Feb. 4, 1939

THE NEW YORKER

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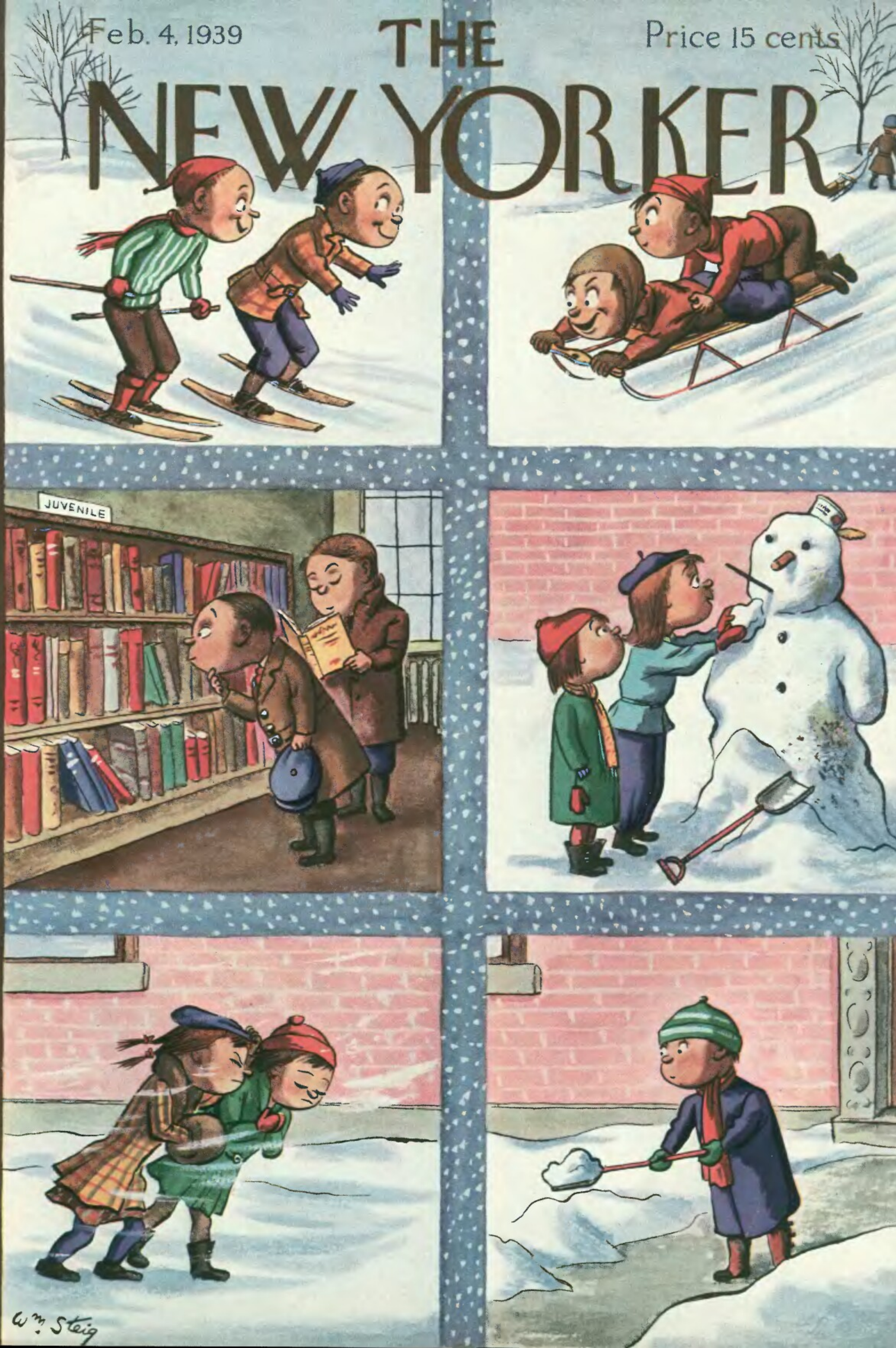

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AMERICAN ENKA CORPORATION, 271 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

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

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—Robert E. Sherwood's fine, honest description of Lincoln's life in the thirty years before the Civil War. Especially noteworthy for Raymond Massey's performance. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.)

THE AMERICAN WAY—An enormous pageant of American small-town life over the past forty-odd years, thrilling to watch and good to have on the record. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and McKay Morris head the cast. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

DEAR OCTOPUS—A typical family gathering among the English gentry, with highly pleasant small talk and some nice philosophizing. A touch on the tenuous side, however. Lucile Watson, Lillian Gish, and Jack Hawkins. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

THE GENTLE PEOPLE—Brooklyn as the scene of a good melodrama which involves two mild gentlemen who get awfully sick of being pushed around by a gangster. Sylvia Sidney, Franchot Tone, Sam Jaffe, and Roman Bohnen. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-5100. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40.)

HERE COME THE CLOWNS—Backstage vaudeville becomes backstage Life when Philip Barry's stagehand tries to figure out What It Is All About. Slightly vague, but exciting. Eddie Dowling, Madge Evans, Leo Chalzel, and Russell Collins. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—You ought to know the farce by now, and you also ought to know how good the people are who are in it. Clifton Webb, Estelle Winwood, Hope Williams, and others. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. BR 9-0134. 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:45.)

KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE—Miss Clare Boothe, having polished off Manhattan and Nevada, moves into Connecticut and proves that terrible people live there, too. Helen Claire, Sheldon Leonard, and several others make it seem rather funnier than it is. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. 2:30.)

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS—A fine performance by Ethel Waters in a melodramatic stage version of the DuBose Heyward book of the same name, dealing with Mother Love among the colored folk. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

OSCAR WILDE—Astonishingly successful attempt to bring the fanciest of all literary figures to life. Heartily recommended, especially for Robert Morley's impressive acting. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

OUTWARD BOUND—A revival of one of the most heart-warming plays of the past two decades, too well known in theme to outline here, but worth a second (or tenth) seeing because of its production. Laurette Taylor, Florence Reed, Vincent Price, Bramwell Fletcher, and others. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Feb. 5, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

THE PRIMROSE PATH—Bawdy and hilarious farce showing home life among happy-go-lucky scum of the earth. Savors of the novel "February Hill" and is not for ingénues. Helen Westley, Betty Field, Russell Hardie, and others. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:45.)

ROCKET TO THE MOON—What happens when a middle-aged, middle-class dentist falls in love with his secretary, having a wife already. Clifford Odets has given this some of his best writing—possibly too much, but no matter. The cast includes Morris Carnovsky, Luther Adler, and Eleanor Lynn. (Windsor, 48, E. BR 9-0178. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

SPRING MEETING—Life among the horsy set in Ireland entertainingly portrayed by one of those expert English casts. Gladys Cooper, A. E. Matthews, and Jean Cadell. (Little, 44, W. LA 4-9791. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. 2:40.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Sixth year. With James Barton. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:45.)

WHAT A LIFE—Typical George Abbott comedy, involving a high-school boy who could tell Job a lot about suffering. With Ezra Stone. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-0640. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

THE WHITE STEED—A rich comedy version of the problem which the same author dealt with in "Shadow and Substance;" namely, the Irish and their Church. With Jessica Tandy, Barry Fitzgerald, and George Coulouris. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

HENRY IV, PART 1—A Maurice Evans production of the Shakespeare play, with Mr. Evans as Sir John Falstaff. Staged by Margaret Webster. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.)

WITH MUSIC

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—Don't be worried when you hear that this is based on Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors." It also has a fine Rodgers and Hart score, Jimmy Savo, and a lot of other things. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—"Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs., Feb. 2, and Wed., Feb. 8; "The Mikado," Fri., Feb. 3, and Thurs., Feb. 9; "Cox and Box" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sat., Feb. 4; "Iolanthe," Mon., Feb. 6; "The Gondoliers," Tues., Feb. 7; "The Yeomen of the Guard," Fri., Feb. 10; "Patience," Sat., Feb. 11. Presented by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:15.)

HELLZ-A-POPPIN—Olsen and Johnson have come right up out of the madhouse with as strange and wonderful a collection of vaudeville acts as you've seen since the Palace was in its heyday. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. 2:30.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—Charming is probably the word for this musical fantasy about strange doings in Budapest. Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart wrote it, and the cast includes Vera Zorina, Dennis King, Vivienne Segal, Walter Slezak, Audrey Christie, and Charles Walters. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.)

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY—Kurt Weill has written just about the year's finest music for Maxwell Anderson's comedy of old New York. Walter Huston is Peter Stuyvesant. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.)

LEAVE IT TO ME!—Your heart goes out to Victor Moore in his attempts to be discredited as Ambassador to Russia. You also feel for William Gaxton and Tamara, and Cole Porter's music. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revue presented by garment workers, which for satire, score, and general verve is better than most we have seen. Second year. (Labor Stage, 39, E. BR 9-1163. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

SET TO MUSIC—Beatrice Lillie in a show by Noel Coward which makes Miss Lillie seem at her top form and Mr. Coward less impressive. We must remember, however, that Mr. Coward wrote Miss Lillie's stuff, so both really shine. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent last-minute changes by managers.)

STARS IN YOUR EYES—A musical show about Hollywood, by J. P. McEvoy and Arthur Schwartz. Ethel Merman, Jimmy Durante, and Tamara Toumanova are in the cast. Opens Thurs., Feb. 9. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

CHINESE THEATRE GROUP—"An Evening in Cathay," a program of classical music, dances, and drama of ancient China, sponsored by the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China. Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Feb. 2-5. (Mercury, 41, E. BR 9-3688. 8:40.)

FRENCH THEATRE—Théâtre des Quatre Saisons company in Luigi Pirandello's "Chacun Sa Vérité": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., Feb. 2-3, and Sat. Aft., Feb. 4. . . . Labiche's "Les 37 Sous de Monsieur Montauboin" and Monnier's "L'Enterrement": nightly, except Sat. and Sun., for two weeks beginning Feb. 6. Mats. Wed. and Sat. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000. 8:40. Mats. 2:40.)

NAUGHTY-NAUGHT—You can sit at a table and have whatever you want while watching this revival of a drama about murder on the Old Yale Fence, or something like that. (American Music Hall, 141 E. 55. PL 3-8565. Nightly at 9:15.)

WPA PRODUCTIONS—"Big Blow," a dramatization of Theodore Pratt's novel, starring the Florida hurricane. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. CH 4-5714. 8:40. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. Sat. only, at 2:40.) . . . "Androcles and the Lion," Shaw's play, with an all-Negro cast. (Lafayette, 7 Ave. at 131. TI 5-0920. 9 o'clock. No performance Mon. Eves. Mats. Sat. only, at 2:45.) . . . "Pinocchio," a dramatization of the book. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-1361. 8:30. No performance Mon. and Tues. Eves. Mats. Sat. only, at 2:30.) . . . Three new dance presentations, with Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 2-4. (Bayes, 44, W. LA 4-3526. 9 o'clock.)

DANCE RECITALS

DANCE FOR SPAIN—Benefit for the Loyalists, with Maria Gambarelli, Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and others: Sun. Eve., Feb. 5. (Mecca Temple, 133 W. 55. CI 7-8390. 8:15.)

MORDKIN BALLET—In "Swan Lake," "Goldfish," and "Voices of Spring": Sun. Eve., Feb. 5. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5582. 8:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Dick Gasparre's and Vincent Bragale's orchestras play for dancing in the Trianon Room, which is the sort of place that is becoming to tall blondes. Dress preferred.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has Horace Heidt's orchestra furnishing some good dance music and casual entertainment.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—Newly decorated in an agreeable shade of pink, which makes it seem even more *intime* than usual. Music by George Sterney's orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Not for those who are made nervous by flashlight cameras going off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Di Vera's rumba band. Dress preferred.

EL RIO, 130 E. 58 (EL 5-8489)—This sub-tropical spot seems to be a logical choice if you like rumbas. Music by Johnny Johnson's orchestra and the El Rio band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6347)—A great stamping ground for the young married element. Music by Joseph Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—Exceptionally handy for those who live in this neighborhood, and a pleasant place anyway. Music by Hal Saunders' orchestra and Rodriguez's rumba band.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Freddie Starr and his orchestra play for dinner dancing in the Queen Elizabeth Room. Dress preferred.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (PL 3-1740)—The antic Hartmans are back in the Persian Room, and there are also songs by Adelaide Moffet and music by Jack Marshard's orchestra. Must dress (at least if you want to dance).

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—This stratospheric spot now has Mary Martin, singing after the theatre only. The other entertainers include a mimic and a trained crow, no less. Ben

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Howard Lee Cagle

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cutler's orchestra and Eddie Le Baron's rumba music. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . The McFarland Twins and their band play in the informal Rainbow Grill.

ROAD TO MANDALAY, Park at 59 (VO 5-2500)—Harry Richman presides in a veritable forest of teakwood; he also sings, and so does Neila Goodelle. Music by Joseph Rines' orchestra.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a sprightly skating show called "Entertainment on Ice;" music by Charles Baum's orchestra and Don Marton's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette Russe, you can watch an attractive little show recalling the Europe of other days and listen to Nicolas Mathey's tzigane orchestra. Mr. Mathey has a dance orchestra on hand, too. Songs by Yvonne Bouvier.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Gerry Morton leads the orchestra in the Café Lounge, and Georges Metaxa starts singing there Feb. 3.

SHERRY'S, 300 Park (PL 3-0200)—Bernie Dolan's orchestra plays for dinner dancing. Dress preferred.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—This evergreen spot has its own devoted following, which may make you feel a little left out of things until you've been a few times. Music by Richard Warren's orchestra and José Lopez's rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Panchito's rumba music is the principal attraction here, but there are also Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and (through Feb. 8) songs by Gertrude Niesen.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Glen Gray and his Casa Loma band hold forth in the informal Empire Room (dinner and supper). . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays in the Sert Room at the dinner hour, and in the Lounge Restaurant for supper.

SOME BANDS AROUND TOWN—Ben Bernie at the Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000). . . . Jimmy Dorsey at the New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000). . . . Nat Brandwynne at the Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300). . . . Basil Fomeen at the St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800). . . . Guy Lombardo at the Roosevelt, Madison at 46 (MU 6-9200). . . . Zez Confrey (during dinner weekdays; also for supper, Sat. only) at the Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (AS 4-4000). . . . Sammy Kaye at the Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000). . . . Joe Venuti at The Glass Hat, 130 E. 50 (WI 2-1200).

A few places where you can listen to swing music are: The Onyx, 62 W. 52 (WI 2-3619), with Buster Harding's orchestra; Hickory House, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524), with Joe Marsala's band, and Adele Girard at the harp; the Yacht Club, 150 W. 52 (CO 5-9811), with Jack Bocksmith's orchestra; the Famous Door, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9543), with John Kirby's band; Nick's, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-1967), with Bobby Hackett, Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, and Zutty Singleton; and Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737), with Frank Newton's orchestra, Billie Holiday, and those boogie-woogie pianists, Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis.

MISCELLANEOUS—There is no dancing at Le Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787), but you can sit around and watch some very competent entertainers from 11 P.M. on. . . . Chez Firehouse, 141 E. 55 (PL 3-8565), is a pleasant, rather easygoing downstairs spot under the American Music Hall. . . . The Gay Blades Casino, 239 W. 52 (CI 7-4177), has a big indoor skating rink with music and refreshments. . . . Mon Paris, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-9800), has music by Charlie Murray's band and the Royal Lukawella Hawaiians. . . . The Raleigh Room of the Warwick, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700), is a cozy place with a small, illuminated dance floor and Vic Piemonte's orchestra. . . . The Kit Kat Club, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543), offers Negro entertainment; music by Roy Durant's band. Better go late.

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BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE (when you feel up to it)—Billy Rose has a gay-nineties revue at the Diamond Horseshoe, 46, W. of B'way (CI 6-6500), and a variety show at his Casa Mañana, 7 Ave. at 50 (CO 5-7070). . . . The Paradise, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1080), has a colorful show and Vincent Travers' band. . . . N.T.G.'s The Midnight Sun, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50 (CI 5-8530), offers Swedish décor and cuisine, an orchestra, and a floor show. . . . Jack White and Gordon Andrew's orchestra are at the 18 Club, 18 W. 52 (EL 5-9858). . . . The Cotton Club, B'way at 48 (CI 7-1000), has Cab Calloway's orchestra and a fast-moving colored show led by the Nicholas Brothers, W. C. Handy, and the Berry Brothers.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney Gallant's, 86 University Pl. (ST 9-0209), has entertainment by Nellie Paley, Angela Velez, Frank Carter, and Arthur Bowie. . . . Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414), is a lively late spot for the sturdy.

HARLEM—The Plantation, Lenox Ave. at 142 (AU 3-9613), turns out a rambunctious show with Skeets Talbert's band. . . . You can watch the dancing and hear Erskine Hawkins' orchestra at the Savoy Ballroom, Lenox Ave. at 140 (ED 4-0271). . . . Dickie Wells, 169 W. 133 (TI 5-8945), has a hot band. Go late.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Cuban: Havana-Madrid, 1650 B'way, at 51 (CI 7-3461). . . . Russian: Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Scandinavian: Castleholm, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); Queen Mary, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313); and Garbo, 148 E. 48 (EL 5-9623). . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and Dimitri's Club Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

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

ART

ABSTRACTIONISTS—Representative show of paintings by three Americans outstanding in this field—Gallatin, Morris, and Shaw: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

AUGUSTAN PERIOD—Sculpture, bas-reliefs, pottery, and glassware in a comprehensive showing of Roman art at the beginning of the Empire: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 19.

BISHOP—Studies of shopgirls and the like by an artist as tender as a modern Greuze, as expert in draftsmanship, and as romantic: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

CAMPIGLI—Paintings, semi-abstract in manner, Etruscan in mood, and subtly delightful in color. Also, some sharply drawn mural studies by Jared French: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 7.

CHICAGO ARTISTS—Big and rather fevered show of paintings by the Chicago Society of Artists. Some good things, though. Documentary photographs by Lewis W. Hines, too: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, at 104. Tues. through Sat. 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 26.

CHINESE JADE—From 1400 B.C. to the present, including some rare and lovely examples. For the benefit of Chinese war victims: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

CLYMER—City scenes, strongly designed and solidly painted: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

CURRIER & IVES—Their prints, in a collection almost comprehensive enough to be definitive: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

DRAWINGS—Small but excellent collection by Claude Lorrain, Fragonard, Watteau, and others: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

EMMET—Some graceful small paintings of Central Park scenes, among other subjects: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

EVE—Well-selected show of paintings, strong both in color and design, by one of the Paris Primitives: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 25.

FERSTADT—Paintings and water colors, most successful when not too crowded in detail: Hudson D. Walker, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

HAUPT—Well-patterned paintings on industrial and other themes by an artist with a strong sense of color and design: A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

KUNIYOSHI AND LEVINE—The former's first show in three years contains some excellent pieces (through Feb. 11); Levine has some city scenes of remarkable maturity and power (through Feb. 4): Downtown, 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

LUTZ—Paintings of Western and Midwestern scenes by an artist with an eye for the meaning of the commonplace: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

MARCKS—First New York exhibit of bronzes by a sculptor of established repute abroad. The work shows great clarity of design and a firm sense of structure: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 18.

O'KEEFFE—Flower studies and desert subjects by one of the modern American masters: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 22.

PARKER—Water colors, rhythmic in design, of beach scenes and sea debris: Morton, 130 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

PICASSO—Ten examples of his figure painting, including the famous "The Poet." Worth seeing: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 18.

SCULPTURE—Works by members of the United American Sculptors, all vigorous and some really good: New School, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri. 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat. 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Feb. 10.

SEGONZAC—Excellent landscape studies in water color and black-and-whites: Carroll Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

VAIL—Big memorial show of paintings by an American who worked diligently, and at times quite well, in the Sargent-Chase manner: American Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 4.

VLAMINCK—Recent paintings, sombre and "atmospheric" as usual, but enlivened here by some earlier, brighter works: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

WHITNEY—Annual show of sculpture, drawings, and prints. Has its disappointments, but contains also some really excellent things: Whitney, 10 W. 8. Tues. through Fri. 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun 2 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 17.

WPA—"99 Prints" by members of the Art Project in New York; the proportion of good things among them is remarkably high: Federal Art Gallery, 225 W. 57. Mon. through Fri. 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (Thurs. 8 to 11 P.M., as well); Sat. 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; and Sun 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 8.

MISCELLANEOUS—Lithographs by Albert Hirschfeld: Morgan, 37 W. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 8. . . . Etchings and lithographs by Käthe Kollwitz: Arista, 30 Lexington, at 23. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. through Feb. 28. . . . Paintings by Harry Shokler: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 4. . . . Memorial show of paintings and water colors by Walter Gay: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . Exhibition of sculptural competition models for Federal projects: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri. 2 to 5 P.M., and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat. 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 18. . . . Paintings by A. Sheldon Pennoyer; also, water colors by Martin Gambee: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 11. . . . Landscapes by Sister Matilda: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 11. . . . Surrealist paintings by Dali, Ernst, Chirico, and others: Mercury, 4 E. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., and 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 12. . . . Paintings by Ralph Rosenborg: Artists' Gallery, 33 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 9 P.M.; through Feb. 13. . . . Paintings by Paul Maze: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 18. . . . Paintings by Eleonora Kissel: Montross, 785 5 Ave., at 60. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 11.

MUSIC

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

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Alec Templeton, Fri. Eve., Feb. 3. (CI 7-7460.)

TOWN HALL—Richard Tauber, Sun. Aft., Feb. 5; New Friends of Music (Stradivarius Quartet, René LeRoy, and Yella Pessl), Sun. Aft., Feb. 5, at 5:30; Griller Quartet, Sun. Eve., Feb. 5; Musical Art Quartet, Mon. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:45; Boris Golschmann, Wed. Eve., Feb. 8. (BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Enesco conducting: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 3, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 5, at 3. . . . Barbirolli conducting: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 10, at 2:30. (Soloist: Gieseking, Feb. 9 and 10.) . . . Extra concert under the auspices of the Philharmonic-Symphony League of New York, Barbirolli and Boulanger conducting, Sat. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:45. (Soloists: Boulanger and Françaix.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 4, at 2:30. (Soloist: Rudolf Serkin.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 8 (benefit for the Pension Fund), at 8:45; Fri. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., Feb. 11, at 2:30. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30.

COLLEGE OF ST. ELIZABETH GLEE CLUB—Joslyn conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 11, 8:30.

WPA—At the Federal Music Theatre, 254 W. 54—Federal Opera Orchestra and Chorus, Mahler conducting: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:45. . . . Federal Symphony and soloists, Plotnikoff conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 5, at 1:30. . . . New York Civic Orchestra and soloist, Balaban conducting, Sun. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:45. . . . Federal Opera Orchestra and soloists, Schenkman conducting: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Lucia di Lammermoor," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:30; "Tannhäuser," Fri. Aft., Feb. 3, at 1:45; "Mignon," Fri. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:30; "Aida," Sat. Aft., Feb. 4, at 2; "La Traviata," Sat. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30. . . . "Louise," Mon. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8; "Rigoletto," Wed. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:30; "Das Rheingold," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 9, at 2; "Otello," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8; "La Bohème," benefit for the Smith College Club, Fri. Aft., Feb. 10, at 2; "Thais," Fri. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8; "The Barber of Seville," Sat. Aft., Feb. 11, at 2; "Aïda," Sat. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8. (PE 6-1210.)

HIPPODROME—Conventional repertoire on Sunday Eves.; sometimes also on Sat. Afts. and Eves. Better check before you go. (MU 2-6901.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden, 8:15 P.M.: Long Island vs. Duquesne, and City College vs. Fordham, Wed., Feb. 8; Notre Dame vs. N.Y.U., and St. Francis vs. Manhattan, Sat., Feb. 11.

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Fred Apostoli vs. Billy Conn, Fri. Eve., Feb. 10; preliminaries at 8:30, main match about 10.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Rangers, Thurs., Feb. 2; Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., Feb. 5; Americans vs. Chicago, Tues., Feb. 7; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., Feb. 9. . . . Amateur games: Sun., Feb. 5, at 1:30 P.M.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 9:30 P.M.—Sat., Feb. 4: Pegasus vs. Squadron A. . . . Sat., Feb. 11: New York A.C. vs. Winged Foot. Junior Division matches start at 7:30 P.M., Feb. 4, and 8:30 P.M., Feb. 11.

At Squadron C Armory, 1579 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, at 9:30 P.M.—Sat., Feb. 4: Governors Island vs. Evergreen Farms. . . . Sat., Feb. 11: Evergreen Farms vs. Pegasus. Junior Division matches start at 7:30 P.M., Feb. 4, and 8:30 P.M., Feb. 11.

SKATING—At Madison Square Garden: Annual Silver Skates Tournament, Mon. Eve., Feb. 6, at 8:30.

TRACK—At Madison Square Garden: Millrose A.A. Meet, Sat. Eve., Feb. 4, at 8:30.

OTHER EVENTS

FRONT PAGE BALL—The newspaper-women's annual get-together: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Feb. 10, at 10.

SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS' SHOW—Annual racy revue for the benefit of needy artists: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104 (LE 4-3545), Fri. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:30.

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

BURTON HOLMES—"Beautiful Sweden: From Jemtland to the Castles of Scania": Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 5, at 8:30; Mon. Aft., Feb. 6, at 2:30.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 742 5 Ave., at 57—Etchings, engravings, and color prints by modern artists, from the collections of Henry H. M. Lyle, Hugh H. Clennell, and Andrew Van Leight, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8. . . . Eighteenth-century English and American furniture, silver, paintings, tapestries, pewter, and porcelains, including property ordered sold by Frederick Sheffield, attorney, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 3-4, at 2. . . . First editions and other books, belonging to Mrs. Dorsey Cullen, and George L. Maxwell, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 8-9, at 2. . . . English and Continental furniture, from the estates of Grace Saunders Miller and others, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 10-11, at 2.

At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—American and English furniture and decorations, tapestries, and trans-Caspian rugs, belonging to Mrs. Edith L. Williams, Mrs. Arthur Lipper, and Charles Calmer Hart, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 3-4, at 2. . . . English, Continental, and American furniture, porcelains, silver, and Oriental rugs, owned by Andrew Otto and the late Richard Washburn Child; Brussels tapestries by Jan Aerts, from the estate of the late Senator John F. Dryden, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 10-11, at 2.

ON THE AIR

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Aïda," with Gigli, Milanov, and Castagna: Sat. Aft., Feb. 4, at 1:55, WEAF.

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

THURSDAY—Rudy Vallée's Varieties, 8, WEAF. Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, 8:30, WOR. "Good News of 1939," 9, WEAF. Music and Ballet, 9, WQXR. America's Town Meeting, 9:30, WJZ. Bing Crosby's Music Hall, 10, WEAF. André Kostelanetz and his orchestra, 10, WABC.

FRIDAY—Burns and Allen, 8:30, WABC. Herzer and Zayde, pianists, 9, WQXR. Orson Welles' Playhouse, 9, WABC.

SATURDAY—"Moods for Moderns," 1:30, WABC. Saturday Night Swing Club, 6:30, WABC. Fred Waring, 8:30, WEAF. "Your Hit Parade," 10, WABC. N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, 10, WJZ.

SUNDAY—Dr. Charles Courboin, organist, 12 noon, WOR. Music Hall Hour, 12 noon, WJZ. WPA Concert, 1:30, WNYC. Philharmonic-Symphony, Enesco conducting, 3, WABC. Metropolitan Opera Auditions, 5, WJZ. Ben Bernie, 5:30, WABC. Silver Theatre, 6, WABC. Jack Benny, 7, WEAF. Eddy Brown's "String Classics," 7, WQXR. Bach Cantata Series, Wallenstein directing, 7, WOR. Edgar Bergen, 8, WEAF. "This Is New York," 8, WABC. Ford Symphony, 9, WABC. Robert Benchley, 10, WABC.

MONDAY—Curtis Institute of Music, 3, WABC. Eddie Cantor, 7:30, WABC. Lux Radio Theatre, 9, WABC. Eddie Duchin, 9:30, WEAF. WOR Symphony, DeLamarter conducting, 9:30, WOR. Guy Lombardo, 10, WABC. Columbia Workshop, 10:30, WABC.

TUESDAY—Edward G. Robinson, 8, WABC. Al Jolson, 8:30, WABC. Information Please, 8:30, WJZ. Benny Goodman, 9:30, WABC.

WEDNESDAY—Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, 7, WQXR. Paul Whiteman, 8:30, WABC. Tommy Dorsey, 8:30, WEAF. Fred Allen, 9, WEAF. Star Theatre, 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES—Cagney as a killer again, with Pat O'Brien and the "Dead End" boys. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Fri., Feb. 10.)

BALLERINA—A tragic story of life behind the gay footlights, with Slavenska and Chauvire as the première danseuses, and Janine Charrat a student in the ballet school. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Sun., Feb. 5.)

THE CITADEL—Rosalind Russell and Robert Donat in a solemn, sometimes brilliant, screen version of the novel. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Feb. 3-6.)

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY—Pretty mild comedy, actually, but with some of the nicer touches. Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper are the principals. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 4-6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 5-7.)

THE DAWN PATROL—The old Barthelmess film renovated for Errol Flynn (and Basil Rathbone). A forceful sketch of our last war. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Wed., Feb. 6-8. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 9-11.)

GRAND ILLUSION—A French film of life in the German prisons during the war. Intelligent and stirring, with an especially good performance by Eric von Stroheim. (Filmarte, 202 W. 58; daily at 1, 2:54, 4:48, 6:32, 8:26, and 10:20 P.M.)

THE GREAT WALTZ—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus, a new coloratura, give us our Johann Strauss in a big way. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 9-10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Feb. 10-11.)

GUNGA DIN—Something spectacular, exciting, and altogether superior as a story of the British and those natives in India. With Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Feb. 8.)

JESSE JAMES—With Tyrone Power in the rôle of the holdup man and Henry Fonda as the brother. A pretty romance of frontier violence. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Thurs., Feb. 9.)

THE LADY VANISHES—Alfred Hitchcock's current contribution to a jaded world, and up to standard. Dame May Whitty is among those involved in the mystery. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Feb. 10.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE—Norma Shearer, escorted by Tyrone Power, John Barrymore, and Robert Morley, as Queen of France. A huge show of romance and revolution and expensive costumes. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Feb. 3-5. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6.)

PYGMALION—The Shaw play and a Shaw script, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. A very pretty film and not in the least old-fashioned. (Astor, B'way at 45; continuous from 10 A.M.)

SOUTH RIDING—A respectable sketch of Yorkshire life, for sober folks interested in English country doings. With Edna Best. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 7-9.)

THE STORY OF A CHEAT—Sacha Guitry's study of a cardsharp and his misadventures. French and witty. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Feb. 3.)

SWEETHEARTS—Jeanette MacDonald singing along with Nelson Eddy in the big, bulky, old-fashioned Victor Herbert operetta. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; starting Thurs., Feb. 9. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Thurs., Feb. 9.)

THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL—John Garfield, cheered on by the "Dead End" boys, in a drama of a fighter's career. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Feb. 2.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A somewhat overburdened film version of a delicate Kaufman-Hart play. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart are among those concerned. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sun., Feb. 2-5. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 5-6. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 7-9.)

THE YOUNG IN HEART—Youthful scamps and an elderly saint, all alert and amusing (even the saint). With Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Thurs., Feb. 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 4-6.)

ZAZA—Claudette Colbert, wooed by Herbert Marshall, looks very handsome in this adaptation of Grandpa's pet classic. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 2-8.)

NOTE—March of Time: "The Refugee Today and Tomorrow" is one of the most interesting of this series on current events. It can be seen at the following theatres: Colonial, B'way at 62, Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6; Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52, and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85, Sat. through Wed., Feb. 4-8.

Walt Disney's "Ferdinand the Bull" will be at the 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68, Fri. through Mon., Feb. 3-6.

REVIVALS

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—French film. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., Feb. 3.)

CLUB DE FEMMES (1937)—French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 5-6.)

CONQUEST (1937)—Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sun. and Mon., Feb. 5-6.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 9-10.)

LIFE DANCES ON (1938)—French film, with Marie Bell. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 2-4.)

100 MEN AND A GIRL (1937)—Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 2-3.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS (1935)—Claudette Colbert. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 9-11.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8.)

THINGS TO COME (1936)—Raymond Massey. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Feb. 7-9.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—Carole Lombard and John Barrymore. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Feb. 5-7.)

VIVA VILLA! (1934)—Wallace Beery. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Feb. 3-4.)

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calendar for readers who look ahead.)

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 13-15.

MUSIC—Orchestras, at Carnegie Hall: Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, through April 30. Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Feb. 14; Golschmann conducting, Mar. 7; Stokowski conducting (tentative), Mar. 28. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Mar. 9, 11 (Aft.), and 30. . . . Important recitals at Carnegie Hall: Schnabel, Feb. 24; Flagstad, Mar. 6; Martinelli, Mar. 15; Hofmann, Mar. 26. At Town Hall: Heifetz, Feb. 15; Gieseking, Mar. 15; Schuster, Mar. 17. . . . Metropolitan Opera Season continues through Mar. 12.

RACING—Hialeah Park, Fla., through Mar. 4 (Flamingo Stakes, Feb. 25). . . . Santa Anita Park, Calif., through Mar. 11 (Santa Anita Derby, Feb. 22; Santa Anita Handicap, Mar. 4). . . . Tropical Park, Fla., Mar. 6-April 8.

TENNIS—National Indoor Championships, 7th Regt. Armory, Feb. 23-Mar. 4.

THEATRE—"The Little Foxes," a play by Lillian Hellman, with Tallulah Bankhead, National. Scheduled to open Feb. 15.

