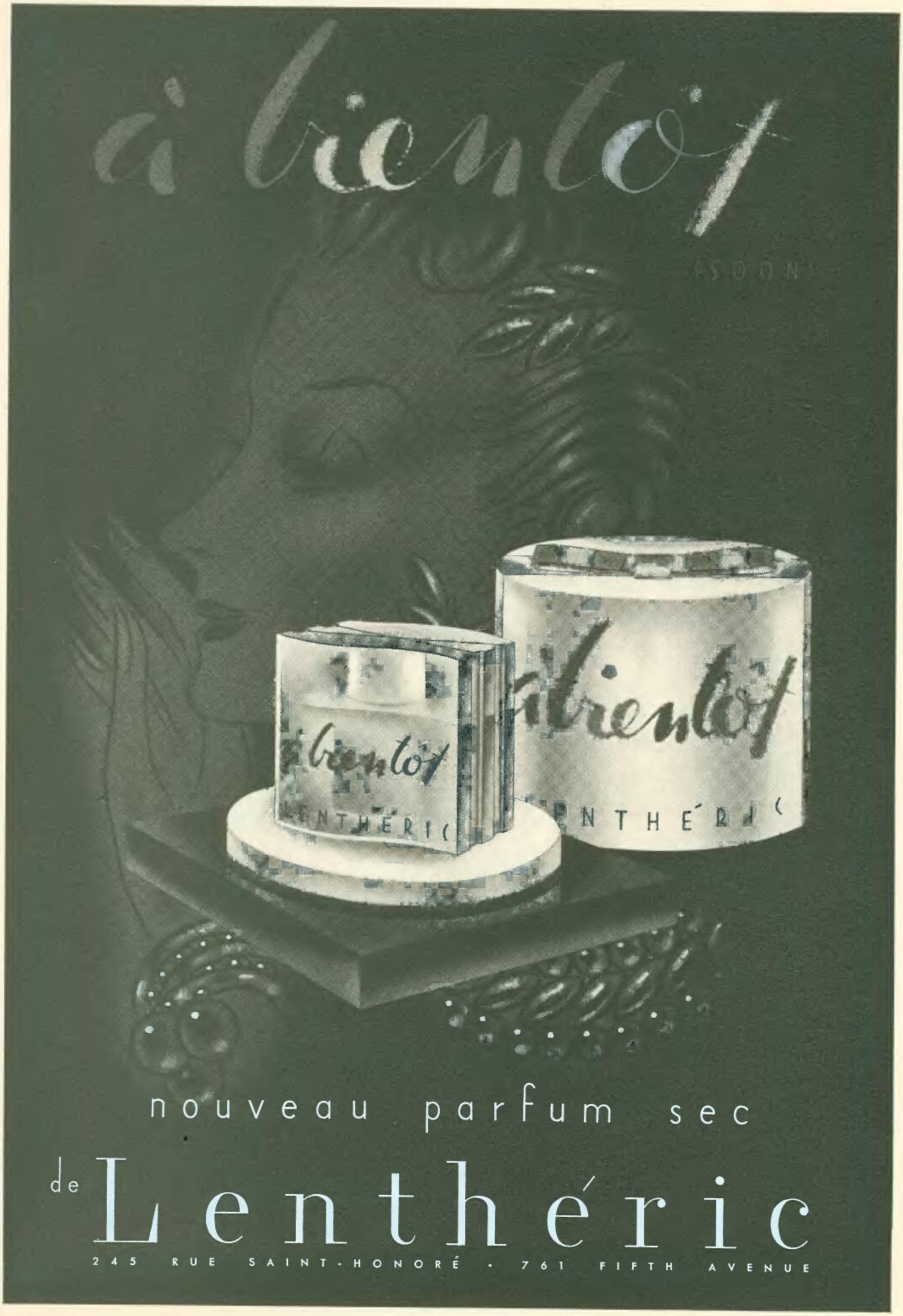
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107 (ACademy 2-1019)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: "A Yank at Oxford," Robert Taylor; also "Paradise for Three," Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, Robert Young. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "I Met My Love Again," Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda; also "Hawaiian Buckaroo," Smith Ballew.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (EDgecombe 4-0287)—Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 14-17: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis. . . . Mon. through Wed., Apr. 18-20: "Mr. Moto's Gamble," Peter Lorre; also "Love on a Budget." Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.

RIO, B'way at 160 (WAshington Heights 7-1135)—Thurs., Apr. 14: **"A Slight Case of Murder,"** Edward G. Robinson; also "Walking Down Broadway," Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen. . . . Fri. through Mon., Apr. 15-18: **"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,"** Tommy Kelly; also "Arsène Lupin Returns," Melvyn Douglas, Virginia Bruce. . . . From Tues., Apr. 19: "Jezebel," Bette Davis, Henry Fonda; also "Radio City Revels," Jack Oakie, Milton Berle.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WAshington Heights 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Apr. 14-18: **"The Goldwyn Follies,"** Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Charlie McCarthy, and others; also "The Jury's Secret," Kent Taylor, Fay Wray. . . . Tues. and Wed., Apr. 19-20: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril," John Barrymore; also "Mr. Boggs Steps Out," Stuart Erwin.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WAdsworth 7-7200)—Thurs. through Sun., Apr. 14-17: "Fools for Scandal," Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet; also "Over the Wall," Dick Foran, June Travis. . . . Mon. through Wed., Apr. 18-20: "Mr. Moto's Gamble," Peter Lorre; also "Love on a Budget," Jed Prouty, Spring Byington.


nouveau parfum sec
de Lenthéric
245 RUE SAINT-HONORÉ • 761 FIFTH AVENUE

This fact is frequently brought to our attention as remarkable. The name, Brooks, is quite generally used to describe *a certain kind* of clothes, a *certain kind* of article, even a man's whole manner of dressing. It is significant that the name of a store can be accepted, season after season and year after year, as a dependable description of what is right in clothes.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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

ESTABLISHED 1818.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Skol Company, which manufactures a sunburn lotion, has achieved one of the fanciest advertising tieups of the year. It is giving a cocktail party at the swimming pool in the Junior League clubhouse up on

Seventy-first Street. As far as we can see, this puts the next move right up to the Noxzema Company, which manufactures a sunburn cream. Maybe *they* can get together with the Union Club on a little fish fry.

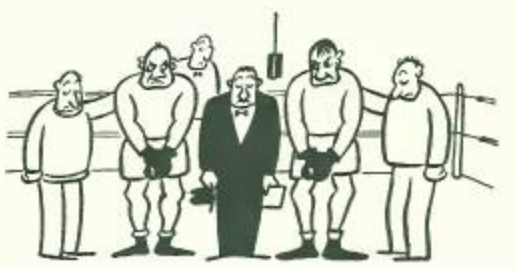
WE were balanced on a small gilt chair at the fashion show, sipping a warm Martini, nibbling a damp cake. Music drifted from nowhere and there was incense in the cathedral. A young lady appeared from behind some curtains at the end of the long room and came toward us at a proud, peculiar lope. She had on an 1890 bicycling costume and a hat that was made of autumn leaves. On one frail wrist she bore a pound of assorted scrap iron.

"Turn around, dear," said Madame Muskrat, who had designed all these fine things. Dear looked just as funny in back.

Sitting there, we did our best to forecast the trend of fashion. Shoulders, as far as we can tell, will be puffy, waists will be tighter, skirts will be full, little bows will nestle at the chin. All this, of course, should bring back the sunny, innocent past, but it doesn't. Somehow, by some wanton arrangement of the fabric, Madame Muskrat and her sisters have contrived a far more disturbing effect. We have no idea how demure concealment can be turned so subtly into outrageous revelation, how depravity can be so neatly superimposed on the decent outline of the Gibson Girl. It is Madame Muskrat's mystery, the triumph of ribald suggestion. We only know that, fashionably arrayed for spring, milady will also wear the perfect costume for a croquet party on the lawn of the old bordello.

VERNAL DILEMMA: We wonder occasionally what we would do if we were the Ritz Hotel and the time were coming right along when we were supposed to open something called The Japanese Garden.

ANNOUNCERS at prizefights have recently fallen into the habit of requesting a moment of silent prayer when anybody connected with the ring has passed to his reward. The other night at Madison Square Garden, praying for the repose of an unknown bantamweight, we found the whole experience disconcerting and a little grotesque. It seemed to us that even God might find it confusing. The man next to us, however, had a more resilient spirit. While the prayer lasted he stood with his head bent



in decorous grief. The instant it was over he took up life where he had left it.

"All *right* now, Willie," he shouted to the man in purple trunks, "get in there and kill that bum!"

ABOUT three or four weeks ago, Dale Carnegie moved into an office building, at 6 East Thirty-ninth Street, where a female cousin of ours works. Our cousin waited patiently for developments, for some subtle change in the attitude the elevator boys would show, for some note of general friendship or collective influence in the place. Living so close to the Master Friend, she was confident that sooner or later she would feel drawn to somebody in friendship, perhaps even in love. Nothing of the sort has happened. She is disgusted and disillusioned. So, doubtless, is the lonely, uninfluential man in the accounting department who parts his hair in the middle and broods timidly about a raise.

IN our fourteenth year, full of ex-post-facto wisdom, we would like to offer a little fatherly advice to *Ken*, a magazine which made its first appearance this month. *Ken* deals with what its

editors describe as "the insiders' world," which, if the first issue may be regarded as typical, is a world of accumulating terror and despair. Ernest Hemingway, a featured performer, says that if General Franco wins, the United States will surely find itself at war. Mr. Hemingway refers robustly and characteristically to "the good old vomit-stink of the transports" and comports himself generally in a hairy and menacing manner. Other writers deal with the approaching cataclysm in Morocco, Fascism, syphilis, the sharecroppers' burden, the Yellow Peril, the "psycho-physical inhibition" which complicates Adolf Hitler's sex life, and other melancholy topics. The illustrations round out the grim picture. In eighteen drawings there are fourteen skulls, two rats, two vultures, two graveyards, one bloody sword, and thirty-five swastikas, rampant on a field of doom. We have no wish to minimize the sickness of the

world, but we wonder if this dark program is sensible from a publishing point of view. The law of diminishing returns is swift and inexorable. The time will come too soon when the news that the Japanese are already in secret possession of the city of Chicago will stir subscribers only mildly, as if they had read that the alfalfa crop was threatened by field mice. If we were the editor of *Ken*, we think we would contract at once for the autobiography of Shirley Temple.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: There is an amateur orchestra in Harlem called the Conservative Swingers.

Sign in the window of Klein's Delicatessen, 1491 Second Avenue: "It's Smart to Eat Kosher."

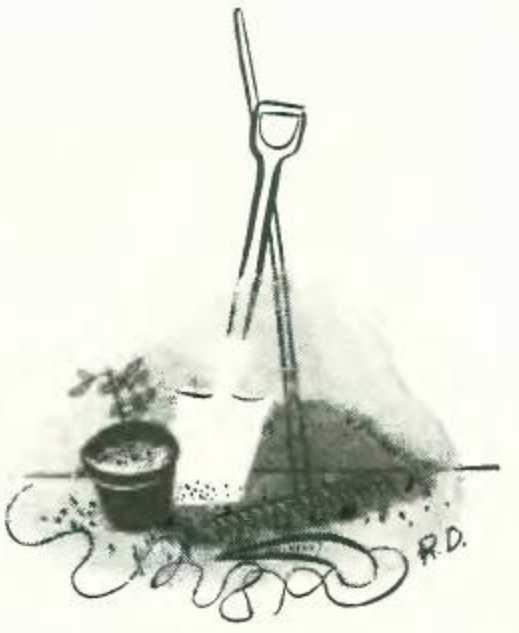
A man from the Racquet Club tells us that before putting last week's *Life* in the library the House Committee safeguarded the innocence of members by tearing out the section on the b–rth of a b–by.

Organist

NOT the least of the attractions at St. Patrick's this Easter Sunday will be the music of Pietro Aless Yon, who has been organist and musical director of the Cathedral since 1926 and is generally recognized as the premier organist of his time. He is fifty years old, has a sandy mustache, and when we met him at his Carnegie Hall studio he was wearing a flashy checked suit and a striped blue-and-yellow tie—not at all like our conception of a cathedral organist. To give him his due at once, he's the man who convinced American audiences that concerts could be given on the organ; he has designed organs (for St. Patrick's and Carnegie Hall, among others); made concert appearances in over a thousand cities; and found time in between to give lessons on the piano and organ. His students are scattered all over the country. Yon has no objections to popular music; in fact, when he came to America thirty years ago to play the organ at the Church of St. Francis Xavier on Sixteenth Street, he used to sneak over to a theatre on Union Square after hours and listen happily to the ragtime bands. He thinks it's silly the way everybody gets excited over swing today, declaring the mountain folk in Europe have had swing music for years. "They never talk about it," he says, "but they *swing* it."

Yon was born in Settimo-Vittone, Italy, and began his musical studies at the age of six, taking piano lessons from his brother Constantino, who is now organist at St. Vincent Ferrer Church up on Lexington Avenue. At ten, Pietro was playing organs in churches. He subsequently enrolled in the Royal Conservatories of Milan and Turin, winding up at the Academy of St. Cecilia, Rome. At eighteen, he was unprecedentedly appointed substitute organist at the Vatican, and three years later, in 1907, was offered the job in New York. He came here with serious misgivings about the Indians but managed to retain his scalp and eventually became an American citizen and even adopted the American informality, which at first outraged his European sense of decorum. When he returned to Italy once, after several years, he was met by a brother, who clicked his heels and bowed from the waist in greeting. Pietro astonished him by clapping him on the back and shouting "Harya, pal?" Since then he has maintained a dignified balance of internationalism, announcing, however, that he wouldn't live anywhere but in New York. The only American custom he objects to now is being called "Pete," which he considers a name for a dog only.

Yon goes to Italy every summer, to a primitive house on the slopes of Mount Rosa, north of Turin. There is no phone, no electric light, and only a small reed organ, since all the furnishings had to be carried up on muleback. He's a great favorite in Italy. The King made him an Officer of the Crown and the Pope created a special title for him: Honorary Organist of the S.S. Basilica of St. Peter, Vatican—the "S.S." standing for *Santissima*, or Most Holy. He has written over a hundred works for the organ. His masterpiece, an oratorio called "The Triumph of St. Patrick" and dedicated to Cardinal Hayes, requires the services of eleven soloists, a chorus, and a full orchestra, and had its première at Carnegie Hall almost exactly four years ago. Like most organists, he's called upon to play a good deal of Bach, but he thinks people have the wrong slant on that composer. "Bach shouldn't be taken so seriously," he says. "After all, he must have had some fun."



A Wedding

IMPULSIVE young couples in Wisconsin and Illinois usually go to Gary, Indiana, to get married, because it's simple and quick there. We tell you this as background to the following touching document, which was written on the stationery of the Plankinton House, Milwaukee, and accidentally dropped by a young man buying a pair of girl's pajamas in a Milwaukee department store. Here it is, as complete a story of a wedding as you ever read, probably:

cab fare to bank	35c
cab fare to Station Milwaukee	50c
lunch at Station	1.35
train fare to Chicago Round trip ticket	6.20c
cab at Chicago Sta	70c
train fare Gary	1.10c
cab to get License	50
License	6.00
Room	1.00
coffe & tip	35c
Ring	85.00
Night in Parris perf.	1.10c
cab to Minster	90c
Minster	10.00
cab to Gary Sta	50
train fare	1.10c
shine	15c
shave	35
dinner & tip	2.00
whiskey	99c
Glass	25c

Home Office

THE Commercial Trust Company Building, an unaggressive eleven-story structure standing near the Hudson River, at 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, is interesting (at least to us) because it is the official home office of more than 3,500 big corporations. We'll explain. Any company which wishes to incorporate under the friendly laws of New Jersey must maintain an office within the state, where the lists of stockholders and records of transfers can be examined and legal papers can be served. This formality is best fulfilled by appointing some Jersey dweller to act as "statutory agent," turning over to him your books and papers, using his address as the legal address of your corporation, and holding the annual stockholders' meeting in his office. This service is figured to be worth about $200 a year

"Now, as soon as you decide not to jump into the Thames, your whole expression changes."

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to a corporation. In the Commercial Trust Company Building there are three firms which act as statutory agents —the Corporation Trust Company, the Registrar & Transfer Company, and the United States Corporation Company, representing, as we have said, a total clientele of about 3,500.

Acting as statutory agent is a native New Jersey industry, and there's hardly a lawyer who hasn't a client or two. The busiest agent is the Corporation Trust, which has outside its office a colossal directory board listing 2,880 corporations. Such listing is a legal requirement, failure to list involving a fine of $200. Most of the names in the directory are familiar; for instance, General Outdoor Advertising, Republic Steel, New York Air Brake, United Fruit (all of them, naturally, Inc.). Corporation Trust maintains six nice, cozy rooms for stockholders' meetings, with green-topped tables, and a few extra chairs along the walls for any minority stockholders who might stray in. The Corporation Trust has several annual meetings to handle every day, and occasionally there are as many as fifteen or twenty. Some lawyers believe that an amendment to the Jersey corporation law, passed several years ago, makes it unnecessary to hold the annual meetings within the state, but the corporations have continued to play safe. After all, a ferry trip to Jersey is rather nice, once a year.

Stranger Abroad

A NEW YORK couple met a companionable Englishman in Palm Beach this winter and, upon their departure, offered to be useful on his initial visit to New York, to which he was to follow them in three or four days. He said he was booked on the Florida Special on a certain date and they said to be sure to wire what section he was on and they'd meet him. A telegram came through in due course, from Jacksonville:

ARRIVING ON SECOND PORTION
ARCHIE

Henry and Harry

HENRY ARMSTRONG, the young Negro with enormous shoulders and reedlike legs who has astonished prize-fight crowds lately by exhibiting a fury that has resulted in his knocking out thirty-eight of his last forty opponents, was originally Henry Jackson. He took his fighting name as a tribute to his trainer, Harry Armstrong,

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whom everybody in the fighting business believes to be his brother. Both Henry and Harry tell everybody that and have told it so often they've almost forgotten they aren't brothers. Their devotion to each other started when they were boys together in St. Louis. Henry Jackson was one of fourteen children in his family and a smallish boy, whom his playmates called "Sissy" because he refused to play football. He liked boxing, though, and Harry Armstrong, older and a fair boxer, gave him some pointers. Thereafter, Henry went around St. Louis licking neighborhood champions. In 1931, Henry and Harry hitchhiked to California and Harry earned his chum's lasting gratitude by being able to rustle enough food for both of them. Henry had got through high school in St. Louis and had an idea he might become a surgeon; Harry had attended college near St. Louis for a year and wanted to be a writer. They had put these ambitions aside by the fall of 1931, when they found themselves in a Los Angeles bread line. One Tom Cox, a fight promoter, went to the bread line that day "looking for a couple of kids to put on," picked up Henry and Harry, and gave them places on a program he was presenting that night. During the next year, Harry fought eighty-two times, Henry about sixty, always as amateurs and for what they figure was an average of about $1.50 a fight. They never fought each other, one reason being that they were of different weights. Harry became worried after a while for fear he'd get punch-drunk, too punch-drunk to be a writer even, so he quit boxing and became Henry's trainer.

It was soon after this that Henry Jackson took the name of Armstrong and began calling Harry his brother. Cox, who by virtue of discovery and certain documents duly executed had become his manager, eventually sold Henry to a man named Wirt Ross, Abraham Lincoln having neglected to mention prizefighters in that proclamation of his. Eighteen months ago, Eddie Mead, a good-natured fight manager from New York, bought Henry from Ross for $10,000. To do this, he had to borrow $5,000 each from Al Jolson and George Raft, the actors. When Henry became a sensation at his trade, Jolson demanded a piece of Armstrong, and there was quite a fuss over who owned Henry. Mead contends that since he paid back both actors, his obligations have been discharged and Henry is his.

Henry becomes a frenzied individualist during a fight and punches away like one possessed. "I don't know what I'm doing when that bell rings," he says, readily admitting that he doesn't think at all while in the ring. Before the bell, however, he is abnormally cool. "He sweats ice water in the dressing room," Mead says. Henry's friends are apprehensive about his hands, because they are so dainty. On a train trip from Los Angeles recently, Henry was drawn into conversation with two fellow-passengers, Lady Astor and John Jacob Astor III. Lady Astor marvelled at the seeming fragility of Armstrong's hands. These may be the sign of the poet in him; he writes poetry secretly, in admiring imitation of his friend Langston Hughes. He is sensitive about it and shows his verse to nobody but his wife, Willymae. She is the daughter of the Reverend Mr. Struthers of Los Angeles. Henry and Willymae have one daughter, Linnetta, aged three. At twenty-five, Henry owns two small apartment houses and his own home in Los Angeles. He has a weakness for fine linen and has just bought $460 worth in New York. "He's not a spendriff, but he likes nice stuff," Mead says. To guard against dangerous extravagance, Henry has bought a $50,000 annuity. If boxing weren't so profitable, he might earn a living as a professional bowler. He once bowled

268 and frequently bowls between 220 and 240.

Diminuendo

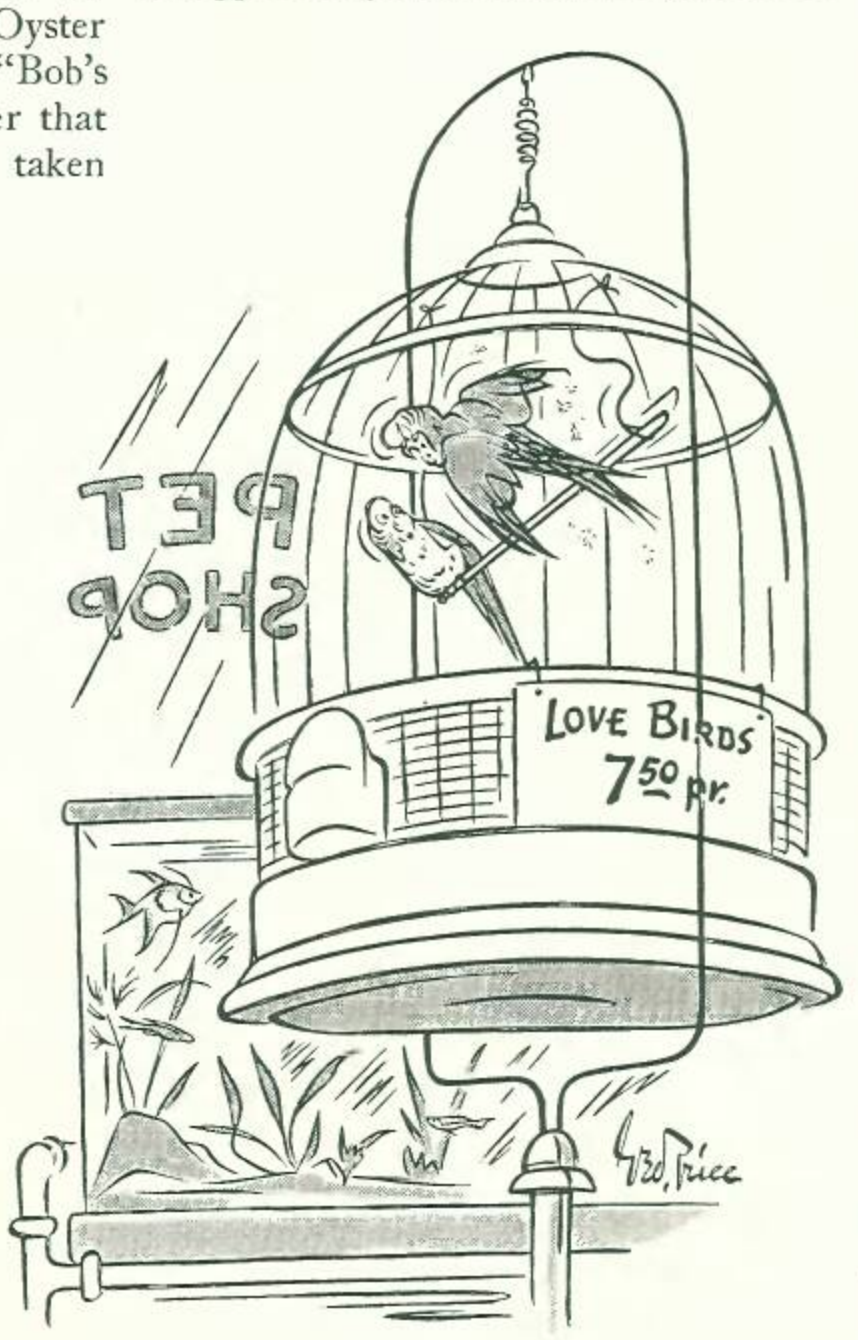
IN one of our hospitals (it wouldn't be fair to mention names), a sign in the convalescent-ward washroom proclaims, in unequivocal block letters: "ABSOLUTELY NO SMOKING." Pasted beneath these words is another sentence, typewritten and evidently more recent: "If you smoke, the patients who can't leave their beds will smell it and be envious." Below these two notices, the authorities, in benevolent despair, have placed a small table bearing an ashtray and a box of matches.

Oyster Bar

ONE of the oldest business institutions in the city is an oyster bar on South Street near Coenties Slip, although now it's as modern a cove as there is in town. It dates back to 1849, when a man named Robert Peach, notable for his great durability, set three planks across two barrels and opened up shop. Mr. Peach was then twenty-nine, and his shop was on Front Street because the shore was there then. The sign on the shack that succeeded the planks and barrels read "Bob's Oyster Bar." Later this was changed to "Bob's and Pat's Oyster Bar," and after that to "Pat's Oyster Bar." It has taken eighty-eight years for it to come to the mellow simplicity of the present name, plain "Oyster Bar." Mr. Peach served raw oysters and clams only. About 1880 the river was filled in before his place and he moved with the waterline to South Street, setting up just off the curb, in front of Jeanette Park. To add a little dash to the new place, Mr. Peach put up an awning, but he didn't monkey with the menu. This move was the only important incident in the business until 1898, when Mr. Peach, being then seventy-eight and having worked alone for forty-nine years, decided to take on an assistant. He selected a lad of twelve named Patrick J. O'Connor and put him to work opening oysters. Well, sir, it wasn't five years before Mr. Peach greeted his helper one morning as "Partner" and showed him a new sign he'd had painted, "Bob's and Pat's Oyster Bar." Young Patrick was proud. Some time after this Mr. Peach began to toy with the notion of retiring, but he put it off and put it off, until in 1917, being then ninety-seven, he took the plunge and went to stay in his home in Brooklyn. He died two years later. After a decent interval of six years, the sign was changed to "Pat's Oyster Bar."

As sole owner, Mr. O'Connor made no innovations until 1928, when he put in an oil stove which enabled him to serve oyster and clam fries. Otherwise, things were pretty much the same until right up to two years ago, when Miss Sybil Stearns, Director of Concessions of the Parks Department, came by, her alert and modern eye open for possible improvement. To the enduring surprise of Mr. O'Connor, Miss Stearns walked into his place and suggested that he allow the Parks Department to put up a larger and nicer place for him. Right in Jeanette Park itself, instead of out there by the curb. O'Connor was so overwhelmed he could scarcely say yes. Within six months he was installed in the present building, a concrete-and-chromium wonder, with a bas-relief of a clipper in stylized waves and imbedded ships' lanterns on its façade. O'Connor suffered one real twinge in the change: the "Pat's" had to come off the sign. At any rate the Parks Department thought so, and gave him one reading just "Oyster Bar." He might have had other misgivings, over the unaccustomed sheen of a walnut counter, the brightness of blue stools, the gleam of stainless coffee urns, the slickness of a composition floor. If so, he dismissed them, and to show he was worthy of Miss Stearns' hopes, added crabmeat sandwiches, shrimp cocktails, pie, cake, milk, and coffee to the menu. One thing he has never given in on, though. There's an oyster-opening machine, efficient and practical, but he and his two assistants still open oysters by hand, as God intended.

Business has trebled since the change, Wall Street people of elegance being attracted, as well as the waterfront crowd. The arrangement is that O'Connor pays the city ten per cent of the gross. "I owe everything to Miss Stearns and Mr. Moses," he says, almost emotionally. He is now white-haired but alert, and he spends no time at all bemoaning the old days, although he will tell you how Police Commissioner Teddy Roosevelt came in for some clams in 1895, to be followed by Maurice Chevalier on the same errand thirty-three years later. He's for progress and the present, as exemplified by the Seamen's Church Institute of New York (1913) and the United States Assay Office (1932). "Those buildings perked up the neighborhood marvellous," he says.



"You're mine! Do you understand? Mine! Mine!"

Theatre Interlude

AN absent-minded lady who forgot to lock her car when she parked it at Forty-third Street and Ninth Avenue Wednesday afternoon, preparatory to going to a matinée, brooded all through the show and rushed back the moment the final curtain went down, fully expecting that some neighborhood hoodlums would have made off with her radio, heater, windshield-defroster, pair of lap robes, some odd clothing, an expensive box of candy, a set of tire chains, a fish tank, and a bread pudding. Taking a hasty inventory, she found nothing missing until she looked under the lap robes, where the tasty pudding, on its way to an invalid, had been deposited. There wasn't a sign of the pudding anywhere—only a few crumbs, and, crudely chalked on the spare-tire cover, the single word "Yum."

The Circus, Influenced by the New Stagecraft, Puts on a Performance Without Costumes

FROU-FROU, OR THE FUTURE OF VERTIGO

JUST in case anybody here missed me at the Mermaid Tavern this afternoon when the bowl of sack was being passed, I spent most of it reclining on my chaise longue in a negligee trimmed with marabou, reading trashy bonbons and eating French yellow-backed novels. What between amnesia (inability to find my rubbers) and total recall (ability to remember all the cunning things I did last night), you might think I'd have sense enough to sit still and mind my own business. But oh no—not I. *I* had to start looking through *Harper's Bazaar* yet.

If a perfectly strange lady came up to you on the street and demanded, "Why don't you travel with a little raspberry-colored cashmere blanket to throw over yourself in hotels and trains?" the chances are that you would turn on your heel with dignity and hit her with a bottle. Yet that is exactly what has been happening for the past twenty months in the pages of a little raspberry-colored magazine called *Harper's Bazaar*. And don't think it does any good to pretend there *is* no magazine called *Harper's Bazaar*. I've tried that, too, and all I get is something called "circular insanity." Imagine having both circular insanity and *Harper's Bazaar!*

The first time I noticed this "Why Don't You" department was a year ago last August while hungrily devouring news of the midsummer Paris openings. Without any preamble came the stinging query "Why don't you rinse your blond child's hair in dead champagne, as they do in France? Or pat her face gently with cream before she goes to bed, as they do in England?" After a quick look into the nursery, I decided to let my blond child go to hell her own way, as they do in America, and read on. "Why don't you," continued the author, spitting on her hands, "twist her pigtails around her ears like macaroons?" I reread this several times to make sure I wasn't dreaming and then turned to the statement of ownership in the back of the magazine. Just because the Marquis de Sade wasn't mentioned didn't fool *me*; you know as well as I do who must have controlled fifty-one per cent of the stock. I slept across the foot of the crib with a loaded horse pistol until the next issue appeared.

It appeared, all right, all right, and after a quick gander at the activities of Nicky de Gunzburg, Lady Abdy, and the Vicomtesse de Noailles, which left me right back where I started, I sought out my "Why Don't You?" column. "Why don't you try the effect of diamond roses and ribbons flat on your head, as Garbo wears them when she says goodbye to Armand in their country retreat?" asked Miss Sly Boots in a low, thrilling voice. I was living in my own country retreat at the time, and as it happened to be my day to go to the post office (ordinarily the post office comes to me), I welcomed this chance to vary the monotony. Piling my head high with diamond roses and ribbons, I pulled on a pair of my stoutest espadrilles and set off, my cat frisking ahead of me with many a warning cry of "Here comes my master, the Marquis of Carabas!" We reached the post office without incident, except for the elderly Amish woman hoeing cabbages in her garden. As I threw her a cheery greeting, Goody Two-shoes looked up, gave a rapid exhibition of Cheyne-Stokes breathing, and immediately turned to stone. In case you ever get down that way, she is still standing there, slightly chipped but otherwise in very good condition, which is more than I can say for the postmaster. When I walked in, he was in process of spitting into the top drawer, where he keeps the money-order blanks. One look at Boxholder 14 and he went out the window without bothering to raise the sash. A second later I heard a frightened voice directing a small boy to run for the hex doctor next door to the Riegels'. I spent the night behind some willows near the Delaware and managed to work my way back to the farm without being detected, but it was a matter of months before I was able to convince the countryside that I had a twin brother, enormously wealthy but quite mad, who had eluded his guards and paid me a visit.

FOR a time I went on a sort of *Harper's Bazaar* wagon, tapering myself off on *Pictorial Review* and *Good Housekeeping*, but deep down I knew I was a gone goose. Whenever I got too near a newsstand bearing a current issue of the *Bazaar* and my head started to swim, I would rush home and bury myself in dress patterns. And then, one inevitable day, the dam burst. Lingering in Brentano's basement over *L'Illustration* and *Blanco y Negro*, I felt the delicious, shuddery, half-swooning sensation of being drawn into the orbit again. On a table behind me lay a huge stack of the very latest issue of *Harper's Bazaar*, smoking hot from the presses. "Ah, come on," I heard my evil genius whisper, "one little peek can't hurt you. Nobody's looking." With trembling fingers I fumbled through the advertisements for Afghan hounds, foundation garments, and bath foams to the "Why Don't You?" section. Tiny beads of perspiration stood out on my even tinier forehead as I began to read, "Why don't you build beside the sea, or in the center of your garden, a white summer dining-room shaped like a tent, draped with wooden swags, with walls of screen and Venetian blinds, so you will be safe from bugs and drafts?" I recoiled, clawing the air. "No, no!" I screamed. "I won't! I can't! *Help!*" But already the column was coiling around me, its hot breath on my neck. "Why don't you concentrate on fur jackets of marvelous workmanship and cut, made of inexpensive furs with incomprehensible names? Why don't you bring back from Central Europe a huge white baroque porcelain stove to stand in your front hall, reflected in the parquet? Why don't you buy in a hardware store a plain pine knife-basket with two compartments and a handle—mount this on four legs and you will have the ideal little table to sort letters and bills on, and to carry from your bedside to the garden or wherever you happen to be?" Unfortunately I had only the two legs God gave me, but I mounted those basement stairs like a cheetah, fought off the restraining hands of voluptuous salesladies, and hurtled out into the cool, sweet air of West Forty-seventh Street. I'm sorry I snatched the paper knife out of that desk set, Mr. Brentano, but you can send around a boy for it at my expense. And by the way, do you ever have any call for back numbers of fashion magazines?

—S. J. PERELMAN

A RICHER LIFE FOR PARENTS

WHENEVER I begin to grow a little lax, find myself slipping into heedless frivolity and devoting insufficient attention to what they call, up here on Morningside, the Challenge of This Changing World, there comes a timely recall to my better self in the form of a bulletin from the Parent-Teacher Association. Nobody who has served, as I have, for fourteen years in the ranks of this high-minded body has any excuse for taking a light view of life, or of anything else.

Perhaps the P.-T.A. downtown is not so concerned over the seriousness of the situation as we are up here on the hilltop; for all I know, the situation may not be so serious downtown. But everything is serious between 110th Street and 125th, in the region overshadowed by the Columbia Teachers College. The great pundits of Teachers College devote themselves to what they call "frontier thinking," but we humble parents cannot aspire to that. All that Teachers College, and the branches of the Parent-Teacher Association which reflect its ideals, can hope to make of us is a settled background from which these pioneers of the intellect can start off on their explorations. Teachers College has taught us (or, as they say on Morningside, indoctrinated us with) the idea that methodology is more important than facts, that the right answer is no good if you get it the wrong way, and that the right way is the hard way.

So when I meet a fellow-member of the P.-T.A. from downtown, I am reluctant to give him the grip; we may belong to the same lodge, but anybody who has been working at it very long on Morningside has risen to the thirty-second degree. The purpose of the P.-T.A., if I understand it correctly (and if I don't after fourteen years of trying, I probably never will), is to get the home and school working together to solve their joint and their separate problems, and to take a whack at the problems of the community, too. All these institutions could stand considerable improvement, and you'll never get much action from bachelors; they are too busy dining out. So we parents have to gang on the problem, and here on the Heights we attack it with vigor; when we hear the challenge of this changing world, we sit up and talk right back to it.

Every year, of course, our schools get a fresh crop of parents, who may not realize the need not merely of doing all this but of doing it right, so the P.-T.A. sets out to educate them. We started off last fall with a meeting whose announced topic went straight to the heart of the matter—"The Inability of Parents to Carry Out Fundamental Parental Responsibilities Except Through Organized Parent Action." Two speakers treated various aspects of the subject and then a Panel (with a capital "P") took up the question of "what our school's parents should do about it." Any rugged individualists who might have thought they could raise their own children by unorganized parent action ought to have been converted by the time that evening was over. Then, just to give the community a break, we had "The Relation of Organized Parent Action to Recent Social Change." Broadening out from that, we had an evening on "Conflict and Transition in Standards and Values." The chairman who introduced that speaker got a little confused and set forth the subject as "Standards and Transitions in Values and Conflicts," but scramble the words as you like, it all means about the same.

My favorite among the topics of the autumn, however, is "The Sociological and Historical Developments That Have Led Up to the Present Situation."

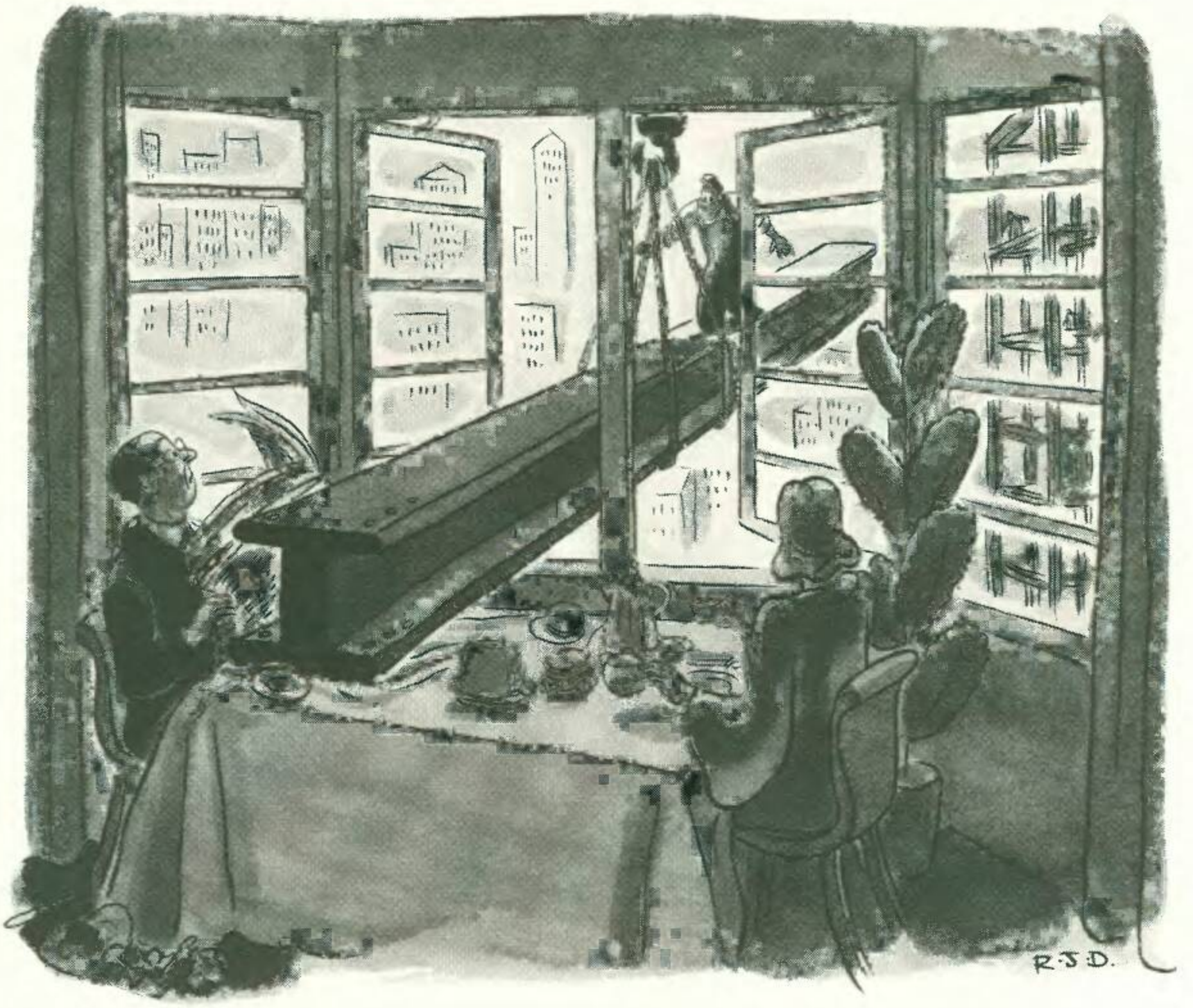
All this exacts from us, you can see, our best efforts, especially as most of the literature of the P.-T.A. is written, and most of its speeches are delivered, in the local dialect of Teachers College. This curious patois is believed by some philologists to be a debased form of English, but I doubt it. Most of the word roots are Greek or Latin, and in structure the language seems to be of the agglutinative or Finno-Ugric type: a monosyllable is never used when a polysyllable will express the same idea, if any. Here are a couple of specimen sentences, simpler than most:

> The organization of the curriculum for integration of pupil personality is paramount to traditional and formal organization of subject matter.
>
> A dynamic organismal-environmental concept of learning is preferable to a mechanical stimulus-response concept.

Usually the language is more obscure. After years of exposure to it, I can understand it passably well, but I am still unable to speak it fluently, and in sight translation I often come upon a sentence whose meaning eludes the reader, if not the writer.

THERE may be regions where parents, who, after all, are the producers of the raw material on which educators and Parent-Teacher Associations work, are treated with at least the respect due to the goose that lays the golden egg, but they don't coddle us on Morningside. I do not know that the P.-T.A. would explicitly maintain that becoming a parent is culpable negligence, which must be expiated by hard labor and spiritual humiliation, but that is the logic of its program. Last fall we were treated to a lecture on "The Problem Parent," and quite properly; the experts tell us that there are about as many problem parents as problem children—though it doesn't follow that the one produces the other. Some of the most agreeable children I know grew up in households where they apparently felt that *somebody* had to be agreeable. And the schools and the P.-T.A. don't merely tell us that problem parents exist and leave the rest to our consciences; they try to search the parents out, apparently in the hope of correcting their evil ways.

One of our local schools sent a questionnaire some years ago to the parents of all its pupils, asking them, among other things, if they were emotionally adjusted to each other. The answers were never published, but many a wife must have felt that to confess she was satisfied with her husband amounted to putting herself on the shelf, and accordingly couldn't have answered "Yes" even if she had meant it. The chief purpose of that inquiry, however, was to find out what parents did with their leisure: exactly how many hours per week were devoted to this recreation or that, specifically including "meetings of the Rotary Club, Statistical Association, etc." What "etc." could mean in that



"You folks mind if we leave this here for a couple of minutes?"

• •

combination I am still trying to figure out.

Whatever that inquiry may have disclosed about the leisure habits of parents, nothing was ever done about it, so a little later the topic was brought up again, in the P.-T.A. council of another school. It was proposed, by a parent who took his responsibilities seriously and wanted to see that everybody else did too, that our Project for the year should be a searching inquiry into what parents did with their spare time. From his stern countenance and his truculent voice, it was pretty clear he felt that whatever we were doing with it was wrong and we ought to be told to stop. This far-reaching inquiry was headed off—but by the teachers on the council, not the parents. We Morningside parents are chastened and meek; we never expect to be let off anything.

Indirectly, of course, the P.-T.A. pretty well takes care of the leisure problem. No self-respecting parent would go unprepared to a meeting on so spacious a topic as the developments leading up to the present situation; he would have done his homework, read the long list of books suggested by the committee as background stuff for the lecture series, and there wouldn't be a great deal of leisure left to worry about. But such as it is, the P.-T.A. takes care of it. Viewed scientifically, every parent has a dual aspect; he or she is both (a) a parent and (b) a father or a mother, as the case may be. These general evening meetings take care of us in our parental capacity, and then the mothers have to educate themselves as mothers, and the fathers as fathers, besides.

The mothers meet grade by grade, sometimes enticed by tea, sometimes driven only by their sense of duty; they sit and listen to lectures about their maternal problems, and not merely here in the neighborhood, close to home. Last fall every mother with a sense of duty went downtown to a series of six lectures on "Woman Today: Her Relation to Herself and to Her Time." What about her relation to her husband, some may ask. Well, apparently he is a detail of her Time; one of the lectures was "A Study of Sex Attitudes." (This topic was exhaustively treated by Ovid in his "Ars Amatoria," but no doubt there is always something new.) And anybody who might suggest that a woman was as well employed at home looking after her children as downtown being informed about her relation to herself would, in this enlightened atmosphere, be treated with firm kindness—as a lunatic rather than a heretic.

Fathers, it was feared at first, would be a tougher problem; when you have dragged Father away from the radio or a good book to attend the big evening powwow on the inability of parents to carry out fundamental parental responsibilities except through organized parent action, you might feel that you had got about all you were going to get out of Father, except a periodic check. But the more resolute spirits felt that Father, too, could be awakened to his duty, so a few years ago they got up a Fathers' Group.

At its first meeting there was present a man whose business, surprisingly enough, was organizing Fathers' Groups, teaching men to think and feel in their capacity as fathers. There was a good deal of talk that got nowhere, but eventually the leader laid out—using a blackboard to make it clearer to our dim minds—the schedule of studies that ought to keep us busy at regular meetings throughout the winter. It fell into three parts: (a) What shall we study? (b) Why should we study it? (c) How shall we study it? Fairly clear that far. Then the leader's eye fell on a distinguished citizen in the front row—Dr. X, present in his capacity as a father but also renowned as an expert on these ponderous topics. "Perhaps," said the leader, "Dr. X will suggest some of the questions that we ought

to study." Dr. X shook his head. "I don't feel that I should pose the questions," he observed, "for I know the answers."

Here was the best news we ordinary fathers had heard all evening. He knew the answers; now he could stand up and tell us, and then we could go home educated. But no; it appeared that this would not do at all. It wouldn't have been organized parent action, it wouldn't have Brought Us Out, developed our latent interest and capacities. We all had to promise to keep on coming every month (I'm not sure it wasn't every week) to puzzle out laboriously for ourselves the answers that Dr. X could have given us then and there.

And did they ever find the answers? I don't know. I was in poor health that winter—some obscure recurrent malady which used to get me down on Fathers' Group evening.

LAST fall, however, the P.-T.A. suddenly decided to temper the wind to the shorn parent. Somebody made the suggestion that in giving their children rich and varied experiences parents may be guilty of neglecting their own. I have personally known some parents who didn't neglect their own experiences, and the general feeling was that they would have done better to have got all that off their minds before they got married, but the P.-T.A. takes a broader view. Its special concern for the year was to be "a richer life for parents." If you think that the richer life might be promoted by giving parents a little more time to themselves, you're wrong again. That would be permitting what Teachers College calls "unorganized play," and while it is felt hereabouts that children can stand a little of that, carefully rationed, it would apparently be as bad for their parents as unorganized parent action. The richer life was to be the fruit of spending more time, not less, in the Parent-Teacher Association.

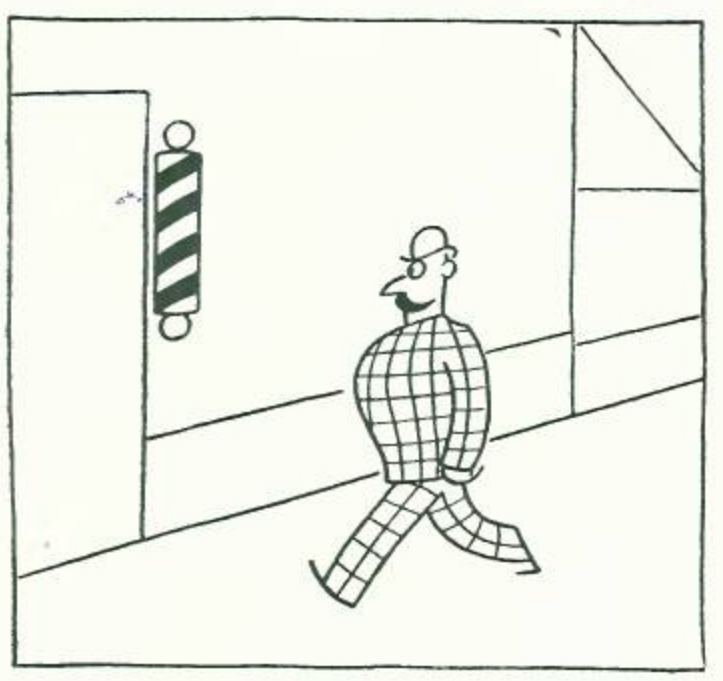
As avenues to the broader life, the P.-T.A. proposes that parents in their spare time should make pottery, learn to paint, do folk dancing, or go on supervised visits to museums. This last is no novelty to any veteran parent. For years I have been taking my children on supervised visits to museums of Sunday afternoons; the theory is that I supervise them, but in fact they supervise me, for what we see is what they want to see. I have served my time, thank you, in supervised visits to museums. As for the other exits the P.-T.A. offers from this life of ceaseless toil, they come too late for me. I can stagger around a ballroom floor with something approximating rhythmic motion in the company of a sufficiently tolerant woman of my own age, but if I tried to tread the merry measure of the old English folk dance I should look about as ridiculous as I should feel. As for trying to paint pictures or make pottery, I'm afraid that doesn't suit my organismal-environmental style. I can think of other things to do with my spare time on Manhattan Island, but I'm afraid to tell you about them here for fear I'd be found guilty of unorganized parent action.

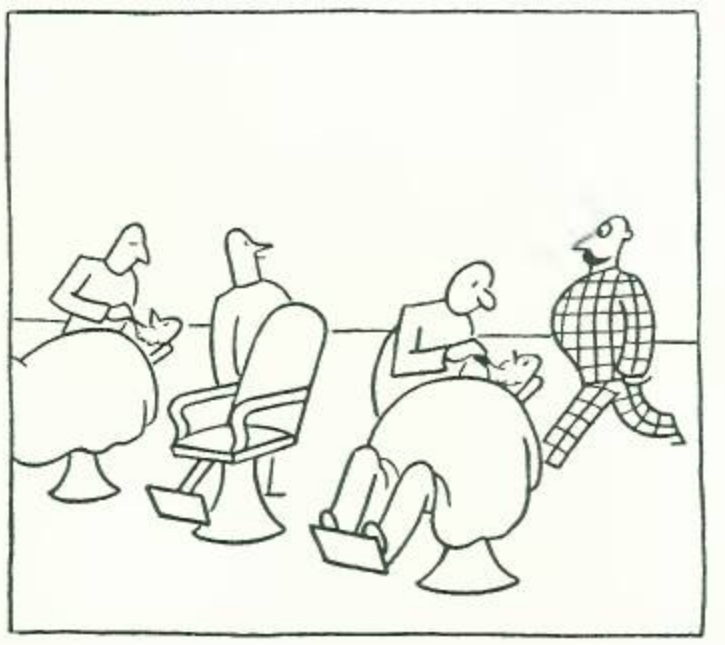
And doesn't the hard-driven proletariat ever revolt against this iron regime? Not often. At a great P.-T.A. corroboree a few years ago, one of the parents (in fact, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.) told us that we should all set a good example to our children. Whereupon another parent (in fact, Mr. Rube Goldberg) got up and said that if our children are as smart as we hope they are, they will see through us anyway, so we had better not try to put up too much of a front. But he was a voice crying in the wilderness. The rest of us still go on dutifully trying to inform ourselves about the sociological and historical developments that have led up to the present situation.

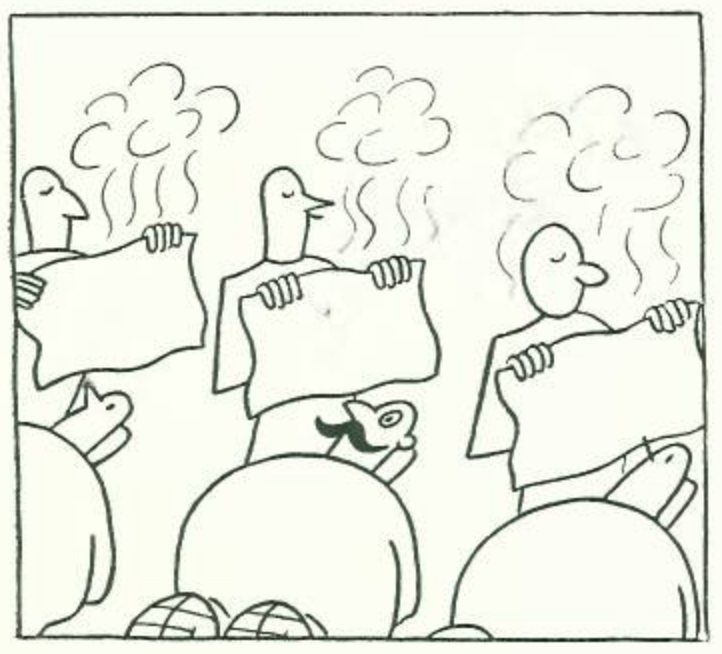
As some German wrote, in the old days when Germans were more often right than now:

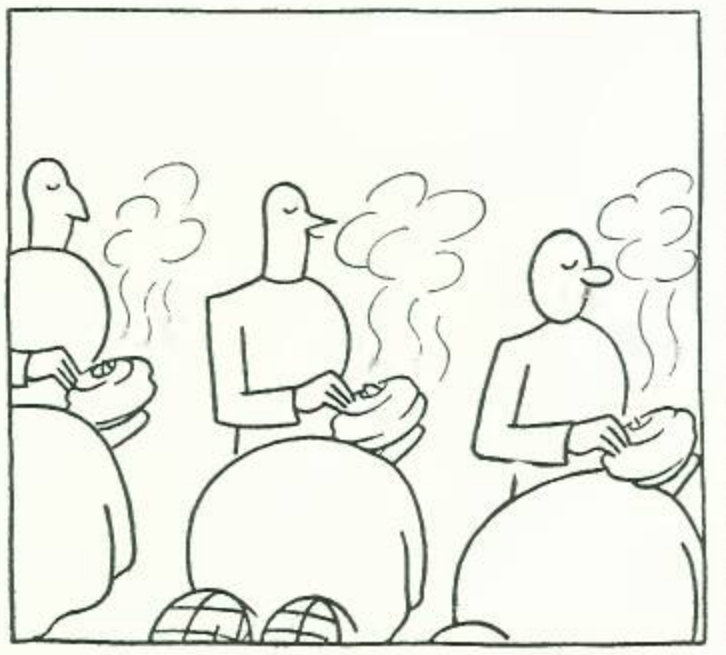
Vater werden ist nicht schwer;
Vater sein dagegen sehr.

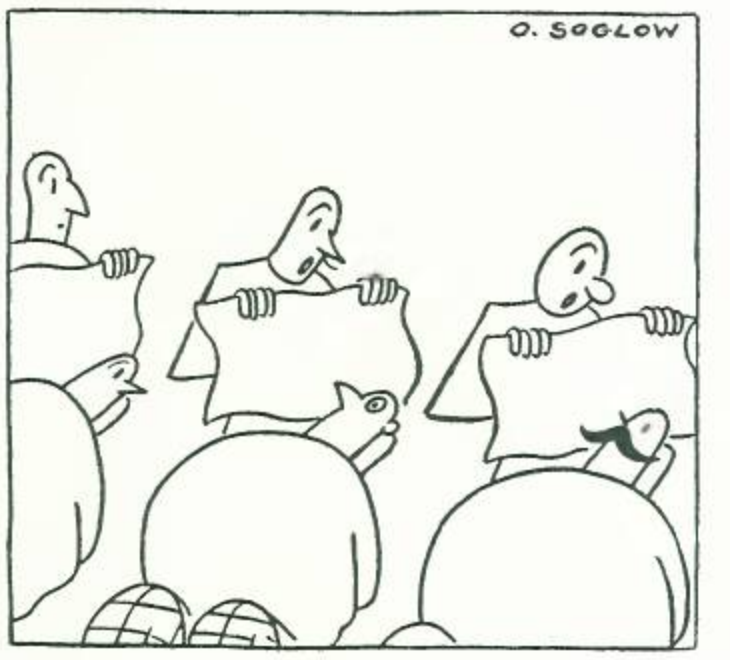
—ELMER DAVIS











PROFILES

THE SIZZLE

IF a Texaco salesman at a filling station has asked you, "Is your oil at the proper level today, sir?" or if you've ordered a malted milk at a soda fountain and the clerk has stood there, an egg in each hand, and asked, "One or two eggs today?," then you've been under the subtle influence of Mr. Elmer Wheeler, head of the Tested Selling Institute, 521 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Wheeler has adopted the profession of seducing people in the mass with words. He advises merchants how to win sales and influence customers.

Mr. Wheeler composed that suave speech about the proper level of oil to replace the crude old question "Check your oil today?" There are nine words in it, to save you the trouble of counting back, and Texaco paid Mr. Wheeler $5,000 for it. This is $555.55 a word. He worked out the malted-milk-and-egg technique, for Abraham & Straus, so that they might sell more eggs at their fountain. He not only devised the phrase "One or two eggs today?" but also planned the gesture of the clerk holding an egg in each hand.

The scene of the soda clerk, the eggs, and the timid customer (who usually takes at least one egg in his malted milk when all he wanted was a malted milk) is now reënacted thousands of times daily all over the city. It is the perfect example of one of the principles of Tested Selling, which are masterfully explained in an essay written by Mr. Wheeler some years ago and recently expanded into a book with a red-and-yellow jacket. The book has a number of Wheelerpoints in it, and the egg episode dramatizes Wheelerpoint No. 4, which is "Don't Ask If—Ask Which!" The essence of Wheelerpoint No. 4 is that the customer should always be given a choice between something and something, not a choice between something and nothing. This point is vital, but the great motif in Tested Selling is Wheelerpoint No. 1, "Don't Sell the Steak—Sell the Sizzle!" On this majestic theme, Mr. Wheeler writes:

> The sizzle has sold more steaks than the cow ever has, although the cow is, of course, mighty important.

Once Mr. Wheeler has discovered the sizzle in anything, meaning the tang in cheese, the bubbles in wine, the whiff in coffee, the customer is his, or rather his client's. The sizzle has come to be a large part of Mr. Wheeler's personal life. When he is about to interview a prospective client, he always carries a clothespin in his pocket, ready to illustrate one of the greatest sizzles he ever found. At the height of his talk to the prospect he whips out the clothespin, holds it up like a boy showing a new jackknife, then drops it on the floor. The clothespin is square and therefore doesn't roll. "They won't roll," the sizzle he found in square clothespins, sold millions of them to housewives weary of elusive round ones.

THE office of the Tested Selling Institute is a small one, usually occupied only by Mr. Wheeler and his secretary. He has no staff. He needs no staff. In his desk drawer are a bottle of hand lotion, a tube of toothpaste, an elaborate mechanical cigarette lighter, and, of course, a clothespin. He calls these objects his "salesmen." While he talks of his work and his career, he whisks out the hand lotion, the toothpaste, and the clothespin, each at its proper time, to demonstrate memorable sizzles he has found. The cigarette lighter is not used in such demonstrations but is merely a gadget of whose extravagant flame Mr. Wheeler is proud. Visitors have been known to jump out of their chair when he conjures up this small furnace, but they are invariably impressed.

Mr. Wheeler is a bulky man of thirty-four, with small features and a child-like expression. He likes to think of himself as two people. In one sense he is "the imaginative power behind the nation's counters," in the other he is "the brisk philosopher of merchandising." Whichever way he is thinking of himself, he expresses his thoughts in an optimistic and effusive manner. Objects, situations, and ideas are continually "zooming," "going to town," "getting on fine and dandy," or "hitting the high spots," in Mr. Wheeler's conversation. Nothing ever fails, recedes, or retrogresses.

He is a patient worker. His method is to write dozens of word combinations, or Tested Selling Sentences, for any product he is trying to promote, and

Elmer Wheeler

then test them all either on friends or, if the client will stand for it, on customers until he finds the perfect phrase. In the past ten years he has worked out 105,000 Tested Selling Sentences for 5,000 products. Thus he eliminated just about 100,000. For example, in seeking the sizzle in Barbasol, he tested 141 sentences and finally selected "How would you like to cut your shaving time in half?" This is supposed to have boosted Barbasol sales 300 per cent. The remaining 140 Barbasol sentences are tucked away in his files, as forlorn and useless as sentences cut from a Thomas Wolfe manuscript.

MR. WHEELER's beginnings in what he calls "Word Magic, Not Magic Words" go back to trying it on the dog, literally. As a boy of fifteen, in Rochester, he went from door to door selling vacuum cleaners. "Beware of the Dog" signs, more often seen now in comic supplements than in real life, were still in use around Rochester in those days. The dogs were a problem to Wheeler. He solved the problem by finding out at one house the name of the dog in the next house, then shouting "Hi, Butch! H'war'yuh, Butch!" or whatever the animal's name was, as he approached. This worked until he came to a house where the sign read, "Beware of Hungry Dog." That stopped him, even though he had learned the hungry dog's name. He has risen above that defeat now. "The word 'hungry' was the sizzle in the dog, you see," he says.

Mr. Wheeler thinks romantically that it must have been right then that he realized the power of the exact word. It was years later that he decided to capitalize his discovery, form the Tested Selling Institute, Elmer Wheeler, President, and sell his sentences to corpora-

tions and stores, but it is conceivable that Wheeler was thinking about the hungry dog all that time. In any case, he is clearly preoccupied with dogs to this day. One of his keenest paragraphs on merchandising is Wheelerpoint No. 5, "Watch Your Bark!" In this jewel of commercial good counsel he says to salesmen:

> Consider how much the little dog can express with just *one word* and *one tail* to wag. What he can do with the tone of his "Woof" and the "Wag" of his tail in conveying his many messages to you is well worth emulating. Watch the bark that can creep into your voice—watch the "wag" behind your words.

YOUNG Wheeler's front-porch campaigns around Rochester not only made him permanently dog-conscious but also gave him an insight into door-to-door selling which was to come in handy years later when the Hoover Vacuum Cleaner Company became a client of the Tested Selling Institute. He learned, for one thing, that simplicity in verbal communication is necessary for both salesman and housewife. In his advice to Hoover salesmen he says, "Each Hoover sentence must be easy to speak and must have remembrance value." One of his favored maxims is "Simple sentences, like simple people, get places." His favorite Hoover sentence is the admirable "It sees where to clean and it's clean where it's been." Another of Mr. Wheeler's happier strokes for Hoover was to dodge the words "Danger Signal" in describing the device which indicates that the dirt bag needs cleaning out. He renamed this gadget the "Time-to-Empty Signal," a name less terrifying to the timid.

Mr. Wheeler's avowed admiration of simplicity in words has always been coupled with a certain ingenuity for flamboyant deeds. In his student days in Rochester he used this flair to fatten his wages as reporter of high-school news for a newspaper. When the stories, for which he was paid space rates, gradually dwindled to skinny accounts of elections of class officers, he saw that the thing to do was to manufacture high-school news of interest, then write about the things he had caused to happen. On this theory he sponsored a contest in which blonde and red-haired girl students vied in having the most dates; he organized a pineapple-soda-drinking marathon, and he started a suspender spree among the boys. He sold news of all these things, and incidentally revived the sale of suspenders among the youthful. He regrets now that he had no hookup with a suspender manufacturer at the time.

In five years of college, divided between the Universities of Rochester and Syracuse, Mr. Wheeler promoted similar events. One noteworthy stunt was a test for slim figures which required co-eds to squeeze between two closely adjoining pillars in the Rochester auditorium. Another was a sudden fad of wearing fraternity pins on stockings. Pictures of all these synthetic phenomena were welcomed by the newspapers, at space rates.

In 1923, while working as a reporter for a Rochester newspaper, Mr. Wheeler went South to write a series of stories. He remained in Greensboro, North Carolina, as publicity director for the local Chamber of Commerce. For a time he wrote for the Chamber bulletin a column called "Lamplight Meditations." It was made up mostly of verses extolling God, Nature, the Pipe, and Contentment in a Mountain Home. There was a sizzle in every quatrain. His Southern sojourn ended one night in 1924 when he introduced the late Richard B. Harrison, the Negro actor, on the radio as "Mr." Harrison. The "Mr." brought a gale of protest from Southern listeners, and Mr. Wheeler came back up here.

In Rochester once more, he became the local press agent for Publix, later called Paramount-Publix, Theatres. Mr. Wheeler is fond of practical jokes, and he recalls that he performed one of his best during this period. He escorted David Rubinoff, the violinist, to play at an asylum for the insane, telling him that it was a home for aged artists. Mr. Wheeler howls when he thinks of the musician's solemnity as he played before the addled inmates. "Dave always was a likable fellow," he says as he laughs and slaps his thigh.

Mr. Wheeler's yearning to do something on the colossal side led him into a dismal blunder shortly after the Rubinoff joke. On a cross-country tour for Publix he came across a Miss America, a beauty-contest winner. She was selling music in the lobby of a Minnesota theatre. Mr. Wheeler was dazzled when he learned who she was. He signed the girl up to a contract and dashed out to Hollywood, foolishly hoping to make her a star. He found that the casting agencies had more than 15,000 beauty-contest winners in their files, many of them called Miss America. Mr. Wheeler then rather desperately obtained a job selling real-estate advertising space in a Los Angeles newspaper. The time was in-

"I think I know
just what you're going to say, Leon."

opportune because the Beverly Hills boom had just collapsed. Faced with this tough situation, Mr. Wheeler prepared advertising copy before he went out soliciting, making several different ads for each prospect, and always displaying the prospect's name prominently. He would then present the ads to the discouraged realtor, saying, "Which of these do you like?" It was an early and unconscious application of the principle of the Wheelerpoint No. 4, "Don't Ask If—Ask Which." It did moderately well but not well enough to keep him in Los Angeles.

He went to Baltimore next, and it was there that Tested Selling was born. One day, irked at the routine ways of selling newspaper advertising space to stores, he decided to go to work in a department store to get at the heart of things. In the May Store he was put behind a shirt counter. He soon worked out a sentence to push shirt sales: "The buttons on this shirt are anchored on, and won't come off in the wringer." He let women customers tug at the buttons to prove it.

"I soon realized," Mr. Wheeler recalls today, "that a woman didn't care a hoot whether a collar was form-fitting or whether it choked a man so long as she didn't have to sew on buttons during the morning rush at home, while her coffee got cold."

He stayed with the grateful May Store people for months, composing sentences and trying them out on customers to see if he had struck the sizzle. In all, he figures that he made up about 200 successful sentences while at May's. At the same time his novel methods were attracting attention.

Among those who learned of Wheeler was the Psychology Department at Johns Hopkins. Professors there invited him to appear before them and give sales talks while the reactions of subjects were recorded on a psychogalvanometer, known to newspaper readers as a lie-detector. One of the subjects in these experiments was Diana Gregal, who a short time later became Mrs. Wheeler.

Publicity attendant upon the Johns Hopkins experiments brought Mr. Wheeler an offer from the Hecht Store in Washington, D. C., and after his marriage he opened a word laboratory on the Hecht premises. His chef-d'œuvre of this period was "It won't rub off," a phrase he coined, tested, and adopted for selling an expensive polish for white shoes. He stayed in Washington until five years ago, then settled down in New York. The first sizzle of any consequence which he found here was in a Squibbs product. When this firm engaged his Tested Selling Institute, he composed "Have you tried the scientific toothpaste, Madam?" These magic words, pronounced by salesgirls in the best drugstores and department stores, were a glittering and sales-making improvement on "How's about some toothpaste?" or similarly shabby phrases the girls might have made up themselves. Its success, bruited skillfully about, gave impetus to Wheeler and the Institute, and more and more firms sought his services. They included the Statler Hotels, Macy's, Stern's, and Johns-Manville. Among bits of cunning Mr. Wheeler sold to a department-store client was one which induced youngsters to carry home their new suits instead of having them delivered. His salesmen were taught to say, "Don't you want to show that suit to Dad tonight?" The eagerness of boys to do so

THIS IS THE ROOT

This is the root, and this is the flower.

You must remember, there was no God in the heavens
Before the root was planted. They worshipped only
The sun and the moon, the winds and the stars and the waters.
There was no God in the world.
You must remember.
This is the root.
They were cooling their flocks at evening,
With Egypt low in the west, and the Voice of Wonder
Sweet in the stillness spoke: Abraham, Abraham.
Here am I, he answered. The little smoke of the fires
Warming the men and camels went slowly upward.
The stars came out, cold and silver and silent.
I am the Lord, said God; and the old man listened.
This is the root. There was no God before it,
Only the sun and the moon. You must remember.
Ur and Bethel, the years of harvest in Goshen
Passed, and the fire spoke on the slopes of Midian.
Moses, it said. And he answered *Here am I.*
His heart was water. He took the rod to Pharaoh.
Now it is known, it is even sung and remembered:
The awful dark that lay like a cloud on Sinai,
The Tabernacle that rode in the mist before them,
The Voice that spoke, and the heavy hearts that answered,
Samuel, Elijah, Amos, and Jeremiah.
This is the root.
But there was nothing before it;
Only the seed in Adam and Adam's children.
You must remember.
This is the flower:
He said, He spoke to the children
Saying, Come unto me, and again to the meek and the lowly,
Blessed are the pure in heart. He told them to love one another.
He said, Our Father in heaven.
This is the flower,
The bursting bud, the blossom of God, the beauty,
Promise and answer. His heart was frightened with sorrow
Like Moses and Jeremiah. He understood and He answered.

Shall the flower deny the root, or the root the blossom?
They are one, one growth, one planting, now and forever.
Before them was nothing; and after them will be nothing.
Only the gods of streams and of watercourses,
The Baalim of the hills, the gods of the desert,
The stars, the moon, cruelly and coldly shining,
And Egypt's sun, rising and sinking forever,
Sinking forever.

—ROBERT NATHAN

• •

"Goodrich is the black sheep of the family."

• •

saved $7,000 in delivery charges for the store the first year.

MR. WHEELER says that the Tested Selling Institute grossed $50,000 last year. Texaco, in paying him $5,000 for the oil sentence, feels that it spent money advantageously, he says, because the sentence got its filling-station men under 250,000 hoods in one week. At Abraham & Straus, the one-or-two-eggs abracadabra induced seven out of ten customers to take at least one egg. In return for his fees, Mr. Wheeler almost invariably provides not only the words to be spoken but also the business to go with them, as in the egg stunt. He worked out a clever gesture for Altman's, where he taught salesgirls to take the cork out of a bottle of hand lotion, sniff the liquid daintily, and then pass the bottle to the customer, saying, "Hasn't it a lovely fragrance, Madam?" Probably the most subtle Wheeler opus was worked out for a moving-van firm. The employees of this company now appear at the customer's door with soap and towel in hand and ask, "May we wash our hands, Madam?" Thus they convey that at heart they are genteel guys who wouldn't for the world lay grimy hands upon the needlepoint. Having washed, they stand in the centre of the room, look around them with admiring glances, and inquire, "Are you an interior decorator, Madam?" This

flattery is intended to knock Madam for a loop, and probably does.

One Wheeler-conceived gesture was a notable boomerang. In selling feather-weight shirts at Macy's, he had the clerks blow at some of them lying on the counter to show how light they were. The shirts sometimes landed on the floor and the customers invariably resented being blown at. The idea was abandoned.

MR. AND MRS. WHEELER, both of them as merry as can be, live in a two-family house in Forest Hills. Mrs. Wheeler is blonde, round of face, a member of the Forest Hills Women's Club, and a relative of the President of Lithuania. Because of this relationship, there is a title of some kind waiting in Lithuania to be bestowed upon "Scoop," as she calls her husband. So far he has shown little interest in this possible honor, and when he dreams it is not of a Lithuanian villa but of a house on Chesapeake Bay, from whose second-story window he could cast a fishing line. Heigh-ho!

Mrs. Wheeler is occasionally of great help to her husband in his profession. He gives her credit for having waitresses at the Pennsylvania Hotel say to diners, "We have pea, vegetable, and chicken soup, sir," naming some of the many soups, instead of just handing them the menu card. Glancing at the menu without any verbal stimulus, patrons often skip the soup course. They often skip it after Mrs. Wheeler's tested sentence, but perhaps not as often.

Mrs. Wheeler, busy at house-cleaning, answered the doorbell one day recently and found a salesman waiting on the porch. He assumed from her apron and duster that she was the maid, and asked, "May I speak to the lady of the house?" This gross violation of all that is fine in door-to-door selling so shocked Mrs. Wheeler that she hastened to the telephone and called her husband at his Fifth Avenue office. The distressing incident, showing how many people must be in need of Mr. Wheeler's talents, impressed him even more deeply with the necessity of making his skill available to more and more people. More and more and more. —JOHN MCNULTY

•

Di Maggio said if the Yankees meet his salary demands he might join the club when it comes up through Texas before starting the season.
for more money." —*The Mirror.*

You don't have to shout.

CONTRETEMPS IN THE BRONX

PA GROSS, his coat weighted down with newspapers (one actually purchased, the others picked up in the train), slowly threaded his way through the crowds descending the steps of the 167th Street elevated station. Once on the street and headed homeward, he removed the ready-made necktie so insecurely fastened to his collar button. "The neck," he told himself, "should get it a heffa-day vacation, too!"

Behind him was the hot and cramped tailoring establishment with its many employees stitching and basting and pressing and cutting. He was on his way home now, to peace and serenity, and, what was more important, to the freshly cooked luncheon which would be awaiting him.

He looked forward to this Saturday repast with almost unlimited pleasure. His daily eight-course lunches at the B. & J. Roumanian Restaurant were substantial enough, but they lacked zest: they were eaten more out of habit than hunger. But Saturday represented a half-day of freedom—and new and fresh delights prepared by that wonder of cooks, Ma Gross.

As the old man neared "Benj. Freidkin's Delicatessen Store," his lips curled scornfully. "No quick-shmick senwich today," he said to himself, "should stick in neck like a piece lead pipe!" No cold cuts and canned beans resting apathetically on one of Freidkin's cement platters! *Canned* beans, indeed! "Eats should come plain, not in cans. It comes fomm gronnd in cans?" he would ask rhetorically. "It gruzz on trizz in cans?"

He hurried past the delicatessen store, ignoring its elaborate window display. His mind was a single track, its terminal the dining room of his home and the delicious surprise awaiting him. He puffed his way up the two flights of stairs, fished impatiently for his keys, unlocked the door, and shuffled into his apartment.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he boomed into space. "I'm home awready fomm shop, so fix op quick the meal. Just now I got it an eppitite I could eat op a huss. . . . A huss and buggy togeddeh!" he amended as he removed his coat and draped it over a chair.

There was no answer. "Hello," he shouted again, and surveyed the empty room. "Somebody is home? *Nu*, enswer awready! Is nobody home?" Again there was silence; he began to tour the rooms.

"Say, what kine place is this?" Mr. Gross was now talking to himself petulantly. "A fine femily is here! The wibe, who knows where she is? The dutter, I'll betcha she's gung to a moompickcheh show! Is empty the whole house!" he cried. "It pays awready to come home fomm shop! Betteh I should stay donntonn and play a little pinochle, fife cents a hundritt, so I should lose the whole bunch wages!"

A scribbled note propped against the Kewpie doll on the dresser suddenly arrested his attention. He picked it up, studied the handwriting for several seconds, and then slapped the paper angrily. The note simply said "Bime meeting."

"Mittings-shmittings alluva sudden!" Pa Gross's angry voice echoed through the apartment. "Mine fine sessiety lady, she's all the time gung to *this* committee mitting, *that* committee mitting! Fix op betteh a couple drops eats, the husband he's woiking like a huss. No! This she don't bodder with! Comes to the husband, he can drop dead, God fabbid! But let a sessiety sister hoit by her the little fingeh, then see how quick she rushes, mine fine sessiety lady!" He yanked his coat from the chair. "Mittings! I'll give her mittings!" And he banged his way out of the apartment.

MR. FREIDKIN was seated at a marble-topped table in his delicatessen, eating a plate of pastrami and eggs, pancake style, when Pa Gross came into the store. Pa Gross paraded before the glass counter, eying the carefully arranged mounds of delicacies, the beautiful pyramids of olives, the fanlike pattern of assorted cheeses in their silver jackets. He was in a frenzy of indecision. Whatever he ordered, he knew, would be an anticlimax to the sumptuous home-cooked luncheon he had expected. He scraped his chin, shrugged his shoulders, heaved an expressive sigh, and resigned himself to a menu of assorted delicatessen.

"Is nobody tending the customers

"Albert, I did something wrong on the George Washington Bridge."

• •

here?" Mr. Gross turned toward the white-jacketed proprietor at the table and beat a tattoo on the glass showcase with his ring.