TRACK—At Madison Square Garden: N.Y.A.C. Meet, Feb. 18; National A.A.U. Meet, Feb. 25; Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Mar. 4; K. of C. Meet, Mar. 11.

WINTER SPORTS—Annual Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Hanover, N.H., Feb. 10-11. . . . Princeton Ice Carnival, Princeton, N.J., Feb. 11.

YACHTING—Miami to Nassau Race, Feb. 14; St. Petersburg to Havana Race, Mar. 4.

OTHER DATES—St. Valentine's Day, Feb. 14. . . . National Sportsmen's Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 18-26. . . . Ash Wednesday, beginning of Lent, Feb. 22. . . . Dance Recital: Harald Kreutzberg, Town Hall, Mar. 1. . . . International Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, Mar. 13-18. . . . Ice Carnival, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 24, 25, 27, and 29. . . . Income-tax returns are due: Federal, Mar. 15; New York State, April 15.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8

[THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT FIRST-RUN AND SELECTED NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 5, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."]

FIRST RUN

ASTOR, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**"Pygmalion,"** Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—From Thurs., Feb. 2: "Idiot's Delight," Norma Shearer, Clark Gable.

CRITERION, B'way at 44 (CI 6-8600)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 2-8: "Federal Man-Hunt," Bob Livingston, June Travis.

GLOBE, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**"The Lady Vanishes,"** Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—Through Tues., Feb. 7: "Paris Honeymoon," Bing Crosby, Franciska Gaal. . . . From Wed., Feb. 8: "St. Louis Blues," Dorothy Lamour, Lloyd Nolan.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., Feb. 8: **"Gunga Din,"** Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

RIALTO, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Mon., Feb. 6: "Homicide Bureau," Bruce Cabot, Rita Hayworth. . . . From Tues., Feb. 7: not announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"Son of Frankenstein," Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.

ROXY, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—**"Jesse James,"** Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda.

STRAND, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., Feb. 2: **"They Made Me a Criminal,"** John Garfield, Dead End Kids. . . . From Fri., Feb. 3: "Wings of the Navy," George Brent, Olivia De Havilland.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

BELMONT, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—"Cossacks in Exile," Ukrainian film.

CAMEO, 138 W. 42 (WI 7-1789)—"The Man with the Gun," Soviet film.

5TH AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Through Fri., Feb. 3: **"Carnival in Flanders,"** revival, French film. . . . From Sat., Feb. 4: "With a Smile," French film, Maurice Chevalier.

FILMARTE, 202 W. 58 (CI 7-6591)—**"Grand Illusion,"** French film, Eric von Stroheim, Jean Gavin, Pierre Fresnay, Dita Parlo.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—Through Sun., Feb. 5: **"Ballerina,"** French film, Mia Slavenska, Yvette Chauvire, Janine Charrat. . . . From Mon., Feb. 6: "School for Husbands," British film, Rex Harrison.

WORLD, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"Professor Mamlock," Soviet film; also "Dark Rapture," the Denis-Roosevelt African film.

EAST SIDE

GRAMERCY PARK, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 2-4: **"Life Dances On,"** revival, French film, Marie Bell, Harry Baur; also "This'll Make You Whistle," British film, Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph. . . . Sun. through Tues., Feb. 5-7: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; also **"Twentieth Century,"** revival, John Barrymore, Carole Lombard. . . . Wed., Feb. 8: not announced.

LOEW'S 42ND STREET, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., Feb. 2: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Fri. through Sun., Feb. 3-5: **"Marie Antoinette,"** Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power; also "Arrest Bulldog Drummond," John Howard, Heather Angel. . . . Mon. and Tues., Feb. 6-7: "Disbarred," Gail Patrick, Otto Kruger; also "Under the Big Top," Anne Nagel. . . . From Wed., Feb. 8: "Going Places," Dick Powell; also "King of the Underworld," Kay Francis, Humphrey Bogart.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall; also "Newsboys' Home," Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Smashing the Spy Ring," Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray; also "Fighting Thoroughbreds," Ralph Byrd, Mary Carlisle.

TRANS-LUX 52ND STREET, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 2-3: **"100 Men and a Girl,"** revival, Deanna Durbin. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 4-6: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; and **March of Time (Refugees).** . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: **"Stage Door,"** revival, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers; and **March of Time (Refugees).**

NORMANDIE, Park Ave. at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Feb. 2: "Out West with the Hardys," Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone. . . . Fri. and Sat., Feb. 3-4: "Arkansas Traveler," Bob Burns. . . . Sun. through Tues., Feb. 5-7: "Rembrandt," revival, Charles Laughton. . . . From Wed., Feb. 8: "Say It in French," Olympe Bradna, Ray Milland. . . . (Note—Sat., Feb. 4, at 10 A.M.: one-performance revival of "Great Expectations.")

SUTTON, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs. through Sat., Feb. 2-4: "Brother Rat," Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane; also "I Was a Spy," revival, Herbert Marshall, Madeleine Carroll. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 5-6: **"Conquest,"** revival, Greta Garbo; also **"Club de Femmes,"** revival, French film, Danielle Darrieux. . . . From Tues., Feb. 7: "Service de Luxe," Constance Bennett, Vincent Price; also "Mannequin," revival, Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy.

RKO 58TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Exposed," Otto Kruger, Glenda Farrell; also "Nancy Drew, Detective," Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas; and March of Time (U. S. affairs).

PLAZA, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., Feb. 3: **"The Story of a Cheat,"** French film, Sacha Guitry. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 4-6: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "The Duke of West Point," Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown.

68TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Thurs., Feb. 2: "A Man to Remember," Edward Ellis, Anne Shirley. . . . Fri. through Mon., Feb. 3-6: **"The Citadel,"** Robert Donat, Rosalind Russell; also **"Ferdinand the Bull,"** Walt Disney short. . . . From Tues., Feb. 7: **"South Riding,"** British film, Edna Best.

LOEW'S 72ND STREET, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall; also "Newsboys' Home," Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Smashing the Spy Ring," Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray; also "Fighting Thoroughbreds," Ralph Byrd, Mary Carlisle.

COLONY, 2 Ave. at 79 (BU 8-9009)—Thurs., Feb. 2: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Rebellious Daughters," Marjorie Reynolds. . . . Fri. and Sat., Feb. 3-4: **"Viva Villa!,"** revival, Wallace Beery; also "Ladies in Love," revival, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett. . . . Sun. and Mon., Feb. 5-6: **"You Can't Take It with You,"** Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore; also "Last Warning," Preston Foster. . . . From Tues., Feb. 7: **"Things to Come,"** revival, Raymond Massey; also "Give Us This Night," revival, Jan Kiepura, Gladys Swarthout.

TRANS-LUX 85TH STREET, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 2-3: "Peg of Old Drury," revival, British film, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ann Neagle. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 4-6: **"The Young in Heart,"** Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and **March of Time (Refugees).** . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: **"The Scoundrel,"** revival, Noel Coward; and **March of Time (Refugees).**

RKO 86TH STREET, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Exposed," Otto Kruger, Glenda Farrell; also "Nancy Drew, Detective," Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas; and March of Time (U. S. affairs).

LOEW'S 86TH STREET, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 2-3: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Sat. through Mon., Feb. 4-6: "The Duke of West Point," Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown; also "Dramatic School," Luise Rainer, Paulette Goddard, Alan Marshall. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "A Christmas Carol," Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart; also "I Stand Accused," Robert Cummings, Helen Mack.

ORPHEUM, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"Marie Antoinette,"** Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power; also "Arrest Bulldog Drummond," John Howard, Heather Angel. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Disbarred," Gail Patrick, Otto Kruger; also "Under the Big Top," Anne Nagel.

WEST SIDE

8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young. . . . From Tues., Feb. 7: **"You Can't Take It with You,"** Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore.

SHERIDAN, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"Marie Antoinette,"** Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power; also "Arrest Bulldog Drummond," John Howard, Heather Angel. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Disbarred," Gail Patrick, Otto Kruger; also "Under the Big Top," Anne Nagel.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs. through Sun., Feb. 2-5: "Submarine Patrol," Richard Greene, Nancy Kelly; also "Thanks for Everything," Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Arleen Whelan. . . . Mon. through Wed., Feb. 6-8: "Stablemates," Wallace Beery, Mickey Rooney; also "Up the River," Preston Foster, Arthur Treacher.

RKO 23RD STREET, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-2766)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Exposed," Otto Kruger, Glenda Farrell; also "Nancy Drew, Detective," Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas; and March of Time (U. S. affairs).

TERRACE, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 3-0960)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "Dramatic School," Luise Rainer, Paulette Goddard, Alan Marshall; also "The Duke of West Point," Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine, Tom Brown. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "A Christmas Carol," Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart; also "Last Warning," Preston Foster.

STATE, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 2-8: **"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall.

PALACE, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 2-8: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Torchy in Chinatown," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane.

ZIEGFELD, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall; also "Newsboys' Home," Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Smashing the Spy Ring," Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray.

COLONIAL, B'way at 62 (CO 5-0485)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "Going Places," Dick Powell; also "King of the Underworld," Kay Francis, Humphrey Bogart; and **March of Time (Refugees).** . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning," Peter Lorre; also "Arizona Wildcat," Jane Withers.

BEACON, B'way at 75 (TR 7-4396)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "Kentucky," Richard Greene, Loretta Young; also "Charlie Chan in Honolulu," Sidney Toler, Phyllis Brooks. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Torchy Gets Her Man," Glenda Farrell, Barton MacLane; also "Tarnished Angel," Sally Eilers, Lee Bowman.

RKO 81ST STREET, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Exposed," Otto Kruger, Glenda Farrell; also "Nancy Drew, Detective," Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas; and March of Time (U. S. affairs).

LOEW'S 83RD STREET, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Thurs. through Wed., Feb. 2-8: **"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall; also "Newsboys' Home," Jackie Cooper.

STODDARD, B'way at 90 (SC 4-0460)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"The Cowboy and the Lady,"** Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon; also "Thanks for the Memory," Bob Hope, Shirley Ross. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "There Goes My Heart," Fredric March, Virginia Bruce; also "Cipher Bureau," Leon Ames, Joan Woodbury.

THALIA, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—"Professor Mamlock," Soviet film.

CARLTON, B'way at 100 (AC 4-0750)—Thurs. through Sun., Feb. 2-5: **"You Can't Take It with You,"** Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore; also "Dark Rapture," the Denis-Roosevelt African film. . . . Mon. through Wed., Feb. 6-8: **"Dawn Patrol,"** Errol Flynn; also "Say It in French," Olympe Bradna, Ray Milland.

NEMO, B'way at 110 (AC 2-0227)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Exposed," Otto Kruger, Glenda Farrell; also "Nancy Drew, Detective," Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas.

HAMILTON, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Exposed," Otto Kruger, Glenda Farrell; also "Nancy Drew, Detective," Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas; and March of Time (U. S. affairs).

RIO, B'way at 160 (WA 7-1135)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"Marie Antoinette,"** Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power; also "Arrest Bulldog Drummond," John Howard, Heather Angel. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Going Places," Dick Powell; also "King of the Underworld," Kay Francis, Humphrey Bogart.

LOEW'S 175TH STREET, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: **"Zaza,"** Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall; also "Newsboys' Home," Jackie Cooper. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Smashing the Spy Ring," Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray; also "Fighting Thoroughbreds," Ralph Byrd, Mary Carlisle.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs. through Mon., Feb. 2-6: "The Great Man Votes," John Barrymore, Peter Holden; also "Pacific Liner," Victor McLaglen, Chester Morris. . . . Tues. and Wed., Feb. 7-8: "Exposed," Otto Kruger, Glenda Farrell; also "Nancy Drew, Detective," Bonita Granville, Frankie Thomas; and March of Time (U. S. affairs).

BIG BUSINESS—NO. 13

A Deficiency of 56 Billions

THE unemployment problem is centered chiefly in the durable goods industries. There is no serious depression in industries that produce *non*-durable goods.

This difference is reflected by the index of employment, which in September, 1938, stood at 98% for the non-durable industries, against only 69% in the durable goods field.

America used to spend about 19 billions annually for durable goods, based on the average for 1919-29. Since 1932, however, the average expenditure has dropped to less than 11 billions annually, according to best estimates. The deficiency in the creation of durable goods has therefore totalled more than 56 billion dollars in the past 7 years.

Durable goods largely comprise such things as machinery, tools, new plants and building construction, representing capital expenditures that must be financed through new investment. Encouragement of the free flow of capital into private enterprise is therefore necessary to revive the durable goods industries, balance our economy and solve the most important part of our unemployment problem.

As bankers for industry, and as trustee for the funds of others, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

BANK OF NEW YORK

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Gertrude gives a neat dash of sophistication
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Both halter neck and square neck "little girl" fashions sponsored by Gertrude Lawrence at BEST & CO., New York. I. MAGNIN & CO., California · NEIMAN-MARCUS CO., Dallas. MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Chicago.

For the names of other fine shops where you may obtain these dresses in this crepe woven of acetate rayon and viscose rayon yarns, write CAPRI FROCKS, INC., *1372 Broadway, N. Y. C.*

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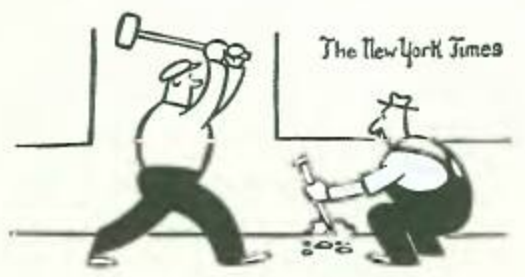
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE general European war, says London now, will begin on April 1st, All Fools' Day. It has been announced many times before, but something has always turned up at the last minute, and the canvas has gone back on the guns and the soldiers have marched home. These postponements, it seems to us, offer whatever hope there is in a foreboding time. The law of diminishing returns affects the warlike spirit exactly as it does everything else; you can call a continent to arms just so often before apathy begins to set in. There may come a day, after seven or eight more false alarms, when all the dictators and ministers and generals really will be ready, and common men everywhere will just say, "Oh, the hell with you and your war," and go right on digging in their gardens.

THE other day we saw two men tearing down the Times Building. At least they were equipped with tools and had already begun to attack it diligently at the base. It is characteristic of life in this city that we took note of this



phenomenon only casually, accepting it as we accept everything about a metropolis that has long since grown beyond our comprehension. "Well, there goes the New York *Times*," we thought idly, and thought no more as we wandered on toward our destination, which happened to be the dentist's.

WHEN we read of the Jules Brulatour affair, we knew that Mr. Dewey was up against something stiffer than a policy racket. Everything had a familiar ring—the old town house, the elderly millionaire brought low by a mysterious pistol shot, the screaming maids named Chervet and Jacquot, a chauffeur named, of all things, Carberry, a beautiful actress wife, and the bullet hidden in a glass vial. This is the technique of a scenario-writer batting out a plot for a Class B picture. Mr. Brulatour fell and hit his head on a banister, said one version. He was lying half-naked in the bath cleaning a gun, said another. There were two guns. There weren't any guns at all. There was a frantic call from the drugstore. (All right, men, who cut the wires in the house?) When the District Attorney's men came, they found the victim sitting up in bed in pink pajamas making jokes. If we were Mr. Dewey, we would take this case right out of the hands of the police and turn it over to Dashiell Hammett or S. S. Van Dine.

THE Lord Mayor of London sat in his state coach on his way to the Guildhall and engaged in a short-wave conversation with Mayor LaGuardia, who was in his private car on the way to City Hall. "We are planning an airport large enough so that you could place the mile-square City of London in it," said the Lord Mayor strangely. "We are building a fine airport over at North Beach!" shouted Mayor LaGuardia. "I hear that you have had severe snowstorms," said London. "There is a threat of snow," replied our man defensively. It was a talk of polite men performing a chore. The human voice, as a matter of fact, was probably not meant to carry any farther than its natural range. Stretch it farther than that and you get nonsense, as though you had wrenched it loose from the brain that should have been its source. We have a theory that half the trouble in the world comes from this attempt to distort nature. After experimenting, we find that the maximum range for intelligent conversation is about three feet, in a lighted room.

WHEN the Revolution starts, the first aristocrat will die in one of those shabby little bars in the theatre district, and it will happen on the night of a big opening—probably something with Tallulah Bankhead in it. For about three-quarters of the year these mel-

ancholy deadfalls represent home to the residents of the neighborhood. Earl the Gimp has his special place at Marty's bar; Dorthy puts nickels in the piano while she waits for something to turn up; Paul and the mob drop in for a glass of beer. There is talk and beer and plenty of room for everybody. Let the lights go up on the marquee across the street, however, and all that is changed. With the first intermission, Café Society, thirsty from too much concentration and far removed from 21, hits Marty's dump like a flock of homing peacocks. Earl finds himself pinned into a corner with his mouth clogged with ermine and his soul black with hate; Dorthy goes on sullenly playing the piano whenever she can get at it, although she knows she can't get anywhere against this kind of competition; Paul and his mob are elbowed away from the bar by the boys from the Racquet Club—all, generally speaking, younger and in better condition. Marty, a traitor to his class, can't be bothered with serving beer when people are calling for Seagram's and Courvoisier (there is only weak poison in the bottles he shoves over the bar, of course, but this is just a commercial expedient and has nothing to do with his political sympathies). The talk is loud and fashionable, and you couldn't get

two bucks down on Mexita in the Fifth at Hialeah if you were Owney Madden himself. The joint smells like a girls' school.

One day this is going too far. Some guy in a silk hat is going to push Earl once too often, right across the thin line that separates him from homicide; some dame in a fur coat is going to talk out of turn to Dorthy and wind up on her ear; the Racquet Club boys will get too tough and find that Paul is not unarmed. It may be a year and it may be next week, but it will come. You can count on that. Don't say we didn't warn you.

Visitor

ALICE DUER MILLER went to bed one night in her apartment on the East River and was awakened some time later by the sound of music. Sleepily she groped for her radio, but found that it was shut off. Then she noticed a slit of light under her door, which leads to the hallway, and realized that the music was coming from her piano there. With no more than normal misgivings, she put on a bathrobe and opened the door. She found a man in evening clothes at the keyboard and he seemed as surprised at her presence as she was at his. After some mutual exclamations, he said, "This is Noel's apartment, isn't it?" Mrs. Miller explained that Mr. Coward's apartment was next door. Turned out finally that her door had been left unlocked and the visitor had been told by Coward to meet him at his apartment, the door of which would be left open. It was probably a good thing all around that he could play the piano.

Mustn't Feel

ONE of the principal pleasures of jade connoisseurs is, we're told, feeling it. This pleasure is denied visitors to the current show at the Arden Gallery, called "Three Thousand Years of Chinese Jade," because all the exhibits are under glass, but this is offset by the worthiness of the cause—the proceeds are going to be turned over to Madame Chiang Kai-shek for the benefit of Chinese children orphaned in the war. Visitors paid five dollars' admission the first day; from now until the closing, February 11th, it's fifty cents. There are about three hundred pieces of jade on view and their aggregate value is at least a million dollars. They were brought to the Arden Gallery very quietly, without benefit of police escort

or armored cars. The rarest piece in the show, a fourteen-inch sceptre which dates back to 1400 B.C. and is the only piece of blue jade in the world, arrived prosaically by Railway Express from Minneapolis.

We got talking at the Gallery to Dr. Alfred Salmony, late of Paris, a thin, fair-haired German, who said he would be an American citizen in a few days, thank God. He has spent eighteen years studying jade and was the organizer of the exhibition; travelled about the country for three months persuading collectors to lend their jade for the cause. The No. 1 collection, that of Mr. Grenville Winthrop of New York, is not represented, but the second-biggest collector, Mr. Alfred Pillsbury of Minneapolis, sent sixty-seven pieces. The third-ranking collector, Mrs. Edward Sonnenschein of Chicago, contributed seventy-three pieces, including a 150-pound buffalo carved out of a single piece of dull-black jade. From Doris Duke Cromwell's recently started collection there are nine lustrous bowls of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At the Arden Gallery, the jade-fanciers call her a "baby collector" and shake their heads over her chances of ever getting out of that class; however much she's willing to spend, there just doesn't seem to be enough jade on the open market to make up another adult collection. Most of the old jade is being hoarded by collectors who refuse to sell, with the Americans in possession of three-quarters of all there is. Dr. Salmony made a tour of Europe this summer and found only five good pieces on the market. The Crown Prince of Sweden is the biggest collector over there.

The supply of old jade is dependent on the number of imperial tombs that are opened in China; collectors feel that, since bandits and impoverished descendants have been getting at the stuff for years, it must have pretty nearly run out. Green jade is being mined regularly in Upper Burma and Turkestan, and prospectors have reported large deposits of white and green jade near Lake Baikal, in Siberia, but with the Soviet program in its present state, goodness knows when the comrades will get around to quarrying jade.

Namesake

WITH mixed feelings we report that the New Haven diners occasionally feature on their menu a New Yorker cocktail, an agreeable mixture of bourbon and lime juice. The card which you find pinned to the menu describes the drink, names the price, and adds, "Only two to a customer, no gentleman asks for three."

Sylvia of Wall Street

THE entire financial department of the New York *Post*—editor, reporter, and stock-market commentator—is a tall, dark young lady named Sylvia Porter, who is only twenty-five years old. She came into a certain prominence recently when an article she wrote for *Scribner's* was instrumental in causing the Treasury Department to modify its policy in the matter of allotting oversubscribed issues of government bonds. In her article, Miss Porter explained to the public the practice known in Wall Street as "free riding"—which is, briefly, putting up the ten per cent cash necessary to subscribe to such a bond issue, then selling the bonds, as soon as they are issued, at the open-market price, which is usually one or two per cent higher than their face value. Miss Porter pointed out that a free rider with a hundred dollars' cash could make as much as fifteen dollars in eight days, and the readers acted on the hint. There was such a flux of small orders that the Treasury Department, which had previously been filling all orders of $1,000 or less and dividing up the remainder among the big fellows, got suspicious; the result was that the little fellows were lumped in with the big fellows, getting only ten per cent of their orders, which naturally resulted in the free riders making only ten per cent of their anticipated profit. "You have ruined the only good racket I knew," one aggrieved man wrote to Miss Porter.

Miss Porter hails from Patchogue and is a Hunter College graduate. In private life she is Mrs. Reed Porter, a matron of six years' standing. It was Mr. Porter, an investment banker, who was responsible for her present career. They met while she was an undergraduate, and she switched from the study of English

literature to economics, "so we'd have something to talk about." She graduated in 1932, when things looked dark indeed for Finance, but immediately landed a job with a firm of investment counsellors. She stayed with them two years, then branched out for herself in the same business. After a year of this she joined the *Post* staff; last August she became the whole works. She signs all her pieces "S. F. Porter" and all the letters to the financial editor of the *Post* begin innocently "Dear Mr. Porter." She writes the daily market summary and other news without benefit of a ticker, preferring to telephone directly to her sources. She even prepared the *Post's* annual financial review single-handed, and won lots of praise for its conciseness. Since 1935 she has written a weekly column about the bond market, first in the *American Banker*, lately in the *Investment Dealers' Digest*. It was in the former that she called Secretary Morgenthau "obstinate and stupid" because of one of his rulings and as a result received from the Treasury Department a series of stiff notes complaining about "Mr. Porter." She's never disillusioned them.

Away from Wall Street, Miss Porter plays the piano, swims, goes to the movies several times a week, and drinks an occasional Scotch-and-soda. She has written a book called "How to Make Money in Government Bonds," which will appear in March. Another book, an unnamed novel, is in the hands of her agent. Whatever happens to it, Miss Porter intends to go ahead and write three or four more.

Animal Intelligence

WE'VE been notified by a friendly lady that, contrary to the popular opinion, fish are not dumb. In evidence she submits her own goldfish, who live on a dining-room sideboard and are generally fed just before the rest of the household has its evening meal. Because of a dinner party, one night the hostess forgot this chore, and all through the soup course there was a steady splashing

"Keep it under your hat, but when this crowd thins out, I have some marshmallows."

and gurgling. She has decided it was the fish signalling their mistress, for after they'd been fed the meal continued in peace and quiet.

Fight

FOR two minutes and twenty-nine seconds, the time it took at Madison Square Garden to reveal that Louis is a better spelling than Lewis, we were an active part of the glorious "working press." Everything was so strange and unexpected that the only notes we managed to compile on the important contest read, "Clinch—after it—& there goes J. L.," and we have no idea now what they mean. Distressed as we are at this inadequate coverage, it cheers us to think of our neighbors at the ringside who arrived six strong to broadcast the fight for N.B.C. They came out better only because Clem McCarthy can talk faster than we can observe. With him were Edwin C. Hill, two engineers, a Mr. Gannon of the Arthur Kudner agency, who was to supervise the commercial plugs for Buick, and a Mr. Schechter of N.B.C., who supervised everything. They all sat right at the ringside a row ahead of us, except Schechter, who sat at our left. Gannon had six typed pages of commercials, which were to be tossed in opportunely between rounds. Schechter had a telephone (CI 5-6490), through which he could call headquarters. A fellow at our right kept saying to the photographers, "Did you get Jimmy Hines? He's in Section Four. Did you get Jimmy Hines?"

Half an hour before McCarthy was scheduled to go on the air, he began to warm up. This consisted of yelling into a dead microphone something like "Well, here we are at the ringside, ladies and gentlemen, with N.B.C. wearing the purple trunks and C.B.S. hanging onto the ropes." As the deadline, ten o'clock, drew near, the radio men compared watches and passed notes around, and Schechter went off after Mike Jacobs and returned with the news that the main bout would definitely begin at 10:05, or maybe 10:10. Mr. Jacobs, or Uncle Mike, as they call him, was more effectively coöperative than his master of ceremonies, who at one point, when 17,000 people were waiting breathlessly for him to announce who had won a preliminary, leaned over mysteriously from the ring and said to the radio group, "Lawrence made it. A fellow with field glasses told me to tell you." This had McCarthy and Hill stumped. "Maybe he means Lawrin," said Hill. "Lawrin isn't racing," said McCarthy. "Jimmy Hines is in Section Four," said the man at our right.

At one minute and fifty seconds after ten, Hill went on the air. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he began, "this is Edwin C. Hill resting his chin on the end of the ring." (He wasn't really.) He then explained that McCarthy would refer to the contestants by their first names only, to avoid confusion. "Get that straight and *remember*," he warned his audience sternly. McCarthy nodded firmly. Then Hill mentioned some celebrities, sounding as if they were within a few feet of him. We hadn't seen many of these, maybe because Sonja Henie was right behind us and we had been staring at her happily for ten minutes. All of a sudden Hill said, "Wait—here's Sonja Henie coming in now." (Announcers' licence, we gathered.) We should explain here, perhaps, that we heard the radio broadcast through an extra pair of earphones connected with the engineers' equipment. After the big fight started, we got only two and a half minutes of McCarthy and are sorry that we don't remember a word he said. It must have been good, though, because when the fight finished, Hill said to him, "That was beautiful, Clem." Clem laughed. The Buick man looked sourly at his six pages of unspoken commercials, and Schechter laughed and said, with no great concern, "That's two one-round fights Buick has bought in a row."

Definitions

A COUPLE of schoolgirls waiting in line to see "Pygmalion" the other day were chatting idly when one of them said (and was overheard, needless to say, by one of our eavesdroppers), "What is a pygmalion, anyhow?" "I don't know *exactly*," said her companion, "but it has something to do with pygmies." "What's a pygmy?" asked the first girl, who, we gather, was not very bright. "Oh, you know," said her companion, looking thoughtfully at a

"Never mind where they're coming from, Lindsey—just stop them!"

picture of George Bernard Shaw, "it's some kind of degenerate."

Corsicans

THE recent ado about Corsica got that country into a dinner conversation the other evening and a lady remarked that she had crossed on the Champlain with the only Corsican living in New York, Count d'Ornano. We called on him shortly thereafter, at the French Government Tourist Bureau in Rockefeller Center, and found him short, dark, neatly mustached, and a forceful conversationalist. "I'm the only Corsican in New York," he said. "My family has been the leading family in Corsica since the fifteenth century." He said he wasn't lonely here. We persuaded him to grant an interview for the sake of Corsica and learned that he is fifty-three, served as a lieutenant during the war, and later was on the civil staff of Marshal Lyautey in Morocco, and that although born in Paris he considers himself extremely Corsican. "*On est éternellement Corse si on a du sang Corse*," he explained. The Count gets back to Europe each year and usually spends a week or so in Corsica. The d'Ornanos organized a regiment long before the French annexation of Corsica in 1769 and were always on the side of the French and against the Genoese, who used to rule Corsica. They furnished two Marshals of France before the annexation and one after it, a lot for one family. Count d'Ornano, whose first name is Henry, with a "y," has the Croix de Guerre and wears the Legion of Honor ribbon in his lapel. His present job is largely a matter of promoting good will between this country and France. He showed us a letter he wrote the *Tribune* after Gilbert Miller gave out an interview saying he had had to pay $19 for a shirt in Paris. The Count wrote that it was possible to get French shirts for considerably less than this. We asked him whether Irene Bordoni wasn't a Corsican and he shrugged his shoulders. "I am practically the only Corsican here," he said.

This qualification contributed to our later peace of mind, for we subsequently investigated a restaurant we had been told about, the Chez Félix, at 315 West Forty-sixth Street, where we met the Messrs. Pietroni, Pierlovisi, Padovani, Malfati, and Pietri—Corsicans living in New York, every one of them. We found them in the back room of the restaurant, which is owned by Mr. Pietri, playing a Corsican card game called *belote* and drinking a Corsican apéritif called Cap Corse. One or two of them had heard of Count d'Ornano but dismissed him as not having been born in Corsica. They told us there were thirty or forty Corsicans in New York, most of whom patronized Chez Félix, and that none of the 17,000 Italians living in Corsica ever wanted to return to Italy. "The Italians in Corsica work in the forest, cutting down trees," one man said. "They do all the work the Corsicans won't do. *S'il y a des femmes laides*—" "Hey!" said Mr. Pietri. "The Italians will marry them," his friend concluded. The man who said this told us he is a cook, the son of a Corsican policeman and the grandson of a Corsican bandit. He said that Corsican bandits were "*des bandits honorables*," existing only to protect their sisters' honor, and that in Corsica you could leave $100,000 on an open window sill with perfect confidence. Mr. Pietri poured us a drink of Cap Corse and said, "If you ask to pay for a drink in Corsica, the people go mad." He and most of the other Corsicans in the room were born in Ajaccio, the capital of Corsica, where Napoleon was born. "Ajaccio is the Chicago of Europe," said the bandit's grandson, referring to the concentration of bandits there. Mr. Padovani is the cook at Chez Félix, and Mr. Malfati was once headwaiter in the old Beaux Arts Restaurant and later worked at the Ritz. Mr. Pietri used to be a seaman but has been running a restaurant here since 1924. "I've been to Marseilles, Constantinople, Russia, Syria, and Coney Island," he said. Everyone in the room agreed that if there were a war with Italy, they'd all go back and fight for Corsica and France, and that their wives would, also.

Solemn Moment

JUST before the zero hour for a large and fashionable wedding in Connecticut, a cold, implacable rain set in. The bride's mother fetched rubbers for her daughter and attendants to wear to the church, and the bride, naturally distracted, forgot to take them off. She found herself kneeling at the altar with rubbers on, and all during the ceremony her entire attention was devoted to working them off. She can't remember anything else about the service. She succeeded just as the blessing was pronounced. Starry-eyed, to a peal of rejoicing from the organ, she walked up the aisle, leaving the two little rubbers at the altar rail. There's certainly no point to the story, but we love it.

"How ever did you discover this place?"

THE GIRLS IN THEIR SUMMER DRESSES

FIFTH AVENUE was shining in the sun when they left the Brevoort. The sun was warm, even though it was February, and everything looked like Sunday morning—the buses and the well-dressed people walking slowly in couples and the quiet buildings with the windows closed.

Michael held Frances' arm tightly as they walked toward Washington Square in the sunlight. They walked lightly, almost smiling, because they had slept late and had a good breakfast and it was Sunday. Michael unbuttoned his coat and let it flap around him in the mild wind.

"Look out," Frances said as they crossed Eighth Street. "You'll break your neck."

Michael laughed and Frances laughed with him.

"She's not so pretty," Frances said. "Anyway, not pretty enough to take a chance of breaking your neck."

Michael laughed again. "How did you know I was looking at her?"

Frances cocked her head to one side and smiled at her husband under the brim of her hat. "Mike, darling," she said.

"O.K.," he said. "Excuse me."

Frances patted his arm lightly and pulled him along a little faster toward Washington Square. "Let's not see anybody all day," she said. "Let's just hang around with each other. You and me. We're always up to our neck in people, drinking their Scotch or drinking our Scotch; we only see each other in bed. I want to go out with my husband all day long. I want him to talk only to me and listen only to me."

"What's to stop us?" Michael asked.

"The Stevensons. They want us to drop by around one o'clock and they'll drive us into the country."

"The cunning Stevensons," Mike said. "Transparent. They can whistle. They can go driving in the country by themselves."

"Is it a date?"

"It's a date."

Frances leaned over and kissed him on the tip of the ear.

"Darling," Michael said, "this is Fifth Avenue."

"Let me arrange a program," Frances said. "A planned Sunday in New York for a young couple with money to throw away."

"Go easy."

"First let's go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art," Frances suggested, because Michael had said during the week he wanted to go. "I haven't been there in three years and there're at least ten pictures I want to see again. Then we can take the bus down to Radio City and watch them skate. And later we'll go down to Cavanagh's and get a steak as big as a blacksmith's apron, with a bottle of wine, and after that there's a French picture at the Filmarte that everybody says—say, are you listening to me?"

"Sure," he said. He took his eyes off the hatless girl with the dark hair, cut dancer-style like a helmet, who was walking past him.