"Whatsa metta?" demanded Benj. Freidkin as he threw his napkin on the table and rose to his feet. "You can't see I'm eating? You can't wait till a persin he's finndished? Is maybe here in sturr a fire? So O.K." His voice had an air of cold finality which indicated he was going to let the matter drop. "You in such a rush, so what you want awready?"

Mr. Gross was so taken aback by the fury of Benj. Freidkin's outburst that he had quite forgotten what it was he wanted. Again he eyed the food in the showcase, uncertain as to what to order.

"Lookit him!" the storekeeper cried. "He was making nojses with the ring by me on connter, he was in such a hurry just now. But when it comes to order-giving, is goodbye rush!"

"Gimme fa ten cents some slices tunk," muttered Pa Gross. "No," he corrected himself. "Tunk I had lest wikk." He pointed to a grayish slab before him and said, "Gimme betteh fa ten cents some nice slices stoigin."

"Ten cents tunk, ten cents stoigin you buy in ten-cents sturr! Here by me is a delicatessen sturr!" Benj. Freidkin proudly declared. "Here comes by the pond and the heffa pond."

"O.K.," said the intimidated patron. "So I'll take betteh the chippest pond fomm roll biff. Is fresh the roll biff?" he asked as an afterthought.

The storekeeper slowly surveyed his customer, his eyes conveying his contempt. "No, is poison mine roll biff! Whatsa metta, mine customers' money is no good, I must chase away the whole bunch with bed food? Listen." He placed his hands, palm down, on the counter, leaned forward, and assumed a confidential tone. "I was just now eating a piece pastrami with ecks, and when a boss eats by him the stock, lemme tell you is like a guerentee the stock! Listen," he said solemnly. "With cotts I gemble, with reffles I gemble, but when it comes to mine stomick, then I stop gembling!"

He speared a chunk of rolled beef, placed it on the electric slicer, carved several slivers, and asked, "Is fa yesself the order?"

Mr. Gross nodded. "Mine missus is bime mitting with the sessiety ladies, and is no eats in house!"

"*Nu*, what else you like it? The corn biff I guerentee, too!" Before Pa Gross could reply, the corned beef was speared and sliced.

"A nice sorr pickle, uf cuss—udder maybe you like it betteh cold slurr? The cold slurr today is like a pickcheh—beyoodyful!" Benj. Freidkin found a paper container and scooped a quantity of coleslaw into it. "What kine breat you like, rye breat udder pumpernickel?" He squinted his eyes and studied Mr. Gross for several seconds. "To me you look like a rye-breat cater. I'm right?"

Pa Gross wanted neither the corned beef nor the coleslaw. He was almost certain there was rye bread at home. And yet, for some inexplicable reason, he found himself nodding at every suggestion Mr. Freidkin made.

"And now," the proprietor said, "it comes to the drinking. I got a nice bottle Dr. Bronn's Celry Tonic, is very

delicious today." He started to reach for a bottle, but Mr. Gross had found his voice.

"Celry tonic I don't like," he protested. "Kill me a hundritt times, still I don't like celry tonic!"

"O.K." Benj. Freidkin shrugged his shoulders to indicate he was not one to argue with a customer. "So you'll make in the house a nice gless tea with a piece lemon. And now," he said, fishing below for a paper bag, "comes the bookkipping depottment!"

He removed a stub of pencil glued to his ear, wet it, and began scribbling figures on the surface of the bag. "Furr pieces." He checked the number, and waved the bag open.

"A few drops mustidd you shouldn't fegget," Pa said. "It makes tasty the mustidd."

Benj. Freidkin reached for a jar of mustard. "The small sice, no?"

"You chonging fa mustidd!" the excited Mr. Gross shrieked. "Evvey place is free the mustidd in a little piece paper and look, he chonges fa mustidd!"

"Excuse me." Mr. Freidkin's voice was again cold and incisive. "Is here a delicatessen sturr, is open now fa six yirrs, will be seven yirrs comes July. Souvnirrs I gave out when was opening the sturr. Today is no souvnirrs! Today you want mustidd, you pay!"

"So who needs awready the mustidd?" Pa Gross quickly paid the sum asked, grabbed the paper bag, and hurried out. The last words he heard were "Souvnirrs fomm mustidd I should give him yet!"

PA GROSS placed his purchases on the dining-room table, tore open the bag, and stared glumly at the food. He was very unhappy over his encounter with Benj. Freidkin. He didn't mind the storekeeper's insults—that was part of any transaction. He didn't mind being maneuvered into making extra purchases—the food would be eaten. But what did distress him was Freidkin's colossal *chutzpah* in charging for mustard.

"A piece meat, sure you chonge," he reflected as he opened the paper bag. "An epple udder a piece fruit is O.K. to chonge. But where he comes to chonge fa a couple drops mustidd?"

Further thoughts on the subject were dissipated by the entrance of Mrs. Gross. "Hello, mine fine sessiety lady!" shouted Pa before she had time to remove her coat. "Was a fine mitting? Was a good mitting?"

Mrs. Gross was unconscious of the sarcasm which coated her husband's tones. "Was O.K. Was tukking the sessiety sisters—" She suddenly sighted the food on the table and pointed accusingly. "Look what he's eating—cold cotts!"

"Sure is cold cotts!" roared her husband. "Mrs. Donntonn Sputt, you should worry what I eat! Fa your pott, let the husband stovv a whole day. Who needs him? Sure, when it comes a couple dolless fa a dress to buy, or fa the beaudy parleh, then is O.K. the husband. But when it comes to a nice plate noodle zup udder some chopped chicken liver, then is goodbye Chollie with the husband!"

"A millionaire I got alluva sudden!" exclaimed Mrs. Gross as she examined the packages on the table. "Mr. Rockefelleh Number Two is here by me a boarder, he's throwing out money in delicatessen! Mine cooking is no good, ha?"

"Your cooking!" scoffed the old man. "Your cooking is donntonn bime mitting with the sessiety ladies!"

"Dope! *Schlemiehl!*" screamed his wife. "You can't go look in icebox? Cold borsht togeddeh with a nice piece sprink chicken is in icebox, and mine Mr. Blind Man it hoits by him the feet, he can't wukk a couple steps to kitchen to go look!"

"In icebox!" The wide-eyed Mr. Gross stared at his wife. "Is all the time the eats in icebox, ha?"

"What then? By me in pockitbook I should keep the eats? In letter box donnstairs I should keep the eats?" She picked up the food from the delicatessen and wrapped it in the torn paper bag. "So fomm where comes the cold cotts, mine Mr. Wall Strittnick?"

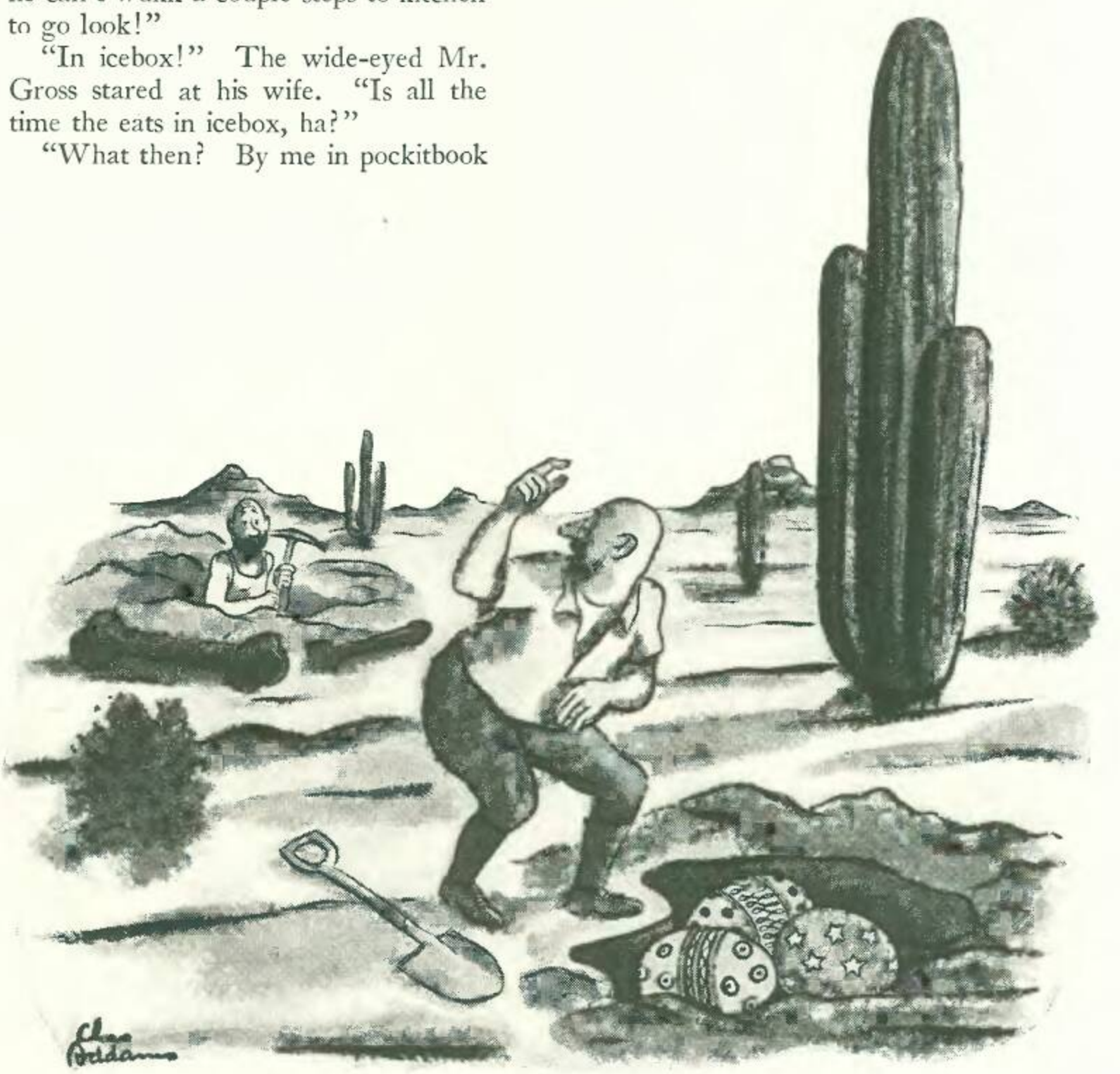
"Is fomm Freidkin's shop the eats," he replied.

"Aha, the expensible sturr he's buying awready!" she exclaimed. "With Freidkin is all the time two-three cents more a piece meat. Mine Mr. Millionaire, is by him so big the pay chick he can't wukk a couple blocks extra he should save a couple cents. Wait!" she said ominously. "I'll give Freidkin his eats—in his big, fet face I'll give him his eats!"

Pa Gross heard the door slam, and hurried to the kitchen. Holding a leg of chicken in one hand and a slice of rye bread in the other, he heaved a sigh of contentment. He allowed his thoughts to dwell on his wife, headed for Freidkin's store, and his face was wreathed in smiles. He began to chuckle.

Pa Gross had suddenly stopped feeling sorry for himself. He was now feeling sorry for Benj. Freidkin.

—ARTHUR KOBER



THE THEATRE

WHAT OF THE SEASON?

IN this particular branch of beautiful letters, at which I am only intermittently employed, I find myself occasionally being asked questions face to face, although I am sure that I neither invite questioning nor inspire confidence. Some of these questions, although simple in form, are difficult to answer directly, such as, for example, "What's a good show to see?" or "Who the hell do you think you are, anyway?"

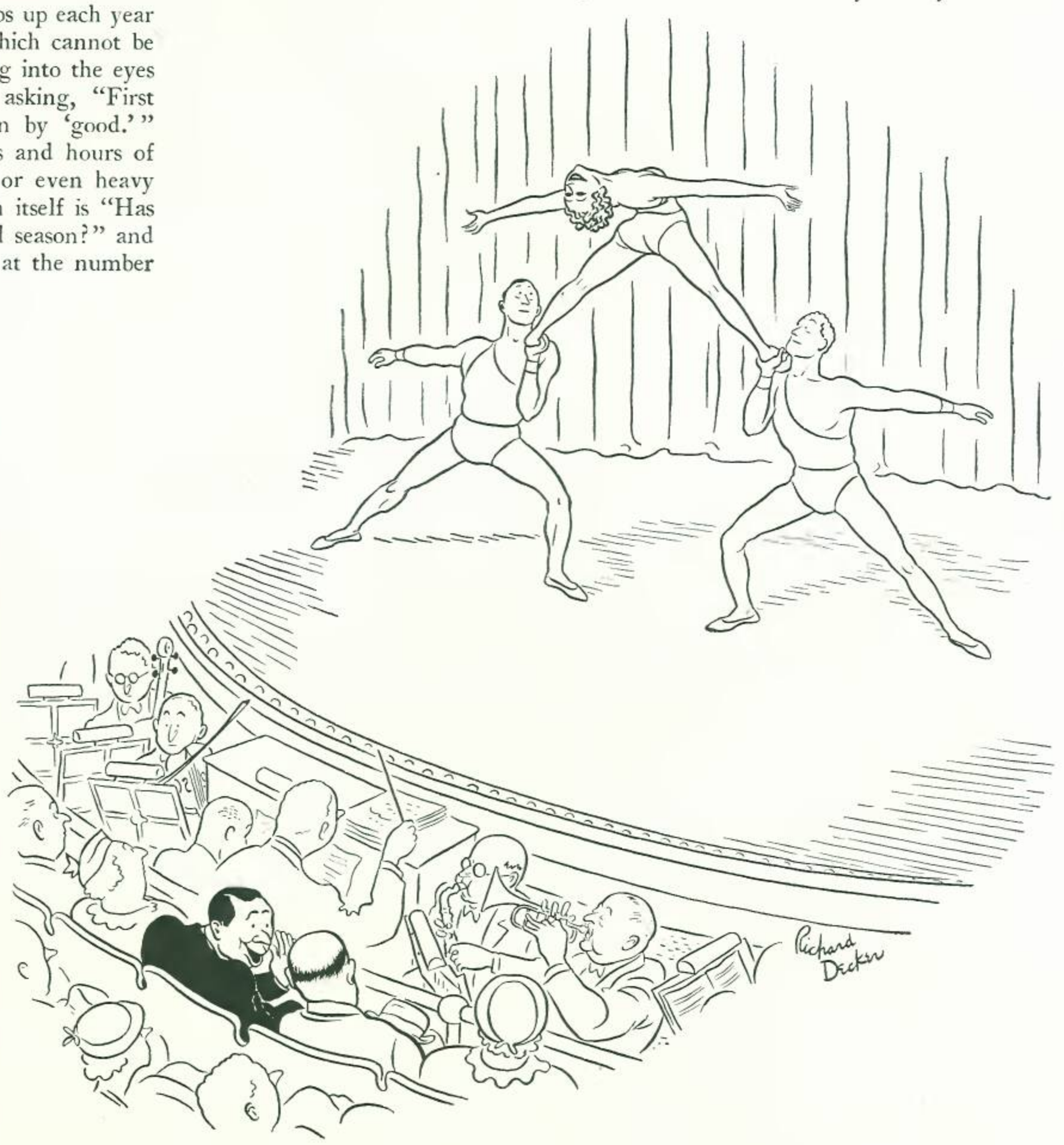
There is one that crops up each year along about this time which cannot be answered without gazing into the eyes of the questioner and asking, "First tell me what you mean by 'good.'" This may lead to hours and hours of abstract philosophizing, or even heavy drinking. The question itself is "Has it been a good theatrical season?" and you would be surprised at the number of people who ask it, possibly just to make conversation.

What is a "good" theatrical season? To some it means good business. Were there a lot of hits? Did many backers get a return on their money? This is not a wholly illogical construction of the term "good season" and certainly is one not to be dismissed with a sneer. It somehow, however, does not seem quite to cover the ground.

There is another type of questioner who is harder to spot than the man who means "Did the theatre make any money?" He is the one who narrows his eyes when he asks, and who means "How fared the Popular Front in the theatre?" This one is hard to give an answer to, as you can't win, no matter what you say. Even "Pins and Needles" and "The Cradle Will Rock" are too sissy for him, "Pins and Needles" because it commits the unforgivable crime of containing some laughs, and "The Cradle Will Rock" because —well, it couldn't have been a hit with the capitalistic press and still be on the level. To him there is something fishy there.

Or possibly there is the guy who means by a "good" season a season of hilarious farces and elaborate musicals, with a lot of shows which you can go to time after time with dinner parties and still roll in the aisles with laughter. It is a strange combination, but I find that this type of "escapist" who wants only to be amused joins up with the Popular Front boys in their comment on plays like "Shadow and Substance," "Our Town," and "On Borrowed Time." They don't like them, and their common way of expressing their dislike is "I don't see what it *proves*."

Then there are people who just like to go to the theatre, whether they laugh, cry, shout, or hiss, or even just sit and listen. To them the only "bad" play is the badly written play or the boring play. These people are the hardest to detect, because there are fewest of them. And they usually *know*



"Make a wish."

A "spur of the moment" luncheon

"So glad you can come. Now we can plan it all at lunch." Yet short as the notice is, lunch is ready on the dot. Perhaps it's Campbell's Noodle with chicken Soup to tempt with its hearty, golden egg noodles and morsels of tender chicken...Or it may be Campbell's Asparagus Soup, so easily creamed and made extra nourishing simply by adding milk instead of water. A smooth purée of fresh young asparagus shoots and fine table butter, with fresh asparagus tips added for good measure. A soup that brings a touch of Spring to the table.

—or R.S.V.P.

Plenty of time for planning an elaborate dinner—yet no time is required for planning the soup course. For again the soup is Campbell's, and again a foregone success...Which shall it be? Campbell's Consommé, a delicious soup that always sets a dinner off to a good start?...Or, Campbell's Cream of Mushroom—another patrician of the dining hour? Rich with fresh mushroom goodness blended with cream so thick it will hardly pour—and containing plenty of delicious mushroom slices...Is your larder well supplied?

Campbell's Soups

GALA SPRING REOPENING

The Sert Room

EASTER SATURDAY

LEO REISMAN
and His Famous Orchestra

Songs by
EVE SYMINGTON
at Dinner and Supper

Dances by
PAUL HAAKON
with Nina Whitney—During Supper

XAVIER CUGAT
The Tango-Rumba King

•

Dinner and Supper Dancing

THE STARLIGHT ROOF
MAY 5

•

XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra
Dinner and Supper-Dancing

•

Luncheon Music by
MISCHA BORR
and His Orchestra

•

Reservations: ELdorado 5-3000

The Waldorf-Astoria

whether it has been a "good" season or not.

Being a mixture of all types myself (except the business end), I think it was a good season. The success of the Mercury Theatre and the Labor Stage, with the Federal Theatre crashing through when needed, satisfied my proletarian cravings for the time being. I got a lot of laughs, and I cried several times. And I saw some just plain good plays. I hope that next season is as good. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

POSTSCRIPT TO PUBLICITY

Said Mr. Disney to Mr. Grimm,
"I want to thank you a lot.
You know the public, you know the field,
You gave me a wonderful plot."
Said Mr. Grimm, "*Mein Gott!*"

Said Mr. Disney to Mr. Grimm,
"We kept the story whole,
And also managed to give Snow White
A touch of Hollywood soul."
Said Mr. Grimm, "*Ja wohl.*"

"And the jolly dwarfs," Mr. Disney said,
"We handled in comic-strip vein,
Made one of them mix his words a bit,
And another slightly insane."
Mr. Grimm said, "*Danke schoen.*"

"With the Queen"—Mr. Disney's voice sank low—
"We couldn't quite follow the letter.
Child psychology's not what it used to be,
We make horror bigger and better."
Mr. Grimm said, "*Donnerwetter!*"

"But don't you mind," Mr. Disney said,
"Snow White's gone with a bang and a boom,
She's an industry now and her pictures appear
On bottle and basket and broom."
Mr. Grimm sighed, "*Ach, warum?*"
—HORTENSE FLEXNER

•

Joseph P. Kennedy, American Ambassador, and Mrs. Kennedy were received by Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace today....

Mrs. Kennedy wore a dark blue two-piece suit and a small hat trimmed with flowers. Mr. Kennedy wore morning clothes. The Queen wore an afternoon gown.—*The World-Telegram.*

Was any of them carrying a watch?

OF ALL THINGS

AUSTRIA is playing the time-honored melodrama with an interesting variation. In this version, the old folks are doing all right but their son comes home and forecloses the mortgage.

•

Governor Earle urges Roosevelt to spend $9,000,000,000 as soon as possible. We shall have to be satisfied with this unless somebody can think of a higher number.

•

If you do not fully understand the mysteries of finance, don't give it another thought. A five-time president of the Stock Exchange had only a hazy idea himself.

•

Senator McKellar of Tennessee asked our Dr. Copeland to step outside and have a fist fight. Royal properly declined, being an eminent authority on health and how to keep it.

•

The happy Commonwealth of Massachusetts, having solved all major problems, is now mopping up the details. Last week the legislature debated a bill to have screen players advertised under their true names, instead of glamorous monickers.

•

A dispatch from London explains that Prime Minister Chamberlain has staked everything upon his faith in Mussolini's word. That must be fully as sound an investment as a sweepstakes ticket.

•

Poor, primitive Mexico is having trouble finding a market for its nationalized oil. The American way would be to turn it into five brands of gasoline, each better than the other four.

•

This department recently wondered how we increased our wealth by trading old cars, so the magazine *Tide* cleared things up. It seems that quite a number of us got confused that week and paid cash.

•

A Brooklyn man started a conflagration because it annoyed him to see the firemen loafing all the time. He insists that the taxpayers hired the boys to play hoses, not checkers.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

GRACE LINE

Caribbean Cruises

SAIL EVERY FRIDAY FROM NEW YORK

visiting enroute

LA GUAIRA
(Caracas, Maracay, Valencia)
PUERTO CABELLO
CURACAO
PUERTO COLOMBIA
(Barranquilla)
CARTAGENA
PANAMA CANAL
JAMAICA
HAITI

16 DAYS from $285.

INCLUDING OUTSIDE ROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH
in the splendid Grace Liners
SANTA ROSA SANTA PAULA SANTA ELENA

★ Dining rooms, high up in the ship, with wide casement windows, open directly onto promenade decks. Ceilings roll back so you may dine under the stars.
★ Outdoor Tiled Swimming Pools
★ All outside rooms, each with private fresh water bath
★ Dorothy Gray Beauty Salons ★ Pre-release talkies
★ Eight ports, permitting visits to 15 cities
★ Shore trips, at slight extra cost, including 2-day, 160 mile auto trip thru interior of Venezuela, and full day at Panama Canal with opportunity to see Gatun Locks in operation. ★ No passports required.

Also 31 and 38 Day Cruises to
PANAMA, COLOMBIA, ECUADOR, PERU, CHILE
and 'Round South America Cruise-Tours.
Weekly sailings from New York

Ask your Travel Agent for the new Grace Line booklet containing all information necessary for planning a trip.

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Pittsburgh New Orleans Seattle
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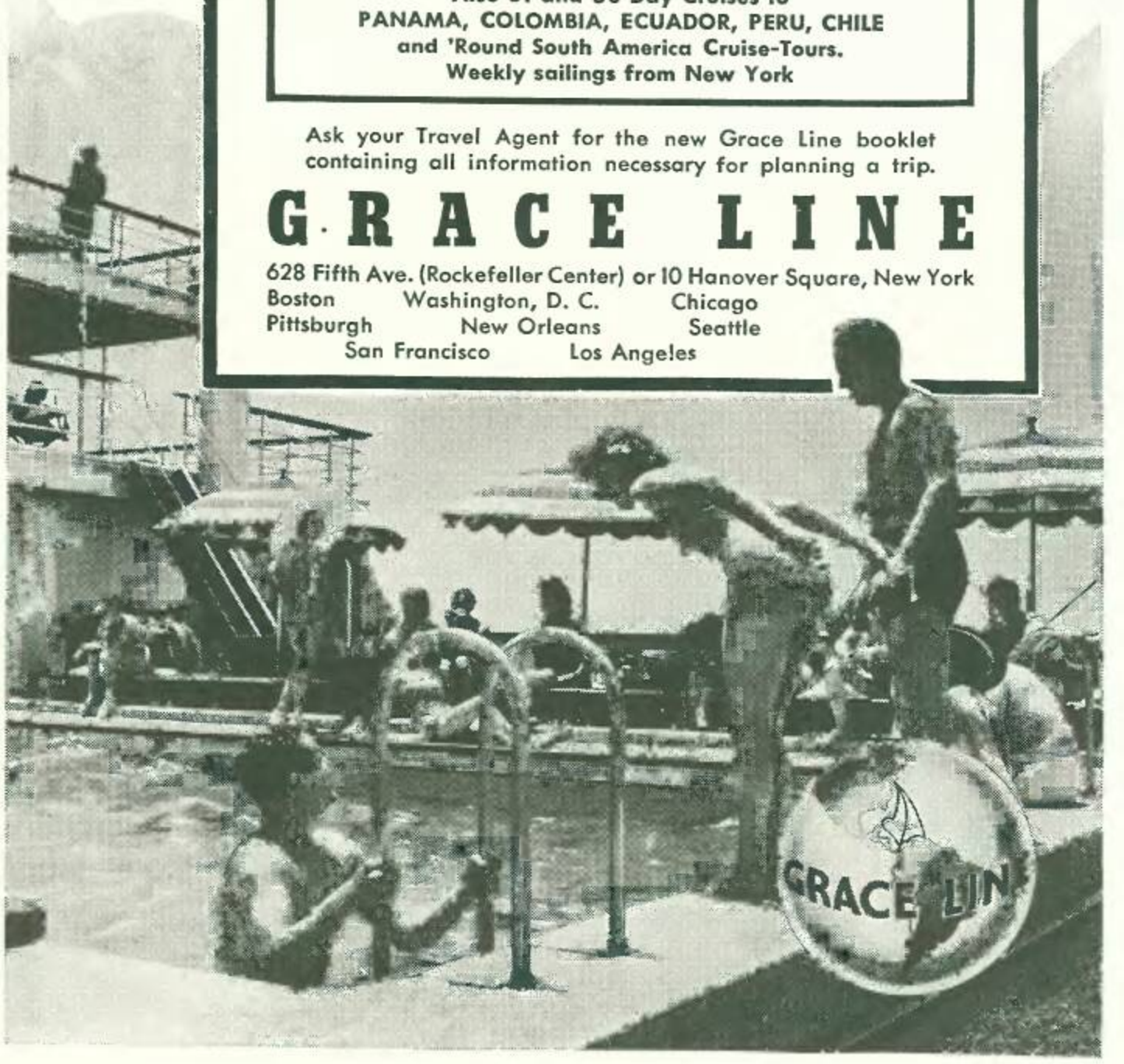


ONWARD & UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

LA FLEUR DES GUIDES FRANÇAIS

IF you are going to drive a car around France you have to have a *Guide Michelin*. Even if you are going to ride on trains or walk you ought to have a *Guide Michelin*, but if you are going to drive you really have to have one. This marvellous volume, of more than a thousand compact pages, has been coming out every year since 1905. When it was thirty years old it was completely reviewed in these pages, but I think it ought to be noticed every three years anyway, for the benefit of those thousands of people just coming of tourist age, some of whom are quite nice. It costs twenty-five francs, which is cheap enough for a priceless book. You can buy one at almost any bookstore or newsstand in France; I got mine in the ship shed at Le Havre last summer. Without it I would be lost. (This is as good a place as any to say that I am not lost without a Baedeker. I also get along perfectly without those "Fly Away with Me!" travel books your niece wrote and the "France" volume of my own aunt's "Here We Go Again!" series.)

The *Guide Michelin* leads you with a wise and experienced hand into every big city and sizable town and into hundreds of hamlets of the Republic. Its greatest service is this: it tells you where the best hotels and restaurants are and what each chef and *sommelier* prides himself on. There are half a hundred other facts. You can find out at a glance what sights are worth seeing, when the local fairs and carnivals take place, whether there is golf or tennis, what it costs to put your car in a garage, and where you can park and where you can't. Much of *Michelin's* information is conveyed by means of printed symbols the size of a pinhead: a tiny bird on a perch, placed after the name of a hotel, means it is located in a quiet quarter; a tiny candle in a holder means there is no electricity. There are excellent maps, too, and these have their own *signes conventionnels*, so that you can tell instantly where the cathedrals, the ruins, the post offices, the grade crossings, and the streetcar lines are, and whether there is a theatre, a hospital, a street lined with trees, a wonderful view, or a seaplane base. Let us take the town of Dijon, for example, and see what *Michelin* has to tell us about it.

Dijon, we learn, is in the Côte-d'Or, has a population of 86,544, and if you want to park your car longer than fifteen minutes you have to put it in a parking lot. The city is renowned for its Gastronomical Fair, held every year from October 30th to November 14th. There is no parking at all on the Rue de la Liberté as far up as the Brasserie du Miroir; traffic is prohibited in certain sections of the Street of the Twenty-sixth Dragoons on market day, Friday. The places to see are the museum, the Palais des Beaux-Arts, the old palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, etc. After this comes a list of the automobile agencies of the town, where you can go for repairs and accessories: Hispano, Unic, Talbot, Lancia, Hotchkiss, Licorne, Voisin, Peugeot, Delage, Berliet, Panhard, Buick, and Chevrolet.

The section on restaurants is the most interesting, because Dijon is the headquarters of the gourmets of France and the gateway to the Burgundy wine country. It's hard to make up your mind where to eat in Dijon. M. Racouchot's Aux Trois Faisans invites you with "*Suprème de brochet dijonnaise, Coq au Chambertin, Poire glacée belle dijonnaise. Vins: Gevrey-Chambertin Combe au Moine 1929, Meursault Charmes 1933.*" M. Maillard's Grande Taverne offers "*Jambon du Morvan à la lie de bourgogne, Escargots au Meursault (création Terminus), Coq au Chambertin. Vins: Chambolle-Musigny, Romanée-Conti.*" We picked from *Michelin's* list the night we were in Dijon M. Bony's Au Châteaubriant: "*Châteaubriant, Meurette d'anguille, Poulet au Chambertin. Vins: Vosne-Romanée 1928, Hospices de Beaune 1919.*" You can come out of any of these restaurants, filled with fine food and glowing with great wine, for about a dollar and a half per person. To Mr. Ford Madox Ford, whose long, rambling essay called "Provence" you would do well to take with you to southern France when you go, only the small restaurants are worth while, the ones that require "a little erudition and a knowledge of back streets" to find. I feel he would regard many of *Michelin's* selections as what he calls "gilded palaces" (which none of them really are). Among those who have lived in France for many years it is high heresy to think in terms of dollars. One either pays from five to twenty francs for a meal, which is decent and proper, or from twenty to sixty, which is unholy. I have had some

"Well, it's a catwalk, ain't it?"

IT SEEMS IT'S A CAR FOLKS WON'T DO WITHOUT!

WE were pretty sure we had a great car when some months ago we checked the final blueprints on the 1938 Buick.

It had the new and mighty DYNAFLASH engine for sparkling action—the sensationally desirable TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING for a lullaby of a ride.

Looking ahead in that promising day, we figured we had every chance of getting our sales share by reason of what this car gave the buyer for his money.

Now, when times are sterner, it appears we built better than we knew—we've got a car folks just *won't* do without.

This great new Buick was first introduced to the public last fall. Through September, October, November, it sold in steadily *increasing* volume.

In a period when sales of other cars were sliding off it went ahead, in one month actually outselling one of the Big Three of the lowest-priced field.

It's *still* going ahead—not car Number Seven or Eight, as one might expect by its price-class, but one of the season's Four Best Sellers!

There is only one explanation of such a record when made by a car in the thousand-dollar bracket.

Such a car is so good—has so much of value in it—people just won't do without it!

They buy it not only in preference to other cars—they buy in preference to waiting for easier times and readier money-to-spend!

That's the convincing sort of car you're about to drive when you first take the wheel of a 1938 Buick.

If you haven't yet handled a new Buick, you ought to—just to see what such a car is like!

BUYER'S DIGEST OF THE 1938 BUICK

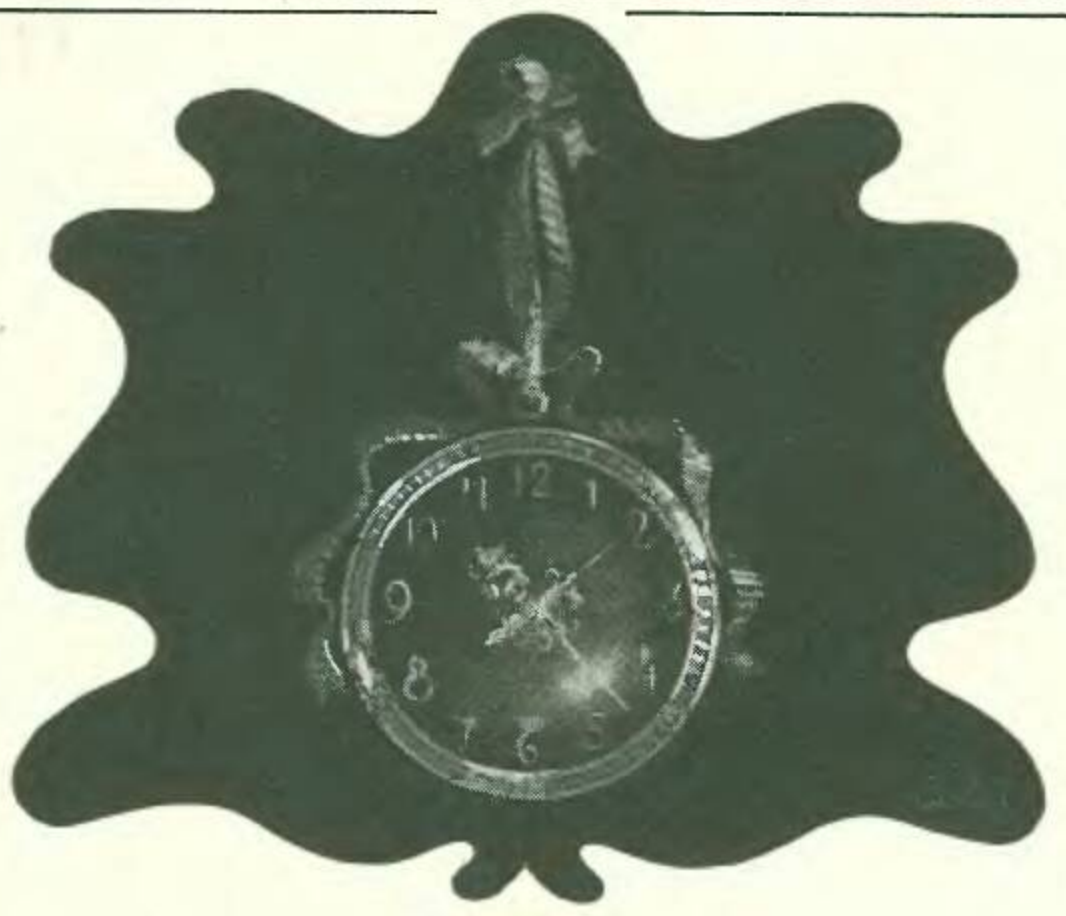
★ NEW DYNAFLASH VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE ★ NEW TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING ★ TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE IN SEALED CHASSIS ★ NEW QUIET ZONE BODY MOUNTING ★ ANOLITE PISTONS ★ AEROBAT CARBURETOR ★ NEW BULL'S-EYE STEERING ★ TIPTOE HYDRAULIC BRAKES ★ KNEE-ACTION FRONT SPRINGING ★ UNISTEEL BODY BY FISHER ★ BUILT-IN DEFROSTER CONNECTIONS ★ AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION OPTIONAL ON SERIES 40

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

"BETTER BUY BUICK!"

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



YOU ARE PART OF SMART NEW YORK...AT THE ST. REGIS

Live pleasantly during your New York visit. Stay at The St. Regis... in charming, restful rooms or suites . . . with your choice of three uniquely beautiful restaurants where you may dine in The St. Regis manner. The better shops and the theatres you prefer are very near The St. Regis. Do you know how much less the cost of living at this really distinguished New York address is than you might expect?

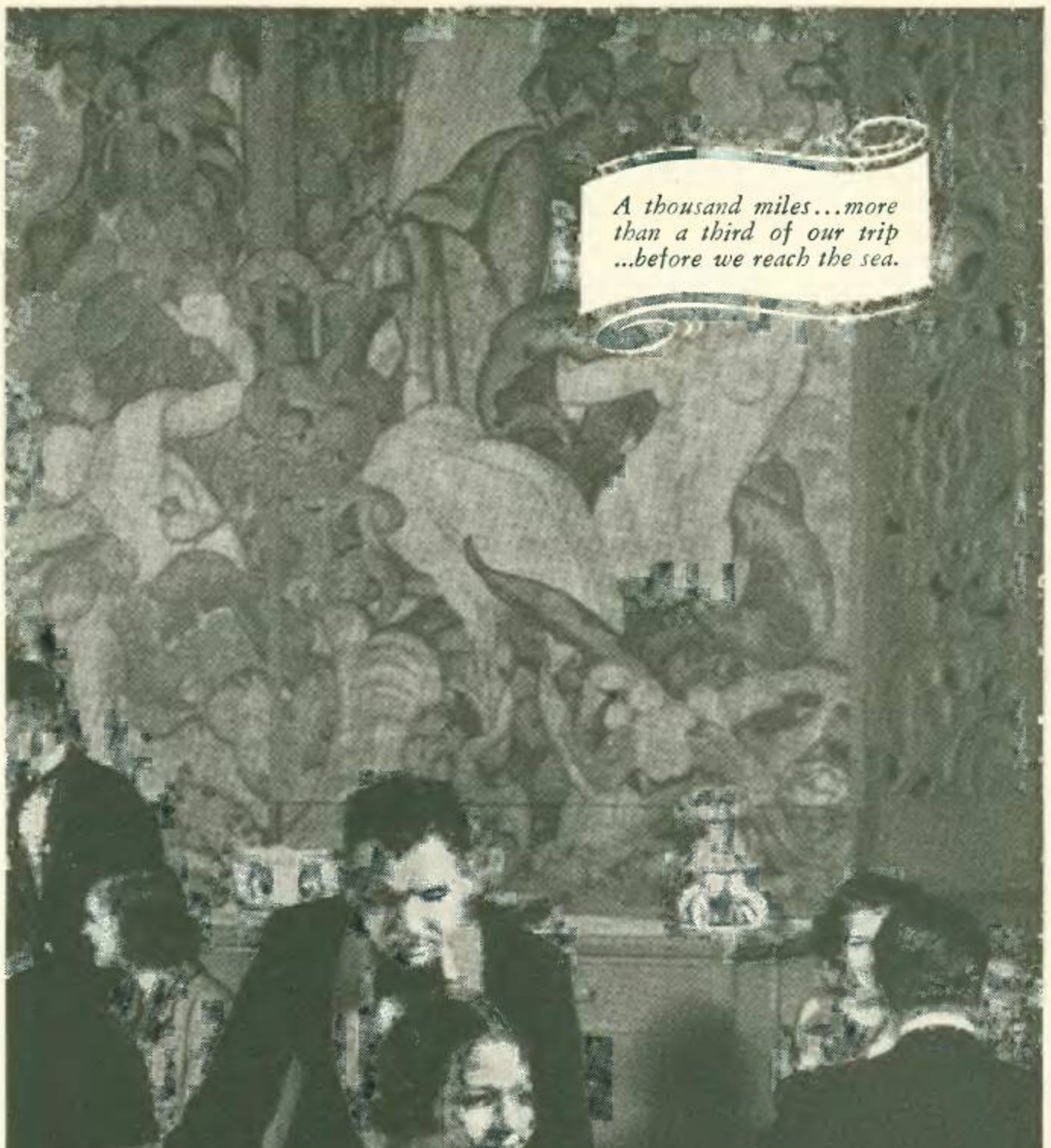
Fifth Avenue at 55th Street · New York THE St. Regis

wonderful unholy meals in France for a dollar and a half or two dollars—I will always, I am afraid, think of francs in terms of dollars when it comes to eating.

The rise and fall of the franc, I might put in right here, cause a certain havoc and confusion among some of the guidebooks. There is a pamphlet, for instance, called "Les Hotels de Tourisme en France," published by a government organization known as Centre National d'Expansion du Tourisme du Thermalisme et du Climatisme (all of that). I have the 1937 edition, but I never use it. It gives a list of French hotels and the prices they charge for rooms. An explanatory note in English says that "The owners and managers of these hotels pledged themselves, during the month of October, 1936, to adhere strictly to the rates published in the official Hotel Guide." That is, to adhere to these rates during 1937, since the book is dated with a big 1937 on the cover, which bears in large type the words "*Prix Garantis*." Surely ninety per cent of these hotels nevertheless raised their rates after May on account of the depreciation of the franc. One of them, where I stayed in Paris, pledged in this guide that its maximum rate for a room for two persons would be fifty francs a day, but I paid ninety francs for such a room there in September. When I showed the manager of this hotel the official Hotel Guide and the pledge, and his rates, he smiled pleasantly and said to pay no attention to that book—it was just the official government Hotel Guide, full of rates and pledges, signifying nothing. Let us go back again to *Michelin*, which pledges you no pledges.

If you were going to use the *Michelin* guide only for its list of Paris restaurants (about a hundred and twenty, not counting hotel dining rooms), it would be worth the price. The editors use from one to three stars in grading restaurants as to merit of cooking. Six Paris restaurants, it might interest you to know, get three stars *** (*"Une des meilleures tables de France: vaut le voyage. La fleur de la cuisine française"*). These six are Larue, Tour d'Argent, Lapérouse, Café de Paris, Lucas-Carton, and Foyot's (which closed its doors forever in October). This starring system, by the way, is also used for the antiquities of the various towns, or for what *Michelin* calls "*intérêt des curiosités*." Thus three stars mean that an antiquity is "*très vivement recommandée;*" two stars, "*recommandée;*" one star, "*intéressante.*" If a place is merely listed, without any stars, it should real-

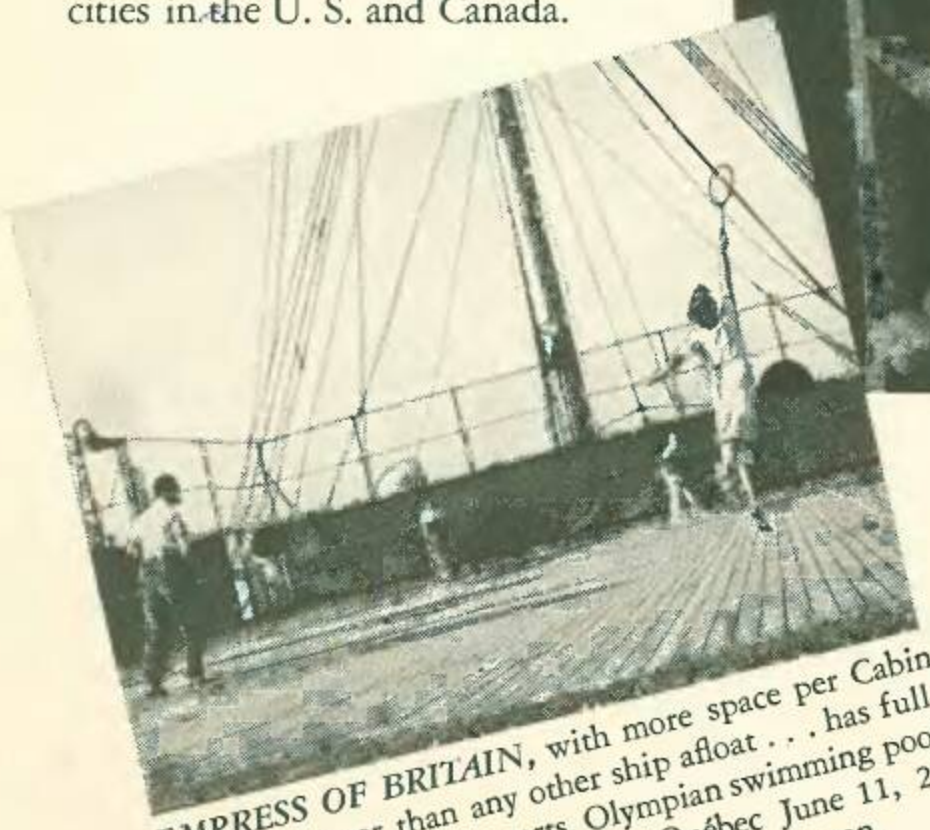
Give me the route with 39% LESS OCEAN *and spacious ships*



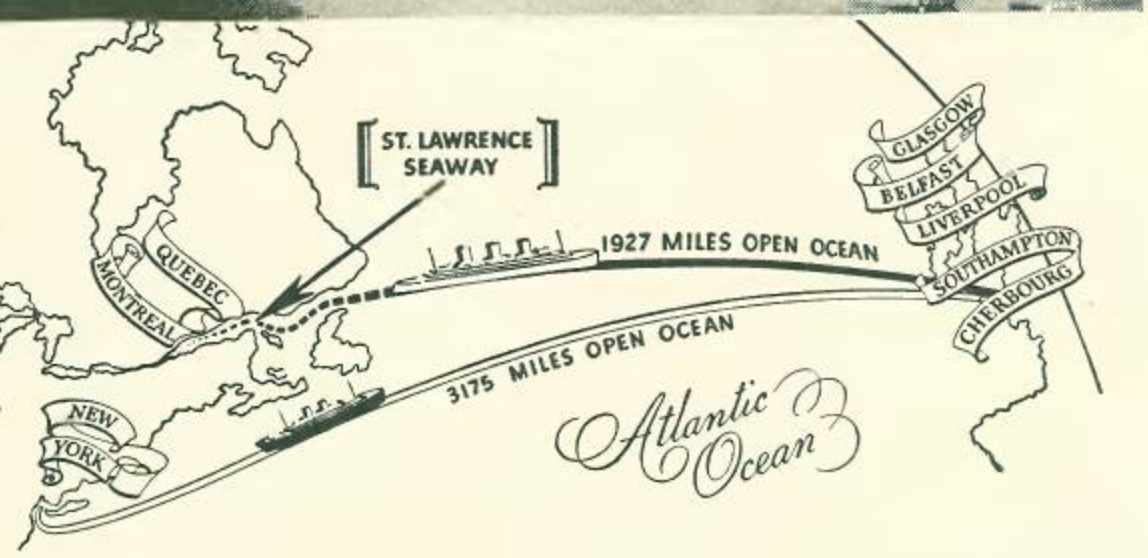
What an unexpected delight to *enjoy* the first thousand miles of your ocean voyage! You'll look forward to each tempting meal . . . get acquainted with your immaculate white liner . . . and watch lovely French-Canadian shorelines and villages go by.

The famous *Empress of Britain* crosses in 5-day speed. Or choose the *Empress of Australia,* from Québec to Cherbourg and Southampton. Lower-cost *Duchesses* from Montreal and Québec every Friday to Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool. Also economical *Mont* ships.

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal and 36 other cities in the U. S. and Canada.



EMPRESS OF BRITAIN, with more space per Cabin Class passenger than any other ship afloat . . . has full-size tennis and squash courts, Olympian swimming pool. From New York May 17; from Québec June 11, 25, July 9, 30 . . . to Cherbourg and Southampton.



VIA THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY Canadian Pacific TO EUROPE

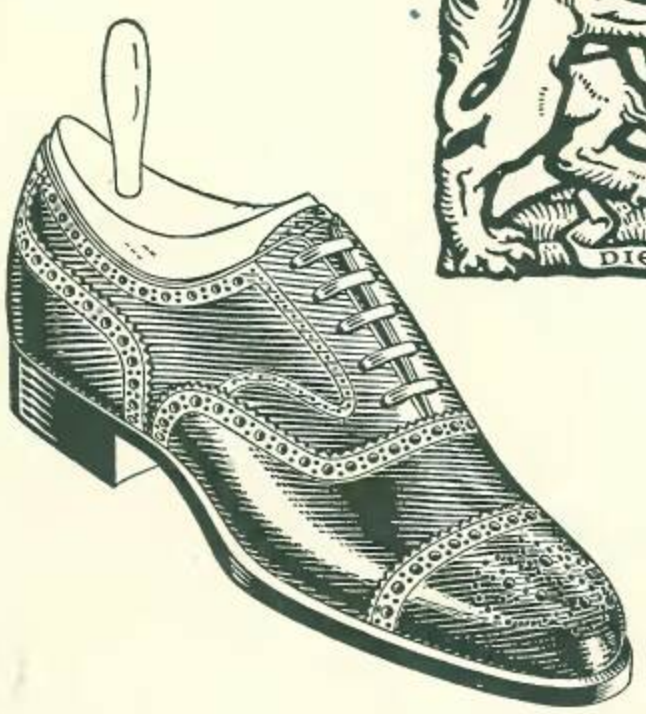
GEO. W. BUNTING *of* LONDON

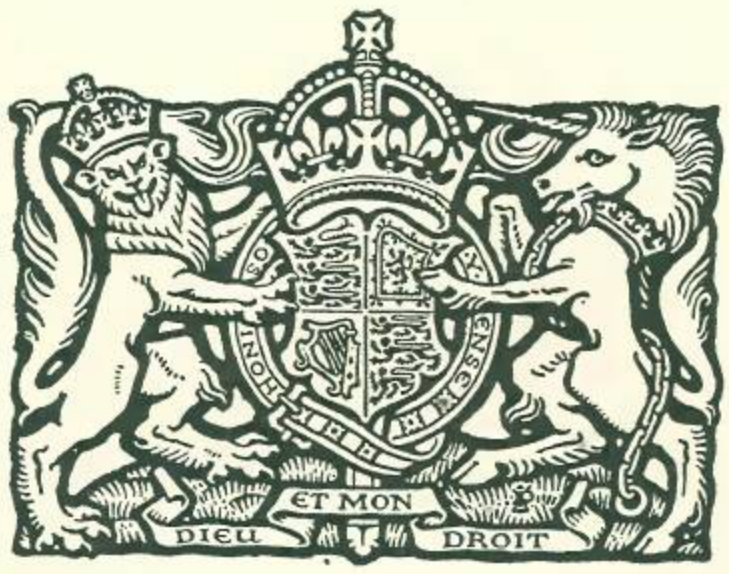
master bootmaker to His Majesty King George V

announces the appointment of Messrs.

R. H. MACY & CO., INC. *as American distributors*

of his SHOES





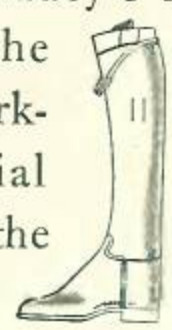
"IT IS with pleasure I announce the appointment of Messrs. R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., as American distributors of George W. Bunting boots and shoes for immediate wear.

"The many years of experience I have had in cutting bespoke shoes for my esteemed patrons in the United States has given me a thorough knowledge of the fittings suited to American feet.

"The collection I have forwarded to New York will speak for itself.

"Included are four lasts in thirteen styles, as well as a riding boot, in an adequate assortment of fittings.

"I would add that the shoes shown by Messrs. Macy's in New York embody the perfection of style, workmanship, and material long associated with the Bunting Shoe."



Geo W Bunting

MACY'S MEN'S STORE *presents*

G. W. BUNTING SHOES, 15.89 & 20.89

and a riding boot at 32.50, in the new BUNTING SHOP
on the Second Floor at Thirty-fourth Street & Broadway

ly be seen anyway, the preface says. As an example of the loving care and careful detail with which the guide is got up, you are informed whether a given place of interest outside a town's limits can be reached by car, and if it can't, approximately how long it will take you to get out to it and back on foot. "This does not include," the preface thoughtfully adds, "the time of visiting or appreciating the places of interest."

Truly a wonderful, a monumental book, the *Guide Michelin*. It is got out by the Michelin tire people, and of course it advertises Michelin tires as it goes along, but how gaily and unobtrusively! If you have heard the accusation that there are only two French newspapers in all Paris (*L'Humanité* and *L'Action Française*) in which you cannot buy news space and hence are inclined cynically to believe that perhaps hotelkeepers and restaurateurs can buy stars in *Michelin*, the guide has this proudly to say, "We cannot repeat too often that the independence of the *Guide Michelin* is absolute, that no *hôtelier* can have his place mentioned in this book by any payment of any kind whatsoever or by any kind of favor, direct or indirect." France, in the *Michelin*, has reached a high point in the art of the guidebook.

I HAVE done, I fear, but indifferent justice to the most valuable book in my travelling library, but I must get on to another, the *Guide Gastronomique International*, which concerns itself not at all with the problems of the motorist and has no room for *curiosités*, but deals only with hotels and restaurants, food and wine. Let us first glance for a moment, however, at that enormous volume called *Europa Touring*, a motoring guide to Europe published by the American Automobile Association and affiliated clubs. If you bring your car to Europe as a member of the A.A.A. you're sure to get one before you leave New York. It gives information about roads, passports, hotels, restaurants, customs, etc., for all the countries of Europe, in French, English, and German; it is crammed with maps, advertisements, and whatnot. I found the thing formidable to the point of being overwhelming and I put it at the back of the trunk with my skiing things. In France you don't need it; the *Michelin* takes up one-fourth the space and tells you four times as much.

The *Guide Gastronomique International* runs to more than seven hundred pages and is divided into four sections: France; Paris; the French Colonies, Protectorates, and Mandates; and For-

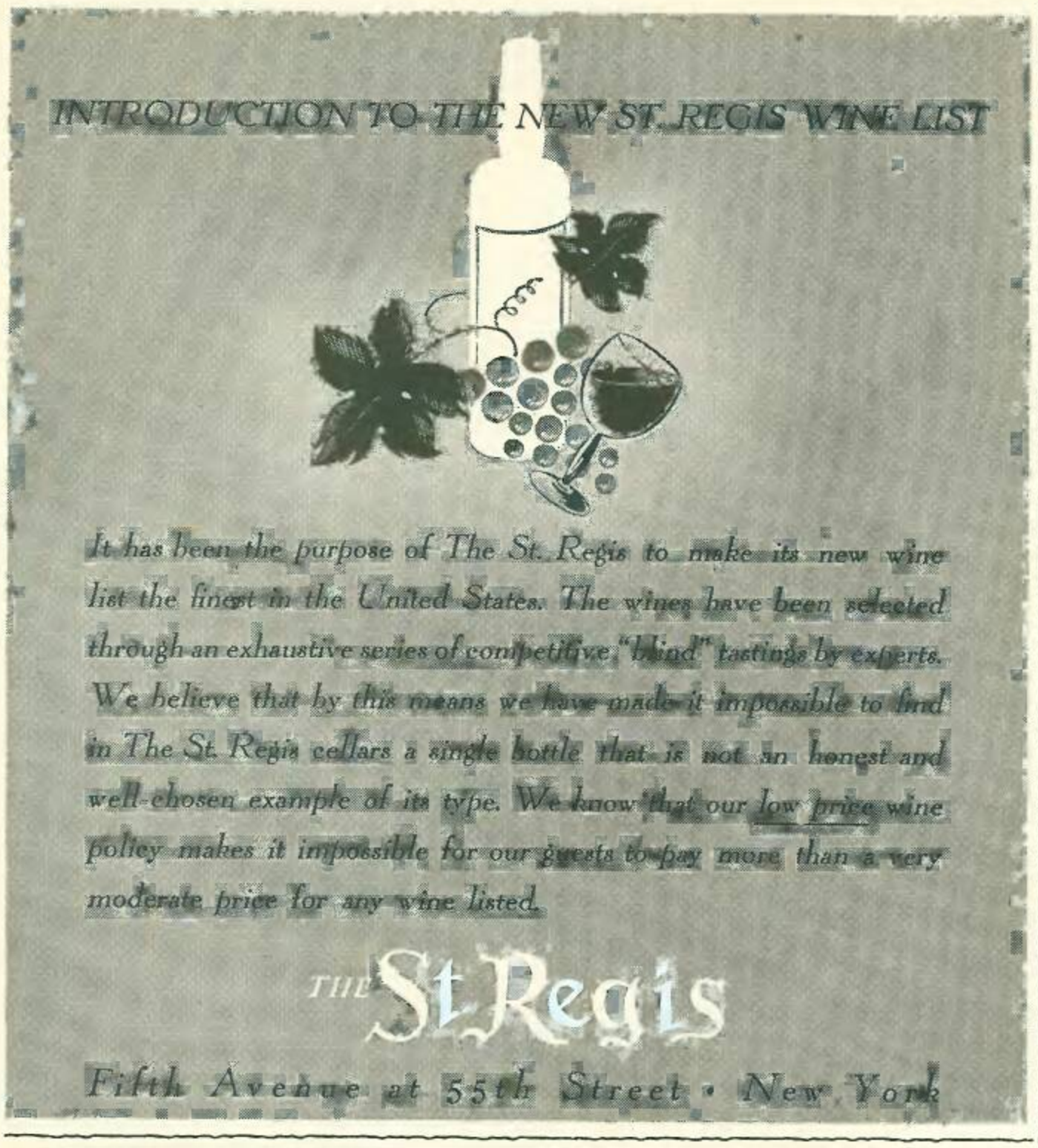
DISCOVERY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM

"IT has a bouquet like cognac". . . "its body is strangely rich and challenging to the senses". . . "its flavor is heady, lingering and sparkling." Strange to hear coffee described in these terms—but first-nighters with Café Rico give it no ordinary reception. For centuries this *liqueur* coffee has been the final after-dinner touch of royalty and old-world connoisseurs. They imported it from tropic Puerto Rico for a single purpose . . . to be enjoyed only black, only as a demi-tasse. Serve it that way and you, too, will discover the soul of coffee.

If your dealer hasn't Café Rico, send your name and address, and his, with $1.00 for 2 tins (prepaid) to: The Paton Corp., Dept. NY-5, 630 5th Ave., New York City, sole U. S. distributor. Café Rico is grown, roasted, and packed in Puerto Rico by Cafeteros De Puerto Rico.

Café Rico

The after dinner Coffee of Royalty



eign Countries. The foreign section begins with Albania and ends with New Zealand, touching mysteriously on the United States as it goes along, and dealing in varying detail with the Dutch West Indies, Peru, Germany, India, England, Manchukuo, Palestine, Poland, Siam, Persia, Ceylon, and practically every other place you ever heard of. Lacking the fine accuracy and the calm judgment of the *Michelin*, floundering a bit, stopping now and again for an anecdote, it is nevertheless a fascinating book, interesting to compare with the other guide as you go through France. It lists some two hundred and fifty places to eat in Paris and has a four- instead of a three-star system for restaurants. Of the Paris restaurants that win *Michelin's* highest award only four get *Gastronomique's* blue ribbon: Larue, Tour d'Argent, Lapérouse, and the lamented Foyot. But *Gastronomique* believes that the *fleur* of the *cuisine française* may also be found at L'Escargot, 38 Rue Montorgueil; Prunier (cheers from the American tourists); and a place listed as "Restaurant Candre," 41 Rue St. André-des-Arts. This last is listed by *Michelin* as "Chez Vincent, 1 Rue Eperon" (one star). It is actually located on the corner of the two streets and the only name on the place when we found it was "Maurice Allard," or so I and the lady who travels with me are prepared to swear. But that is another story and, as you see, a pretty confusing one. It is a tiny place and was so crowded we couldn't get in.

Far and away the most interesting part of the *Guide Gastronomique* (I have a 1936 edition, never having been able to find a more recent one) is its section on the United States. This starts, amazingly enough, with Bakersfield, California, and ends with Wilmington, Delaware. Exactly thirty other places are mentioned in between: Beverly Hills, Boston, Briarcliff, Burlington, Cheyenne (you should eat at the Plains Hotel there), Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Fort Worth, Gloucester, Grand Canyon, Hollywood, La Jolla, Lynbrook, L.I., Los Angeles, Newport, Me., New York, New Orleans, Palos Verdes, Pasadena, Paso (El), Portland, Ore., Riverside (I don't know what state, but the Mission Inn is recommended), San Antonio, Santa Barbara, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C., and Wichita.

Fourteen eating places are mentioned in San Francisco, one of them, the White House Hotel, rating one star for food. In Los Angeles, where fifteen places are listed, one star each goes to the

The Marine Midland Trust Company of New York

STATEMENT OF CONDITION AS OF MARCH 31, 1938

RESOURCES

Cash and Due from Banks	$ 39,594,538.24
United States Government Obligations	14,652,399.73
State and Municipal Bonds	19,083,344.82
Other Bonds and Investments	5,129,236.63
Demand Loans Secured by Collateral	15,927,278.50
Time Loans and Bills Discounted	29,257,215.46
Mortgages Owned	1,664,553.24
Other Real Estate Owned	263,591.02
Customers' Liability on Acceptances and Letters of Credit	2,113,815.04
Accrued Interest and Other Assets	617,368.38
	$128,303,341.06

LIABILITIES

Capital	$5,000,000.00	
Surplus	5,000,000.00	
Undivided Profits	4,026,760.94	$ 14,026,760.94
Reserves		313,234.40
Acceptances and Letters of Credit		2,203,777.85
Other Liabilities		676,416.25
Deposits		100,255,974.98
Special Trust Deposit		10,827,176.64
		$128,303,341.06

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17 Battery Place

William and John Streets
12 East 45th Street

Liberty and West Streets
207 East 86th Street

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Securities carried at $2,085,659.81 in the above statement are pledged to secure public deposits and for other purposes as required by law.

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You expect, at Hathaway's, absolute fidelity to tradition in furniture styles of world-wide acceptance. You find more—Hathaway quality which adds distinction to correctness. In this Georgian writing desk and bookcase, the inlaid lines and marquetries of satinwood, the tambour slides concealing drawers and pigeonholes are traditionally Sheraton. The beauty of the finest swirl mahogany is enhanced by joinery of Hathaway distinction.

$225

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FURNITURE • RUGS • DECORATION

ZACHAREE'S
short +skirt +shirt =9.95

Of Pepperell Peeress Fabric. One of Zachary Bogert's most famous out-of-doors outfits! Designed and cut exclusively for the Cotton Shop. 12-20 in Aqua, Coral, Pink, Copenhagen Blue, Terra Cotta and Ripe Maize.

Mail orders promptly filled

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ZACHARY • BOGERT
548 Madison Avenue at 55th, New York

Restaurant Albers, Al Levy's Tavern, and the Mona Lisa Restaurant (I leave the soundness of these judgments to whoever may be interested). In Chicago, *Gastronomique* feels, only two places are worth mentioning: the Blackstone and the Drake. The Blackstone, we are told, "is not modern but is very pleasant and incontestably the *plus chic* place in the city." For the convenience of the traveller, most of the towns and cities are located, in that wild, free manner which is in the very best French tradition. Thus Chicago is "100 miles south of Milwaukee, 275 miles west of Detroit, 300 miles northeast of St. Louis." Washington is "225 miles northwest of New York, 200 miles southeast of Pittsburgh, 600 miles northeast of Atlanta." New York (in case the French voyager leaves his ship at Quarantine and gets lost) is "200 miles southwest of Boston and 225 miles northeast of Washington." Lynbrook is simply "opposite New York"—anyone could find Lynbrook. Seattle and New Orleans are not located—too difficult; it would just be confusing.

La cuisine of New York naturally comes in for the most comprehensive appraisal. Fifty restaurants and hotel dining rooms are mentioned in this great city 225 miles northeast of that very Washington which is 225 miles to the northwest. No place gets four stars or even three, but eight get two stars: the Caviar, Crillon, Cyrano, Madison Hotel, Marguery, Passy ("28 East 63th Street"), Plaza Hotel, and Voisin. Those, to *Gastronomique*, are the great places, *les meilleures tables de New York*, rating two stars more than Childs, which is merely listed, and two fewer than Larue, Tour d'Argent, etc., in Paris. I hope this straightens everything out for you.

There are a number of interesting honorable mentions (no stars), among them the Hotel Blackstone, which, the traveller is assured, will be found at the corner of Fiftieth Street and Fifty-eighth Street, France's Tavern, *Près de Wall Street Downtown* (and named, apparently, after that great Republic 58 miles east of London and 378 miles northwest of Portugal), and Horse Grill, for which no address is given but which I have figured out must mean the old White Horse Tavern. Its excellent steaks and few well-chosen bottles are mentioned. There may be a Horse Grill in New York for all I know, but if so, I've never been in it. "*Jack et Charlie, 21 W. 52nd, appelé aussi 'Iron Gate,'*" does not rate a star, either, but *Gastronomique's* spy reports that this

"The best hand I've held all evening!"

It's Ruppert's, of course!...When good fellows get together, for cards or any other diversion, Ruppert's assures the crowning touch of tasteful enjoyment and sociability...Some choose the smoothly balanced flavor of Ruppert Beer—others prefer the deep, robust tang of Ruppert Ale...But they all agree on Ruppert quality! On draught and in bottles or cans.

Jacob Ruppert
New York City

JACOB RUPPERT BEER and ALE

FAMOUS FOR FLAVOR

Oh! — Its rich, creamy smoothness thrills your palate . . . It's a taste sensation.

Ah! — Flavor such as you've never tasted before! Mellow, yet mild . . . a rare delicacy.

Yes . . . Connoisseurs call Gold-N-Rich the world's great *natural* cheese.

GOLD N RICH

MARVELOUS, NATURAL Cheese

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

(Episcopal) in the Parish of St. James

Invites those living on the Upper East Side to share in the World's Greatest Fact—The Resurrection of Christ

Easter Sunday Services
April 17, 1938

SUNRISE SERVICE
Carl Schurz Park, at the Gracie Mansion, 5:15 A. M.

Holy Communion 6:30 A. M.

Holy Communion (Choral) 8:00 A. M.

Holy Communion and Sermon 11:00 A. M.

Children's Festival Service 3:30 P. M.

EAST EIGHTY-EIGHTH STREET. BETWEEN FIRST AND SECOND AVENUES

place was "*le meilleur speak-easy de New York au temps de la prohibition. On y trouve toujours d'excellents vins, des liqueurs parfaits et des repas délicieux.*" No star, though. The Algonquin is not listed at all, but the Prince George is, and also Moneta's, which is in "Mulbeary Street," and "Richmann-Club," which one learns is an *endroit charmant* with a *décor sympathique*. This lovely haunt of charm and sympathy unhappily no longer exists.

I SAID somewhere that *Gastronomique* occasionally tells an anecdote, and I suppose I ought to quote one of them. Well, at the Hôtel de l'Europe et Angleterre, in the town of Mâcon, the guide says, the *patron* will never serve more than fifty meals, noon or night, because he doesn't believe a great cook, a *maître queux*, can properly take care of a larger number. It seems that one day an American tourist showed up in the restaurant of the hotel after the fifty had been served and was told that he couldn't eat there—not until dinner time, anyway. In the course of the argument that followed, the American, who was pretty sure he knew how to make arrogant French *patrons* and *chefs* come to time, offered one hundred dollars for his lunch (*vin compris*, I suppose). The proprietor's prompt answer to this was the French for "Nothing doing." The rich American had to go somewhere else. I like to think that even if he had offered a thousand dollars he would have had to go somewhere else. There are a few things in this proud Democracy (1,100 miles southwest of Greece) that American money cannot buy.

All this, I hope, may give you a rambling idea of my two favorite guidebooks in French. A definitive article covering the whole field of guidebooks would be a monstrous undertaking, and I hope nobody ever tries it. If anybody ever does, maybe he will summarize for me a large volume, published in England, which I picked up and put down in a bookstore one day. It is called "Aldor's 1937 in Europe" and a note on the cover announces that in it "thirty-seven writers guide you through twenty-seven countries." "It is bad enough," said a certain lady to me, apropos of this book, "to have one writer guide you through one country."

—James Thurber

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the Arizona Star*]

ECHOES OF OLD SOUTH COME
FROM BOTTOM OF TRUNK HERE

DO MANHATTAN APARTMENT DWELLERS READ THE SUN?

SUMMARY OF NEWSPAPER SURVEY
MADE BY
DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN & CO., INC.

	THE SUN	EVENING PAPERS "A"	"B"	"C"
40 Fifth Avenue	18	10	5	1
912 Fifth Avenue	18	5	6	2
927 Fifth Avenue	11	6	1	1
944 Fifth Avenue	10	2	6	1
952 Fifth Avenue	5	0	1	0
953 Fifth Avenue	3	1	1	0
960 Fifth Avenue	9	2	9	3
990 Fifth Avenue	5	1	1	0
993 Fifth Avenue	6	6	5	0
1020 Fifth Avenue	1	1	1	1
1040 Fifth Avenue	14	8	4	1
1115 Fifth Avenue	19	5	6	2
1120 Fifth Avenue	17	4	4	3
1125 Fifth Avenue	9	3	0	2
1215 Fifth Avenue	4	2	1	1
270 Park Avenue	58	45	25	47
300 Park Avenue	45	15	15	5
340-50 Park Avenue	20	3	6	2
280-90 Park Avenue	31	15	10	1
375 Park Avenue	40	12	15	2
485 Park Avenue	25	5	0	0
580 Park Avenue	41	0	0	0
635 Park Avenue	6	2	2	1
728 Park Avenue	17	0	3	1
820 Park Avenue	4	2	2	1
830 Park Avenue	16	4	5	5
840 Park Avenue	4	0	0	1
891 Park Avenue	3	1	0	2
895 Park Avenue	5	6	4	2
929 Park Avenue	6	5	5	1
944 Park Avenue	3	6	2	1
1100 Park Avenue	33	5	0	6
1172 Park Avenue	9	1	3	1
1175 Park Avenue	15	5	5	7
823-5 Madison Avenue	1	0	1	0
901 Lexington Avenue	5	1	1	1
136 E. 36th Street	9	5	2	0
114 E. 40th Street	1	8	0	0
230 E. 48th Street	11	3	3	0
155 E. 49th Street	7	1	2	2
350 E. 52nd Street	0	4	1	2
435 E. 52nd Street	28	16	20	3
450 E. 52nd Street	8	6	3	1
116 E. 53rd Street	7	3	2	2
39 W. 55th Street	4	6	2	2
430 E. 57th Street	10	6	7	1
455 E. 57th Street	11	3	4	1
400 E. 59th Street	6	7	0	1
109 W. 57th Street	4	4	5	4
40 E. 62nd Street	5	3	2	1
45 E. 62nd Street	8	1	2	0
133 E. 64th Street	8	3	5	0
53 E. 66th Street	6	3	6	0
333 E. 68th Street	8	7	3	0
2 E. 70th Street	6	2	4	2
36 E. 72nd Street	10	5	4	2
40 E. 72nd Street	5	0	2	1
168 E. 74th Street	11	3	3	1
3 E. 77th Street	16	3	1	0
50 E. 77th Street	10	4	9	0
66 E. 79th Street	6	2	2	0
111 E. 80th Street	15	10	3	2
3 E. 84th Street	5	4	1	1
25 E. 86th Street	29	9	4	3
103 E. 86th Street	3	5	2	0
1 E. 88th Street	4	1	1	0
17 E. 89th Street	12	6	2	2
21 E. 90th Street	7	4	1	8
25 Sutton Place	4	4	3	2
1 Gracie Square	5	0	5	3
1 East End Avenue	12	4	6	0
TOTALS	837	339	277	152

A check-up of 71 midtown apartment houses made by Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc., shows that more Suns are delivered to them than all other New York evening papers combined!

Manhattan is famous as the home of the apartment dweller. Practically all the island's families live in one kind of apartment or another. The Manhattan families who have the means, of course, live in apartments throughout the better-class residential areas. These are homes where standards of living are higher . . . homes which buy the largest quantities of merchandise from New York's retail stores and shops. Per family, they buy more apparel, house furnishings, groceries, beverages and an infinite variety of other products, commodities and services. They are the market's *buying* families and the advertiser's best prospects.

Just how effective The Sun is as a means of contacting Manhattan's prize prospects in their homes is pretty well defined by the Douglas L. Elliman Company's survey of newspapers delivered daily to 71 of the apartment houses it manages. That investigation shows . . .

THE SUN 837
Evening Paper "A" 339
Evening Paper "B" 277
Evening Paper "C" 152

These figures are for deliveries into the buildings by newsdealers only. (If the papers carried home in the evening could be included, the figures naturally would be much larger.)

The Sun
NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

THE deathless prose of this week will have no truck with trivia like sable capes or hoop-skirts that involve twenty yards of slipper satin, but prefers to deal with world-shaking events like Pro-phy-lac-tic's humane concern over the danger you run of bopping your funnybone against a shower wall when you use a long-handled bath brush. (Their constructive solution of the problem is a *short*-handled bath brush that costs $1.50 at Lord & Taylor and is handsome.) It further prefers to discuss a revolutionary loose-powder vanity from Primrose House which has a square magnifying mirror in its lid that shows most of your face, critically enlarged, instead of the usual isolated pores. This is simple, golden, efficient, and $2. Since the permanent-wave season is upon us, I can wait no longer to tell you about that most impractical of the sensitive hairdressing artists, Mme. Louise Berthelon of 516 Fifth Avenue (43rd). Her expert permanent costs $10 at the salon, but you can have it at home on Tuesdays or Wednesdays for the same price; she recklessly shows you how to set your own hair and glibly recommends the treatments of rivals like Ogilvie or Harper if she thinks you need them—all with a pish-tush for personal gain and an utter disregard for the morrow. And for that final whiff of romance that may change the course of empires, Reta Terrell's preoccupation with white-flower scents has resulted in Italian White Rose—deep, heady, and voluptuous (Wanamaker).

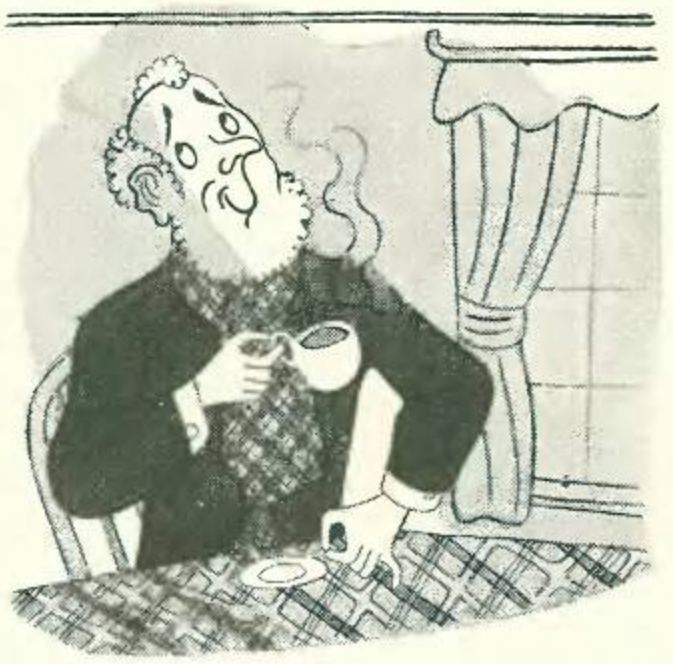
GREAT armies of women who like well-bred, charming clothes that are not high in price have long been addicts of Sibour, at 515 Madison (entrance on 53rd). Maybe you ought to go right away, since I don't see how the place can keep this up week after week. Currently you will find such things as a dinner dress of lily-of-the-valley gray and white print, with a square neck, fitted bodice, and skirt full in front, at $19.50, and acetate dinner dresses with high, round necks and puffed sleeves, the sole decoration being a scroll of embroidery down the centre-front over the concealed zipper. These are $45 in various colors. Navy-blue sheer, strictly tailored, with buttons down the front and a white piqué collar and cuffs, comes in street or dinner versions. They do a particularly nice job here with printed dresses and suits at around $29.50. Collarless dresses with pleated skirts and fitted jackets, and separate dresses with square or "V" necks, snug bodices, and full skirts, come in effective prints that are so simple they look highly exclusive—luggage-tan and white, navy with pink stars, black with shocking-pink figures. To wear under a coat now or to sport for country and town later if need be, there are lots of tailored small-dotted silks in varied colors, with collarless round necks and pleated skirts stitched part way down. Also, for resorts, look at the collection of two-piece wool jersey dresses with tuck-in tops and pleated skirts at $29.50.

For frivolity, Sibour harbors short feather jackets that give the effect of being capes. Copies of Schiaparelli's multicolored ostrich-feather ones cost $25 and are highly giddy; sleek hackle-feather affairs that hug the figure and bring out the nonexistent Dietrich in you are $35. They come in red, white, blue, or black. The black ones are especially elegant.

DOWN around Lawrence Parker, at 444 Madison Avenue (49th), they are still enthusiastic about low-heeled shoes, probably because the Bally of Switzerland models are such nice ones; for instance, tan-calf oxfords with round toes, homespun vamps, and saddle-stitching trimming, and a perforated oxford in a leather that looks like pigskin and is called "relaxed calf." (Oh, well, it gives with the foot—see?) Calfskin and a cotton bandanna combine to make an openwork sandal with a high heel; the bandanna ties in a bow at the ankle. Among the domestic offerings, look at a wonderful calf open-toed shoe in a variety of colors, with a wrap-around effect across the instep. You can have this with a heel of any height you happen to fancy. Since the Parker devotion to pumps knows no bounds, you should also look at some of finely perforated suède with a patent-leather or colored calf back and trimming. There are summer sandals with lattice vamps and crisscrossed braided

"And remember—the trousers to bag at the knees just ever so."