"That's the program for the day," Frances said flatly. "Or maybe you'd just rather walk up and down Fifth Avenue."

"No," Michael said. "Not at all."

"You always look at other women," Frances said. "Everywhere. Every damned place we go."

"Now, darling," Michael said, "I look at everything. God gave me eyes and I look at women and men and subway excavations and moving pictures and the little flowers of the field. I casually inspect the universe."

"You ought to see the look in your eye," Frances said, "as you casually inspect the universe on Fifth Avenue."

"I'm a happily married man." Michael pressed her elbow tenderly. "Example for the whole twentieth century—Mr. and Mrs. Mike Loomis. Hey, let's have a drink," he said, stopping.

"We just had breakfast."

"Now listen, darling," Mike said, choosing his words with care, "it's a nice day and we both felt good and there's no reason why we have to break it up. Let's have a nice Sunday."

"All right. I don't know why I started this. Let's drop it. Let's have a good time."

They joined hands consciously and walked without talking among the baby carriages and the old Italian men in their Sunday clothes and the young women with Scotties in Washington Square Park.

"At least once a year everyone should go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art," Frances said after a while, her tone a good imitation of the tone she had used at breakfast and at the beginning of their walk. "And it's nice on Sunday. There're a lot of people looking at the pictures and you get the feeling maybe Art isn't on the decline in New York City, after all—"

"I want to tell you something," Michael said very seriously. "I have not touched another woman. Not once. In all the five years."

"All right," Frances said.

"You believe that, don't you?"

"All right."

They walked between the crowded benches, under the scrubby city-park trees.

"I try not to notice it," Frances said, "but I feel rotten inside, in my stomach, when we pass a woman and you look at her and I see that look in your eye and that's the way you looked at me the first time. In Alice Maxwell's house. Standing there in the living room, next to the radio, with a green hat on and all those people."

"I remember the hat," Michael said.

"The same look," Frances said. "And it makes me feel bad. It makes me feel terrible."

"Sh-h-h, please, darling, sh-h-h."

"I think I would like a drink now," Frances said.

THEY walked over to a bar on Eighth Street, not saying anything, Michael automatically helping her over curbstones and guiding her past automobiles. They sat near a window in the bar and the sun streamed in and there was a small, cheerful fire in the fireplace. A little Japanese waiter came over and put down some pretzels and smiled happily at them.

"What do you order after breakfast?" Michael asked.

"Brandy, I suppose," Frances said.

"Courvoisier," Michael told the waiter. "Two Courvoisiers."

The waiter came with the glasses and they sat drinking the brandy in the sunlight. Michael finished half his and drank a little water.

"I look at women," he said. "Correct. I don't say it's wrong or right. I look at them. If I pass them on the street and I don't look at them, I'm fooling you, I'm fooling myself."

"You look at them as though you

want them," Frances said, playing with her brandy glass. "Every one of them."

"In a way," Michael said, speaking softly and not to his wife, "in a way that's true. I don't do anything about it, but it's true."

"I know it. That's why I feel bad."

"Another brandy," Michael called. "Waiter, two more brandies."

He sighed and closed his eyes and rubbed them gently with his fingertips. "I love the way women look. One of the things I like best about New York is the battalions of women. When I first came to New York from Ohio that was the first thing I noticed, the million wonderful women, all over the city. I walked around with my heart in my throat."

"A kid," Frances said. "That's a kid's feeling."

"Guess again," Michael said. "Guess again. I'm older now, I'm a man getting near middle age, putting on a little fat, and I still love to walk along Fifth Avenue at three o'clock on the east side of the street between Fiftieth and Fifty-seventh Streets. They're all out then, shopping, in their furs and their crazy hats, everything all concentrated from all over the world into seven blocks—the best furs, the best clothes, the handsomest women, out to spend money and feeling good about it."

The Japanese waiter put the two drinks down, smiling with great happiness.

"Everything is all right?" he asked.

"Everything is wonderful," Michael said.

"If it's just a couple of fur coats," Frances said, "and forty-five-dollar hats—"

"It's not the fur coats. Or the hats. That's just the scenery for that particular kind of woman. Understand," he said, "you don't have to listen to this."

"I want to listen."

"I like the girls in the offices. Neat, with their eyeglasses, smart, chipper, knowing what everything is about. I like the girls on Forty-fourth Street at lunchtime, the actresses, all dressed up on nothing a week. I like the salesgirls in the stores, paying attention to you first because you're a man, leaving lady customers waiting. I got all this stuff accumulated in me because I've been thinking about it for ten years and now you've asked for it and here it is."

"Go ahead," Frances said.

"When I think of New York City, I think of all the girls on parade in the city. I don't know whether it's something special with me or whether every man in the city walks around with the same feeling inside him, but I feel as though I'm at a picnic in this city. I like to sit near the women in the theatres, the famous beauties who've taken six hours to get ready and look it. And the young girls at the football games, with the red cheeks, and when the warm weather comes, the girls in their summer dresses." He finished his drink. "That's the story."

FRANCES finished her drink and swallowed two or three times extra. "You say you love me?"

"I love you."

"I'm pretty, too," Frances said. "As pretty as any of them."

"You're beautiful," Michael said.

"I'm good for you," Frances said, pleading. "I've made a good wife, a good housekeeper, a good friend. I'd do any damn thing for you."

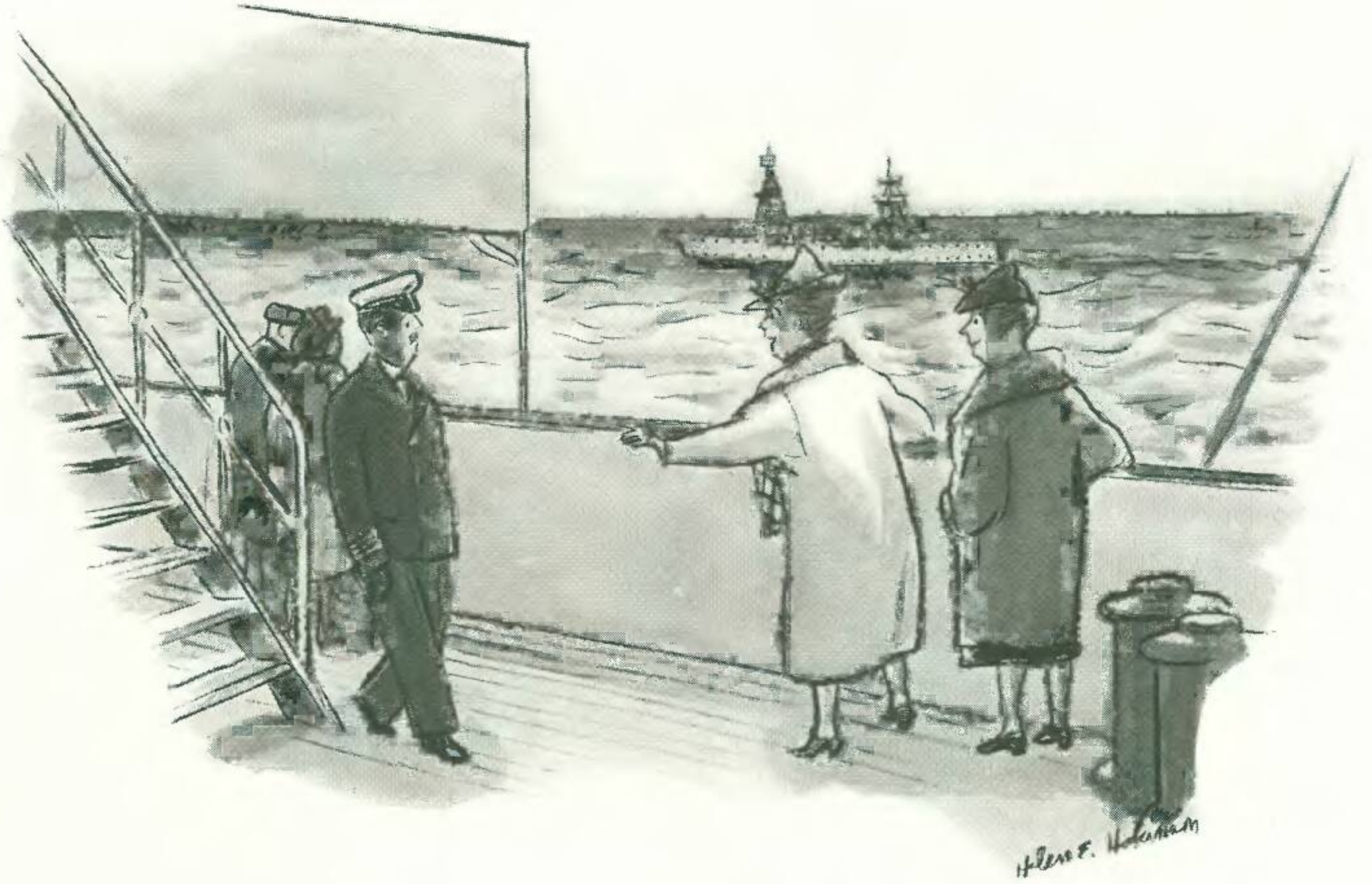
"I know," Michael said. He put his hand out and grasped hers.

"You'd like to be free to—" Frances said.

"Sh-h-h."

"Tell the truth." She took her hand away from under his.

Michael flicked the edge of his glass



"Aren't we going to toot?"

with his finger. "O.K.," he said gently. "Sometimes I feel I would like to be free."

"Well," Frances said, "any time you say."

"Don't be foolish." Michael swung his chair around to her side of the table and patted her thigh.

She began to cry silently into her handkerchief, bent over just enough so that nobody else in the bar would notice. "Someday," she said, crying, "you're going to make a move."

Michael didn't say anything. He sat watching the bartender slowly peel a lemon.

"Aren't you?" Frances asked harshly. "Come on, tell me. Talk. Aren't you?"

"Maybe," Michael said. He moved his chair back again. "How the hell do I know?"

"You know," Frances persisted. "Don't you know?"

"Yes," Michael said after a while, "I know."

Frances stopped crying then. Two or three snuffles into the handkerchief and she put it away and her face didn't tell anything to anybody. "At least do me one favor," she said.

"Sure."

"Stop talking about how pretty this woman is or that one. Nice eyes, nice breasts, a pretty figure, good voice." She mimicked his voice. "Keep it to yourself. I'm not interested."

Michael waved to the waiter. "I'll keep it to myself," he said.

Frances flicked the corners of her eyes. "Another brandy," she told the waiter.

"Two," Michael said.

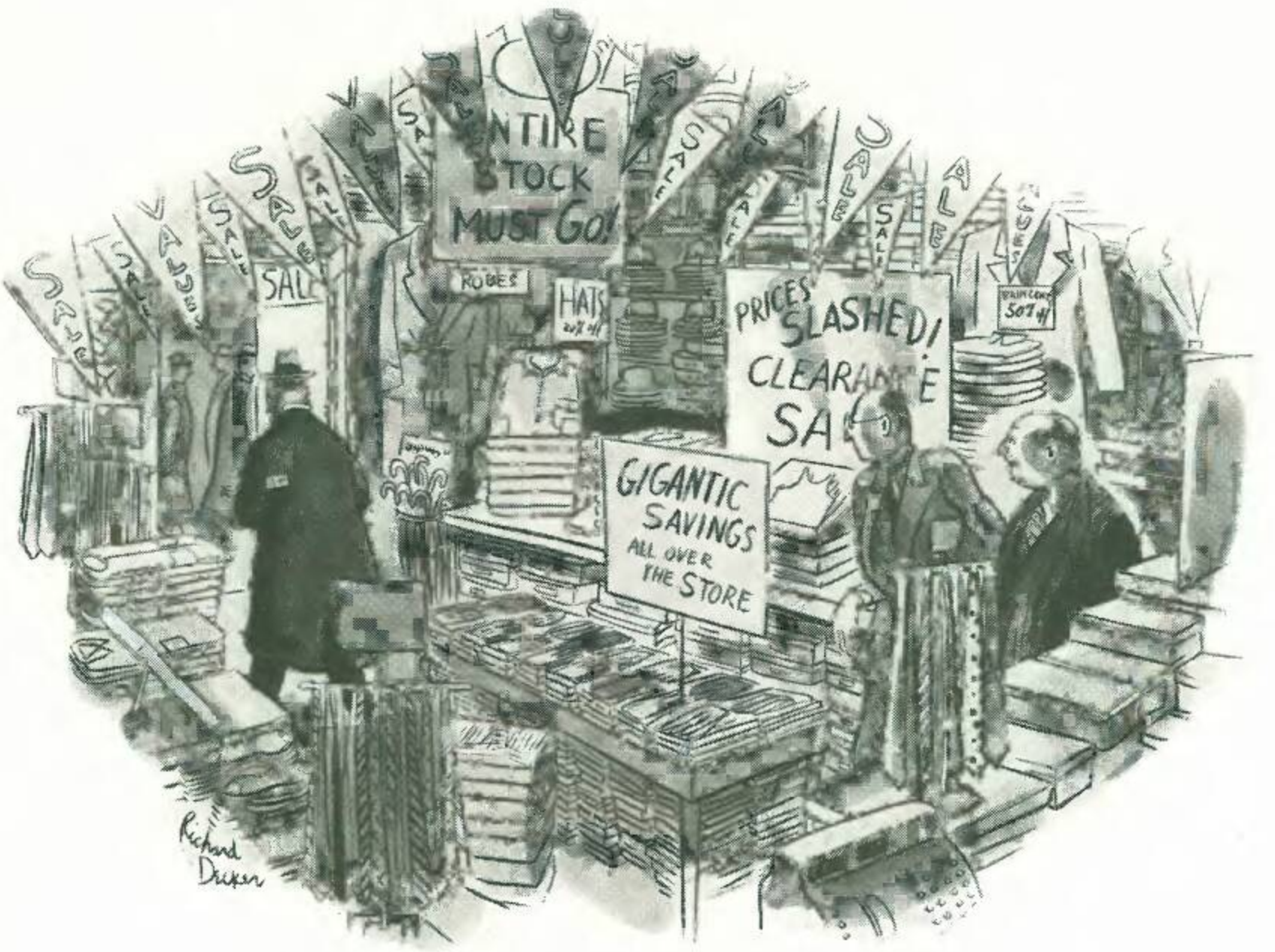
"Yes, Ma'am, yes, sir," said the waiter, backing away.

Frances regarded Michael coolly across the table. "Do you want me to call the Stevensons?" she asked. "It'll be nice in the country."

"Sure," Michael said. "Call them."

She got up from the table and walked across the room toward the telephone. Michael watched her walk, thinking what a pretty girl, what nice legs.

—IRWIN SHAW



"Well, so far so good."

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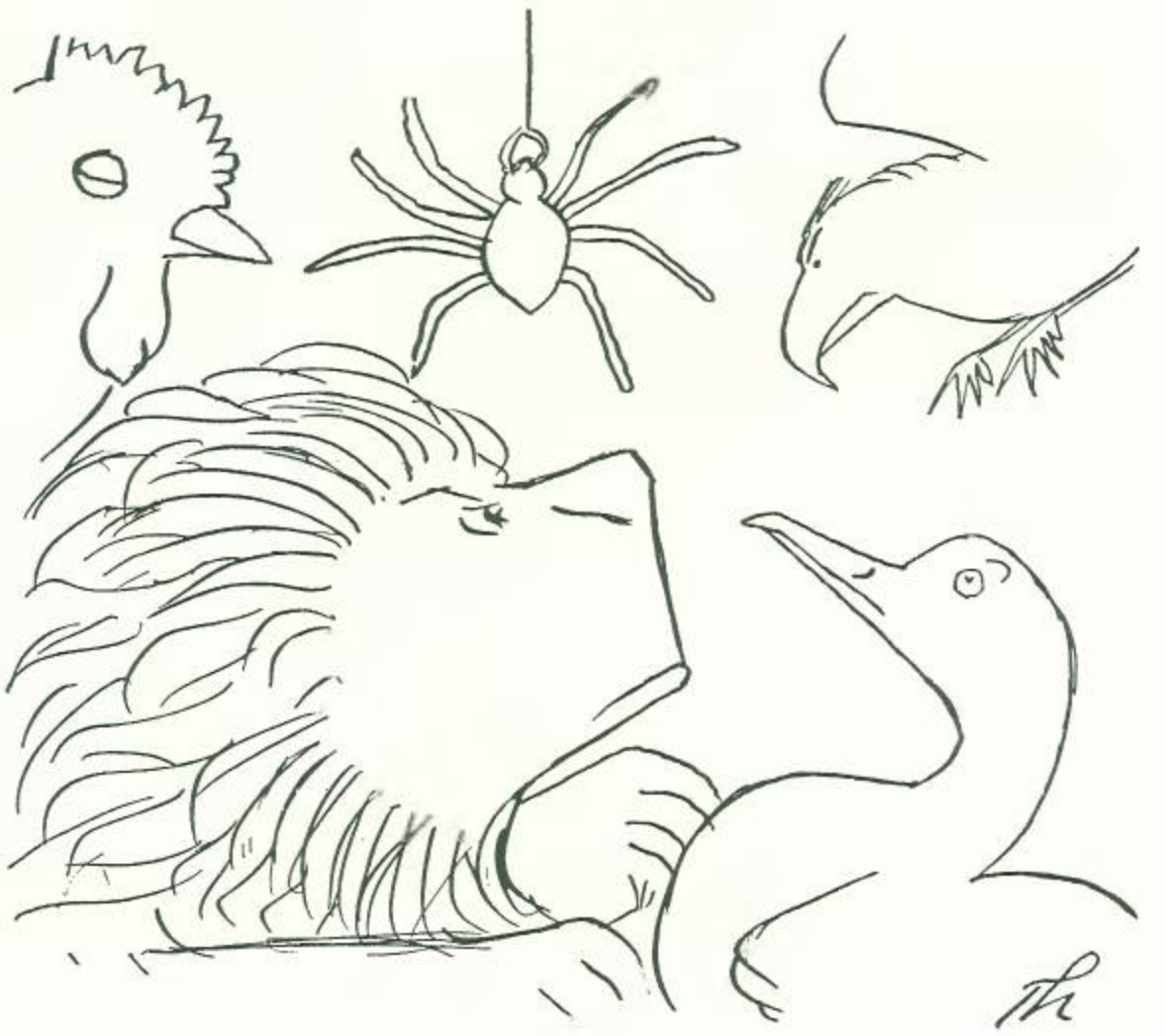
EXCESS ENTHUSIASM

Evidence of a Deplorable Tendency Toward Over-Exuberance, as Recorded in the Daily Press

LOCALE	ENTHUSIAST	ENTHUSIASM
Medina, Tennessee	Jake Slaughter	During a baseball game, he wound up so vigorously to pitch a fast one that he broke his throwing arm against his head.
Lewes, Delaware	John Boyer	On his first visit to the seashore from his inland home, he gazed so long and intently at the ocean that he became violently seasick.
Sparta, Illinois	Lester Heimback	Inspired by a swing version of "Tiger Rag," he danced the shag with such abandon that he fractured his leg.
Indianapolis	C. B. Pattison	A joke told to him by a friend struck him as so funny that he broke two ribs, suffered a punctured lung, and nearly died laughing.
Oklahoma City	C. B. Holden	He gesticulated so dramatically while pleading a case before the State Supreme Court that he threw his arm out of joint.
Verona, Italy	Salvatore Tacconi	While dreaming that he was trying to pass a rival in a bicycle race, he bit his lip badly enough to necessitate three stitches.
Davenport, Iowa	An anonymous jolly fellow	Greeting a friend, Chris Juhler, on the street, he gave him such a hearty slap on the back that Juhler fell and broke his right thighbone.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

FABLES FOR OUR TIME—II



A LARGE spider in an old house built a beautiful web in which to catch flies. Every time a fly landed on the web and was entangled in it the spider devoured him, so that when another fly came along he would think the web was a safe and quiet place in which to rest. One day a fairly intelligent fly buzzed around above the web so long without lighting that the spider appeared and said, "Come on down." But the fly was too clever for him and said, "I never light where I don't see other flies and I don't see any other flies in your house." So he flew away until he came to a place where there were a great many other flies. He was about to settle down among them when a bee buzzed up and said, "Hold it, stupid, that's flypaper. All those flies are trapped." "Don't be silly," said the fly, "they're dancing." So he settled down and became stuck to the flypaper with all the other flies.

Moral: There is no safety in numbers, or in anything else.

THERE was once a lion who coveted an eagle's wings. So he sent a message to the eagle asking him to call, and when the eagle came to the lion's den the lion said, "I will trade you my mane for your wings." "Keep talking, brother," said the eagle. "Without my wings I could no longer fly." "So what?" said the lion. "I can't fly now, but that doesn't keep me from being king of beasts. I became king of beasts on account of my magnificent mane." "All right," said the eagle, "but give me your mane first." "Just approach a little nearer," said the lion, "so that I can hand it to you." The eagle came closer and the lion clapped a huge paw on him, pinning him to the ground. "Come across with those wings!" he snarled.

So the lion took the eagle's wings but kept his own mane. The eagle was very despondent for a while and then he had an idea. "I bet you can't fly off the top of that great rock yonder," said the eagle. "Who, me?" said the lion, and he walked to the top of the rock and took off. His weight was too great for the eagle's wings to support, and besides he did not know how to fly, never having tried it before. So he crashed at the foot of the rock and burst into flames. The eagle hastily climbed down to him and regained his wings and took off the lion's mane, which he put about his own neck and shoulders. Flying back to the rocky nest where he lived with his mate, he decided to have some fun with her. So, covered with the lion's mane, he poked his head into the nest and in a deep, awful voice said "*Harrrooo!*" His mate, who was very nervous anyway, grabbed a pistol from a bureau drawer and shot him dead, thinking he was a lion.

Moral: Never allow a nervous female to have access to a pistol, no matter what you're wearing.

NOT so very very long ago there was a very fine gander. He was strong and smooth and beautiful and he spent most of his time singing to his wife and children. One day somebody who saw him strutting up and down in his yard and singing remarked, "There is a very proper gander." An old hen overheard this and told her husband about it that night in the roost. "They said something about propaganda," she said. "I have always suspected that," said the rooster, and he went around the barnyard next day telling everybody that the very fine gander was a dangerous bird, more than likely a hawk in gander's clothing. A small brown hen remembered a time when at a great distance she had seen the gander talking with some hawks in the forest. "They were up to no good," she said. A duck remembered that the gander had once told him he did not believe in anything. "He said to hell with the flag, too," said the duck. A guinea hen recalled that she had once seen somebody who looked very much like the gander throw something that looked a great deal like a bomb. Finally everybody snatched up sticks and stones and descended on the gander's house. He was strutting in his front yard, singing to his children and his wife. "There he is!" everybody cried. "Hawk-lover! Unbeliever! Flag-hater! Bomb-thrower!" So they set upon him and drove him out of the country.

Moral: Anybody who you or your wife thinks is going to overthrow the government by violence must be driven out of the country.

ONCE upon a time a little red hen was picking up stones and worms and seeds in a barnyard when something fell on her head. "The heavens are falling down!" she shouted, and she began to run, still shouting "The heavens are falling down!" All the hens that she met and all the roosters and turkeys and ducks laughed at her, smugly, the way you laugh at one who is terrified when you aren't. "What did you say?" they chortled. "The heavens are falling down!" cried the little red hen. Finally a very pompous rooster said to her, "Don't be silly, my dear, it was only a pea that fell on your head." And he laughed and laughed and everybody else except the little red hen laughed. Then suddenly with an awful roar great chunks of crystallized cloud and huge blocks of icy blue sky began to drop on everybody from above, and everybody was killed, the laughing rooster and the little red hen and everybody else in the barnyard, for the heavens actually *were* falling down.

Moral: It wouldn't surprise me a bit if they did. —JAMES THURBER

MY CAREER AS A COUNTERWEIGHT

IT isn't everyone who has served professionally as a counterweight, but I have—once, a long time ago, and even then I was by nature as unadapted to the job as anyone you could imagine. There aren't many things that a hundred and twenty-five pounds, pretty well stretched out, serve as a counterweight to, and I am still unable to understand the mentality of the carnival concessionaire who employed me in that capacity. I was too dizzy to go into the question very deeply at the time, and now it is too late by a good many years.

When I say dizzy, I don't mean in any metaphorical sense; I was just plain dizzy, staggering dizzy, even before the hoist fell and hit me on the head. After that happened, I quit the carnival and went on to other activities, and after a while went home and, in a manner of speaking, settled down.

Fred Jackson and I joined the carnival in Charleston one evening at the end of a walking trip—and a riding trip when we could manage it—which began in Richmond. We had arrived in Charleston broke and with little to go on but the memory of a couple of eggs we had filched very early in the day from an indignant hen. Charleston was placarded with announcements of the carnival—the Billy B. Jones Greater Shows, it was. We looked at each other thoughtfully, neither of us wanting to make the first suggestion; then one of us said, with a great effect of casualness, that maybe we could get jobs with the carnival. So we went to see and right away got jobs.

JACKSON got a job with a man who was operating a crazy enough concession. People paid to ride in little cars which went bouncing around a platform and bumped into one another, and Jackson's task was to stand by the exit gate and say "This way out, please" to customers who had been bumped around so much they were no longer sure of anything. It wasn't a hard job, because the people were glad enough to get out when shown the way. My job was not, I guess, more complicated, but it was a lot stranger.

We weren't told what was expected of us, though, until the day after we joined up. The first day we merely borrowed a little money to buy food with and wangled a place to sleep. There was a good deal of doubt about that last for a time, and then Hank, my boss, said we could sleep in the Stella tent. He showed us where it was, and after the carnival had closed down for the night we went over. We didn't know who or what Stella was, so we investigated carefully. It was Jackson who found out, and he said something like "Wuh!" I went to see what he was looking at and I said "Wuh!" too.

Stella was a painting, or, more precisely, I suppose, the lady of the painting. She was about life size, assuming life copied Rubens, and brightly tinted and entirely without clothes. She was rigged up amid draperies, so that when you first came upon her the effect was startling. There were lighting arrangements, too, and I imagine that, properly flooded, Stella was something to come on after you had paid your dime. Or was in those days and those parts.

Jackson and I never saw Stella lighted up, and after that first night we got so we hardly looked at her. We took the velveteen curtains used during performances to enhance her charms and put them on the ground and slept on them; or, anyway, we did until they caught us at it one morning. After that we just slept on the ground, with Stella brooding, pinkly voluptuous, above us. When we had been around the lot a day or two, we found that by the time the last customer had gone home we could sleep on the ground all right. I was lucky, though, if I could stand up long enough to pick my ground.

HANK ran the concession next to the bump-the-bumps on which Jackson was working. Hank had a revolving swing, run by a sputtering gasoline engine, which took almost all of his time. There was a central structure with arms branching out from it, and at the ends of the arms, on short cables, there were cars for people to ride in. The cars went round and round, and while going round and round they went up and down. And business wasn't, at

"He's an investor, or speculator, or embezzler—anyway, he's rich."

any time, brisk; most people, with deep inner wisdom, took one look at the swing and went off to the quieter raptures provided by Stella and the twenty trained monkeys across the way.

During our stand of nearly a week in Charleston, there were enough customers to keep the swing running, but never enough to fill it. Usually we'd get just one group, of from two to four, at a time. And they would all, in spite of any persuasion, pile into one car. I would see that and my heart would sink, and Hank would look at me. Then I would go and get in the car directly opposite, to act as a counterweight. This may not sound like much to those who have never done it—a large and enviable group—but it was really a good deal, particularly as it went on from about noon each day until midnight.

A well-rounded Southern couple, with two or three healthy children—pellagra and other wasting diseases had certainly missed that part of the country—would come in and pay their money, argue about paying for the children, and crowd into one of the cars. The whole contraption would sag toward them. I would hasten across and climb into the opposite car, bringing my full weight to bear. (The condition of my mind at such times probably added an additional five pounds.) Then the motor would splutter and gulp and finally take hold, and we were off, whirling gladly through the soft spring air.

The structure was strong enough not to fall down, but it wasn't by any means rigid. The full car would go around rather soddenly, never very far from the ground and only swinging in and out a little, while my end of what amounted to a seesaw would rear up into the air, and, as the speed increased, my car would behave with abandon. Zoop! it would go up, with me hanging on for dear life. Whoof! it would come down, with my stomach preceding me. Zoop! it would go up again and around and down and around, rattling and banging, and always, I was sure, about to fly entirely off the handle. It never did, but I always thought it was about to. So, I think, did Hank. I have had, sometimes, a nasty suspicion that he put me, instead of one of the carnival's heavier help, in the car because he figured he could spare me best.

The contraption would stop after a while and the Southern family would get out, usually a little disgruntled because their ride had been so tame. Looking across at me, they had seen that my ride was wild enough, and they took it in bad part, often, that I should have so much more excitement than they had. They thought it was something about the different cars. They would go off, dourly, and Hank would work over the engine and then some more customers would come. They would get into their car and I would reel over and climb into mine and we'd be off again, for another couple of minutes of living dangerously on the crest of the wave. After hours of that sort of thing the whole of Charleston would be going around me in great dipping sweeps, and Jackson, who was only a little hoarse, would lead me over to Stella, where I could collapse.

"I still say it seems silly to be taking a snow train."

THE day the carnival tore down, there was roustabout work, at which I was noticeably useless. We left Charleston and travelled overnight on flat cars and reached another town and set up again, in the mud. Hank, who had bad luck all along—not only with me—got stuck in a particularly gummy bit and had to borrow elephants to get loose; then his new pitch turned out to be a spot almost as gummy and he had to scatter a lot of straw around, grumbling all the while about the expense. I whirled for another week and then, when we tore down again, I got hit by the hoist. It was a complicated mechanism in Hank's travelling truck for lifting the heavier parts of the swing, and while hoisting the engine part of it came loose and fell on my head. They laid me aside and eventually I came to and thought things over. It was dark and they had deserted me—thought I was dead, no doubt—so as soon as I could, I got up and went away. I traced the show to its next stand and stopped by to tell Jackson I would stick around near town and he could join me after he got his wages. We'd pretty well borrowed mine up, in advances, and I felt that what remained wasn't worth additional risk.

I haunted the fringes of town for several days, and got over being dizzy, before Jackson could get his money and meet me. When he did, he said that Hank had never showed any signs of missing me, had never even mentioned the accident. After I left, Jackson said, Hank produced a bag of sand from somewhere and used it in my place. Jackson said, a little unkindly, I thought, that the ride seemed to be going all the better for it.

—RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

Mrs. Davies

PROFILES

LADY BOUNTIFUL—I

WHEN Mrs. Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davies accompanied her third and present husband, Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, to the Soviet Union in January, 1937, that portion of the American press which looks upon the Soviet experiment as the hope of the world was distinctly bilious in its comments. To send such a lush specimen of the fruits of American capitalism to the Moscow comrades, the Leftist commentators complained, was a downright affront. Mrs. Davies, a handsome, blue-eyed woman in her early fifties, with an arresting streak of white in her brown hair, did not understand that attitude at all. Though she is one of the ten richest women in the United States, she considers herself a typical American. She has an executive competence which is sometimes almost imperious, but she prides herself on her democratic manner of dealing with all sorts of people. As a hostess, she is gracious and highly experienced, but there is a note of the lavish about her most sincere efforts at simplicity. When she was entertaining a group of American correspondents and Embassy attachés on a yacht cruise in the North Sea, for example, she had a steward appear after dinner each night with a silver tray bearing ten kinds of chewing gum.

Her annual income from the General Foods Corporation, of which she is the largest stockholder, has been around $700,000 in recent years, sometimes a little more, sometimes a little less. This is only one of her sources of revenue, however. Until the early nineteen-twenties, she had a large investment in tax-exempt bonds—enough to pay her approximately $750,000 a year even at their low rates of interest. Since then she has put a great deal of her money into higher-yield securities. Altogether, her income now is probably close to $2,000,000 a year. In the best American tradition, she was born poor—or at least moderately poor. Her father, the late Charles William Post, founded the family fortune in 1895, when he started peddling his newly invented coffee substitute, Postum. Marjorie, his only child, was then a little girl in gingham dresses and braided pigtails.

AT the time Marjorie was born, in Springfield, Illinois, her father was a go-getting farm-implement salesman. He presently went to Texas because of poor health and made money as a real-estate man while recuperating. Then he promoted a cotton mill, which failed, and his health failed with it. At thirty-seven, almost broke and suffering from a nervous breakdown, he went to Battle Creek to take the cure in a sanitarium and stayed on in the town to become a multimillionaire. Battle Creek was seething with health fads and swarming with sick people and hypochondriacs who were willing to pay for the privilege of talking about how they were feeling. In 1893, strong once more, Post bought a farm outside the city, mostly on credit, converted the farmhouse into a health resort, which he called La Vita Inn, and set himself up as a mental healer. On the side he sold off the surplus farm land as building lots to installment-plan buyers.

He explained his health system in a book, "I Am Well—the Modern Practice. Natural Suggestion, or Scientia Vitae," in which he recommended the thinking of good thoughts, complete relaxation, and a mystic procedure called "going into the silence." At first, he scorned the dietary approach to well-being, by which he made his fortune later. "Go to the table," he wrote, "and eat a fair, reasonable meal without fear, *knowing* and never doubting your power to *make stomach* perform its necessary functions, and in a satisfactory way, so long as it is ruled by the God power." As proof of these powers, he cited the case of one of his patients, a dyspeptic gentleman who had not been able to eat a hearty meal in years without distress. Post worked on this fellow's mind a bit, then asked him what he most longed to eat and gave him a huge helping of it, which the gentleman ate without ill effects. The dish was pork and beans with vinegar, which makes the miracle the more remarkable.