At fir-r-st, I didna like the idea of their-r-r takin' somethin' oot



1. **It was at MacFarland's** I fir-r-st tasted it. MacFarland's Annie brought it on, all steamin' and fillin' the room with a heaven-like fragrance. "Hae a cup of this Sanka Coffee, laddie," says MacFarland. "Taste it—then I'll tell you a secret about it."

2. **I knew I shouldna take it.** Coffee at night keeps me eyes wide. But I've no more strength than a hare when it comes to resistin' the precious brew. And mon, was that Sanka Coffee good! It touched the spot like porridge on a misty morn.

3. **"All right,"** says MacFarland, "here's the secret I promised you. The caffein is taken oot of that Sanka Coffee." My face fell when I hear-r-d that. "I dinna like it," says I. "Why should they take somethin' oot of the coffee I pay for? 'Tis a sly trick."

4. **Says MacFarland,** "And I suppose when you buy roses you insist on thorns to prick your fingers. Mon, they're doin' you a favor. It's caffein keeps some folks awake. After this night, you'll be tickled they take the caffein oot of Sanka Coffee."

5. **Next mor-rnin'** when I woke up, I understood. Two br-rimmin' cups o' coffee I had the night before—yet I slept like a bairn. That's because they had taken oot the caffein. Ah, a gr-r-and idea—a ver-r-y gr-r-and idea.

TUNE IN ON "WE, THE PEOPLE!" Radio's most unique show! Real people—*not actors*—telling their own thrilling, pathetic, laughable experiences! Every Thursday night, Columbia Broadcasting System. See your newspaper for time and station.

NEW! SANKA COFFEE IN DRIP GRIND!

IN answer to the demands of thousands of Sanka Coffee lovers, Sanka Coffee is now available in drip grind as well as "regular" grind.

Whichever grind you use, you'll find Sanka Coffee as delicious, fragrant, and satisfying as coffee can be. Yet Sanka Coffee will *never, never* disturb your sleep...because 97% of its caffein is removed.

Like all good coffees, Sanka Coffee is best when you make it *strong*.

Your grocer is selling Sanka Coffee at a new, reduced price—the lowest price in history.

A General Foods Product.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

IN NEW YORK: *RITZ-CARLTON, RITZ TOWER, BARCLAY, PLAZA HOTELS.* IN BOSTON: *RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL.*

TREAT YOURSELF TO A CHARLES OF THE RITZ PERMANENT WAVE AND AN ENCHANTINGLY BECOMING, UPWARD COIFFURE TO LOOK YOUR VERY LOVELIEST IN THE EASTER PARADE.

Tied for first honors

Our Salymil Debutante Shop spring love—this sheer rayon monotone print dress with matching tie-on jacket. Its crisp white piqué collar spotlights a lovely complexion. Black or navy with white. 10 to 20. Fourth Floor.
22.95

MILGRIM

6 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK
EAST ORANGE • WHITE PLAINS
CLEVELAND • DETROIT

straps made of patent leather, suède, or linen, either in solid color or in color combinations. They are supposed to be for the street, but many could be pressed into service for evening. Prices start at $12.75.

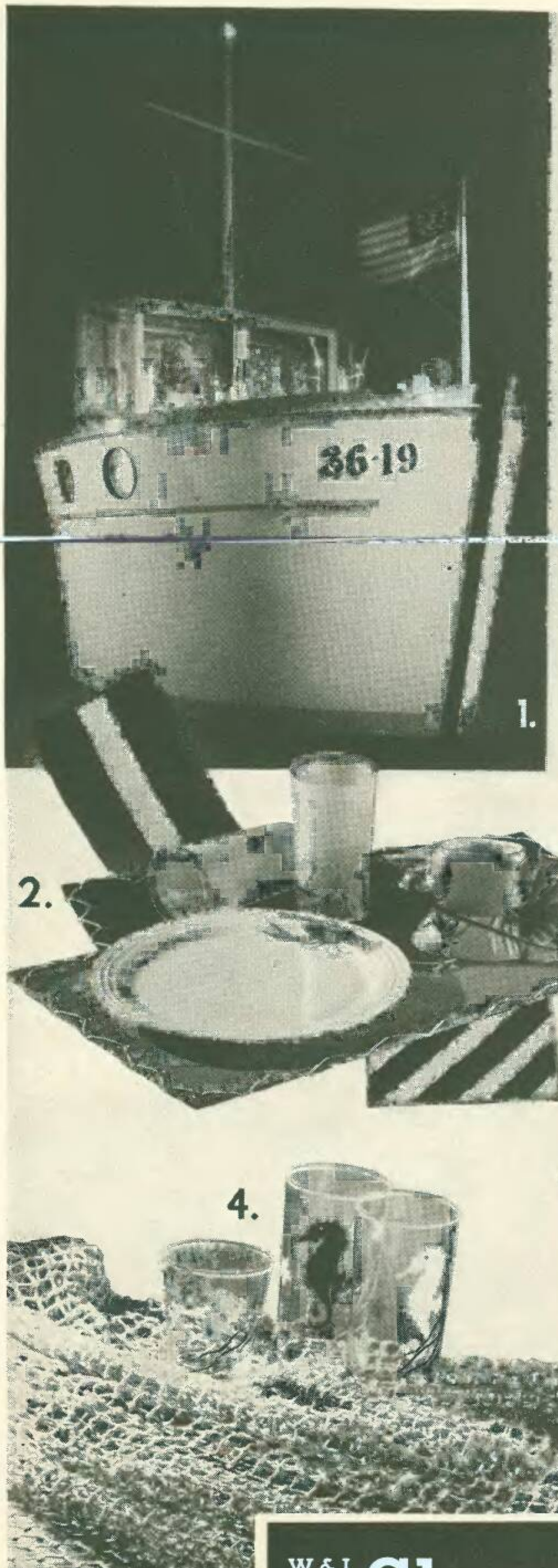
THE MARCH OF EVENTS: The latest device to put your system on an efficient basis is the Vitalator, which consists of a little motor that straps on the back of your hand and works on any electric current. This makes your fingers vibrate like anything, so that you can give yourself a deep, relaxing, and toning massage without much pressure and with but a modicum of skill. It's marvellous for loosening up those taut muscles at the back of your neck, or pinching that stomach which needs reducing ($8.95 at Altman, Abercrombie & Fitch, and Lewis & Conger).... The exotically named El Zambu turns out to be a comforting sort of thing to have on the dressing table—a good, all-round cleansing cream that is gooey and penetrating. It's inexpensive and can be found at Liggett's.... Lenthéric is having a rush of spring to the head. The latest offering is Beau Pourri, a decorative ceramic jar filled with herbs and dried flowers. You can leave it open to scent a room faintly, or scatter the contents through lingerie and linens; $2.50, and full of Old World charm.... The eau-de-cologne surge does anything but abate. De Raymond's Deviltry (at Saks-Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale) is fine and floral without being overly sweet; Lanvin's is more the pungent, classic type. You will find that men covet it for themselves; I have discovered lately that practically no eau de cologne is safe from even the most masterful of men.

MEMORANDUM to all those friends who ask me why *I* didn't have sense enough to write "Fashion Is Spinach" before Hawes got around to it: I don't write that good, even if I knew that much. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Trout and Rain

ARDENT trout fishermen covet an unusual fly rod handled by William Mills & Son, 21 Park Place. It's a six-foot two-piece rod of split bamboo with handmade mountings, and it weighs just fifteen-sixteenths of an ounce. The H. L. Leonard Company of Central Valley, New York, turned it out to prove they could make a first-class rod weighing less than an ounce. In the hands of an expert, it's stout



Summer Cruise

THROUGH SLOANE'S NAUTICAL SHOP

1. Boat bar to float your parties, $57.5. 2. Lobster service plates, blazingly illustrated, $18 for set of 8. Drawn butter holder, $1.25. Frosted highball glasses with a wave of design, $15.75 a dozen. Red or blue lashed sail cloth mats, $9.50 for eight. 3. Stars and service-stripe glasses, highball or Old-Fashioned size, $4.75 a dozen. Signal flag cocktail napkins in red, white and blue, $1.75 for six. 4. Rampant seahorse highball glasses, $10.00 a dozen; Old-Fashioneds, $7.50 a dozen. Fish net table cloth, 1¾ yards wide, $3 a yard.

W & J **Sloane**

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · NEW YORK

Take the case of the Lovely Lady

Now, when back in 1712 Alexander Gibbs declared that none but the purest soap should bear his name, he knew naught of allergy or kindred subjects. He ordained purity for purity's sake.

Yet in this year of our Lord 1938, this very Gibbs Cold Cream Soap has been recommended time and again by doctors who seek to keep all impurities away from one's skin.

And every day it is used religiously by ladies who care far more for their loveliness than for the extra pennies exacted for this soap.

EST. 1712

25¢ AND 40¢ THE TABLET

enough for a seventy-foot cast, but amateurs had better just dream about it. Messrs. Mills sell about twenty-five a year, at $65 each.

Fishermen who tie their own flies can find an excellent collection of materials at Macy—such witch-doctor stuff as polar-bear hair, black- and brown-bear hair, opossum fur, buck tails, all sorts of colored yarn, French tinsel, silk, swans'-down, marabou, and feathers from Chinese mandarin ducks, South American gamecocks, peacocks' tails, and Indian crows. These last have the brightest blue-and-yellow plumage you ever saw. Macy's fly rods range in price from $2 to $56. You can get a very serviceable one for $20, an oil-impregnated double-tapered line for $6, and a cravenetted line for $1.50. We liked a new type of bottle for fly oil which fits into a pigskin case and costs about a dollar.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH have a poplin wading jacket which has a waterproof pocket for cigarettes or tobacco. For warmer weather, when you'd be a fool to wear a jacket, they have a breast kit. It's a sort of bib that fastens around your neck and waist, and it has four pockets and a patch of sheep's wool, on which to dry flies. Their fishermen's gloves with half-fingers and long cotton gauntlets should be useful when the black flies are out. And there's an enormous piece of luggage called the Covered Wagon Carrier which will hold everything you'll need on a trip, including your waders.

The latest Burberry coats for rainy days are made of cravenetted covert cloth and come in two styles. One is cut like the old British army coat called a "warm" but is slightly longer; the other is a wrap-around affair without buttons. Both cost $85, and can be found at Abercrombie & Fitch. For $62, Brooks has a tan gabardine trench coat with both an oilskin and a wool lining. De Pinna has a more formal coat of tan whipcord with raglan sleeves for

in Spring evening gowns

39.95

Black rayon lace and net with ribbon trim. Sizes 12 to 18

BEST & CO. 5th AVE.

$50. Then there are Wanamaker's single-breasted raincoats of tan gabardine for $25, and Saks-Fifth Avenue's loose golf jacket of showerproofed cotton for $9. John Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), has devised a rainproof hat of tan gabardine. Rows of stitching encircle the brim and crown, and it costs $7.50.

MACY has opened a special corner in the men's shoe department for a collection of footwear by Bunting of London. George W. Bunting has shod royalty and lesser folk ever since the beginning of the century, but up to now his boots and shoes have been turned out to order only. The ready-made pairs we saw the other day were quite up to his custom standard. There will be two lines, one selling for about $16, the other for about $21.

ODDS AND ENDS: London House has brought out a Sasieni pipe with a bowl designed to keep the wind from scattering the ashes when you're smoking in an open car . . . Abercrombie & Fitch show a golf bag that has two compartments fastened together by zippers. You turn a couple of thumbscrews, pull the zippers, and you have two bags instead of one. Swell for the golfer who travels by airplane and doesn't want to take all his clubs. —E. K.

•

I believe the best posture is not lying flat on the bed, but being upholstered with big soft pillows at an angle of thirty degrees with either one arm or both arms placed behind the back of one's head. In this posture any poet can write immortal poetry, any philosopher can revolutionize human thought, and any scientist can make epoch-making discoveries.—*From "The Importance of Living," by Lin Yu-tang.*

Once he gets the knack.

•

The program outlines the obligation of the college to the group and its members, the obligation of the group to the college, the obligation of the group to the individual, the obligation of the individual to the group and the obligation of the alumnus to the college and the group.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

All just *moral* obligations, we trust?

•

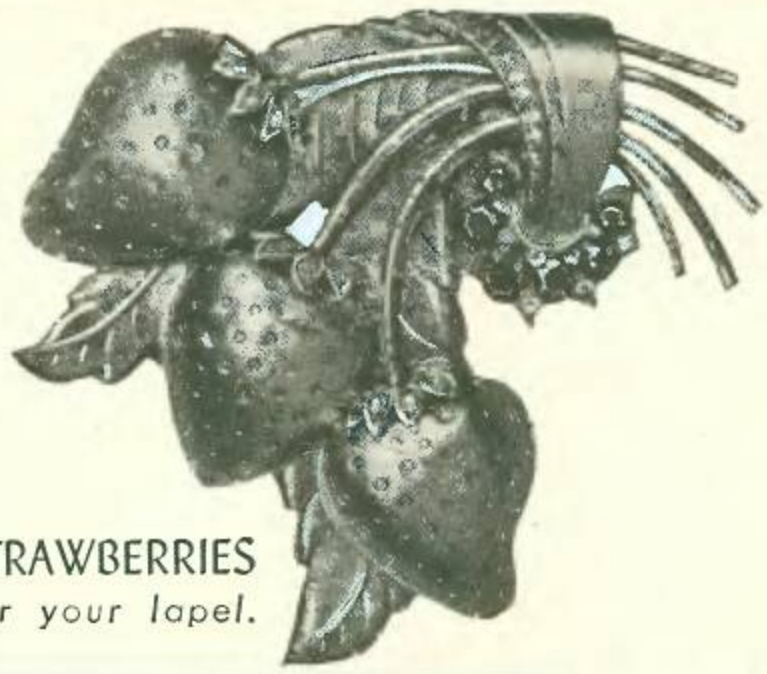
RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Springfield (Mass.) Union*]

The new sanctuary in the nuditorium of the Methodist Church was dedicated yesterday in a largely attended service conducted by the pastor, Rev. Henry Jacobson.

Fruit FOR SPRING IS NEWS!

Force the season with golden fruits sparkling with rubies and diamonds. • All two-tone gold. • Actual size.



STRAWBERRIES
for your lapel.

Your suit may sport
A BIG APPLE

CHERRIES *accent new necklines.*

BLACK STARR & FROST
GORHAM
JEWELERS • SILVERSMITHS • STATIONERS
FIFTH AVE. AT 48TH ST., NEW YORK • 586 CENTRAL AVE., EAST ORANGE
Associated with SPAULDING-GORHAM, *Chicago*

• Climax for your Easter suit: this silver fox bolero . . . curved in front, squared in back in a magical new way that makes your waist look so tiny . . . $675.

GUNTHER

666 FIFTH AVENUE

SPORT JACKET

Of unlined, wool gabardine.

Price $27.50

•

W. A. McLAUGHLIN

697 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK

SPY SCARE

I HAVE a great deal of sympathy for international spies, in and out of the movies. I know how inconvenient, how frequently awkward and distressing, their line of work can be, because I was thrown out of Poland once myself as a spy's accomplice, back in the dear, dead pre-Hitler days.

The suspected spy was my best friend, a beautiful girl named Gerda, who had very little interest in international politics, either amateur or professional. In fact, I think I can state definitely that she was not, as the Polish Secret Service believed, in the pay of Foreign Powers. Certainly, if she was, they were wasting their money.

Gerda had been my roommate at Ohio State University for two years before we went to Europe, and she was so busy being Queen of the Engineers' Frolic she didn't have a moment, I assure you, to waste on spying. Besides, everybody knows that Columbus, Ohio, is a poor place for spying. A spy should find out things about Washington or West Point and places like that, and not go off on tangents like Columbus.

Well, anyway, to get back to the Polish Secret Service and their crude and mistaken notions about us, they apparently operated on the theory that they couldn't be too careful about who got into their nasty little country. They believed, it appeared, that nobody in his right mind came to Poland except to blow the place up, and after what happened to us, I can understand that idea. But we started for Poland with the most innocent of intentions. We were going to visit an old aunt of Gerda's who still grimly occupied the ancestral manor house and stubbornly administered what was left of the ancestral acres, which was not much.

Gerda's family was exceedingly aristocratic and exceedingly Austrian, and before the Polish Republic, they had owned several hundred Polish peasants outright, and a lot of land besides. The rest of the clan hastily moved out of Poland when the Poles started running the country, but Gerda's aunt held on, determined to be a nuisance to the Polish government, which she disliked very much indeed. I only mention this because the Poles did not like pre-Goebbels Austrians and Gerda's aunt may have had something to do with our little trouble, although I don't think so.

OUR spy scare started promptly at 5:27 A.M., when our train pulled up at the Polish border for customs inspection. I was pretty groggy from an all-night ride on the wooden third-class compartment bench, and Gerda fell asleep the moment the train stopped jerking her neck. I watched, bleary-eyed, while the customs officer was very rude to the two Frenchmen and assorted other aliens in our compartment. I handed him my American passport with a weary gesture, and as Gerda was still sleeping, I dug out her British passport and gave him that, too. The reason Gerda had a British passport was that she was born in London, and her father had never been able to be naturalized in America because he was born in Turkey at the home of the Austrian consul there and nobody in our immigration department could figure out whether that made him an Austrian or a Turk.

The customs man took a look at Gerda's passport and then he looked at Gerda, who was really very pretty, even when asleep. Then he stared fiercely at me and I stared right back. I hated him, in advance of our little trouble. Then he said to me, slowly and distinctly, in German, which in those days I sometimes understood, "She is a spy. You are her dupe, her helper. You are both to leave this train and go away from Poland."

I blinked. It seemed to me that he had said Gerda was a spy, and I was helping her, but that, I knew, could not be. I looked around at the people in the compartment. Their faces showed horror, terror, surprise, and excitement. I smiled feebly, shrugged my shoulders elaborately, and said several times, in German, "I don't understand."

The customs man squared his shoulders, sneered, put our passports in his pockets, kicked my best suitcase, and said, "Get going," or its Polish equivalent. At this point I woke up Gerda, who, because of her travelling family, is a great little linguist. She speaks four

languages, and a lot of odd dialects besides.

"Hey," I said anxiously, "wake up. This oaf thinks you are a spy."

Gerda woke up immediately and took command of the situation. Although she does not speak Polish, she knows a lot of pretty tough expressions in downstate German, and you could see the customs officer knew what she meant when she said he was a lout, a dog, a cad, a rat, an unfeeling monster, a snake that crawls, a wolf in wolf's clothing—viz., the Polish uniform—and furthermore a man without a brain in his head.

On the whole, I feel that this approach of Gerda's was a mistake. After all, customs men are only human, and Gerda is and was a very pretty young lady. Perhaps if she had thrown herself at his feet . . . As it was, she only confirmed his opinion about how she made her living. He leaned out the window, yodelled something in Polish, and then stalked out. In a moment or so we were under guard, the guard being two highly decorated and glistening soldiers with swords, shoulder pieces, and very dangerous-looking guns. It was a shock. I had never been under guard before, and I began to feel as though I actually were a spy's accomplice. The rest of the people in our compartment were watching us like hawks. Obviously they were scared to death of us, but fascinated all the same.

Gerda smiled experimentally at the huskiest man in the compartment, but he just turned quite white and looked at the ceiling. You could see he was sorry for us, so young, so gay, to be cut down before we had lived at all, but you could also see he wasn't going to do anything about it. He probably had a family and couldn't afford chivalrous gestures.

Finally a man from the Polish Secret Service arrived, a low type of person, I decided at once. He wore a trench coat, as in the movies, but he did not look even slightly like Ronald Colman. He ordered us tersely out of the train, and the rest of our questioning was carried on out in the open, under the Polish dawn, which was very gray and damp.

From the very first, nobody paid any attention to me. I began to understand what it means to be a dupe. You get shot just like the master mind who sucked you into his or her foul plot, but nobody really takes you seriously. There were a lot of men crowded around Gerda, all of them shooting questions at her, and they kept elbowing me aside, trying to get in closer. Several times I

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was pushed right out to the edge of the crowd and could easily have run away. Of course, they might have shot at me, but I like to think that I had a chance to escape and instead stood by my friend to the last. Besides, I wanted to hear what was going on, and I kept saying plaintively, "Gerda, Gerda, what are they saying?"

Gerda would try to see around several soldiers' heads and would answer crossly, "They really think I'm a spy. Imagine!"

After the questioning had gone on for some minutes, in rapid German which I couldn't understand, I was electrified to hear Gerda raise her healthy voice, trained in college cheering, in a loud shout.

"Help!" she howled in German. "Help!"

The Polish soldiers jumped, their eardrums nearly split. All up and down the train you could hear compartment windows going up with a bang, and in a second dozens and dozens of unshaven faces and tousled heads appeared.

"I am a Viennese girl," Gerda untruthfully roared, or at least she didn't add that she was a second-generation Viennese girl, "and these Polish dogs are trying to hurt me!"

It was a skillful statement, simple, direct, and exciting. Every Viennese man on the train jumped to the wrong conclusion. The man in the trench coat said, hurriedly, "*Bitte, bitte, Fräulein.*" The Polish officials all began to shout at once, mostly about their honorable intentions. Gerda, pleased at her master stroke, continued to shout.

Now came pouring out of the train Austrian gentlemen of all sizes and ages, rage in their hearts, fury on their lips. They carried chessboards, canes, and assorted other articles, which they apparently intended to use as weapons. You could hardly see Gerda, because she was surrounded by Polish soldiers, so I jumped up and down, wild with excitement, and screeched in my awful German, "Here she is, here she is!" The Polish army and the man in the trench coat were thrown into the most pitiful confusion. You could see they didn't want to threaten anybody, for fear a lot of people really would believe they had been trying to attack a young and beautiful Austrian lady. Yet descending upon them with every indication of committing mayhem were half the passengers on the Krakow express, all yelling their heads off.

It was a lovely, lovely moment, and I guess it taught that brute from the Polish Secret Service a thing or two

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about calling total strangers spies. However, I must confess he took a very clever way out of his dilemma. He blew a whistle, whereupon the train engineer held down the cord on *his* whistle and started the train, at a walk. Immediately the wives, daughters, sweethearts, and second cousins of our rescuers all leaned out of their compartment windows and shrieked, "Fred-rick! Come right back here, the train is starting!" Some of the gallant gentlemen hesitated just a bit, but the train whistle drowned out even Gerda's football voice, and in a few moments the last of our heroic champions was racing down the track to catch the train, now stopped several hundred yards away. Chivalry has no place in the modern world, alas.

However, Gerda's ruse did a lot of good. The Polish government, in the person of the beast in the trench coat, was so shaken by the little incident that it gave us our unconditional release, providing we stayed out of Poland.

So presently the train went racing down the track, this time for good, and we were left, mournful and furious, sitting on our luggage in the gray dawn. At this moment a portly gentleman in beautiful clothes came around from the rear and said, in German, "Good day, ladies. May I be of some service to you?"

Now, I know this sounds altogether unlikely, but it's true just the same. I don't have very many peculiar things happen to me, and so I remember incidents like this perfectly. Three other people were thrown off that train besides ourselves—not, however, for being spies. There was something wrong with the Polish visas on their passports. Of these, one was the polite gentleman who wanted to give us a hand in our misery. He was a Dutchman and apparently quite rich. In fact, as I look back on it, he was probably the spy in

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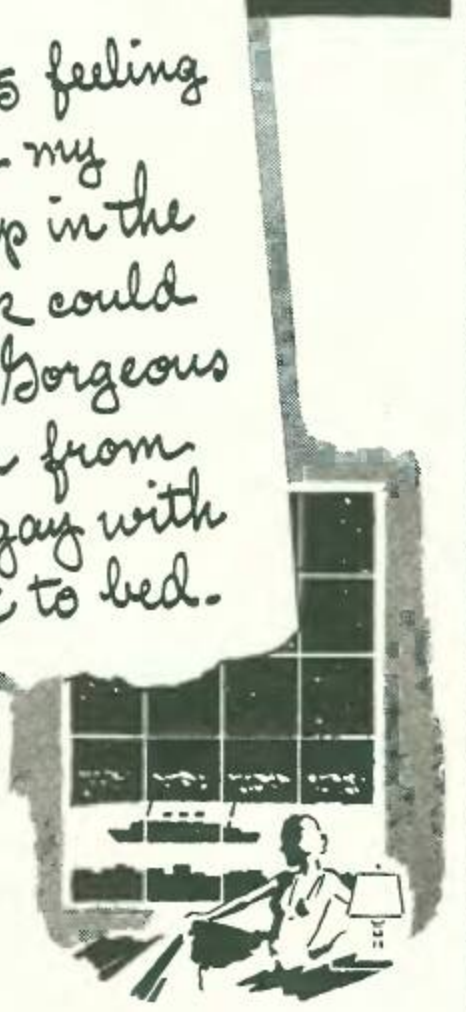
LIFE AT LONDON TERRACE

DIARY

--Peter home from the office at 5.15 feeling very chipper--Tried to drag me from my vigil in the kitchen for a short dip in the pool PETE -claiming only good luck could finish what I started anyway-- Gorgeous night, clean salty air blowing in from the sea -- The Normandie, very gay with lights, slipped by just as we went to bed.



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the crowd. He had too much money for any good to come of it.

The other two people were Finns, and they seemed to be very poor. The Finnish lady was quite beautiful, along Greta Garbo lines, although not, of course, anything like so spectacular. The Finnish gentleman was nice enough looking, but he had only one eye. We called him Wotan, because he was very mysterious about his own name. At first he said the lady was his sister, later on he said she was his second cousin, and finally he broke right down and admitted she was his mistress. We thought they were quite romantic.

WE came to know the Dutchman and the two Finns very well, and they were all very nice people. The Dutchman briskly set about rescuing us. He went around and talked to several people in Polish, and then he came back with a batch of railroad tickets.

"We're going to Czechoslovakia," he said heartily, "where I will arrange everything."

Gerda put up quite a fight. She said she didn't want to go to Czechoslovakia, she wanted to go back to Vienna, where she spoke the language and where in those days people were kind and loved her.

Well, what with one thing and another, like the Vienna train not leaving until ten o'clock that night, we went to Czechoslovakia. So did the Finns. We all went first class and the Dutchman bought two bottles of Polish wine, which is very potent. By the time we got to a town called Maria Nastrova or something like that, we were all quite merry, and in no mood for arranging anything. Instead, we all went to a cabaret and had a very swell time. I had nobody to dance with for several dances, owing to the way the Dutchman felt about Gerda by now and the Finn about his lady, but then some Czechoslovakian college students arrived and after that I danced my feet off.

However, Gerda kept taking me aside, along about six o'clock in the morning, and saying, "Listen, I want to go to Vienna, where people don't think I'm a spy."

"Pooh," I would reply gaily, "nobody thinks you're a spy around here."

"The Dutchman does," Gerda said. "He wants to marry me to reform me. He says the life of a spy is too dangerous for a lovely girl like me." For the Queen of the Ohio State University Engineers' Frolic, this was going far in a few months.

Later on in the morning we had

breakfast, still trailing several assorted college students who claimed they weren't sleepy and wanted to practice talking English. The Dutchman excused himself while he arranged things for us. It must have been rather expensive, because he took care of the Finns, too, on Gerda's plea. Gerda kept trying to decide whether to marry the Dutchman or not, all morning. In the end, she didn't, but for a while there I feared I had lost my travelling companion. We travelled first class back to the Polish border; the Finns, too.

At the border a fresh shift of customs men popped into our compartment, took one look at a paper the Dutchman held out, bowed ceremoniously, and went away without even looking at our passports or our luggage. That shows you what we could have done if we had been spies. The Dutchman, of course, thought that Gerda turned down his offer of marriage because she was loyal to the Foreign Power that had her in its pay. As we approached Krakow, he kept getting more and more solemn. He begged Gerda to be careful, not to take any chances, and she agreed. There was no arguing with that man. Finally, as he was getting ready to leave the train, in the station at Krakow, he bid her goodbye. He wiped a real tear from his honest, kind eyes, and swallowing hard, he threw back his head and said in a low, quivering voice, "I understand, dear. *God save the King!*"

That shows you the kind of reputation England has in Middle Europe.

—Ruth McKenney

•

Basil Rathbone, Hollywood bound, reported on a film he made in London in which he played the role of a war veteran who during a period of temporary madness married Ann Harding.—*The World-Telegram.*

Listen, there's a crazy streak in all of us.

•

Members of the retiring committee are Robert Shallenberger, president; Edward Stern, secretary-treasurer; Charles Axelson, Robert Bethke, and Herman Schulz.

The whole world will be repeated today at 4:30 and 8:30.—*The Daily Maroon.*

Who by? Max Reinhardt?

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Manville (N. J.) News*]

With the local muddy streets hanging overhead as a black cloud, the Council will endeavor tonight to pass the 1938 budget.

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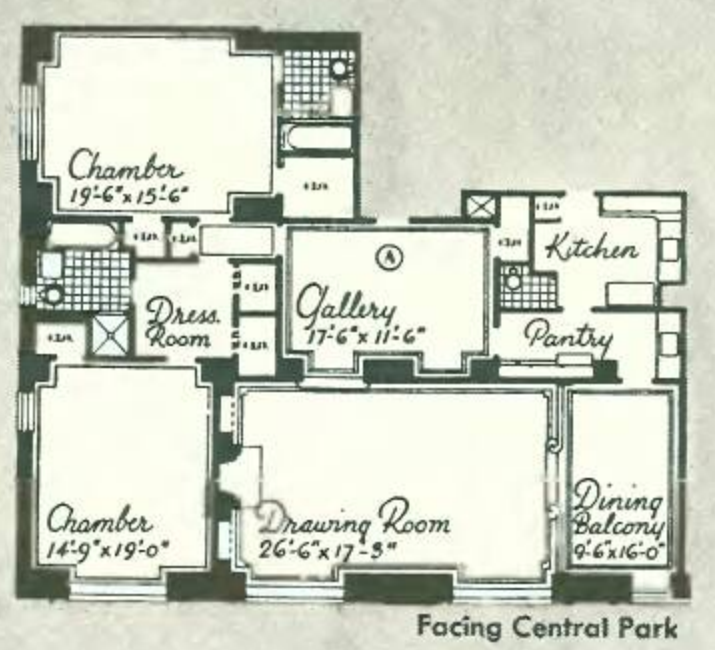

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COURT GAMES

Pros and an Open

THE squash-tennis season's last fixture, the open tournament at the Shelton, had a rather dreamlike, haven't-I-seen-you-somewhere-before quality, for on certain evenings it resembled last year's tournament quite closely—the same players, for the most part; the same umpire, the same finalists, and the same result. There were a lot of the same shots, for that matter, and almost the same gallery. A welcome newcomer among the players was James Reid, Jr., who has resigned from his position as assistant to his father at the Crescent Athletic Club to go into the insurance business. A notable absentee was Leo Collins, the Harmonie Club pro, who had injured a finger.

In one of the quarterfinals, the senior Reid won a straight-game victory from Ed Standing, the Yale Club pro, who is improving fast under the tutelage of Frank Lafforgue, the club's head pro. Standing led Reid in every game, but wasn't steady enough to win any one of them. In the final game, for example, he dropped the last fourteen points after leading 8–1. The other quarterfinals were also straight-game affairs. Harry Wolf, the only amateur left at this stage of the tournament, showed his best form against the junior Reid; Tom Iannicelli, the Short Hills pro and the world open squash-tennis champion, easily disposed of Tommy Doyle of Crescent; and Rowland Dufton of the New York Athletic Club beat Charles Costello of Princeton in a well-fought match which ran to 17–16 in the final game. In thus advancing according to the expectations of the gallery, the pros showed a consistency which amateurs almost never do.

Wolf's semifinal with his old teacher, Dufton, found both men at the top of their game—with Dufton's, as usual, the better one. Dufton was conspicuously good at volleying. In two of the games, he scored a total of seven volleying aces.

THE similarity of the final evening to last year's was a trifle lessened by the fact that the exhibition match between the senior Reid and Frank Ward preceded, instead of followed,

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the title match. Ward, whose speed even on backhand shots seems incredible, looked as though he could give Iannicelli about six points and still regain his title if he ever returned to competitive play.

In the final itself, Dufton, still volleying expertly, gave Iannicelli an even better run for his money than last year. In the second game, Dufton at one time led 11–8. In the third he pulled up from 1–4 to win at 15–9, taking ten straight points during one rally. In the long run, however, Iannicelli's footwork and agility triumphed over Dufton's more varied and graceful strokes. Iannicelli covers the court so fast that at times you can't see his feet touch the ground. His retention of his title concludes a season in which he also reached the semifinals in both the professional and the open squash-racquets championships and the final of the squash-racquets doubles.

HERE AND THERE: Wolf's announcement that he may retire after next year should encourage his competitors. . . . The Harvard and Yale Clubs plan to give an exhibition squash-tennis match in New Haven this month to show undergraduates that squash-racquets isn't the only game. . . . Cambridge's defeat of the Union Club last week wound up a strenuous squash-racquets tour in which the visitors won only two out of thirteen matches. Two of the Union Club's courts, incidentally, are placed end to end with a single gallery between them, a space-saving arrangement which other clubs might well copy. —G. T. H.

•

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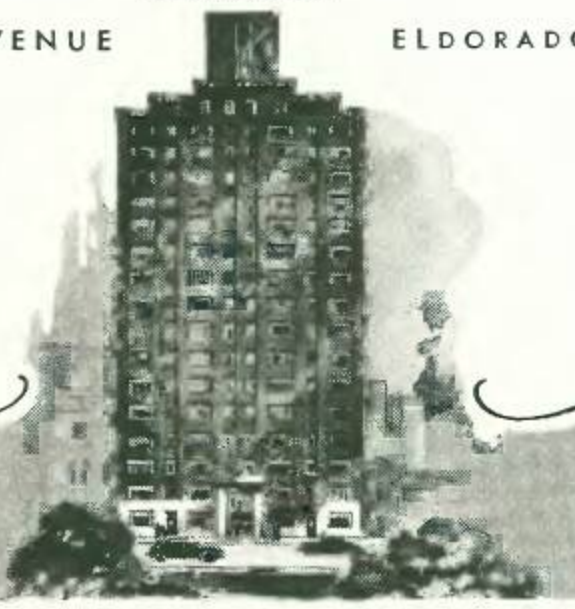

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THE RACE TRACK

Sun Egret Again—Old Home Week at Jamaica

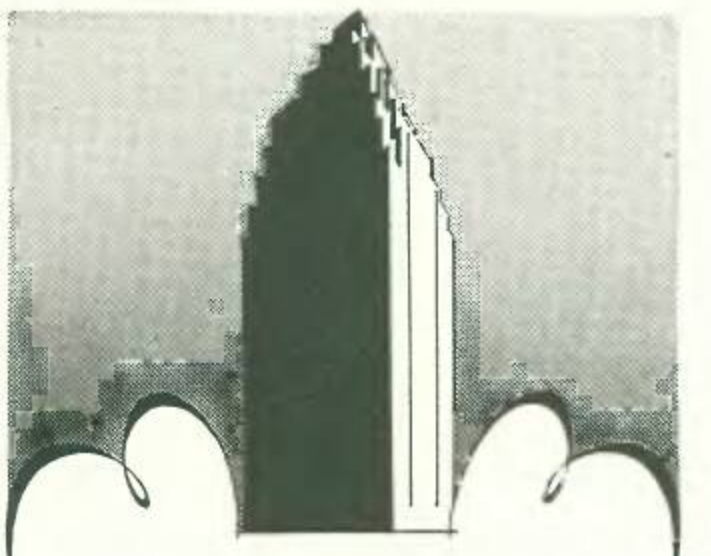
IT isn't going to take long to dispose of the racing at Bowie. The best performance of the week was Sun Egret's in the Spring Handicap on a track which had the consistency of thick soup. He skipped off to a long lead quickly, splashed mud in the faces of Parmelee T., Challephen, Piccolo, Singers Folly, Swahili, and Moon Side, who had been shipped down from Belmont Park, and won by lengths. Many Marylanders insist that Sun Egret will win the Kentucky Derby and The Preakness, too. He really isn't as good as that, but I'll be surprised if he doesn't take the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace next Saturday.

Sun Egret, in case I haven't mentioned it before, is a lively little dark-chestnut colt by Sun Briar and Polly Egret. He was bred in Virginia by W. S. Kilmer, labelled with one of those meaningless names Kilmer likes to give his thoroughbreds, and sold as a yearling for $1,150. In the time since Guy Bedwell bought him for A. C. Compton, an absentee owner who is too busy with oil wells or some such ever to see his horses run, Sun Egret has won $31,130.

Bedwell has done first rate in Maryland this spring. In eight days he ran ten horses, seven of which won. The other three finished second. Bedwell isn't exactly a green hand at training. He won 123 races in 1909 and led the winning list from 1912 through 1917.

You probably noticed the small odds of the Daily Doubles at Bowie. The fact is the names of the winning animals made combinations which appealed to hunch players. The more obvious of these were Abdicate and New Deal, Apprehend and Prowl, and Good Odds and Remarkable.

PERHAPS we ought to call this Opening Weekend. Havre de Grace, which always has an interesting meeting, will start off on Friday with the Aberdeen Stakes, for which Charlotte Girl will be the favorite. She probably will win. Then there's Jamaica on Saturday. The New York season will open at the Metropolitan Jockey Club's windy course with fresh hopes, fresh



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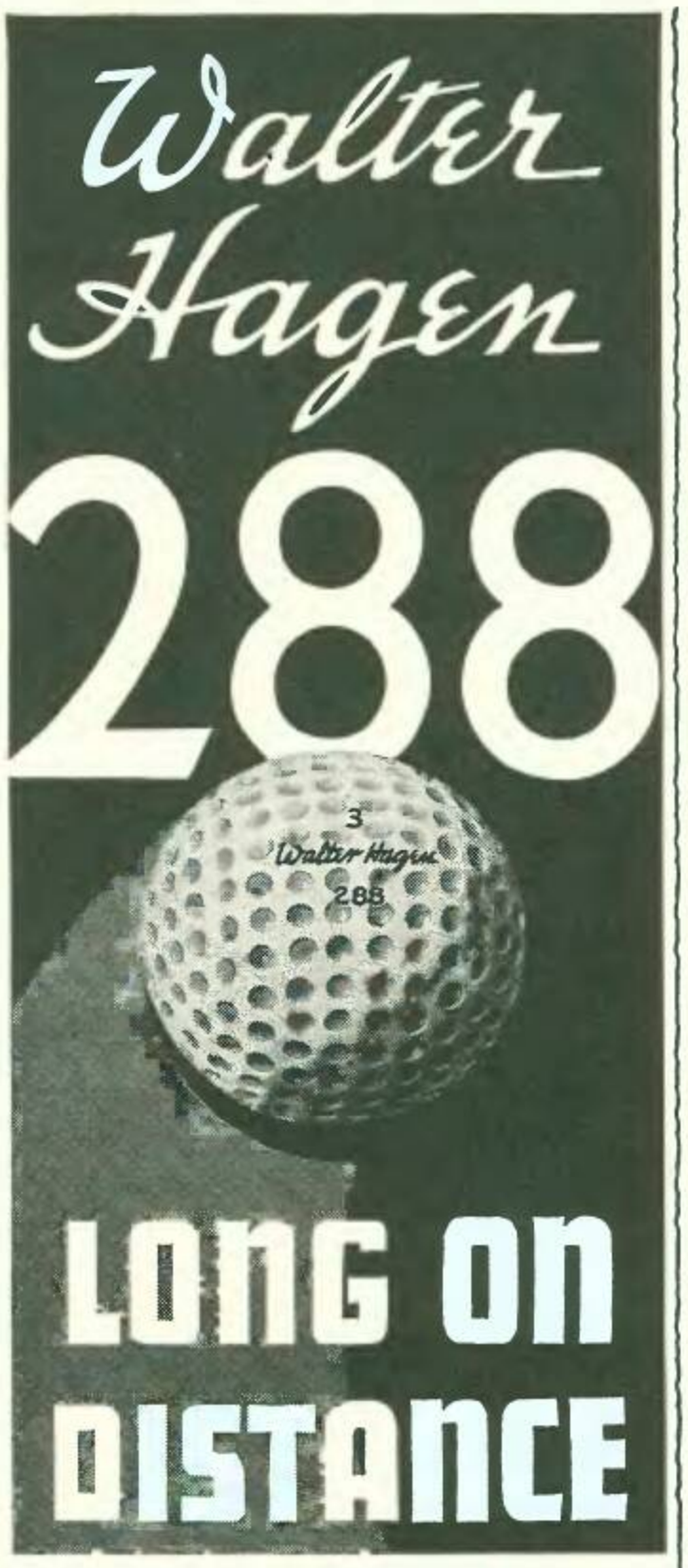

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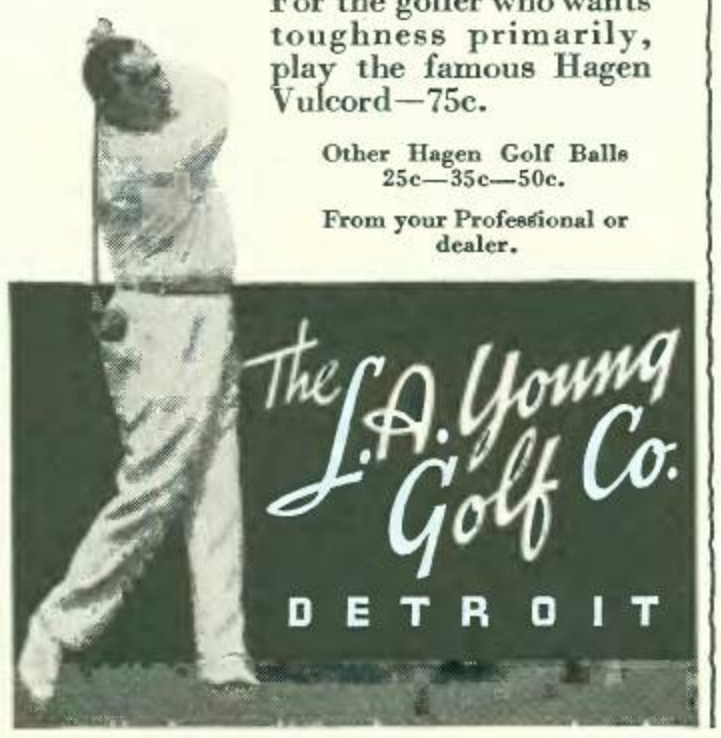


bankrolls, and, almost everybody assures me, fresh horses. There are so many applications for stalls at Belmont Park that J. J. Coakley, who looks after such things, wishes he could run up a few duplex stables. Oddly, though, there are fewer nominations to sweepstakes at Jamaica than anyone remembers. Only 20 entries were made for the Paumonok Handicap. Last April there were 32, and in 1935 there were 57. There are 58 two-year-olds in the Youthful Stakes, as compared to 133 three years ago, and 37 three-year-olds will be in the $20,000 Wood Memorial Stakes on April 30th as compared to 65 in 1935.

Doubtless the leading stables are saving their better colts and fillies for Belmont Park, which will open on May 9th. Nevertheless, Jack Campbell, racing secretary for all the New York tracks, wonders what he's going to use for horses in the stakes and handicaps after midsummer. Well, he could have match races between War Admiral and Seabiscuit on the odd Saturdays, and Battleship in steeplechases on the even ones.

Herbert Swope's idea for a $100,000 match is swell drum-beating for the New York tracks—it was the $100,000 handicap that made Santa Anita—but somehow I have a feeling the thing never will come off, if only because the best thoroughbreds are so brittle.

MONTHS ago Tom Healey said he would remain in Miami until the end of the season to run Tatterdemalion in the $10,000 Tropical Handicap. Although there were eleven starters in the final sweepstakes at Coral Gables on Saturday, Tatterdemalion won easily.

I wonder if Workman, who used to ride Tatterdemalion when both were in Sonny Whitney's stable, listened to the race over a radio. Workman, who had been engaged to ride Infantry, intended to fly from Washington to Florida the day before the race, but when he went to the airport, he found that the planes had been grounded because of fog. As Infantry finished third, he probably thinks it was all for the best.

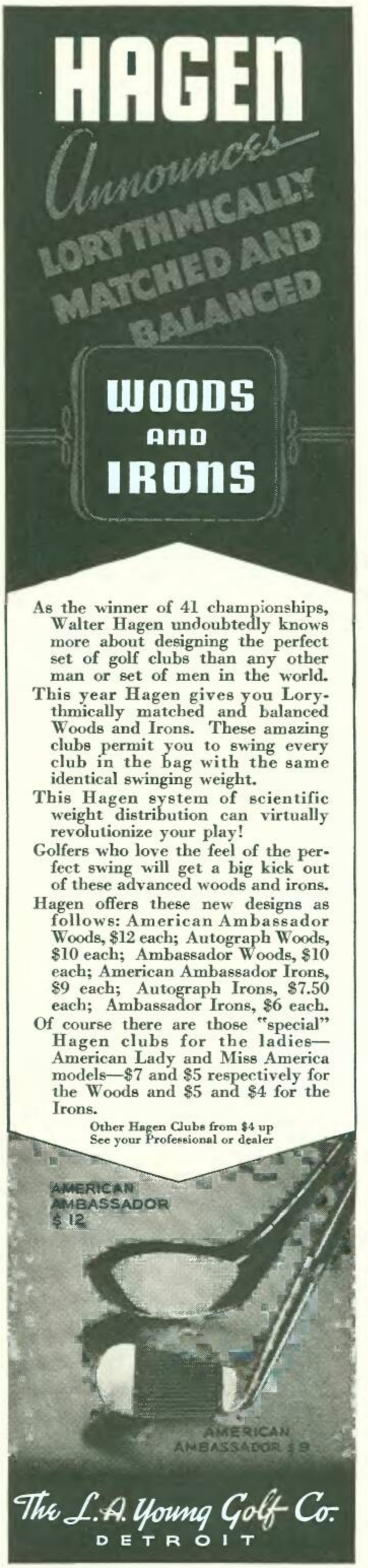
—AUDAX MINOR

•

WHITE MAN'S HARLEM

The African beat of her brown little feet
And the turbulent roll of her thighs
Endeavor in vain to deny the disdain
In her sorrowful, civilized eyes.

—M. McL. L.



A REPORTER AT LARGE

YOUR HAT, SIR?

IN the year 1904 a man named Harry Susskind, then in his early twenties, looked through a window of Captain Jim Churchill's crowded restaurant at Forty-sixth Street and Broadway. He noticed that the male patrons laid their overcoats and hats on chairs and balanced their walking sticks precariously against tables. This represented a loss of income to Captain Churchill, a retired police officer, since obviously if every third or fourth chair was occupied by an overcoat, the space available for customers was reduced by a third or a quarter. To Susskind, the overcoats represented a financial future. He went in and proposed that Captain Churchill set aside a corner of the vestibule for coat racks. He offered to provide a couple of girls to help customers off with their coats, to check them, and return them as the customers went out. This would, incidentally, relieve Captain Churchill of responsibility for hats that customers sometimes exchanged by mistake and for canes that bibulous owners insisted they had brought into Churchill's when as a matter of fact the sticks were safe in the umbrella stand at home. Susskind promised to wear a uniform and personally supervise the checking. Over and above all the services he proposed to render, he offered Captain Churchill $3,000 a year. Churchill had considered hiring a couple of wardrobe attendants himself, but had boggled at the extra expense. He accepted Susskind's offer on the spot, and the young man became the first lessee of a hat-check concession in New York. Susskind made a profit of about $25,000 in his first year at Churchill's.

Susskind had a good idea of the true value of such a concession because he had worked as a hat-check boy, in pea jacket and tight pants, at the Café Martin on Fifth Avenue, and later at the brand-new Astor. At these smart resorts and a few others, hat-checking had existed for a long time, but the managements had never thought of renting out the concession. In some places, attendants were allowed to retain their tips in lieu of salaries. In others, hat-check rights were granted to a headwaiter or doorman as a perquisite of office. The owners of these gratuitous concessions paid the salaries of the hat-check boys and received from them what proportion of their tips the boys thought it prudent to yield. Only an ex-hat-check boy could understand the vastness of the possibilities.

The titular *vestiaire* at Martin's was an old retainer named Louis, who paid nothing for the concession. Louis' boys used to palm alternate tips and drop the coins inside their uniforms. They wore long underdrawers in those days, and coins would remain safe between the legs of the drawers and the skin of the wearer. Despite the leakage of silver, the concessionaire grew wealthy. Susskind had had opportunity to study the Broadway mentality at the Astor and decided that pretty girls would draw heavier tips than boys. He had also learned that it was extremely flattering to regular patrons to memorize their faces and say "No check" when they gave him their wraps. Recognition enhanced their self-esteem and they tipped generously. He taught this mnemonic method of boosting tips to his employees at Churchill's, where he paid his girls twenty-five dollars a week.

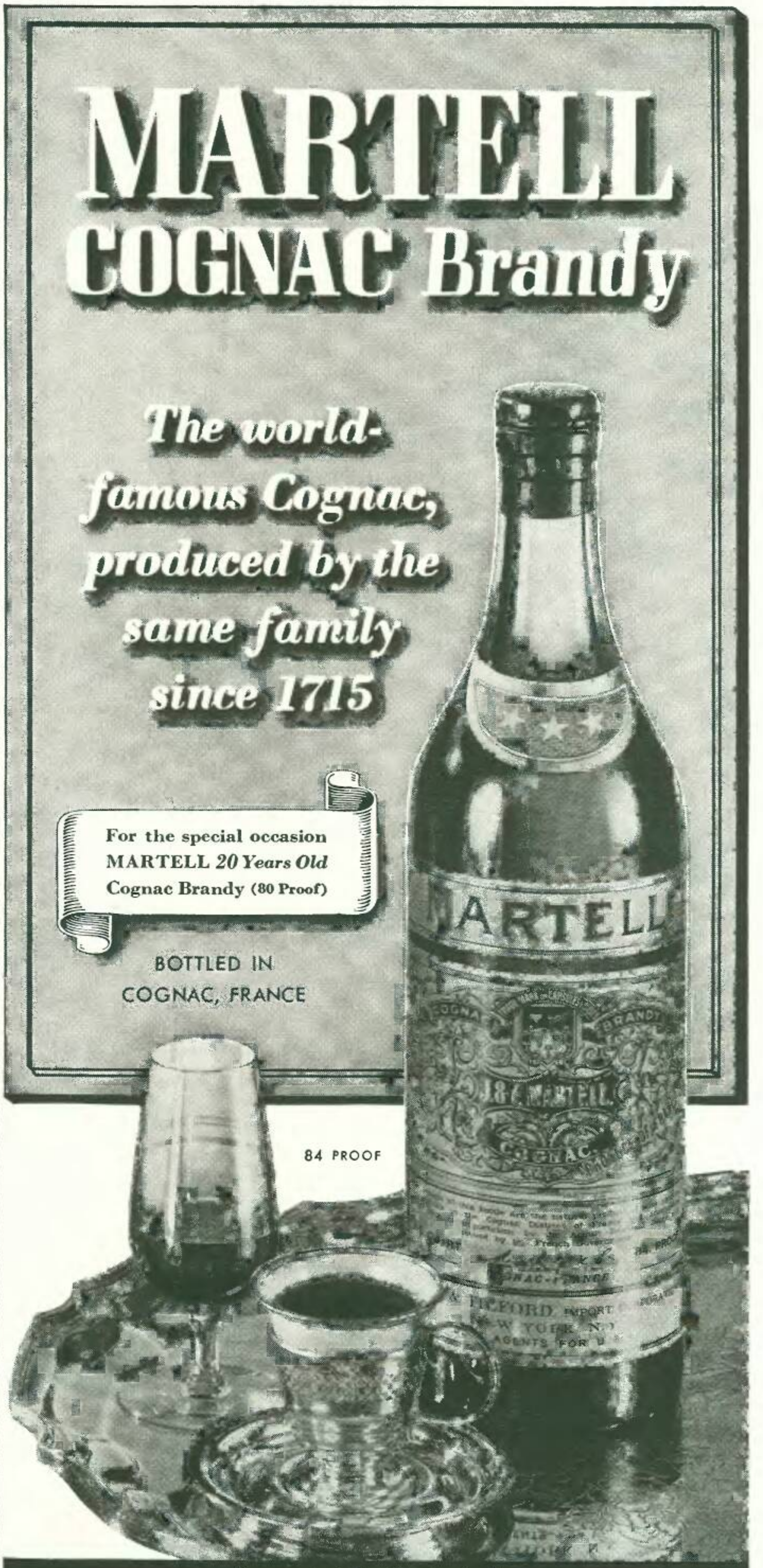
When the concessionaire, wise to the ways of checkers, was in personal charge of his business, he could exercise a vigilance impossible to a hotel functionary with other duties. If he thought a girl was stealing an unreasonable amount, he could discharge her. By trial and error he could build up a fairly reliable personnel. Susskind bought more concessions with his profits from Churchill's. When George Rector seceded

"That was my first wife."

from his father's restaurant and opened his own place on Forty-eighth Street, Susskind paid him $3,000 for his coat-room concession before he opened. Shortly before the United States entered the World War, Susskind, in partnership with his brother Joe, ran the cloakrooms of sixty restaurants and employed six hundred men and women. Harry continued to wear his uniform at Churchill's, which had moved to larger quarters twice since he opened shop there. Joe wore the livery of the Hotel Knickerbocker, where the brothers had an extremely profitable concession. The Susskinds put managers in their concessions in other restaurants, paying them a small percentage of the profits. Complete honesty is not expected in the hat-check business, and most of the managers stayed within reason.

The public was more ingenuous then than now, and most restaurant patrons believed that the Susskinds' girls retained their tips. The girls wore a kind of musical-comedy French-maid costume and put their tips in their apron pockets as they received them. The Susskinds were wise enough not to install the locked boxes into which many present-day hat-check operatives drop their tips as soon as they get them. But the arrangement could not be kept a secret indefinitely. S. Jay Kaufman of the old *Globe* and Karl K. Kitchen of the *Evening World*, who were the Broadway columnists of circa 1917, gave the true state of affairs considerable publicity. Harry Susskind began to sense an undertone of antagonism. People kidded him about driving to work in a special-body Cadillac and then donning a hat-check attendant's uniform. Susskind lived in style in those days. He had an apartment on Riverside Drive, then fashionable, a house in Pelham, and a camp in the Adirondacks. His two children attended the Edgewood School in Greenwich, where, he likes to recall, they were classmates of a Rockefeller child.

Hat-checking was no longer a dignified business, the Susskind brothers decided when the criticism increased. Even worse than the effect of the publicity on tipping, which fell off sharply, was the invasion of the hat-check field by cloak-and-suiters with money to invest. Bids for concessions rose and the margin of potential profit decreased. By that time the brothers had accumulated about $1,000,000 and they retired. Joe Susskind died in 1930. Harry opened several large restaurants, invested in real estate, played the stock market heavily, and lost virtually every-



"The Golden Days come on apace"

The gardener looks to his lawn, the groundkeeper coddles new patches of bent on the greens, the golfer tries to groove his swing, the hostess thinks of a house made ready for summer.

And we again publish that helpful little brochure, "Play Hours"—listing the needs of active days in every sport; the lawn games, beach games, outdoor furniture, and accessories that make life more worth the living in summer. A copy is yours for the asking.

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The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK

CHICAGO STORE:

Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Ave.

thing he had. Last winter, a small, gnomish, gray-haired man, slightly cynical about everything, he was back in the hat-check business. He leased the concession at Mario's Mirador, a minor night club on West Fifty-second Street, until the Mirador closed a couple of months ago. Just now he is looking around for a new place.

THERE is practically no illusion about the hat-check business now. A well-founded skepticism governs most patrons' reactions. Resentful customers often say to girls, "Here's ten cents for you and ten cents for the greaseball you work for"—a remark as unsound as it is wounding, for the girl has to surrender the twenty cents anyway. A few out-of-town visitors may retain their naïveté, but there is little consolation for the concessionaire in them. Some are so naïve that they do not tip at all. Hat-checking has evolved into a cold, calculating, highly competitive industry.

The girls have a union—Wardrobe and Checkroom Attendants' Union, Local No. 135—with a scale of minimum wages. Its office is at 1650 Broadway. If a member is caught by her employer "knocking down" a tip, her union card is suspended. Mr. Benny Jacobs, business secretary of the local, acts as a casting director for night-club proprietors. Some like blonde girls, some brunettes, to match the color schemes of their places. Jacobs gets requests for pert girls or cultured types to fit places with swing or class atmosphere. John Perona of El Morocco, for example, insists on tall, cultured brunettes, although the local recently argued him into taking a young woman with dark chestnut hair as an experiment. Concessionaires usually let proprietors specify the type of comeliness they require. The union has seven hundred members, and there are seldom more than four hundred employed simultaneously, so a considerable range of types is always available. Many of the girls are members of Chorus Equity, too.

Girls earn twenty-five dollars a week in what Local No. 135 calls Class A clubs. In this group it includes the International Casino and Casa Mañana, El Morocco, the Stork Club, Paradise, and Cotton Club. In the smaller Class B clubs, girls get twenty dollars. Not only cloakroom girls but cigarette and flower vendors and washroom matrons belong to the union, which is affiliated with the Building Service Employees' International of the American Federation of Labor. Checkroom workers in the hotels are not organized and earn

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The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

less than the night-club girls, a condition for which various excuses are offered. Union girls in night clubs work approximately nine hours a night for six nights a week. They are entitled to one week's vacation with pay for every nine months they work, if the club lasts nine months.

All night-club concessions now include the doorman, the washroom attendants, the cigarette girls, the girls who sell stuffed dogs, limp dolls, and gardenias, programs in places vast enough to have them, and any other little item the concessionaire chooses to peddle.

The most valuable single concession in town is, as one might expect, that at the largest night club, the International Casino. The concessionaire is a pink-cheeked, inspirational Philadelphian named Jack Beresin. It is generally believed in the trade that he got the franchise for $35,000 for the first year, all cash paid down before the place opened. If this is true, experts say, he has a bargain. Beresin has about forty employees at the International and says he spends a lot of money on costumes for his girls. They wear a sort of Graustark peasant dress. Beresin says he is really a merchant selling service.

"For every girl up front taking clothes from the customers and giving them back, you got to have two people behind the counter putting coats on racks and seeing they don't get mixed," he says. "If the front girl kept the tips, who would pay the hangers? And then how about the washroom attendants? In the average night club, they don't take in as much as you pay them." This is a routine defence among concessionaires.

Reputedly the most successful concessionaire in town now is a vehement, youngish man named A. (for Abraham) Ellis, who does business under the name of Planetary Recreations, Inc., from an office on an upper floor of the Manhattan Opera House, which he now owns. He bought the old theatre with profits from the hat-check business. He operates the ballrooms and banquet halls at the Opera House, and his customers check a lot of coats. Ellis leases the concessions at the Casa Manaña, the Tavern-on-the-Green, the Cotton Club, the Brass Rail, and the Ice Club. He became involved in theatricals in 1935 when he paid $15,000 for concessions at "The Eternal Road," the big Reinhardt production that was delayed for a year by money troubles. Before the show could open, Ellis had to contribute $4,000 toward the Equity

. . . a Young Man's Fancy turns

In fact,
In the Spring
The young man.
Himself turns
Not lightly,
But lovingly
To the gal . . .
Or the cigarette
That's blessed with
Fresh charm.
Today's
Man-turningest
Cigarette is
Double-mellow
Old Gold.
Its rich
Prize crop tobaccos
Are chaperoned
Right to *you*
By a stale-proof
Package . . .
Double-Cellophane
Double-sealed.
Every Old Gold
You light
Is exactly
As fresh,
Full-flavored
And double-mellow
As the minute
It was made.
Temptingly fresh
As a debutante's
Lips!
Yeah, man!
Spring *is*
Here!

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tuesday and Thursday night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

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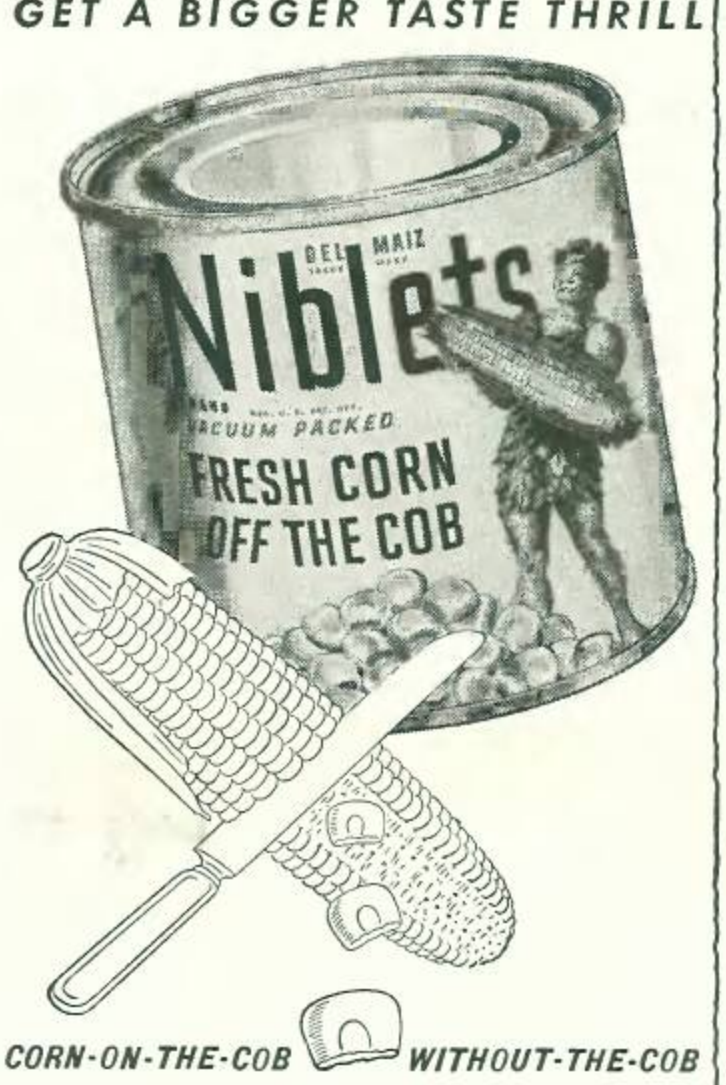
The One And *Only* Niblets Brand Corn

ASK FOR IT BY NAME AND GET A BIGGER TASTE THRILL



CORN-ON-THE-COB *WITHOUT-THE-COB*

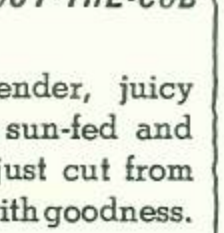
FLAVOR—Fine and rich—tender, juicy whole kernels of golden corn, sun-fed and country bred. Like fresh corn just cut from the cob—plump, sweet, bursting with goodness.

FRESHNESS—Gathered at the moment of perfection. Packed where picked. Canned in vacuum to keep its garden-freshness.

BREED—Exclusive, (Breed No. D-138) the result of many years of horticultural experiment producing deeper kernels on a smaller cob different from all other breeds.

POPULARITY—One out of every four cans of whole kernel golden corn packed in the United States is Niblets Brand Corn—the favorite corn of the whole country.

WHERE TO BUY—At any good grocer's. Identify Niblets Brand Corn by the Green Giant on the label—the mark of extra quality products.



Packed exclusively by the Minnesota Valley Canning Co., Le Sueur, Minnesota and Fine Foods, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Niblets Brand Corn

bond to cover actors' salaries. He lost $10,000 on the deal. If the show had had a long run, he says, he would have made "a fortune of money." For the three years of the French Casino's success, Ellis had the concession there. He paid a flat sum of $31,000 a year, with a percentage arrangement that brought the total up to $50,000 annually. When Billy Rose took over the place during the winter he raised Ellis's rent to $40,000 in advance and a percentage. Ellis pays about $20,000 for the Cotton Club.

Sam Rosen, who once worked for Susskind, has the Paradise and Jack Dempsey's two places. He pays around $35,000 for the three. The Versailles and El Morocco are the specialty of one Joseph Rayfield. The Stork Club concession is rented for $15,000 to a syndicate of employees. The proprietors of "21" long ago presented their concession to Jimmy, a doorman who is said to have saved them from infinite grief during the prohibition period. Renée Carroll, the red-haired girl at Sardi's, pays nothing for her concession, because the management values her gift for remembering the names of moving-picture publicity men and making them feel like celebrities.

The most conservative concessionaires operate in hotels. A painfully sedate graduate doorman named J. Bates Keating has the concessions at the Astor, the Pierre, and the Edison. He likes to talk about the unobtrusiveness of his service—no vulgar, obstreperous flower or cigarette girls pushing sales. Cigarette girls in hotels work for the lessee of the stand in the lobby. The Waldorf retains its own checkrooms, but pays ten per cent of the gross receipts to the manager, an experienced concessionaire.

THE strangest feature of the hat-checking business is the complete absence of tangible merchandise or a fixed charge. The stock in trade consists of cardboard checks, worth two dollars a thousand wholesale, and the customer is not allowed to retain even the check when he leaves. A patron who takes his hat and walks out, paying nothing to the check girl, is liable to no pursuit, physical or legal. In reputable resorts, the contract between concessionaire and proprietor specifies that no patron is to be caused embarrassment. Yet less than one per cent of the people who use checkrooms omit the tip.

Shortly before the war, there was a national crusade against tipping. The shocking discovery that many tippees turned over their take to a third party

Are you a gadabout? If so, you probably know about The Barclay in Philadelphia, for many world-wide travellers make this distinguished hotel their residence every time they come here. Reasons: service, atmosphere, and cuisine have no equal.

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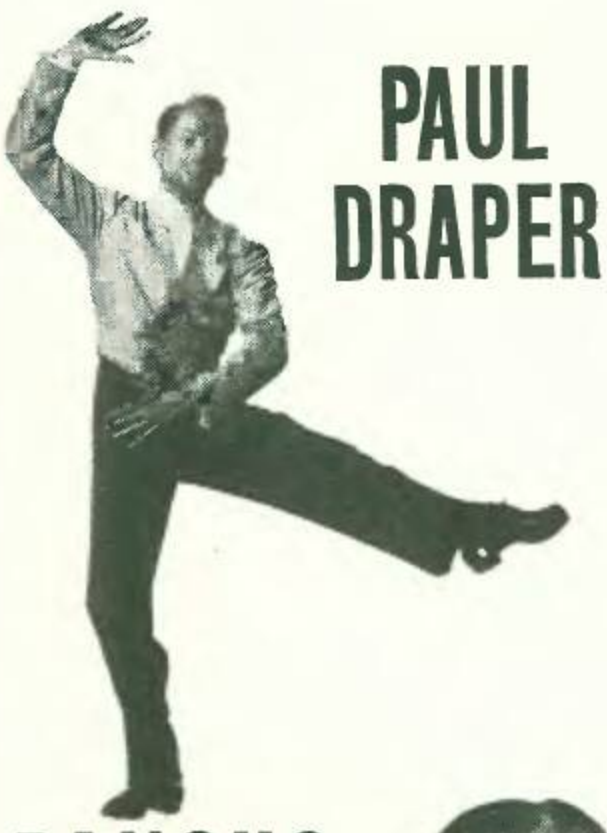
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA
Arthur T. Murray, *Managing Director*
Rates on Request



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COCKTAIL HOUR
Daily and Sunday
PANCHO'S
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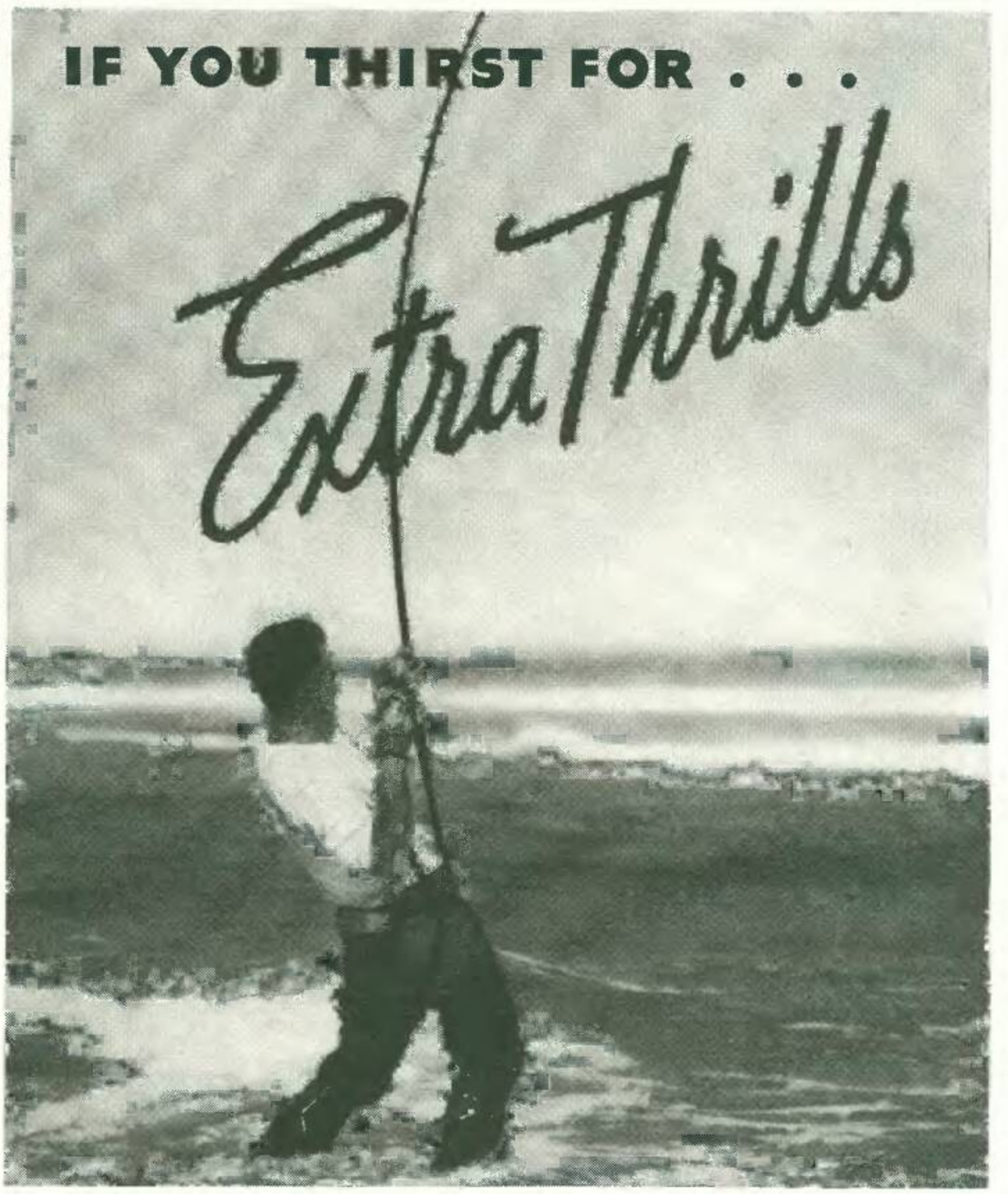
Persian Room at the Plaza

spurred the crusaders. Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York was a leading anti-tipper, and the city had a Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving. A man named William Rufus Scott, of Paducah, Kentucky, wrote a book called "The Itching Palm" which urged the human race to give up tipping. Scott said that the psychological basis of tipping was one part misguided generosity, two parts pride, and one part fear of being unfavorably noticed. The last motive is unquestionably important. During the hours when checking is desultory, the patron walking up to the counter feels that he has the undivided attention of the cloakroom staff. He probably tips a quarter. When patrons are leaving in a hurry at the close of a floor show, men sneak in dimes. The more efficient concessionaires keep hour-by-hour graphs that prove this.

"A tip is what one American is willing to pay to induce another American to acknowledge inferiority" was another of Scott's dicta. Largesse exalts the ego of the tipper in almost exact ratio to the inconsequence of the service. Heralds in the Middle Ages had a nice living in gratuities from feudal landlords who would hang a peasant for holding out a penny of rent. The State of Washington once passed a law against tipping, but repealed it after a couple of years because people tipped anyway and juries wouldn't convict.

The most plausible hypothesis of modern tip motivation was promulgated by Louis Reverdy, a French lawyer, in his thesis, "Le Pourboire," for the Doctor of Laws degree of the Sorbonne in 1930. Reverdy says that men first tipped for display. Now, he thinks, they tip from a sense of duty, since they realize that the tips constitute the tippee's means of livelihood. This is true even when the customer knows that the cloakroom girl works for a concessionaire and when he feels that it is the duty of the restaurant to check his coat free. For he knows that the individual girl will lose her job if nobody tips her. By withholding his tip, he would sacrifice an amiable individual to a cold principle. The chances are that he is inspired to even greater sympathy if the girl happens to be comely. Concessionaires, of course, are aware of this and pick their girls accordingly, but they place no premium on actually beautiful girls. "A girl who's a real knockout gets herself a guy in a couple of weeks," Abe Ellis once explained, "and then you got to break in another girl."

The contemporary tipper gets little positive pleasure from tipping. Less than



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THE FRENCH WAY... *Dubonnet straight, well-chilled... no fuss, no bother, very smart!*

THE AMERICAN WAY... *the Dubonnet Cocktail, half gin, half Dubonnet... suave, delicious, sophisticated!*

A. M. Cassandre

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NICHOLSON

IMPORTED GINS

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OPEN AT COCKTAIL-TIME

Note that postmark! Nicholson's is real *imported* London Dry gin...distilled from grain, famous for delicate smoothness. Look for the red-and-white label, and use at cocktail time for better Martinis! 94° proof.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole U. S. Agents

One "London Dry Gin" that Really Comes from London

one per cent of the patrons at the French Casino tipped fifty cents, and there was no significant correlation between the amount patrons spent in the restaurant and the size of the tips they gave in the lobby. Most men oscillate between the dime and quarter levels, the average tip at the International Casino being sixteen cents. Girls report that at East Side clubs like El Morocco there may be a slightly higher ratio of quarter tippers to dime tippers. But fifty-cent-plus tippers are as rare on the East Side as on Broadway. Perhaps twice a week, in any club doing a large volume of business, eccentric patrons tip girls five dollars or more. The recipient is allowed to keep half of any tip in this class, turning the rest in to the concessionaire.

Men in the hat-check business admit that the customers don't enjoy tipping. But, they say, nobody ever went to an unpopular place merely because of free hat-checking. And conversely, when people want to attend a certain club, they don't stay home because of the cost of checking their hat. They are fond of telling how the Café Savarin on lower Broadway once abolished tipping, only to have the patrons force the money on the girls, and how the Hotel Algonquin had the same experience.

At private banquets in the Astor, hosts sometimes stipulate there shall be no tipping of cloakroom attendants. Keating, the concessionaire, remembers one such affair attended by the late Nathan Straus, the free-milk man. Mr. Straus gave the girl a dollar. She handed it back to him. The thwarted philanthropist threw the dollar behind the counter and walked out. The experience of the Hotel Pennsylvania conflicts with these happy reminiscences of concessionaires. The Pennsylvania and all the other Statler hotels abolished hat-check concessions and hat-check tipping in 1933. Far from resenting this change, the Statler people say, patrons now check thirty-three and a third more articles per capita than they ever did before. At the Restaurants Longchamps, where the hat-check tip is included in the ten-per-cent service charge, most patrons seem content to let it go at that.

THE most skilled operatives of the concession business are not the young women of the cloakroom or the hangers who work behind the counter but the cigarette and novelty girls. They need salesmanship to maintain their level of sales and tips, and tact to avoid arguments with customers. If a girl is the subject of a complaint to

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.

Old-world Postmarks for New-world Hosts

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Chanson Sparkling Burgundy from France's famous Côte-d'Or. A sparkling complement for your roast. The famous Chanson firm, established in 1750, ships fine Chablis, Pommard and other Burgundies... still or sparkling, red or white.