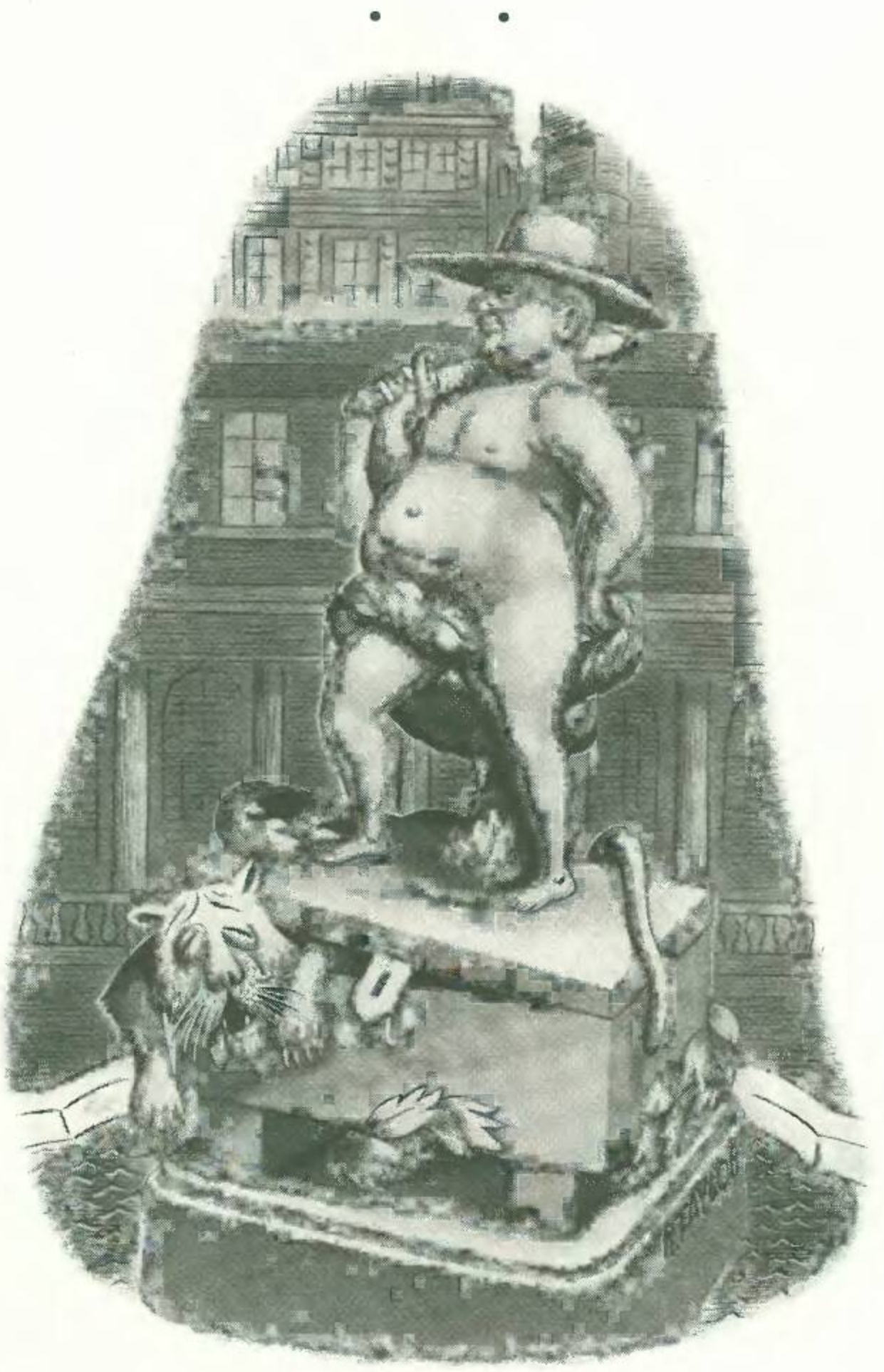
Within a year, however, Post adopted dietary ideas to supplement the God power and began experimenting in the kitchen with brews of grain and sweetened water in the hope of hitting upon a palatable substitute for coffee which would not keep nervous people awake at night. The result was Postum, concocted of bran and other parts of wheat, sweetened with molasses. At first he served it only at his inn, but in 1895 he began manufacturing it in a barn on the farm and peddling it to stores around the countryside with a horse and buggy. Business was so poor that when, a couple of years later, he added Grape-Nuts to his line, his wife had to bake the bread from which he made the new cereal. It was one of the first dry cereals on the market. Post's idea was to sell it as a health food, along with Postum, rather than as an ordinary breakfast food. It was made of whole-wheat flour, malted barley flour, yeast, salt, and water, baked in a long loaf resembling ordinary brown bread, then dried in an oven and crumbled. Post called it Grape-Nuts because the malting of the barley flour turned part of the starch into grape sugar, or dextrose. He made some rather astounding claims for his product. His first label announced that Grape-Nuts was "a Food for Brain and Nerve Centers." "The system," it continued, "will absorb a greater amount of nourishment from One Pound of Grape-Nuts than from Ten Pounds of Meat, Wheat, Oats or Bread. Costs about one cent a meal." Later, when various state chemists began interesting themselves in analyses of the cereal, he modified his claims a trifle, but he went on advertising Grape-Nuts as a brain food. As the business grew he became one of the largest advertisers in the country and filled the newspapers with testimonials to the health-giving qualities of Postum and Grape-Nuts, under such headings as "Incipient Consumption headed off by Grape-Nuts," "Loose Teeth made sound by eating Grape-Nuts," and "Malaria? Postum staves off chills and fever." When *Collier's* published a

critical editorial about all this, he ran newspaper advertisements accusing the magazine of trying to force him to give it more advertising. Robert Collier brought suit for libel and Post had to pay him $50,000.

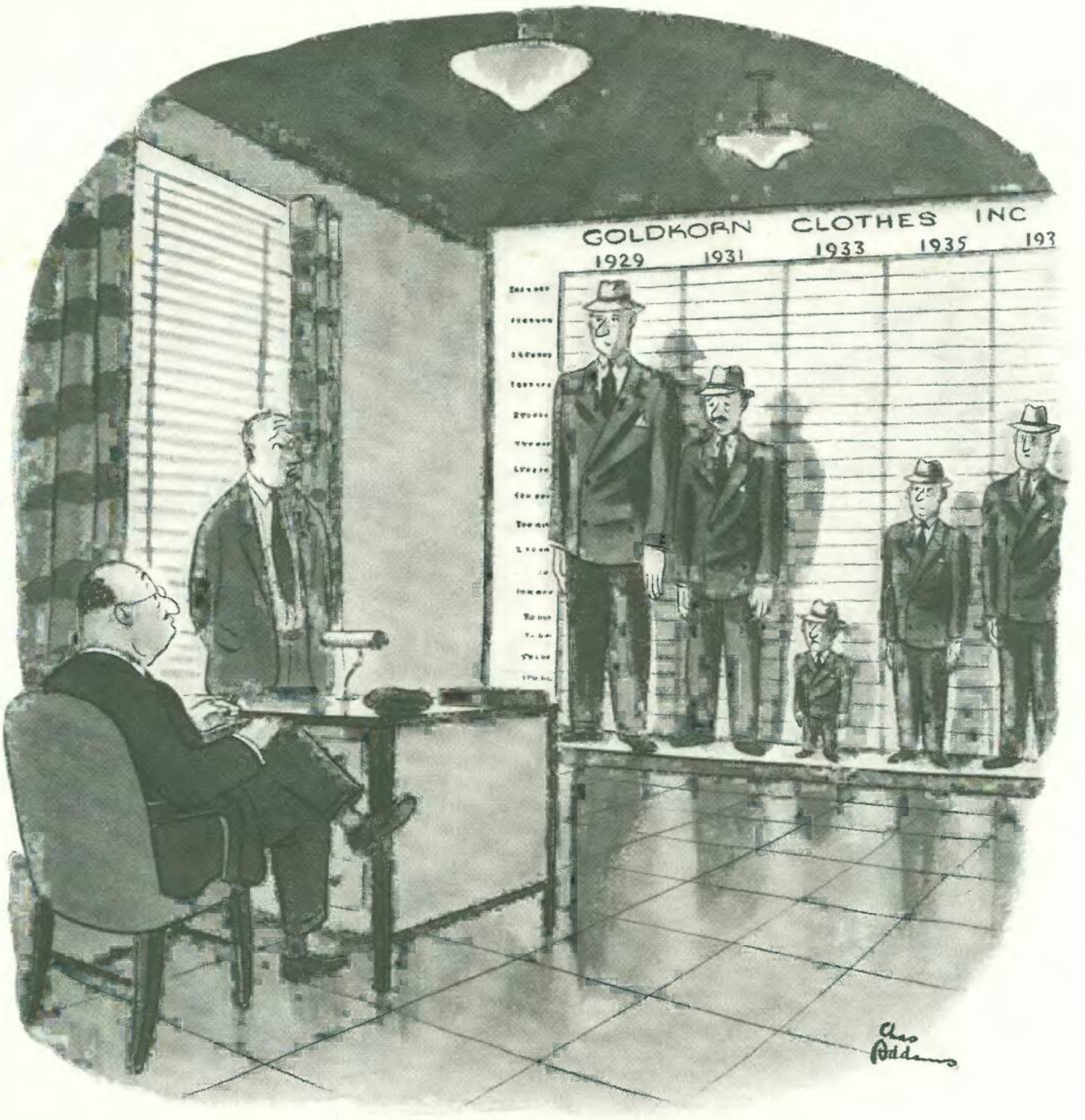
By 1905, the Postum Cereal Company was a $5,000,000 concern. Post, who inevitably became known as C. W., developed ideas befitting a self-made American. He adopted a paternal attitude toward his employees, built a village (called Postumville) of low-cost houses, which he sold to them on the installment plan, and built them a clubhouse. He fought labor unionism as uneconomic and un-American. He divorced Marjorie's mother, married one of his stenographers, and took up travelling and collecting works of art. In the meantime he began training Marjorie seriously for later life. He sent her East to school and to London for two social seasons, and whenever she was at home, drilled her in such matters as taking inventory and totting up sales and warned her that it is the duty of the rich to disperse a substantial part of their incomes every year. Through sustained effort she has been able to do this, though her income has grown considerably since her father's death in 1914. She has spent money energetically and has given away approximately as much as her father left her.

IN 1905, she married Edward B. Close, a personable young New York lawyer and a descendant of the Brevoorts. The wedding was in Grace Church, with the rector officiating. Post, who was a Congregationalist back in Battle Creek, came to New York to give the bride away and afterward went along with them on their honeymoon to Egypt and Italy. He had established a trust fund for his daughter and gave her an allowance, but her income amounted to less than $50,000 a year. Her husband, though of good family, had little money. He turned shortly from the law to brokerage, thinking it might be a more congenial occupation. Though C. W. liked him and let him handle a good many of the Post investments, the combined income of the Closes was a poor thing compared to that to which Mrs. Close was to become accustomed. They lived in Greenwich, where C. W. had built them a $300,000 home with stables, tennis courts, and gardens. They called the place The Boulders.

Post was never robust and in the last years of his life became increasingly despondent. In 1914, during a long illness, he shot and killed himself. His daughter has always been rather preoccupied with health. She doesn't smoke and drinks only what is necessary for social purposes; she is very careful about balanced diets, goes to bed by eleven o'clock except when kept up by a party, and does gymnastics every morning. She used to go frequently to French Lick and Hot Springs for the cures and at one time explored Christian Science. She is given to dietary fads; some years ago, when prunes were an important part of her diet, she sent her cook to the Hotel Pennsylvania to eat a dish of them and find how the fruit was prepared there. She had heard that the Pennsylvania served the best prunes in town. She keeps her houses faintly scented with a perfumed disinfectant and checks up frequently to see that the heat is kept at the right level. The thought of exchanging germs with strangers in an ordinary Pullman car has always worried her, and before she bought a private car of her own she used to hire one even for short trips. She didn't feel really safe unless it was the same car each time —a car named the Superb, which was usually also assigned for Presidential use. One trip South was practically spoiled for her when President Coolidge suddenly decided to go somewhere and, at the last minute, she had to take another car. She insisted that the substitute car be especially fumigated for her. In 1916, when an infantile-paralysis epidemic broke out in New York and Connecticut, her two daughters, Adelaide and Eleanor Close, were at the Greenwich estate and she was in New York. She sent word to Greenwich that any servant who stepped off the estate during the epidemic was to be promptly discharged. The servants had to stay there for most of the summer. A farm



A REVISED STATUARY
FOR THE CITY OF TOMORROW



"I hope the convention appreciates how much trouble we've gone to."

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on the estate made the place more or less self-sustaining. Everything that had to be brought in was left at the gate and no contact was permitted between servants and tradespeople. Mrs. Close, when visiting the ménage, changed clothes and washed with disinfectant as soon as she arrived. The servants stuck it out and she rewarded them liberally at the expiration of the siege.

She expects unfaltering efficiency and loyalty from her employees and in return grants them rewards which she feels will increase their happiness and well-being. After she built a lodge on Upper Lake St. Regis in the Adirondacks, in the latter years of her marriage to Close, she had movies shipped up from New York as soon as they were released and shown in the main lounge, partly for the entertainment of guests and family but more especially to keep the servants from being bored. When talkies came in, she installed the first sound apparatus to be put in a private house. Attachés of the American Embassy in Moscow learned something of her way of treating servants even before she and the Ambassador arrived. She had sent half a dozen of them over with two Madison Avenue decorators to make ready the Ambassadorial residence, Spasso House. The chargé d'affaires gave a

Christmas party soon after this advance guard arrived, and it did not occur to him to plan anything special for the servants. They were so broken up that the party almost came to a halt while the Embassy wives tried to persuade one of the maids to stop crying and to soothe the feelings of the rest. Mrs. Davies, the servants said, always gave them a Christmas party of their own. When Mrs. Davies bought her private car, she put the porter whom she had always engaged on the Superb, a man called Mackay, on her payroll. A few years ago she sold the car, but Mackay still gets his check every month and waits in Harlem to serve her in case he is needed again.

ENGAGEMENTS FOR TOMORROW

Business of forcing a showdown.
Hit this hard, and take no excuses.
(Stuff about expenses, business about the risks, stuff about overhead.)

If the bank should call, stall them off.
Don't say yes or no, but it has to sound good.
(Maybe gone for the week.
Yes, left no word but had hoped to be back, regret the delay, and
so forth and so on.
Will definitely return on such and such a date.)

Lunch with so and so.
(One highball, no more, two at most. A walk to clear the head.)

And stuff for all the other deals, for every possible turn and twist.
Wallop it hard. Keep them guessing. And naturally, no mistakes.
Cheerful stuff. Personality stuff. Glamour stuff.
Tough, if necessary, and rough. But careful.
Give it the business, all of it. The works.

And finally the big stuff.
(Make a note of this. Must think it all out.)
Stuff about the reason for all the other stuff.
Business about loyalty (the need for, and so forth), brains (stuff,
stuff), and something about the breaks.
Business about what it is that makes the whole business go round,
without any beginning and without any end,
like the wind or like the ocean, a feeling
to tear the heart out of a wooden Indian's breast.
Straight stuff. Real stuff. True stuff. The McCoy.
Sometime. Soon. Before it's too late.
Because, after all.
And so on, and so on, and so on, and so on.

—KENNETH FEARING

SO thoroughly did Marjorie Post acquire her father's instinct for accumulating wealth that she inherited much more of his fortune than he actually provided for in his will. After making various minor bequests, including trust funds of $1,364,290 each for the two Close daughters, about $250,000 for Close, and varying amounts for other relatives and old associates, he divided the rest of his $33,000,000 estate more or less equally between his daughter and his widow. They each got half of his largest holding, the Postum Cereal Company. Soon after his death, however, Mrs. Close brought suit to have her stepmother's claims under the will disallowed. Mrs. Close's lawyers assured the press that it was just a friendly action, prompted entirely by sentiment. Sentiment was vindicated, and the widow settled out of court for $6,000,000, leaving Mrs. Close sole owner of the $20,000,000 company. The grounds for the suit had been uncovered by one of Mrs. Close's attorneys in going through some of Post's papers. The details were kept from the press because of the out-of-court settlement, but a story widely accepted is that in the early days Marjorie turned her savings-bank account of two or three hundred dollars over to her father to save the business in an emergency and that he signed the company over to her in gratitude and put the agreement in his files. It appears that later he either forgot about the generous impulse or thought better of it.

In any event, now that Mrs. Close had added complete ownership of the company to her other holdings, it became her duty to disperse a much larger income than she had handled before. She bought a town house, the Townsend Burden residence at Ninety-second Street and Fifth Avenue, across from Felix Warburg's and backing up on Otto Kahn's. She felt some qualms about taking it, for the price was $1,000,000 and she had to sell some bonds to raise the money. The feeling of being so rich in her own right was still new and she had to be reassured by her financial advisers that she really could afford it. Such misgivings were only temporary. Soon she bought an adjoining house to add to the original one, and built a passageway between the two. They added up to forty-six rooms. She also bought a box at the opera and began entertaining on a more elaborate scale. On the tenth anniversary of her marriage to Close, she and her husband gave the biggest party that they had ever given—a ball at the Ritz. The ballroom, in keeping with the tin-wedding tradition, was decorated with tin flowers and Mrs. Close carried a bridal bouquet of the same metal. Invitations were issued liberally and the affair cost the Closes $10,000.

Furnishing and decorating the new house was a labor of several years, and Mrs. Close prepared herself for it by studying exhibits and attending lectures at the Metropolitan Museum. She had previously done a bit of casual collecting, starting with spoons from various parts of the world she had visited, and Indian relics from the American West. Now she hunted fine and rare furniture, tapestries, and paintings. She paid more than $175,000 for a set of Beauvais tapestries, "The Loves of the Gods." She bought a white marble figure by Rodin and paid $10,000 for Rubens' "Adoration of the Magi." The furniture that she acquired was French, of the elegant Louis XVI period. The competition for her custom was spirited. Once, while she was abroad, Sir Joseph Duveen (now in the

RACONTEURS

"The minute I heard about you I came right over, because I know how lonely you must be. I'm so glad it's nothing worse than a bad headache, but even so, my dear, I do think you ought to see a doctor right away. Who knows, it may be one of Nature's danger signals. I always remember Mrs. Ramsey—simply the picture of health except for these headaches—and the things they found when they got her to the hospital! To begin with . . ."

• • •

peerage) was permitted to install $2,000,000 worth of collector's items in her drawing room for her approval. Other dealers and decorators claim that Duveen posted a guard at the door, and that the guard took his responsibility so seriously that Duveen's competitors were prevented from getting any information at all that might have been helpful to them in pushing their own wares. Mrs. Close sent most of Duveen's things back, anyway, when she got home. Always a woman of pronounced tastes, she has never quibbled over price or accepted anything she doesn't like. She had cardinal-red carpets woven in Italy for the house and had her curtains embroidered in the Louis XVI style. She bought a table of lapis lazuli and had an elaborately decorated piano shipped over from France. She now calls "ridiculous" the story that she had three solid-gold French telephones installed, but people who visited the house at the time still claim they saw them. In any event, she made generous use of gold and precious stones in her decorative scheme. She paid $2,500 apiece, for instance, for two gold cigarette boxes set with rubies and sapphires. She filled the huge library with books that were handsomely bound, even if some of them were dummies. She has never had much time

for reading, anyway. When she is going to the opera, she has her secretary read the libretto to her while a maid is doing her hair.

She has a steadfast admiration for efficiency. In fitting out the house, she had her dressing room equipped with racks, hangers, shoe cabinets, fur cases, and hat forms, like those in the department stores, with a special place for each of her hundreds of garments. Incidentally, she has seldom paid fantastic prices for clothes but has satisfied herself with things that are merely expensive. She has never appeared in those yearly lists of best-dressed women. This suits her because she tries to avoid the sort of publicity which conservative people think is cheapening.

SHE has a keen eye for color, both in costuming and in decoration. On the eve of her wedding to Edward F. Hutton in 1920, she made Kottmiller, the florist, take back a roomful of roses, with which he had decorated the library for the ceremony, because they did not match the other decorations. That wedding took place a year after she divorced her first husband. Her union with Close had begun to falter as the tempo of her life accelerated in the years after her father's death. Close was acquiescent but not particularly interested in her new activities. In the World War he had entered the Army and become a major, but this achievement was hardly on a par with that of his wife, who supplied the funds with which the Red Cross built and maintained a base hospital at Savenay—the biggest in operation at the close of the war. Their divorce, in 1919, was fairly amicable. Mrs. Close obtained it in Connecticut and got the custody of the two daughters. Close married again and moved to Paris, where he has lived ever since. Hutton, born on a farm in Ohio, had had a spectacular career in Wall Street, where he instituted the first wire brokerage service in history, and was known as Lucky Ned. He was a widower. He had made a lot of money, though not nearly as much as his new wife possessed, and was an aggressive, uninhibited, positive fellow who took business and pleasure in a sweeping stride and looked around for more of both. His brother Franklyn, who was also his partner in the brokerage house of E. F. Hutton & Co., had married one of the daughters of F. W. Woolworth and had a daughter named Barbara.

—ARTHUR BARTLETT

(This is the first of three articles on Mrs. Davies.)

THE THEATRE

QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS

ALMOST as if it were the result of a pre-season junta of playwrights at which the slogan "Sell America!" had been adopted, the theatre this year has rung with exhortations for us all to hold dear our national heritage and be Americans.

Aside from the fact that it would be difficult *not* to be an American if you are one already, and overlooking a slight feeling of resentment at being told by any other Americans to Buck Up, the general effect of this campaign must be fairly vague, as the playwrights themselves have been fairly vague in their outlines of what constitutes Americanism. Robert E. Sherwood seems to have been the most practical one of his craft. He simply gave us Abraham Lincoln and let us look at him.

The question here is not how skillfully the playwrights have done their work, but just whom is it aimed at. Who are these renegade fellow-Americans who need arousing, and, once they are aroused, what are they going to do about it? How are we dilatory patriots to know when we have reached that fine pitch of Americanism which indicates that we have made the grade and need have no more plays reminding us of our heritage?

AMONG the problems which it would seem that an American might well have to face, along with the implied ones of Nazi intrusion and other alien influences, is what to do with those Americans who have no jobs. It is presumably not their fault that they have no jobs. It may be the System, it may be the American Tradition, which sent us off on a great Big War and brought us back into a great Big Mess (see "The American Way"), or it may be just tough luck. Whatever the reason, not many people like to be without jobs, especially actors, for acting is their dish.

And so, when an organization like the Federal Theatre, which has, much to everyone's surprise and some folks' confusion, not only justified its foundation but given the American Theatre an impetus at the time when it needed it, is forced to lay off thousands of workers because Congress has suddenly decided to get tough (by one vote), one wonders just what practical Americanism really is and who the dreamers are.

All that is necessary for anyone who knows the Theatre is to look back over the list of Federal Theatre productions to see that it has been no crackbrained scheme, like shooting off hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of shells at naval maneuvers. "Power," "One-Third of a Nation," "Haiti" (in Harlem), "Murder in the Cathedral," "Macbeth" (in Harlem), "Dr. Faustus," "Androcles and the Lion" (in Harlem), "Pinocchio," and "Horse Eats Hat" all have been definite contributions to the art of our theatre. It may be that the Theatre is not a practical art. If you think so, forget it.

The question still remains: "What is to be done with the people who have no jobs?" You can't forget that, if you are an American.

AND, to get back into our gay mood again (for Americans are notoriously gay), why is it that a lady singer in a Gilbert and Sullivan production can flat all over the place and nobody minds, whereas I, if I try to sing in a group, can hit only one flat note before I am thrown out on my face?

The better the music, the more lady singers are allowed to flat. Male singers —no. Just the ladies, and just the *good* singers. Opera singers can flat, and Gilbert and Sullivan singers can flat, but Benchley can't flat. Is that fair?

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

4-Room apt., $16.50; 3 rms., $12.50; young couple with or without baby. (Will Fix.)—*Classified adv. in the Denver (Colo.) Post.*

Busybody!

1842 1939

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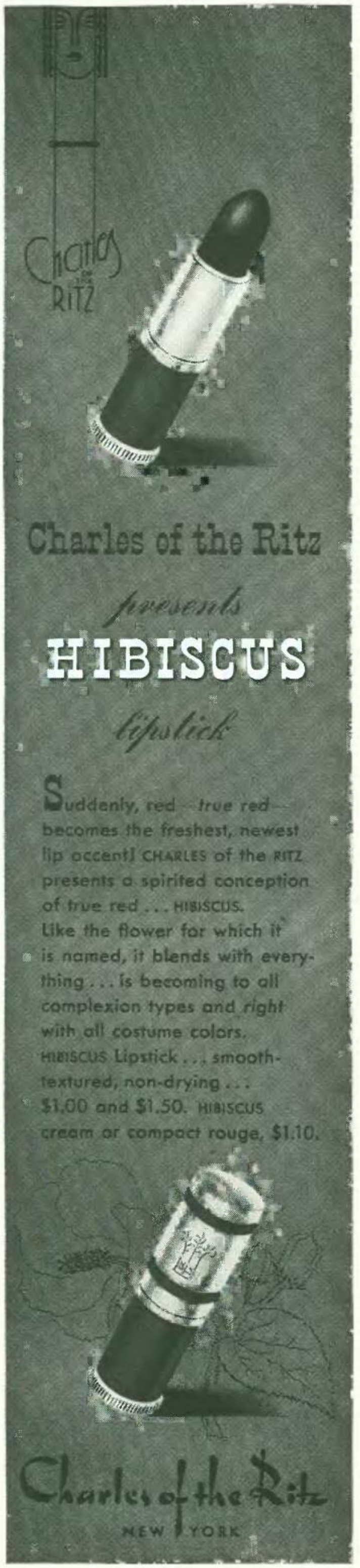
Schaefer

BEER AT ITS BEST



THE RACE TRACK

Success Story—Tips From the Feedbox

ACCORDING to report, Don Meade is not a modest young man. My favorite story about him is that once, when some jockeys were arguing over who was the best horseman they had ever seen, Meade interrupted with "Fator was a good rider, and Arcaro's a good rider, but"—and he patted his chest—"Meade's the best rider."

There's no doubt that Meade has plenty to boast about. In the first sixteen racing days at Hialeah Park, he rode thirty-three winners. Nobody remembers when a boy had such a high average over so long a period. Of course, you hear people (who, I suspect, had wagers on beaten horses) say that the other jockeys, especially Arcaro, are allowing Meade to win so that he can make a good showing and get a licence in New York. That's tosh. You wouldn't believe it, either, if you had seen Arcaro on Armor Bearer beat Meade on Milk Punch one day last week, or had watched any of the half-dozen races which Meade has won on second-best horses. The boy is awfully good, that's all.

Two years ago, Meade was ignominiously kicked out of racing for betting on horses, some of which he didn't happen to be riding. No official notice is ever taken of trainers who bet on horses other than their own, but with jockeys it's another story. The fact that Meade, in at least three races, beat the animal he bet on was considered immaterial.

Meade, a broad-shouldered, sharp-featured little man who you would guess was a jockey even if you'd never seen him in silks, is twenty-six years old and has been riding races since he was thirteen. He was born in Plankinton, South Dakota, in the cattle country, and took to the saddle so naturally that when he was only ten he got a summer job on a ranch which paid him $10 a month and board. He had the knack of handling horses, but he was too small to be a first-rate cowhand, so there seemed nothing left for him to do but become a jockey. He did his first race riding on half-mile tracks in Nebraska, Wyoming, and Oklahoma. Later, he joined the stable of Sam Orr and rode in Texas and Canada. Once, at Whittier Park, in Winnipeg, he rode seven winners in one afternoon.

Nobody heard much about Meade, though, until Ed Bradley engaged him in the spring of 1933. A few weeks later, Meade won the Kentucky Derby for Bradley on Brokers Tip and became famous. Bradley gave him $7,500 after that ride—the largest present he has received for winning a race.

Meade gets lots of fan mail. Some of it is from boys who are eager to be jockeys (and occasionally enclose pictures of themselves on horseback to prove it), but most of the letters are from people asking for tips on the races. A few weeks ago, a man wrote to explain that he had a wife and seven children to support and so couldn't afford to bet more than fifty cents, but if Meade would please telegraph him a sure thing every day, he'd appreciate it. Another letter contained a $10 bill which the sender said was half of a wager he had collected on one of Meade's mounts, and would the jockey please accept? Right now, Meade is a bit disturbed. It seems that a young woman he doesn't know—a waitress in a town he's never been in—recently tried to make a good impression on her boss by pretending that she was friendly enough with Meade to get inside information from him. The girl picked several horses for her employer and, as luck would have it, they all won. The lunchroom man cleaned up so handsomely that he is now planning to leave the young woman in charge of his business and make a trip to Miami. Certain that her boss will look Meade up, the waitress has written to the jockey entreating him not to give the show away. Meade doesn't intend to. What worries him is that he won't be able to pick winners as well as the girl did.

THE $5,000 Miami Beach Handicap, which was the first sweepstakes over the turf course, was a huge success. Better horses ran for it than for any other race on the grass at Hialeah. The Maemere Farm, which hasn't had much luck for several seasons, won it with Maeriel, beating Francesco by half a length. Speaking of luck, Inscoelda, who was rated the best two-year-old filly last season, finished out of the money in the Shenandoah Purse, won by Greentree's Cherry Jam. It was Inscoelda's first start this year, and she'll probably do better next time. Colonel Martingale says the best-looking three-year-olds he's seen are Volitant and Benefactor. —AUDAX MINOR

OF ALL THINGS

THE Senate has ordered the President to practice rigid economy in handing out relief. He must get along until June on $725,000,000, unless he finds he needs more.

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The Fascist victory in Spain was made possible by the failure of England, France, and the United States to supply the Loyalists with arms. Democracy is beautiful but dumb.

•

This is the happy time of year when the Reichstag comes into its own. It gets invited to Hitler's anniversary party and is allowed to say "*Heil!*"

•

Probably nothing will come of the proposed impeachment of Secretary Perkins. Our best authorities hold that it is not illegal to differ with the Dies Committee on the issues of the day.

•

Our good neighbor, Mayor Hague, is in an unhappy frame of mind. The Constitution of the United States is closing in on his city, and the situation is fraught with peril.

•

Justice Frankfurter takes his seat with the blessings of the American people. He was proposed by the lawyers, nominated by the President, confirmed by the Senate, and approved by Dr. Gallup's survey.

•

The public handshaking of a Catholic bishop and the old Imperial Wizard, Evans, is a gratifying lesson in tolerance. Perhaps someday the members of the auto workers' union will be on speaking terms with each other.

•

The Magistrates' Courts report a profit of $400,000 for last year. Credit is due to the motorists for the splendid way they have misbehaved.

•

A survey of New York's school children ranks Hitler as the most hated man, with Mussolini the runner-up. On the other hand, the kids show high esteem for Roosevelt, God, and spinach.

•

Governor Aiken's million-dollar mistake in arithmetic looks pretty bush-league to this haughty metropolis. Without half trying, our Comptroller has achieved an error of two hundred million. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SCHMOOZE AND THE I. L. G.

THERE are two important facts of life in the garment district: the union and schmoozing. Everybody schmoozes in what is technically known as the Market. Dress operators, cutters, bosses, fur workers, salesmen, beautiful models, and humble pushcart boys all schmooze, starting promptly at noon. Schmooze is a radiant, enduring custom, and the Broadway Association, the Seventh Avenue Civic Association, the Penn Zone Association, the New York City traffic police, and the Division of Street Cleaning can't do the slightest thing about it.

The American word "schmooze" (pronounced "shmooss") is related to the Yiddish verb "schmooze," which means "to talk." But schmoozing in the garment district is more than just a lot of idle chatter. Schmoozing is a careful tradition, dear to the hearts of everyone in New York's most thickly populated business section. Precisely at twelve o'clock, from Twenty-fifth Street, where the fur market begins, to Forty-first Street, in an area bounded on the west by Eighth Avenue and running east sometimes as far as Fifth, crowds begin to pour out of the tall brick buildings. The narrow, normally crowded and noisy streets of the garment district, thick even at ten o'clock in the morning with trucks and pushcarts and salesmen and haughty models, suddenly explode. Two hundred thousand operators, bosses, and salesmen make a mass rush for the curbs. It is a beautiful sight. At five minutes to twelve the Market looks like any other crowded business district in New York. At five minutes after twelve, nearly all traffic has stopped, the police are going crazy, and the schmooze has started.