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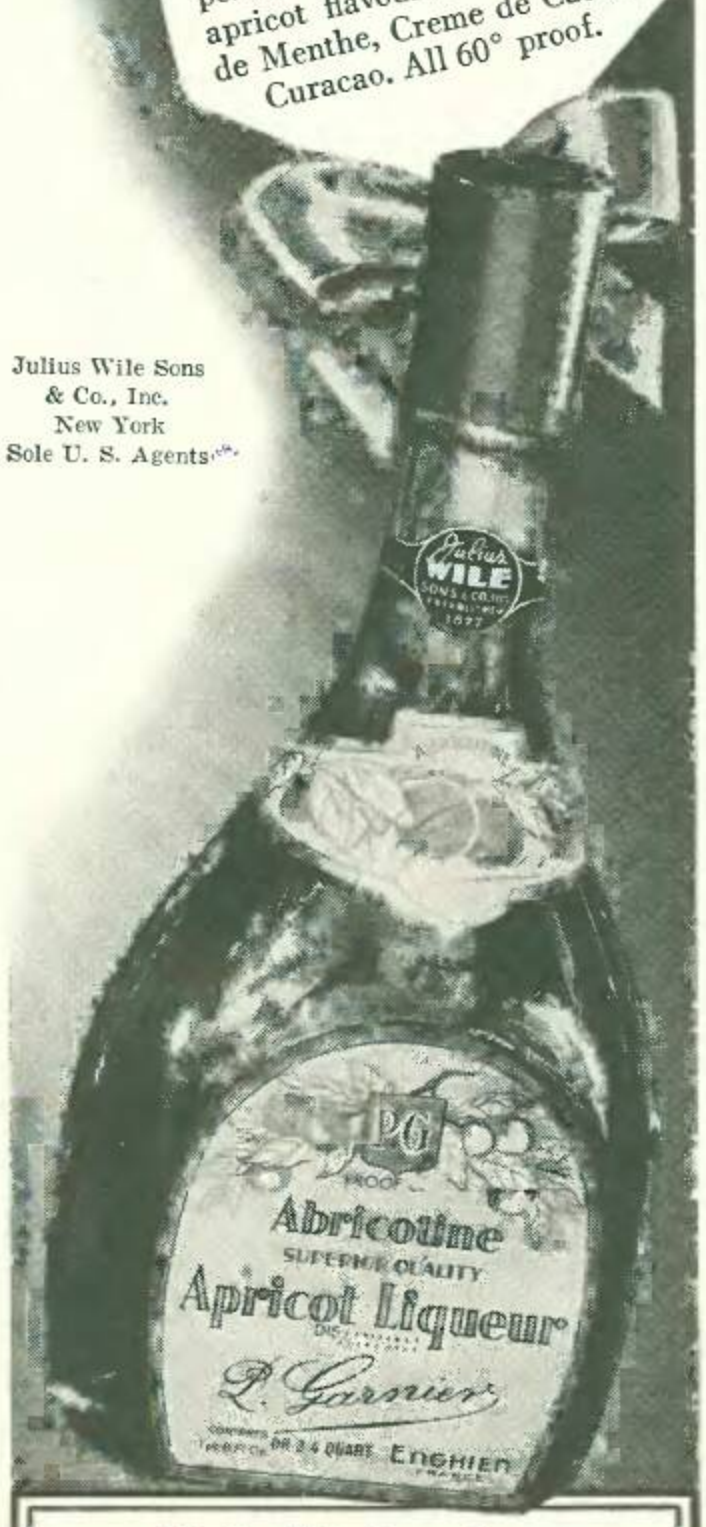
Happy ending for successful dinners...Garnier Abricotine. Most famous of the 27 imported Garnier Liqueurs. True apricot flavour. Also Creme de Menthe, Creme de Cacao, Curacao. All 60° proof.



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Made "Only a Step from Paris" Since 1859

THE chief technical problem of the hat-check industry since its inception has been the safe conveyance of the customer's quarter to the pocket of the concessionaire. The girl receiving a tip can seldom conquer the atavistic notion that it was meant for her personally. Even hiring a watcher for each girl would not preclude collusion. Since there are no fixed rates of tipping, it is impossible to tell from the receipts on any given evening whether the girls have held out anything.

When the Susskind brothers ran virtually all the concessions in town, they used a common-sense personal-confidence sort of system which kept their help from robbing them too flagrantly. But since they obtained their leases cheaply, they could afford a good deal of tip leakage. Competitors, bidding against the brothers, reduced the margin of profit. Consequently they worked harder to protect their receipts, putting the girls in tight, pocketless uniforms and making them drop their tips through a slot in the counter as soon as they got them. Under the counter was a locked box.

Modern concessionaires, more efficient, use a variation of the Bedaux System. They keep charts from which they establish a norm of production for each girl and location. The concessionaire knows, when he goes into a new restaurant, approximately what to expect. If there is a minimum charge of $1.50, for example, the tipping should compare with that at the Paradise. He

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Old-world Postmarks for New-world Hosts

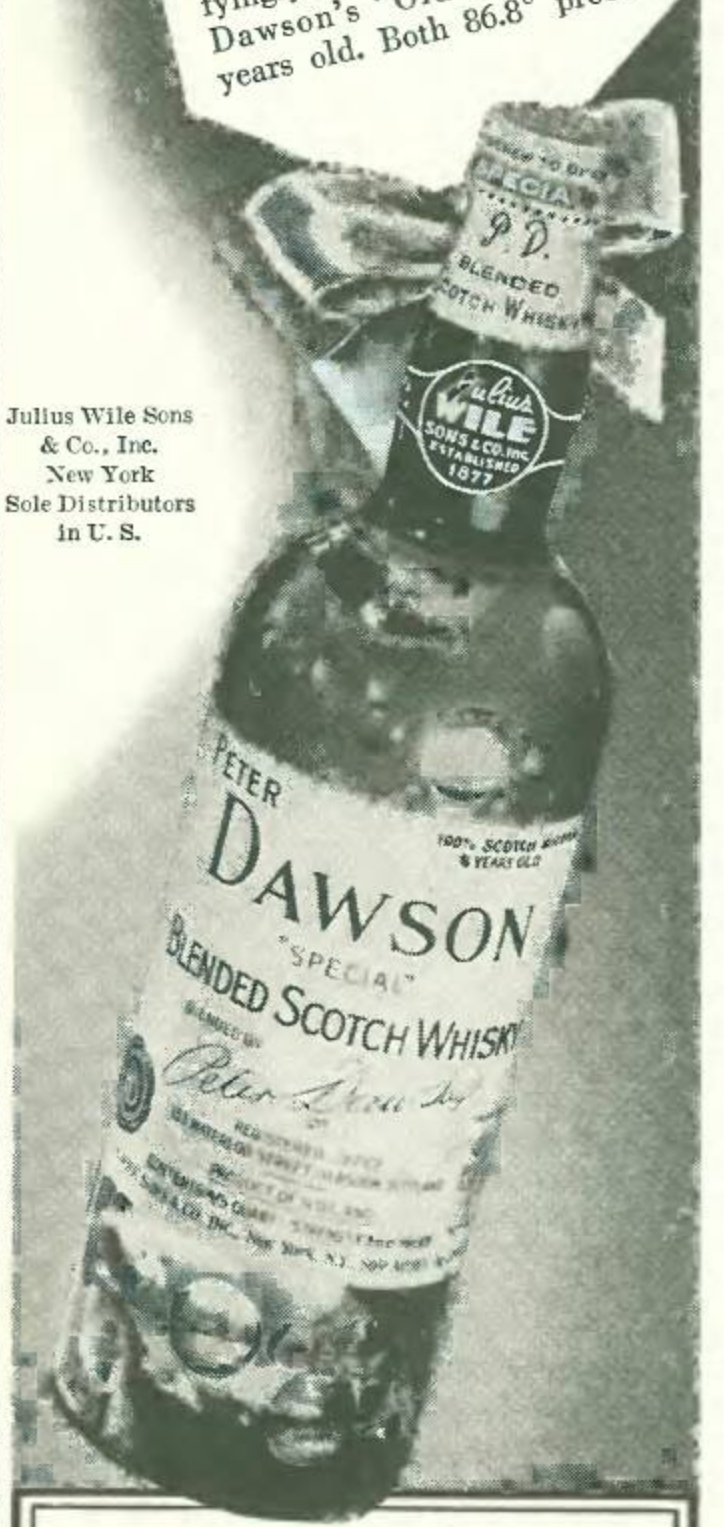
Peter DAWSON

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

GLASGOW 9.00PM 24 MAR. 1938 SCOTLAND

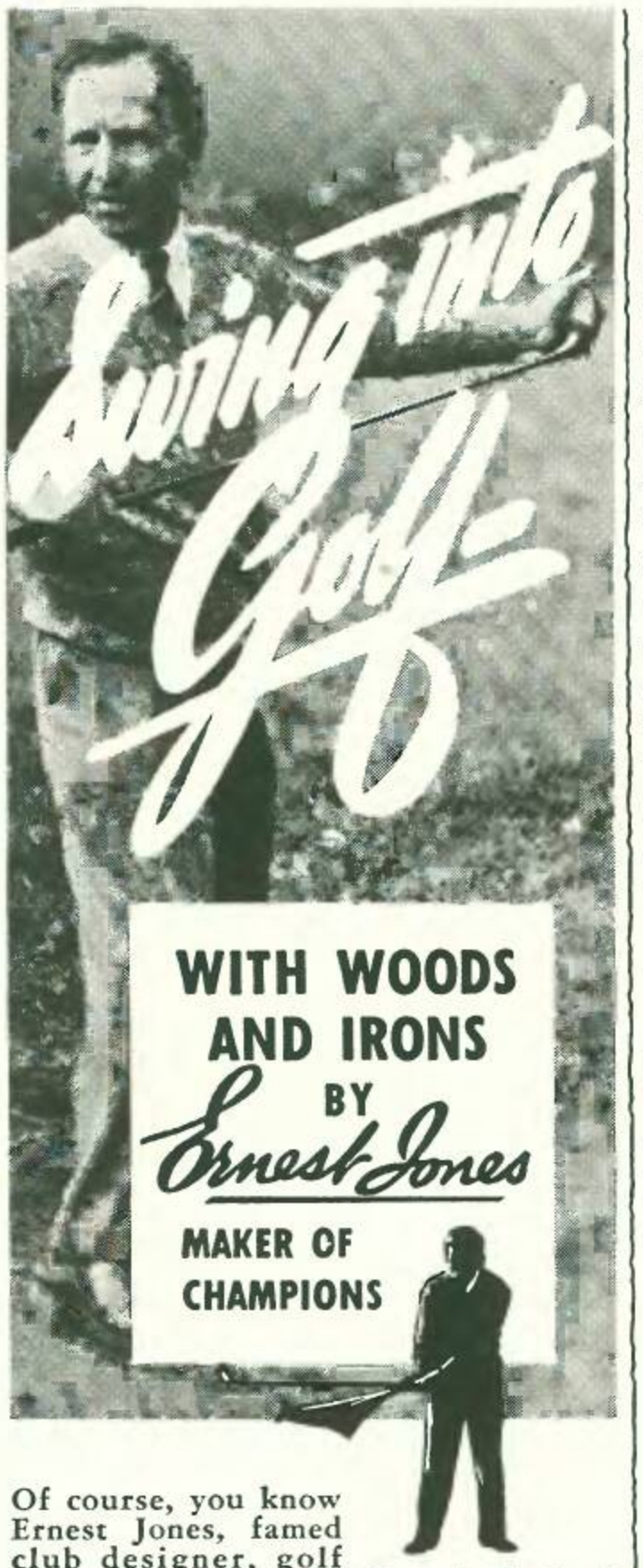
OPEN AT ANY TIME

Guests' faces light up when you open up this light Scotch —Peter Dawson. It's delightfully light in body, yet satisfyingly rich in flavour. Also Dawson's "Old Curio," 12 years old. Both 86.8° proof.



Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York Sole Distributors in U. S.

LIGHT in body—Rich in Flavour—8 Years Old



Of course, you know Ernest Jones, famed club designer, golf teacher, and Pro at the Women's National. He is widely known as the Author of "Swinging into Golf" and Syndicate Writer, whose golf articles appear in leading newspapers and golf magazines.

But do you know that you can "swing into golf" with Ernest Jones Woods and Irons designed by the maker of champions?

Get your hands acquainted with the clubs which embody the proved principles of a grooved swing, so successfully taught by Ernest Jones that champions and average players acclaim him the Master of Swing.

Swing it this Spring—Mister and Miss America*—with the smooth flowing rhythm of the clubs designed by Ernest Jones to simplify *your* game. Crawford, MacGregor, Canby Co., Dayton, Ohio.

* *Ernest Jones Woods and Irons for men and women are sold by Golf Professionals and better Sporting Goods Dealers.*

will then expect, from each hundred tippers, a return of about thirteen dollars. The first crew of girls he puts in his new concession are reasonably safe if they approach that standard. The girls do not know exactly what their boss expects, so the assumption is they will try hard to make a good showing. After a few weeks, the concessionaire switches the girls to another place and brings in a new set. If the receipts fall off noticeably, he suspects the replacements. If receipts rise, he suspects the first group. He shifts individual girls in the same way. If a hypothetical Billie, checking hats at a certain club for a month, turns in an average of eleven cents a customer, while an equally hypothetical Mamie over a similar period averages sixteen cents, he bounces Billie. By continued shifts, he establishes an average for the place. This may not turn out the same as the average at the Paradise, however. The new club may get a high ratio of Southern patronage, which brings the average tip down, or of "collegiates," notoriously poor tippers, or of race-track men, notoriously good ones.

After each tour of the house, a cigarette girl turns in all the cash she has received. In this way she has no chance to hoard her tips for the evening. She might decide, if they were unusually good, that she could safely knock down a dollar for herself. Even at that, most cigarette girls manage to keep some part of their tips. Concessionaires never know exactly how much, but if the girl is a "producer," they don't care.

"Better a kid who takes ten in tips and knocks a buck," a pillar of the industry once said, "than a dummy who gets half the tips and turns in all she gets. But please don't use my name, because on such a question I hate to quote myself." —A. J. LIEBLING

•

After spending the past 25 years in California, Mrs. Anna Huffner Snyder returned on Wednesday of last week to the home of her husband, John Snyder, of Delaware, N. J., R. D. 1.—*Portland (Pa.) Enterprise.*

She might as well have stayed a couple of months more and missed the bad weather.

•

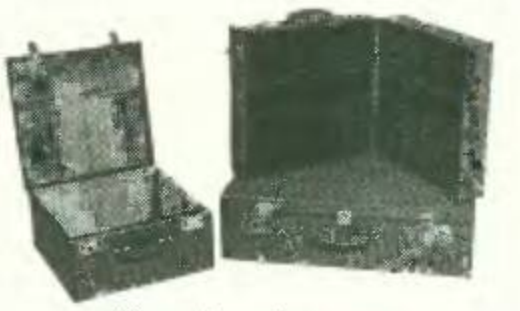
PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From an adv. in the Saturday Evening Post*]

Once you've used it, the Christy Sport Knife will have as warm a place in your heart as your favorite fishing rod.

Luggage

to individual order



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Travelling beauty case with complete fittings

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by the London Philharmonic conducted by Beecham.

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Abbott's AGED BITTERS

BEST for COCKTAILS
SINCE 1872

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

IN 1912 George S. Kaufman got his first job writing for pay. He ran a column on Frank A. Munsey's Washington *Times*, and he got fired in less than a year. Deems Taylor wrote a column for the New York *Press*; it ran for three days. The School of Journalism at Columbia University, better but inaccurately known as the Pulitzer S. of J., opened in September, 1912, although the Pulitzer Prizes weren't awarded until 1918. Charles W. Morse, imprisoned in 1910 for misapplication of funds, was released from the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta, because his attorneys and physicians convinced President Taft, who pardoned him, that he hadn't much longer to live. He died in 1933. Wallace Irwin's "The Dove of Peace," an opera with Walter Damrosch's music, opened at the Metropolitan Opera House. In 1912 the town was going to see Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," in which Jane Cowl was lachrymose. Harry Sinclair Lewis, a manuscript reader for Frederick A. Stokes Co., wrote his first published book, "Hike and the Aeroplane;" his pseudonym was Tom Graham. Fewer than 800 of the edition of 1,000 were sold; it never was republished.

The Woolworth Building was opened for occupancy in April, 1913, and John Reed served four days in jail at Paterson, New Jersey, for picketing during the silk strike. Helping Fritzi Scheff in a revival of "Mlle. Modiste" was Peggy Wood. Barney Bernard made his reputation as Abe Potash in Montague Glass's "Potash and Perlmutter," and in "Hawthorne of the U.S.A." was Douglas Fairbanks, who had made his hit four years before in "A Gentleman from Mississippi." A red-haired California tennis player, Maurice E. McLoughlin, was the sensation at Newport, winning the National Championship there in 1912 and 1913. Yale, Princeton, and Harvard refused to pander to the crowd's curiosity; numbering football players indeed! Now they are numbered front and back, like motorcars. —FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

•

Although it is to take place in St. Louis, Mo., the wedding of Miss Sarah Louise Bridge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Leighton Bridge of that city, and Robert Seelye Weeks, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Seelye Weeks of Brookline, will undoubtedly have a number of guests.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Of course they'll just be *St. Louis* people.

New WALLPAPER SENSATION!

Paint-Coated..Scrubbable as Tile!

DULL FINISH

Tiny fingerprints, radiator smudge, soot, grease—practically any kind of stain—can be washed off DURAY Wallpaper as easily as washing tile! That's why mothers—and everybody—are hailing this sensational new paint-coated wallpaper that keeps new-looking for years with soap and water!

No other wallpaper is made like DURAY. First it is painted with the equivalent of two coats of baked-on dull-coat enamel. Over this surface, the pattern is printed in washable lacquer-type inks. It is actually paint-in-rolls . . . combining the stain-resistance and washability of paint with the smart patterns and rich dull velvety finish of finest wallpaper. That's why DURAY is more than washable—it's SCRUBBABLE! You can actually scrub it with a brush, and soap and water, without "fuzzing."

You'll love DURAY's appearance, and you'll appreciate DURAY's economy, because it keeps new and fresh-looking for years. See the new 1938 DURAY line . . . styled by leading American designers, and moderately priced . . . at decorators, wallpaper dealers and leading department stores.

A glimpse of two of the 150 smart patterns available in DURAY.

NO MORE STAINS

At wear-points, dirt, smudge, grease can't stain it—wash off DURAY's dull finish paint-coated surface with soap and water.

NO MORE MARKS

Fingerprints, pencil marks, etc. wash off in a jiffy. Leave no traces—no streaks, no fuzz, no watermarks.

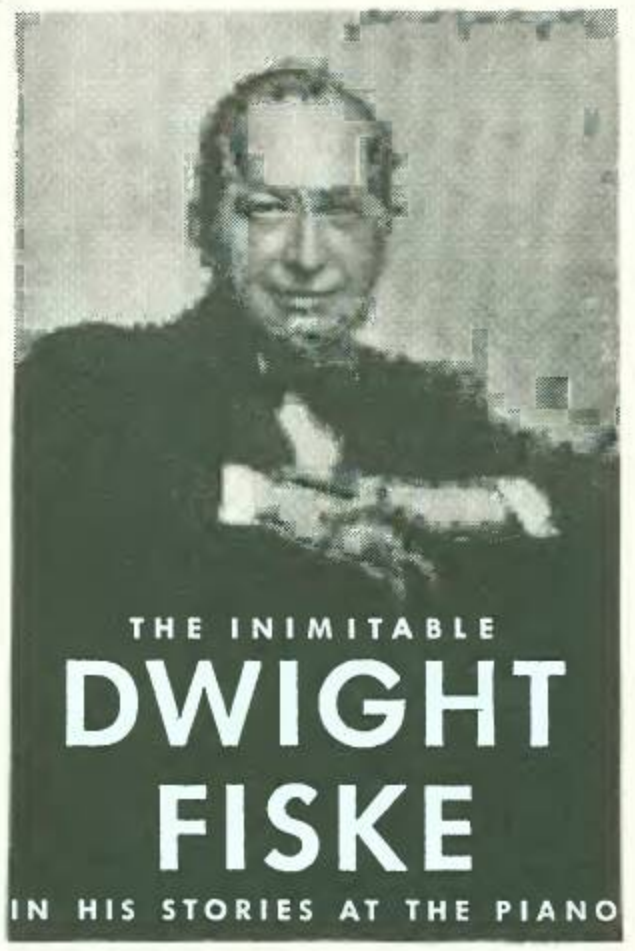
DURAY

The Paint-Coated Wallpaper

SCRUBBABLE AS TILE

Send for FREE SAMPLES

Write **CLOPAY CORP., 1311 Exeter St., Cincinnati, Ohio,** and we will send you free samples of the new 1938 DURAY patterns, and give you name of nearest dealer. Just clip off this corner, write your name and address on margin, paste on postcard.



THE INIMITABLE
DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO

AFTER THE THEATRE in the
Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar

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GERRY MORTON
and his Orchestra
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
DANCING Daily & Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily & Sunday

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Dagger
JAMAICA RUM

Famous for flavour the world over . . .
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Darker in color, with the same rich flavour

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NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

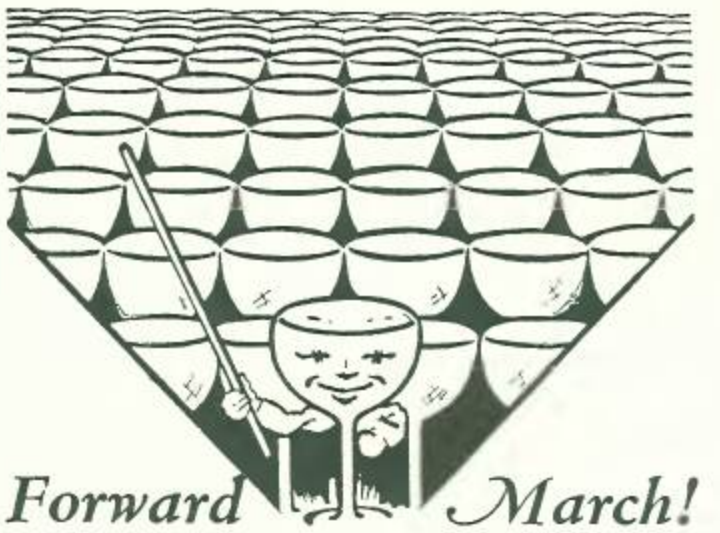
INDOOR POLO

The Optimists

THE Optimists—Merrill Fink, Mike Phipps, and Winston Guest—are the best indoor-polo team of the year. They won the Eastern high-goal championship last week in the Squadron A Armory by defeating the New York Athletic Club—Clarence Combs, Billy Nicholls, and John Pflug—in the fastest and most interesting game of the season. All six men played a brand of polo that surpassed anything seen this winter. It was a hard, swift, bouncing battle, and the Optimists deserved to win it. Their team was beautifully balanced, had the most power in its shots, and at times clearly outmounted its opponents.

Phipps and Guest each ride with handicaps of nine goals and outrank all other indoor players. Last week they lived up to their ratings. The Optimists have a total ranking of twenty-three goals, which is the highest of any team that played this season. The Athletic Club received four goals to start the game. At the end of the first period, the score was 5–5. The final score was 14–9. The game was played at such a pace that in the closing minutes both sides had to let down, with horses and riders almost exhausted. The Athletic Club deserved to be defeated by a smaller margin; they were only one goal behind at the start of the final period. At this point, however, two magnificent scoring shots by the Optimists practically settled everything. Guest was riding full gallop toward the sideboards when he made a beautiful backhand shot that sent the ball forty yards into the goal. The referee retrieved the ball and threw it between the teams, which had lined up again in the centre. Fink caught it on the end of his mallet and hit it about a yard. Then he wound up and let fly, and the ball shot from mid-arena to the goal. There is no defence against that kind of hitting. Many of the spectators immediately started to put on their coats and head for the door.

Guest scored six goals and completely bottled up Combs. Fink scored

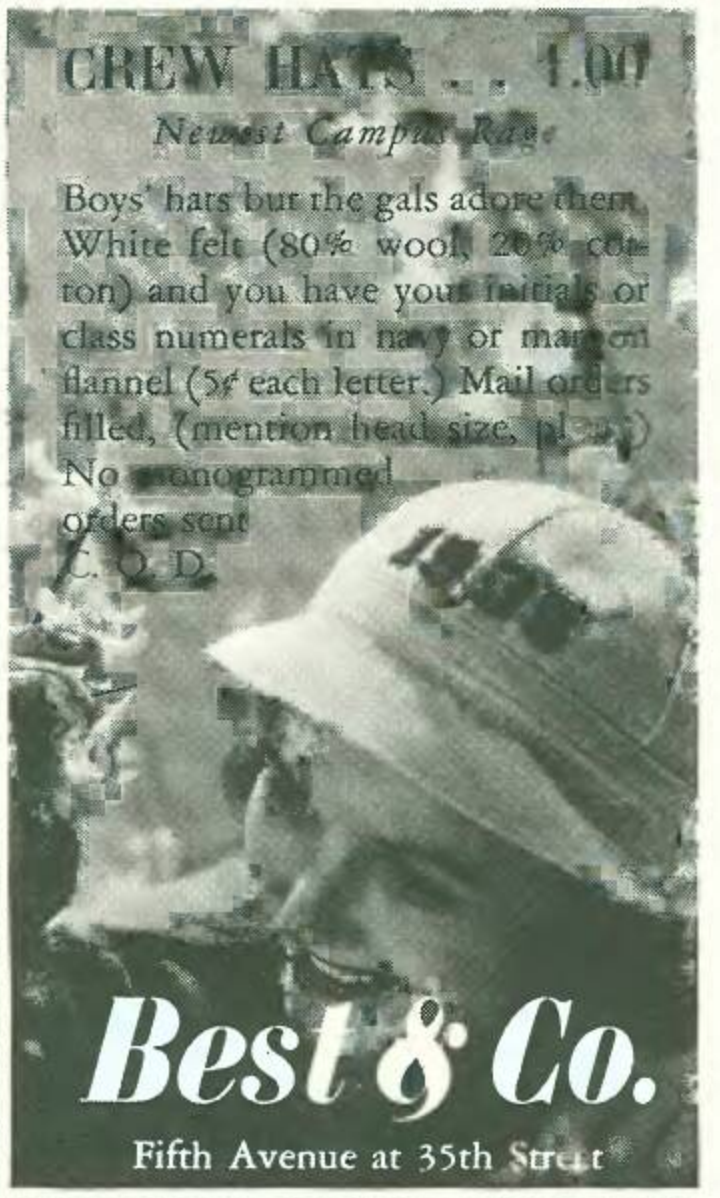


Forward March!
to
ROGER SMITH
LOUNGE BARS

Where a chap who knows his liquors realizes, at the first sip, that he is getting the cream of the flock—a whopping sized drink—and a truly temperate check. For solo, or ensemble drinking, we recommend Roger Smith Lounge Bars.

MAMMOTH SPARKLERS from 25¢

The ROGER SMITH 40 East 41st Street
The WINTHROP 47th St. & Lexington Ave.
The BRITTANY 10th Street & Broadway
The WENTWORTH 60 West 47th Street
The WYNDHAM 42 West 58th Street
The WEBSTER 40 West 45th Street



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Lunch 50c—75c Dinner $1.50
FAMOUS SWEDISH HORS D'OEUVRES
Dancing, Entertainment Nightly
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equally often, but the real star was Phipps, whose eleventh-hour appearance —he didn't play in the first two games of the series—lifted the Optimists from a first-class rating to the realm of the extraordinary. Riding at No. 2, Phipps was the hub of the Optimist attack, and he was never out of position. Amadita and Limpita, the two mares he rode, were equally amazing. Neither had had any polo for six weeks, yet both bumped, wheeled, and galloped in mid-season form. Limpita is an Argentine, and Amadita is by the great Prince Friarstown. Guest's best pony was Pau Pilikia, which in Hawaiian means "Trouble's Over." She's a bit small for him to use in outdoor games, so he recently sold her to the English International team.

Phipps won't ride with the Optimists in the Chicago National Tournament this week, as he's sailing for England. It won't matter much, however. The Detroit Gold Hats don't belong in the same league with the Optimists.

THE rule revisions and the Fink mallet may not be the only innovations produced this season. Mike Phipps now wants to abolish the throw-in. He would have play start with the ball placed in the centre of the arena. The No. 1 riders would line up back to back, duellist fashion, twenty yards apart. Then, at the starting whistle, each would wheel his horse and gallop for the ball. It sounds like a smart idea, but it is certain to be opposed by men whose ponies aren't quick. —T. O'R.

•

CITY CHILD

I never taught you to discern
The lacy marvel of a fern,
Or listen with a tutored ear
To April freshets running clear.
But when on any avenue
The hats show rose and green and blue,
And taxi-drivers whistle dirges,
You gather what the vernal urge is.

—Mary Ballard Duryee

•

An Italian column was said to have advanced more than 60 miles on the Eastern Spanish front moving forward between two Spanish insurgent columns.

The Italian troops were reported to have thrown back government defenders rushed hastily to the Aragon front from Madrid.

Rudy Vallee worked his way through Yale and had several thousand dollars in the bank when he finished.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Globe-Democrat.*

On to Madrid, Rudy!

• We know of a man who once said, "I never economize on luxuries!" That's good advice, too, when you mean those little luxuries that make you feel like a million. For instance, why not treat yourself to a cool, stimulating dash of Aqua Velva after shaving? Not only does it refresh your face —set your blood tingling with health—but it also closes pores, helps heal those tiny nicks and cuts, and fights off sore spots.

THE FIRST BOTTLE'S ON US! Just send us your name and address, and we'll set you up to a *FREE* bottle of Aqua Velva—all over the world the leading after-shave lotion. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

YOUR CHEF AT **LA MAISONETTE RUSSE**

WAS ONCE HEAD CHEF FOR THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

Spiridon Ignatovitch in days gone by created those almost legendary royal feasts enjoyed by Nicholas II. Now, here at La Maisonette Russe, his genius creates for *you*. Have you ever tasted his delicious *Shashlik Caucasien?* If you like borscht, for your soul's good try Spiridon's *Borscht a la Russe*.

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CORNELIUS CODOLBAN'S
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DANCE ORCHESTRA

THEATRE DINNER 7–8 P.M.

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3 SMASH HITS for The FEDERAL THEATRE

★★★★ E. P. CONKLE'S PROLOGUE TO GLORY
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE 39th St., E. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:40 Mat. Sat.
Prices 25c to 1.10
Prices 25c to 83c

★★★ ONE THIRD OF A NATION
ADELPHI THEATRE, 54th St. E. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40
Prices 25c to 83c Mat. Sat. 2:40

★★★ WILLIAM DU BOIS' HAITI
LAFAYETTE THEATRE 131st St.—7th Ave.
Every Eve. 8:40
Best Seats 55c; 500 at 25c

Federal Theatre Project for N. Y. C.
A Division of the Works Progress Administration

JED HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
"One of the finest dramas written in the last decade."—*ATKINSON, Times*
OUR TOWN
A play by THORNTON WILDER
with FRANK CRAVEN
MOROSCO Thea. W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40
3 MATS. EASTER WEEK: MON., WED. & SAT.
"A Four-Star Hit."—*Time Magazine*
RUTH GORDON SAM JAFFE *in*
A DOLL'S HOUSE
with KENT SMITH & MARGARET WALLER
"A Landmark of our Time."—*Anderson, Jrl.-Amer.*
BROADHURST W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
3 MATS. EASTER WEEK: MON., WED. & SAT.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents the
ALFRED LUNT & LYNN FONTANNE
production of ANTON CHEKHOV'S
THE SEA GULL
Translation by STARK YOUNG
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St. W. of B'way
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Eves. 8:40
LAST 2 WEEKS—300 seats $1.10

JOHN GOLDEN presents
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In SUSAN & GOD
A Comedy by RACHEL CROTHERS with PAUL McGRATH
PLYMOUTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40
No Mon. Perfs. Mats. WED., THURS. & SAT. 2:40

"ONE OF THE BEST PLAYS IN YEARS"
—*DANTON WALKER, News*
"ALL THE LIVING"
with SANFORD MEISNER LEIF ERICKSON ELIZABETH YOUNG
FULTON THEATRE 46 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

Eddie Dowling Presents
Sir Cedric Hardwicke
in SHADOW and SUBSTANCE
A New Play by Paul Vincent Carroll
with SARA ALLGOOD • JULIE HAYDON
GOLDEN THEATRE • 45th St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Mats. Sat., Mon., April 18 & Wed. 2:40

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love and Revolution

ALMOST remarkable as pure examples of the utterly commonplace, three new movies have been trundled out from some grim bins for our inspection. Each represents an old story told a thousand times on the screen; and after a glance at a scene or two you can place and classify the picture, then snooze off, and later, if you are given to such a social habit, recount the plot to your friends with assurance that what you say is correct. "The First Hundred Years" is the familiar sketch of the Manhattan marriage of the big-business woman, the career girl, who at last learns that she must abdicate the swivel chair of her office for love. Robert Montgomery, somewhat in his earlier, perky phase, is the husband, a husband who designs yachts and who demands that his wife give up the glories of her profession—she is a theatrical agent, a drawer-up of contracts for actors—and move with him to the salt air of New Bedford. This scandalous insistence of his precipitates divorce action, and the beautiful wife (Virginia Bruce) is further outraged to discover that her improvident husband actually intends to accept alimony from her. Needless to say, the spectator never believes this shocking behavior of the husband's. It is clearly a trick. He is far too noble an American to descend so low and lend the story such a vulgar suggestion as that. If you come forth from your snooze during any instant of the altercation on the screen, you won't find any irregularities to keep you awake. Only the worldly cackles of Binnie Barnes as a blonde siren, interrupting the general monotony of domestic argument, provoke a giggle, but the director has seen fit to subdue Miss Barnes for the most part in honor of solemn discussion. It runs on, this discussion, something like an hour and a half before the wife appreciates the true values of things, endorses the old-fashioned regime, and moves to New Bedford, where doubtless she still is, busy with a chowder.

THEN there's the South Sea item. This time it's called "Her Jungle Love," and it runs true to form in every

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
"A DRAMATIC TORNADO."
—COLEMAN, MIRROR
OF MICE AND MEN
A new play by JOHN STEINBECK
Directed by GEO. S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX 45 St. W. of B'way
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE M. COHAN
in a New Musical Revue
I'D RATHER BE RIGHT
by GEO. S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS & LORENZ HART
ALVIN Theatre. 52 St. West of B'way
Easter Wk. Mats. Mon., Wed. & Sat.

THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
A Comedy
by MOSS HART & GEO. KAUFMAN
BOOTH Theatre. 45 St. West of B'way
Easter Wk. Mats. Mon., Wed. & Sat.

ED WYNN
In the New Musical Hit
HOORAY FOR WHAT!
with Paul HAAKON
Vivian VANCE
and Dorothy STONE
& Charles COLLINS
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50
St. Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
$1 to $2.50

MILTON SHUBERT presents
A NEW COMEDY by IAN HAY
BACHELOR BORN
with FREDERICK LEISTER
LYCEUM THEATRE, 45 St., E. of B'way, Evs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40
3 Mats. Easter Week: Mon., Wed. & Sat.

"Glittering, smart, fascinating. Immensely amusing."—*John Anderson, Journal-Amer.*
MAX GORDON presents 2ND YEAR
THE WOMEN
Comedy Hit by CLARE BOOTHE. Cast of 40—all women
Ethel Barrymore Th., W. 47 St.
Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Extra Matinee Friday, April 22

"One of the best musical shows of the year . . . witty, fresh"—*Atkinson, Times*
"PINS AND NEEDLES"
HIT REVUE OF THE SEASON
NEW YORK. Labor Stage—Evenings: 8:40; 106 W. 39th St. Bryant 9-1163. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
PHILA. Chestnut St. Opera House—Begins April 18th; 1021 Chestnut St. Walnut 4111. Every Eve.—Mat. Thurs. & Sat.

VICTOR PAYNE-JENNINGS presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
In "WHITEOAKS"
by Mazo de la Roche
HUDSON THEA., 44 St. E. of B'way
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
EASTER WK. MATS. Mon., Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

"Very funny if you know Hollywood; funny enough if you don't."
—*Benchley, The New Yorker*
SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE LOT
RITZ THEA. W. 48th St. Eves. 8:40
Mats. WED. & SAT., 2:40
Performance Every Sunday Evg.

3 GEORGE ABBOTT HITS!

WHAT A LIFE
By Clifford Goldsmith
BILTMORE
West 47th St. • Mats. Thurs. and Sat.

BROTHER RAT
by John Monks Jr. and Fred F. Finklehoffe
AMBASSADOR
West 49th St. • Mats. Wed. and Sat.

ROOM SERVICE
by John Murray and Allen Boretz
CORT
West 48th St. • Mats. Wed. and Sat.

GILBERT MILLER presents
INA CLAIRE
"Once Is Enough"
By FREDERICK LONSDALE
with HUGH WILLIAMS & VIOLA KEATS
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 W. 43 St.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Thurs. and Sat. 2:40
3 Matinees Easter Week: WED., THURS. & SAT.

A GROUP THEATRE PRODUCTION
"A MOST WORTHWHILE EVENING IN THE THEATRE."
—PAUL MUNI
GOLDEN BOY
by CLIFFORD ODETS
BELASCO Thea. 44 St. E. of B'way—Br. 9-5100
Easter Wk. Mats. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat.

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN presents
ON BORROWED TIME
"Nothing so original and jovial has turned up on our stages for a long time." Atkinson, Times.
By Paul Osborn, from Lawrence Edward Watkin's novel
with DUDLEY DIGGES
DOROTHY STICKNEY · FRANK CONROY · PETER HOLDEN
LONGACRE W. 48 St. Evs. 8:45. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Seats 16 weeks advance. Mail Orders filled

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In Technicolor!
"THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES"
with EDGAR BERGEN and "CHARLIE McCARTHY"
plus
"JURY'S SECRET"
83rd & Para. Apr. 14-20
Others Apr. 14-18

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
HELD OVER • SECOND WEEK
GARY COOPER
IN "The Adventures of MARCO POLO"
Produced by Samuel Goldwyn
GALA STAGE REVUE • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Robert MONTGOMERY
Virginia BRUCE
in "THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS"
An M-G-M Picture
CAPITOL BROADWAY at 51st STREET

detail, with its local beauty in her smart sarong (Dorothy Lamour), one stranded aviator (handsome), his friend (comic), the tribal chieftain of infinite culture and complete villainy, savages and their secret rites, crocodiles, and one friendly gorilla, who gets tight. In the film, jungle love seems to have a certain suburban gentility about it which would hardly make a long trip worth while. The difficulties of these tropical attachments, different as they are from those studied in "The First Hundred Years," may also discourage tourists, for in this picture the lovers and the comic, too, would have been thrown to the crocodiles by the natives had not the whole island exploded, so to speak, or at least had not the volcano of the place all at once erupted—a fortunate and somewhat showy solution of the problem.