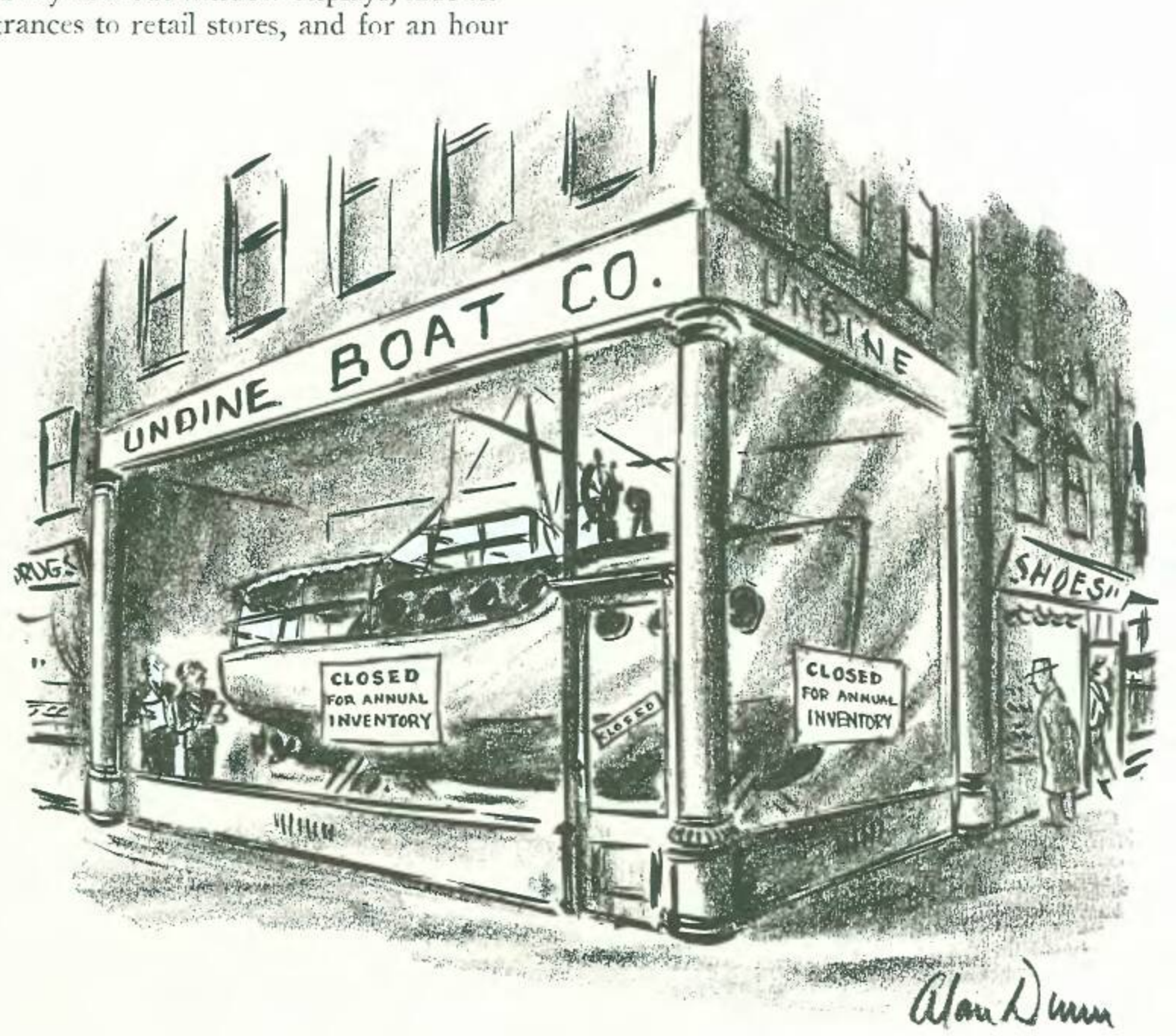
Schmoozing reaches its peak after the crowds have had fifteen minutes to gulp lunch. In the old days, before the union ran the Market, pieceworkers used to bolt their lunches at their machines to save time. Now, with minimum-wage scales and a required hour for lunch, everyone eats out—even the pusher boys. Buyers and salesmen and bosses eat at Feuer's on West Thirty-eighth Street, Ye Trinity Bar at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, and the Longchamps at Broadway and Forty-first Street. Dress operators, the men and girls who do the actual sewing on women's garments, wolf down bologna sandwiches at the cafeterias. A good number of the cutters and finishers eat kosher at the dozens of hole-in-the-wall delicatessens on the side streets. Models usually eat in pairs and groups at drugstores. There is a nicety about these things: no pusher boy, even if he had the price, would desert his usual counter foothold at his favorite Nedick's to eat at Tad's. Everybody in the district eats fast, the better and more to schmooze. A staggering number of digestive systems have probably been ruined through the years by this lovely custom.

After lunch has been bolted, the population of the garment district arranges itself according to caste, craft, and tradition on the curbs. In the dress industry, for instance, the operators assemble in a dense, close, shoulder-to-shoulder pack on Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets, from Broadway to Seventh Avenue. A cutter, however, would die of shame if he were caught after twelve-fifteen anywhere on Thirty-fifth Street. Cutters schmooze on Thirty-seventh Street. Finishers confine themselves to Thirty-fourth Street. Designers schmooze way uptown on Thirty-ninth Street.

Once assembled, the population of the garment district settles down to feverish, excited, solemn talk in Yiddish, English-Yiddish, Italian, and occasionally English. The schmoozers almost completely block pedestrian traffic. They blot out window displays, hide entrances to retail stores, and for an hour a day go a long way toward ruining ordinary trade in the Market. For years the merchants' associations, from Twenty-fifth Street to Times Square, have tried everything under the sun—reason, special pleading, and brute force—to bust up the schmooze in the garment district. Once the Broadway Association wanted to construct a park, on land to be donated by the members of the organization, where all the garment workers could congregate at noon. Everybody in the Market laughed himself sick at that idea. Imagine, just imagine, a cutter schmoozing anywhere in the world except on Thirty-seventh Street!

It is because of schmooze that the garment district is the most hypersensitive city of two hundred thousand in the world. When a dress manufacturer steals a new style at 11:15 A.M., practically everybody in the Market knows about it by one o'clock. Needle workers come tearing out of their lofts at noon and rush off to their respective schmoozes to broadcast from one end of the Market to the other the stirring news that their boss is trying to gyp the union on a new style price. A trade secret at 10 A.M. is public property shortly after lunch.

SCHMOOZING, as practiced today, is a by-product of the uptown centralization of the ladies'-garment in-



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dustry. In the old days, most women's clothes were manufactured in the notorious lower East and West Side sweatshops or in the workers' homes. Papa brought home a bundle of cut material from the jobber's, and Mamma and the kids pitched in and sewed until the small hours, for famously wretched piecework rates. After 1910, because of the growth of unionism and the final amalgamation of the various craft locals into the powerful, semi-industrial International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, as well as the new stringent rules of the Board of Health and the New York State Department of Labor, the garment manufacturers had to seek new and more sanitary quarters. The retail market was moving north, and the manufacturers followed. Eventually they all chose to crowd themselves into the forty-odd square blocks which today constitute the Market.

For one garment manufacturer simply cannot bear to be far away from another garment manufacturer. How, for example, could the Rounded Curve Brassiere Company steal the new fall line of the You-Be-Beautiful-Too Brassiere Company if the two establishments weren't side by side on the same floor of the same building? There is nothing so mournful as a pantie manufacturer who cannot get space in the pantie section of the Market. A lost and miserable soul, he has to set up shop in the cold and unfriendly reaches of the form-fit-slip division, despised alike by his alien neighbors and his pantie competitors. Happy beyond words is the fortunate $2.95 wholesale house that has a loft smack in the middle of the $2.95-dress section. Every $2.95 buyer who comes to the district must pass his attractive sign and his open door.

The touching custom of manufacturers' huddling together for both comfort and profit has long since grown into a superstition. Certain buildings in the Market are considered lucky. The most famous "lucky building" is 1440 Broadway. This unimpressive pile of brick and mortar always has a long waiting list. Modest little factory owners lie awake nights brooding on the happy hour when at last they will be able to move into its hallowed lofts.

Garment-district bosses are split up into three separate and jealous groups. The smallest and haughtiest category are the "inside manufacturers," so called because they do their own designing and cutting, and employ their own models, operators, pressers, and finishers. These shops are the "real class" of the Market. They manufacture

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the most expensive ladies'-ready-to-wear garments. Jobbers, the most important group in the district, design and cut their own dresses, and then farm out the actual work of sewing and finishing the garment to dress contractors. Contractors are the largest and most miserable group in the Market, caught between union demands for higher wages and jobbers' demands for lower bids.

Formerly the workers in the district were at the mercy of the competitive bidding among contractors. The union tried in vain for years to beat this middleman system, under which one firm cut and sold a finished dress while a second firm actually manufactured it. Finally, in 1933, a great general strike put the union in the saddle. Today, the I.L.G. (International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union) is the real power in the garment industry. The fur workers, incidentally, have their own union.

The I.L.G., one of the wealthiest and strongest unions in America, maintains its strength in the garment district through perfect discipline. While contractors fight contractors and jobbers battle among themselves in what is probably the fiercest competition in American industry, all shop workers in the district, from the aristocratic cutters to the pusher boys, stand solidly together in one big union. Now and then the officials of the I.L.G. give a small demonstration of the union's strength to impress the gentlemen who operate the manufacturing shops. The union leaders are not so vulgar as to call these pleasant shows strikes. Instead, at the height of negotiations for a new contract, with the jobbers and contractors acting in a stubborn, not to say disagreeable, fashion about the union demands, the I.L.G. calls a "stoppage," or decides to have some meetings at Madison Square Garden and five or six other auditoriums. Thereupon every worker in the garment district shuts off the power on his sewing machine, puts away his scissors, and calls it a day. Then the manufacturers, only too sadly conscious of the million-dollar I.L.G. war chest, sign the new contract.

Union wages in the needle trades seem, at first glance, surprisingly high. But the dress season lasts only about thirty weeks, and the garment worker has to spread one week's wages over almost two weeks' living. Cutters, blue bloods of the trade, get the highest pay: a $55 minimum. Sewing-machine operators get a basic wage of ninety cents an hour if they work on dresses that wholesale for $3.75 or more, and seventy-five cents an hour for dresses that wholesale for less.

The I.L.G. never rests, not even after new contracts have been signed. It has a truly wonderful system of enforcing its agreements with jobbers and contractors. The no-overtime clause, for instance, is a serious trial to the contractors who might like to turn a not-too-honest penny. The I.L.G. maintains squads of amateur sleuths organized in military fashion, with captains and carefully assigned areas of operation. The overtime squads, armed to the teeth with union rule books and flashlights for dark halls, start out from headquarters promptly at four-thirty every weekday, and early in the morning every Saturday and Sunday. These union sleuths, in tennis shoes and sweaters, patrol the garment loft buildings, tiptoeing down quiet corridors, watching for telltale lights in a back room, listening for the forbidden hum of sewing machines. No feat of patience is too great for their rather remarkable talents. Not long ago an overtime squad spotted a lighted window nine floors up in a loft building. They rushed to the scene of the crime, but when they arrived found the door of the suspected shop locked, and no light shining through it. The squad men pounded on the door, but got no answer. It was eleven o'clock at night. The union sleuths stretched out on newspapers in front of the door, and there they slept, with one man to stand guard, until morning. About seven o'clock, the overtime workers inside hung out the white flag. The boss was fined and four operators were given a two weeks' layoff. The overtime squads collect around $200,000 a year in fines from contractors who are trapped in the midst of their guilty work.

Among the other things the union won't let the boss do in his own factory is work. He can do headwork, but he can't lay a hand on a pair of scissors. This I.L.G. rule has provided the garment district with one of those familiar beloved jokes, as fond a reminiscence to a dress finisher as the one about rubber type is to a printer. Every new operator hears the joke at his first schmooze.

The telephone rings—the story begins—on the desk of a union official.

"Hello, union?" shouts an excited voice.

"Yeah, yeah, union," replies the business agent.

"Well, this is the shop chairman at the Myers' Stile-Rite Dresses!" screams

the hysterical man on the other end of the wire.

"O.K., O.K.," says the union official, "so what's the matter? Don't talk so loud."

"I shouldn't talk so loud!" yells the shop chairman. "It's terrible, and I shouldn't talk so loud!"

"So what's the matter, anyway?" the business agent shouts back.

"The boss is cutting himself, so what should I do?" the harried shop chairman shrieks.

"Call an ambulance," says the business agent, and hangs up.

Everyone in the needle trades thinks that is a very funny joke.

Next to the union, style-stealing is the dress manufacturer's biggest headache. The whole industry steals styles: first, from the moving pictures, where most of the styles now originate; second, from Paris models; third, from each other. Now and then a dress manufacturer goes to fantastic lengths to prevent his toughest competitor, whose shop is, naturally, next door, from stealing the styles he stole from a preview of a Paramount movie. He covers up his windows with newspapers and swears his designers and cutters to deepest secrecy. He farms the skirts of his new dresses out to one contractor and the blouses out to another, assembling the parts in the dead of night in his own apartment in the Bronx. On the great day when his new fall line comes out, he is dismayed to learn that all his best models have found their way into his competitor's new line, probably through the usual noon-schmooze channels.

Style-stealing is second nature to any good jobber. And a successful dress manufacturer steals styles in his dreams. Naturally, he denies it loudly. His designers are all geniuses and think up the new spring line entirely by themselves. Still, the best-liked joke at Ye Trinity is the one about the jobber who is opening a new showroom and making arrangements for a party. (Manufacturers always give parties when they open a new showroom, and they always invite the Mayor. He never comes, but they keep on inviting him just the same.)

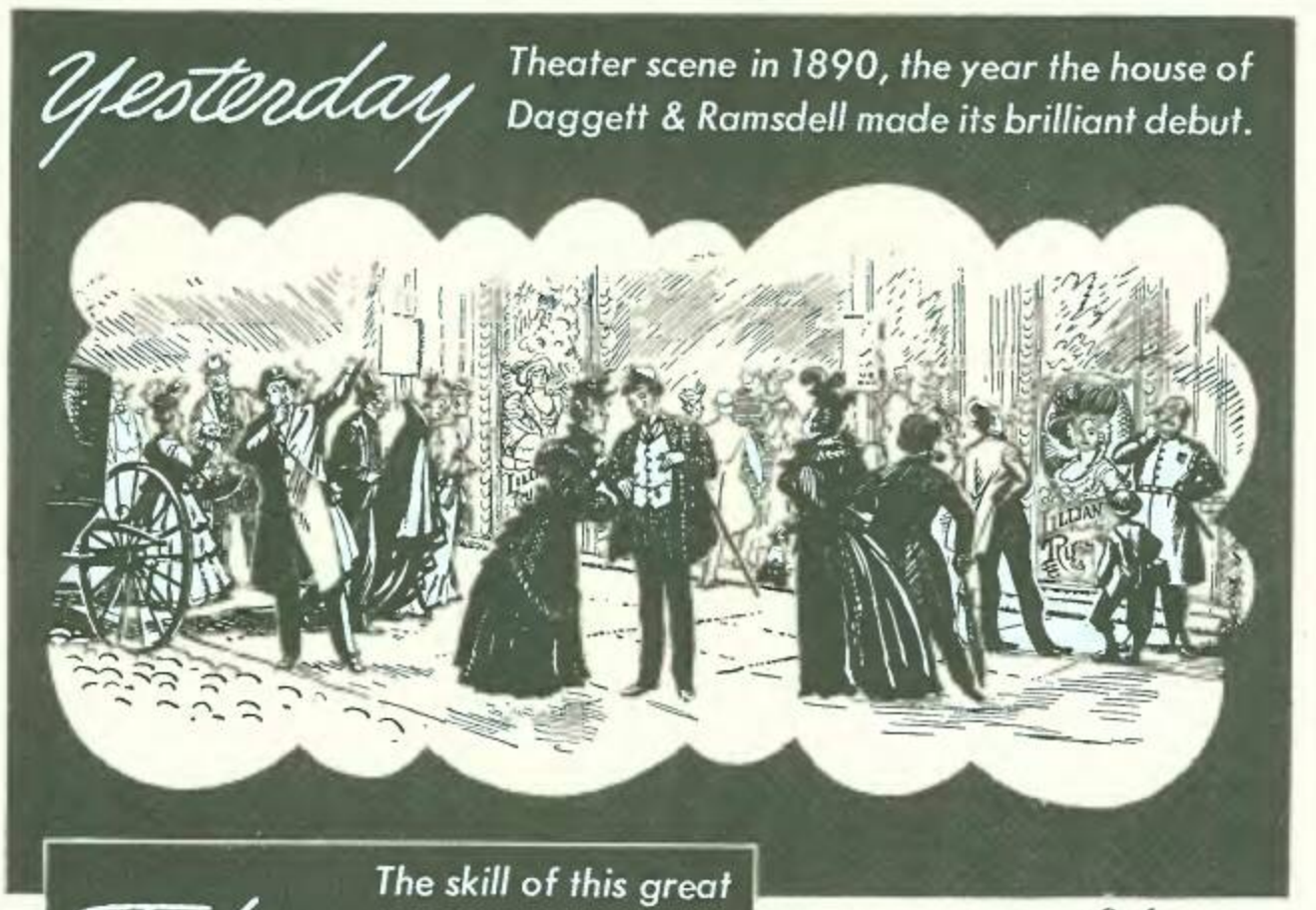
"What kind of sandwiches should we get?" the boss asks his head salesman.

"Well," says the salesman, a man of the world, "I guess Schrafft's makes the best."

"*Nu*, so go ask them for a sample."

The salesman comes back with a three-layer masterpiece and places it before his master.

"It looks nice," says the boss, exam-



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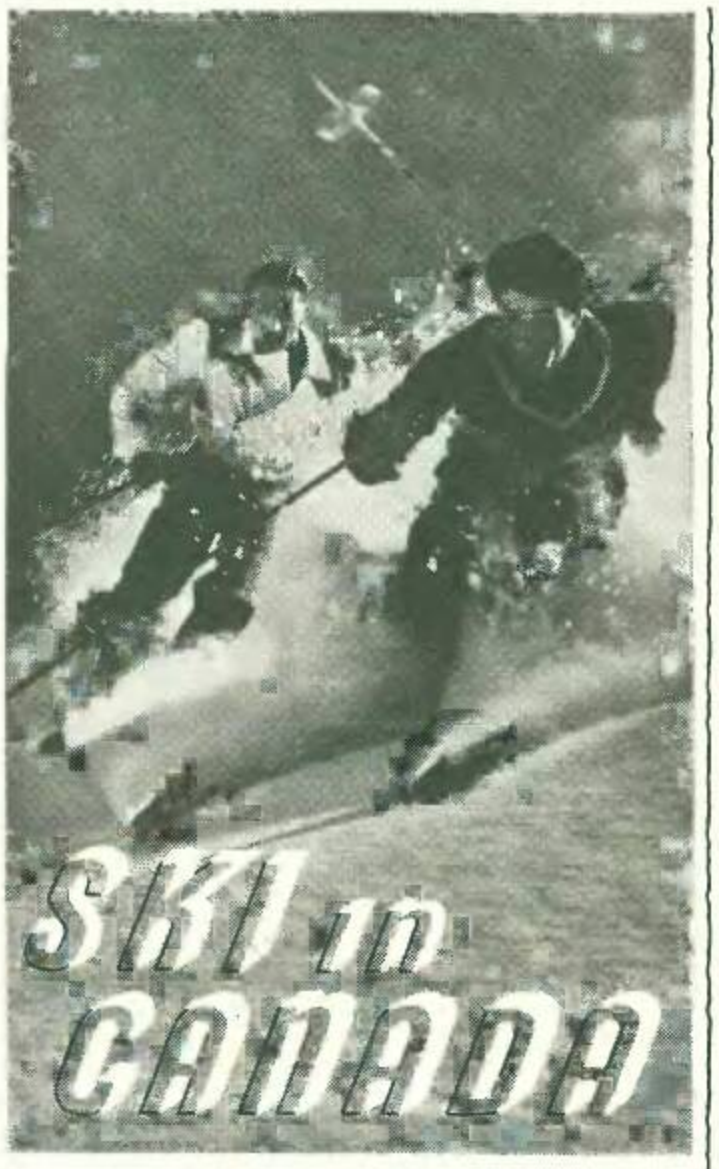

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ining it carefully. "It tastes good," he says, tasting it. "How much?"

"Forty cents," the salesman says.

"Forty cents!" screams the boss. "You dope, we need three hundred at least!"

He looks carefully at what is left of the sandwich. "Tongue, corned beef, chicken, roast beef, pickle," he broods. "It's a nice sandwich. Look," he snaps suddenly, "take it down to the Hebrew National and see if they can make it up for fifteen cents."

Once a style has been stolen by a dress designer, the sample maker gets to work, and soon the salesman is ready to start off for the Pennsylvania Hotel, carrying a heavy packing case of dresses and with a model or two trailing behind. Some of the models, the ones with the better jobs, parade in the new fall line in fancy showrooms, where buyers are lured by promises of exquisite and gloriously cheap dresses. Others docilely march along Seventh Avenue to the buyers' hotels, towed by the company salesman.

Garment-district models are not, sad as the truth may seem, butterflies. Most of them are extremely virtuous young ladies from the Bronx who are looking for good, steady husbands. They start their careers as models right after they graduate from high school. Their papa or an uncle gets them a job with some manufacturer, who is thereupon invited to a kosher dinner and asked to look out for the young lady. Most models are five feet six or taller, and slim. They are perfectly aware that they are beautiful. They have boy friends, and the boy friends have cars and take them to Jones Beach on summer Sundays and to Radio City when the snow begins to fall. As a rule, models earn from $20 to $40 a week, and they buy their own dresses at Klein's. Garment-district models hardly ever go out with buyers, and even more rarely with the boss, who nine times out of ten is a friend of the family or a relative. Buyers are usually middle-aged and fat and married; indeed, many buyers are women. The most compelling reason, however, that models do not go out with buyers is that practically all the models in the Market know one another, and if a model were ever seen in the company of a buyer, her name would be torn to shreds in the noon schmooze. So far, models do not belong to the union.

THE union not only controls wages and dress prices but supplies education, recreation, and club life to its members. The I.L.G. has a theatre of

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its own on West Thirty-ninth Street, where needle workers write, produce, and act in their own plays. "Pins and Needles" is one of these. There are a half-dozen I.L.G. gymnasiums scattered through the Market, and basketball and soccer leagues. The union supplies free lectures on everything, from the Soviet Union to abstract art. Its members get free dental and medical care, and also free trips around the Metropolitan Art Museum and free Bird Walks. The I.L.G., through its various locals, runs elaborate adult-education programs in Italian, Yiddish, and English. The union dances are the big events of the needle-trade year, and the union picnics supply material for schmoozing for weeks. The International has a 1,000-acre estate in Forest Park, Pennsylvania, called Unity House, where its members, a thousand at a time, repair for two-week vacations. Even the kiddies get in on the extensive educational program of the I.L.G. While Mamma plays centre on one of the ladies' basketball teams and Papa strokes his fiddle in the I.L.G. orchestra, Junior goes to I.L.G. classes in clay modelling and Swedish folk dancing.

Politics, especially Left-Wing politics, are the hobby and passion of needle-trade workers. The garment district was long the stamping ground of the Old Guard Socialists, but with the passing of the years, the Socialist Party has gradually lost strength in the Market. The bulk of the membership today is no farther Left than the American Labor Party and Mayor LaGuardia. The entire district is violently anti-Fascist. Hitler is hung in effigy every other day somewhere in the Market, and the Italian workers are anti-Mussolini. The industry has been, all along, for Loyalist Spain, and the union locals have contributed over $100,000 to the cause.

The Trotskyite controversy agitated the Market for weeks, and lots of dress operators were late for work because of schmoozing on street corners about the Moscow trials. In the end, Trotsky lost.

The Market, fabulously crowded and cheerful by day, by night is a graveyard. Promptly at five o'clock the garment district empties into the subway stations and by six all the restaurants, newsstands, bootblack parlors, and cafeterias are closed. Everybody has gone home to the Bronx. —HYMAN GOLDBERG

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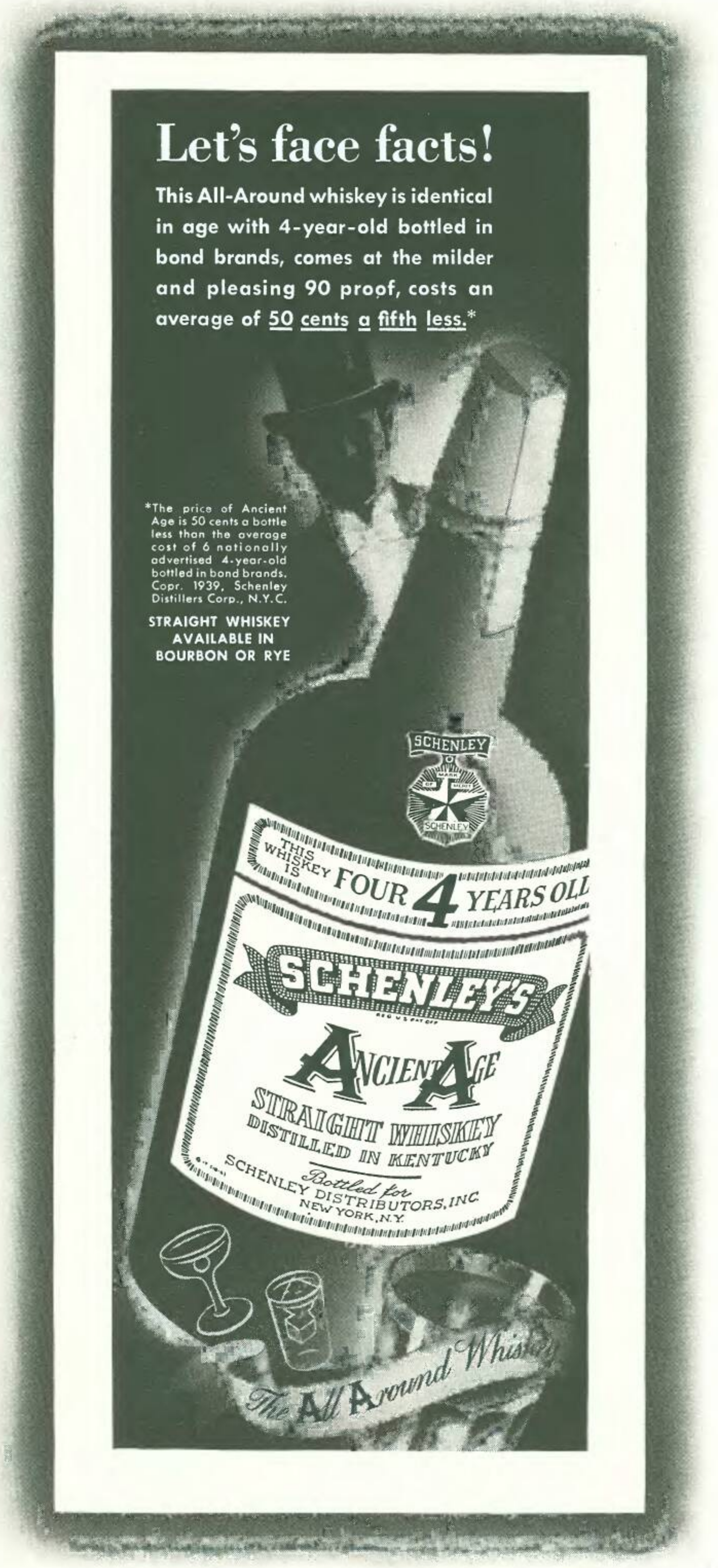

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ON the eve of my departure from Paris for a visit to England, my Aunt Lucienne barged in on me while I was packing. She is the wife of Uncle Paul, my father's expatriate younger brother, and I had come to know her rather well during my few months in Paris. That something unusual had happened was obvious, for my Aunt Lucienne is a very conventional Frenchwoman who goes through many formalities before making a call. After carefully removing some clothes from a chair, she sat down and without any preamble said, "Pierre has fallen in love."

"But," said I, knowing my twenty-year-old cousin, "that is nothing unusual. Pierre has fallen in love before."

"*Ecoutez*," she said, making a great effort to be patient with me. "Pierre has fallen in love and he wishes to marry the girl!"

"Oh," I said. This was something really serious.

"Perhaps you met her?" She looked me fiercely in the eye. "Pierre said something about it. The night he took you to the Sacha Guitry play, dressed up in his *smoking*."

Now that Lucienne spoke of it, I remembered that he had brought a Mademoiselle Dunois to our seats and had hovered over her in trembling attentiveness. The girl was vivacious, smartly dressed, and very pretty, and I wondered at the time that she could respond so warmly to as young and unprepossessing a colt as Pierre.

"You should have told me," Lucienne went on, taking my silence for affirmation. "You should have warned us. This Mademoiselle Dunois—she is at least twenty-two if she admits nineteen—has designs upon him. *Figurez-vous*, she is a stenographer in a *bureau de commerce* and she has no *dot*. Not one *sou*." She paused before plunging into further details. "Not only that, but she has no family. We ask about her father and it seems she has none. He died in the war. Many fathers have conveniently died in the war—more fathers, I swear, than would make up the whole army of France. We ask about her mother. She is a widow who sells lingerie to her friends. It is because, says Pierre, she loves to wear beautiful things herself. He considers that very touching. The girl, as I explained, is a stenographer. Her father would turn in his grave, says Pierre, if he knew his child had to earn her own living, but when we ask where is this man's grave, he can give me no answer."

Lucienne, large, fair, and usually very calm, sat back in her chair, breathless, waiting for me to show the proper indignation. I failed to take the cue, for I remembered that she also had brought no *dot* to her marriage, and the matter of family seemed unimportant to me.

"If two young people fall in love, Lucienne," I offered in mild protest. "After all, you and Paul—"

"I knew you would say that," she replied, completely without rancor. "But it is not the same thing. First of all, your Uncle Paul was not a Frenchman. Second, he was an artist, though not as successful as he is today. Third, if he had been as poor as a charcoal-burner, I should have married him. *Eh bien!* Pierre is French. He will inherit all we have, which means all I have been able to accumulate from Paul's earnings. And this *jeune fille*, if she is a *jeune fille*, is not interested in a struggling young law student. I love my son, you understand, but I am not blind to his defects. Apart from his mind, what has he? I give you the answer—money."

"You are looking at it from her side alone, Lucienne," I objected. "Think of Pierre. The girl is very attractive and he may be deeply in love."

She snorted. "Last year it was *chic* for the students at the Ecole to have a private *appartement* where they could bring their *bonnes amies*. *Alors*, Paul and I have not forgotten what it is to be young, so we gave Pierre a small *appartement* near Paul's *atelier*, where Paul, without seeing too much, could keep an eye on the *garçon*. This year it is *chic* to marry for love, and my young sprout sees himself a suffering Abélard, dying to be united with his Héloïse. You think I am completely heartless, *hein?*" she said, observing the look on my face. "Believe me, I am not. If, indeed, I were satisfied that the two were in love, I should not stand in the way. But I will do anything to

keep my son from making a grave mistake."

"But what can you do?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "As a last resort I have come to you. Postpone your visit to England and help us. Talk to this young madman. Perhaps he will listen to you."

I shook my head. "Pierre and I are very fond of each other, but in the matter of love he would have small respect for my opinion. He looks upon me as an amiable old-maid member of the family. Besides, it would be ridiculous for me, as an American, to argue for a dowry. It's not the custom with us. We marry for love."

"*Tiens!*" she said, and I felt she was giving me up as a bad job.

LUCIENNE met me at the station when I returned to Paris five weeks later. For a person as reserved as she was, her greeting was surprisingly warm. She held me off at arm's length, looked at me in affection if not approval, for I was wearing an English suit, then drew me to her, kissing me fondly on both cheeks. Over and over she assured me she was *contente* to see me. I asked her how my Uncle Paul and Pierre "carried themselves" and the glow of excitement with which she had met me increased perceptibly.

"Wait until we get home," she said, letting me lead her to a cab. The fact that she did not insist on our taking an autobus told me that something had happened. She was not too elated, however, to notice that the chauffeur had put my bags on the seat beside him, and she insisted that he transfer them to the interior of the cab.

"*Voyons!*" she muttered under her breath. "As if I don't know that it costs extra to have the luggage outside. He must think we're Americans."

When we were settled in her room with two apéritifs before us, she again expressed her delight at my return.

"*Tiens!*" she said. "Blood is thicker than water."

It seemed to me an irrelevant remark, but I let it pass, my ears caught by her next statement. "The *crise* is over."

"*Comment?*" I asked.

She beamed upon me.

"*C'est fini!* You said you could not help us. But you did. Ah, *ma petite*, we are very grateful to you."

She poured another drink for both of us, justifying her extravagance by saying this was an occasion.

"You remember I came to see you before you left. It was brilliant on my

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One way is to pick them at the fields . . . and eat them right at the farmer's table.

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How can we do it? How can we dare defy the seasons and bring you today peas that are actually sweeter, *field-fresher* than the kind you usually get in season?

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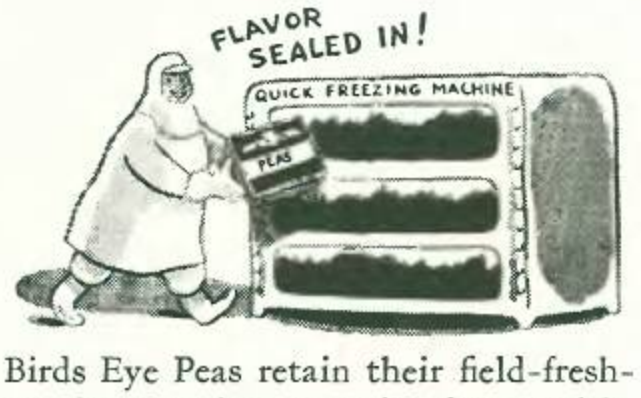
Quick-Freezing is the only method that can capture the flavor of peas at their tenderest, sun-sweetened best.



Birds Eye Peas retain their field-freshness because they are quick-frozen within 4 hours after picking. Flavor and vitamins can't possibly fade on the way to market. Remember, at this season it takes from 3 to 6 days for so-called "fresh" peas to reach your store.

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Please—*please*—don't confuse the exclusive process of Quick-Freezing used for all Birds Eye Foods with slow-freezing or similar processes. Our patented process is as modern as television. And just as scientific.

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part to turn to you. You gave me an idea. A few days after your departure, Paul and I invited Madame Dunois to call on us. That pleased Pierre very much. It pleased her very much, too, you can well imagine. Well, after we had a little port and some *petits fours*, talked about the weather, and inquired after her health, we told her about you."

"What about me?"

"Nothing false, I assure you. We explained that you were the daughter of Paul's older brother and that your father had supported Paul while he was at the Beaux-Arts. That is true, *non?* I explained that things were not as they used to be in your country and that you had to earn your own living. Also true, *hein?* In brief, I said that you were getting on in years, that you were unmarried, and that you had come to France. All true. What remains is obvious."

"Please tell me what remains," I demanded.

"Our first obligation is to you. It is important that you marry well, and considering your age, it will take a heavy *dot*. What money we have, in other words, must be held in reserve to secure a good *parti* for you. We owe that to your father."

"But that's ridiculous, Lucienne," I broke in, not knowing whether to laugh or be angry. "It's incredible!"

"Not to a Frenchwoman. She knows what it means to have an unmarried woman in the family."

"But I am an American. Madame Dunois must know that we have no *dots*."

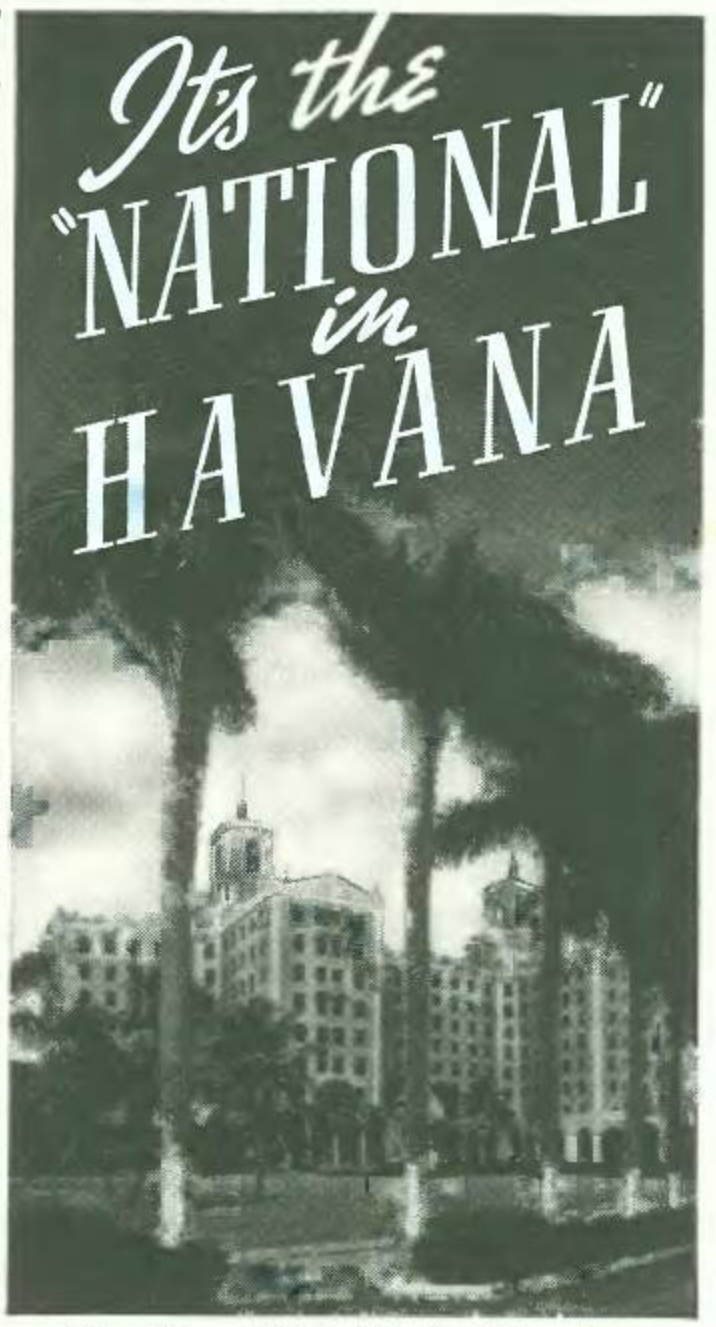
"Ah, yes," Lucienne said, a wicked gleam of amusement in her eyes. "I played nobly on that theme, *ma petite*. It helped enormously. It clarified the difficulty of our situation. Here you were, poor thing, ignored by love in a land where love is generous. There must be reasons for that. We did not exactly say that you were not very bright or that twilight was kinder to you than broad daylight, but you will understand that we rather minimized your charms. We intimated that you looked very much like Pierre."

"Lucienne!" I exploded. "It's not true!"

"No, *chérie*, it is not," she said, laughing. "But there is a family resemblance. At any rate, Madame Dunois understood that you were a problem and that until you are safely married Pierre's position is, to say the least, questionable."

I smiled, and the smile brought a look of fear into her face.

"Tell me," she said, "you found no



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one in England who—what I mean is, there is no one you are thinking of marrying?"

"No," I assured her.

"Ah, *c'est bon*," she said in frank relief. "It would be embarrassing if you should marry soon and leave us *sur la branche*, so to speak." Her words brought a blush to her cheek. "We wish you to be happy, *bien sûr*, but right now it is best that you remain—well, what you are."

"But what about Pierre?" I said. 'I can't understand his swallowing this insane story."

"Pierre has a good mind, for all his foolishness," she explained. "And he has great pride. After Madame Dunois' visit, we told him what we had done. We made it clear to him that if Mademoiselle Dunois still found him agreeable we would give graver consideration to the affair. But if she did not, then he must realize that we had saved him from something."

"Well?" I questioned.

A smile of complete satisfaction passed over Lucienne's face.

"It is now *chic*," she said, "for young men to be cynical about romance and marriage. Nothing is important but material things, like motorcars, *par exemple*. Pierre's father has at last consented to buy him one." —Rose C. Feld

•

Come and see the Boy Wonder, who reads and writes upside down. Saturday, at our State Street Store, Optical Dept. Frank Balek, age 11, has baffled science. He writes upside down from right to left.

Free admission. (This boy was fitted with glasses in our Optical Dept.)—*Adv. in the Chicago Daily News.*

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•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Wine & Food, a quarterly*]

So long as a patch of blue braves the gathering clouds, so long may we—and must we—hope that the storm will pass away. It is but too true that there is cause for anxiety, but there is never any excuse for fear. What with wholesale massacre in Spain and China, whole populations under dictators' sway made to accept sacrifices such as were never demanded before except when the country was at war, and the growing distrust and hatred, and occasional clashes between different classes among the few remaining free democracies of the world, there is no denying that clouds are black and threatening. But there is still a patch of blue sky, a bright patch which refuses to be obscured by all the 'black-out' orders and experiments of panicky Governmental Departments. It is the Wine and Food Society.

8

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THE ART GALLERIES

Whitney Annual—O'Keeffe—Kuniyoshi

OPINIONS may differ about the total effect of the Whitney Museum's current Annual, of Contemporary American Sculpture, Drawings, and Prints, but I imagine few will deny that—particularly in its most important division, sculpture—the range of value of the individual pieces is wide. That range, not to make too many bones about it, is from excellent, or A-plus, right down to E-minus, or frankly bad. "Bad" is the *mot juste* in this case, too; none other, for instance, will do for such things as Alonzo Hauser's awkward and melodramatic "Dance Movement" or for Mitchell Fields' sentimental "Naomi," the latter a portrait bust somehow sadly reminiscent of those decorative items people used to have on their parlor mantels in the old days. The word came to mind, too, when I looked at Waylande Gregory's "Mother and Child." This uses glaze for the mother's robe and rough-surface terra cotta for the figures; the eyes and the lips are colored, and the thing may well scare you out of your wits when you first see it.

Even Archipenko's seated goddess called "Mâ" (meaning "Meditation"), which occupies the place of honor at the head of the entrance stairs, is hardly successful. There's a good deal of adroit stylization here, especially in the treatment of the face and upper torso, but the figure as a whole is thinly developed and its simplifications lead to no formal beauties, either of plane or mass, but to an impression of slickness and vogueish dexterity. In spite of the solemn words engraved on the base of the statue, dedicating it to "every mother, to everyone who is in love or suffers from love, to everyone who creates in the arts," and so on, one can't help feeling that Mâ is a very chic and frivolous goddess indeed, and probably spends most of her time at Elizabeth Arden's taking slimming exercises.

But I suppose I shouldn't be going on in this unkindly fashion; in fact, I'd never have gone on so long as this except that the show is intended to represent American sculpture, 1938-9, and such pieces make one wonder. Certainly there are enough A-plus items to raise the average considerably. Paul Hyun's large "Man with Hand Grenade," in plaster, seemed to me especially noteworthy both for its bold treatment and effect of monumentality, as well as for the sense of truly dynamic movement the artist has captured in the pose. Hugo Robus's study of the head and cradling arms of a woman with a child, though Brancusiesque in inspiration, represents a sound working-out of its problem, particularly if one follows the curve of the mother's shoulder around to the side now placed next the wall and observes how a sudden effect of tension in the modelling there punctuates the whole design. I also admired Minna Harkavy's bleak, well-characterized "New England Woman" and Franc Epping's compact little "Scrubwoman," while Dorothea Greenbaum's "Acrobat" (like a number of other things in the exhibition, this has been shown before) has a kind of staunchness of pose and a balance of weight with movement that give it dignity, though it's perhaps a little overexplicit about nonessentials.

On the whole, the black-and-white section is more consistently successful. Here, too, there are lapses, and one wonders particularly why such artists as Reginald Marsh, Paul Cadmus, and Eugène Berman sent only what amount to life-class sketches to the exhibition. Don't they care any more? Against these, however, there are two excellent things by Adolf Dehn, one his wash drawing of some Negro dancers, called "At White's Café," and the other his lithograph, "Hot Saw," of a steel-mill scene. Louis Lozowick's unemotional rendering of the hard, hungry faces of the bums at a handout station in his lithograph "Thanksgiving Dinner" has a feeling of factual observation that gives it power, while Raphael Soyer's little park scene called "Spring," with its white, uplifted girl's face in sharp contrast with the darker figures around it, is poignant and appealing. The best thing, not only in this group but perhaps in the whole show, is Yasuo Kuniyoshi's ink drawing, "Skating." This, too, has been shown before, and you may remember it: a mufflered small boy, alone on dark ice and vignetted against it, with no more than a branch and a tuft of grass to suggest the shoreline and the world beyond. But he's so rapt in his own solitary pleasure, so swift, so smugly self-sufficient that—well, it's a delight to see him again.

There's no use denying, though,

that the general effect of the exhibition is one of disappointment, and I suppose this is the moment for a discussion of the whys and why-nots of the matter. I admit I'm not much in the mood for it. Indeed, I'm beginning to think that perhaps we expect too much from the Whitney shows. After all, the Museum does its best, and certainly it can hardly be blamed for the outcome, good or bad as in various instances this may be. Its sole function in the matter is to prepare a list of artists, invite them to send in the work of theirs they'd most like to exhibit, and expose the resulting collection in its galleries. One might argue, of course, that the list is the key to the matter and the picking and choosing which go into its preparation are potentially as stultifying as any jury's selection would be—that, indeed, an intelligent jury might well accept works by "unknowns" whom the list-makers overlook.

One could likewise point out that in recent years the Whitney Annuals have tended more and more to become exclusively "Eastern" in geographical range and so merit less the national title claimed for them. In the present show, for example, of a total of a hundred and seventeen exhibitors (fifty-three of them sculptors), only nine live outside the range of influence of New York City. And yet, to repeat, the Museum unquestionably does its best to be impartial and catholic in its selections. So the dilemma begins again—why, then, the faint air of disappointment, of slightly behind-the-times respectability, that so often accompanies a Whitney show? I confess I don't know the answer. All I know is that the problem is there, and it must be solved if the Museum is to maintain its vital position as the prime exponent of contemporary American art.

TWENTY-ONE paintings and two pastels by Georgia O'Keeffe, all but one of them from her last year's output, are on view at An American Place; they show that she is still mainly occupied, as heretofore, with the two subjects that she has made peculiarly her own: the desert, and flowers. Of the two, it seems to me that only in the former has she gained in real insight and power. There's a kind of universality about O'Keeffe's work, quite beyond the quality of her painting or its content, that's a little difficult to define but that seems to lie in its overtones of sexual suggestion—vague and indirect, though never sly or malicious, and as innocent in its implications as the opening of a bud to

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the breeze. It's this quality that seems to have gone out of her flower pieces, perhaps temporarily and perhaps forever, and it leaves them looking empty indeed.

Her desert studies (which fortunately, in this show, outnumber the others three to one) are still full of it, and full too of a strong and clearly conveyed feeling of the magnitude and mystery of such scenes. In this respect, her "Purple Red Hill and Small Cloud," her "The Cliff Chimneys"—but one could almost list them all—are notable achievements. They convey, in a way that perhaps no other painter can today, a sense of the life and movement of nature, together with its slow, enfolding permanence.

EVER since seeing Yasuo Kuniyoshi's show of paintings at the Downtown Gallery, I've been trying to determine what it was about them that bothered me. There are only a dozen or so canvases on view, and since this is his first exhibition in three years, it demonstrates with what care the artist works. Sensitiveness and an extraordinary amount of painter's skill are everywhere in evidence. And yet there's a curious limiting factor about them, particularly in his figure paintings. Good as they are, one feels they could have been better, and I think it's the mood they were painted in that's responsible.

This is the mood of innuendo, of the incident suggested after the fact, or of emotion conveyed by indirection, and one sees it in his studies of girls, subtly wearied and discontented, such as "I'm Tired," "Waiting," and his ironically tragic "Lay Figure." Though the mood is handled with extreme finesse, its result is to create an atmosphere more evocative of nineteenth-century decadence than of the present day and to leave one wishing that such superb painting could somehow be made to carry more content. For that reason, I thought the still lifes, "Three Peaches" and "Accordion and Horse" and so on, were the most fully realized things in the group.

At the moment the Downtown is also showing some remarkably promising painting in a first solo by Jack Levine. These are night scenes of the city for the most part, dark, shot through with reds, and weirdly distorted in design, and though they're still markedly influenced by Soutine and others, they carry an impulse, almost comparable to Joyce's "Nighttown" in intensity, that's decidedly the artist's own. They'll be there only till this Saturday, incidentally. The Kuniyoshi show remains a week longer.

—ROBERT M. COATES

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE other day the phone rang in the office and a very nice woman at the other end of the wire said that she just adored this department. Said she read it from start to finish. Said she couldn't live without it. Everyone was just beginning to purr softly and to realize that it is a fine old world after all when she trustingly asked where she could buy a bright-colored wool dress to wear under a fur coat. She had been everywhere. She didn't want anything sleazy, but she was darned if she wanted to spend sixty-nine fifty. She said she thought that thirty-nine fifty would be a fair price for a trifle of this kind, which she badly needed. The skies outside were no longer blue as my valiant assistant begged her to call back if she could find what she was looking for. Because I've been in search of just such a bright wool dress to wear under my winter coat for two long months now—and all in vain, although I look equally nice in red, blue, or turquoise.

Now, the American genius for ready-to-wear and for assembling varieties of things under one vast roof is well established. No alien isms can dent its complacent surface. Foreigners fall dead when they walk into Saks-Fifth Avenue or Bonwit Teller and realize that there they can buy hats, gloves, furs, stockings, cosmetics, kiddie cars, and cigarette lighters. First-class offerings they are, too. In Paris, you go to a glove man when you want gloves, and the shoe czar of your choice when you want footwear, be it even so trifling as a beach sandal. The little milliner who sneaks up copies of Maria Guy hats is in one crooked street; the lingerie belle (and, my, my, what you could have done at Franklin Simon's for $2.95!) lives three francs fifty away. It all means quite a bit of chasing around. Chic is, in fact, a career in Europe.

It is, in threadbare theory, a cinch in New York, where, in many ways, the ready-to-wear business has become a major miracle of the twentieth century. Molyneux shows a dress to a select group in Paris on a Wednesday, and ten days later American manufacturers deliver copies of it to our panting populace for $14.95. Mme. Schiaparelli jumps up in the middle of the night and decides that it would be fine and amusing for women to wear camisoles with pink ribbon strung through them, and Hearn shows camisoles with pink ribbons for $1.56 the next morning. Busy, enterprising, alert, and up-to-the-minute, the shops in New York are irresistible temptations to those women who feel like buying something before lunch. You know, women with open minds.

BUT where can you buy a specific kind of dress? Just a dress. A dress that fits you pretty well and that you need right now. If you are the lucky type of woman who wins sweepstakes regularly, you may be able to run it down after going through only five or six shops. The quest, however, is likely to be an even more exhausting one. You'll find a divine little affair in the color and style you want over Here, but they only have it in size ten; over There is one that fits you fine, but it is proffered in an angry yellow. They will get it for you in the color you like if you can wait ten days, Moddom—that is, they will if the manufacturer isn't all out of the material, which is likely, since manufacturers are flighty, forward-looking people who right now can't see the daffodils of April for worrying about the wools of October. You also take the chance that, when the dress finally arrives, it will turn out that this particular manufacturer's size fourteen runs small and is not lavish in the seams.

Often and loud have I howled my protest against the fact that you can't buy winter clothes when the blizzards are upon us. Everyone shows you navy blue for spring or yellow shantung for that cruise you wish you could take. My campaign has been futile, and I shall doubtless be equally unsuccessful when I shout against the prevailing attempt of department stores, specialty shops, and shoppes one and all to specialize in a bit of everything. A customer comes into a specialty shop, for instance, and buys two thousand dollars' worth of dresses. As she leaves, the faces of the proprietor and the help become drawn with agony at the thought that the customer may be on her way to give some money to Jaeckel for a fur jacket or to Sally Victor for a couple of hats. They are terri-

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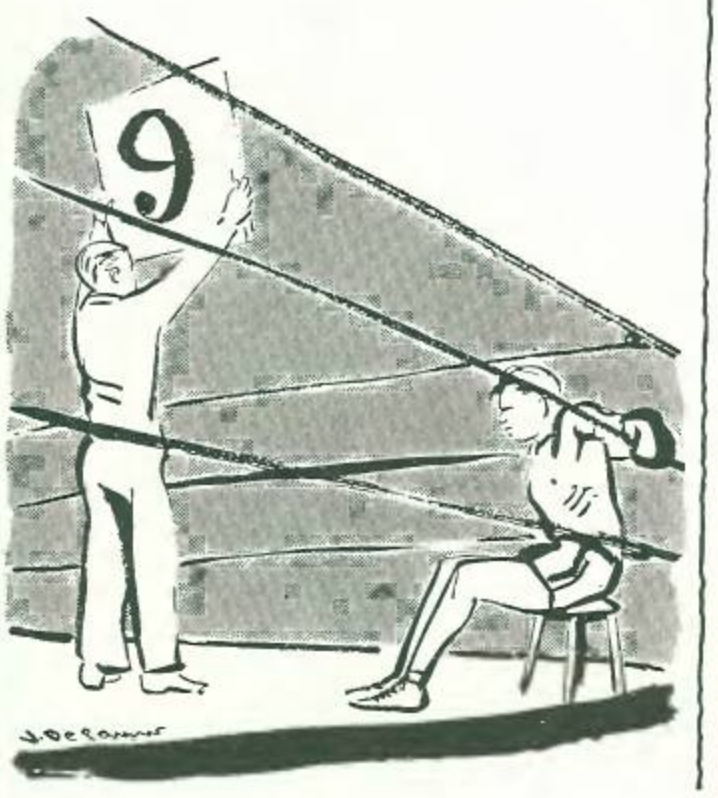
fied that if she once goes into Delman's salon, Bergdorf Goodman will get her for some handbags and a few nightgowns. So each shop must put in furs, and tailored suits (with the attendant headaches that their fittings involve), and handbags, and cosmetics, and woolly dogs for the children. The result is that when some hopeful reader looks at you with her great, pleading brown eyes and asks you where in hell she can find a white lace dress, the best you can do is to give her a long list of places that are only possibilities and that she knows about already.

I STILL think that New York would go for a little fussbudget specialization. They have it in Hollywood. For instance, I'd like to buy a good-looking pair of slacks. Out there, you go to a tailor who makes an art of this difficult garment and he turns out a pair, correctly cut, for eight or more dollars. He doesn't try to sell you a slave bracelet or a ruffled blouse at the same time, either. He's a slacks man, and proud of it. Here, every shop has dozens of slacks which look fine on the hanger. Many are so large in the seat that they would fit only a woman who has no business in slacks to start with, or they are cut so low between the legs that they give you a droopy-drawers look. Some have the pockets arranged to make the hips of lovely womanhood take on an additional bulge. They are just lovely on the model, who is five feet ten and a languorous hundred and ten pounds—a fact which does you no good when you get out in the world of men. You're trespassing on masculine territory by wearing slacks, and you'll find that men become extremely candid when they insist that women who wear pants should see that they fit.

It happens that I get annoyed about slacks. There are people who are fussy



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about having the necklines of tailored blouses fit the neck and come just to the hollow of the throat. Women who like pumps—just simple, well-cut pumps—are all scar tissue across the instep by the time they find the right last. Long-waisted women mourn that they would like just once to discover a dress with a waistline somewhere below the armpits. The ready-to-wear people are not interested, however, in women who have definite likes and dislikes. They apparently want customers with no minds of their own.

Has anybody got the address of a good home dressmaker? —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Mostly for Tables

NEVER let it be said I am one to decry midwinter sales of furniture and linens and housewares. Yet it is pleasant to get away from the maelstrom they create for an afternoon or two of leisurely shopping in less feverish spots, where, left to your own devices by clerks who would blush to disturb a customer unless by invitation, you can take all day to pick out a bird print for Aunt Alice's birthday or a mug for Jenny's little girl, who has just had her tonsils out. This is the perfect moment for rediscovering the charms of such secluded spots as The Peasant Village, which is so far off the everyday shopping track it is a wonder anybody ever finds it at all. To get to it you first look for 245 Fifth Avenue, an office building near 28th Street, then ascend to its sixth floor, where the Village's door faces you as you get off the elevator. Beyond lies a maze of pathways between small thatched cottages, walled gardens, and rooms into which miscellaneous stuff has been crowded with fascinating disregard for logic and order. Even a full day's browsing won't acquaint you with the place, but you'll have fun and find fine things to buy.

Mr. Mitteldorfer Straus, who runs it, has the time of his life tearing around the world looking for inexpensive things to import or copy for his whimsical showrooms. The result is the place is always jammed with new items, none of them very costly. Last fall he fell in love with the Strozzi Palace in Florence, and now offers copies of its romantic hanging lanterns and many-candled wall sconces in iron, elaborately hand-wrought, Old World, and churchly. The lanterns, big, ornate ones dripping with curlicues, swing from wall brackets, ready for electric wiring; $15. Spreading five-branch

Eve

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. . . a sensational new perfume by LiLi,
dedicated to the loveliness of femininity through the ages . . .
as captivating as the eternal charm of alluring
women since the dawn of Creation.

LiLi
rare perfumes
BERMUDA

...which means
"I'll see you
at the

Swiss Grill

With no Matterhorns to hamper your approach, Fifth Avenue is an easy trail to this Alpine refreshment station. Here you will find all the quaint charm, quiet intimacy, native atmosphere and fine food of a Swiss chalet. Pilsner Urquell and Muenchner Loewenbrau on draft.

Max A. Haering, Resident Manager

The Gotham
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH ST. • NEW YORK

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BOX B, THE NEW YORKER
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1-2-3 ROOM SUITES • • • BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED

HOTEL TEN PARK AVENUE

Park Avenue at 34th
NEW YORK

MODERATE RATES • TRANSIENT OR PERMANENT

sconces, to hold altar candles impaled on spikes, are but $20 a pair.

Also ecclesiastical are saintly figurines in a creamy tan clay composition, copied from old ones found in a Dutch church. They are $7 each, and decorative as can be. For even less you can buy copies of Tanagra figurines, nicely done in a green, plastery stuff, wonderful to use on a white marble mantel or in modern rooms.

There is always something new in table china and pottery here. Look around for a tall, blue-flowered, white pottery pitcher with two covered compartments and a divided spout. One compartment holds coffee, the other hot milk; when you pour, you get café au lait. New fruit plates in pottery, for $14.40 a dozen, have big, ripe, splashing fruit pictures painted on them—bursting purple figs, juicy slices of watermelon, and other colorful subjects—with a hearty motto, such as "What you like will never hurt you," scrawled around the edge. The life of Jeanne d'Arc in pictures on bread-and-butter or dessert plates is an idea for the children's table, for the drawings have the quality of story-book illustrations; $7.20 for the full set of a dozen plates. And the Red Riding Hood pattern, a Straus favorite, in blue on white, has been copied in miniature upon tiny cups and saucers and plates, to sell on the open-stock plan like normal-size china; $4.80 a dozen for the cups and saucers, and $3.60 for the plates. The Peasant Village likes to think of its customers putting this miniature pottery to practical use, sipping liqueurs from the teacups and serving canapés on the little plates, but they'll make pretty additions, too, to a cabinetful of far rarer bibelots.

IN another office-building hideaway, at 126 East 59th Street, the Cauman sisters cherish their beautiful ceramics, handwrought metals, enamels, and glass in a setting at once museumlike and intimate, if you can imagine such a thing. Here, although again there are several assorted rooms to wander through, order prevails and every item gleams with recent polishing, as indeed it deserves.

Most of all, the Caumans love pewter, and seldom are able to resist adding a touch of it to whatever glass and ceramic objects come into the shop. A favorite device is to top small jars and vases, already beautiful in their own right, with pewter lids, many of them having knobs of old jade or ivory or other precious substances. Rooster-knobbed covers of burnished pewter appear up-

on enormous, footed beer glasses of the pre-prohibition back-bar sort, almost too heavy to lift with one hand, creating pretzel or pickle jars with far more than the usual artistry about them; $5. Fluted vases of Danish stoneware become candy or tobacco jars or tea caddies when given pewter lids bearing small Chinese porcelain horses as handles; $15. A pewter cover with a pewter bumblebee for a knob turns a simple pottery jar into a fine honeypot; yours for $1.50, or $2 filled with fruit-rind sweetmeats to send to a convalescent friend. These are more or less casual things of the gift order, but their careful and tasteful fashioning is typical of what you'll find at Cauman.

New at this house, too, is chinaware from Finland, simple and handsome. The glaze is very soft gray-toned white, the trim a ribbon of blue around the edges. The water pitcher costs $1; dinner plates are $4.80 a dozen; after-dinner coffees, $4.35. Best of all, oven-proof baking-and-serving dishes have been made up to match the tableware, and they include not only the usual casseroles and shirred-egg dishes but pie plates as well. Why all you home girls haven't screamed for something like this long ago I don't know, but that doesn't matter now, since the Finnish housewives have turned the trick for you.

AT Bitter & Loud, 209 East 72nd Street, decorations that are for the most part pleasantly tinged with Far East strangeness are offered in one of the most peaceful of local bazaars. The place is a private house turned into a shop, and you wander up and downstairs (in summer, even outdoors into the backyard garden), having a fine time indulging your vaunted lack of sales resistance.

Probably the first thing to tax it will be the pewter lacquer. Like the more familiar dragon-decorated black and red lacquer objects so often seen in Chinese gifte shoppes, this pewter finish, glowing with dark lustre, is done on a papier-mâché base, light but durable. It makes beautiful place and dinner plates, covered soup bowls, and assorted trays, the last starting at $5 for a liqueur size, small and rectangular. The covered soups are $6 for the three pieces that make one service—saucer, bowl, and cover. There is a Burmese-lacquer group, too, with elaborate gold patternings on black or red. The fingerbowls of woven horsehair coated with the lacquer have a fascinating kind of gumdrop resiliency; the boxes of lacquered

Swing Sculpture

Life casts care to the wind in a coat so designed for adventure! Inspired by Cossack verve, it obeys, nevertheless, a deft tailoring, its lines as impeccable as sculpture.

Black tweed, with its all-day elegance, has been chosen by the designer, Matita of London, its outlines accented with cire. The cartridge pleated pockets are military; the skirt, full—as becoming as a skater's.

A silver arrow catches the rolled leather belt, and a multi-coloured surah scarf adds softness at the neck. Debonair as a guardsman, but formal as a luncheon in town!

• AT THE HOUSE OF SMITH IN BERMUDA, WHERE SUCH EXCLUSIVE IMPORTS ARE OFFERED AT A MODERATE COST, THE PRICE IS £12/10/0

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British Apparel of All Sorts for Men and Women

Make your face
feel like a million!

Cool, fresh, stimulating as an ocean breeze—that's how a dash of Aqua Velva after shaving feels on your face! Mild, astringent action closes pores—helps prevent infection, sore spots.

Treat yourself to this little luxury every morning. Nothing starts the day as well as a cool, invigorating dash of Aqua Velva after shaving.

TRY AQUA VELVA FREE. We're so sure you'll find this refreshing lotion irresistible once you've tried it, we'll send you a bottle FREE. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. N-24, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

THE
IRIDIUM ROOM
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DOROTHY LEWIS
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NEW ENTERTAINMENT ON ICE
At Dinner and Supper.
Staged by George Hale
and featuring
Margaret and Mary Simpson
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CHARLES BAUM
His Piano and His Orchestra
Jules Landé and His Ensemble
at Luncheon and Cocktail Time.
Luncheon $2.00 · Dinner $3.50
Also à la Carte

Iridium room

THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH ST.

bamboo are rigid, and just as attractive to look at; and the assortment of shapes and sizes is endless.

I have never seen the like of the hanging lanterns made of water-buffalo horn. The horn has been melted down in some mysterious Oriental way, then blown into great translucent bubbles, thinner and more delicate than any glass. Brass mountings and a spike to hold a short, fat candle turn these bubbles into lanterns; $18. It's unlikely there will be any more after these are gone, for the shop despairs of ever again reaching the Chinese merchant who supplied them.

Visit Bitter & Loud's children's corner, in one of the basement rooms, if you need a present for someone young, discerning, and sick in bed, for nowhere will you find more appealing child-size tray sets. Linen cloths painted with Mother Goose or peasant scenes that won't wash out are $2.50, with two napkins. Breakfast sets of cereal bowl, plate, butter plate, and mug, bearing painted animal decorations (red-and-blue squirrels, black-and-yellow giraffes, etc.) cost $3.50 and should add a helpful touch of glamour, or its childish equivalent, to enforced meals in bed.

THE little elves who make furniture at Curtis, 16 East 34th Street, have been busy this past month turning out copies of the Duchess of Windsor's own sofa. They are fine, oversized affairs, running to $300 and more (depending on the fabric you choose), with two great, long seat cushions instead of the conventional three, and two corresponding attached cushions, club style, in back. The seat is low and broad, and the cushions feel wonderfully downy as you sink softly back among them. —B. B.

•

INSPECTOR'S REPORT—FROZEN MUD

"It is most essential that owners, with ships with wheel pants, pay particular attention to the possibility of mud getting in the pants due to the thaws and freezes at this time of the year. I have learned of several instances where, after take-off from a muddy field, climbing to a high altitude, the mud, collected in the pants in taking off, has frozen and locked the wheels, which almost resulted in disaster upon landing. Aside from that, the extra weight, which is anywhere up to 75 lbs. forward of the center of gravity, tends toward unsafe characteristics in landing."

NOTE: Under such conditions, suggest you fly without your pants.—*News Letter from Engineering Division, Aero Insurance Underwriters.*

We'll have to *think* about that, Inspector!

WILL YOU BE MY PERISPHERE?

I HAVE recently received a mimeographed booklet entitled "Fair Play," sent with the compliments of the New York World's Fair 1939, Inc., telling me how to give a party. These instructions are accompanied by a letter from Grover Whalen, in which he says "Forget 1938 with its bewildering succession of world events. Forsake that philosophy of doubt, depression, and defeat which has hung like a pall over the nation," and advises me to give a Dawn of a New Day Party. The directions for the party are neatly departmentalized, like the N.Y.W.F. 1939, Inc., itself, into The Invitation, The Party Plan, The Entertainment, Music, The Decorations, Other Decorations, Menus, World's Fair Inspired Prizes, and The Final Word ("Let us hear about *your* party"). This is quite a departure from the kind of party I am in the habit of giving, and I welcome it.

In the first place, the booklet says, "This year, why not base your parties in home or club on the New York World's Fair 1939? . . . Make the World's Fair symbol—the Trylon and Perisphere—*your* party theme." Carrying out this idea, it suggests, under The Invitation, that you take advantage of the official World's Fair colors, orange and blue, for invitations by writing on orange paper and using envelopes of "the World's Fair shade of blue paper." The Party Plan consists of urging guests to come either in the costumes of the sixty-two foreign nations exhibiting at the Fair (World Participation), in attire typical of various states (States Participation), in "Togs of Tomorrow" (World of Tomorrow), or in juvenile costumes, which tie in with the Children's World, an area in the Amusement Zone at the Fair. This gets the party off to a good start, and the novel suggestions listed under The Entertainment ought to keep everyone on his toes. For example, you can make a crown out of blue paper, trim it with white Perispheres and orange Trylons, choose a Girl of Tomorrow from among your guests, and crown her while your radio plays "Dawn of a New Day," the Fair theme song. After the merriment over this has subsided, you can play games like Perisphere Blow, Pin the Trylon on the Perisphere, and the Primitive Perisphere. In the first of these you blow ping-pong balls, which represent Perispheres, along the floor; the second is a timely variation of Pin the Tail on the Donkey; and in the last everybody blows soap bubbles to represent Perispheres. The one blowing the largest Perisphere wins. "The Perisphere is nature's own idea—so why not blow soap bubbles to represent it?" the directions state. I must confess the logic of this escapes me. I thought the Perisphere was Grover Whalen's own idea, or possibly the baby of that man who sued the Fair and collected all that money, but even if nature did think up the Perisphere, what's that got to do with blowing soap bubbles? Nature certainly didn't think up soap bubbles, or even soap. All credit to Procter & Gamble and the whale, I say.