OF course we have a costume piece, a historical morsel. That other "Pimpernel" picture must have been a success, as the British have decided to give us "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," but they have not bothered this time to employ any actors of talent. The Scarlet Pimpernel, for his period a sort of "parlor pink," though on the other side of the fence, was that young Englishman who fought the tyrants of the French Revolution and assisted the gentry to flee Robespierre's guillotine. In this sequel to the original, he goes back to Paris, in the midst of the knitting and the killing, and his wife is captured and run to prison, and there is a turmoil of intrigue, and there are moments when every head in the film seems in danger. All of which is not in the least exciting, somehow or other. For one thing, I am afraid there are too many false noses in the piece. He is a great one, this Pimpernel, for the clever disguise which fools everybody except the audience every time. It's all just a little too easy to be much fun.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

Sometimes the bladderwort has roots and sometimes it has none, but this matters little, since it floats about from place to place, borne up by its tiny bladders.
—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal.*

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•

For 14 years he was stewed on boats operated by the Michigan Alkali Company.—*Down River Press, Wyandotte, Mich.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

PARIS, APRIL 7

ONE of the reasons the contemporary French theatre has seemed flat is that French life has been highly dramatic. In the past few strained years there have been funnier and sadder things in the daily French front page and front parlor than a playwright could invent in a month of Sundays. In "Le Corsaire," Marcel Achard's remarkable new play at the Théâtre de l'Athénée, the author has eclectically chosen to offer the one element which French real life now never gives anybody even a smell of—romanticism. The play is therefore a relief and a hit.

It's also complicated. It's a play within a play, as is the style today; deals with a suspension of the time sense, as has been the mode for some years; and features a hero and heroine who, in their modern incarnation, are supposed to be Hollywood stars, a fashion Parisians perennially admire. On top of this, the development of the drama consists of three versions of the central theme—the love of an eighteenth-century colonial corsair for a duke's daughter, whom he kills to prove his love. Version A is the real tale of the real corsair; version B is the Hollywood filming of the historical yarn; version C is the psychic and physical duplicative effect the love tale has on the love lives of the two movie stars playing the parts. The first half of the first act seems long; the rest of the play seems all too short, in that, for only two hours, it makes one believe in the endless destiny of personal love. Louis Jouvet, as the swashbuckling corsair, has a part that fits him like his elegant black tights. That the corsair's name is Kid Jackson, nearly two hundred years before sporting gents ever used the sobriquet, is a French anachronism which perhaps adds to the general charm. Madeleine Ozeray (Jouvet's new leading lady, who is now taking all the rôles once played in the troupe by Valentine Tessier) gives to the part of the noble's daughter that daft delicacy which has made her recent career. Christian Bérard modestly proved that he is the most talented French scenist by designing rising and falling mechanized sets whose rude magic is more necessary to the

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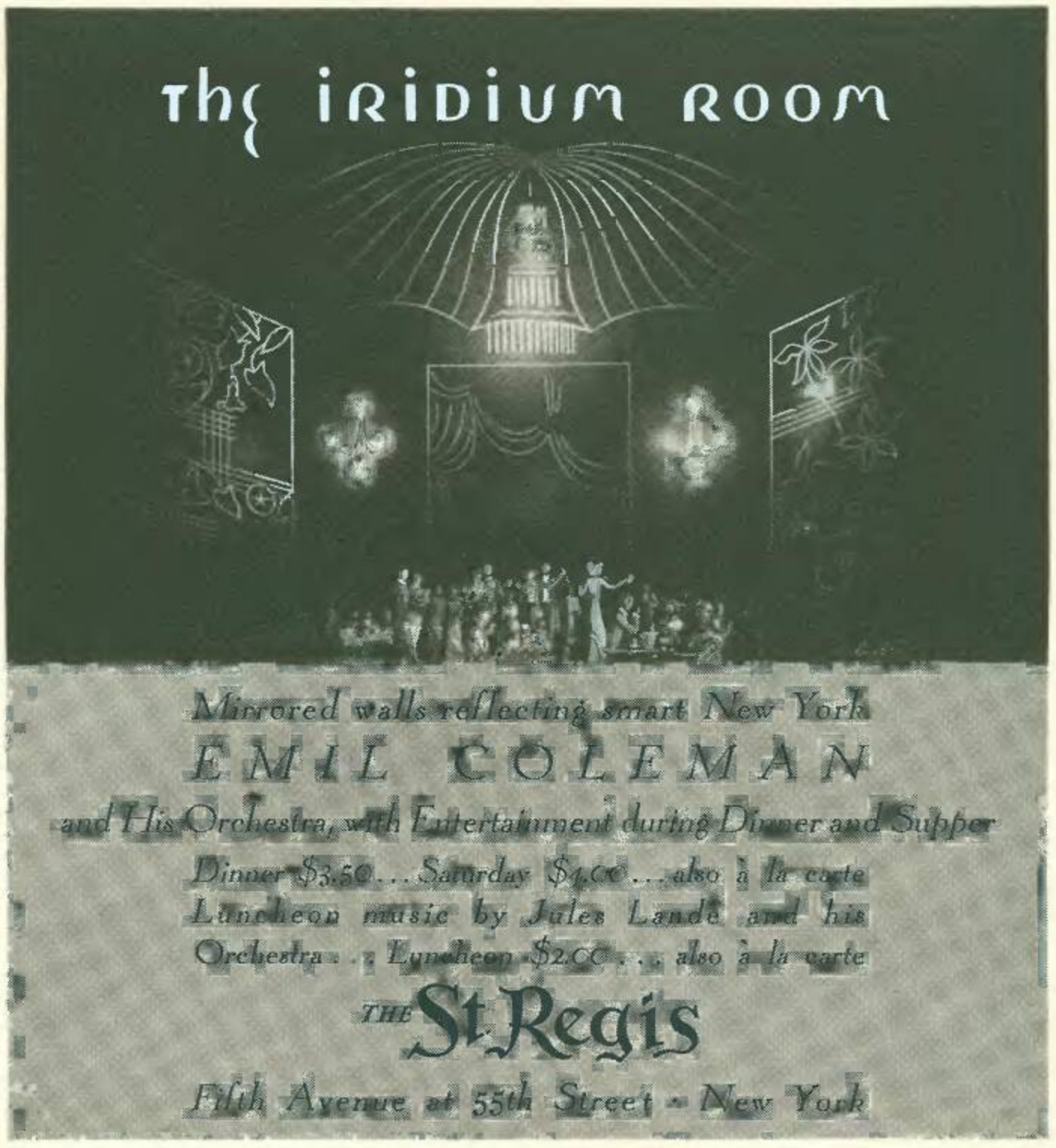
play than pretty décors. It's to be noted that in his mobile sets Bérard scorns electrical power. He has revived the so-called infernal machines which Louis XIV enjoyed in his Versailles theatre, where, as at the Athénée, the machinery operates entirely by rope, lead counterweights, and the muscles of men's arms. The system still works fine.

The *répétition générale* of "Le Corsaire" had a gaiety and grandeur Paris is rarely sees nowadays, with most of the literary, social, and artistic celebrities present and dressed to beat the band.

SINCE Miss Gertrude Stein's collection of pictures practically ranks as one of Paris's private modern museums, it's of interest to report that she and her canvases have moved from her famous Montparnasse salon on the Rue de Fleurus to a remarkable seventeenth-century Latin Quarter flat formerly occupied by Queen Christina of Sweden and still containing her original wall *boiseries* and her reading cabinet. The move was a good thing, since the moving men had to count up for Miss Stein what she had never bothered to inventory. According to them, her collection today includes one hundred and thirty-one canvases, including five Picassos which are still in the china closet. Ninety-nine of the pictures are hung. The salon alone contains four major masterpieces—Cézanne's and Picasso's portraits of Miss Stein, Picasso's "Full Length Nude" (rose period) and his famous "Girl with Basket of Flowers." It also has two *natures mortes* by Braque and nineteen smaller Picassos, including four perfectly matched heads of the 1913 Cubist period, rare in their unity. The only new painter whose works Miss Stein is enthusiastically acquiring is the young English artist Sir Francis Rose, who has been recently working in China and is now in New York.

With European monies and industrial values ruinously fluctuating, important modern art, if bought early and modestly rather than belatedly and dearly, is still the gilt-edged investment here. Of the twenty good Renoirs now available for purchase in Paris, a "Baigneuses" is priced at $40,000 and a small study of peaches is offered for $18,000, which is a lot for fruit. There are only four important Cézannes on the private market, the finest being "Les Stacks" (a study of chimneys), which Cézanne's son asks one million and a half francs for. Cézanne's son is known as just that—Cézanne Fils—



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and lives with his children and grandchildren in a nice bourgeois flat across from the Montparnasse station. The grandchildren have installed an electric train on the *foyer* floor, which makes it difficult for visitors to get in and see the treasures. These are some large early panels painted by Cézanne at Aix and apparently never exhibited: a "Self-Portrait," a "Picture of a Mountain," and a splendid "Portrait of Cézanne's Wife" by Renoir. Outside the front door the Cézanne grandchildren have put up a homemade sign which says in French, "This Is Not Where the Dentist Lives." The other family joke is that old Cézanne's grandson, who is a painter, paints not like his grandfather but like Renoir.

BECAUSE the Sino-Japanese war was newer, the Spanish war months ago was subordinated to it by American editors. Ever since the Spanish trouble began twenty months ago, it has never ceased to be on the French front pages, because it has never ceased to be next door, and a frightening, perfect example of the Left and Right hostility which France itself suffered from without coming to bloodshed, or even a definite decision. Crapulous wars are not novelties in Europe, yet the Spanish affair has been unique in history for its hypocrisies, for the solemn, comical, lying statements bandied back and forth between non-Iberian governments which haven't known how to laugh—or cry. The grave question for France all along has been: who will win, and will they, by contagion, move France toward the winning Left or Right? Now that Franco seems to be well on his march to the sea, the French are still wondering if Hitler or Stalin would have been a greater threat, both out of their orbits, beyond the Pyrenees. In the end, the answer will have to be given France by a couple of other historical men—say, Danton and Mirabeau.

—GENÊT

•

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[*From the Times*]

Bruised by falling stones and the rushing waters and suffering from shock and exposure, Mrs. Troy and a companion, Mrs. Vincent Morgan, wife of the attorney for the Flood Control District, reached the mouth of the canyon today and related their experiences.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

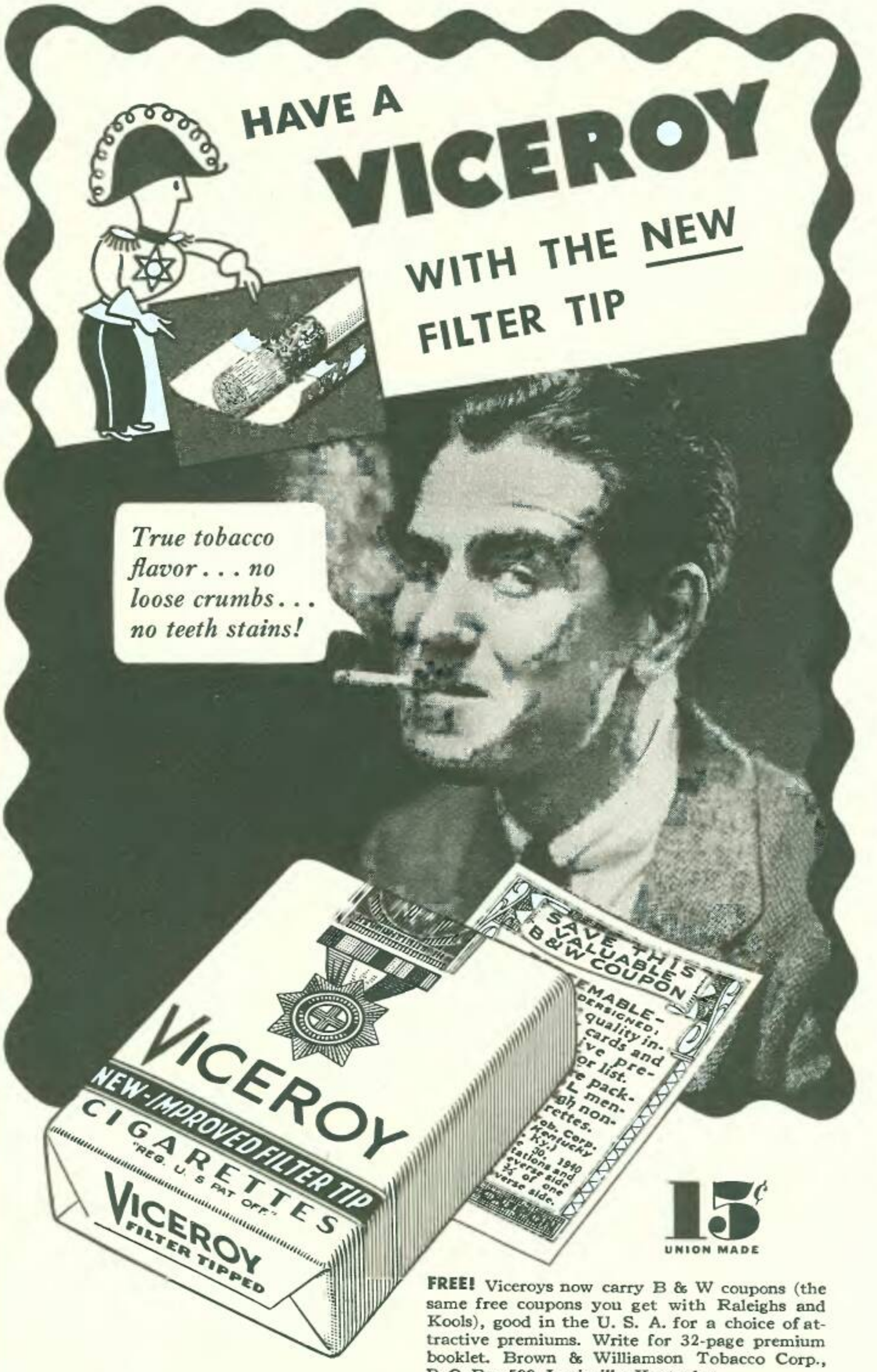
Josef Hofmann—More American Music

A METROPOLITAN conductor, who likes epigrams when he isn't conducting Wagner, once observed, "There are a thousand ways of doing a thing right. There's only one way of doing it wrong." Some such apothegm would explain the extraordinary freshness of Josef Hofmann's pianism. Mr. Hofmann, who spent his weekend in Carnegie Hall, giving two recitals of the same program, apparently has a thousand ways of playing every composition he offers. All of them are right, too.

There is no standardized Hofmann interpretation of Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata or Chopin's F-minor ballade. As one group of Hofmann enthusiasts says, he "spontanes." Apparently he has no end of ideas about any given piece of music, and they're always good ones—provided that it's Mr. Hofmann who puts them into effect. Mr. Hofmann's playing can't be duplicated, perhaps even by Mr. Hofmann; and one evidence of his genius is that after fifty years at the piano he retains his curiosity about music and declines to accept ready-made patterns of performance.

JOHN BARBIROLLI, who is becoming a one-man Friends of New Music, continued his ministrations to the native product by introducing the second piano concerto of Abram Chasins. Mr. Chasins, a remarkable pianist, writes effective and playable piano music by second nature, or perhaps even by first nature, and his concerto is grateful stuff for the soloist and easy to listen to. His orchestral writing is solid—too, too solid sometimes—and if the concerto isn't a ponderable effort, it has the uncommon virtue of not being ponderous.

THERE is something of a vogue for the music of Samuel Barber, a young American musician represented recently at Philharmonic-Symphony events by his overture for "The School for Scandal," and on the N.B.C. Symphony's broadcasts by his Symphony in One Movement. Somewhat earlier, the Curtis String Quartet brought to town Mr. Barber's String Quartet; and



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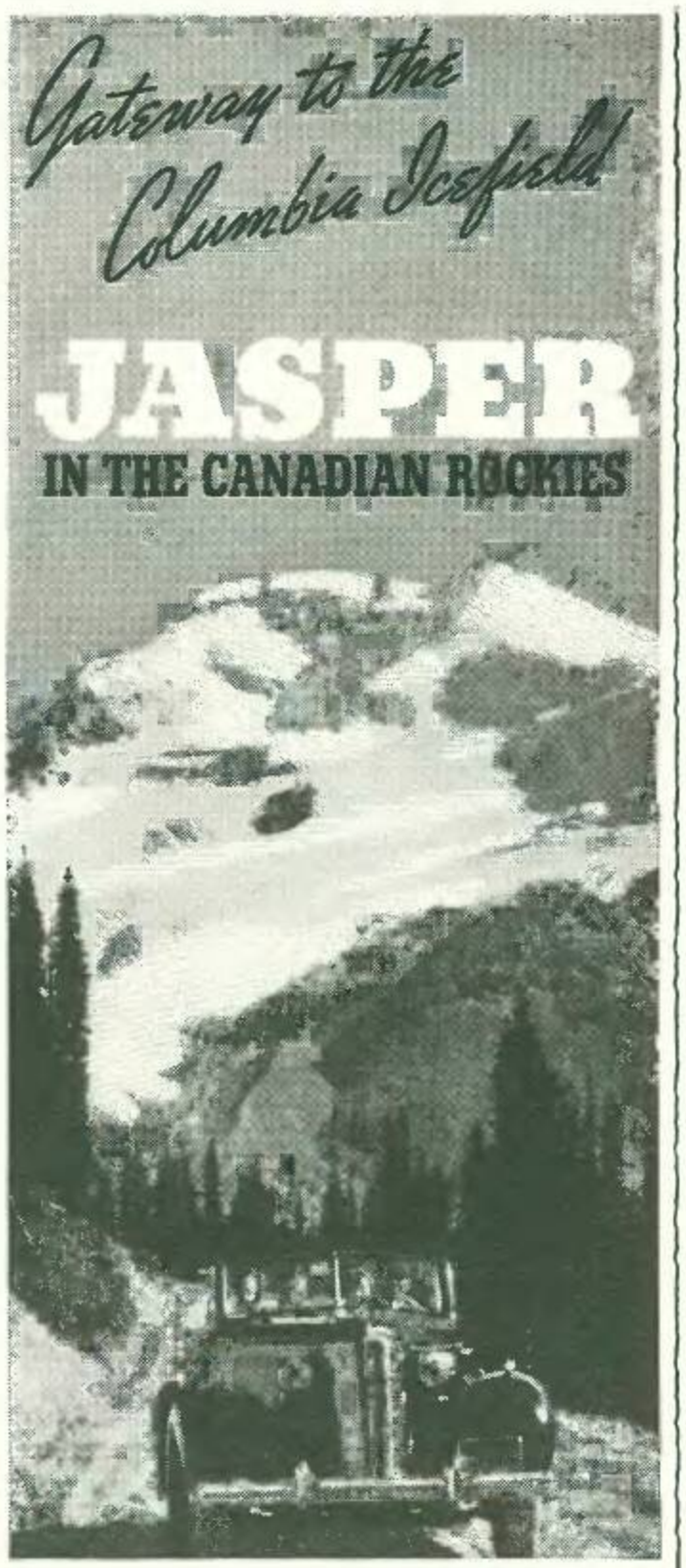

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the demonstrations of the Barber output haven't been confined to this city.

Mr. Barber is a serious composer (even his overture for Sheridan's comedy has contemplative connotations), and seriousness isn't always a hopeful symptom in a young musician. Mr. Barber, however, has no phony pontificality about him. If some of his music is determindedly austere, it's because that's the way he feels it. Whatever he writes is a natural expression of his musical thought, and he has a sure-handed technique in scoring his ideas.

Of course, any number of conductors can be wrong about a composer, but I don't think that the maestri who are producing Barber music are wrong about Samuel Barber. He hasn't yet arrived, at the age of twenty-eight, but before long there are going to be arguments about who discovered him.

LAST week there was a memorial concert of compositions by Henry Hadley, reminding us that Hadley was not only a musician who wrote skillfully but also a man who put in many good strokes for American composers at a time when American-made music was about as respected as American-made Rembrandts. As a conductor, he was a champion of other native composers.

As a composer, he was astonishingly versatile and prolific. He could write any sort of music to order, almost while you waited. Much of this material served its purpose and was forgotten a little later. Still, his huge catalogue contains much that deserves hearings; and as Hadley's music always was the work of a sound craftsman, a professional, in the best sense, it will remain in the repertoire of many artists.

MOZART'S "Abduction from the Seraglio," silent hereabouts for about a decade, had a revival at the Juilliard School, and many of the young singers emerged creditably in their adventures with a score that is celebrated for its vocal difficulties. Albert Stoessel and Robert Lawrence treated the pretty terrible story to sensible English dialogue and lyrics, and the unpretentious staging helped to make the plot agreeably unobtrusive. The visitors loved the scene in which a fat man becomes drunk precipitately, proving that there are typical opera audiences uptown as well as at the Metropolitan.

Under the able direction of Mr. Stoessel, the Juilliard orchestra did well by Mozart's music. It is spotty Mozart, but the best spots are superb.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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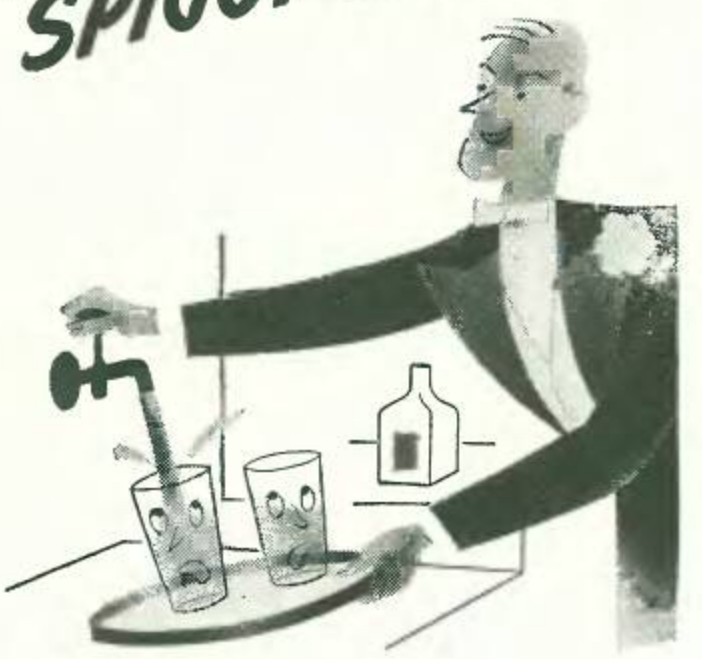

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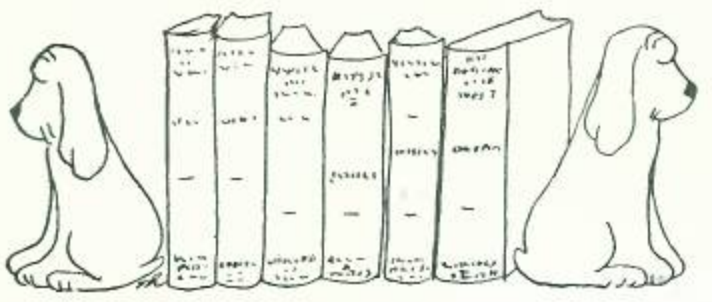

IN 412 A.D., with the old Roman order in dissolution, the Bishop of Hippo sat down, in a fine mood of mingled gloom and exaltation, to write his "City of God." Judging mankind as utterly corrupt (you couldn't blame him much at the time), Augustine projected his idealism into a distant future when at last the realm of the Divine would be established. Today our social order seems to be cracking too, and a new horde of barbarians knocks at the gates. The similarity of circumstances has produced an analogous book, for Lewis Mumford's "The Culture of Cities" might well be called "The City of Man." Unlike Augustine, Mr. Mumford sees in his contemporaries an impulse toward construction no less than one toward destruction. The barbarians may be almost upon us, but that does not prevent him from singling out the emergent patterns that point the way to a purely human city of the immediate future. "The City of God" was a synthesis of history and the Christian vision; "The Culture of Cities" is a synthesis of history, practical social thinking, and the humane, or what Mr. Mumford would call the biotechnic, vision. By the degree to which we absorb his book and its equally noble predecessor, "Technics and Civilization," we may in a sense measure the intensity of our hatred of barbarism.

"The Culture of Cities" is even better than "Technics and Civilization." Aristotle's dictum forms starting point and terminus: "Men come together in cities in order to live; they remain together in order to live the good life." In 493 pages of lucid and measured prose Mr. Mumford describes the manner in which we have come together in cities, explains why the good life has not yet been attained, and charts, with the keen vision of a social engineer, the means lying at our very doorstep by which we may attain it. A magnificent theme, an impressive formulation of that magnificent theme. For us New Yorkers, who live in one of the most wonderful and horrifying of cities, this book holds a special meaning.

The first chapter (there are seven in all, finely illustrated) is one of the most fascinating. It deals with the medieval town. The medieval town was an organism bounded by a wall. It grew out of the tenth-century need for a feeling of security. No Chesterton and no rosy-spectacled guild socialist, Mr. Mumford nevertheless sees in the medieval town a valid culture form. It was made for men, for citizens. It was hygienically laid out, it was well built, its industry was well managed, all by contrast with the octopus city of the nineteenth century. Then, with the advent of the Renaissance, with the growth of strong national states, with the rise of predatory politics, we get the baroque city. The religious procession gives way to the military parade. The guild gives way to the court. The "capital" emerges, the absolute city, a means of centralizing political power. The town is no longer dominated by the cathedral and the market square but by the requirements of the army and the bureaucracy. The city becomes a show place, a silent salesman, a method of discrediting the products of the provinces. Still, along with this baroque norm we note significant, forward-looking mutations from the norm, of which the post-Renaissance Dutch town and our own New England village are the most inspiring.

The industrial revolution now creates "the insensate industrial town," Coketown, a degeneration even from the frozen and autocratic baroque city. Go to Pittsburgh, go to Wheeling; Coketown, though recessive, is still with us. Coketown is really a non-city, built not for man but for the machine. Its drama is not the religious procession of Ghent or Bruges, not the military parade or the shopping parade of baroque Paris, but the lockout, the strike, the picket line, and the frenzies of municipal "politics." Its philosophy is utilitarianism; its symbols are the mine and the railroad; it produces that horror, the city "block." It finds its escape from its own destructive environment in the romantic suburb and the landscaped park, mutations which again point the way to a better future.

After Coketown, Megalopolis: modern Paris, Berlin, New York, London. "The big city becomes the prestige symbol for the whole civilization." Its marks are monopoly capitalism, credit finance, pecuniary prestige. It standardizes blight. It furthers congestion for purposes of profit, though that very congestion in the end endangers that very profit. Eventually Megalopolis becomes a decivilizing agent, producing a depleted environment, barren of light, air, activity, health. Its unluckier citizens become *wantless* human beings, finding "vicarious vitality" in the radio, the motion picture, the demagogue, and window-shopping.

Drawing on the terminology of his master, Sir Patrick Geddes, Mr. Mumford sets down for us "a brief outline of Hell." First we have Eopolis, the simple village community. Then Polis, an association of such villages. Then Metropolis, "the mother-city." Then Meg-

SAROYAN on LOVE

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alopolis, the triumph of mechanism you and I are now enjoying. From Megalopolis one path leads to decay, to Tyrannopolis, the Fascist city of the possible immediate future—Rome, Berlin. Then war, disaster: Nekropolis, the city of the dead. Beyond Nekropolis, nothing. Where now is Thebes?

But Nekropolis is not inevitable. Mr. Mumford, while he uses in part the fruitful method of Spenglerian thought, rejects its rigid, sentimental pessimism. All about us lie the possibilities of renewal, of the more abundant life. To these possibilities of renewal Mr. Mumford devotes the latter half of his book.

Briefly, his argument consists in a plea for "regionalism," not to be confused with narrow sectionalism. The new unit of economic and cultural life is to be the balanced region, not the shapeless giantism of Megalopolis. Big cities will continue to exist, but not life-choking mechanical infernos like London or New York or Chicago. "Technics based on the culture of life," which can transform our unbalanced power-state into a "service-state," are already available. The closing sequences of Pare Lorentz's magnificent picture "The River" give us a glimpse of what a regional economy might be like. Radburn, in New Jersey, and the garden cities of England point the way to a true urbanity. The parkway system of our own Westchester is a heart-stirring portent of the future, just as the imbecile hypertrophy of the Empire State Building is a reminder of a dying present. Mr. Mumford's demonstration of the possibilities, the politics, the social basis of the new urban and regional order does not yield to casual summary. I assure you it is exciting and not in the least Utopian. We are, it seems, on the brink of stepping into an order based on the needs of the whole human being, not on that of the machine. Mr. Mumford gives you a thrilling sense of the imminence of the adventure into that future, an adventure for which we Americans, blessed by our geography and our profound technical intuition, are peculiarly equipped.

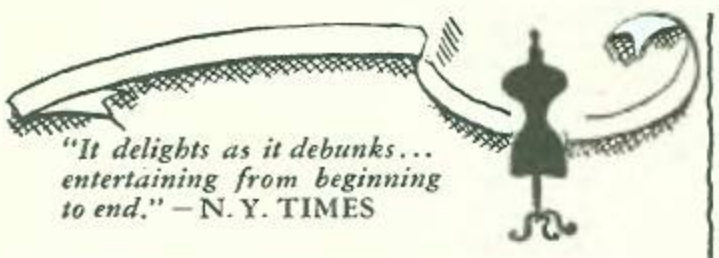
Such are the bare bones of "The Culture of Cities." The living flesh is more important, but that, too, does not allow of rapid summary. We look about us. We see museum, zoo, park, pleasure resort, fair, salon, parkway, boulevard, department store, slum, tenement, hotel, factory. What are the origins of these things, what is their history, what is their future? With such matters "The Culture of Cities" concerns itself. It does not disdain to trace the career of toilet paper. It is not too timid to discuss the influence of various types of city living upon the technique of sexual intercourse. A book about the whole life of men in the mass, it seeks to explore "what the modern world may hold for mankind once men of good will have learned to subdue the barbarous mechanisms and the mechanized barbarisms that now threaten the very existence of civilization."

W. L. White, who will doubtless soon get good and tired of having reviewers refer to him as the son of William Allen White,* has written a first novel that may go places. Put down "What People Said" as a level-headed, level-voiced study of Midwestern small-town life. It is "Middletown" translated into action and dialogue, furbished up with a plot revolving around a financial scandal, and transferring to the plane of drama both Middletown's folksy virtues and philistine vices. Though Mr. White has quite a distance to travel before he can come within even loud-speaker distance of Sinclair Lewis, his book earns him at once a place—about middle of the form—in the school of which the author of "Babbitt" remains head boy.

Mr. White's Athena, Oklarada, might be any fair-sized town in any Midwestern state. Charles Aldington Carrough, the progressive editor, is a national figure. His son, relentlessly called Junior throughout the story, bids fair to follow in his footsteps. The Carrough family is Athena at its best: generous, civic-minded, cautiously liberal. The Norssexes, the Carroughs' best friends, are somewhat different. Isaac Norssex, a kind of Insull in miniature, is a public-utilities plunger and a rather speculative banker. Lee, his son, goes the old man one better and becomes a forger of bonds. The repercussions of the Norssex scandals on the respectable Carroughs and gradually on the whole town form the matrix of the book.

About all one can say is that Mr. White knows his Athena and his Oklarada, from the boys who stick around Davie Hughes' drugstore to the funny doings in the State Legislature, from civic drives to Ku Klux Klan meetings, from bonus politics to front-porch scandalmongering. He gets it all in and you feel it's true. Of course you've come across Athena in other books, and you felt it was true in those other books, too. But Mr. White, in his sober, systematic

*W. L. White is the son of William Allen White.



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way, seems to cover the ground more thoroughly. He used to work on his father's newspaper and apparently has not forgotten how to catch every angle of a story.

There seems to me one major defect of characterization that weakens the impact of "What People Said." The Norssexes, father and son, are such obvious heels and muckers even before they become out-and-out crooks that you wonder why the Carroughs keep on putting up with them and even helping them almost to the bitter end. Mr. White suggests that both old Norssex and Lee have a special charm that fools the townsfolk, but it certainly doesn't operate on the reader.

One other trouble: the book is just about twice as long as it need be. Mr. White is a master at rendering the flat, repetitious monotony of the Midwestern vernacular. But enough is enough. Everybody, and particularly Lee Norssex, says everything three or four times. No doubt that's the way folks talk in Athena, but art isn't life, as Goethe and others have remarked, and there's no reason we should put up with bores whom we'd walk away from in actuality. If Mr. White would simply cut every one of his conversations in half—some of them might be cut three-quarters—his novel would gain the movement and pace it now lacks.

Except for these two strictures, "What People Said" seems a sound, common-sense job, as far as it goes, and a lot of people ought to get from it the emotion of recognition that makes this kind of realistic novel popular.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

SCHOLARS in the new world will have one full-sized task cut out for them: they must explain how, in the blanketing materialism of our time, any interest in or allegiance to natural mysteries managed to persist. That great artists held to these mysteries in the twentieth century in spite of everything will no doubt give future commentators pause. For they will be faced by the works of Thomas Mann, Rainer Maria Rilke, and William Butler Yeats, three men who went to the history of the human spirit (that spirit which always says the same things in much the same way, but never very clearly) for their lessons.

The three plays collected in Yeats' new volume, "The Herne's Egg," can roughly be described as "mystery plays." They are written in the form which

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Yeats has spent years in perfecting. Based on the Japanese no drama, this form is not usually, as Yeats develops it, intended for the stage at all but for presentation in a room before a small audience. The plays, reduced to dramatic essentials, are intended for musicians and dancers as well as for speakers. Yeats, working with artists, musicians, and actors, has refined his dramatic vehicle to the barest elements of music, movement, and speech.

So these late plays do not in any degree resemble the rather sentimental dramas Yeats composed in the first days of the Irish Dramatic Movement, to back up the cause of Irish art and Irish Nationalism. Causes of any sort concern Yeats no longer. In fact, he has on occasion deliberately increased "the fantasy, the extravagance and the obscurity" of his songs so that "no party might sing them." "The Herne's Egg," "A Full Moon in March," and "The King of the Great Clock Tower" are certainly obscure, with a legendary obscurity which transcends mere allegory. Yeats has even rendered, in the last two works, the same legend—that of a queen who dances with a severed head—in two ways. The "plot" is the mystical thread, the poetry itself the substance. "The Herne's Egg" (subtitled "A Stage Play") comes closer to outright parable. Those who look closely into it can find bitter, sardonic comment on Irish history and character.

The poetry, some of which has already been published, continues to be magnificent. Weighted song in the great tradition rises out of the cruel themes. Yeats has come a long distance from the sentimental dreams of his youth. He now belongs in the company of those poets who, in age, have been willing to approach the nightmare "mysteries" lying at the heart of life. —Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Daughter, by Bessie Breuer. Two women in love. One is a divorced wife on the edge of middle age, still attractive, looking for something to replace the security of husband and home. The other is her daughter, the victim of her parents' separation and an overdose of psychoanalysis and "modern" ideas. A powerful, penetrating, and disturbing book, not completely resolved.

These Bars of Flesh, by T. S. Stribling. A Southern politician exposed to the intellectual lunacies of a great Northern university. If, as his pub-

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lishers say, Mr. Stribling intended to write a satire, he is too close to caricature. If he intended caricature, he should have been sharper and funnier. As it is, he is confused when he is not merely pretty silly. Universities, large or small, doubtless have their share of freaks and charlatans. A shrewd representation of this might be, if not news, nevertheless both readable and amusing. Mr. Stribling, by introducing all sorts of complications from sex to spiritualism, some of the time is neither.

THE PAST MUST ALTER, by Albert J. Guerard. A first novel by a very young man, hailed in advance as "promising" by several respectable critics. In fact, a sharp and sensitive account of the relationship of a boy with his parents—a father he loves, a mother he must take care of. Mr. Guerard writes in a clear and pleasant style, is rather too generous with his plot, is sometimes melodramatic. At his best, he is impressively good.

ON SARPY CREEK, by Ira Stephens Nelson. Sarpy Creek is in Montana. Mr. Nelson's characters are mostly farmers, his story is the simple chronicle of their births, marryings, deaths, trials, and successes. Faintly reminiscent of Elizabeth Madox Roberts' "The Time of Man," but Miss Roberts has more bite. Mr. Nelson's folks are almost too hard-working, too neat, too forgiving, and too humorless.

THE MORTAL STORM, by Phyllis Bottome. Another novel of Germany today. In one family Miss Bottome combines most of the dissident elements in the Nazi state—Jewish father, aristocratic gentile mother, Nazi sons, daughter with a Communist lover. You know the story, but it cannot fail to be affecting.

VILLAGE TALE, by John deMeyer. About a minister's son, a misfit in the Maine fishing village in which he lives, and his adventures when a girl from New York appears. Told in an odd, clipped style, with a plot that doesn't bear much thinking about, and with admirable local color. The fish, the water breaking against the rocks, the village store, the cantankerous natives are all real. Worth the time, anyway, if you like Maine weather.

BLOW FOR A LANDING, by Ben Lucien Burman. The author of "Steamboat 'Round the Bend" tells another tale of the Mississippi, or rather a series of tales, with a good deal of river flavor and rich humor mixed with river tragedy. Mr. Burman evidently knows his subject; if he could grasp

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GENERAL

FAREWELL TO SPORT, by Paul Gallico. Mr. Gallico, for over a decade one of the most intelligent of the sports-writers, offers his *vale*. He sets down some candid impressions of Dempsey, Ruth, Helen Wills, Carnera, Bobby Jones, Tunney, Rickard, the amateur racket, baseball, tennis, the *Schweinerei* of the prizefight business, racing, golf, Negro athletes, female performers, the complete hypocrisy of college football, etc. Knowledgeable stuff and—though this may not be Mr. Gallico's purpose—it does not leave you with an overweening respect for American sport.

GLASS HOUSES: TEN YEARS OF FREE-LANCING, by Carleton Beals. Not, regrettably, one of Mr. Beals' best books. A hodgepodge, often interesting but not especially penetrating, of yarns and impressions derived from his experiences as a journalist in Mexico, Spain, and Italy. Might have been another "Personal History" if Mr. Beals had thought it through carefully beforehand.

WOMAN ON HORSEBACK, by William E. Barrett. The disastrous story of nineteenth-century Paraguay, its dictator, Francisco Lopez, and his mistress, Eliza Lynch. Mr. Barrett takes full advantage of the inherent melodrama. He believes Lopez has been much maligned by other historians.

THE MEMOIRS OF JULIAN HAWTHORNE, edited by his wife, Edith Garrigues Hawthorne. Intimate reminiscences of the days of the flowering of New England. Many amusing anecdotes of the Concord group, some valuable ones about the author's famous father. Very discursive.

THE BOY DAVID, by J. M. Barrie. The text of Barrie's last play, which failed so sadly in London with Bergner in the title rôle. In a long, earnest preface, Harley Granville-Barker does his best to emphasize its virtues.

FORT SUMTER, by DuBose Heyward and Herbert Ravenel Sass. Descriptions of the two battles (there was one in 1863, too) round about the famous fort. The material is adapted from parts of two previous novels by Mr. Heyward and Mr. Sass.

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