However, fun's fun, and the only item on the entertainment docket which I want to take serious exception to is Going to the Fair, in which couples line up in teams, one on either side of the room. "Two suitcases should be packed before the party," run the instructions, "with odd articles such as a coat, a necktie, shorts, slip, odd gloves . . . At the word 'GO!' the first couple on each team unstraps the bag, dresses in the articles, undresses and repacks the bag, handing it to the next couple." The team finishing first wins. This sounds like nothing less than a coeducational locker room to me, and I doubt whether it will put anyone in the right frame of mind for the Rhyming Contest, in which you bring a piece of N.Y.W.F. merchandise in and make up a poem about it. "For example," says Mr. Whalen's booklet, "with a World's Fair candle, the guests may originate a suitable rhyme as 'I light the way to hearty cheer, With this Trylon and Perisphere.'" Well, how about "These World's Fair canes Are no good if it rains" or "Only baboons Fly World's Fair balloons"?

THERE'S a lot more about draping orange-and-blue crêpe paper around the doors and over the lights, covering the walls with Perispheres and Trylons of colored paper, lighting the entrance with a moving Perisphere-and-Trylon lamp, filling the corners

Luncheon

Cocktails

Dinner

THE BARBERRY ROOM

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$120 LESS *than last year*

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"LAND IN THE SKY"

Step into your car dressed in your comfortable old clothes and, after driving three short hours over good roads and through beautiful country, you will step out again in another world—one that the Indians named "Land in the Sky".

The Big Indian Mountain Club's 1,000 acres was formerly a part of the Cruickshank family's fifty year old private estate of which they still maintain over 4,000 acres.

The prime object of the Club is to build up a colony of congenial neighbors.

The Club Inn is open the year 'round and guests are always welcome as it is through them that we hope to become better known. The rates are modest—$4.00 and $5.00 per day, American plan.

There are week-end ski trains, with transportation to and from the club at $4.75 per person round trip from N. Y. Call: J. H. Cruickshank, Jr. 25 W. 43rd St.—Bryant 9-5221.

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COUNTRY WEEK-END

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Delightful rooms, fine food and drinks, from $5 day American plan. Good beds, modern baths. Skating, skiing, beautiful walks, drives. 2½ hrs. from New York, route 7 or 22. Restricted.

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MORNING SESSIONS **55¢**

ICE PALACE **GAY BLADES** 52nd ST. WEST OF B'WAY

of the room with Perispheres of round, blown-up balloons and Trylons of cardboard, and decorating your side tables with Perisphere-and-Trylon boxes filled with orange-and-blue candy, but you probably have the idea by now, so I'll skip the rest of The Decorations and go on to food-and-drink hints. Orange punch served in blue glasses is recommended, and sandwiches cut in triangles for Trylons and circles for Perispheres. For more substantial fare there's Roast Young Tomorrow Turkey with Constitution Mall Dressing or Broiled Swordfish George Washington and Freedom Sprouts, topped off with Little Old New York Salad with plenty of orange coloring, Perisphere Pudding, and Trylon Trifles. I haven't touched on other suggestions, such as the one about placing huge New York World's Fair keys to New York with thermometer down the centre over your mirrors and tacking tags to them saying, "I prophesy a new high temperature elevation for this Dawn of a New Day party celebration," because I haven't got time. I've taken over the Iridium Room for tomorrow night and Prince Obolensky is on the phone, asking how many Trylon Trifles I want. Then I have to call up my surgeon for an appointment. He's going to round off my edges so I can go as a perfect Perisphere.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

•

Mrs. Frederick Bettman will be in charge of the program and the book to be studied will be "The Brothers Karamazoo" by Feodor Dostoievsky.—*Hartford Times.*

He's that writer who comes from Kalamazov, Mich.

•

At the Sunday morning service at St. James' Church, Rev. C. G. Leavell, very interestingly discussed the parable of the Ten Virgins "and five of them were wise and five were foolish." The congregation was fairly good.—*Northern Neck (Va.) News.*

That's keeping up the old average!

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT
(BRITISH DIVISION)

[*From the London Daily Express*]

A Skegness jury yesterday failed to solve the puzzle of Mrs. Annie Caylor, a fifty-six-year-old Nottingham woman whose body, unclothed except for stockings and shoes, was found by holiday-makers on the foreshore on Wednesday.

The jury returned a verdict of "Death from shock due to exposure," and added: "It is very unsatisfactory that a naked woman should have been wandering on the beach in the middle of the night."

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

THE WRATH OF THE ANNAMITE

HUÉ,
FRENCH INDO-CHINA

THE express between Vinh and Hué is usually not more than two hours late. On this morning, however, the stationmaster told me, it would be three hours behind time because the engineer had found it necessary to stop twice to put out fires in the passengers' clothing. Such accidents couldn't be helped, he said. The engine burned wood so furiously and went so fast that it was inevitable some sparks would fly back onto the passengers. He implied that if your clothes weren't burned, you were fortunate that you had avoided part of the ordinary expense of railroad travel.

Waiting for the express on the platform near me at Vinh was a young woman, a rather delicate thing, slim and patrician in the spent way of the Annamese. Her face was powdered, and instead of the usual livid stain of betel juice there was lipstick on her mouth. Her black hair was wound with a piece of velvet into a sort of halo. In one hand she held a spray of frangipani which she raised to her nose now and then in a dainty way. She had a child with her—a boy just old enough to walk, and his frail legs were covered by the same sort of white satin pantaloons that his mother wore. Both had on long black tunics of very fine silk. The woman smiled and bowed to me each time I turned toward her, and joggled the child so that it would take a good look, too, but it only stared in the sophisticated manner of babies, no more interested in me than in the rest of the scene. Piled behind the woman was her baggage—cloth-wrapped bundles, tin cans, baskets, and large boxes, on which two lean maid-servants in rumpled brown tunics were sitting. Six coolies stood silently in the background.

When the train at last came in, both of the servant girls fluttered noisily toward one of the fourth-class carriages in the rear. They took some of the bundles with them, and the big boxes, but left all kinds of baskets, tin cans, and packages behind. Their mistress stood composedly beside the residue, making no attempt to board the train, and the coolies waited with her. Since porters had already put my bags in my compartment, I also stood on the platform a few minutes watching passengers stuffing their larger pieces of baggage, such as pigs, beds, and coffins, into long lockers under the coaches. They took their smaller bundles—children, sugar cane, fish, scythes, and the like—with them into the cars. Presently the warning bell rang and I went to my coach.

I had just put my foot on the step when the Annamite woman came up behind me, pushed me to one side, and, with a harrowing scream, began shaking her fist at the engine-driver. Then she squirmed around me and up the ladder-like steps. At the top she stooped, seized the child, who had been standing uncertainly on the platform, and pulled him up after her. Even then there was no thought of my getting on. With piercing chirps she urged the coolies to hurry about putting her packages aboard. When I reached for the rail, she leaned forward, screaming, and vigorously pushed me away. Five or six Frenchmen poked their heads out the windows to look at me suspiciously and then at the frail Annamite woman, half my size, whom they apparently felt I was abusing. The next train, I knew, would not be along for twenty-four hours, and I was growing desperate when a guard came running up. He grabbed my elbow, hustled me to the other end of the coach, and pushed me on board just as the train began to move.

When I had caught my breath, I walked down the corridor of the crowded car until I came to a compartment with my name on it. Opening the door, I found the Annamite lady already there with her baby and at least fifteen pieces of baggage. At that point I was joined by my friend the guard, whose sudden appearance started the lady screaming again.

"She is a government official's wife on her way to Hué," he explained hastily to me in French. "I'm afraid this may be a little difficult." He took off his cap and began speaking coaxingly in a language I did not understand. He talked for several minutes and each time he paused she screamed a reply that sounded always the same. Once he turned to include me in the argument. "She's used to having her own way, I think," he said.

The conductor came up and demanded my ticket. My ability to produce it had a profound effect: the guard looked uneasy and the lady stopped in the middle of a scream. The conductor gave some sort of command to the

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Jack Marshard
Adelaide Moffett
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JACK MARSHARD at Dinner and Supper and at Saturday Cocktail Dansant
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THE BILTMORE
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St. Petersburg
FLORIDA ~ The Sunshine City

lady while the guard tried to describe the situation to me.

"You have a paid ticket," he said. "That makes it different. Most people who travel first class travel on passes; those who pay always go second class. Travelling on a pass this way, the government official's wife is entitled to a first-class compartment unless they are all filled; then she must go second class. She doesn't like changing now."

As he spoke, he was clearing away some of the bundles so that he could edge me into a corner of the seat. Suddenly the Annamite jumped to her feet and indicated she would move to another coach. But first, the conductor told me, she wanted to see what seats were available. The car, rocking on the uneven roadbed, threw the woman about perilously as she stood with the baby in her arms. After the second jolt she put the child in my lap and went out.

We rode on for several minutes while the baby stared at me with unblinking calm. By the time the mother reappeared, however, he was puckering up his face in a way that made me suspect he was going to be sick. The woman took him away from me just before I was proved right, and I went out to find an attendant to help restore order. When I returned, I noticed that the mother, though very much occupied, appeared thoroughly pleased; she smiled continuously during the difficult moments that followed and clucked amiably to her miserable youngster. Perhaps, I thought, she had been cheered by finding a compartment more comfortable than mine. When the baby was well and the place reasonably tidied, she rose, smiled at me in a fond, sisterly way, and went to the door, where she rummaged around in one of her baskets. It took her some time to find what she wanted, but at last she had it and turned around to show me what it was—a large, luscious-looking yellow mango. She placed it gently on the seat beside me, and when I tried to express my startled thanks she seemed to understand, for she smiled warmly once more and pushed the mango closer to me. Then she left.

A few minutes later I felt a sharp pain in my hand and, looking down, saw that I was being bitten by one of those red stinging ants which everyone in Indo-China warns you against. Dozens of them were crawling over my arms and dress, coming, apparently, from beneath the yellow mango. I pushed it away and it rolled over, revealing on its underside a large hole from which red ants were hurrying in infuriated hordes.

—Mona Gardner

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Asbach Brandy is so unlike, so superior to the commonplace—

IT APPEALS TO PERSONS WHO ARE *Different*

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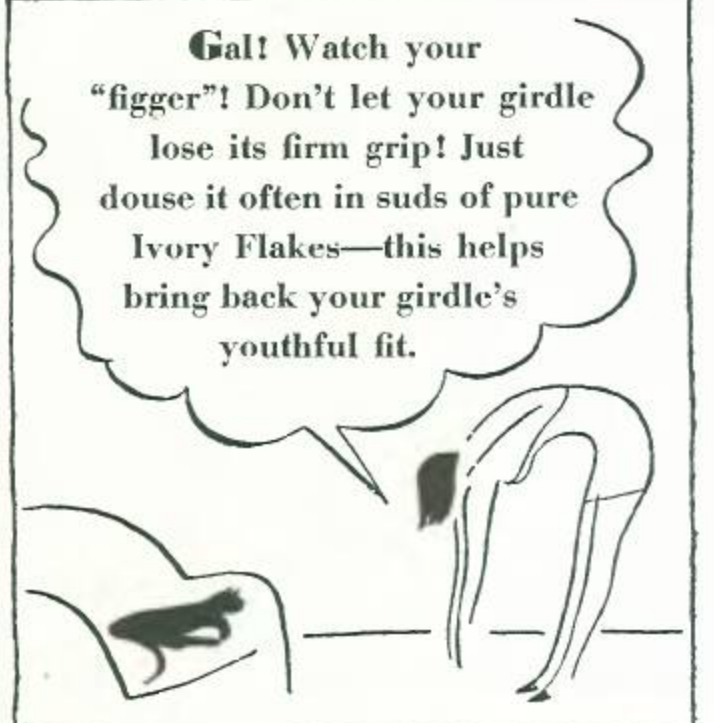

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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Louise," Gigli, and Other Operatic Adventures—Concert People

SOME operatic "revivals" are simply respectful exhumations, but the Metropolitan's 1939 edition of "Louise" is a revival without quotes. This production is theatre rather than straight opera, and Charpentier's simple tale of the girl who didn't care for home life as much as for a hot time in the old town of Paris turns out to be good music drama. About thirty years ago, when "Louise" was introduced to New York, some observers thought it was a pretty lascivious exhibit. There was further talk of its unwonted realism, what with people eating soup on the stage, and a scene with a sewing machine in it. Sex, soup, and sewing machines no longer seem to disturb operagoers, and "Louise" has become a sound, sentimental show, with pleasant local color and music that sets off the story effectively.

Miss Grace Moore, the Louise, did much the best impersonation of her career, and her singing, as usual, was easy for her and for the audience. The aria, "Depuis le jour," had a primadonna touch in it; otherwise, Miss Moore was Louise. There have been more graceful Louises, but a little gaucherie seemed to be in character. Ezio Pinza was somewhere around 100 per cent as the father, Miss Doris Doe sketched the mother sharply, except for a few over-operatic moments, and Rene Maison sang Julien so well that one didn't mind his too heroic stature. Couldn't do anything about that, anyhow.

There were many excellent bits—Miss Irra Petina's contribution to the dressmaking-establishment scene, and George Rasely's minute as an old-clothes man, to take two at random. There also were a few old-fashioned mugging parties which Désiré Defrère, whose staging was first-rate, can tone down when he gets around to it. A special credit goes to Ettore Panizza for his superb conducting.

BENIAMINO GIGLI's return to the Metropolitan last week in "Aïda" and "Tosca" disappointed only those who arrived after all of the tickets had been sold. Mr. Gigli remains a great audience singer, and his high notes are more impressive than they used to be. Those who don't live only for the big effects which Mr. Gigli makes will enjoy the skill of his singing between the obvious climaxes. The other part of the audience probably wouldn't care, though.

In "Tosca," the versatile Miss Irene Jessner did a difficult pinch-hitting job when she replaced Miss Marjorie Lawrence. They say that Miss Jessner had only a couple of days to learn the title rôle in Italian. It wasn't an even performance, of course, yet when she arrived at "Vissi d'arte," she sang that aria as few sopranos have done it at the Metropolitan—as part of the action instead of as an interruption to show off a little emotionalism and a high B-flat.

Herbert Janssen, whose voice is an old friend to record collectors, made his Metropolitan début as Wolfram in "Tannhäuser," and although his voice that evening wasn't all that it is on the discs, it was obvious that he is a distinguished artist who is likely to become as welcome at the Metropolitan as his records are to investors in exceptional singing.

THE Brico Symphony Orchestra, made up of talented men and women, is the new group which Miss Antonia Brico has assembled in place of the New York Women's Symphony Orchestra, which she formerly led. Except for a few uncertainties in the accompaniment for Simon Barer's brilliant performance of Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto, Miss Brico's ensemble indicated that it's going to be an interesting and useful addition to our resident orchestral units.

Miss Brico's orchestra includes many members of the erstwhile New York Women's Symphony, and it was pleasant once more to hear—and see—Miss Muriel Watson, the efficient and colorful tympanist.

RELIABLES, OLD AND YOUNG: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. . . . Georges Enesco, currently in charge of the Philharmonic-Symphony. Mr. Enesco isn't always a precision conductor, but he knows how to draw a beautiful tone from the orchestra, and

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he is a prime music-maker. . . . Walter Gieseking, appearing as a recitalist and, later in the week, as a composer with the accomplished flutist, Lambros Demetrios Callimahos, who introduced Mr. Gieseking's attractive variations for flute and piano on a theme by Grieg. . . . The National Orchestral Association presenting a new symphonic ballad, "The Legend of John Henry," by Lamar Stringfield. It deserves further performances. There also were notable concerto demonstrations at this concert by the violinist, Ossy Renardy, and the pianist, Jacques Abram. . . . Yehudi Menuhin. . . . The Philadelphia Orchestra, with Efrem Zimbalist playing the Beethoven violin concerto. . . . Mme. Grete Stueckgold substituting ably for Mme. Lotte Lehmann in "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . Richard Tauber. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

COUNTERPOINT

I

Wealth is an application of mind to nature; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, a timeliness, in being at the right spot.—*Emerson.*

Frequently as I toss in bed
Under an avalanche of bills,
I wish some ancestor had said,
"There must be gold in them thar hills!"

II

I prefer to do right and get no thanks, rather than to do wrong and get no punishment.—*Marcus Cato.*

Not me. Whenas I fall from grace
I'm overjoyed to save my face,
And when wrongdoing I withstand
I want a hyperbolic hand.

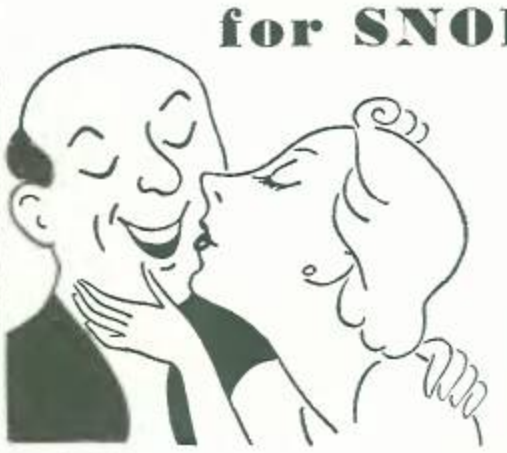
—BAIRD LEONARD

•

DEAR MISS GREY: I am a girl in my teens, have been going with a boy who is very nice and good-looking. I am beginning to think a little about him. When I go with him, the boy whom I like better than him dates another girl and makes it a foursome. There is another boy I like a little, and he also likes me, but goes with another girl because the girl likes him. The boy I date is very jealous and doesn't want me to go with anyone else. The boy that dates with us likes the girl that goes with the boy that I like some and who likes me a little. What should I do—go on and date others, and let this boy go? I like him and would like advice on how to let him know I also want to go with others.—*Letter in the Memphis (Tenn.) Press-Scimitar.*

Unquestionably your first move is to number these men.

REWARD
for SNORERS



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CAVALIER

WHEN I read the details of the passengers' escape from the sinking flying boat Cavalier, I immediately remembered the little metal signs tacked at each of her big windows. Next to the accents of her crew as they greeted us on the dock at Port Washington one lovely day last August, they were the first things to make us realize that we were in British hands. They informed us—I can't recall the complete wording—that in order to use the windows as exits in case of emergency, we should "strike sharply" with the hand or foot at the rim and the pane would be dislodged.

Perhaps the Cavalier was not as modern as she might have been, but she was a beautiful thing and the two flights I had on her—once down to the islands and once back—were the most comfortable I have ever taken. As we sipped our drinks in that still, August sky, we had no thoughts for emergency exits. We didn't know—from that height one couldn't tell—whether the sea below us was calm or wind-tossed; after Fire Island had faded behind us, it was just blue. There was a space of about half an hour when we flew between two layers of intermittent white clouds. Through them, every now and then we could catch sight of blue. Both above us and below, blue of exactly the same shade. We might have been flying upside down.

The young captain came down for lunch, speaking to each one of us in turn, wishing us a happy flight and telling us that if we dawdled slightly over the meal we should have covered three hundred miles from cocktails to cordials. So we dawdled, napped briefly, and then stood in the Promenade Cabin to watch the blue sea turn multicolored as the coral reefs began to appear under the clear water.

WE were all Americans on the way down, but on the way back there was an English family, a young mother and two children, a girl about six and a boy about four. When the children weren't eating or napping, they spent the time on the floor of the Promenade

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HORMEL
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ONION SOUP

Cabin with a mess of building blocks. They built the harbor front at Hamilton and then the Tower of London. The Cavalier didn't wiggle and the Tower didn't fall.

When we had reached Port Washington and gone through customs, a tall young man with an Alabama accent stepped up to the young mother and introduced himself. He was, he said, from United Air Lines and had driven out from New York to meet her and to assure her that everything was in order. The Imperial Airways limousine which was to run us into the city would, he said, make a stop at United's Forty-second Street office. There she and the children could transfer immediately to the limousine for Newark. "Someone else will meet you in Chicago," he said, "and you'll be in Vancouver tomorrow." He himself had his own car, he said, and would be in town before her.

As we sat in the limousine, he came and stood hat in hand, a cavalier himself, beside the woman's open window. "Do you live in Vancouver?" he asked pleasantly.

"Oh no," she said. "I'm from London, but my husband—he's an officer in the Navy—has been stationed in Bermuda for some time. But he's off on a cruise now and I just learned that his ship would be in Vancouver over the weekend, so I thought I'd take the children out to see him."

"Fine," said the cavalier. "We'll get you there." —CLIFFORD ORR

•

The foremost subject of conversation at the large cocktail party which Prince and Princess Alexis Zalstem-Zalesky gave yesterday afternoon in the Cottage Suite at Hampshire House was "buffalo grass vodka."—*The World-Telegram.*

You got to talk about *something*.

•

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles B——, Milverton, Ontario, on Saturday, November 26th, 1938, at Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto Western Hospital, a bay. Both doing well. Wanted, a name.—*Toronto Daily Star.*

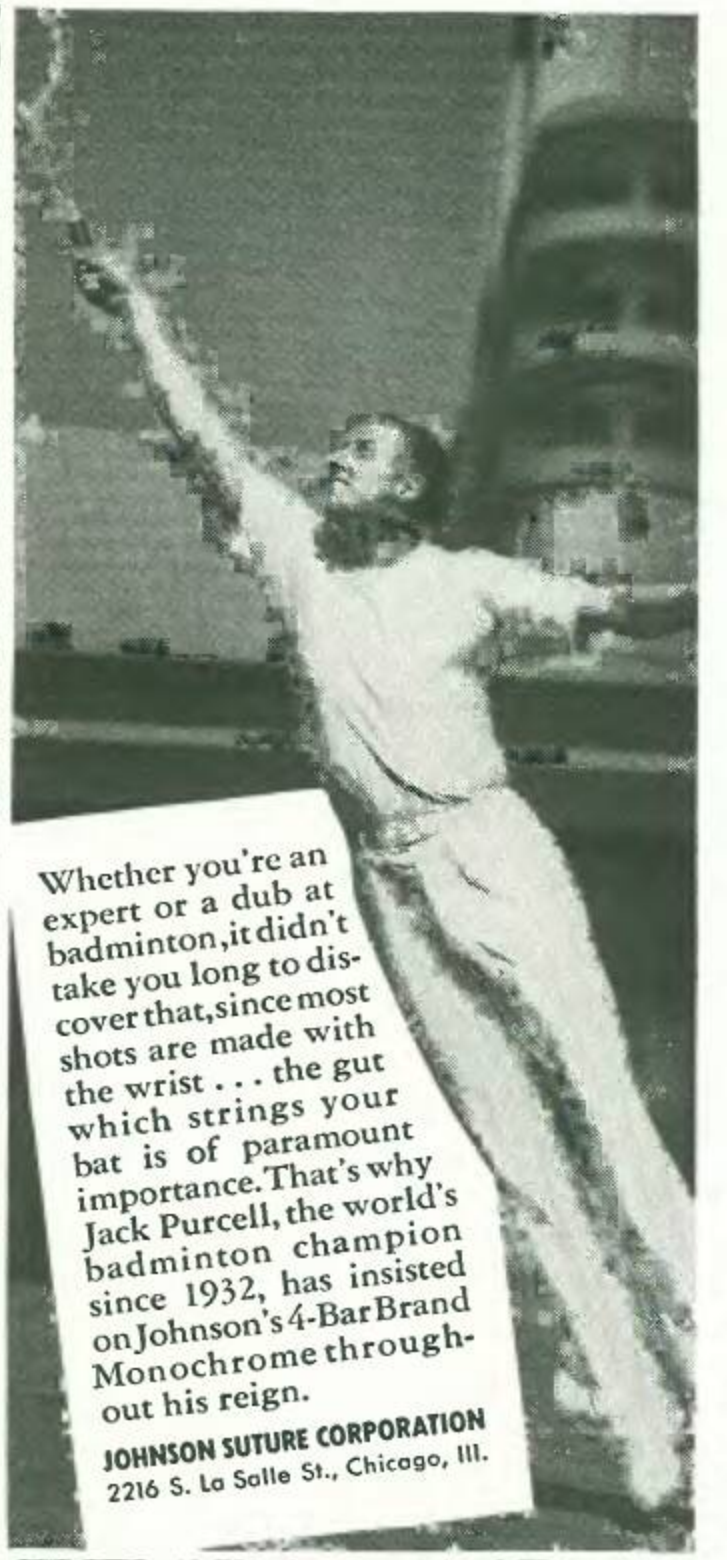
How about Seabiscuit?

•

DEPARTMENT OF DELICACY

[*From the Chicago Tribune*]

The policemen called on him to halt, then opened fire. Binso surrendered. Binso, a well dressed young man, 31 years old, refused to give police his address. He said his parents were celebrating their 31st wedding anniversary and he didn't want them disturbed.



Whether you're an expert or a dub at badminton, it didn't take you long to discover that, since most shots are made with the wrist . . . the gut which strings your bat is of paramount importance. That's why Jack Purcell, the world's badminton champion since 1932, has insisted on Johnson's 4-Bar Brand Monochrome throughout his reign.

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COURT GAMES

Badminton, It's Wonderful!—The Lady Vanishes

PEACE HOUSE, the building which Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram erected in 1923 at Fifth Avenue and 109th Street, hasn't had any noticeable influence on the affairs of the world, but it looks as though it might, in a rather roundabout way, be responsible for Mrs. Cram's taking up badminton any day now. Peace House, which is assessed at $170,000, was bought from Mrs. Cram a few months ago by the Manhattan Badminton Club. Mrs. Cram comes in a good deal to watch Joe Waters, the club pro, give lessons to her daughter, Edith. Edith has been making extraordinary progress and her mother is thinking of following her example. According to Waters, an agile Canadian who used to be with the Granite Club in Toronto, about a hundred people are playing regularly at Peace House, ranging in age from thirteen to nearly sixty.

Mr. E. K. Van Winkle and Mr. James McKinley Rose constitute one of the more faithful men's doubles teams, both at Peace House and at the old Badminton Club, which still flourishes on Saturday afternoons at the 12th Regiment Armory, serving tea and bestowing small Tiffany silver cups on the winners of various events. Mr. Van Winkle, who had to do with the purchase of Peace House, told us that Mrs. Cram has reserved a twenty-by-sixty-foot gallery at one end of the building for her peace exhibits. "Thus her creation is being retained," he said. Incidentally, the Manhattan Badminton Club was represented in last week's Metropolitan Class B Tournament at the 69th Regiment Armory, along with some forty other organizations. The 69th has done away with tennis this season to make room for badminton, and has twenty-four courts, which are in almost constant use. The National Championship will be held at this armory next month.

SQUASH TENNIS has been pursuing a crowded course, with the Monte Sterling Tournament under way at the New York A. C., the annual invitation tournament scheduled for next week at the Whitehall Club, and the recent New Jersey State Championship at Short Hills. The Short Hills affair was enlivened one evening by a rather informal match between Quincy Ryan and John L. Porter, which took place between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M. The players were handicapped not only by the lateness of the hour but by a shower of old tennis and squash balls, rugs, water-filled bags, oyster crackers, and pennies contributed by the gallery. It is not precisely clear who won, but Porter, who picked up thirty-nine pennies after the match, proclaimed himself satisfied.

ALTHOUGH the tenth annual Women's New Jersey State Squash-Racquets Championship, which took place at Short Hills recently, was credited with thirty-two entries by the committee in charge, it seems doubtful whether such a gratifyingly large number of ladies actually signed up for the affair. The entries, whose identities, to put it mildly, are new to the squash world, included, according to the records, Miss Clarissa Brown, of Morris County; the Misses Sylvia and Gertrude Green, of Maplewood; Mrs. H. A. Hoag and Miss Hazel Berg, of Canoe Brook; and Miss Anita White, of Short Hills. We called up the Morris County Golf Club, the Maplewood and Canoe Brook Country Clubs, and the Short Hills Club, and were informed that no such people were among their members, and that the first three of these organizations have no squash courts. Members of the tournament committee are silent on the subject. The nebulous ladies mentioned above were necessarily constrained, in the face of actual flesh and blood, to default in the first round. Their activity was conscientiously reported in a special Short Hills dispatch in the *Times*, which had previously referred to the entry list as "the strongest array in years." Miss Janet Owen, of the *Tribune*, tactfully ignored the tournament and kept her eyes on the men's clubs during this spooky interlude.

—G. T. H.

•

In an earlier study I attempted to get around this difficulty by correlating the husband's occupation with the wife's father's occupation, and obtained a coefficient of .34±.08. But I was not satisfied with the previous study because the data were so atypical, being derived from the husbands and fathers of sterilized feeble-minded women who had been patients of the Sonoma State Home in California. —*From an article in the Journal of Social Psychology.*

Oh, some people are *never* satisfied.

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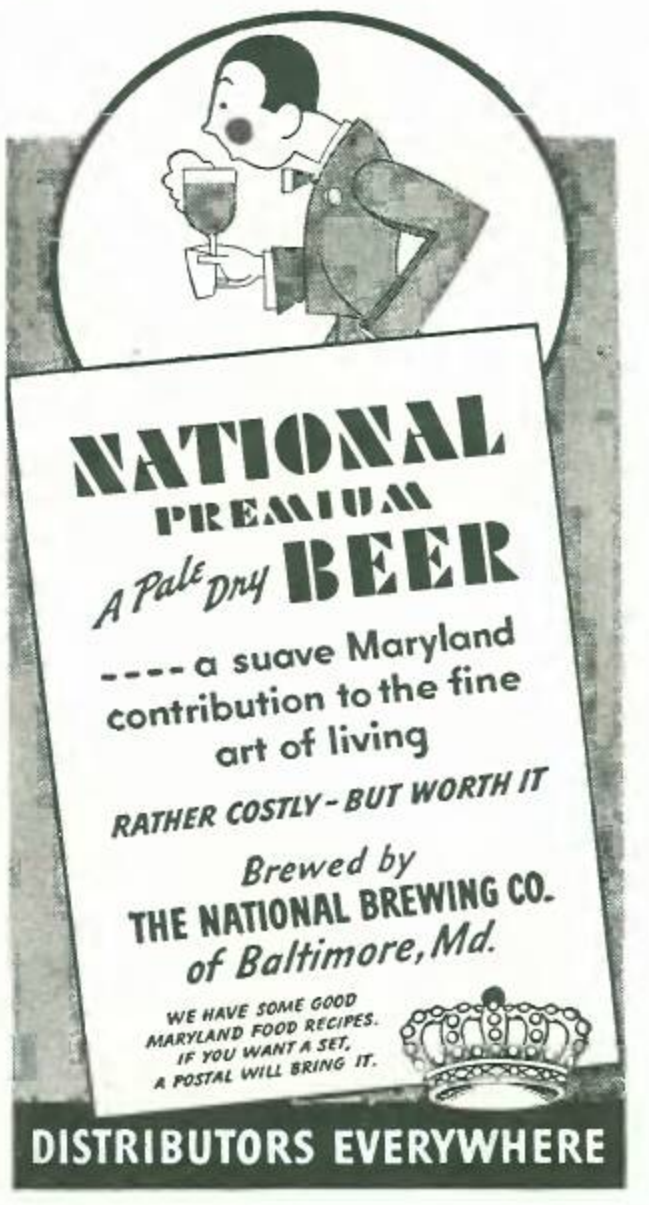

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Thuggee

WE have been well educated in the problems that the British Army has had to face in India. "Gunga Din" is our latest lesson on the subject, and so sweeping, gusty, and triumphant does it seem to be that any like film coming after must appear a pretty feeble business. The Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur have been "inspired" by the Kipling poem to a story that combines the good-fellowship of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" with the military problems of "Drums" and the mystical landscape of "Lost Horizon." The amalgam has been carried out athletically, such a worthy as Joel Sayre being also among those concerned with its making, and you don't have to suffer anything so painful as a quiet moment from the beginning until the end. A wisp of romance, with Joan Fontaine rather dragged in by her hair, as it were, is just disposed of in an offhand style and doesn't slow up things a minute. It may even make the piece more human to the dowager trade. The producers have seen fit to work in a woebegone figure of the poet himself, bustling about in the scramble with a pad and pencil and acting somewhat as a depressant, but that, I suppose, is a sop for the culture crowd.

Three sergeants (Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) represent the spirit of the British forces, and the trio is as tough a combination as the screen allows. Of the three, Cary Grant manages the best. He has a cocky grin even when he is shown tied up by his thumbs, his bare back bloody from a whiplash. There isn't much choice, though, in the performances. The Empire will doubtless endorse them all. Sam Jaffe as the *bhisti*, a word I myself take right from the poem, hoping that it means what I think it does and that Kipling wasn't playing a joke on us, makes a gaunt Gunga Din, and his zeal is properly inspirational.

However, the literary talent, Kipling, the good actors, and the spirit of Empire might have gone for much the usual thing had it not been for the direction of George Stevens. Mr. Stevens, who hasn't done anything very special before, and his staff of cameramen have finished off the whole film with a polish that's a

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Special Mat. Lincoln's B'day Mon. Feb. 15

GROUP THEATRE PRODUCTIONS
THE GENTLE PEOPLE
A Comedy by IRWIN SHAW
Franchot TONE • Sylvia SIDNEY
Sam JAFFE
BELASCO, 44 St. E. of B'way
Matinees THURS. and SAT.
Extra Holiday Mat. Feb. 13th

Morris CARNOVSKY • Eleanor LYNN
Luther ADLER
WINDSOR, 48 St. E. of B'way
Matinees WED. and SAT.
Extra Holiday Mat. Feb. 13th
ROCKET TO THE MOON
by CLIFFORD ODETS

OPENING SATURDAY EVG. FEB. 4
GERTRUDE MACY and STANLEY GILKEY
(by arrangement with Robert F. Cutler)
Present
ONE FOR THE MONEY
A New Revue
Book and Lyrics by NANCY HAMILTON
Music by MORGAN LEWIS
Entire production devised, directed and lighted by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
BOOTH Thea. W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

3 Matinees Weekly: Wed., Thurs. & Sat., $1.10 to $2.20
"FUNNIER THAN THE PULITZER PRIZE." George Jean Nathan
OLSEN and JOHNSON'S Musical Hit
HELLZAPOPPIN
WINTER GARDEN Broadway & 50 St.
Evenings 8:30

THE SEASON'S SMARTEST COMEDY
Brock Pemberton presents
Kiss The Boys Goodbye
A new comedy by Clare Boothe
Directed by Antoinette Perry
3 MATS. WEEKLY: Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
Extra Mat. Lincoln's B'day Feb. 13
HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE, 124 West 43 St. Evgs. 8:30

WILLIAM GAXTON And VICTOR MOORE
In VINTON FREEDLEY'S Musical Hit
LEAVE IT TO ME!
with SOPHIE TUCKER *and* TAMARA
Play by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK
Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER
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Mats. Wednesday & Saturday at 2:30

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beauty. Landscape, snowcapped mountains, a pass (that old Khyber Pass again, I guess it is), valleys with temples, all the big, romantic Indian frontier scenes are sure camera material and not a speck is wasted here. There's no dillydallying with mere pretty sunsets. Crude aspects of violence in hot weather aren't ignored. There is plenty of violence. The authors must have done a bit of research work to have raked out the story of thuggee, a nice practice of the period and place, carried on by bandits who went in for strangling wayfarers and who worshipped a goddess of destruction and who gave us our word "thug," which has really been very useful in our polite civilization. The three noncoms of the story naturally run headlong into thuggee, and that brings on all the trouble. The film is certainly complete. Hardly anything we expect of India is missing. There is a bridge to be cut at a critical moment; there is a fine pit full of cobras; there are plenty of quick shootings and knifings, weird religious rites, thugs at their prayers, and all the time a sparkle of barrack wit. Except for his own portrait, Kipling himself would have enjoyed it.

ROUTINE: Pensacola life and doings at the Naval Air Training Station there form the background for a usual sort of film, "Wings of the Navy." A couple of brothers (George Brent and John Payne) and a girl (Olivia De Havilland) work up some kind of personal drama which doesn't amount to anything. The film trundles along like all others of its species until its one big moment, a vertical dive to test a plane, which gives you a jolt. Franchot Tone must have been glad to clear out of the movies after that nonsensical comedy called "The Girl Downstairs." The English have sent over a yawn called "School for Husbands," which tries without success to be roguish and arch about marriage and lovers.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

"If a young man is disappointed in love, his teeth may decay in a few months," he said.—*Dr. E. F. Briggs, quoted in Time.*

As though he'd care!

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

His other paintings in the competition included a large fresco called "Lust," designed to ornament the rotunda of a theological seminary.

MOTION PICTURES

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BOOKS

Palms to Pierre van Paassen

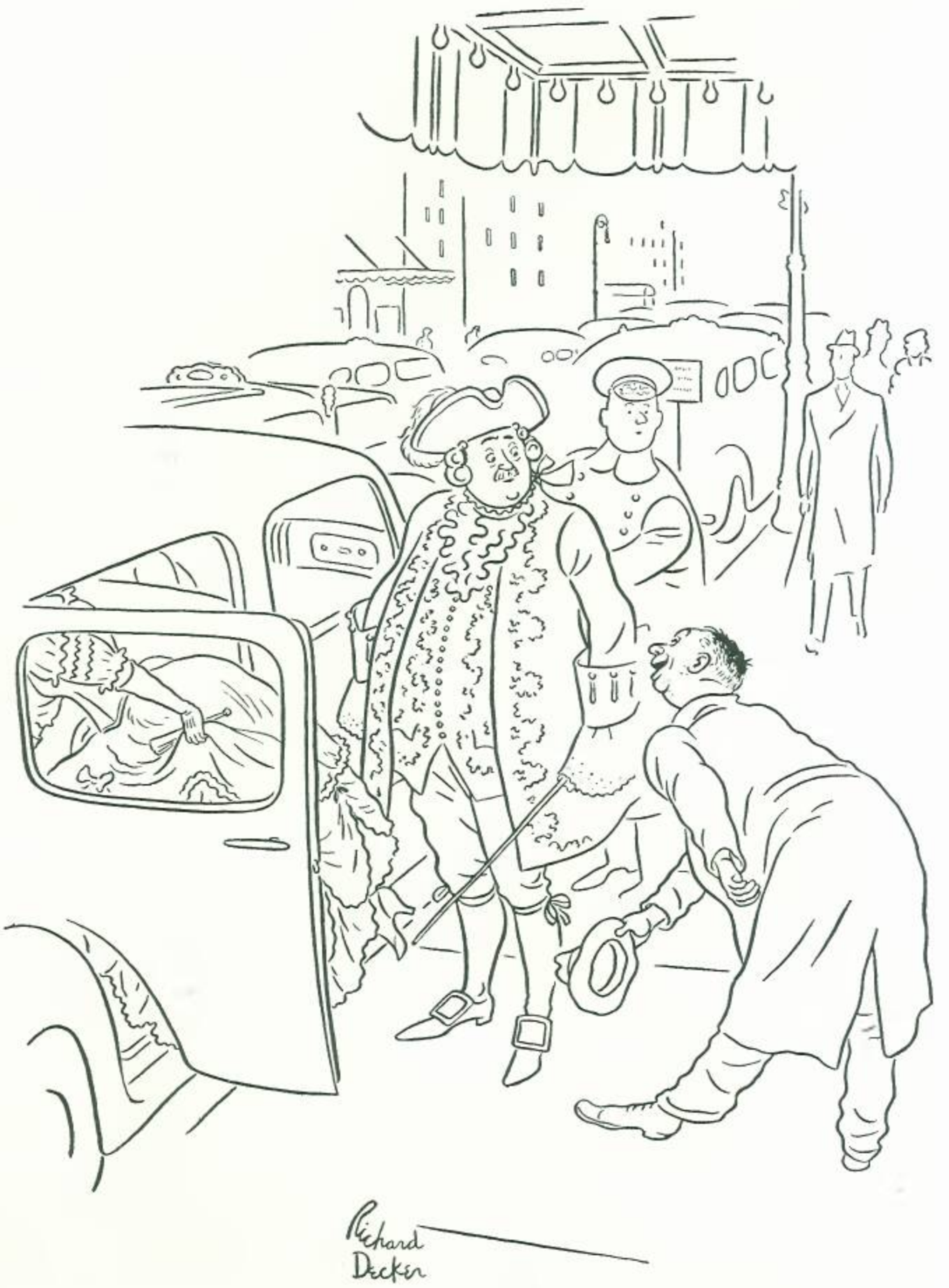
FOREIGN correspondents' memoirs, having passed the experimental or Young Edison stage, are now solidly established as a mass-production industry. Almost time, maybe, for someone to devote a book to the foreign correspondents, giving himself enough room to swing a category in. He might perhaps comment first on the Personal History School, which draws lines of relation between the correspondent and contemporary events. He might go on to the How-I-Won-My-A-for-Adventure School, which draws lines of relation between Negley Farson and Negley Farson, and back again to Negley Farson. Finally he might treat the relatively Objective School, which, placing the events themselves in the foreground, establishes their meaning for the reader rather than the writer. The success of School A depends largely on whether the author's personality has dimension, like Vincent Sheean, or has none, like most of his imitators. That of School B depends on the number of (technical) adults who still hanker for Henty. That of School C depends on the quantity of crucial history the author has eyewitnessed and the quality of the critical intelligence he focusses on it.

In School C, Pierre van Paassen this week takes a seat beside John Gunther in the front row. Academic record: born in 1895 in a small Dutch town; rigid Calvinist background, leavened by the libertarian teachings of his village-rationalist uncle; 100-per-cent Aryan and says, What of it?; early life spent as theological student in Holland and Canada; served in the war, emerging unsold on it or any other; in 1924 became European roving correspondent of the *Evening World*; for the last fourteen years has been compelled to hold back much of the real news and send in the rest; main journalistic stamping grounds—France, Germany, Morocco, Syria, Palestine, Ethiopia, Spain; present general point of view—non- but not anti-Marxist, democratic, genuinely Christian, anti-Fascist (meaning for him also anti-Chamberlain and anti-Daladier).

His book is as solid and memorable as its title—"Days of Our Years"—is windy and forgettable. Put together, obviously, from notes, recollections, and material published in small-circulation magazines, it possesses nevertheless a certain unity. That unity derives from the fact that postwar European history for the most part is a history of violence, betrayal, and increasing despotism. The villain is *l'Infâme*—oppression; and "*Ecrasez l'Infâme*" is the battle cry sounding in each of Mr. van Paassen's chapters. But the preaching—Christian preaching—is always subordinated to the facts, even when these facts cannot help calling forth spontaneous indignation.

The book is so long and so packed with startling disclosures that all I can do is mention what I remember most vividly. There is the demonstration, starting on page 75, that in 1917 the war could have been concluded had not a group of pan-European industrialists resolved on keeping it going at all costs. There is the legend, which Mr. van Paassen retells so beautifully, of the appearance of Pope Benedict XV in No Man's Land on October 27, 1917. There are remarkably living and often humorous glimpses of such men as Barthélemy de Ligt, Léon Daudet, the strange charlatan Trebitsch-Lincoln, the Rumanian writer Panaït Istrati, Clemenceau in his last days.

The most memorable of these portraits is that of Marshal Lyautey, the great French colonizer. Mr. van Paassen was curious to know what Lyautey would have done had he been in the place



"Sire, could you spare a few louis d'or for a cup of coffee?"

TO REACH THE HEART OF EVERY AMERICAN...

WE of America know Edna Ferber as a superb teller of tales, an inspired reporter, a master of simple, absorbing prose, a writer of color, warmth and humanity. She has won a Pulitzer Prize, immortalized the show-boat, become one of America's great novelists. Unforgettable giants such as Yancey Cravat, Barney Glasgow and Gaylord Ravenal have sprung from the pages of her books. She created the character of Emma McChesney, the first business woman of fiction, and Emma became a household figure. Then came the long line of novels, each one leaving its own impress on our hearts and minds: *So Big, Show Boat, Cimarron, Come and Get It, American Beauty. . . .*

The woman who wrote them came out of the Middle-West, knowing in her youth such towns as Kalamazoo, Ottumwa, Appleton and later cities like Milwaukee and Chicago. She came from a family rich in living and traditions but not in money, overshadowed always by the threat of her father's growing blindness. At 17 she was earning $3.00 a week as a reporter on a small-town newspaper, at 20 she was working on the Milwaukee *Journal,* covering her beat with the best of the men. She was born a Jew, knowing as a child the sting of bigotry and racial persecution.

Out of such beginnings has come this life-story. A PECULIAR TREASURE is a story told with the warmth, quiet humor, kindliness, the belief in honor, sincerity and hard work, that has characterized all Edna Ferber has written, and as American biography it is one of the most vital, deeply moving and stimulating of our times —a story infused with a rich knowledge reaped from experience, a story greater than Selina's in *So Big,* than Sabra's in *Cimarron,* than Magnolia's in *Show Boat.*

But it is more than that, for implicit in its pages is a profound defense of the American system, a declaration of belief in the institutions of our democracy, and an affirmation of faith in American ideals of freedom and tolerance, an affirmation of fresh impact and importance in a country too prone to take liberty for granted. And because it is all this, Edna Ferber's autobiography becomes a bitter indictment of a sick world, that part of the world maddened with lust, cruelty and violence.

Of A PECULIAR TREASURE Edna Ferber herself writes "The soul-baring school of autobiography is more embarrassing for the reader than the writer . . . This then isn't a story of my life, written because I am fatuous enough to think that anyone is interested. It is really the story of an American Jewish family in the past half-century, and as such is really a story about America which I know and love." But even here Edna Ferber has understated her case—for more than that, her book is the story of the development and growth of a creative writer. And the author of *Show Boat, So Big, Cimarron* and other great American novels gives a picture of our country to reach the heart of every American.

DETAILS OF THE EDITIONS

The Regular First Edition of A PECULIAR TREASURE is bound in Bancroft Oxford vellum with ink panel and gold foil stamped. The wrapper is in two color halftone and gold, and the book carries a two color title page. The type used is 12 on 13 Granjon, printed on toned laid paper. Sixteen pages of halftone illustrations. ***$3.00***

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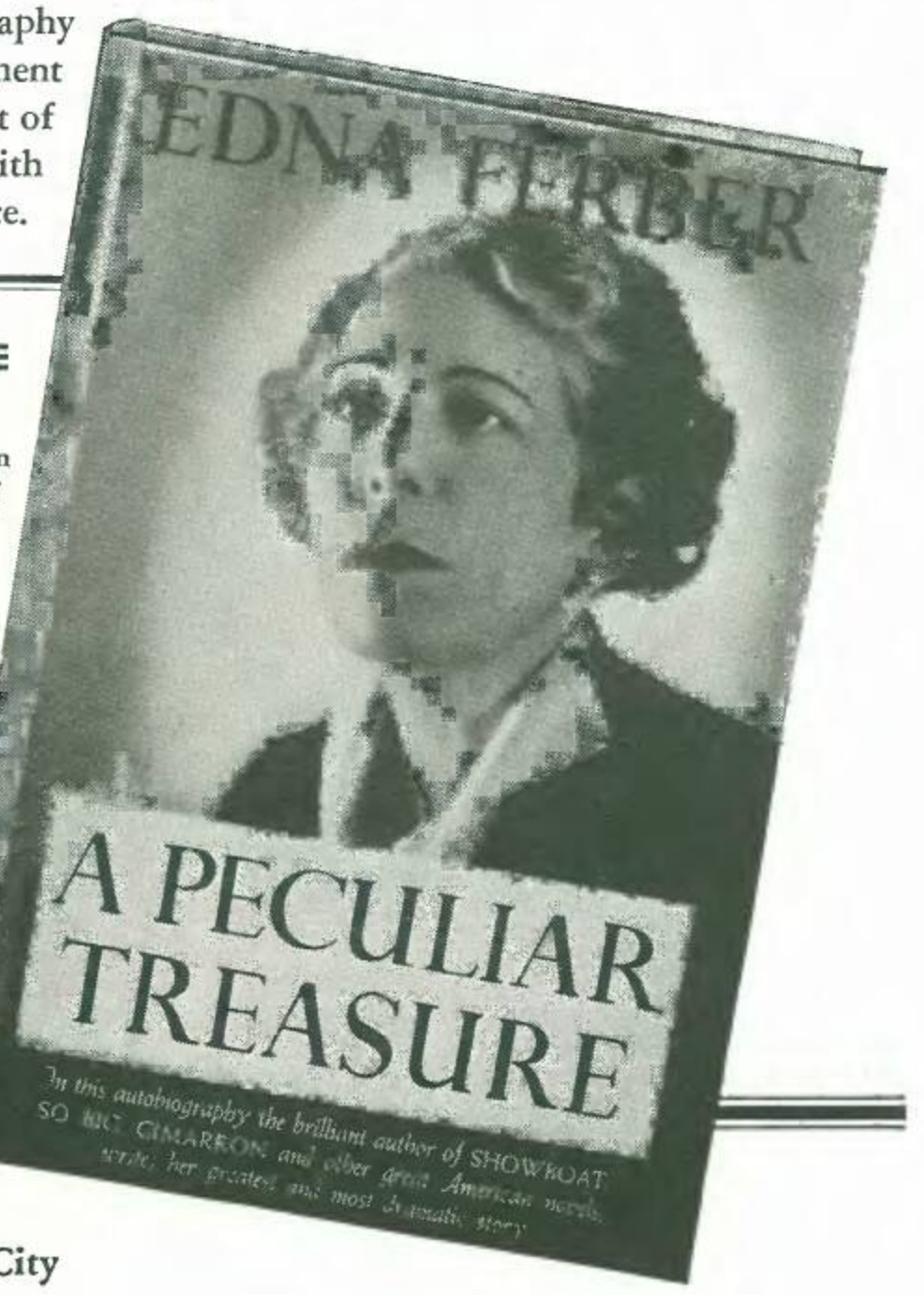

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and naturally I don't hear from him for weeks.

Then he ups and sends me Frank Case's **TALES OF A WAYWARD INN*** which explains everything in a way that is exciting but not vulgar. So now, clear out here in Grand Rapids, I too can sit in the *Algonquin* alongwith my true love and Orson Welles and so forth. And it only cost my true love $3.00 plus postage to get me the seat.

If I hadn't been a dope I could have got it much sooner just by calling at our own bookstore here and asking for that Case book everybody else is reading.

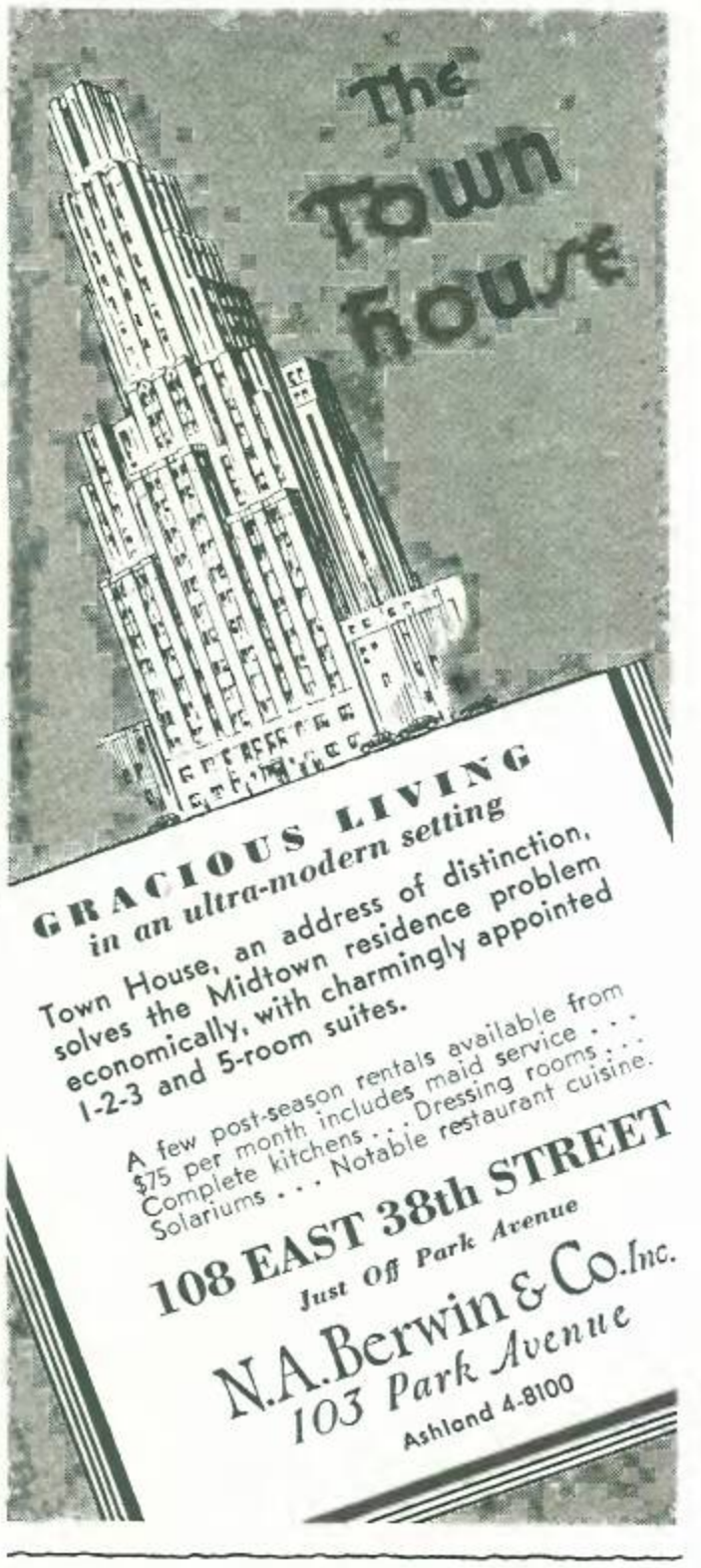
Anyway I'm at the party now —and nuts to my true love! And hurray for those lovely publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

*TALES OF A WAYWARD INN *by Frank Case. 390 pp. Illustrated. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York. At all bookstores.* $3.00

of that earlier military governor called Pontius Pilate. Lyautey proceeded to develop a theory of Jesus as the archetype of a revolutionary and went on to say that "He was just removed in time." In Pontius Pilate's place, Lyautey remarked, he would not have waited until Jesus "had infected the crowds in the capital with his seditious poison. I would have had him put before the firing squad in his home province, up north in Galilee." Reflect on that one, gentle reader.

Whether Mr. van Paassen is recounting terrible tales of rebellion and punishment in the French army in 1917 and 1918, or recalling his impressions of the early days of Hitler's movement, or telling us how Dreyfus refused to protest against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, or describing the tortures of the Dachau concentration camp, or exposing the tinderbox situation in Morocco, or throwing a dozen new sidelights on the Ethiopian War, or explaining why Great Britain wants the riots in Palestine to continue, or, in his magnificent chapter on Spain, going to the very heart and root of the whole organized campaign against humanity—no matter what his apparent subject matter, it is always *l'Infâme* that is at the back of his mind. He thinks *l'Infâme* will triumph temporarily, that the world will be abandoned to the dead night of totalitarianism unless we apply the *solutio Christi*—a solution still untried, as so many have dolefully declared who show little disposition to try it.

There is one brief anecdote Mr. van Paassen tells which somehow seems to sum up his vision of the deepest forces underlying the years from 1918 on. In 1932, Marshal Pétain paid an official visit to Douaumont. He noticed an old



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—and many others no less worth reading, too many to be listed here

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woman kneeling beside a wooden cross and learned with regret that she had lost her only son in the war. " 'Ah, what a pity!' said the Marshal. 'I am deeply sorry for you. But never forget, your son was a hero. . . . He died for France. . . . It is men like your son who gave France back its smile and Alsace-Lorraine.' 'You can have Alsace-Lorraine, Monsieur,' said the woman, 'but give me back my child!' "

It is the special quality of this book that beneath all its complex unravelling of political and social forces and its masses of reporting, one feels what one can only call a spiritual base. Mr. van Paassen seems to be saying that in the end (which may not be so far off) only two armies will oppose each other—the army of Marshal Pétain and the army of the old woman.

THE tangled story of Lincoln's assassination has been told, usually badly, many times. It has never, as far as I know, been told by anyone combining a respect for the facts of history with an intense interest in the psychology of Booth. Now comes "The Man Who Killed Lincoln," by Philip Van Doren Stern, and the gap is filled. Mr. Stern, who has checked and rechecked all available material, is not given to wild theories or surmises. He sees in the feudal, obsessed, but by no means lunatic mind of John Wilkes Booth a sufficient motivation for the crime. Carefully, with the spotlight on Booth, not Lincoln, he traces every known step of the conspiracy, exploring Booth's wild temperament without bias or passion and handling the suspense-packed story with a novelist's flair for tempo. A feature of the book is the "Afterword," which you'll find inserted in the back cover. This discusses the aftermath of the assassination, touches on its historical significance, and traces the later lives of all those involved in the conspiracy. "The Man Who Killed Lincoln" stacks up as a sound, workmanlike job.

"A PECULIAR TREASURE" is just the sort of informal biography one would expect from Edna Ferber—honest, hearty, full of conscious lapses in "good taste," and pleasantly extroverted. There's a lot in it about her childhood in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Ottumwa, Iowa; more about her apprentice journalistic days; and more still about the late years of fame, fortune, George S. Kaufman, "Show Boat," Broadway, Noel Coward, Louis Bromfield, etc. Much interesting light is thrown on the origin of her best-selling

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novels. If there is one single motif that dominates Miss Ferber's brisk walk through her past, it is an unforced and contagious love for her country. There are photographs, most of them of the author, and very quaint.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A GOOD HOME WITH NICE PEOPLE, by Josephine Lawrence. This time, Miss Lawrence tackles the problem of the hired girl, who is, it seems, underpaid, overworked, and has no home or life of her own, particularly if she "lives in." Every word of this may be true, and most of it probably is, but Miss Lawrence overstates the case so strongly that the force of her argument is lost. She should have either toned her two ladies down or boiled them in oil.

BIG FROGS AND LITTLE FROGS, by Susan Ertz. Fifteen short stories, expertly written and interesting throughout. The subjects are widely varied; the scenes include a literary dinner, a night on the Orient Express, a little roadside shop in a fog. Not the scenes, however, but the people, whom the author handles with an admirable ironic humor, make these stories successful.

GENERAL

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE ARCTIC, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, with an introduction by Stephen Leacock. The five Arctic mysteries to the probable solutions of which Stefansson devotes the inexhaustible resources of his specialized knowledge are the disappearance of the pre-Columbian Greenland colony, the lost Franklin expedition, the fate (suicide? murder?) of the navigator Thomas Simpson, the manner of Andrée's death, and what happened to the missing Soviet flyers, who, the author feels, may still be alive. Combines the appeal of detective and adventure narratives.

WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Mr. Armstrong, author of "We or They" and editor of *Foreign Affairs*, sets in excellent and fair-minded order all the facts—many of them hitherto unfamiliar—of the international crisis from the adoption of Chamberlain's appeasement policy to the present "armistice."

A POET AND TWO PAINTERS, by Knud Merrild. Two young Danish paint-

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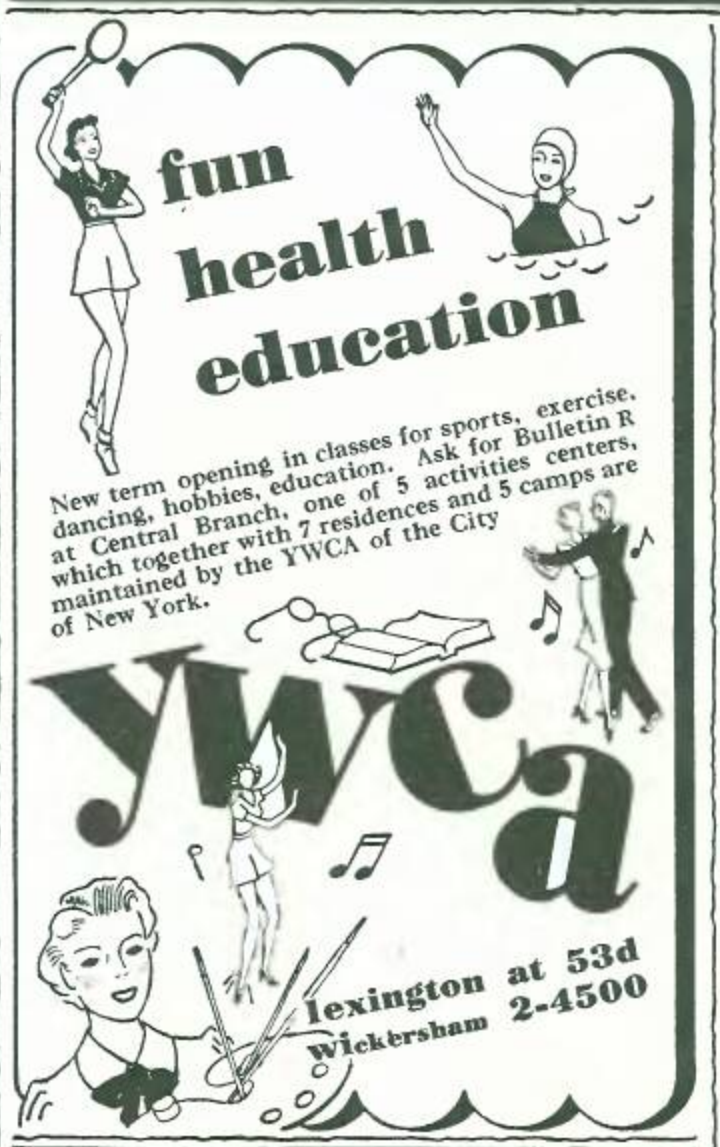

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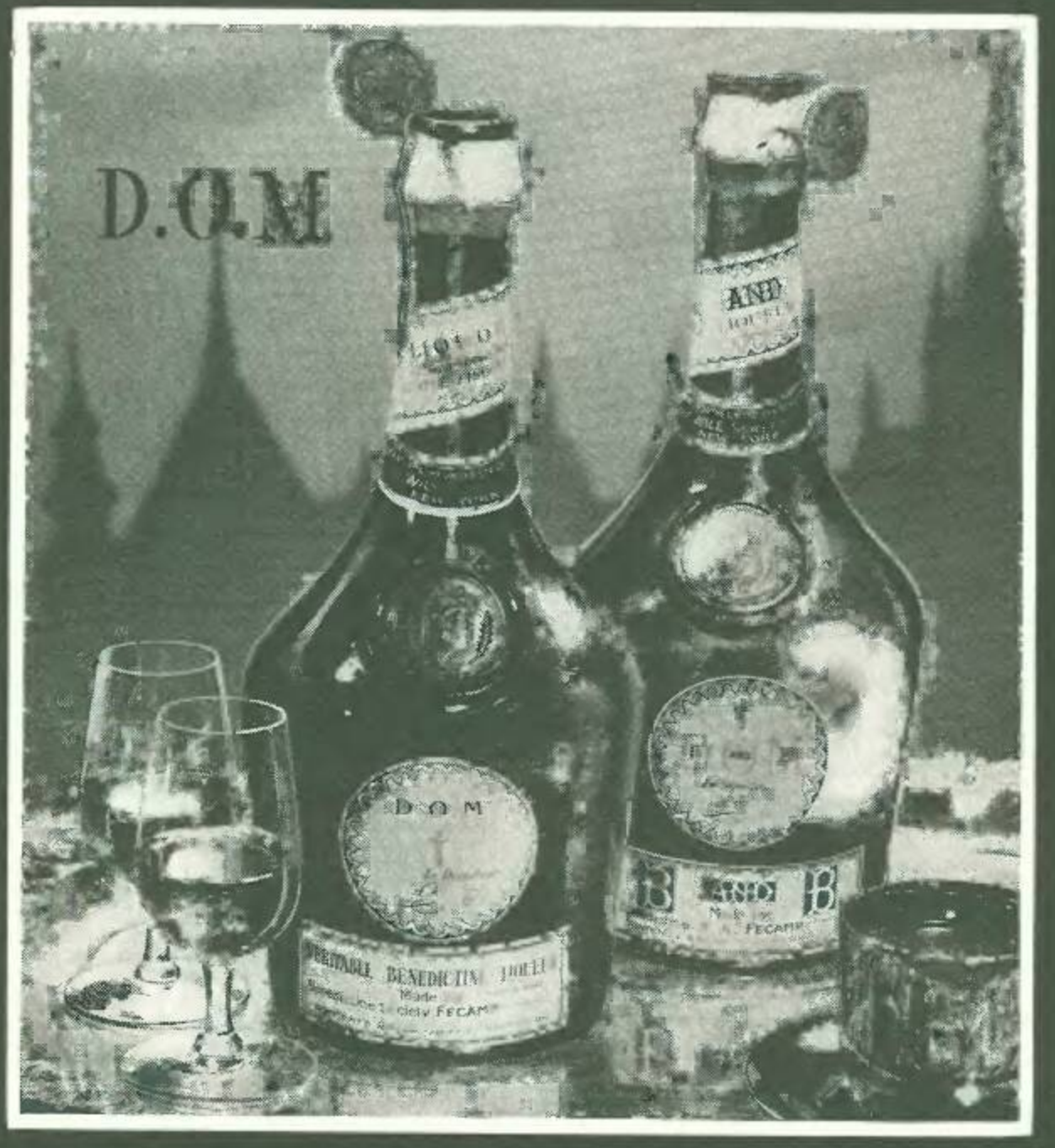

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ers, one of them the author, stayed the winter of 1923 with D. H. Lawrence in Taos. This record, devoid of the usual nonsense, is interesting unless you have read enough about the contradictory and often rather unpleasant central figure. Photographs.

SAMUEL PEPYS: THE SAVIOUR OF THE NAVY, by Arthur Bryant. The third of the four volumes which will prove the definitive (though fearfully gentlemanly) life of the diarist, who was also a notable civil servant. Illustrated.

SEVEN SEAS ON A SHOESTRING, by Dwight Long. Round the world in a 32-foot ketch, with a one-man crew and a dog. The author is not much of a hand at the English language, but his adventures should appeal to other navigators, both salt-water and armchair. Illustrated.

MYSTERIES

SOME BURIED CAESAR, by Rex Stout. Clyde Osgood is found gored to death, and Hickory Caesar Grindon, prize bull, is the natural suspect. Fortunately, Nero Wolfe and his Watson, Archie Goodwin, are on the spot to run down the real murderer. Mr. Stout's dialogue and clever plots seem to get better and better.

•

BONE-TIRED

I'm sick to these old bones' very marrow,
Of the talk about who will play Scarlett O'Hara.

In fact, I feel jerky, morose, and thin-skinned
Whenever I think of "Gone with the Wind,"

And hereby let lapse, without any regret,
My spectator's option on Clark Gable Rhett. —HORTENSE FLEXNER

•

Imagine a naked Finn blithely pouring dippers of water on those stones, until he and various other Finns are enveloped in clouds of hot steam. Imagine the whole bunch serenely lying on their backs in this stifling atmosphere—aye, even on planks right under the roof where it is hottest! —or belaboring each other with small branches, cut from nearby trees, until their skins are tingling. Then—if you can—imagine them racing out of the blinding, suffocating steam-clouds, and plunging, with shrieks of joy, into an icy lake or snow bank!—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Everyone to his own sort of reverie!

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And *that coffee service* can tell you a story that will make you want the glorious, all-'round excellence of Four Roses in all your highballs, forever more!

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